

TWENTY CENTS

FEBRUARY 17, 1947

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Carlos Ochagavía

CONDUCTOR RODZINSKI

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(Music)

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

VOL. XLIX NO. 7



THE WHITE MOTOR COMPANY, big name in transportation, has perfected a new automatic transmission. Shell engineers co-operated in developing a hydraulic fluid to gear the power to the road.

Smooth going **IN A SHIFTING WORLD**

To the transportation world, The White Motor Company brings something new under the sun—automatic gear shifting which is *sailboat smooth*... with new Hydro-Torque drive.

Lifeflood of the drive is its hydraulic fluid... developed especially for White by Shell engineers. The drive, simplicity itself, centers on a two-speed, synchro-mesh gear box. No more grinding through the multiple gear speeds found in big road wagons. Two gear speeds, completely automatic—that's all!

But in White's two speeds, drivers have the advantages of "x-million" gear ratios. The extras come from a unique combination of hydraulic torque converter, hydraulic coupling, gear box, and an automatic torque responsive control system. **Fluid s-m-o-o-t-h-l-y** transfers the power.

White and Shell engineers collaborated in designing the oil circulating system for this new drive—laid down rigid speci-

fications for the dual-purpose hydraulic and lubricating oil.

Anti-wear, fluidity, oxidation stability, were exactly as demanded—in the non-corrosive lubricant developed by Shell—as proved in the laboratory, and during thousands of miles on the road.

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; schedule 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**





Fish zip through hose — a ton a minute

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

FISHERMEN spend days getting a cargo—only to damage and lose as much as a twelfth of their fish, shoveling them from boat to cannery dock. And it takes hours—while fish aren't getting any fresher.

A New England canner,*who had seen oil tankers unloaded by B. F. Goodrich hose, came to B. F. Goodrich with the idea that fish might be unloaded the same way.

B. F. Goodrich studied the problem and then recommended a certain kind of hose with a very soft rubber lining

so that fish wouldn't be bruised as they had been by the hand method of shoveling. A method was worked out by which fish and water were sucked through the hose, so the water "floated" the fish smoothly.

The new system worked perfectly. Instead of hours by the old method, the B. F. Goodrich hose unloads a 65-ton cargo in minutes—food is saved, fish reach the cannery fresher, boats get back to the fishing grounds sooner. It has made such savings that scores of other fish companies are investigating, and want to adopt it.

Transporting materials of all sorts at lower cost is only one of the many contributions B. F. Goodrich research has made to American industry. Before you're satisfied with any product or process, it pays to find out what developments B. F. Goodrich has been making recently. To find out, call your B. F. Goodrich distributor or write *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Industrial Products Division, Akron, Ohio.*

B. F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER



Can you count the Presbyopes in this picture?

It's REALLY A LOT SIMPLER than it sounds. Right now there are probably five. In ten years, three more. By 1986, there may be three more. In other words, *everyone* in the picture is or probably will be a presbyope.

What is a presbyope? Simply, it's a person whose eyes need help in focusing for close seeing. The possibility of being one is something we all face as we near the ages of 35-45.

Should it be feared? Emphatically no. Whenever so great a majority are affected, scientific study and research are always stimulated . . . often with

miraculous results. The development of bifocal and trifocal lenses is that sort of miracle.

Today, with the aid of multifocal lenses, thousands are seeing as well as ever—better in cases where misgivings or fear of making the change caused presbyopes to miss for a time the zest for living that comes only with vision that is normal in every respect.

So when your Ophthalmologist or Optometrist prescribes bifocals or trifocals for you, wear them with confidence in his knowledge of your eyes, in the skill of the Dispensing Optician

and in the ability of the manufacturer.

Perhaps, when you first put them on, your eyes may need a day or two to become accustomed to the vast improvement. But after this short period, you won't even know you're wearing them—except when you come to the full realization that the blessing of normal sight has been preserved for you in all its versatility.



The Univis Lens Company
Dayton 1, Ohio

MANUFACTURERS OF BIFOCAL & TRIFOCAL LENSES

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

Free
TO NEW MEMBERS

*This Beautifully Bound
Superbly Decorated Edition of*

PLATO

FIVE GREAT DIALOGUES



NOTHING short of amazing is the way this classic—written two thousand years ago—hits so many nails squarely on the head today! Here, in the clearest reasoning in all literature, is how to live an intelligently *happy* life, whether we possess worldly wealth or only the riches in our hearts and minds.

This beautiful De Luxe Classics Club Edition of PLATO, is the famous Jowett translation, brilliantly edited and annotated by Louise Ropes Loomis, Professor Emeritus of Wells College. It contains the five great dialogues: *Apology, Crito, Phaedo, Symposium, and the Republic*. You may now have it *free*, as a membership gift!

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WILL 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 greatest masterpieces.

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

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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 read; they would not have been read 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*.

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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 luxurious De Luxe Editions—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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Mail this Invitation Form now. Paper, printing, binding costs are rising. This low price—and your FREE copy of PLATO—cannot be assured unless you respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

Walter J. Black, President
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DDDB

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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.)

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



Good news for travelers . . .

**The *Hiawatha* Tribe is expecting
a blessed event**

Hiawathas

NOW SERVE

Chicago	Dubuque
Milwaukee	Cedar Rapids
St. Paul	Des Moines
Minneapolis	Omaha
Northern	Sioux City
Wisconsin	Sioux Falls

**and soon through
the Pacific Northwest**



NOT FAR away now is the great day when the OLYMPIAN HIAWATHAS will take their proud place in the famous HIAWATHA fleet. Serving Chicago-Milwaukee-Twin Cities-Spokane-Seattle-Tacoma, they will operate on a schedule of about 45 hours between Chicago and Puget Sound.

Since 1935, the HIAWATHA Speedliners have topped the field in combining thrilling speed with luxury, silence and riding ease. The OLYMPIAN HIAWATHAS will further this tradition of leadership. Designed and built largely in the Milwaukee Road's own shops, they will offer unique advantages for all classes of travel. Fresh design ideas, unusual beauty, special service features and *no extra fare* will draw whoops of surprise and delight even from experienced travelers. F. N. Hicks, Passenger Traffic Manager, 710 Union Station, Chicago 6, Ill.

THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

The friendly Railroad of the friendly West

The Company that was Frightfully Upset!

(A POEM FOR TIRED BUSINESS MEN)

Mr. Friendly asked, "Why stand on your head?"
And the Board of Directors finally said:

by Mr. Friendly

"Because we're upset and it makes us feel better
To know that we can't get any *upsetter* ...
As you can very plainly see
This is the most upset we can be!

"With accidents *up*, morale is nil ...
Our production chart is going down hill.

"So we look at the chart while we're upside down
And it looks like production is *going to town!*"

Mr. Friendly said, "An interesting view ...
But American Mutual has something for you ...
It's our famous I.E. LOSS CONTROL*
That will call a halt to your accident roll!"

"It cuts accidents down to the minimum
And it helps production start to hum ...
There's nothing like it to end worker's fears
It's based on a knowledge of 59 years!"

Well, the Board of Directors leaped to their feet
And they took out a policy pretty toot sweet!
Soon production was high ... and morale was up there
And the Board of Directors were walking on air.

Find out today about American Mutual's I.E. LOSS CONTROL* service ... helps reduce costs, boost morale and profits. Write for full information ... and you'll walk on air, too! Address American Mutual Liability Insurance Co., Dept. D-81, 142 Berkeley Street, Boston 16, Mass.

*Accident Prevention based on principles of industrial engineering.

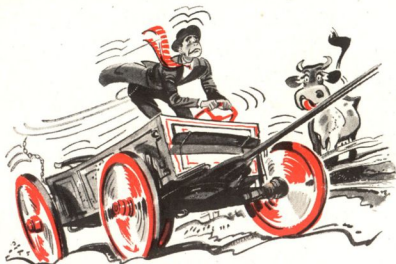


Your helping hand
when trouble comes!



AMERICAN MUTUAL ... the first American liability insurance company

COPIED, 1947, 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 Chassis Lubrication is specially made to fight wear two ways. It not only keeps wearing surfaces apart but sticks to those surfaces no matter how rough the going. Not for just a couple of hundred miles, but for 1,000 miles and longer — Marfak is in there fighting. You can tell the difference — a cushiony ride that makes driving a pleasure and tells you your chassis is fully protected against wear. Applied by chart, never by chance. Ask your Texaco Dealer to give your car that "Marfak feeling" now.



THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Note 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

Higher Education

Sirs:

Since third grade geography I've thought the world's largest island was Australia. TIME [Jan. 27] says it's Greenland. Who is wrong, my third grade teacher or TIME?

MAC F. CAHAL

Chicago

¶ From the fourth grade up, Australia is generally regarded as the world's smallest continent, Greenland the largest island.—Ed.

In the Jefferson Line

Sirs:

I think you will find that General Marshall is the 51st Secretary of State and not the "48th" in the line started by Thomas Jefferson [TIME, Jan. 27]. You could arrive very close to your figure—49—by eliminating the return engagements of Daniel Webster and James G. Blaine, but that isn't good political arithmetic, albeit reporterly face-saving. . . .

LEONARD TRAUBE

New York City

¶ The State Department, which should know, calls Marshall its 48th Secretary.—Ed.

A Republican, Maybe—but Taft?

Sirs:

TIME [Jan. 20] labels Senator Taft of Ohio as "by all odds the best informed man in the Senate."

Let us hope that he is better informed than he was in the fall of 1941 when he solemnly declared in a debate at the Cleveland City Club . . . that it was preposterous to think that Japan threatened the U.S. in any way!

W. D. TODD, U.S.N.R.

Lakewood, Ohio

Sirs:

. . . Had to laugh at TIME's comment on Taft: "He has great political courage. . . ."

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February 17, 1947

Volume XLIX
Number 7

TIME, FEBRUARY 17, 1947

*To the man who
is about to switch
to electric shaving—*



More Remington Shavers have been sold since 1940 than all other makes combined

JOE: How's that new Remington, Harry?
I've been thinking of getting an electric
shaver.

HARRY: It's the berries, Joe — I can shave
before you've even started!

JOE: Yeah — but do you really get a good,
close shave?

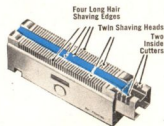
HARRY: My new Remington Foursome ac-
tually gives me a better shave than I
ever had before!

**It's man-to-man conversations like this that
have made Remington America's No. 1
shaver. The new Remington Foursome is
the fastest, smoothest, closest-shaving in-
strument money can buy, and the men who
own them are our best salesmen.**

When you're in the market for an elec-
tric shaver, compare the Remington shavers
with all other makes. Let your own eyes
tell you why no other shaver can match
Remington for shaving power, shaving
speed and shaving comfort.

Remember, it was Remington Rand that
pioneered the multiple-head shaver and
now offers the revolutionary new Blue
Streak twin shaving head that handles
any type of beard with ease.

The Remington Foursome, featuring
this head, sells for \$19.50 — but you can
get a Remington for as little as \$15.75.
All Remingtons operate on AC or DC and
carry a warranty from Remington Rand,
Inc. (shaver headquarters in 88 cities).



Exclusive with Remington. The Blue
Streak twin shaving head, featured on the
Remington Foursome, is an exclusive Remington
development. It provides four long-hair
cutting edges and two effective shaving
surfaces. Handles long and short whiskers
with equal ease. Trims neatly around side-
burns and mustache.

The Remington Dual

Two heads at a
moderate price
\$15.75

The Remington Threesome

Three heads for
additional speed
\$17.50

The Remington Foursome

Four shaving surfaces. Fea-
tures the newest Blue Streak
twin shaving head plus two
round heads — **\$19.50**

REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVERS

A PRODUCT OF *Remington Rand* INCORPORATED

TIME, FEBRUARY 17, 1947

The Flavor's All Yours...

when you smoke
PHILIP MORRIS!



CLEAN, FRESH, PURE
America's
FINEST Cigarette!

The full, rich, *natural* flavor of the world's finest tobaccos—yes, it's ALL yours to enjoy in *every* PHILIP MORRIS you smoke! And here's why...

There's an *important difference* in PHILIP MORRIS manufacture that lets the **FULL FLAVOR** come through for your *complete* enjoyment—*clean, fresh, pure!*

That's why PHILIP MORRIS *taste* better... *smoke* better... *all day long!*

CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS
ALWAYS BETTER... BETTER ALL WAYS

He attacked the... Nürnberg trials—to the deep embarrassment of his party."

Surely TIME is not unaware of the large number of Americans of German descent, in Ohio & elsewhere, who have strong German sympathies, although they are not overtly Nazi. This was just smart politics...

His briefcase may be bulging with facts, but his brain apparently ignores those it doesn't like. Those of us who trained with wooden guns remember a few of the men like Taft who, to further selfish and party interests, fought Roosevelt's preparedness program...

DENNIS M. MAYLAN

Fort Devens, Mass.

Sirs:

... A Republican President in 1948—maybe! But never, never Robert Taft!

DOROTHY W. GIBSON

San Diego

Pundits & Peddlers

Sirs:

Fie on TIME for being so provincial as to base its year-end report on the state of the cinema almost entirely on the opinions of the New York critics: "Most film critics announced their lists of 'ten best'—and, in view of its wealth and its energy, Hollywood had made a miserably poor showing" (TIME, Jan. 20).

The annual poll taken by *Film Daily*, a most reliable motion-picture trade publication, lists the selections of 559 critics and commentators throughout the country. Only one foreign film (*Henry V*) was chosen for the "ten best" list, and only three importations (*Caesar and Cleopatra*, *The Seventh Veil*, *Blühe Spirit*) were cited on the honor roll of 51 pictures...

The critics voting in the *Film Daily* poll represent a cross section of our country's taste...

In the future, let TIME properly evaluate the ivory tower musings of the New York pundits...

BILL MCCORMICK

New York City

¶ Let M-G-M Pressagent McCormick go peddle his pictures. Despite Hollywoodian heads, the "ivory tower pundits" will go right on cutting most of the U.S. critical ice.—Ed.

Stinkeroo & Piperoo

Sirs:

Re: Cinema: TIME, Jan. 20.

I have squirmed through many a flitting, giddy, unsteady Hollywood movie, suffering miserably. I would like nothing better than to sentence the entire Hollywood movie-making bunch to sit through that most wretched of all stinkeroos, *Centennial Summer*, once a week for a year.

After reading your year-end movie comment this week, I saw *Open City*. The stark, savage realism of *Open City* fills me with admiration for actors and technicians to whom moviemaking is a true art...

LOUIS ASSAFF

Detroit

Farley for the Record

Sirs:

TIME [Jan. 27] quoted Jim Farley as saying on our radio program, *Meet the Press*, that Harry Truman was dead political timber.

I don't see how your reporter got that from what Jim said, and for the record I think it ought to be corrected.

LARRY SPIVAK

New York City

¶ In summarizing the transcript, TIME erred. The record:

Bert Andrews, of the New York *Herald Tribune*: "Do you think he [Tru-



More OF EVERYTHING YOU WANT
WITH *Mercury*

A family skating party at Pine Lake, or a vacation trip through the Far West . . . taking Johnny and Suzi to school, or even Saturday shopping—they're all more *fun* with Mercury! Every time



More beauty—more fun to own

you see it standing there waiting for you, you like its looks even more.

On a long trip you learn how really comfortable and relaxing a car can be—and how effortlessly Mercury winds over the hills, handles sharp turns, snugly holds the road and eats up those long open stretches.

When the children are along, you appreciate Mercury's extra safety features; full-view vision in all directions and oversized brakes you can rely on for fast, smooth, sure stops.



More room—more fun to ride in

And when you go shopping, you enjoy its extra storage space; its wide doors for easier getting-in-and-out when your arms are full of bundles.

In styling, engineering, performance—in every detail right down to more mileage and lower cost upkeep, the



More "go"—more fun to drive

big beautiful Mercury gives you more pleasure because it gives you so much more of *everything!*

MERCURY—DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY



Only Stewart-Warner gives you the joy
of picture-clear *Strobo-Sonic Tone!*



Chippendale commode radio, all-mahogany. Matching commode available. Heirloom beauty plus all-new radio performance. Accurate push-button tuning.



Tone so faithful you can understand each word, distinguish every instrument, hear music in its true dimensions, rich and picture-clear! It's everything you have wanted in a new radio, or radio-phonograph, in cabinets you will own with pride, both period pieces and smart modern modes.

And inside—all the electronic advancements born of Stewart-Warner's 23 years of radio leadership! The Radair Antenna pulls in hard-to-get stations, yet repels annoying pops and crackles.

The Signal Sentry halts hum and sizzle, gives you sparkling clear reception. Your records, even old favorites, are revealed in new and satisfying brilliance. Listen . . . for the difference you can hear!



Table Combination, smoothly modern. Plays 12 records automatically. Performs like a big console! Attachable legs quickly make it the Consolette.



The Headliner, modern as this minute! Modern woods in 3 smart finishes. Illuminated slide-rule dial, backlighted; matched ivory controls. Sensitive, powerful!

Stewart-Warner

Radios · Radio-phonographs · Television

CHICAGO 14, ILLINOIS

man] would be the strongest candidate the Democrats could nominate?"

Jim Farley: "At the moment he would not be. He might be then [1948]."

Andrews: "Who do you think would be stronger?"

Farley: "I don't want to mention any name because maybe the man I have in mind might not be interested."—Ed.

Neat but Gaudy

Sirs: As men's fashion consultant to several advertising agencies, men's trade publications, and several large consumer magazines . . . I take exception to using the statements of Hollywood's Adolphe Menjou as a criterion on how to dress well.

Mr. Menjou's dressing habits are of another age and another country. In fact, the



MENJOU

Bob Landry-LIFE
GABLE

Watch those trouser breaks!

impeccable Mr. M. doesn't even follow his own rules.

The enclosed picture [see cut], taken at the recently held Los Angeles Open Golf Tournament, does not need an expert to refute his statement, "The well-dressed man is never conspicuous" (TIME, Jan. 20). Close observation of the picture shows conspicuous Mr. Menjou with gold watch chain and gold collar pin—technically known as jewelry.

Furthermore, if Mr. Menjou rules, "Never wear a striped shirt with a striped suit" (I don't agree), then please, Mr. Menjou, what about a checked tie with a checked suit? For another Menjou dribble, note the tightly knotted tie and absence of trouser break at the instep. . . .

Rather than taking Menjou's silent cinema mode of dress as an example, I'll recommend today's talkie model, Clark Gable.

LEONARD A. ROTHGERBER JR.
Men's Apparel Research Guild
New York City

Big Enough Challenge

Sirs: TIME [Jan. 20] erred from its usual outstanding accuracy in implying presidential or vice presidential ambitions to me. In fact, the quote which you ascribed to me is exactly the opposite of the comments which I made to a number of reporters, any one of whom, I believe, can testify that I stated substantially this: "This is one fellow whom the presidential and vice presidential bug has not



When a COLD threatens
to run through a family . . .

IT'S

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Quick! . . . for Everybody

It's all too easy for a cold, once it starts, to spread from one member of the family to another . . . with troublesome results. That's why it's so sensible to enlist the aid of the Listerine Antiseptic gargle *early and often!*

This pleasant antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of threatening germs called the "secondary invaders."

Although many colds may be started by a virus, it is these "secondary invaders," say many authorities, that are responsible for much of the misery you know so well. Listerine Antiseptic, if used frequently during the 12 to 36-hour period of "incubation" when a cold may be developing, can often help forestall the mass invasion of these germs and so head off trouble.

Listerine Antiseptic's remarkable germ-killing action has been demonstrated time and again. Tests showed 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 later.

This germ-killing power, we believe, accounts for Listerine Antiseptic's remarkable clinical test record against colds. Tests made over a period of 12

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 hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

You can see by their names that they're nothing to fool with. Millions of them can live on mouth and throat surfaces, waiting until body resistance is lowered to strike. You can realize the importance of the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic to try to keep their numbers reduced.

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

So, whenever there's a cold in your family, prescribe Listerine Antiseptic for everyone. It's a wise thing to do.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine Antiseptic reduced germs as much as 96.7% in tests

SPEAKING OF TEN-STRIKES by FRANK WILLIAMS

NED DAY

...RATED BY MANY EXPERTS AS THE GREATEST MATCH GAME BOWLER OF ALL TIME!

I SEE YOU'VE MET HIM, TOO!

DURING HIS CAREER NED HAS ROLLED 27 PERFECT SCORES OF 300!

HE FEELS SHARP!

POURING STRIKE AFTER STRIKE INTO THE #3 POCKET. KEEPING HIS SCORE IS A CINCH

TWICE HE HAS ROLLED 33 CONSECUTIVE STRIKES IN MATCH PLAY—NEARLY ENOUGH FOR THREE PERFECT GAMES IN A ROW!

IN HIS FIRST GAME THE CURLY-HAIRED WEST ALIUS, WIS... WONDER SCORED A LOWLY 63!

DO THEY NAIL THOSE PINS DOWN???

BUT SINCE THEN HE'S RIMMERED THE NATIONAL MATCH GAME CHAMPIONSHIP 5 TIMES AND WON MORE TITLES THAN ANY OTHER TENPIN STAR.

HE LOOKS SHARP!

YOU MUST'VE DONE SOMETHING WRONG

...TRAINING AMBITIOUS BOWLERS IN THE FINER POINTS OF HIS FAVORITE SPORT.

SMOOTH AS A BOWLING BALL!

HE IS SHARP!

...NED DAY GETS THE SUCKEST SHAVES IN THE BOOK AND SAVES MONEY, TOO, FOR HE ALWAYS USES GILLETTE BLUE BLADES WITH THE SHARPEST EDGES EVER HONED. TAKE IT FROM HIM, THAT'S THE WAY TO SKIM OFF STUBBLE IN JIGTIME WITH PERFECT COMFORT. YES, AND REMEMBER—DOUBLE EDGES MEAN DOUBLE ECONOMY!

look SHARP
feel SHARP
be SHARP

use
Gillette
Blue Blades

with the SHARPEST edges ever honed!

● You look sharp and feel sharp for you get the cleanest, most refreshing shaves ever. You are sharp for you get more shaves per blade, save money.

Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston 6, Mass.



5 for 25¢

ENJOY BOXING FRIDAYS AT 10 PM EST OVER ABC NETWORK.

GILLETTE'S CAVALCADE OF SPORTS ALSO AIRS WORLD SERIES AND OTHER CLASSICS YEAR-ROUND.

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bitten. We've got too much work on our hands in 1947 and 1948 in the Congress itself to dabble in speculation about the presidency." As Chairman of the (Senate) Judiciary Committee and member of the Foreign Relations Committee, my ambition is to fulfill these responsibilities to the best of my ability and to serve the 35 million people of my state (Wisconsin) faithfully and loyally. This is a big enough challenge for any one man.

ALEXANDER WILEY

Washington, D.C.

Answer to a Prayer?

Sirs:

The sad and savage picture of a man with haunted eyes which you labeled Sinclair Lewis in TIME, Jan. 20, together with the news item that he had been entombed like another Carrie Jacobs-Bond in that Forest Lawn of the Arts which is Hollywood, reminds one tragically of 20 unproductive years since Main Street and Arrowsmith. . . .

It is two decades since this man, who might have been great, held a stop watch on the Eternal and hurled a childish challenge at God to strike him dead. Could 20 barren years be the answer to that prayer?

RUSSELL C. STROUP

Lynchburg, Va.

Disbeliever in Berlin

Sirs:

I wish to call your attention to quite an error in your International Edition of Jan. 13 re cinema actress Lida Baarova, wife of Gustav Fröhlich, in the famous Goebbels slapping incident. Your article states Fröhlich has not been heard of since. He is not only alive, but just finished a picture in Berlin, which is at present playing in Theater Wien on Kurfürstendamm. . . . I told Fröhlich he was dead, but he would not believe me. . . .

JOHN F. RENICH

Berlin

TIME hopes to have better luck in convincing AP's Berlin correspondent.—Ed.

Greenland & \$70,000,000

Sirs:

Although I have been for six years a steady reader and admirer of TIME, I was shocked to read in the last issue [Jan. 27] that "Washington military men thought this might be as good a time as any to buy Greenland, if they could" and I was just as disappointed in your obvious approval of the idea.

You realize rightly "that Denmark's national pride would stand in the way of a sale," but . . . don't you think it would be fair to ask the Greenlanders if they want to be sold to the United States? . . . The answer is No. . . . They pledged their faithfulness to the Danish King. They consider themselves as Danish citizens, and they want to remain Danish citizens.

You would get the same answer from the Danes themselves, not on account of national pride but because it would be indecent to sell their own countrymen.

These two facts you left out of your article, and they are far more important than 800,000 square miles of land and ice and \$70 million which Denmark owes the U.S. investors. It may be true that it is "more dollar exchange than Copenhagen can easily raise," but . . . this is more than a question of national pride and dollars. It is a question of vital significance to all small countries in the world. They have been given the impression that the United States fought for the same principles that they themselves believe in, but if the United States now adopts the methods of the totalitarian states, they may as well throw in the sponge. . . .

HELGE LARSEN

Copenhagen, Denmark

TIME, FEBRUARY 17, 1947

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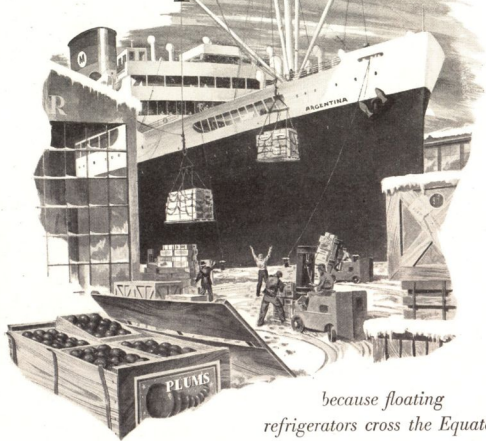
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He talked independence in a 21-gun voice

HE WAS a solemn boy of 12 when he left Scotland to go to sea, and the hard-fisted skippers soon showed him how tyranny tastes. John Paul Jones never liked that taste.

But he was spunky and quick, and he got ahead. Apprentice, mate, captain, owner. John Paul Jones got ahead... but there was something else he wanted.

He found it in America in 1775. They had an idea there called independence. They'd written it down in sweet, clean words in a Declaration for the king. But the king couldn't seem to get it... and John Paul Jones knew he'd found his natural job.

He got an old ship and went out to explain American independence with the iron eloquence of a man-o'-war's guns. He mustered his own crews, paid them with his own money, poured his health and strength into it, and was old at 40. But always his guns kept talking independence, and we know now that they argued well.

Our independence talks in many voices. Sometimes with the growl of guns. Always with the click of voting machines. Often with the quiet rustle of a pen signing an insurance policy. That, too, is the sound of an American talking independence.

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MISCELLANY

Pound Foolish. In Manhattan, Arthur Crayton tried to pick the pocket of a fat man asleep in a subway station, got his hand caught firmly when the sleeper shifted, was finally extricated by two cops.

On the Llam. In Delaware, N.J., a woman telephoned police, reported "dinosaurs or something" on her lawn. Police finally rounded up four llamas, escaped from a local animal farm.

This Is the Army. In Munich, an American officer's wife arrived from the U.S., deposited her two children in her husband's house, promptly departed after remarking: "Now you take care of them for a few years."

Family Affair. In Tulsa, Mrs. Jessie Eli had the cops collar two strange young men who had entered her house, next day asked to have them freed when she learned they were her brothers-in-law.

Inch, Ell. In Cleveland, Mrs. Jessie Salsburg graciously allowed a bus driver to use her front yard faucet to fill his steaming radiator. All the drivers on the route followed suit, in three months ran the Salsburg water bill up to \$94.

Late Bulletin. In Forst, Germany, an indomitable carrier pigeon turned up with a three-year-old message from a Nazi infantry detachment: "We are cut off by the enemy in southern Italy and no hope is left of breaking through."

Nimrods. In Durand, Wis., two crest-fallen hunters learned that the horned-game they had proudly lashed to their autos were goats. In Oakland, Calif., Stanley Chaconas returned from the hunt with two pheasants, flushed and caught by a dog before he could fire a shot.

Happy Returns. In Decatur, Ill., a lady bountiful gave a seedy-looking stranger \$1 and a cheery injunction: "Keep your spirits high." Later, the stranger presented her with \$37, her share of the winnings on a horse named High Spirits.

Vocational Training. In Olympia, Wash., an illiterate prisoner learned to read & write in the State Reformatory, got paroled, bounced back in jail to serve a term for forgery.

Hold, Enough! In Oldham, England, Actor Antony Oakley, playing Macduff in *Macbeth*, charged with his dagger, laid on with such vigor that Macbeth was laid up with a five-inch abdominal wound. In Toulon, France, Baritone Fernand Lagarde, carried away by the third act stabbing scene in Bizet's *Les Pecheurs de Perles*, was carried offstage with a two-inch abdominal wound.

It's American... TO BE DEMOCRATIC:

to speak your mind—in public meetings, and in letters to the press, radio and to your Congressman.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

The reliability of TIME as a foreign news source has been the subject of a vigorous controversy recently in the Norwegian press between Arnulf Overland, novelist, essayist, playwright and Norway's foremost poet, and communist author Øivind Bolstad.

The controversy arose as a by-product of one of a series of lectures Overland has been making throughout Norway. A long-time, hard-hitting champion of democracy and the rights of the individual, Poet Overland, who passed four of the war years as a

political prisoner in German concentration camps for his work with the Norwegian resistance movement, has been lecturing on "the problem of dictatorship or democracy." In a discussion of information from foreign countries at the close of his Oslo lecture, he gave TIME as one of his sources.

Two days later Oslo's leftist newspaper, *Dagbladet*, appeared with a contribution by Øivind Bolstad, which read, in part:



ARNULF OVERLAND

Arnulf Overland said in his lecture that TIME was a reliable organ. This statement must either be due to ignorance or bad memory, to put it politely. Every newspaper reader knows that TIME* here in Norway was regarded as Hitler's American mouthpiece. Overland was arrested in 1941. Consequently, he should be able to remember that TIME was the foreign source which the German press agencies quoted to support their case. The Norwegian newspapers were constantly spiced with items from TIME.

There are a good many people who would like to know on which sources Overland does support his views on foreign affairs.

Within two days, the *Dagbladet* published Overland's reply. Wrote he:

... I am not a very diligent newspaper reader. But I know quite a num-

*Which was intermittently banned by Hitler, Mussolini and Japan, and banned for keeps by Hitler in May, 1939.

ber of people who are. And none of those I have asked understands what Mr. Bolstad is referring to. By means of his excellent memory he ought to be able to mention a few examples in support of his contention.

Maybe I can help him. There are two possibilities. The German propaganda did not shun the use of false quotations if it served their purpose. And they proved to be right when they reckoned that many people in this country would trust any falsification if only it proved sufficiently shameless.

There is also another possibility: The German propaganda may have found statements in TIME which, dressed in a proper way, can have been found useful. TIME may have used the freedom of the press existing in America for criticizing their own government or the Allied policy during the war. For in America and England it happens that politicians make mistakes—but never in a totalitarian state. These mistakes are mentioned

in the opposition press, causing the enemy now and again a shortlived pleasure. . . .

The following facts about TIME are known not only by newspaper readers in this country, but by politically informed persons around the world. The magazine has an extensive readership outside of America because it carries reliable news about foreign affairs, to which it lays great stress. It has a large staff of specialists in this area, and the editorial management has always kept a clear anti-fascistic line. This cannot be said about the communist press from which Mr. Bolstad has reaped his wealth of knowledge. Its attitude in our time of need and fate was next to benevolently neutral toward Nazism.

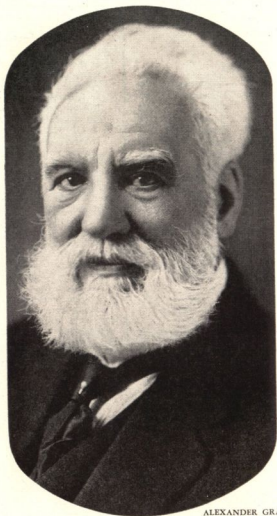
And this may happen again.

To Norway's Overland, TIME's thanks for his forthright defense.

Cordially,

James A. Linen

He gave the world a new voice



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL
by Moffett, 1918

Alexander Graham Bell was a teacher of the deaf. He was also a trained scientist who made it possible for millions upon millions of people to hear each other by telephone.

The telephone brought something into the world that had not been there before.

For the first time people were able to talk to each other even though separated by long distances.

Horizons broadened. A new industry was born, destined to employ hundreds of thousands of men and women and be of service to every one in the land.

Alexander Graham Bell was a great humanitarian, not only as a teacher of the deaf, but in his vision of the benefits the telephone could bring to mankind.

Bell's vision has come true. It keeps on being an essential part of this nation-wide public service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Democracy & Security

Two men were held up to public view last week as dangers to the Republic. One was an avowed Communist with a long and sinister record. The other was a New Dealer, with a long record of public service.

The Communist was the German Gerhart Eisler, who was hauled up before the old Dies Committee, now under the chairmanship of New Jersey's John Parnell Thomas. Eisler was obstreperous. The committee leveled a number of charges against him and ordered him re-juggled (*see below*).

No loyal American would criticize the committee's action. Eisler, perhaps the key figure of a number of his ilk who are boring from within, has no loyalty except to Communism. He wants to replace a free U.S. democracy with a sovietized state. This was a case of clearly discernible danger to the U.S., and the U.S. could applaud the Thomas Committee and the FBI for being on the alert.

The Democrat. In another Congressional committee room, David Lilienthal, the President's choice for chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, faced his old enemy Senator Kenneth McKellar, who tried to prove that Lilienthal, if not a Red, loved Reds. Hour after hour, day after day, McKellar tormented him with questions and charges, until finally, acknowledging that he did not carry the

answer to some statistical question in his head, Lilienthal said:

"This I do carry in my head, Senator. . . . All Government and all private institutions must be designed to promote and defend the integrity and dignity of the individual." The Communist philosophy, he pointed out, is the direct antithesis of that; in Russia men are means to an end. In a democracy "the individual comes first."

Americans could applaud Lilienthal's statement. It had the ring of truth. But the problem was not simple. There is at work in the U.S. an active, aggressive, malignant thing—conspiratorial Communism—which must be rooted out. It is fairly easy to recognize it in men like Gerhart Eisler.

But beyond Eisler there are a host of other men—fellow travelers, confused liberals, "totalitarian liberals" (*see INTERNATIONAL*), left-wing New Dealers—who owe muddled allegiance to the idea that government should be omnipotently responsible for the lives of its citizens even to the point of benevolent despotism. They fail to understand that despotism, which has a way of beginning with benevolence, usually ends by being merely despotic. Few of them even understood the incompatibility of their views with democracy, or that it is just such views which makes them so sympathetic to Soviet Russia. But the mass of Americans is beginning to understand this very well.

If the congressional investigators achieved nothing else, they were dramatizing one fact: a man can be a Communist, or a "totalitarian liberal" and call himself a good American—but he cannot expect his fellow Americans to agree. All Americans could heartily echo David Lilienthal's "great belief in civil liberties." But if they believed in democracy and Soviet Russia too, as Henry Wallace did, then it was time they had their heads examined—or their hearts.

COMMUNISTS

The Man from Moscow

He was a plump, balding, kindly looking little man. He seemed dumfounded one day last October to find reporters outside his \$35-a-month apartment in Queens. Was he Gerhart Eisler? Yes, yes, he was. Well—he had just been accused of being the No. 1 U.S. Communist, the Brain, the big tap on the wire to Moscow. How about it?

Eisler acted as though he did not under-



EISLER
Use man.

Horris & Ewing

stand. Who had said this? A man who knew him—Louis Francis Budenz, ex-managing editor of Manhattan's *Daily Worker*. Eisler peered through his horn-rimmed spectacles with a gentle smile and asked the gentlemen in.

Gerhart Eisler had nothing to hide. Budenz, he said, as if the explanation were unnecessary to people of intelligence, was obviously mistaken. It was true that he had once been a Communist in Germany but that had been many years ago. He had come to the U.S. in 1941, a poor refugee, hounded by the Nazis. Did he look like a spy? All he wanted to do was go back to Germany, but the U.S. State Department would not allow it.

Indignation. Last week, when Gerhart Eisler was brought to Washington to be questioned by the House Committee on Un-American Activities, he was a changed man. He rose before the committee pale with anger. "I am not a spy," he sputtered. "I am not the boss of all the Reds. . . ."

When the committee chairman, New Jersey's Congressman J. Parnell Thomas, directed him to desist and be sworn, he refused. Thomas warned: "Remember, you are a guest of the country." This was too much. Eisler began beating on the table and yelling, "I am an anti-Fascist. I am not a guest of the country. I am a political prisoner."

But after two burly Department of Justice agents had led him from the room, a different picture of Gerhart Eisler began to take shape. He had indeed been a top



LILIENTHAL
Respect man.

Yale Joel-Liss

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

FOREIGN RELATIONS



STATE DEPARTMENT'S NEW HOME
Stomach ulcers also explained.

International

Dressing Up

In his first three weeks as Secretary of State, General George Marshall had worked like a top kick, sprucing up his new outfit. By last week he had some results to announce.

Some time next month most of State's personnel will move out of its present fusty Victorian monstrosity on Pennsylvania Avenue to the gleaming new War Department Building, which is as elegantly modern as a Radio City men's room. The Army personnel now there would be absorbed into the fastnesses of the Pentagon.* This week a new administrative secretariat will go into action, to streamline departmental business and keep the Secretary up to the minute on the plans and actions of his underlings.

Announcing the new setup at his first press conference, Secretary Marshall also reported the overheard complaint of one of his assistants. He quoted Under Secretary of State Dean Acheson: "I understand already why most of Marshall's former associates have stomach ulcers."

Dressing Down

Smarting from U.S. protests over its rigged elections, Poland thought it had a new Ambassador who would soothe the suspicions of the U.S. in general, and of Polish-Americans in particular. It sent to the U.S. a man who had once been a member of the U.S.-backed London

* Since its completion in 1942, the real hub of Army activity. Principal occupants to be moved from the new War Department Building: the Army's Engineers, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Combined Chiefs of Staff, the Atomic Energy Commission.



Associated Press
POLAND'S AMBASSADOR WINIEWICZ
Warsaw guessed wrong.

Soviet agent, a "C.I. Rep." as U.S. comrades call the obscure and mysterious representatives of the Communist International. As "a man from Moscow" he had lived in a world where honor, friendship, even family ties meant nothing. One of the witnesses who denounced him was his sister, sharp-chinned, black-haired ex-German Communist Ruth Fischer, the person who hates him most.

Ambition. In the beginning, as children of a poverty-stricken Viennese scholar, they had adored each other. Ruth, the older, became a Communist first. Gerhart, who won five decorations as an officer of the Austrian Army in World War I, joined the party in the fevered days of 1918. They worked together. When Ruth, then a bundle of sex appeal and intellectual fire, went to Berlin, Gerhart followed. She became a leader of the German Communist Party, and a member of the Reichstag. But Gerhart took a different ideological tack, began to covet power for himself. He applauded when Ruth was banished from the party by the Stalinist clique. Then he tried to undermine Ernst Thaelmann, Stalin's favorite in Germany. He failed, was summoned to Moscow. He escaped liquidation by denouncing friends who were out of favor.

He turned up in China, charged with purging the party of spies and dissidents, sent so many men to their deaths that he was known as "The Executioner." He first came to the U.S., according to the FBI, in 1933, as chief liaison man between the party and the Comintern. An obscure figure known only as Edwards, he was seldom seen by the party rank & file. He moved in & out of the country freely. (The House Committee held a passport application which demonstrated how the trick was turned. It was dated Aug. 31, 1934, bore the name of a Communist writer, Samuel Liptzen. It was filled out

in the handwriting of a left-wing lawyer, one Leon Josephson. Clipped to it was Eisler's photograph.)

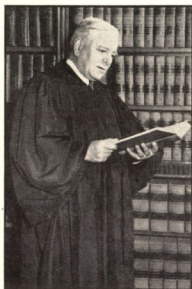
Eisler appeared in Moscow to attend a Comintern school, in Spain as commissar of German Loyalist troops. In 1939, during the days of the Russo-German pact, he was in France. He was thrown into a concentration camp, kept there until 1941. Released, he assumed the role of a harmless refugee, headed for the U.S. again.

Abnegation. In many ways, Gerhart Eisler's life as a Queens apartment dweller was as quiet as he indicated. Although he had a Viennese wife—his second—in Stockholm, he settled down comfortably with a slim Polish girl named Brunhilda, who had accompanied him across the Atlantic. (Eisler maintains that he got a Mexican divorce from his Stockholm wife in 1942, married Brunhilda in Norwalk, Conn. the same year.) He became an air-rail warden, contributed to a blood bank, nodded pleasantly to his neighbors.

But he had other names and other activities. As Hans Berger he wrote articles for the *Daily Worker*. As Julius Eisman he made frequent visits to the Manhattan offices of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee—a Communist front organization which had duped Bennett Cerf, Charles Boyer, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and many another big name into becoming its sponsors. The Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee gave him monthly checks for \$150. By means of the party grapevine, he was in touch with Samuel Kogan, alias Carr, a member of Canada's Communist atomic spy ring.

After listening to all this, the House Committee charged him with conspiracy to overthrow the Government, contempt of Congress, perjury, income-tax evasion and passport falsification. It ordered him sent back to Ellis Island and asked the Justice Department to act in a hurry.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS



Associated Press

JUDGE PICARD

A walk through the underbrush . . .

Government-in-exile, was only recently a convert to Poland's Communist-dominated Government. Officially he was a member of the Young Catholic Party, which is part of the Government bloc, but has a name which Warsaw hoped might lead some in the U.S. to think the opposite.

Last week Ambassador Jozef Winiewicz presented his credentials to President Truman. President Truman replied with a brisk dressing-down: "It is a cause of deep concern to me and to the American people that the Polish Provisional Government has failed to fulfill that pledge [to hold free elections]." The Polish-American press chimed in. Crowded Chicago's *Dziennik Zwiazkowy*: TRUMAN SPANKS THE REGIME.

In case there was any doubt about the U.S. stand, State Secretary George Marshall three days later summoned U.S. Ambassador Arthur Bliss Lane from Warsaw "for consultation."

Arrival & Departure

Few men had more friends than big Max Gardner. Ever since he moved from North Carolina to Washington in 1933, the capital's society matrons had welcomed him as a raconteur who added zest to any party. He was widely admired—first as a road-building, budget-balancing governor of North Carolina, most recently as an Under Secretary of the Treasury in whom businessmen had full confidence. Almost everybody could find something to like about this hearty "liberal conservative" with the homespun manner and the gilt-edged bank account. And almost everybody wanted to give him a farewell party before he left for London and his new job as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

For 64-year-old Max Gardner, it was a strenuous time. During the day he was hard at work, conferring at the State Department, boning up on his new job. And night after night he was up late at parties in his honor. He got little rest.

Last week he left Washington with his wife and son Ralph, who were going to London with him. Arriving in New York, they checked in at the swank St. Regis Hotel, where they had reserved a suite on the eighth floor. Next day, he went to a luncheon given for him by his old friend Eric Johnston at the Waldorf-Astoria.

That evening he and his family dined quietly in his suite with his old law partner Fred Morrison and wife. He was in high spirits and talked enthusiastically of his new post. But he admitted that he was looking forward to a good rest once he got aboard the *S.S. America* the following afternoon.

The Morrisons left early, realizing that the Gardners had a tiring day ahead. Max Gardner was in bed by 10 o'clock. Five hours later, he awoke with a sharp pain in his chest. The hotel's doctor was summoned. At 5 a.m. a heart specialist was called. Examination showed that a blood clot was blocking off the blood from Max Gardner's heart. At 8:25 a.m. the starved heart stopped. Oliver Max Gardner was dead. It would be hard to find as good a man to fill his place.

THE JUDICIARY

Closing the Portal

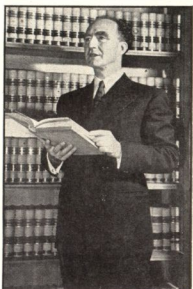
The law is a ass, a idiot.

Mr. Bumble in Oliver Twist

In Detroit last week, Federal Judge Frank A. Picard did his best to make the law look less like "a ass." He threw clear out of court the famed Mt. Clemens Pottery Co. case for portal-to-portal pay. If the Supreme Court—to which the case is quickly headed—should sustain him, there would be lifted from industry the threat of \$5 billion in back-pay claims filed by scores of unions. If it should reverse him, the law would look more like "a ass" than ever.

It was a thankless task which the Supreme Court had wished on Judge Picard. He had first heard the Mt. Clemens case in 1943. Then it was a simple suit, brought by the pottery company's employees, to collect overtime pay for time worked before the whistle blew. Judge Picard had ruled in favor of the employees, but was reversed on a technicality. Then the case reached the Supreme Court.

Justice Frank Murphy, an eager beagle who is all heart-and-snuffles whenever the legal hunt picks up the scent of something human, sniffed out a resemblance to portal-pay cases previously decided in favor of miners. As spokesman for a 5-2 majority he sent the case back to the lower court. Picard was ordered to decide



Carl Mydans-Life

JUSTICE MURPHY

. . . to answer an eager beagle.

whether workers' time between punching the time clock and starting work was a trifle (which could be ignored) or substantial (which must be paid for). And, in Justice Murphy's phrase, he was to do so "in light of the realities of the industrial world"—whatever that might mean.

On the Spot. If anyone had ignored those realities, it was the Supreme Court. The majority had failed to see the consequences of its decision. Justice Murphy's loose-jointed constructions and sloppy phrasing invited the filing of thousands of portal-pay suits by unions. If these were valid, even in part, "the realities of the industrial world" meant that many businesses would be lamed, some crippled. Through tax rebates and cost-plus contracts, the Government would be nicked for much of the bill.

No man could tell just what Justice Murphy meant. Judge Picard, the man on the spot, had to try. First of all, he had to determine how long it took Mt. Clemens workers to walk from the time clocks to their benches. To find out, he called some witnesses to his courtroom. When a mousy little woman claimed that it took her five minutes to walk 750 feet, outraged company attorneys suggested that the judge clock her on a course in the court corridors. Judge Picard snapped: "I am not going to make an exhibition of this courtroom. Now cut out this horseplay and get along."

Then he had some horseplay anyway. A lawyer argued that the witness did not know how long a minute was, and suggested timing her. The judge pulled a turnip-sized watch from under his black robe. The witness looked glassily out the window. Almost at once she said a minute was up. The judge had timed it at eight

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE CONGRESS

Congress' Week

Speaker Joe Martin thought things were shaping up nicely. He had just seen his brood of House Republicans drop their squabbles, and obediently line up to be counted for a rock-solid party vote. The issue was the constitutional amendment to limit a President to two terms. Not a Republican wavered as Democratic whip John McCormack wailed: "It will make the Constitution rigid. It ties the hands of future generations." Of the 238 Republicans present, 238 voted right. With 47 Democrats joining them, the vote was 15 more than needed for a two-thirds majority. Joe was pleased.

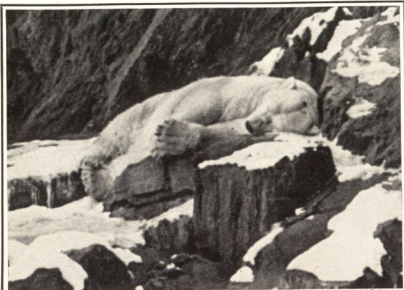
He needed some reassurance. All week long the Democrats had been snickering as Republicans lambasted each other over the 20% income-tax cut promised by bullheaded Harold Knutson during the campaign. Knutson had tried to bulldoze his Ways and Means Committee into endorsing his bill, only to have Michigan's Albert Engel rebel. Engel's plan: double exemptions to help the low-income group.

The fracas had ruffled the G.O.P. leadership itself when Illinois' Leo Allen, Chairman of the Rules Committee, threw in a plan of his own. Allen would give the little taxpayer a 20% cut, the big fellow less. Laughing fit to burst, Tennessee's Albert Gore gloated: "The Republicans are stuck in the mud of confusion and hanging on the hook of irresponsible promises."

Only Child. In the committee rooms, things were humming. Presidential Candidate Harold Stassen appeared before Senator Robert A. Taft's Labor Committee to speak his piece on labor legislation. While his onetime protégé Joe Ball glowered at him across the table, Stassen declared that the closed-shop ban and other anti-labor provisions of Ball's four labor bills would give so much "excess power" to capital that labor would be back to the bedrock days of the 1920s, and the U.S. economy with it. Stassen's key suggestion: a strike should be called only if authorized by a secret ballot taken after all negotiations had failed. Snapped Ohio's Taft: "I see no objection to it, but as a solution of the labor problem, I think it is trivial."

The Senate Banking and Currency Committee's hearings on rent control were brightened by Mrs. Frank Morris, a well-dressed, belligerent landlady of Dallas who wanted all controls taken off. Said she: "I am fighting for freedom for enterprise. I am fighting for my children [one daughter, three grandchildren] and for their future." Asked Chairman Charles Tobey dryly: "Oh, tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?" Mrs. Morris: "I am an only child."

Ninety-five Ships. There was much flexing of muscles as the GOPsters snuffled under every stone that might conceal Democratic skulduggery. Maine's Owen Brewster gnashed his teeth at a report



Roger Higgins—N.Y. World-Telegram

SLOW FREEZE

From the Rockies east, just about every creature in the U.S. ached with winter. A blissful exception was this polar bear on the icy rock of Manhattan's Central Park Zoo. On the human animal and his works, the snow and bitter cold did not set so well. In sub-zero Chicago, an 86-year-old ex-circus performer froze to death in his trailer-home, while his 72-year-old wife, who had gone for help, lay unconscious in the snow outside. In Florida, freezing temperatures destroyed fruit and vegetable crops worth \$50 million.

seconds. The court took judicial notice that it was less than 15 seconds. It also noticed that workers walked faster leaving work than going to it.

With no help from wrangling lawyers, the judge had to use common sense. A normal walking pace, he ruled, was three miles an hour. At that speed, no worker took more than three minutes to walk from the portal to his bench.

Was this a trifle? Picard got no help from Justice Murphy's language, finally decided that it was a trifle. So was time spent putting on work clothes or protective covering. Then came the question of whether walking time away from the job was to be counted. By this time Picard was querulous: "If the Supreme Court meant to include walking from the job as walking time, wouldn't it have said so?"

Obviously convinced that the highest U.S. tribunal did not know what it meant or how to say it, Picard threw out the case with the savage crack: "Never before has anyone attempted to bring walking and preliminary-activities time consumed into such a narrow, picayunish, meager sphere." But he knew that the Supreme Court might reverse him. In case it should, he threw in a warning: employers still should not have to pay for any claims going farther back than the Supreme Court's ruling of June 10, 1946. That would wipe out most of the basis for most of the suits now pending.

MANNERS & MORALS

Americana

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

¶ New York's Industrial Commissioner Edward Corsi gave his answer to the old question of how much to tip. His scale of average tips: taxi drivers, 12½%; barbers, 15%; waiters, 7½%; bootblacks, 5¢ a shine.

¶ South Carolina's House of Representatives made its second attempt in two years to amend the state's 52-year-old constitution to permit divorce. The House suggested as suitable grounds: incurable insanity, habitual drunkenness and physical cruelty. But chances of approval by the stand-pat Senate were slim.

¶ Jack McVea's raucous tune *Open the Door, Richard!* (TIME, Feb. 10) was running through the country's veins like a low-grade fever. In San Antonio, a man named Richard was kept up all night by people ringing the doorbell and chanting the refrain. And in Manhattan old Jake Ruppert's brewery made it the slogan of an advertising campaign.

¶ A Manhattan cut-rate drugstore resolutely fought inflation with a sign: "All nickel candies 5¢."

¶ The Franklin D. Roosevelt Library in Hyde Park received the *Fala Papers*, a collection of letters, Christmas cards, and gifts sent to the late President's black Scottie.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

that Government agencies were destroying their records before his War Investigating Committee could get its hands on them.

The House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee turned up a juicy bit. Russia, it found, had refused to return, or pay for, the 95 ships lent to her during the war, despite repeated requests from the State Department. Roaring mad, the committee threatened to subpoena Secretary of State Marshall to explain.

The President fared little better than his agencies. His request for an extension of some war powers for "a national emergency that we do not now foresee" made G.O.P. hackles rise. What controls were needed, said Senator Taft acidly, would not be granted in generalized powers, but in individual specific bills.

But the President tossed Congress one stinger. He renewed his 1945 request for legislation making the Speaker of the House, after the Vice President, next in line for the presidency. If Truman should die in office, that would make Speaker Joe Martin President. From the Senate, where there are as many presidential hopefuls as there are Republicans, there came not a word.

GEORGIA

Fly Time

It was an extremely trying week for Georgia's pretender—Governor Herman ("Hummon") Talmadge.

Ever since he grabbed office four weeks ago, he had been talking up the good points of his white-primary bill. He had pointed out that the bill was not undemocratic; it simply kept the Negro from hurting his own cause by voting. But

when the State Senate held a public hearing on the measure, Hummon heard from all sorts of people he'd never suspected were against him.

White-haired Mrs. Helen Dortch Longstreet, widow of famed Confederate General James Longstreet, cried: "Bury it [the bill] too deep for resurrection. Thus you can announce to all the world and to millions yet unborn that the old Georgia, the great Georgia of Hill and Stephens and Toombs, when Kennesaw Mountain was a peak of fire and Chickamauga a field of blood, still lives to claim an honorable place in the sisterhood of 48, constituting one nation, one people, America indivisible and unconquerable. . . ."

Things also went wrong with Hummon's hopes for settlement of his feud with Lieutenant Governor M. E. Thompson over their respective claims to the governorship. In Rome, one Judge Claude Porter, hearing a suit brought by Thompson to get records from the state parole board, ruled that Hummon had no right to office.

Hummon hollered like a bull in fly time. "The Rome case was brought as a use by agreement between all parties to it," he said. "I am informed that as soon as the case was presented to him the judge reached into his pocket and pulled out an opinion he had already written."

But even this backfired. Judge Porter said Hummon's protests reminded him of a story: "An Irishman was kicked by a jackass and someone asked what he was going to do about it. 'Nothing,' the Irishman replied, 'I just consider the source.'"

ARMY & NAVY

The Life of Riley

The kid from Wisconsin was like thousands of other U.S. teen-agers who had been snatched into the Army just as the war was ending. While the rest of the U.S. was scrambling for the delights of peace, he was still in uniform, sweating out the end of his hitch, forgotten by everyone but his own family. At Fort Riley, Kansas, TIME Correspondent James Bell spent a day with Corporal Gordon Monson, a big, pink-cheeked 19-year-old from tiny Holmen, Wis. Correspondent Bell's report:

It was dark outside and a prairie wind was driving cold, dry snow when the Charge of Quarters walked into Monson's squad room and let go with a blast of his whistle. It was 6 a.m.

Fifteen minutes later, dressed and shaved, Corporal Monson was bucking the strong head wind on his way to the Company mess. In half an hour he was back in the squad room, policing up around his bunk, making the bed, straightening out his steel wall locker. At 7:35 there was a whistle again. Out for inspection poured Company F of the 61st Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron: a



CORPORAL MONSON
Recognized an old attitude.

scantly 54 enlisted men out of an authorized strength of 107.

Road Block. That day a tactical problem was scheduled. By 9:15 the five M-24 light tanks (all the company had personnel to maintain) were ready, purring smoothly in their dark, throaty way.

Standing on the driver's seat of the lead tank, Monson stretched his long legs, then pulled down his goggles against the driving snow. All but his head and shoulders disappeared through the hatch and he gave her the gun. Followed by the others, his lead M-24 snarled and roared down the almost deserted post street, heading for the back area of the reservation.

On a hill overlooking the rolling prairie the five tanks assembled. The lieutenant, a veteran of the Americal Division on Guadalcanal, explained the problem: a flanking assault on a road block held by "Red forces." The company moved out. The maneuver went off fine except that, when it was all over, the road block still stood. It was hidden and the tanks had gone right past it.

Noon chow and a short session on the sack were over by 1 p.m. and the company was back at the tank park for two hours of what the cavalry armored men still call "stabiles." The tanks were carefully worked over, guns cleaned. Then there was a dull lecture on military courtesy, an hour of athletics before the evening meal. After dinner Monson and two buddies changed to Class A uniform (cotton shirt and Eisenhower jacket), went down to the orderly room to pick up passes.

"On Your Way." They caught the bus for Junction City, four miles away. Monson doesn't care much for the Fort



MRS. HELEN DORTCH LONGSTREET
Invoked a peak of fire.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS



Los Angeles Daily News
COLONEL MURRAY, MAYOR BOWRON (1941)
Another key unlocked trouble.

Riley enlisted men's club, "The hostess tries her best," he explained, "but it's a pretty dull place." Aside from the movies, a couple of 2-2 beer parlors and a bowling alley, "Junk Town" isn't much better. The Army life is still a lonely life and the corner of Sixth and Washington at 10 p.m. is still a pretty lonely corner, as lonely as thousands of corners known by thousands of U.S. soldiers.

Fort Riley soldiers soon learn that it does no good to whistle at Junk Town girls—they can't be had, Monson and his friends have noticed the return of the old civilian belief that soldiers are bums who haven't got the brains to be anything else. No one seems to remember that they were drafted. Nice girls, who once thought it smart and patriotic to be seen with soldiers (preferably an officer), now just say: "On your way, dogface."

That night, as most nights, Monson and his buddies went back to the post feeling rather beaten, wondering as usual why they had ever gone to town. The old sack in the squad room felt good. They went to sleep, concentrating hard on their thoughts of little towns like Holmen, Wis.

On March 4, Corporal Monson will be out of the Army. Did he think the 18 months he had put in were wasted time? "Well, I guess it is," he said, "when you consider that I could be a junior in college today if I hadn't had to come into the Army. But I won't say that I haven't learned anything. I've learned to get along away from home. And I've learned to live with other guys. I guess I'll do better in school when I get back. They say the veterans do better than the non-veterans. That's something."

Would he consider staying in the Army (at a time when the Army needs him badly)? That one was easy: "Not on your tinfoil, Mac."

By the Bucketful

Five years ago Colonel Edward J. Murray was given the key to Los Angeles. As commander of Los Angeles' own 160th Infantry he was praised to the skies by Mayor Fletcher Bowron.

As the years passed, Colonel Murray led the 160th in bloody Philippine fighting. Then, after V-J day, he became the officer in charge of the Bank of Japan's vaults. But after he had had a leave home to Palo Alto, U.S. Customs men began to take an interest in the Colonel's affairs. Smuggled diamonds had begun to appear in San Francisco's gem market.

Last week, beribboned and jaunty, fresh off the boat from Japan, Colonel Murray had another, smaller key. He surrendered it to questioning Customs men. It unlocked his safe-deposit box—and out tumbled a cache of more than 500 diamonds, worth \$200,000, which he had smuggled in last year. They were, he claimed, "legitimate loot." That had an unfortunate sound; he changed it to "legitimate souvenirs." When he first went to Japan, he said, "there were jewels and precious metals hidden all over the country—diamonds by the bucketful."

This week, under arrest, Colonel Murray was to fly back to Japan. Gen. MacArthur's officers wanted to know whether he had bought a bucketful, or used a key—to the Bank of Japan's vaults.

CALIFORNIA

Nothing Personal

No stones were hurled, no bombs thrown, no swaggering men with lightning-flash shoulder patches patrolled the district. The decent, middle-class people of west Hollywood would have been shocked at such tactics. But they had their own.

When the Crockers moved into their district two years ago, neighbors were quick to notice that Mrs. Crocker and her three daughters were very dark. The whisper went round—the Crockers were Negroes. The truth was that Mrs. Crocker's father had been a full-blooded Iroquois. The daughters had inherited her dark hair, olive-brown skin, and black-brown eyes.

No one could complain that they were bad neighbors. Harry Crocker, of French Canadian descent, was a mild-mannered, grey-haired man who worked for a camera manufacturer. Mrs. Crocker ran a gift shop in Hollywood. Muriel, 30, kept house; Alicia, 20, posed for art classes; Jeanne, 13, was in school. They were all Catholics. But their skins were dark.

On the sidewalks in front of the neat lawns, the neighbors gathered, purse-lipped, inexorable. They called a meeting, formed a committee. In the original deed to the tract, which included the Crocker's lot, they found just what they needed—a stipulation that, though anyone could buy property within the tract, only "Caucasians"

could live there. The committee filed an eviction suit. At a hearing last May, Mrs. Crocker pleaded that perpetual race restrictions are against public policy, violate the state and Federal Constitutions.

Last week Superior Court Judge Ruben S. Schmidt handed down his decision. Mr. Crocker, a true "Caucasian," could stay. Mrs. Crocker and her daughters would have to leave.

While the Crockers planned a last-ditch appeal, Committee Chairman William A. Douglas explained defensively: "We have no objections to the Crockers personally, other than that they are not white."

POLITICAL NOTES

"He Wears Well"

Professional politicians suddenly realized that 1948 is only eleven months away. Back on the job after a long illness, Democratic National Chairman Bob Hannegan got started in a hurry.

In a rousing speech before 2,000 New York postal employees (prohibited by law from playing politics), Postmaster Hannegan made what amounted to an official announcement that Harry Truman will be a candidate next year. He piled up his eulogies like a convention keynoter: "Granite courage . . . level-headed wisdom . . . integrity and high statesmanship." Carefully omitting any reference to F.D.R. and the New Deal, he laid down the new Democratic line: "We are on our way towards peace and prosperity because of the leadership of Harry Truman. . . . The people of America have learned that Harry Truman wears well."

The last two words sounded suspiciously like a campaign slogan. They had faint overtones of 1924's "Keep cool with Coolidge."



Associated Press
MRS. CROCKER, ALICIA & MURIEL
Whispers are worse than bombs.

INTERNATIONAL

THE NATIONS

Unsettled Weather

Since he was to sign the peace treaty for his beaten country, Italian plenipotentiary the Marchese Meli-Lupi di Soragna put on his best black tailcoat (now a little tight) and his striped pants (ever so slightly frayed at the cuffs). Outside, in the courtyard of the Italian Embassy, he patted his top hat, caressed his iron-grey mustache, and glanced at the clouded sky. To Paris Cop Paul Simon, on guard by the gate, Soragna remarked: "Some rain coming, I think," and after a pause, "I have a disagreeable task this morning." Cop Simon merely nodded cheerfully.

Soragna stepped into his black Packard, rode to the Quai d'Orsay and through the iron gates to the French Foreign Ministry. The diplomats of the victorious Allies were assembled there in the graceful old Salon de l'Horloge, with its five big windows overlooking the murky Seine, where in 1856 the Crimean War had come to an end, where Clemenceau had ratified the Treaty of Versailles, and where the Kellogg-Briand pact to outlaw war had been signed.

While the Allied representatives, led by Russia, put their names to the Italian peace treaty, Soragna waited. Then, pale but deliberate, he stepped to the big table* in the nearby Galeria de la Paix, and signed for Italy. After his departure, the representatives of Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary and Finland signed one by one.

Back at the Embassy gate, Cop Simon had found his tongue. As Soragna stepped out Simon observed cheerfully, "The sun has come out, monsieur." The Italian nodded. He was heading back to Rome, where Italians were working themselves into spasms of grief over the treaty he had just signed. "The fatherland is in mourning," said black-bordered newspapers in Rome.

In all five beaten lands, by the day of peace, there were lusty movements of revisionists, irredentists, and anti-ratificationists pledged to revise, renegotiate, block or ignore that day's work in Paris.

Forecast

Germany is where changes in the Russian attitude toward the West often become apparent in practical policies. Last week the Russian attitude was stiffening like a wet sheet in Berlin's icy wind. Some observers guessed that the Soviet's local representatives were laying groundwork for the Moscow conference. They noted that the new intransigence followed soon after Lavrenty Beria's visit to Berlin last month.

* At the same old table Kings Louis XVth and XVth had signed state papers; Robespierre, facing death with a broken jaw, stretched out on that table for a few minutes before going to the guillotine.



Sovfoto

RUSSIA'S LEADERS*
"The people don't decide anything."

Policeman's Mission. Who is Beria? The known facts of his life could be handily engraved on a police badge. Beria is one of the 14 members of the all-powerful Politburo; he still supervises the secret police, which he controlled directly for nine years when it was called the NKVD. Every Soviet citizen knows his name, knows that he is a Georgian, like Stalin; that he is 47 years old; that he wields great and mysterious power. But Russians and Americans both might learn a lot more about Deputy Beria and his Berlin mission through one revealing anecdote.

At the time of the Yalta conference (the story goes), Beria was seated between two senior U.S. diplomats at the banquet table. Beria and his neighbors exchanged toasts—to Stalin, to Roosevelt, to peace, to friendship. Finally one American proposed: "To the people." Beria twisted his small mouth. "Why to the people?" he asked. "The people don't decide anything. The leaders decide. Now take the German people; they aren't bad people, but they got into the hands of bad leaders. So let's drink to the leaders."

Last week Beria was back in Moscow, but his subordinate leaders were determined that they—and not the 450,000 people in Berlin's trade unions, nor the U.S., British and French representatives in the four-power Berlin Kommandatura—should decide the make-up of the union congress executive committee. When the Western Allies opposed an obviously rigged election plan, Soviet Major General Alexander Kotikov (an entomologist in civil-life) attacked them in the Soviet-licensed German-language press.

Although the General's press outburst violated a basic Allied directive (which forbids the German press to publish material calculated to provoke trouble among the Allies), the U.S.'s Colonel Frank Howley had no choice but to reply in kind.

Delaying Action. From Berlin, TIME Correspondent John Scott cabled:

"Behind this trade-union fight was a very simple fact: embittered by early Soviet Army excesses, Russian reparations removals, and more recent deportation of labor, the German working class has become increasingly anti-Russian. The Russians are striving to maintain at all costs Communist-sponsored political leadership of the trade-union movement against the will of the majority of the membership.

"Colonel Howley and his British opposite number, Brigadier W. R. N. Hinde, have stuck to their guns, and refuse to approve the union election procedure until it provides for a fair, democratic election.

"While drastically reducing their occupation troops in Germany (to roughly 100,000 by March), the Russians have been preparing their administrative apparatus here for a time of intense tension during the Moscow conference. [It was] for this purpose that Beria came to Germany. The best American observers here expect the Russians to be simply 'extremely difficult' on every point, to delay the reaching of even the simplest agreement in Moscow, thus postponing the time when they will have to relinquish

* At the funeral of Soviet President Mikhail Kalinin. Left to right: Beria, Malenkov, Stalin, Shvernik, Voznesensky, Molotov, Kaganovich, Zhdanov.

"TOTALITARIAN LIBERALISM"

Sidney Hook, philosophy professor at New York University, has published in the current *Partisan Review* an article on "The Future of Socialism." He has some interesting points to make on the relationship between Communism and democracy, and especially on certain misconceptions about that relationship among one group of American "liberals." Some excerpts from Mr. Hook's article:

We see all around us . . . the semantic confusion according to which Russia is a democracy of another kind. . . . It is downright absurd to imagine that by surrendering political democracy one can get any other kind of democracy. And yet this was the illusion of many who thought of themselves as Marxists—particularly Lenin.

That profound thinker, Henry Wallace, darling of the totalitarian liberals,⁸ is wont to contrast political democracy in the U.S. with the "economic democracy" of the Soviet Union. . . .

Deny a people the freedom of the Bill of Rights, and security becomes slavery, vocation forced labor, privacy concealment, the family a hutch for mass breeding, the school an outpost of the state, social intelligence a technique of rationalization, art and literary weapons to impose conformity, the person a subject. . . .

Since I am first a democrat and then a socialist—in the sense that I am more profoundly convinced of the validity of the democratic ideals than of any specific way of achieving them—I believe in consequence that our main emphasis must fall upon the ideals and practices of political democracy and those measures of socialization and social control that are easily derivable from it. This means a theory of piecemeal socialism through the democratic process. . . .

Abroad. What is not yet clear to those responsible for American foreign policy is that capitalism in other countries of the world is either dead or dying, that it cannot be revived, and that the peoples of the world will not be won for an American imperialist rule more interested in a favorable balance of trade than in the welfare of the impoverished masses. . . .

The only chance of strengthening a world front against totalitarianism is by building a democratic analogue to Stalin's multi-national Bolshevism . . . motivated by a desire to avoid war and prevent the one world of planned enslavement which is the Russian program. . . . If the Western statesmen don't understand that the world cannot remain half slave and half free, the Russians do, and they are engaged in the most extensive propaganda effort since the Comintern was founded to make the one world their world. The

* A useful term invented by Professor Hook in 1938.

weaknesses and injustices of our democracy provide them with excellent material for propaganda. . . .

At Home. Despite their comparatively small numbers, the totalitarian liberals have so poisoned the climate of opinion in America that it is difficult to distinguish between the friends and the foes of the democratic tradition. . . . It is ironical that although the Communists have captured central posts in the labor movement, American workers by & large have escaped infection by illusions of Sovietland.

Whatever mass base the Communist Party has in this country is to be found among the professionals and so-called "intellectuals." This influence is reflected in the newspaper columns, the radio commentaries, the periodicals and publishing houses and other agencies of communication and education. When it goes into action, it can mold public opinion on many vital issues. Some brilliant feats have been pulled off—for example, the campaign for a second front, and the campaigns against Mihailovich and Chiang Kai-shek. . . .

The incurable muddleheads who every time Stalinism is criticized cry out that American reaction is equally bad—that a situation in which evils are remediable by courageous democratic action is just as bad as one in which there is not the slightest possibility of such action—must in effect be regarded as unconscious allies of the Stalinists. . . . They are always willing to join with the Stalinists in attacking the evils of Western democracy; they refuse to associate themselves with liberal criticism of dictatorial political practices in Russia. In effect, they believe that capitalist democracy at its best is less desirable than Russian totalitarianism at its worst. . . .

The day-by-day struggle for human decency and a better social order seems to me to be more important than the "ultimate" victory of a total program. . . . It seems to me unwise to jeopardize the chances for immediate piecemeal gains by staking everything on one effort for fundamental revolutionary change. . . . To be resigned to the contingency of defeat, but to fight like hell for the best possible chance in every alternative, is what the good life in action means. To triumph in a struggle at the cost of one's fundamental values is the height of vulgarity—and futility.

their special economic and political position in their own zone in favor of German unity.

"A fairly senior Russian officer acquaintance summed up their pre-conference attitude to me as follows: 'Money and food will buy much. You'll try to buy yourselves in and out of Central Europe. You may succeed, but we'll try in every way to stop you, because we know that in buying your wares the masses of people in Europe will be buying eventual disaster.'"

CONFERENCES

Brackets & Boiler Plate

The Foreign Ministers' Deputies, laboring in London over German and Austrian peace treaty drafts, last week had more brackets than boiler plate on their hands. "Boiler plate" (a U.S. newspaper term for ready-cast features) was how the U.S. staff referred to non-controversial provisions which the deputies simply lifted from the finished satellite treaties. "It's still in brackets" was the phrase used whenever the deputies indicated their disagreement by penciling brackets around a disputed passage.

Morning Bouts. In the mornings, when the deputies for Austria met, the chief antagonists were the U.S.'s General Mark W. Clark, veteran of many a bout with the Russians in Vienna, and Russia's Fedor T. Gusev. The most stubborn brackets between them:

1) Russia wants to saddle Austria with part of the formal "war guilt," while the U.S. and Britain want to say (as did the Moscow three-power declaration of November 1943) that Austria had merely been forced into Hitler's war. 2) Because Potsdam granted Russia German holdings in eastern Austria as reparations, Russia now claims all property seized by the Nazis during the occupation; the U.S. and Britain interpret the Potsdam clause to mean property owned by Germany before the *Anschluss*. 3) Russia wants to seize as war criminals most anti-Communist refugees from Soviet satellites who are now among the 400,000 D.P.s in Austrian camps; the U.S. and Britain insist that the Russians produce specific evidence before they make arrests.

Afternoon Musings. In the afternoons, the deputies for Germany progressed even more slowly. Three conflicting views on the future of Germany had emerged. Russia wants an economically weak Germany with a tightly controlling central government. France is pressing for maximum decentralization in a weak confederation of weak German states. The U.S. and Britain, shying away from either extreme, want a central authority strong enough to govern, superimposed on states which are independent only in local affairs. Britain and the U.S. want the Ruhr to be under German political rule, although both are moving closer to the French

proposal for international economic control of Ruhr industries.

The chief procedural problem was still how big a role the small nations should be permitted to play in the treaty-making. Typical of Russia's attitude on the matter was a Gusev disquisition on the "states directly concerned" in the German peace. After all, mused he ("just thinking aloud"), could countries thousands of miles away from the war theaters really understand the war? Britain's Sir William Strang cracked back; what, for instance, about Canada, which had declared war on Germany in 1939—without waiting to be invaded first? Gusev let it go.

It was plain by now that the deputies' conference might serve merely as a preliminary to semi-finals, not finals. The Foreign Ministers, when they meet in Moscow in March, are expected to throw most of the problems back to the deputies, with more or less specific instructions. A high U.S. diplomat last week estimated that it might be anywhere from nine months to two years before the peace treaty with Germany is finally written.

UNITED NATIONS

Discouraging

The current debate between the U.S. and Russia in the U.N. Security Council has succeeded in making dull and difficult the world's most enthralling question—can the atomic bomb be controlled?

The discussion is fuzzy, although the underlying policies of both countries are clear enough. The U.S., realizing that it may not be able to keep indefinitely its head start in the atomic armaments race, wants international control of atomic energy, and takes it as obvious that "control" includes the right to look into all countries and see what they are doing with fissionable material, and to punish them by international action if they break the rules. Until the U.S. Government is sure that control is defined in those terms, the U.S. has no intention of giving up its head start in atomic development. The Russians apparently are even more distrustful; although they now lack The Bomb, they prefer to rely on their chance of getting it and on the improbability that the U.S. will use it meanwhile, rather than submit to the kind of international inspection and control the U.S. wants.

Last week, Russian Security Council Delegate Andrei Gromyko and U.S. Delegate Warren Austin were engaged in a verbal pillow fight that was not easy to connect with the basic policies of their countries. Gromyko seemed to be pleading for immediate consideration of general disarmament, atoms & all, while Austin seemed to be insisting that discussion of the Report of the Atomic Energy Commission be separated from any other subject.

The man in the street, reading columns of this procedural argument, was likely to ask: "What's the difference?"

That was, in fact, the reaction the Russians wanted. They wanted to talk about everything except effective inspection, control and punishment. The U.S. figured that if the Russians would not agree to genuine control of the atom (which the U.S. has and Russia has not), then it would be a waste of time to talk about other kinds of weapons.

All this added up to a very discouraging picture of the chances of getting international control of the atom. Reading the stories of the procedural merry-go-round at Lake Success, the public might not realize how discouraging the picture was—and the fact that it had got that way because of Russian reluctance to accept genuine atomic control.

cago and make all the Great Lakes untenable."

Dr. Warren was discussing the underwater test at Bikini, a blast that grows more & more sinister the longer scientists study its results. The first four atomic bombs were exploded in the air. Their radiological aftereffects were relatively slight; the dangerously radioactive materials they released were largely sucked up into the stratosphere. But says Dr. Warren: "That second one at Bikini really ties this business up in a knot. . . . Literally astronomical quantities of radioactive material had become intimately mixed with the sea water, mist and spray which accompanied the formation of the giant mushroom of water which rose from the



U.N.'s ANDREI GROMYKO & WARREN AUSTIN
While the world waited, a pillow fight.

ATOMIC AGE

Lesson

The citizens of Hiroshima did not think of their atomic-bombing as an atrocity—until, months after the event, they heard that foreign publications had suggested that it was. Nor are the Japanese the only ones still slowly acquiring fresh concepts of The Bomb. Americans are learning, too. Dr. Stafford L. Warren, who was the chief radiological safety officer at the Bikini bomb tests, has made several informative speeches since his return. Last week, as he took up his duties as dean of the Medical School of the University of California at Los Angeles, he was ready with another.

"Two atomic bombs—dropped [in the water] on either side of the Statue of Liberty—and a nice upriver wind could turn the whole of Manhattan into a ghost town for 50 to 100 years," said Dr. Warren. "Four or five bombs dropped along the water at Chicago would put out Chi-

lagoon. . . . [Such atomic mist] will deposit huge amounts of radium-equivalent—anywhere from a ton to 100 tons."

The First 75 Million. "When this moves in over a city you have to evacuate the people right away or they will die from gamma radiation. You couldn't clean the area. The fissionable material would get into the water—into everything. It would get into next year's crop."

One of Dr. Warren's sentences suggested the full horror perhaps better than anything else: "I'm not so worried about the killing of 50 to 75 million people as I am about the wiping out of resources." Dr. Warren is not callous or unkind. (His precautions at Bikini were so thorough that "not a doggone participant got into any trouble.") What Dr. Warren meant was simply that atomic bombs, concentrated on the world's most productive areas, would reduce, by much more than 75 million, the number of people the planet could support.

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

Blackout

What the *Luftwaffe* and the submarines had failed to do, the coal shortage did this week. A large part of British industry shut down and the economic life of the country seemed to be jolting to a halt.

The crisis came almost without warning. For months Fuel Minister Emanuel Shinwell had been making alternately alarming and reassuring statements about the fuel supply. When he rose last week in the House of Commons, it was not to discuss prospects in the dim & distant future,

people were thrown out of work. By candlelight, thousands applied for the dole. Shares on London's stock exchange slumped as traders talked about "an industrial Dunkirk." Many towns were without electricity. Housewives queued up for runs on candles and kerosene. Women & children dragged bags of coal from railroad yards (*see cut*).

In London, on a grey day that set the mood for gloom, there was brazen disregard of the blackout in many stores and homes. The great grey pile of Buckingham Palace showed a few lights. In about half of the grimy little shops on Soho's back

Faint Hearts? The Government's orders had been confusing and many Londoners were unable to figure out whether their lights were supposed to be on or off. Switches could not be pulled on non-essential users of power without pulling them also on essential hospitals, dairies, refrigeration plants and the like.

Looking haggard, but as grimly self-assured as ever, Minister Shinwell put the success of the indefinite blackout on Britons themselves. He spoke gloomily: "I say to domestic and industrial consumers that if they decline to cooperate in this emergency, we will find ourselves



COAL QUEUE IN LONDON
By candlelight, the dole.

Associated Press

but to state the stunning fact that industry in London and a large part of England and in Wales would have to shut down; that shops, buildings, hotels could have no electric power for five daylight hours a day; that domestic users of electricity could also have none in those hours. Only "essential" services would be supplied.

The blow came during the worst spell of winter within the memory of most Britons. Drifting snow had cut many important rail lines; many roads were blocked. Machinery at some mines was frozen over. The gap between Britain's long-dwindling coal production and consumption had thinned to the point of immediate disaster to Britain's export program and threat to her entire economy.

Dunkirk? This week, as Shinwell's order went into effect, Britain was a nation of confused, angry, alarmed people. Half of Britain's industry—most of her motor factories, machine shops, textile mills—was shut down. About 4,000,000

streets the lights were full on for everybody to see. But along majestic Regent Street soft, flickering candlelight illumined windows, silversmiths and jewelers put their best Georgian candlesticks to use, but most of them took small items off the counters in fear of shoplifters in the semi-darkness. Most of London's West End department stores were open, but there were few customers.

Woolworth's fell back on a few gas lamps which had never been removed—but now gas pressure was low, because many Londoners turned up the gas for heat. Dickens & Jones's big store was almost empty. It had one dissatisfied customer, who tried hard in the dark to distinguish between silk and linen materials. She muttered: "Drat this! I thought we'd finished with blackouts." In Fortnum & Mason's flower department a girl clerk said crossly: "I wish people wouldn't be so goodhearted about it all . . . then maybe something could be done."

in the next ten days in a condition of complete disaster."

Shinwell was hit by blasts from the Laborite press, as well as by demands to resign in the Conservative papers. He had only one press defender: London's Communist *Daily Worker* (it blamed the Tories). London's *Daily Herald*, staunch friend of the Labor Government, severely took the Cabinet to task for failing to keep the public informed of the developing crisis. Said the *Herald*:

"We think that several of the Ministers deceive themselves; they regard the whole electorate as enthusiastic converts to Socialism. They believe that, however trying and irksome our present troubles may be, the average man will blissfully murmur: 'Attlee is in 10 Downing Street. All's right with the world.' . . . Labor is justifying the voters' faith. . . . But this is the transition period. . . . This is the time when the faint hearts may turn away from us."

The Tories strained to take it out on Socialism. In the House of Commons Winston Churchill flashed some of his old form and fire: "The brute fact is that Socialism means mismanagement . . . incompetence. . . . Let us hope the nation will realize from this flagrant example the downward stairway upon which they are now thrust and down which they have descended only the first few steps."

"Resign! Resign!" shouted Tory members when Shinwell rose to defend himself. Shinwell had put the Government on a hot spot. But since the Labor Party had a clear majority and there was no split in its ranks, the Government probably would not fall. Nevertheless Clement Attlee's regime was in the worst crisis of its 18 months in power and the nation had had its worst jolt, since the buzz-bombs began to fall.

Death of a Champion

Last week brought another kind of shock to Britain's plain people and to its Laborite Ministers. Ellen Wilkinson, the fiery, tiny (4 ft. 10 in.) Minister of Education, was dead. To her colleagues in the Cabinet, many of whom were tired or ailing, her death at 55 was more than the loss of an able and courageous fighter for the Party's causes; it was also a solemn warning. She had been in a hospital for 24 hours with bronchitis; there her fatigued heart had collapsed.

Ellen Cicely Wilkinson's life had been almost all work and fierce fighting. A child of Manchester's slums, she put herself through Manchester University, championed woman suffrage and union organization. She was elected as a Communist to Manchester's City Council, then switched to the Labor Party, which elected her to Parliament in 1924. There, shrill-voiced but quick-witted, she was in frequent clashes with such debating stalwarts as Winston Churchill, Lady Astor, Lord Woolton (once her schoolteacher).

During World War II she organized and bossed about 5,000,000 women fire wardens. She was out in every air raid, inspecting shelters (three times her own lodgings were blitzed during her absence).

She plunged with unsparring effort into her postwar job as Education Minister. She said her aim was to educate young Britons for the atomic age: "It's a race between education and extinction. In recent weeks she had worried about herself, told some friends that she was "done for." But she still dashed about the country to local school meetings, kept four secretaries busy, wangled money, materials and manpower to build more schools.

Her death was a particularly hard blow to Deputy Prime Minister Herbert Morrison, whose parliamentary secretary she had been when Morrison was Minister of Home Security in the War Cabinet. Prime Minister Clement Attlee brought the news to him in a hospital where Morrison has lain for three weeks waiting for a blood



George Skadding-Lire
CLEMENT ATLEE
A battle begun.

clot in his leg to dissolve. Said Attlee: "This will just make everything a hell of a lot more difficult."

The pace of work had begun to tell on other Ministers. John Strachey (Food) had been down with flu. Sir Stafford Cripps (Trade) had been out with a chill. Foreign Minister Ernest Bevin was nursing his high blood pressure. At a cocktail party a friend told him that he looked well. Said Bevin: "I feel worse than I look." Clem Attlee, an early riser, toiled to the Churchillian hour of 2:30 a.m. to handle the extra work.



Wm. Vandivert-Lire
ELLEN WILKINSON
A battle ended.

Whose Mercy?

When the British were dickering for the American loan, U.S. officials pointed to the war-born debt (in pounds sterling) that the British already owed in other foreign lands. One U.S. official suggested that Britain simply tell those creditors that the debts must be scaled down. Said Henry Wallace in a masterpiece of kibitzing: "Send them here if you don't want to tell them. Just send them here. We will tell them!"

It wasn't going to be as easy as that. Last week, two Britons were making the rounds of countries to which the bulk of Britain's £3,750,000,000 sterling debt is due. And the Britons—as becomes debtors—were asking, not telling, the creditors.

Sir Wilfrid Eady, who succeeded Lord Keynes as traveling ambassador for the British Treasury, and Cameron Cobbold, Deputy Governor of the Bank of England, had got as far as India. They had come to ask how much of a £1,250,000,000 debt could be written off, and what the terms for the rest would be. On the way home they will stop at Bagdad, where more than £100,000,000 is due Iraq; then on to Cairo to talk about the £450,000,000 owing to Egyptians. The two may also visit Palestine, where the debt already tops £130,000,000 and keeps increasing as long as British troops remain.

Sweating out* the American loan had been bad enough for Britain. Now Sir Wilfrid and Cobbold, on behalf of the nation that only yesterday was the world's banker, had to ask financial peoples whom many Britons still regard as of the "subject races" to show Britain financial mercy.

To the Last Rupee. India is the best example of the postwar turnaround. Here, over a century, Britain had poured in some £550,000,000 of investments. Now most of the investments are gone, and brown-skinned men hold valid claims to millions Britain cannot pay.

India, moreover, slightly inebriated by the scent of independence in the air, wants payment to the last rupee. They ask that a large chunk of the debt be paid off at once, another chunk by 1950, and the rest in the '60s.

If Britain could not get much better terms on this and its other sterling debts, its chance of payment was thinner than Lord Keynes's ghost.

Eady and Cobbold could remind the creditors that: "It was your war as well as ours." But the best argument was simply that if everybody demanded his full pound of flesh, there would not be enough to go around. Before his death, Lord Keynes had spoken his mind about those sterling debts: "If you owe your bank manager a thousand pounds, you are at his mercy. If you owe him a million pounds, he is at your mercy."

The British position was desperate, even impossible—on paper; but in practical terms it was far from hopeless.

FOREIGN NEWS

EIRE

It's a Long, Long Way . . .

Most peoples are gradually being debilitated and unmanned by factory-produced comforts. Not so the sons of Tipperary. In Belfast last week, Pat Fitzgerald of Coolcrow, County Tipperary, beat 230 other runners to the all-Irish cross-country championship, but his speed (40 min. 31 sec. for six miles) was not the real news. Fitzgerald, like the other contestants from his county, ran the whole race barefoot, through two-foot-deep snow. Said a (doubtless biased) Belfast observer: "Aye, it's not unusual to see runners going barefoot in Tipperary, although the other folks there wear shoes when not in a hurry."

PALESTINE

"Prisoner of War"

Dov Bela Gruner's lawyer last week told him that his £120 bonus check for five and a half years' service with the British Army had arrived. Gruner sent for paper, made a will leaving his bonus to the *Irgun Zvai Leumi*, the Jewish terrorist organization that considers itself at war with Britain. Then Gruner, in the blood-red uniform of a prisoner condemned to death, sat in his Jerusalem cell and waited for the British to make up their minds whether to hang him.

If they did, Gruner's "martyrdom" would undoubtedly increase world pressure on Britain. If they did not, law enforcement in Palestine would be at the mercy of pressure groups using terrorism. This week a military court sentenced three Jews to death for complicity in the flogging of a British major.



DOV GRUNER
Hang a martyr?

Associated Press

The propaganda battle over Gruner's sentence mounted last week to a pitch of frenzy, with ads in U.S. newspapers (paid for by the League for a Free Palestine) asserting that Gruner was still alive only because the pressure of U.S. opinion restrained the British from a "pogrom which will write finis to the Hebrews in Palestine." Amid this hysteria the actual crime in which Gruner had been involved was almost lost from sight. It contained in miniature the chief elements of the Palestine crisis.

Gruner, a 33-year-old Hungarian refugee, was found wounded in front of the police station at Ramat Gan, a suburb of Tel-Aviv, after an *Irgun* raid last April. The British said that he and his pals had held up and disarmed the police, were about to seize the arms in the station when other cops on the roof opened fire, forcing the raiders to withdraw. An Arab constable was killed in the skirmish. Gruner made no defense, refused to recognize the jurisdiction of the Palestine Government, insisted that he be treated as "a prisoner of war."

In preparation for the storm of civil strife gathering around the Gruner case, the British last week strung barbed wire through Jerusalem, ordered the evacuation of Rehavia, the city's best residential district. The shock of the evacuation notices spread consternation through the Jewish community. When she got her notice, Mrs. Rifka Benjamin, a 65-year-old Hungarian widow, fell dead.

In spite of the impending strife, Jews from Europe were still trying to find homes in Palestine. Last week 650 refugees, packed on a schooner off Haifa, hurled bottles and belaying pins at 100 British soldiers who boarded the ship to prevent illegal immigration.

Invitation to Struggle. Was a solution possible? The only proposal under official consideration was a British plan for tentative partition of Palestine for five years, pending a final settlement. The five-year clause would be an invitation to both Jews and Arabs to continue the struggle for advantage during the interim period. The fact that the proposed partition had no definite boundaries would almost certainly be a further incentive to strife. This week in London both Jews and Arabs turned down the British plan.

GREECE

Reprieve

Mark Ethridge of Louisville and representatives from eleven nations arrived in Greece. They were just another U.N. committee charged with compiling a complicated report. Nobody expected to hear from them until the Styx froze over.* But almost before they had time to unzip their briefcases, they were neck-deep in

* Ethridge's report to the U.S. State Department on Rumania and Bulgaria was handed in December 1945, has not yet been released.



Edward Clark-Lire

MARK ETHRIDGE
Shoot an orphan?

an impassioned Greek controversy, stood accused of meddling in Greece's domestic affairs, and had snatched five Greek Leftists (including a 15-year-old orphan named Odysseus Doukas) away from a firing squad.

Ethridge and his colleagues on the U.N. Balkan Investigating Commission were instructed to check on charges and countercharges of frontier violations, provocations, guerrilla fighting and general hell-raising along Greece's frontier with her northern Communist neighbors (Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Albania). The Greek Left, as well as the Russian members of the Commission, promptly sought to divert the Commission's attention from the neighboring countries to Greece's tragic internal situation. The five Leftists, condemned by Greek Army court-martial of plotting rebellion against the King's Government, looked like the perfect bit of drama to accomplish just that (though they were in no way different from 121 Leftists executed before them, or the 46 scheduled to be executed after them).

Party Clothes. One night last week, Ethridge left a party aboard the French cruiser *Georges Leygues* (which had carried him to Greece) and returned to the Hotel Acropole Palace, the Commission's headquarters. There, Commission Secretary Roscher-Lund, a Norwegian, excitedly confronted him with piles of petitions asking the Commission to intercede for the condemned five. Some were signed by families, many by carefully organized Leftist groups. Ethridge and Lund called up Alexis Kyrou, liaison man with the Greek Government, who arrived in a state of urbane sleepiness; they told him "unofficially" that it might be a good idea to postpone the five executions, because the

FOREIGN NEWS

condemned might be important witnesses for the Commission. Kyrout returned at 1 a.m. to report that his Government had agreed.

Next night Greek Leftists, supported by the Russians on the Commission, pressed for a second intervention for six more condemned men. While the Commission deliberated, Kyrout—all set for a party, in white tie & tails—nervously paced the corridor. At 11 p.m. the Commission finally decided to ask the U.N. Security Council back in New York for guidance. Meanwhile, the Greek Government executed the six. It then complained formally that the Commission had interfered in Greek domestic affairs by requesting a reprieve for the first five. The Security Council, by unanimous vote (with Russia and Poland abstaining), instructed the Commission henceforth to keep hands off death sentences, except in special cases where the importance of condemned men to the Commission's work could be clearly shown.

Best Behavior. The Commission had brought an uneasy reprieve to all of Greece. Everyone was on his best behavior. Fighting had died down. Leftist crowds that demonstrated in front of the Acropole Palace Hotel politely applauded Commission members who showed themselves at the windows, while agitators distributed leaflets: "No more blood! . . . The British must go!" The British themselves announced that they would withdraw half their troops shortly (London estimated that this meant a few weeks).

Greek reaction to the British statement was typical of the country's splits and fears. A Communist merchant seaman told a *Time* correspondent in Athens: "Until the British leave completely, there will be a monarcho-fascist regime." Said a moderate Republican: "What does it matter whether they take away half or three-fourths—as long as there are token troops here it will keep our northern neighbor from attacking us openly."

POLAND

"We Are All Gentlemen"

The scene was Warsaw's renovated, horseshoe-shaped Parliament Hall. One by one, the members walked to a wicker basket in front of the speaker's dais to vote in Poland's first postwar presidential election. Everyone knew that the winner would be Boleslaw Bierut, who for 24 months had been the Communist-stooge Provisional President.

Midway in the voting, rolypoly Speaker Wladislaw Kowalski rang for order. Gravely he announced: "Some of you have been putting ballots into the basket openly. This is a secret vote. You must fold your ballots, so your choice cannot be seen."

The irony was not lost on the Parliament's few true democrats. The essence of a democratic popular election is a

secret ballot, but most of the members of this Parliament had been chosen in a terror-ridden election in which most voters had cast open ballots in plain view of the Government's poll watchers (*Time*, Jan. 27). On the other hand, democratic practice usually calls for an open vote by elected representatives, so that their constituents can check up on them. Poland's rulers have just reversed Western democratic procedure.

Stubborn, glum Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, the Polish Peasant Party's leader, tried, amidst jeers, to block the steamroller. Although he and 25 members of his party, now the sole opposition in Parliament, dropped blank votes in the basket, the result was foregone. Next day Bierut named husky, hard-faced, 35-year-old Josef Cyrankiewicz, an able and energetic left-wing Socialist, as Premier. Egg-bald Cyrankiewicz is a onetime artillery officer who was liberated by U.S. troops from the infamous German prison camp at Mauthausen. He has come up fast. Right-wing Socialists accuse him of double-crossing them and swinging to the left after advising them not to. He gets along well with the Communists.

"Mistreatment" & Cordiality. As expected, Cyrankiewicz's Cabinet marked a leftward swing. Mikolajczyk was out as Vice Premier and Minister of Agriculture; also out were two of Mikolajczyk's partymen. In his place was Russian-trained Wladyslaw Gomulka, the Com-

munist Party's secretary. Undisturbed in his sub-Cabinet post of Under Secretary of State, but stronger than ever behind the scenes, was Moscow-trained Jakub Berman, Poland's real boss.

Bierut's seven-year term as President began with much ceremony, flecked with U.S. and British icicles. Britain's Ambassador Victor Cavendish-Bentinck and U.S. Ambassador Arthur Bliss Lane stayed away from the Parliament's opening, a mild underscoring of their Governments' protests that it was unfairly elected.* To answer that charge, Poland's Government announced that 68 of its Electoral Commission members and guard had been killed "by the underground" during the election campaign. Mikolajczyk had said that 18 of his party's workers had been killed or died of "mistreatment."

The niceties of diplomacy were not entirely ignored. President Bierut held a formal reception (the invitations specified *le cutaway*). Britain's Cavendish-Bentinck and the U.S.'s Lane (in a dark business suit) showed up, shook Bierut's hand, drank his health, sat for an hour at a big round table and exchanged pleasantries with Bierut, Berman and others of the ruling clique. There was no hint of tension or mention of terror. Explained a Pole: "Everyone was extremely cordial and polite; after all, we are all gentlemen."

* For news of a more pointedly frigid U.S. attitude, see NATIONAL AFFAIRS.



HOW TO FIX A RAILROAD

Last week some 300 Americans—Army officers and their families—gathered in the early-dawn chill at Peiping's railway station. Bound for Tientsin and Taku, they were the vanguard of the U.S. military exodus from China decided on by the U.S. State Department. They traveled over the rails and ties shown above, which were lying down where they belonged, by the time the train got to them. Chinese Communist forces had cut the line by simply picking up a whole stretch of track and turning it over. Here, a Nationalist work party turns it back.

FOREIGN NEWS

GERMANY

Costly Clothing

Outside, it was bone cold. Inside, big stoves were stoked red-hot to warm the 800 dancers who whirled over the floor of Loebel's *Volksstättchen*, a rambling stucco dance hall and restaurant in Berlin's British zone.

Flames suddenly flickered around one of the overheated stovepipes. In the screaming panic, a few of the dancers tried the windows. But the *Wehrmacht* had barred them during the war, when Loebel's was a prison-camp storehouse. The lights went out. In a terrible burst of flame, the roof collapsed.

"For some reason," said Corporal George Spencer, one of 40 British soldiers at the Saturday night fancy-dress ball, "most people seemed more concerned about their clothes than their lives. Almost everybody jammed into the entry way by the coat room, and there they piled up in front of the narrow door. Then the roof fell in."

The *Wehrmacht*'s bars and the high value which Germans today put on their clothing cost 84 lives. Forty-four more were hospitalized, 20 were missing. It was Berlin's worst peacetime fire disaster in 100 years.

THE PHILIPPINES

Progress Report

This story was making the rounds in Manila last week: the U.S. Army, discovering that a pipeline from a hilltop gasoline storage tank was being tapped, started running water through the pipes. Within a few hours every bus, jeep and taxi in Manila had sputtered to a stop.

In his cool, white Malaccañan palace, Philippine President Manuel Roxas found that story no joke. Last week, he had been forced to make an extraordinary request of his Congress for a special court to deal exclusively with the graft of public officials.

Businessmen who refused to grease official Filipino palms complained that they could not purchase any of the \$600 million in U.S.-donated surplus property. Many a postoffice mail sorter called upon business houses for "remembrances," saying, "You know your mail passes through my hands." Said cynical Interior Secretary José Zulueta, who saw more of corrupt Manila than of the less civilized but more honest interior: "There is no such thing as honesty nowadays."

Honking & Clashing. Although the graft was perhaps more flagrant than usual, most other signs in the new 7,038-island republic were encouraging. Cabled TIME Correspondent Robert Sherrod: "If independence can be made to work in the Orient, it will work here. There is more reconstruction here than in Siam, Burma and Indonesia combined. All night long, air hammers and steam shovels stutter

and grunt through Manila's pleasantly cool darkness. In daylight, thousands of new passenger cars and bright orange and yellow buses, but above all jeeps—taxi jeeps, truck jeeps and passenger jeeps—turn downtown Manila into a honking, gear-clashing bedlam of traffic.

"Inter-island shipping has been slowly reconstructed, although beef from southernmost Mindanao is still being flown to Manila because of the lack of refrigerator ships. A thousand surplus tractors have helped boost carabao-gear farm production; the Filipinos are now nearly self-sufficient in food. There is no threat of



MANUEL ROXAS

In the darkness, reconstruction.

cholera, which daily kills scores in Bangkok; no plague, which continually ravishes part of China. Three million children, compared to a prewar two million, are back in school. Driving through Mindanao, I was amazed at the number of schools. Communal problems there are small. Said one Mohammedan *datu* (chieftain): "We tolerate the Christians." At the journey's end I realized how few places there are in the Far East where such a trip was possible without the danger of getting shot."

Paring & Balancing. "Fortnight ago, indefatigable President Roxas told the Philippines Congress: 'The clouds of gloom which hovered over us eight months ago have dissipated. . . . This nation is moving courageously and confidently forward on the road to national health.'

"The road ahead is long. The Philippines still have the highest prices outside of China. Copra production, the nation's third biggest export item, is back to prewar level (and the price, at \$220 a ton,

has shot far above the prewar average of \$50), but this year the Filipinos will have to import, instead of export, sugar. Gold production, second biggest cash item, is nil because mines had been badly damaged by looting and demolition. Total exports have shrunk by more than a third, while imports have risen. Although he has pared his budget, Manuel Roxas sees no hope of balancing it without continued U.S. assistance.

"The country will require much more help. The question is, how much help can we render without making the Filipinos too dependent? This is likely to be the only heartily capitalistic country and if we want to prove that capitalism can work in the Orient we've got to give a big shove in the Philippines. Roxas is performing as well as anyone could in such tough conditions.

"If he could only stop that graft."

CHINA

Inflated Crisis

China's monetary crisis last weekend inspired an excited Associated Press cable from Shanghai: "An American consular announcement today blasted Chinese Premier T. V. Soong's abortive 100% export subsidy program, as Chinese currency continued its dizzy descent, and the complete economic collapse of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist China appeared to be a very real possibility."

It was not that bad. China's largely agricultural economy has not much to do with foreign-exchange fluctuations in Shanghai. But the latest slump in the Chinese dollar, aggravated by inept Chinese Government public relations and feverish reporting, was bad enough.

Last week Premier T. V. Soong attempted to help the export trade by establishing a separate exchange rate for it, similar to a separate rate uneventfully set up a few weeks ago for remittances by overseas Chinese. Unfortunately, in announcing the new export rate, Soong used the words "export subsidy." Shanghai businessmen are aware that U.S. law permits the imposition of countervailing tariffs on goods sent to the U.S. under export subsidies by foreign governments. Shanghai believed that the U.S. Consulate had announced that it would invoke the countervailing machinery against Soong's subsidies. Some Chinese drew from that the sensational conclusion that the U.S. had withdrawn all support of Chiang's Government. (The State Department in Washington was informed by its Shanghai Consulate that it had merely announced that Soong's measure had been forwarded to Washington which would determine whether or not it was an export subsidy.)

In three days of confusion, the Chinese dollar rocketed from 10,000-to-1 U.S. dollar, to 14,000-to-1. One day this week a foreigner walked down a crowded Shanghai street carrying Chinese currency, bun-

GLOWING WITH *HEALTH*
BRIMMING WITH *FLAVOR*

The Soup Most Folks Like Best!

"Tomatoes for Health!"—say authorities. "Tomatoes for Flavor!"
—adds most everybody, which makes it just about unanimous.
Little wonder Campbell's Tomato Soup is America's favorite.

Picture to yourself these luscious, vine-ripened beauties—
specially grown from special seed for flavor and for vitamins.
Campbell's make them into a velvet-smooth purée, blend in
golden table butter and add a touch of gentle seasoning—all
according to an exclusive recipe. Makes you want to reach for
your spoon? Good! Have it soon—and often. Enjoy it with
milk added, as an extra-delicious cream of tomato.

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QUALITY OF PRODUCT
IS ESSENTIAL TO
CONTINUING SUCCESS

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L.S./M.F.T.

For your own real deep-down
smoking enjoyment... smoke
that smoke of Fine Tobacco—



LUCKY STRIKE

died but unwrapped, up to his chin like kindling wood. He was unguarded—and safe.

The rumor "This is it" ran through Shanghai's ever-jittery streets. But the peasants in Szechwan and Yunnan provinces, getting ready for the spring crops, were undoubtedly less excited.

The wild rumors let loose by a reported U.S. decision on export subsidies pointed up the need for a new U.S.-China policy to replace the outworn mediation policy abandoned last month when George Marshall left China. TIME Correspondent Frederick Gruin then cabled: "It looks as if the book of mediation is now definitely closed. A new book must be opened, and its cover must be turned in Washington. The Secretary of State and the U.S. people must choose one of three possible policies toward China—a policy of confusion and aimless drift; a policy of complete withdrawal, which influential voices will vigorously advocate; or a policy of continuous aid to the Gimo's Government on the condition of continued reform such as has been evident in the past year." If the U.S. did not make up its mind soon, doubt about eventual U.S. aid would encourage the Chinese Communists in their efforts to destroy the Chinese Government's currency by continuing the civil war.

BURMA

Open the Door, Jailer

The main cellblock of Rangoon's big central jail rang to a chorus of angry chants: "Rebellion, Rebellion; Rise, Rise, Jail, Jail; Open, Open!" The Prisoners' Union—latest manifestation of a contagious Burman fever for organizing—was holding a protest meeting.

The 40 members listened gravely to their leaders (two well-educated robbers) and solemnly passed a resolution, proposed by a Buddhist monk, which censured the Government for using batons in breaking up Communist demonstrations, and arresting demonstrators before their wounds had healed. The prisoners warned that if the Government did not meet its demands, the union would not be responsible for unrest in the jail.

Unable to back up their protests by walking out, as had inmates of Rangoon's leper colony (TIME, Dec. 9), the prisoners joined three jailed women Communists in a hunger strike.

There were many Communists in Burma's jails, but Rangoon's police itched to get their fingers on one more. Hefty Thakin Soe had cost them face. Arrested, he slipped out of their grip and fled into Rangoon's famed Shwe Dagon Pagoda. Police right behind him had to stop and remove their boots before entering the Buddhist temple. For most of a day bootless police combed its labyrinth of passages and rest houses, guarded every exit. They paid little heed to a bent and evidently blind nun who slowly made her way down the main steps. Not until much later did the police learn that the blind Buddhist nun was Communist Thakin Soe.

Earned Distinction



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LATIN AMERICA

THE HEMISPHERE

Víctor Manuel & Heaven

Victor Manuel Aguilar Monge is a smiling, flashing-eyed Costa Rican youngster who knows where Heaven is. It is, he is sure, the U.S.—the place that sends shining Buicks and glistening DC-3s to his native San José. When he was 15, Victor Manuel packed up, wrapped a piece of soap and a towel in his other blue shirt, and started for Heaven. Last week he told his strange story.

He moved pretty fast. Sometimes he got lifts, sharing the rear hump of a burro with a friendly peon or clinging to the bouncing tailboard of a truck. He walked a lot, too, and one by one he put the boundaries behind him—Nicaragua, Honduras, Salvador, Guatemala, Mexico. Six months after leaving San José, he was walking down the streets of San Antonio, Tex., gaping at the tall buildings, the glittering stream of automobiles. Then a cop picked him up.

For the first time, Víctor Manuel learned that travelers are supposed to have passports and visas to cross borders. But people did not bother to explain things to him. They just locked him up in jail and wrote letters about him. In the end he was sent back to Mexico. There he served a jail term. Then the Mexicans persuaded Guatemala to take him back. In Guatemala he served another jail term.

Guatemala persuaded Salvador to take him.

Last week, Víctor Manuel Aguilar Monge's trip to Heaven was all over. Just 2½ years after the policeman stopped him in San Antonio, he walked into Costa Rica. Happily he trudged off for San José, to look for the U.S. consul.

COLOMBIA

A Man to Reckon With

Few Latin American political events can any longer be unimportant to Americans—especially if they happen in Colombia. Colombia's 1,200-mile coastline faces both the Atlantic and the Pacific approaches of the Panama Canal. Its swamps and jungles cover potentially great (but unestimated) pools of petroleum, vital in modern war. Hence any stirring in Colombia's dense political underbrush is peculiarly significant.

Just now the bushes are being agitated by one Jorge Eliécer Gaitán, also known as *El Negro* (the Dark One), and "Captain of the People." Gaitán is a dapper, black-haired demagogue modeled somewhat along the lines of Louisiana's late Huey Long.

Colombia's major parties are Conservatives and Liberals. For 16 years, the Liberals had elected a President. But last year, Gaitán, running as a break-away Liberal candidate, split his own party by



JORGE ELIÉCER GAITÁN
"I am the dynamo . . ."

Sody

attacking Gabriel Turbay, the official Liberal candidate, Colombia, cried Gaitán, needed a candidate issued from a "Colombian belly." Turbay's parents were Syrian.

The Liberals lost. Mariano Ospina Pérez, the Conservative candidate, won. Gaitán ran third, but he polled a stupendous vote (about 358,957), mostly in the cities where the workers liked his brand of rabble-rousing. In Bogotá, Colombia's capital, which calls itself the South American Athens, and in the ports of Cartagena and Barranquilla (but not in Medellín—see below), Gaitán received more votes than Ospina and Turbay together.

United Front. Promptly Colombia's small but active Communist Party (it claims 5,000 members but controls the C.T.C., the national labor federation) stopped shooting at the Gaitán bandwagon and climbed aboard. Together, Communists and Gaitán followers have now achieved a popular front agreement against both Liberals and Conservatives.

Not all Colombians are ravished by Gaitán's rhetoric. The press often gleefully reproduces his choicer metaphors. Sample: "I am the dynamo, but the people is the electric charge, and together we make an automobile." The contempt of *El Tiempo*, spokesman for the old-line Liberal Party, only convinced Gaitán that he needed his own mouthpiece. Last week he had it: *La Jornada* (The Working Day). As prose, *La Jornada's* fiery editorials did not compare with *El Tiempo's*. But they spoke the language of the restless masses who threaten to upset Colombia's old order. If his united front with the Communists stays united, Gaitán may be a factor to reckon with in Colombian politics.



Roaring Free Enterprise

Gaitán has made little headway in one part of Colombia—the country's roaring industrial frontier and rich coffee-growing uplands.

Colombia, says a local wag, appears to have suffered a stroke: all its activity is confined to its left side; the right is paralyzed. About 80% of the country's coffee, the bulk of its industry and gold mining, and Buenaventura, now Colombia's No. 1 port, are all west of the Magdalena River. The keys to the western development are the states of Antioquia and Caldas (see map), where in less than a century coffee bushes have sprouted from the wilderness, and factories from the coffee bushes.

Medellín (pronounced Medday-been) and its tributary towns of the Aburrá Valley are the seat of the three major Colombian textile concerns—Coltejer, Fabricato, and Tejicondor. The Medellín tobacco industry is a monopoly. In Medellín, far from the Magdalena, a new skyscraper is going up to house the Antioquian company that dominates Magdalena River shipping. Most of Colombia's investments in gold, all in oil and steel, the bulk of the coffee trade have their homes in Medellín.

Wealthy from Lava. In Colombia's heartland, enterprise is the key word. Unlike most of South America, Antioquia has never been feudal. Topography was against a feudal land economy. Poor but independent peasants scratched for a living in the pinched valleys and on the mountainsides.

But with the advent of coffee in the second half of the 19th Century, the rich decomposed lava of the mountainsides suddenly sprouted wealth. The enormous Antioquian families (20 children were not unusual) began spilling along the Cauca River and the valleys of the Cordillera Central. The department of Caldas, colonized a few decades ago, produces more coffee than any other department today. The Antioquian peasant transplanted his democratic land system wherever he went: Caldas coffee farms are even smaller than those of southern Antioquia; the owners' families themselves pick the crop. Like the U.S., Antioquia thus had a homesteading frontier. Social pressures had an escape; the free peasantry of the Cauca Valley counterbalanced the backward feudal areas around Bogotá. To this free frontier is due the sensational increase in coffee production (1913-14, 600,000 sacks exported; 1944-45, 5,500,000).

Colombian Chicago. Even today, Antioquia and Caldas send several thousand emigrants a year into the Valle del Cauca. The Vallenses themselves prefer the valleys and leave the slopes to the immigrants from the north. To the southeast, Antioquian peasants are settling the virgin mountainsides of Tolima. In the north, they have overflowed into Chocó and Bolívar, and control much of Bolívar's cattle industry. Of the 3,000,000 Colombians of Antioquian descent, only 1,300,000 live in Antioquia.

Medellín is the Chicago of this Colombian frontier. Like last-century Chicago,



"Did you say WOMEN were vain?"



ED: That I did. That I did.

JEAN: But MEN aren't vain. Is that it, de-ar?

ED: That is it, Ever-loving. Women are always primping. Yes—and looking in mirrors on weighing machines.

JEAN: So-o? Well, how is it that you—a man—happen to be home sick with a cold, may I ask?

ED: Oh—just picked up a small sniffle.

JEAN: "Picked up a sniffle," is it? You

know perfectly well you caught this cold at the BPOE dance. You caught it by not wearing your muffler because you wanted to show off your new Arrow Shirt! You made it worse by not wearing your coat in the office next day. Wanted to exhibit that "Mitoga" figure-cut design—or whatever it is. Then—

ED: Gee, hon—don't be so tough on me! After all, it's been years since I've been able to buy Arrow Shirts and—aw, don't cry, honey!

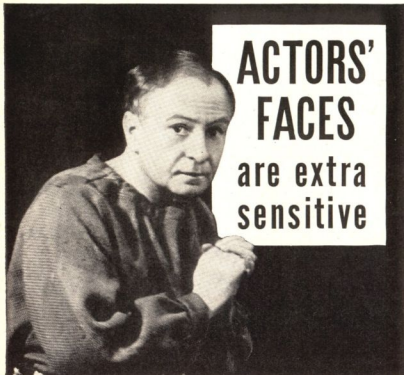
JEAN: (sniffle) I'm NOT crying! I just got worried over you acting so foolish. I know how handsome those Arrow shirts are and how they've even got the Sanforized* label. But I worry when you get sick, you big lug.

ED: Aw—shucks, sweetie. Don't you know nothing but good can happen to a guy when he's wearing an Arrow shirt? That is, usually. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

*fabric shrinkage held to 1%.

ARROW SHIRTS

\$325 • \$375 • \$395 • \$475



ACTORS' FACES are extra sensitive

—that's why Ernest Truex
shaves with soothing **WILLIAMS**

STARRED in many roles with the American Repertory Theatre, Ernest Truex is shown above as Androcles in "Androcles and the Lion." Like most actors, Mr. Truex's face is kept sensitive by stage make-up. He says: "The sore feeling that comes from taking off make-up made shaving tough. But I found the answer in Williams Shaving Cream. It's easy on the face."

To be gentle, a shaving cream must

consist of top-quality, mild ingredients—blended carefully. Williams is made this way—the result of over one hundred years' experience.

Rich, soaking lather

Williams gives a rich, soaking lather that softens beards *completely*. Your whiskers shave off cleanly. Your face feels easier and refreshed.

Get a tube of Williams today. If you prefer a brushless shave, try the new Williams Brushless Cream.



BORIS KARLOFF says: "Removing make-up makes my skin very tender, and I must shave closely. But my face feels fine when I use Williams Shaving Cream. It lets me shave as closely as I like without irritation."



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
NOTE—BRUSHLESS SHAVERS—Williams has the same luxurious shaving cream qualities in a new Williams Brushless Cream.

it is all vulgarity and bustle. In violent juxtaposition, there is every conceivable type of architecture, from a smattering of colonial through 19th Century brick churches to curvaceous, glass-walled, ten-story skyscrapers—most of it in muscular bad taste. But the most characteristic structure in Medellín is a half-finished factory. Some 250 large factories already function in Medellín and the adjacent towns of Itagüí, Bello, Envidado and Copacabana, but industrialization goes on. The municipal power system provides the cheapest electricity in South America, and is stepping up the supply with a second huge hydro development. The well-paved streets contrast sharply with Bogotá's slovenliness, illiteracy in Antioquia is relatively low.

Housemaids, Invest! In Bogotá, money is usually invested in real estate. But in Antioquia, industrial joint stock companies have achieved a fabulous development. Even the housemaids follow the stock-market. The biggest investor in the Cia. Colombiana de Tabaco, the country's No. 2 enterprise, owns no more than 3% of the stock. When a new hotel or steel plant is launched, the stock issue is subscribed practically overnight. It is as though every Antioquian peso were motorized to rush into the breach at the first opportunity.

Antioqueños are colonizing Colombia's cities as well as its mountainsides. Penniless *paisas* (Antioqueño peasants) arrive in Barranquilla or Bogotá, marry a rich man's daughter (if possible), set up as peddlers or petty merchants in any case. In one generation, by shrewd trading, they end up as merchant princes or industrialists. A sizable part of Bogotá's industries and banks are controlled by Medellínians.

The capitalists are also enlightened. Many are a jump ahead of the workers in thinking up better conditions for labor. The Coltejer Co., for example, gives a free house to workers who have been 25 years on its payroll. Fabricato has built a comfortable residence for the peasant girls who work at its factory. It has also founded a savings society through which its workers may purchase shares on the installment plan (20 centavos weekly) in a cooperative enterprise that sells merchandise to the staff at reduced prices and pays dividends of about 12%.

Say the Medellínians: "In a generation we will have skimmed the cream of economic opportunities in Colombia. After that we will recreate the Gran Colombia (Simon Bolívar's old dream of a united Colombia, Venezuela and Ecuador), which the stupid Bogotanos have tried patching together again with flowery speeches and poetry, but which can be sutured only with trade and industry. And then undoubtedly we will draw in Peru, before inquiring into possibilities further south. Half a continent will not be too much elbow room for us." Argentines might be annoyed to know it, but Medellínians do not take too seriously President Juan Perón's dream of dominating South America economically.

New Charm for your Smile

with the triple-action
tooth powder



1. BRIGHTENS TEETH!

And cleans 'em clean. Five cleansing and polishing ingredients make Calox a whiz at bringing out all the natural brilliance of your teeth.



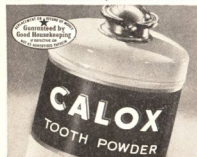
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You'll love the tingly fresh-as-a-breeze taste of mint-flavored Calox. It tastes so wonderful...and leaves you feeling wonderful.



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Important secret of the attractive girl is breath-less beauty. Calox gives extra protection against bad breath originating in the mouth.



made by McKesson & Robbins with
114 years of pharmaceutical know-how

CANADA

THE DOMINION

Socialism's Beachhead

Saskatchewan's socialist CCF government took two important actions last week. For \$3,600,000, it bought all the Saskatchewan holdings of the power network of Canadian Utilities Ltd. This gave the government's Power Commission possession of the last private power system of any consequence in the province. Then, in the provincial legislature, bantam-sized Premier Thomas Clement Douglas told how things had been going with the other enterprises[®] his government has socialized in the past 2½ years. Things were going pretty well.

Saskatchewan's CCF bookkeeping has been questioned before. But according to the official figures, in the first half of the current fiscal year (from April 1 to Sept. 30, 1946), the province's socialized businesses made a capitalistic net profit (after deduction of depreciation reserves) of \$339,500. The figure did not include an estimated \$750,000 net surplus made last year on government automobile-accident insurance policies. The socialist government seemed to be well in the black.

Nor was that all. When the CCF swept into power in Saskatchewan in mid-1944, anti-socialists had predicted a panicky flight of capital from the province. But, under socialism, said Tommy Douglas, 420 new, private companies with a total capital of \$104,409,000 have gone into business in Saskatchewan. Sixty-five of the companies (total capital \$70,000,000) came from outside the province. In addition, 1,307 partnerships have been formed.

Saskatchewan is socialism's only beachhead in North America. Most Canadians have watched the province closely as a preview of the least that would happen should Canada ever go socialist. What were the chances?

No. 3 Party. The Cooperative Commonwealth Federation is only 14 years old. Besides controlling the government of Saskatchewan, it is the official opposition in three of the Dominion's nine provinces (British Columbia, Manitoba and Nova Scotia). It is Canada's No. 3 party and has 28 seats (out of 245) in the House of Commons at Ottawa. Its national leader, Major James Coldwell, 58, is one of the most admired men in the House; by many politicians of all parties, he is regarded as prime-ministerial timber.

The party has been gaining strength steadily. In the last general election (1945) it got 822,661 votes (against 393,230 in 1940) and increased its number of seats in the House of Commons from eight to 28. In the latest provincial elec-

tions in British Columbia and Nova Scotia the party gained in popular vote while losing seats. In Manitoba, it gained both ways. To meet the socialist threat, Tories and Liberals in Manitoba and British Columbia have coalesced.

Nevertheless, CCF leaders know that no political party has much chance of winning a Dominion election without substantial support from Quebec. There, the CCF freely admits, its influence is negligible. The party now has about 70,000 dues-paying members (\$5 a year on the



COLDWELL (right) & VOTERS
In the black?

average). About 70,000 more voters are members by virtue of membership in CCF-affiliated unions. A two-year organization drive, sparked by National Secretary David Lewis, now aims at more than 100,000 paid-up members and two million votes by 1949. The CCF hopes to become Canada's No. 2 party in the next general election.

The Gleaners

It is almost as hard to destroy ration coupons as to get them.

From the time the first ration book was issued (1942), the Wartime Prices & Trade Board had been very careful. Used coupons returned to its audit office from suppliers and wholesalers were carefully checked, then stuck on gummed sheets to

[®] A wool products factory, a shoe factory, a tannery, a clay products plant, a box factory, a timber marketing board, a fish-filleting plant, a fur marketing service, a printing office, a housing corporation, a reconstruction corporation and insurance agency, a bus line.



Television today is clearer, sharper, and brighter—thanks to the improved kinescope, or picture tube, perfected at RCA Laboratories.

The Picture Tube that brought "life" to television

The screen on your home television table model receiver is the face of a large picture tube. And the skater you see on the face of the tube is the *identical twin* of the skater being televised.

Pioneering and research in RCA Laboratories led to the development of this tube which allows none of the original realism to be "lost in transit." It reproduces everything the television camera sees, shows you every detail, keeps the picture amazingly lifelike and real.

An RCA Victor television receiver brings you all the action, drama and ex-

citement that you'd enjoy if you were at the event in person—and on top of that it's all brought to you in the comfort of your own home... you don't have to move from your favorite chair.

RCA Laboratories has made possible outstanding advances in every phase of television. And for television at its finest, be sure to select the receiver bearing the most famous name in television today—RCA Victor.

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



Exclusive "Eye-Witness" feature on all RCA Victor home television receivers "locks" the picture in tune with the sending station. It assures you *brighter, clearer, steadier* pictures. If television is available in your vicinity, ask your RCA Victor dealer for a demonstration.



RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA



Yet three and a half centuries later that fine, old-fashioned virtue of courtesy began to languish. More and more, during the turbulent '30's and frenzied '40's, you noticed it when you entered a store, boarded a train, visited a hotel.

YOU WONDERED THEN, "WHY?" Deep down, this growing disregard for ordinary kindness and politeness seemed unexplainable.

After all, we Americans had always been courteous folk. Surely, the situation wasn't as bad as people said...so no one explained the increasing American unmannerliness. But it *was* bad.

DID IT HAVE TO BE? Consider what happened recently in the hotel industry alone. Suddenly, there was an unprecedented and skyrocketing demand for hotel accommodations.

Simultaneously, there was an unavoidable, damaging loss of trained personnel to the armed forces and war industry. In replacement came men and women who were, for the most part, eager, capable and sincere...but inexperienced.

WE SAY THIS FOR THE RECORD. We believe we speak not alone for the KNOTT CORPORATION, but for our contemporaries. We have taken, are taking now, and will continue to take every possible step in restoring the standards of hotel courtesy.

Our newer employees are now being aided by the skilled and seasoned personnel who are returning to our hotel staffs.

WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD? We venture to make a prediction based on our 57 years, *exclusively and continuously*, in the operation of hotels. You will see, before long, a wholehearted and unfaltering return to the niceties and politenesses that constitute common courtesy. You will see this rebirth in hotels throughout the length and breadth of America.

A copy of "KNOTTS OF FRIENDSHIP" a booklet on Hotel courtesy written and illustrated by Don Herold is yours for the asking. Write for it.

The KNOTT Corporation

OPERATING 31 HOTELS IN NEW YORK, ALBANY, ROCHESTER, BINGHAMTON, PITTSBURGH. EXECUTIVE OFFICES—439 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

be destroyed. First, WPTB tried burning the sheets in a furnace. They clinkered and left unburned coupons inside. Next a blast furnace was used. Unburned coupons sometimes blasted right up the stack and out again; unscrupulous finders might pick them up and use them. At last WPTB hit on a system that looked foolproof. They sacked the coupons, sent them along in armored trucks to the E. B. Eddy paper plant in Hull. While WPTB inspectors watched, the coupons were dumped into a beater vat. When the last coupon had disappeared into the bubbling mass of pulp, the inspectors went home.

Last September WPTB began getting anonymous tips that even pulp was not the final solution. Smudged coupons began to show up. WPTB called in the Mounties. By last week indictments had been voted against 48 people, ranging from Hull grocer-alderman J. Arthur Lavigne to Eddy employees. So far 16 have been convicted (fines: \$50 to \$800) and Canada's tightest black market ring has been smashed.

The inside men, Canadian authorities charged, were Eddy plant superintendent Howard Lamb and a handful of other employees. They had drilled two holes in the sides of the chute leading to the pulp vat, so that some of the coupons never reached the pulp. Others were recovered from the vat after WPTB inspectors had left. Workmen waded shoulder-deep into the pulpy mass, close to the whirling beater blades, fished beneath the bubbling surface for coupons which were then cleaned and sent on to the black market in Hull, across the river from Ottawa.

WPTB, checking up, found that 8,794 coupons for butter, sugar, and meat had been fished out of the vat and later used. How many clean coupons had been lost through the chute holes, WPTB could only guess. How was WPTB destroying used coupons now? Said Enforcement Officer W. F. Spence: "We dispose of them—period."

EXTERNAL AFFAIRS

Profitable Pockets

Tourism looked better & better. Into the Dominion last year flocked some 5,250,000 tourists (plus uncounted millions of transients who stayed less than 24 hours). Most traveled by car, but 715,000 came by train, 340,000 by boat, 310,000 by bus, 100,000 by plane. Last week, the Dominion Bureau of Statistics totted up the year's take: \$212 million (7% over the previous high in 1929), and all but \$5 million from the pockets of U.S. tourists.

QUEBEC

Is It Safe?

To the Canadian Travel Bureau in Ottawa came a worried letter from a Michigan resident who had read of Premier Maurice Duplessis' all-out campaign against Jehovah's Witnesses (TIME, Dec. 16). The letter writer, who was planning a Canadian tour, asked: "Is it safe for a Protestant to travel in Quebec?"

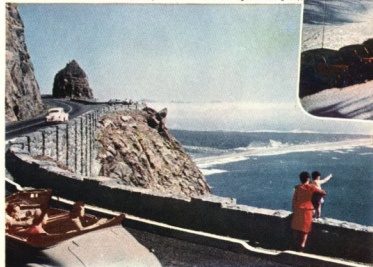
Highlights OF YOUR OREGON VACATION adventure!

YOUR FAMILY will have a memorable vacation when you make your trip to Oregon. Here easy-to-drive highways lead you amid scenic grandeur to an array of spectacular vacation lands. Plan sun and surf bathing at picturesque beaches bordering Oregon's 400-mile Pacific Ocean highway. Drive leisurely through big-tree forests and beside rushing streams as you journey to mile-high Crater Lake. You'll see famous Mt. Hood and other snowy peaks above more than 700 clear lakes in the Cascade range...stop at Bonneville Dam to see unique fish ladders as you travel over the world-famous Columbia River Highway, with its spectacular waterfalls and panoramas. For you to enjoy are 160 State Parks, 13 National Forests, the Oregon Caves and the plateaus and mountains of Eastern and Central Oregon. Friendly people, modern resorts, camps, motor courts and hotels will serve you well. Use our free booklet to plan pleasant vacation adventures in Oregon. Send coupon (below) now.



SEE ALL OF
Oregon
BY TRAVELING SCENIC HIGHWAYS

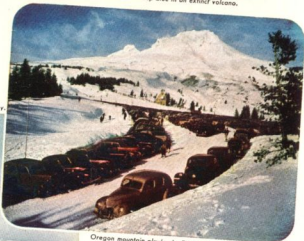
Pacific Ocean views (like at Nehalem) are spectacular on a 400-mile Oregon Coast highway.



Crown Point lookout area in the Columbia River Gorge, famed Oregon scenic route



Crater Lake, six-mile expanse of deep blue in an extinct volcano.



Oregon mountain playground—Timberline resort high on Mt. Hood.

TRAVEL INFORMATION DEPT., Room 722
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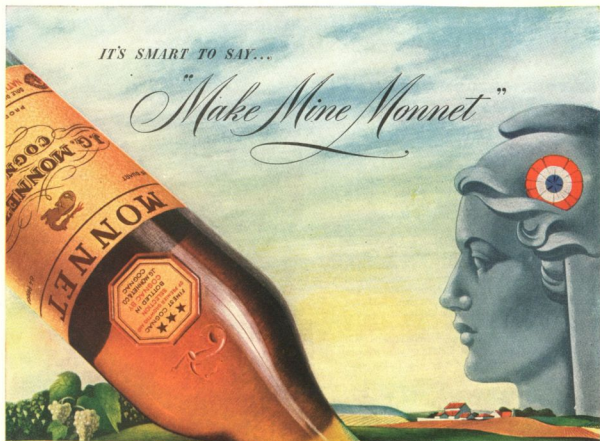
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home—it's smart to say, "Make mine Monnet."

MONNET *Cognac*

PEOPLE

Literates

It was just like old times. In Rome, one of **Casanova's** old pawing-grounds, police seized a new edition of his memoirs on the grounds of "obscenity and immorality." In Boston, the local censor drew up a three-page list of "obscene and profane" words that **Eugene O'Neill** would have to cut out of *The Iceman Cometh* before Bostonians could see it.

In Manhattan, bubbly **Noel Coward**, 47, arrived from England on his first visit in four years. Between his arrival and departure (for a spot of footloose fun in the West Indies), he stayed behind a secretary who stood off the press. Just where in the West Indies was he going? "Mr. Coward," said the secretary, "wants it vague."

In Denver, Columnist **Randolph Churchill**, who had attracted attention to himself by reporting a bathroom conversation with a plumber (*TIME*, Feb. 10), now bravely faced a platform duel with a carpenter. From New Jersey the carpenter wired a challenge to a "debate on the merits of the British Empire." Winston's son referred the matter to his lecture manager.

Author **Elliott Roosevelt** (*As He Saw It*) had himself a week. On radio's *Meet the Press* program, two of the men picked to pick on him were Henry J. Taylor and Fulton Lewis Jr., ardent haters of all-things-Roosevelt. Radio listeners heard the preliminary growling and snapping. Tabloid readers got in on the finish.

Lewis and Elliott, after the broadcast, were straightening each other out on the subject of Elliott's plunge in the Texas State Network a few years ago—the one Jesse Jones fished him out of. Elliott's



AFTER THE BROADCAST: FULTON LEWIS JR. & THE ROOSEVELTS
On the jaw.

actress-wife, Faye Emerson, presently put her oar in.

"You weren't in the picture at that time," Lewis told her. "In fact, you weren't too close to Elliott at that time." (Reporter Taylor reported next day that Lewis had also called her an "interloper.")

"You've insulted my wife!" cried Elliott to Lewis.

He had not, said Lewis.

Dick Harrity, an agent for Elliott's publishers, then stepped forward and planted one on Lewis' jaw.

"Who the hell are you?" cried Lewis, still standing.

Harrity knew a cue when he heard one. "I'm just a guy," said he, "who happened to be here." Said Faye (according to Reporter Taylor), as the party broke up: "You just wait and see. This will all be in the newspapers."

Past Masters

Hank Greenberg, just sold by Detroit to Pittsburgh, decided at 36 that he didn't want to play ball any more. "I am considering retirement from the active playing ranks," was the way he put it. He explained with some style: "... I do not desire to start anew in a strange environment."

In Las Vegas, Nev., precocious **Ellsworth** ("Sonny") **Wisecarver**, who won tabloid glory by running off with one mother-of-two when he was 14, another mother-of-two when he was 16 (*TIME*, Nov. 26, 1945), turned 18 and contemplated settling down. He was looking for a job, said he, so he could marry a friend who is 16.

In Munich, ex-German-American Bund-leader **Fritz Kuhn** was given a clean bill of health by denazification authorities, who pointed out that he had not lived in Germany during the Nazi regime.

In Chicago, **Al Capone**, who was responsible for some of the Prohibition era's

most splendid funerals, was carried to his grave by gravediggers and buried in five minutes.

Statesmen's Choice

When **Winston Churchill** told the House of Commons that Britain should buy less U.S. tobacco, he got a ready reply. It would help, suggested Chancellor of the Exchequer **Hugh Dalton**, if "large numbers of the population did not desire to consume tobacco." Churchill, famed cigar gobbler, promptly went up in sparks. "You always try to make a joke," he cried, "by turning a personal point against me. I have the utmost contempt for your taunts." No taunt intended, protested Dalton: "I also smoke occasionally."

When a Manhattan reporter called on **Congressman Adam Clayton Powell Jr.**, he discovered that the statesman had a new pet name for his songstress wife, **Hazel Scott**. He calls her "Teddy Bear"; she calls him "Bunny." "I used to call her 'Squirt,'" explained the Congressman. "But that was before our marriage. . . . She was so small and lonely, a mass of frustration till I came along."

The Strenuous Life

Cinemactress **Joan Crawford**, who has managed to break her right ankle three times, tripped over a carpet in her house, fell down a flight of stairs, went to bed with a torn ligament in her left ankle.

Tenor Lauritz Melchior, singing **Siegfried** in *Die Walküre* at the Met, drew the magic sword from the tree, leaped grandly from his table-top perch, broke his left big toe. After intermission, **Siegfried** carried on in a spint.

Vaudeville's everlasting **Ted Lewis**, laughter-&-tears minstrel for three decades, sued Chicago's **Sherman Hotel** for \$100,000. Lewis' version: he wanted breakfast in his room; the waiter brought it on a tray instead of on a table. Lewis



NOEL COWARD
On the loose.

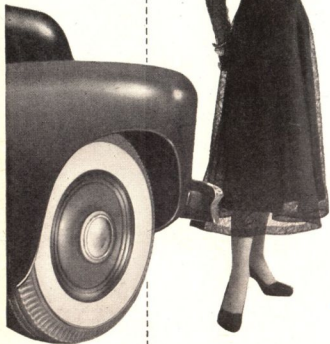
Her Dinner Gown

—by Cecil Chapman

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for her car

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picked up the phone and complained. Cried the waiter: "What are you trying to do—get me fired?" and knocked the Sherman's guest flat. Lewis, who claims that one hand is still on the bum, said it isn't the \$100,000 that counts: "That's for my heart."

At a shipyard near Liverpool, the comely **Countess of Dudley** (hostess to the Duke & Duchess of Windsor during the great jewel robbery last October) stepped forward to christen a Channel steamer just as one playful workman threw a snowball at another. The Countess got the snowball square in the face. She laughed convincingly, tossed the workmen her bouquet, christened the ship *St. David*.

Contents Noted

Subscribers to the Communist *New Masses* opened a form letter appealing for funds to keep the magazine going, discovered that it was signed by famed



Keystone

THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY
A convincing laugh.

British Scientist J. B. S. Haldane, lately a U.S. visitor. "The editors have promised to let me know the result of the appeal," wrote Communist Haldane, who then proceeded to give the personal note a real pounding: "They wanted to cable me. I am for economy. They are going to write instead."

Friends and relatives of the late Thomas Alva Edison, hopeful of long-hidden scientific wonders, watched his son Charles open the inventor's old rollout desk (it had been closed to the public since Edison's death in 1931). Inside, besides masses of notes crammed into pigeon-holes; a clutter of 100-odd vials and miscellaneous containers, a piece of vulcanized rubber, scraps of tinfoil, scraps of old cigars, packets of seeds, two biographies of Edison, a collection of smoking-room stories, a bottle of soda mints, a partly used bottle of mouthwash, a plug of chewing tobacco.



THE SEASONED TRAVELER
GOES BY TRAIN



The Weather

Weather map, weather in other cities, Page 6.

U. S. Weather Bureau.
Local — Heavy snow probably changing to sleet late Monday extending throughout state. High lower 30's. Low 20-25. Little temperature change Tuesday and continued mostly cloudy.

Temperatures

12:30 p. m. . . . 29 7:30 p. m. . . . 25
4:30 p. m. . . . 28 10:30 p. m. . . . 24

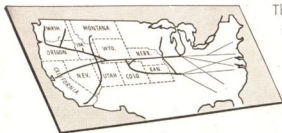
**Forget about
weather reports**

"... my wife said that judging from the threatening predictions made by the weather man I had better postpone this trip. But I told her she could forget about weather reports ... I had my space reserved on Union Pacific. One thing about train travel—you know you'll get there—and home again."

* * *

The man is right. And, furthermore, he'll be completely rested; in A-1 shape for business appointments.

For dependable, all-weather transportation, may we suggest ... be specific—say "Union Pacific."



UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

ROAD OF THE *Streamliners* AND THE *Challengers*



ART

Wink of a Glass Eye

One thing a camera does superbly is to seize the moment. Last week Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art put on a show of pictures—each made in a wink—which brought back moments from the past decade more vividly than memory can. They were candid camera shots snapped by France's most distinguished documentary photographer, Henri Cartier-Bresson.

Unlike artier cameramen, Cartier-Bresson has never felt the need of a studio or a darkroom. He still reloads his Leica under the bed, washes his prints in the bathtub. "Shooting a picture," says he, "is like shooting rabbit or partridge. Before shooting you think, you contemplate, you look, look, look, look. Then you shoot, and get it."

Cartier-Bresson began as a painter, and still paints for fun, but at 38 he is primarily a historian. Spain's Civil War, the people of Mexico, Manhattan's "Little Italy," the coronation of England's George VI, Paris, and the littered banks of the Marne on a prewar Sunday have all been seized in the enduring glimpses of his camera's glass eye.

Cartier-Bresson was a corporal in the French army, spent 36 months in German P.W. camps. Twice he escaped and was recaptured. The third try worked. He went underground in Paris, emerged to photograph the liberation of fellow French prisoners by the Allies. Some of the results—such as his picture of a Gestapo informer being recognized by an ecstatically vengeful ex-prisoner at a D.P. interrogation center (see cut)—were masterpieces of tragic force.

Last week Cartier-Bresson contemplated the windowed gorges of Manhattan, while his wife—Japanese Dancer Ratna Mohini

—rehearsed for a recital. He took his camera everywhere about the city, peering, with an explorer's lust for the unknown, into thousands of hurrying faces. "Human faces," Cartier-Bresson mused, "are such a world!"

Like a Mother

Mexico's aging "Big Three"—Orozco, Siqueiros and Rivera—have plastered miles of Mexican walls with bayonets, clenched fists, streaming banners and broken chains. That kind of thing is no longer up-to-date. Last week Rufino Tamayo, 47, the most important of Mexico's "younger" painters, opened a one-man show in Manhattan. Revolutionary violence is not his game; he paints the classless society of his own imagination.

Tamayo's paintings hang in over a dozen U.S. museums, sell like hot tamales at prices ranging up to \$5,000. His new show impressed critics and tickled Tamayo collectors as usual. And, as usual, it sent conscientious gallerygoers swearing into the street, wishing they knew what moderns like Tamayo were driving at.

At first glance the colors looked muddy or sometimes acidly off-register. Tamayo's figures lifted swollen hands and feet, like anthropomorphic cactus plants, and stared from flat, featureless heads. Behind them the fuzzy skies were scratched with schoolboy diagrams of the constellations. But for fans of Rufino Tamayo the distorted figures seemed perfectly adjusted to their painted world, and the star-spangled night skies (a new element in Tamayo's work) seemed to suggest the era of science.

A Zapotecan Indian born in the tropical state of Oaxaca, Tamayo was orphaned at ten, brought up in Mexico City's fruit markets by an aunt. "My feeling is Mexi-



Valentine Gallery

TAMAYO'S "MYSELF"
"It has to hurt a lot."

can," he grins, "my color is Mexican, my shapes are Mexican, but my thinking is a mixture."

Eight years ago he forsook Mexico, moved with his wife into an apartment on Manhattan's East 93rd Street, where he reads up on astronomy and physics for inspiration and paints in a bare back room. Painting is no fun, he says; "it has to be done with our insides, our heart, even our intestines. The painter is like a mother bearing a child. It has to hurt a lot—and the more it hurts the more healthy it is." Mystified onlookers were relieved to hear that it hurt Tamayo too.

First Step: Learn to Draw

He is almost unknown to the lay public, but to experts the top authority on Italian Renaissance painting is so well known that they refer to him as "B.B." B.B. (for Bernard Berenson) thinks there is some hope for a modern renaissance in British art—if artists learn to draw. In London's *New Statesman & Nation* he wrote:

"How long does it take a medical student to get his degree? Six, seven, eight years before he is allowed to practice. How many youngsters are ready to work as hard learning to draw? Yet drawing is as difficult and takes as long a training, and without it the painter is only the kind of practitioner that the doctor is who has but a fake degree. . . . Having learnt to draw, and then the relatively easier discipline of painting, let the artist express himself—if he can afford to wait so long."

Berenson implied that one cause of bad painting (not to mention bad music and bad literature) is economic: the necessity of learning one's art too fast in a fiercely competitive and not very discerning market. But he was set against helping artists out. "In the [United] States after the panic of 1929," Berenson wrote, "the New Deal tried to make work for thousands of painters at public expense. They were kept alive, but I have not heard of the masterpieces they created."



Henri Cartier-Bresson

GESTAPO INFORMER BY CARTIER-BRESSON
"Human faces are such a world!"



What every father should know



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A cold house never helped raise a healthy child. One way to be sure your home stays warm and comfortable is to look for the American-Standard Mark of Merit when you buy heating equipment—whether for radiator heating, warm air heating or winter air conditioning, for any type of fuel. This Mark is your assurance of the best. Above—Westmoreland Winter Air Conditioner, Budget Water Heater.

Look for this Mark of Merit



2. About plumbing...

You won't have to play nursemaid to your plumbing if you buy American-Standard Plumbing Fixtures. They are made of Genuine Vitreous China and of sturdy Enamelled Cast Iron. They are styled right, built right and priced right when they bear the American-Standard Mark of Merit. The finest, yet they cost no more. Above—Royal Hostess, one of many smart sinks by American-Standard.

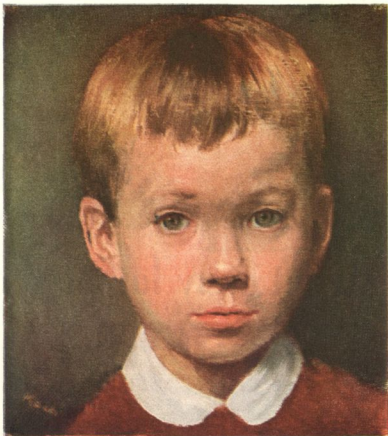
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Measles... lightly



Painted by John Koch

"If your child is exposed to measles this winter or spring, the chances are he will have only a light attack and recover promptly. A substance called gamma globulin may help protect him. Made from the blood donations of adults who have had measles,

it has been used effectively by the armed services in preventing and minimizing measles epidemics. Injected a few days after exposure, this blood protein shortens

the duration and lessens the discomfort of measles—the fever, cold, and sensitivity to light—and yet permits a child to build up his immunity against further attacks.

Today measles can be such a mild disease for most children that they're over it in no time, and without any of the complications which used to worry us."

Your doctor

What to do in case of measles . . .

1. Tell your doctor immediately if you suspect that your child has been exposed. Let him decide what protective measures to use and the proper time to begin. He may prefer to delay the use of certain procedures for a few days and allow mild measles to develop instead of preventing measles entirely. This is to immunize your child against future attacks.

2. Call your doctor at any sign of fever, reddened eyes, cough, or what appears to be a cold. These are symptoms of measles and appear two to four days before the typical measles rash.

3. Follow your doctor's instructions about keeping your child in bed and isolated from children who haven't had measles.



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THE THEATER

New Plays in Manhattan

The Story of Mary Surratt (by John Patrick; produced by Russell Lewis & Howard Young) is not too widely known, considering its connection with the most famous murder in U.S. history. Mrs. Surratt's Washington boardinghouse was the meeting place for John Wilkes Booth and his fellow conspirators (one of whom was her son). After Lincoln's assassination, the widow Surratt was among those tried before a military commission and hanged.

There is still some doubt that she was involved in the conspiracy. Her trial, in any case, was highly irregular. Defense counsel (Senator Reverdy Johnson, played by Kent Smith as an early Maryland beau



SMITH & GISH
A half-forgotten doubt.

of Mary's) was insulted, witnesses were intimidated, Government-held evidence was deliberately suppressed.

Playwright Patrick (*The Hasty Heart*) is in no doubt whatever: he insists that Mary Surratt was innocent. He virtually insists, as well, that she was framed. The vindictive, unjudicial spirit in which she was tried serves Playwright Patrick, indeed, as a text for a broad protest against injustice.

Mary Surratt's story allows for a much stronger protest than it does for a play. As a piece of half-forgotten history, the play has a factual interest, if not complete factual accuracy; and a good deal of the trial has dramatic force. Mary Surratt herself (well acted by Dorothy Gish) is portrayed as a very human woman. But the play as a whole is by no means dramatic. Intense partisanship has robbed the play of all psychological suspense: the audience has no opportunity to play either detective or judge.

John Loves Mary (by Norman Krasna; produced by Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein II, in association with Joshua Logan) is just one of those things, dubbed good popular entertainment, that frequently run for a year. As in *His Dear Ruth* (which ran even longer and will soon reappear as a movie), Playwright Krasna has worked up a farcical fable in the way of plot, peppered the goings-on liberally with gags, and relied on youth for general appeal. The handling is slick and the staging brisk. About all that a captious customer can complain of: *John Loves Mary* seems worked by a crank, is too predictable, too protracted, not notably funny.

John loves Mary and has come back



EWELL & GORDON
A pretty how-de-do.

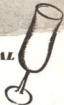
from war to marry her. But, oh, the complications! John's pal Fred has come home earlier minus the English girl he loved. John, like a true pal, has married the girl to get her into the U.S. The idea, of course, is that she will immediately divorce John and marry Fred. But Fred has already got himself married to another, and is to become a father at any moment.

This pretty how-de-do becomes even prettier when John and Fred try to hide the facts from Mary and her hard-bitten U.S. Senator of a father. Complications and crises abound, for Playwright Krasna is a bear for plot, and he hangs on to one for dear life. Parts of the play are fun, bits of it are funny, but most of it is just Hollywood in Broadway clothing. William Prince as John, Tom Ewell as Fred, and Loring Smith as the Senator give it something extra. The role of the unwanted English bride is the stage debut of Pamela Gordon, 28-year-old daughter of Actress Gertrude Lawrence.

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1 oz. gin, 2 dashes lemon juice
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MEDICINE

Once a Boy Scout . . .

Emerging from Newark's Barringer High School one afternoon last week, lanky, six-foot Freshman George Allen, 15, saw that he might miss his bus. Sprinting across the icy sidewalk, he fell sprawling on his face, picked himself up, hopped aboard just in time. Then he realized that a metal pencil he had carried in his shirt pocket had stabbed him in the chest, straight toward the heart.

George paled. But an ex-Boy Scout is good in emergencies. "Don't anybody touch this," he calmly warned the alarmed driver and passengers, "until you get a doctor." When a City Hospital ambulance arrived, the doctor found George with his hands cupped protectively over the protruding pencil haft. "Mighty smart boy," said the doctor.

Hospital surgeons cut through George's fourth and fifth ribs and gingerly pulled out the pencil. It had been driven in four inches, penetrating the pericardium (outer sac of the heart). George's coolness, they allowed, had certainly saved his life. What George wanted to know was: Could he pitch for the baseball team, come spring? Doctors thought he probably could.

R. F.

The U.S. is being sternly reminded this week—National Heart Week—that medicine is making little headway against public enemy No. 1: heart disease. Though heart disease, as obituary columns remind readers every day, is now the biggest killer (nearly 600,000 deaths a year), it gets scant research attention. Even more shocking, says the American Heart As-

sociation, is the nation's neglect of the treatable disease known as rheumatic fever.

Rheumatic fever not only kills more U.S. children each year than almost all other diseases combined: it accounts for 40% of all heart trouble.

Launching "the most comprehensive assault on heart disease ever waged by this country," the A. H. A. is concentrating its heaviest publicity fire on rheumatic fever. Some facts:

¶ At least 1,000,000 U.S. citizens suffer from R.F. and its sequel, rheumatic heart disease.

¶ Of those who get the disease, a fifth die within ten years, another fifth are crippled for life.

¶ Though primarily a children's disease (ages 6 to 14), R.F. attacked 40,000 G.I.s during World War II.

Heart specialists have found rheumatic fever a complicated, baffling disease. Though it is usually preceded by a streptococcus infection (e.g., a "strep" throat, scarlet fever), researchers have not been able to establish the connection between the germ (hemolytic streptococcus) and R.F. It seems to thrive best in crowded slums, but it is not unusually prevalent among Negroes. It is chronically high in sparsely settled Colorado.

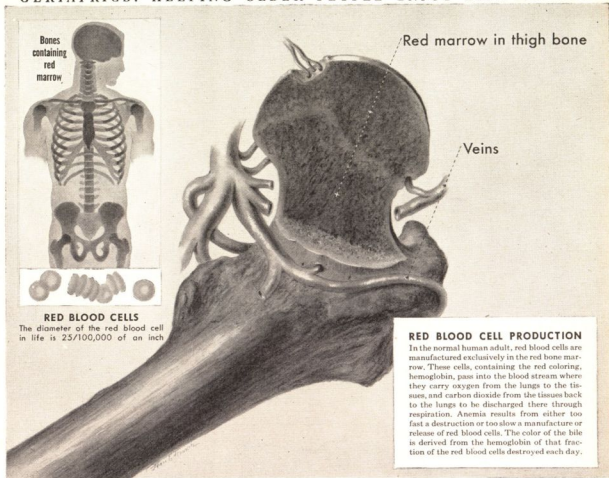
Rheumatic fever is hard to diagnose. Its symptoms—fever, aching joints ("growing pains"), nosebleeds, loss of appetite and weight, twitching resembling St. Vitus' dance—are easily confused with the symptoms of gripe and other ailments. Patients may recover from an attack without permanent damage, often without knowing they were really sick. But unless the



HUMAN GUINEA PIG

International

These captured pictures, documenting one of the Nazis' "medical" experiments on human beings, were introduced last week at the trial of 23 German doctors in Nürnberg. The victim has just been released from a compression chamber and the Nazi camera clinically records his agony as he progresses through various stages of "the bends." The guinea pig survived this experiment but eventually died from another. The photographs were found in the effects of a protégé of Heinrich Himmler, one Dr. Sigmund Rascher, also credited with the infamous human cold experiments at Dachau. Dr. Rascher was reportedly shot by the Nazis in true gangland fashion, because he "knew too much."



Semi-schematic drawings by Joan E. Hirsch

Longer life for people past 40

Most people have had, or will sometime have, anemia.

In younger individuals this condition is usually easy to correct: young bone marrow has great capacity to make new blood. For those over 40, anemia calls for more concern. It may even warn of some serious hidden ailment that demands attention.

Fortunately, recent strides in medical science enable almost every anemic person to live a comfortable, normal life span. This marks another achievement in what has come to be termed *geriatrics*, the science of helping older people enjoy life longer.

Anemia is a deficiency in quantity or quality of red blood cells. It can result from malnutrition, including lack of minerals, chiefly iron; from infection, glandular dysfunction, loss of blood; from lack of balance between production and destruction of red blood cells. Its most prominent symptom is fatigue.

So-called "pernicious anemia," which only 20 years ago was invariably fatal, is still formidable because if not diagnosed early it may affect the nervous system. But thanks to modern liver therapy, death or paralysis from pernicious anemia is now virtually unknown.

Anemia is best detected by hemoglobin determination. Hemoglobin, the oxygen-carrying portion of the red blood cell, is an excellent barometer of your health.

If examination reveals low hemoglobin, your physician, after proper diagnosis, has at his disposal effective remedies for correcting this condition. For anemia is no longer an inevitable "old age" ailment. Its con-

quest gives further promise to the man or woman of 40 for another 30 years or more of enjoyable, purposeful living.

Getting the most out of those years requires financial independence, best provided through savings and life insurance. Your NWNL agent, paid not primarily for how much insurance he sells you but for what you *keep in force*, has every reason to provide you with exactly the right kind and amount, measured by what you need and can afford. He can help you plan wisely for a financially comfortable future through life insurance.

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patient gets skillful treatment, R.F. may recur.

The most effective treatment is complete rest. But doctors frown on the old idea that an R.F. patient must be treated as a permanent invalid.

The Vanishing Family

Last week 200 earnest characters met in Los Angeles for pregnant shop-talk about sterility. With straight scientific faces, the American Society for the Study of Sterility (western branch) sat down to consider the fact that one-seventh of all U.S. couples are childless, and why. When Paul Popenoe, director of Los Angeles' American Institute of Family Relations, rose to speak, he nearly stopped the show. Said he:

"It must be remembered that half of all childlessness is voluntary. . . . Study of 8,370 completed families (those in which the wife had passed the child-bearing age) revealed that of the childless couples, 59% were happy; of the parents of three or more children, 71% were happy. It is clear that happiness increases with the number of children. . . . Most couples who go into the divorce court are childless. No one can escape the conclusion that the divorced population represents to some extent a biologically inferior part of the population."

As soon as the boat stopped rocking, conferees settled down to hear a learned talk by U. C. L. A.'s Dr. Harry B. Friedgood. His thesis: the state of a woman's nerves may have a good deal to do with whether she has children.

The nervous system, Dr. Friedgood explained, affects the pituitary and hypothalamus glands, which, in turn, control the production of sex hormones. Hence a neurosis may well upset hormone production and produce sterility.

Women with deep emotional conflicts, Dr. Friedgood pointed out, often show psychosexual disorders. A fairly common one: false pregnancy among 1) unmarried women who feel guilty about illicit intercourse, 2) wives who fear pregnancy, 3) older women who want children.

In Manhattan, family matters came up again at a meeting of the American Social Hygiene Association. Summing up a 15-year study of the family system in the Western world, Dr. Carle C. Zimmerman, a Harvard sociology professor, drew a gloomy conclusion. The family system, he said, is likely to break up before the end of the 20th Century.

"The family system . . . of the 'classes' is already badly gone. The next part . . . to break up [will be] that of the masses. Evidence indicates that our middle-class family system has reached its maximum demoralization. . . . The ethical content of recent middle-class family problem novels is really surprising. Even the superficial characters drawn by Ilka Chase are always 'crying in bed.'"

"Civilization will have to be sold on the aspirin level [by] Hucksters of Civilization, Inc., a nonprofit, mass moral educational organization."

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WINNERS OF 115 OBSERVATORY AWARDS
SOLD AND SERVICED BY LEADING JEWELERS ALL OVER THE WORLD

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Boca Raton Club

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Boca Raton, Florida, Between Palm Beach and Miami



Napoleon Lost at Waterloo because he was tired!

ON that hot June day 132 years ago, Napoleon surveyed the British legions across the Flanders Fields... but did not attack in force when the time was ripe. He had been riding all of the night before and he was very tired. Hence, his indecision and delay. Then Blücher came, and all was lost.

Thousands of American businesses doubtless have lost millions because of decisions arrived at and commitments made by tired executives who had spent days and hours in fatiguing travel prior to important business conferences.

But many of America's leading industries have recognized that the fatigue of business travel is avoidable in a large measure through the use of Beechcrafts. For they not only provide relaxing comfort but the speed which makes every journey a short one; and they save many otherwise wasted hours by being able to go when

passengers want to go and to travel between destinations not adequately served by other transportation.

The roster of American corporations owning the Beechcraft Executive Transport includes nearly every field of business and industry. It provides a continuous liaison between remote works and headquarters, it doubles and trebles the efficiency of executives, it revolutionizes customer service by reducing days to hours. And it accomplishes this at an actual saving in the over-all costs of business travel.

Your nearest Beechcraft distributor is prepared with facts and figures to help you appraise company-owned air transportation in the light of your own transportation needs. He welcomes the opportunity to demonstrate to you the new Beechcraft Model 18. No obligation, of course. Beechcraft distributors are located in key cities across the U. S. A.



Beech Aircraft

CORPORATION

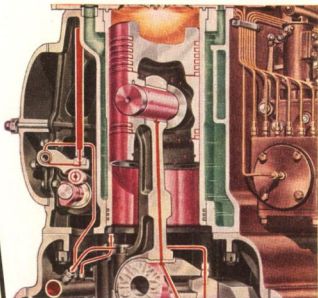


WICHITA, KANSAS, U. S. A.

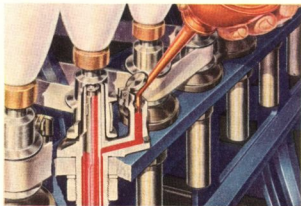
The Inside Track to



Your Socony-Vacuum Lubrication Engineer is trained through years of experience in industrial plants of all kinds. He thinks in terms of the inside of your ma-

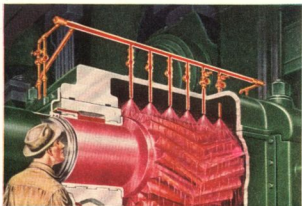


chines. He knows bearings, cylinders and gears . . . their loads, speeds and temperatures . . . the operating difficulties that must be met and overcome. Called into your plant to help you obtain maximum machine efficiency, he works with your own engineers, a friendly expert adviser . . . on your staff but not on your payroll.



He Recommends The Correct Lubricants

With all the facts about your machines, your Socony-Vacuum Engineer is able to recommend the right oil or grease and the best application technique for every moving part. He has available the most complete line of lubricants in the world . . . the Gargoyle line.

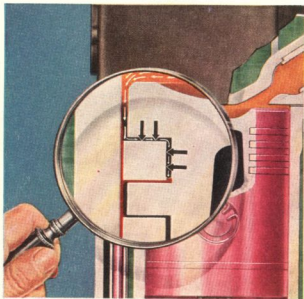


He Sets Up A Lubrication Program

As part of his service, your Socony-Vacuum Engineer provides complete lubrication schedules for your plant. He helps with storage and handling systems and lubrication training for your employees. Finally, he gives progress reports on the benefits obtained.

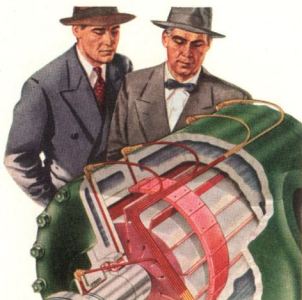
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Profits... and Their Lubrication Needs.



He Studies Your Operating Problems

Every power unit, every machine in your plant has its own operating characteristics. For instance, the loads on certain gears, the temperatures of certain bearings. Your Socony-Vacuum Engineer studies all factors and then makes lubrication recommendations.



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Occasionally, a lubrication problem arises that calls for highly specialized knowledge. Where this is true, your Socony-Vacuum Engineer gives you the advantage of additional skilled counsel from the largest staff of lubrication specialists in the petroleum industry.



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Your Socony-Vacuum Engineer brings you the advanced thinking of the great Socony-Vacuum lubrication laboratories, pioneers for 81 years. Today, in these laboratories, hundreds of lubrication specialists are at work, perfecting the products you will need tomorrow.

These 4 Factors Add up to Greater Profits for Your Plant



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LOWER MAINTENANCE COSTS



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For mild and pleasant flavor the trend's to Mount Vernon. Here satisfying flavor adds richness to drinks that are pleasantly mild whether long or short.

Among hospitable Americans who take pride in the drinks they serve, Mount Vernon is the brand always to have on hand.

Mount Vernon

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SPORT

"See Ya Later"

People were always whispering things to Rocky Graziano, a reform-school graduate who fought like fury in the ring.

At Manhattan's sleazy Stillman's Gym, where he trained, a place full of the smell of dust, sweat and arnica, characters paid 50¢ to get in and crowd around. When Rocky, the biggest crowd-puller outside of Joe Louis, swigged water between rounds and aimed a spout at a funnel in the corner of the ring, they didn't mind being splashed. When Rocky elbowed his way through the mob to work on the small punching bag, the hangers-on tried to borrow five or ten, or find out "How's ya condition." Rocky liked to tell them kiddingly that he was going to throw the fight: "Naw, bet on the other guy . . . I'm going into the tank." Then he always gave them the same brush-off: "See ya later."

Last week, Rocky was deep in trouble for failing to report a \$100,000 bribe offer (TIME, Feb. 3). At Stillman's Gym, the boys were whispering about him. Said one: "I say he shouldn't get it . . . he done right dint he . . . he nixes the guy, don't he?" Said another: "He goes . . . I say he gets it." The man in the street didn't want to see Rocky "get it" too hard. Rocky had turned down the bribe, even if he hadn't reported it (though he had reportedly feigned a sore back to duck the fight). Last week the New York Athletic Commission barred Graziano indefinitely from New York rings. The ban meant the end of next month's Madison Square Garden title fight with Middleweight Champ Tony Zale. But all was not lost: from hungry promoters in Cleveland, Chicago and points west came offers for fights for Rocky.

Not Like Croquet

At noon, with the sun blazing down, Australia's best bowler let go with the first ball. It zipped in nearly as fast as a baseball pitch (about 65 m.p.h.), hit the ground just in front of the batsman, where he would have to hit it on the pick-up. England's lead-off man blocked it off to one side. The fourth of the Test Matches, the World Series of cricket, was on.



ROCKY GRAZIANO
Got it.

For six days, thousands of Australians jammed into the green-turfed oval at Adelaide. The happenings there last week made mere squibs in most U.S. newspapers, but they brought passionate growls from all over Britain and headlines in Shanghai and Johannesburg.

To many Americans who don't know what they are talking about, cricket is a British eccentricity hardly less pansy than croquet. Americans condemn the game because it moves too leisurely, has too much ritualistic etiquette, and the players actually knock off for tea at 4 o'clock. One ex-G.I. who had seen a game summed up: "Believe me, in New York we'd have thrown pop bottles just to wake things up."

But in London last week, a considerable fraction of the population rose from warm beds and sat shivering beside wirelesses to hear the 7 a.m. news report of the Battle of Adelaide. A blue-faced caddy with frosted eyebrows said to a chum: "We didn't ought to have sent them." In a swank Pall Mall club, an elderly gentle-

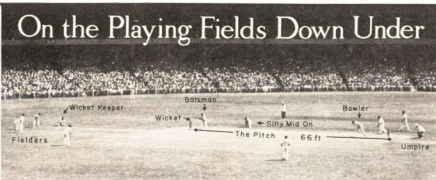
man turned from the ticker mumbling: "Damn bad luck." All England knew and feared the name of Australia's great batsman, a wiry stockbroker, Don Bradman. With his help, last week, the Australian eleven held the British to a draw. The Australians had already won two and tied one, so (though there was a fifth match to play) the English had no chance of coming out even. London's sensitive press complained about Australia's Turkish-bath weather, "fit only for Nubian slaves."

All but the Irish. In the imperial scheme cricket has followed the flag (some Englishmen argue that there would have been no Irish problem if the Irish could have been induced to learn the game). And, contrary to U.S. curbstone opinion, cricket is not to be confused with croquet.

Though the ball is about the size and hardness of a baseball, none of the fielders wears gloves except the wicket keeper (catcher), whose gloves resemble a hockey player's gloves, with less padding. Batsmen wear leg pads something like a hockey goalie's, and thumb and finger guards. When cricket immortals like the late, great, bearded William Gilbert ("W.G.") Grace smote the ball, it practically tore a fielder's hand off.

A Nottinghamshire miner named Harold Larwood caused an international incident in 1933 with "body-line bowling": he tried to knock down Australian batsmen with bean-balls, and sometimes succeeded. (The Australian Government complained to Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald.) There is no foul line, so batsmen can hit in all directions. In placing fielders to take advantage of a batter's weakness, the bowlers can move a man up as close as ten feet from the batsman, in suicidal positions known as "silly leg" and "silly mid on." Cricket moves at less than half the pace of baseball, but—say its partisans—demands more science and judgment.

It has, like baseball, its fast-ball bowlers, its control bowlers and those who specialize in slow, tricky teasers ("googlies"). The bowler gets up speed with a run of from 10 to 30 feet, must not bend his elbow when delivering the ball. His chief aim is to knock down the batsman's wicket (see chart) for an out. The batsman, who defends the wicket, seldom tries to swat the ball out of the park (though over the fence, "a boundary," is an automatic six runs). He hopes to whack out a low grasscutter, since a ball caught on the



Underwood & Underwood; Australian Official; Pictures Inc.

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MILLER BREWING COMPANY

MILWAUKEE, WIS.



fly is out. If he thinks he can make it, he runs for the other wicket (66 feet away) and a teammate, ready at the other wicket, trades places. Every time they change places successfully, they have scored a run. A man stays at bat until he has been bowled, caught out, run out or ruled "L.b.w."¹⁰ If he is still in when his side has been retired, (*i.e.*, when ten men are out) he "carries his bat."

Don't Slug, Please. Sometimes one batsman, alternating with a teammate, stays up all afternoon. A half-century (50 runs) causes decorous applause; a century a little more. Australia's Bradman, the greatest player of the game today, now making a comeback after getting fibrositis while in the Army, once made 334 runs in an innings. Slugging for the fences, à la baseball, is considered unrefined.

The British, seeing G.I.s play baseball during the war, generally regarded it as a sissy game, like the one played by little girls & boys and called Rounders. When Babe Ruth tried his hand at cricket in a visit to England in 1935, he swatted the ball so hard that he broke the bat. He glowed: "I wish they would let me use a bat as wide as this in baseball."

The Big Train

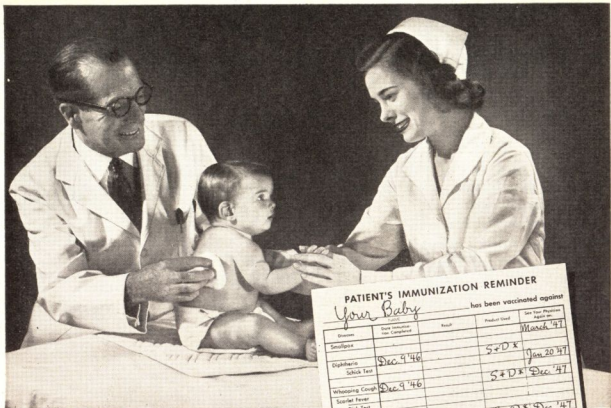
He wasn't exactly handsome; he was more like a heavy-duty freight train. A wise horse, he exerted himself no more than necessary. He never bothered to break a record unless it took record time to win; he was content to win his races by a neck, or a nose. But even a great gelding like Armed, smart in pacing himself, can run down. Five months ago, after winning eleven races and \$288,725 in one season, he was pulled off the track and given a rest.

His handlers gave him a soft diet of bran mash and hay, and nothing to do all day. Then gradually he was brought up to form with long jogs and short workouts. A fortnight ago, at Florida's Hialeah Park, the Big Train raced again. He won—by a few inches. Last week, with 130 lbs. on his back,[†] the brown gelding did it again. Neither race was an important one, but they were impressive warm-ups for the winter's big two: the \$50,000 Widener Handicap at Hialeah next week and the \$100,000 Santa Anita Handicap the following week. Armed's toughest competitors, Assault and Stymie, are both taking the winter off.

If all goes well in Florida's Widener, Armed's Millionaire Owner Warren Wright plans to fly the big horse out to California for the Santa Anita race, his first airplane ride. At six, Armed still seemed to have a lot of run left in him—and he was already the sixth biggest money-winner (\$391,575) in racing history.

¹⁰ Leg before wicket: when the umpire rules that the batter's leg—and not his bat—kept the ball from hitting the wicket.

[†] Including 105-lb. Jockey Doug Dodson and a pound and a half of saddle. The rest was lead, inserted in a pad under the saddle, since the track handicapper had given Armed the maximum weight to carry. The added weight slows a horse down, gives lighter-weight lesser lights a chance.



Highest death rate from diphtheria is among little children—under five. In infancy—that's when your child's immunization against diphtheria should start.

PATIENT'S IMMUNIZATION REMINDER
Your Baby has been vaccinated against

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

Signature: *Arthur B. Bannock*
 * Diphtheria-Tetanus-Antitoxin Adjuvanted Combined

This card may Save Your Baby's Life!

DIPHTHERIA...

Alarming increases—all children should be immunized!

• Diphtheria has increased alarmingly in many sections of the country during the past two years and health authorities say the co-operation of parents is urgently needed to see that all children are immunized in infancy—and re-immunized before they enter school for the first time.

If all parents act now—and see that every child is properly immunized—diphtheria can be wiped out.

How New Haven is preventing diphtheria

New Haven's 25-year program of diphtheria immunization has brought spectacular results. The great majority of New Haven children are now immunized against diphtheria. Only two cases have been reported during the past

4 years...and for over twelve years there have been no deaths.

What you must do

If your baby is six months old or over—and has not been immunized against diphtheria—be sure to consult your doctor immediately.

The doctor will see that your child is protected now. And, to make sure that the immunization is renewed before your child enters school for the first time, 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!

Join the Mothers' Immunization Reminder Group. All you do is ask your doctor for the Immunization Record Card. Over 4,010,000 cards have been requested to date! 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!

NEW! An immunization booklet gives the facts about contagious diseases to which your child might be susceptible...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-27.

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This famed delicacy, made today as always by the Jones family at the Jones Dairy Farm, is the delight of all who know just how good pork sausage can be. The hundred-year-old Jones recipe calls for the choice cuts of young porkers and select natural spices. Your market may not always have it, but to get your share keep asking for Jones.

MARY P. JONES, President

JONES
DAIRY FARM

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RADIO

The Voice Comes Back

From the nettle, radio, a British listener plucked a strange flower, literature. Speculating on radio's influential future, Novelist Richard Hughes (*High Wind in Jamaica*) mused in the current *Virginia Quarterly Review*:

At least once before, a mechanical invention had made a revolution in literature. For before the printing press was invented, the writer reached the majority of his public not through their eyes but through their ears. Poetry was sung or recited; prose books, too, were recited or read aloud. . . . The effect of the printing press on literary style was



RICHARD HUGHES
For auralists, oralists.

. . . a slow development, culminating only in our own century. Gradually . . . poetry acquired a subtler intricacy as the poet found he need no longer rely on immediate aural impact. . . . Prose likewise developed a greater elaboration of structure. . . .

Even then reading aloud died hard, barely a generation ago. . . . With a single oil lamp in the surrounding gloom, only one person could comfortably see to read at a time: in the general glare of electric light that custom too has practically disappeared. Thus the last echoes of heard literature . . . had only just died away when a second revolutionary invention, wireless broadcasting, set the pendulum swinging again in the opposite direction. The Voice had come back. . . .

Nearly a quarter of a century has passed. . . . Radio plays have passed from the stage of a casual experiment to . . . the most popular of all programmes. . . . But a new art? Bunk! . . . It is useless

for a radio dramatist today to attempt to write with any subtlety, or to draw characters not out of the stock-type catalogue; the play will be on the air and off again before the cast have a chance to discover what he is at. . . . If radio put on a quarter of the number of new plays . . . radio drama might have a chance of growing out of short pants. . . .

I do not believe that there is any need . . . for a separate radio literature [but] that the effect of radio on literature generally will be as profound, if almost as slow, as the effect of the printing press.

Household Deity

What magic binds a housewife to her radio? Hoping to find out, the National Association of Broadcasters and the Radio Manufacturers Association offered 200 radios for the 200 best letters on the subject: "What I Think about Radio." By last week N.A.B. had over 100,000 letters (80% of them gushily friendly). Samples: "The radio has become a constant companion and friend. Of course, there are times when I become annoyed with my 'buddy' and then I am likely to turn a haughty back to it, only to return, repentant and lonely, after a few days. . . ." "I can always satisfy my desires in the wonder [of it]." "I can do without radio—the way I can do without food & drink."

Program Preview

For the week beginning Sunday, Feb. 16. (All times are E.S.T., subject to change without notice.)

Invitation to Learning (Sun, 12 noon, CBS). Topic: the *Odes* of Horace. Guest: Old Horatian Franklin P. Adams of *Information Please* and the *New York Post*.

New York Philharmonic (Sun, 3 p.m., CBS). Beethoven's *Seventh Symphony*, Brahms' *Variations on a Theme by Haydn*, Wagner's *Faust Overture*. Conductor: Bruno Walter.

NBC Symphony (Sun, 5 p.m., NBC). Berlioz' *Romeo and Juliet* (second half), with Basso Nicola Moscona. Conductor: Arturo Toscanini.

School Teacher—1947 (Sun, 7:30 p.m., Mon, 9 & 9:30 p.m., ABC). A three-part study of teaching: *The Portrait*, *The Profession*, *The Prospects*.

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun, 10 p.m., ABC). Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life*, with Dane Clark, Mary Anderson.

Invitation to Music (Wed, 11:30 p.m., CBS). Brazil's Heitor Villa-Lobos conducts the world premiere of his *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 3*. Soloist: Brazilian Pianist José Brandão.

This Is Jazz (Sat, 2:30 p.m., Mutual). Despite a faint tone of condescension, this is a good jazz concert, featuring choice instrumentalists in jam session.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat, 2:53 p.m., ABC). Bizet's *Carmen*, with Mezzo-Soprano Risé Stevens, Tenor Ramon Vinay.

The Aristocrat of Bonds



The specially designed Killinger Hi-Jacs coasters shown here are a Kentucky Tavern creation and are available in sets of eight at stores everywhere.

Thoughtful hosts, with faultless entertaining as the goal, put Kentucky Tavern on their team. One of the world's great whiskeys, this famous bottled-in-bond bourbon is eminently worthy of the high esteem accorded it by the discriminating for three generations.

Glenmore Distilleries Company
Louisville, Kentucky

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON BOTTLED-IN-BOND 100 PROOF

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The beauty of the package attracts the shopper . . . speaks the first words for product quality.

In the cosmetics industry, where the beautiful package is characteristic, the great houses depend on Celanese plastics for new inspiration in package styling.

From the simple transparent envelope to the exquisite formed or molded container, these versatile synthetics provide a medium of packaging expression unequalled by other materials—offering surface beauty with crystal clarity or unlimited colorability.

In many other fields such as fresh foods, candy, dry goods, stationery and sporting goods, you will find Celanese plastic wraps and containers giving show case attractiveness and extra protection to hundreds of products. Plastics Division of Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y., producers of cellulosic plastics sold under the trademarks: Lumarith®, Forticel®, Celluloid®, Vimlite® and Celcon®.

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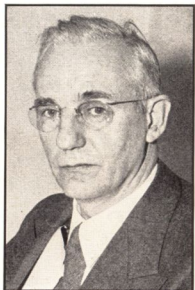
CHEMICALS . . . TEXTILES AND PLASTICS

THE PRESS

Worldly Infant

So that one new magazine could be born last week, three magazines were killed. Subscribers to *Asia*, *Inter-American* and *Free World* were asked to switch—sight unseen—to a new monthly, *United Nations World*. Only a handful refused to; *U.N. World* started life with a circulation of 50,000.

It also began with an impressive list of editors, a worthy mission and a rich uncle. *U.N. World* originally had the backing of three rich men's sons, Nelson Rockefeller, Jock Whitney and Michael Straight—but Rockefeller and Whitney backed out. The money now comes out of the gold-lined pockets of the Elmhurst-



EGBERT WHITE
U.N. before U.S.

Straight family, which has patiently paid the *New Republic's* deficits throughout its 32-year existence. (Rich young Michael Straight is also currently shooting the works to see that the *New Republic's* new Editor Henry Wallace* gets all that money can buy.) Unlike the ad-lean *New Republic*, which gives an outward appearance of respectable poverty, *U.N. World's* 80 pages were on slick paper, carried plenty of ads, and looked a little like a cross between *Business Week* and *Survey Graphic*.

Out to plug *U.N.*, but strictly unofficially, Vol. I, No. 1 tried to warm up to its subject with intimate facts about top *U.N.* delegates (i.e., 13½% of them are polygamous, 6½% won't tell); a cross-word puzzle emphasizing global words (No. 1 across: "goal of the *U.N.*" in five letters); and a four-page picture sequence showing *U.N.* delegates shaking hands and

* For other news of Henry Wallace, see MILLER STONES.

grinning vaguely at each other. In its table of contents were names like Pearl Buck, Arthur Compton, Trygve Lie, Edouard Herriot; on its editorial masthead were names like William L. Shirer, Thomas Mann, Jawaharlal Nehru, Vincent Sheean and Lin Yutang. The magazine's real head is Publisher Egbert White, a former Manhattan advertising executive who ran *Yank* and the Mediterranean *Stars and Stripes* for the Army.

U.N. World expects soon to come out in Sweden, England, Mexico and Uruguay. In charge of its global ambitions is International Editor Louis Dolivet, founder of the late *Free World*, who married into the Straight family. Says Publisher White: if there is ever a conflict between the United States and the United Nations, this magazine will support the United Nations.

Eight-Day Wonder

A Philadelphia Sunday *Bulletin* had been in Publisher Robert McLean's mind for a long time, but he had never had the right kinds of things to fill it with. He got them last fortnight when he bought up the strikebound Philadelphia *Record* from J. David Stern (TIME, Feb. 10).

The *Bulletin's* 180-page first Sunday edition this week, thrown together in eight days by regular *Evening Bulletin* staffers working overtime, was packed with such ex-*Record* features as Drew Pearson, Hedda Hopper, Steve Canyon and *L'il Abner*. It included comic and book sections still under the *Record* emblem, and two magazine sections for the price of one: Marshall Field's *Parade* and Hearst's *American Weekly*—both of them lost from the *Record*. With a Sunday package like that, Publisher McLean hoped soon to take the qualifier out of his advertising slogan: "In Philadelphia, Nearly Everybody Reads the *Bulletin*."

Bumpkins' Biographer

The businesslike Chicago *Journal of Commerce* ("All the News a Busy Man Has Time to Read") ordinarily gets few letters from its busy readers. But last week the fan mail was steadily trickling in, as it does every time the *Journal's* professional-bumpkin columnist, Chet Shafer, 59, writes his annual "winter piece." A South Bend pipe-fitter called it "one of the finest pieces of prose I have ever seen." An attorney on Chicago's La Salle Street: "You nearly break a country boy's heart."

Columnist Shafer, a wise man in his way, explained: "Those successful men like to read about unsuccessful folks whose lives ain't cluttered up." For eleven years the *Journal* has been tucking away Chet Shafer's daily two or three inches of bucolic "Three Rivers Doings" at the end of its editorials. One week in 1938 an editorial saboteur left it out. Hundreds of businessmen, from Detroit to Omaha, promptly wired, phoned and wrote angry

IT HAPPENS WITHIN

TWO SECONDS



Within two seconds after pressure is turned on, water roars from the fireman's hose at the terrific rate of 300 gallons per minute!



And as this glass of water test proves, within two seconds after you take Bayer Aspirin, it's actually ready to go to work, to bring you

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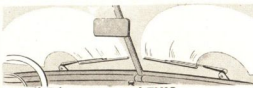
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protests, "Three Rivers Doings" has been running ever since.

Corn in the Cage. In the fact-&-figure heavy *Journal of Commerce*, Shafer's column sticks out like a shock of corn in a bank teller's cage. Its author, brother of Congressman Paul Shafer (R., Mich.), has worked on newspapers from San Francisco to Paris, but would rather live in his home town, Three Rivers, Mich. (pop. 6,710). Most of Chet's columns are as casual as any street-corner conversation: they concern a funeral, a backyard spat, an old gaffer's boyhood reminiscence, or plain cigar-store gossip. Sometimes he reports technological progress:

"An idea what to do to get along without a cistern has been successfully rigged up by Lena Bloom, over at the county seat, who turned about six feet of her downspout up so the rainwater runs into a washtub that sets on a barrel, and if



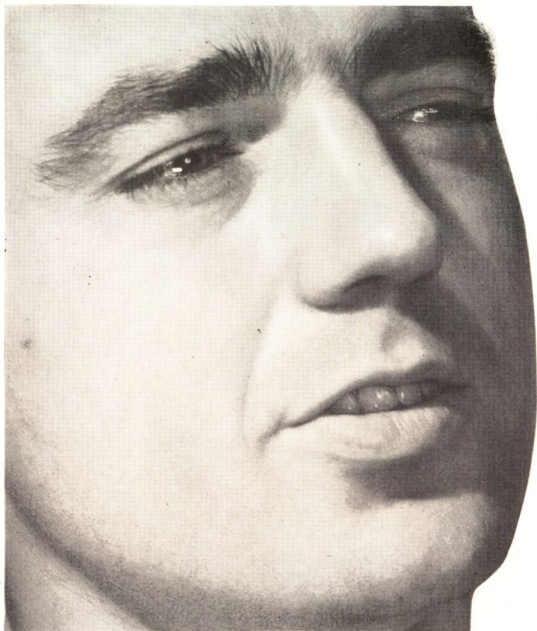
Marlin T. Griffin

CHET SHAFER

In his way, Oxy was unique.

there is a light shower she invariably gets enough in the tub to do a washing, but a heavy downpour will not only fill the tub but will overflow and fill the barrel. . . . With the downspout lifted, her supply is ample although she has some trouble getting the washtub, when it is full, down off the barrel. 'I slop out a lot,' says Lena."

"**Somebody Loses.**" The characters in Chet Shafer's guleless anthology are seldom the local boys who made good. Some of his Rotarian fellow townsmen, who dislike his stuff because it makes Three Rivers out to be the queen of hick towns, have on occasion asked the *Journal* to throw him out. Chet dislikes them just as much. Says he: "Rotary ruins little towns like this. Gives them big-town ideas. Commerce! Progress! Whenever there's progress, somebody loses." Most of his characters come from the pinocchio-playing crowd that hangs out in the back room of Rohrer's cigar store—the town jeweler, the justice of the peace, the town's fat



owns snow shovel

His neighbors own snow shovels; the people in the next block and across the city own snow shovels. We're making the point because these privately owned shovels mean private walks, yards, homes. And Philadelphia, third city of the U. S., has more families in indi-

vidual homes than any U. S. city.

We're making the point, too, that full-sized homes mean stability, a good standard of living, a wide variety of wants, a good market. Philadelphia is a *leading* market. Further, it's an easy-to-reach market — because 4 out of 5

Philadelphia families daily read *one newspaper*.

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to good construction and better living—home insulation, refrigerator, range, water heater insulation, "Dust-Stop" air filters for modern warm air furnaces.

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man. They have long since learned to make a pretense of ignoring their Boswell, and to continue behaving conscientiously like Chet Shafer characters.

Each morning Shafer climbs to his "city news bureau" in a loft over Wittenberg's newsstand. The floor is littered with years of overflow from his orange-crate "files," the whole scene dominated by a huge stove and a headless, female cigar-store Indian. There Chet peeks out "Doings," a paragraph of gossip for the local *Commercial*, and "straight stuff" for the *Kalamazoo Gazette*. Making his rounds, Chet is easy to spot: in winter by his coonskin hat and wolf coat, in summer by a flat fedora which he once had insured against fire, theft and collision.

Chet is also the founder and "grand diapason" of the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers (TIME, May 25, 1931), formed to combat the impression that all famous men earned their first dollars selling newspapers. He earned his at organ-pumping, and so did such distinguished members (Chet collected about 4,000 at \$5 a "diploma") as Ring Lardner, Julius Rosenwald and Jimmy Walker.

His Guild is dying out, and many of his old gaffers with it, but Chet has enough material in Three Rivers to last his lifetime. "There'll always be somebody to write about," he says. "Like Ossy Poe, who just died the other day. Only man in the world that liked horseradish on his doughnuts in the morning."

Believe It or Not

The story was pretty tall, but the United Press climbed it in a jiffy. Over its wires last week came a story of a German boy of 17, whom the camp guards called "Father Germania." In a Copenhagen refugee camp, where women outnumbered the men 3-to-1, the boy had reportedly fathered 45 babies.

Cabled TIME's careful Copenhagen correspondent last week:

"Story is so far unverifiable. The Central Refugee Camp Administration does not know. Story is traceable to frontier station Tinglev, where its originator, local newspaper tipster, a railway clerk, says he got it from colleague who heard it Monday from still unidentified Danish policeman on refugee train who in turn was reporting narrative of another policeman who said Father Germania was on his train crossing the frontier fortnight ago. . . ."

Feminine Touch

It was never like this in the old days when Forty-Niner James McClatchy founded the *Sacramento Bee* as a rootin'-tootin' gold-town sheet.

Last week Spinster Eleanor McClatchy, third-generation queen of the *Bee* (and president of a humming little chain of three California papers and five radio stations), had a bright little idea for making the drones work better. She had recorded music piped in: loud and animated in the composing room, soft and restful in the city room. One sour newsmen, after hearing out *Ole Buttermilk Sky*, said it didn't do a thing for his writing.

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RODZINSKI LEADING THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
Big Ben rang.

Alfred Eisenstaedt-Pix

The Master Builder

[See Cover]

A conductor's job is to make harmony. He plays the most complicated musical instrument conceivable—a symphony orchestra. When he plays well, he has only to raise his hand, or nod his head, and strings bow in unison, brasses, flutes and kettledrums come in on cue.

That is the harmony the public hears. But there are other, behind-the-scene noises that go to make up that harmony. They are the clashes of musical temperament, the clanging demands of the cash register, the murmurings of directors and managers. A successful conductor has to make a harmony out of them too.

Last week a pent-up man eased his big frame into a desk chair in a plainly furnished 16th-floor office in Manhattan's Steinway Building. The man was Dr. Artur Rodzinski, conductor of New York's renowned Philharmonic-Symphony. His small eyes, almost concealed behind thick glasses, took in his audience; seven tense members of the Philharmonic's executive committee.

They had offered to renew Rodzinski's contract for three years. There were a few strings attached, of course, but—. Well, what did he say? Grey-haired Artur Rodzinski had a lot to say. Speaking above the muted horns of the 57th Street traffic below, he said it for an hour and 20 minutes. A lot of it was on the state of the orchestra whose greatness he had restored. Improved, rather. But a lot more was about a man named Arthur Judson. His speech rose to a bitter, excited tirade that accused Arthur Judson, the handsome, leonine manager of the Philharmonic, of trying to run the orchestra and hamstringing the conductor, Mr. Judson, who was present, listened with interest.

When Rodzinski stopped, flushed and spent, there was half a minute of pregnant, almost audibly gestating silence. When the Philharmonic's board chairman finally spoke, it was as if a thin sheet of ice had been carefully cracked. And what, said he, had Mr. Rodzinski decided? "Give me 24 hours to think it over," said Rodzinski, and left for home.

MUSIC

There he discussed matters with Halina, his attractive wife—and with his conscience. (Conductor Rodzinski is a Buchmanite, and believes that he gets "guidance" in all his decisions.) Two hours later, he sent a telegram to the board chairman—and tipped off the press too. He had quit.

Babushka, We Go! Next morning, the story was on Manhattan front pages. (Not the tabloids, of course: there was no sex angle.) Waves of friends and reporters eddied through the Rodzinskis' Park Avenue apartment. They found the household as gaily confused as a Polish wedding party: the telephone and doorbell jingled merrily, Artur poured wine, vivacious Halina sliced Polish pastries.

From here & there over the country telegrams cried bravo. In the midst of all these exclamation points came a lone



MANAGER JUDSON
Big Arthur was silent.

Rogers-European

period: a terse message from the Philharmonic board, releasing Rodzinski not at the end of the season, as he had asked, but at once. His spirits only soared higher. Elatedly, he jounced his two-year-old son's big clown doll on his knee and told it the news; he grabbed his 75-year-old mother around the waist, waltzed her around the room and cried exultantly: "*Babushka, now we are going to Chicago!*"

What was he so happy about? Artur Rodzinski had cut himself off from the biggest job in U.S. music. Most conductors would give either arm to get his place—and he was quitting, to take over the run-down Chicago Symphony. The prestige-incrusted Philharmonic is the oldest (104 years) orchestra in the U.S., and, next to London's and Vienna's, the oldest in the world. It is also the most widely heard (13 million people listen to its Sunday CBS broadcasts).

Mission Accomplished. Under Toscanini the Philharmonic made musical history. But between his departure (1936) and Rodzinski's arrival from Cleveland (1943), the Philharmonic began to droop; neither Toscanini's hapless successor, John Barbirolli, nor a long parade of guest conductors could get it marching.

Today it is the most improved orchestra in the land. An arguable case can now be made (as it could not when Rodzinski took over) that the Philharmonic is the best orchestra in the U.S. The New York *Herald Tribune's* able Critic Virgil Thomson considers it "possibly the finest in the world."

The man who brought it to that pitch is a great orchestra builder. Rodzinski tore into the Philharmonic as a contractor would attack a run-down mansion. He ripped out the human deadwood, restored the shaky foundations of the strings, the brass. He drove his workmen furiously, taught them precision and sonority.

When he came, they were torn by hatred and jealousy. The new conductor invited his men to his home. Then Halina asked the wives over. One by one, Rodzinski had his men in for heart-to-heart chats, talked over their domestic harmony as well as their musical problems.

"Every violinist," he explains, "is a



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Misha or Sasha who has been built up by his parents to be a Heifetz and sweep the world. In the second fiddle section he has to play tremolo—ta-ta-ta. A soloist never plays tremolo. How do I make them like the ta-ta-ta? By building their self-respect, by calling them to my room, by endless talks."

He had noticed that whenever a solo violinist played before the intermission, the violins played beautifully afterward. "It brings back their childhood memories of how they planned to be soloists. Orchestral work," he says gravely, "is maybe 75 percent psychology."

But when he had got his 100 men playing together, Artur Rodzinski could go no further. For he is not a great conductor. The incandescent genius of a Toscanini or a Koussevitsky—or even of a Stokowski, when Stokowski is on his best behavior—is simply not in Rodzinski. He has no gift



THE RODZINSKIS AT HOME
In goat's milk, a tribute.

for fanning fire and excitement into his players; he can get 100 men playing in harmony, but not over their heads. The guest conductors always got the best notices. On the podium, where he works without a baton but with "my ten batons," Rodzinski himself knows his place: "I never for a second am conscious of Mr. Rodzinski conducting the work. I like to think that the music goes from the orchestra to the audience without going through myself."

God Knows Why. What made him throw over the biggest job in his life? Rodzinski's answer was that God had told him to: "God leads me. I don't know how He does. Through so many little coincidences I know the Big Boss is working through me. He tells me so clearly, like a bell—this time it rang like Big Ben. Gosh, He is smart!"

The command had certainly not come from Mammon. From at least \$85,000 a year in New York (\$60,000 salary, the



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rest from records and radio), Rodzinski would be getting less than \$50,000 in Chicago.

Wherever the command had come from, Rodzinski was also moved by a strong negative reason. New York is a big place, in a sense, but it cramped Rodzinski's style; the town was not big enough to hold both him and Arthur Judson. "You cannot play music with one ear on the box office," says Rodzinski. And the box office means Judson. He is not only the man behind the Philharmonic, but the man who comes nearest to controlling classical music in the U.S. The 30-man Philharmonic board, a collection of socialites, Wall Streeters, amateurs of the arts and a few musicians, stand greatly in awe of Judson. They respect his judgments; and they have bought and paid for them. And Arthur Judson would not let Rodzinski run the Philharmonic the way he wanted it run.

King Arthur. Music is not only one of the highest arts, it is also a pretty tough business. In the music business, austere, unapproachable Arthur Judson has the making or breaking of scores of careers. James Caesar Petrillo sets the minimum wages for U.S. musicians; it is Judson who often gets the maximum for the best ones. Judson was once a professional violinist, but he learned early that there is more money in managing artists than in being one. The money he gets from the Philharmonic is peanuts to him (\$15,000 a year) but the prestige and power count. Today his Columbia Concerts Inc. grosses \$5 million a year, keeps Lily Pons, Jascha Heifetz and \$250-a-concert unknowns circulating through 540 cities & towns.* Judson, remote from lesser musicians, has close friends among his top clients, looks like a Lord Calvert whiskey Man of Distinction (and in fact is one).

All but a stubborn handful of U.S. conductors (some exceptions: Toscanini, Koussevitsky, and for the past year Rodzinski) are under contract to Judson. Conductors are glad to pay his stiff commissions (up to 20%) simply as unemployment insurance; if they need a new job they will need his help. There are only 24 major symphonies in the U.S., and Judson alone has some 50 conductors on his rolls.

The Philharmonic's board of busy New Yorkers looks to Judson and his assistant, Bruno Zirato (once secretary to Enrico Caruso), to handle such things as conductors' contracts. Judson & Zirato have done so much handling, say their critics, that in 20 years the Philharmonic has had 20 conductors—while in the same period Boston has had one, and Philadelphia two. This winter Rodzinski demanded a three-year agreement, and no strings.

"When I got it," he said, "it had no strings—but chains!" The contract gave him first choice of what pieces would be * Judson's firm and its big rival, National Concerts and Artists Corp. (which handles few conductors), do about 90% of the concert bookings for all U.S. singers, dancers and instrumentalists. Impresario Sol Hurok, better known because he is not so self-effacing as Judson, shares an office with N.C.A.C., works through it,



RODZINSKI IN REHEARSAL
Precision without fire.

Metropolitan

played during the season, but no control over what guest conductors played, no say in the choice of his guests and soloists unless the board and Judson chose to consult him. Rodzinski was fuming over these terms when Edward L. Ryerson, board chairman of Inland Steel Co. and head of the Chicago Symphony, called on him in Manhattan during the holidays.

When Rodzinski faced the Philharmonic executive committee last week, he knew he could have the Chicago job with the crook of a finger. So did the committee. He blew off at Arthur Judson, but if anyone thought Rodzinski was a white knight out to unseat music's Mr. Big, he was mistaken. "I don't hate Judson," Rodzinski said. "I've learned to eliminate hatred."

Holy Terror. Artur Rodzinski is a professional, in the strongest sense of the word: he is a professed musician. He regards music as his calling, and himself as consecrated to it. His devotion to his calling is selfless—though his selflessness is sometimes as hard to take as another man's selfishness.

He was born 53 years ago in the Dalmatian town of Spalato (now the Yugoslav town of Split) but spent his childhood in Lvov. His father was a Polish surgeon in the Austrian Army.

Artur was put at the piano at 6, became a page-turner at Lvov concerts at 15 and practiced furiously five and six hours a day. Once when his big brother Richard, trying to study medicine, shouted that he couldn't stand the noise, Artur slashed Richard's hand with a saber. "Our house," as he looks back on it, "was a madhouse." He became infatuated with the opera, joined the claqué to get in free.

Rodzinski played the piano in a cabaret to support his first wife and their small son. It was a big break when the local opera director let him conduct Verdi's *Ernani*: "The smell of the scenery, the makeup, the wigs . . . you can't get it out of your system. Ask any opera man."

In 1924 Leopold Stokowski, visiting Warsaw, met Rodzinski, later hired him as assistant conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra. When Rodzinski reached the U.S., the first thing "Stokie" did was to run his fingers through Rodzinski's slick and parted hair, "to give me a conductor's look." He did much more in the next four years, and Rodzinski is "incredibly grateful." But their temperaments did not mix well. Stokowski and Arthur Judson helped line up the run-down Los Angeles Symphony for Rodzinski. No admirer of Stokowski's lush-up style, he says that Stokowski "plays music sexually."

After four years in Los Angeles, Rodzinski quarreled with the manager and headed for Cleveland. Toscanini heard one of his Cleveland broadcasts, and recommended him for the 1937 Salzburg Festival. And when Toscanini agreed to head the projected NBC Symphony, he insisted that Rodzinski should recruit the players.

The Cleveland musicians came to respect but never to love their abusive foreman. There was no big farewell party when he left in 1943, and his welcome to



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got by with a little left for savings. But Betty kept after me to start a planned savings program that would pay off for us later.

While I was figuring out a way to do this, a family crisis arose. My brother Bill who had been caring for mother became seriously ill. It was up to us to give her a home.

Betty was wonderful about it. While we both knew there'd be difficult days, it wasn't until later that we realized what a big difference it would make in our lives.

But Betty never gave up hope. So, eventually when my income became better, she again brought up the 'savings' idea. "Jim," she said, "even with your mother and the youngsters we have extra money now. After seeing how

pathetically unhappy old folks become when forced to live with kinfolks, I'm more determined than ever it won't happen to us. You're nearing 40 now and we'd better plan for the day you want to retire."

"I agree," I replied, "but building financial security takes some doing."

Betty had the answer. "You mean planning," she said, "and I've got the plan—a retirement income program. And don't say it's too expensive. I know the Tracys have one and he makes about what you do. Ask him how he manages."

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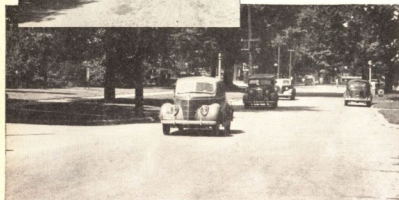
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Many towns which have standardized on concrete streets record amazingly low annual upkeep. Glen Ellyn, Illinois, starting with con-

crete in 1915, has an average annual maintenance cost of less than 2 mills per square yard; Seattle, 1.1 mills; and Palo Alto, California, over a period of 30 years, 1.7 mills.

Besides saving money on maintenance, the high light reflection value of concrete reduces street lighting costs by as much as 50 per cent, according to illuminating engineers. And in addition, concrete's gritty surface resists skidding, wet or dry—makes driving safer.

Ask your officials to use concrete for your streets.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

Dept. A2c-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

New York was open warfare: even before he hit town he had fired 14 players, including Concertmaster Mischel Piastro.

Change of Life. Not all the 100 men got to like their new master. But some did. When Halina came home from the hospital with a baby two years ago, a delegation from the Philharmonic serenaded her with Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*.²⁰



ARTUR (left) & FAMILY (1896)
Furious pounding, furiously defended.

and reduced the Rodzinskis to tears. Some of the boys, trying to oblige the boss, for a while drank goat's milk that Rodzinski sent in from his farm at Stockbridge, Mass.

The New York musicians found him less of a ring-tailed Tartar than he had been in Cleveland. In the meantime, he had found Buchmanism. He went to see a doctor in Boston about a sore back, and was told that his trouble was spiritual. He never joined in the public confessions of his fellow evangelists in Moral Re-Armament, but liked the way the Buchmanites had become "such happy people."

Shake on It. Last week happy Artur Rodzinski was a man without a contract. In New York the Philharmonic scurried around for a successor to him (a possible candidate: Minneapolis' dramatic Dimitri Mitropoulos). In Chicago, all Rodzinski had was a "handshake agreement." A handshake, however, was all that Chicago's late, beloved Dr. Frederick Stock needed for 38 years. And (until now) it had been enough for the outgoing conductor, earnest, uninspired Désiré Defauw.

"Since 21 years," Rodzinski exulted last week, "Chicago is my goal. It is a healthy city like a young colt, full of concentrated power. . . . New York will go down."

²⁰ Which Wagner wrote as a surprise for wife Cosima on her 33rd birthday (Christmas Day, 1870). Wagner hired a group of musicians, led them as they played on the stairs for his bride of four months, their children (including 1½-year-old Siegfried, for whom it was named) and Nietzsche, their house guest.

EDUCATION

Purple, Not Red

Novelist Howard Fast learned U.S. history in the New York City public schools. Later, when he became an editor of the Communist *New Masses*, he learned another version. Last week New York City's Board of Superintendents voted to ban 32-year-old Alumnus Fast's fast-selling (\$75,000 U.S. copies) novel *Citizen Tom Paine* from all public-school bookshelves.

The board hastily explained that its objection was not to the author's being red but to some of his passages being "too purple to be read by children." Novelist Fast had written too much about breasts, virgins and "oceans of flesh," put phrases like "I lick God's belly" into Deist Paine's mouth.

Shelley by Moonlight

The moon shone bright over Portland, Ore. and a young man named Thomas Kelly sat on a campus bench reading Shelley by the light of the moon. To the cops who saw him there, this seemed highly suspicious conduct. Kelly didn't think his conduct needed any defense or explanation and he couldn't produce a draft card. So they juggled him. Said one policeman: "See if you can take that, Lord Byron."

Twelve hours later Kelly was turned loose. The cops had checked up: he was just a Reed College student, a veteran of the Aleutians campaign and a man who likes to read Shelley by lamplight or moonlight.

Next night 20 Reed undergrads, each armed with a volume of poetry, gathered on a downtown Portland street corner by moonlight and solemnly read Shelley together. A police car passed; but no arrests were made.



REED STUDENTS WITH THE POET
The cops passed by.

Associated Press

Straight Furrow

Though he has never taught a class in his life and has never earned a doctor's degree, Robert Gordon Sproul is president of one of the world's largest universities. He has held the job since 1930, now gets \$17,500 a year. Businesswise, backslapping Bob Sproul (rhymes with jowl) acts like what he is: the capable sales manager for a mammoth educational chain-store (the University of California, with eight campuses, 38,864 students).

Until last week, Californians worried (as they often have cause to) that they might lose popular Bob Sproul.

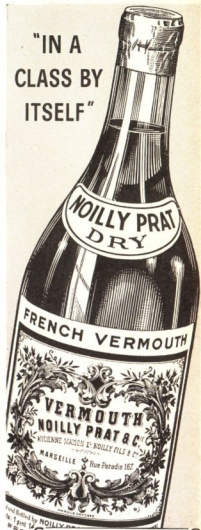
Columbia University was looking for a new president to succeed retired 84-year-old Nicholas Murray Butler. The job, reported to pay \$25,000 a year, is the ripest education plum in the U.S. And Sproul let it be known that he was considering a big offer.

Sproul had been tempted before: a California bank once offered him a \$50,000-a-year presidency; President Roosevelt wanted him as director of Selective Service. Each time, crowds of students had staged rallies, shouting "Stick with us, Bob."

At week's end, the students' pleas had worked again. Sproul was staying on: "I believe this is a straight furrow. . . I shall not take my hand from the plow to which it has been set for the past 17 years."

Louisiana State University lost its president last week, but there were few if any cries of "Stick with us, Bill." Under Huey Long, L.S.U. had grown big and rich (Huey built it up to get even with Tulane for refusing him an honorary degree). Under William Bass Hatcher, appointed L.S.U. president in 1944 by Huey's

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My Sweetheart's a Mule in a Mill



Breaking drive ropes and spindle-banding on Mule Spinning machines in textile mills caused serious production delays, expensive replacement, and damage to costly machinery as well.

To prevent those frequent stops, and cut maintenance costs in the textile industry, Plymouth recently developed new types of ropes for spinning equipment. Result? Longer continuous spinner operation and *lower production costs*.

Other textile, paper and carpet manufacturers have similarly profited by new ropes designed by Plymouth to meet peculiar operating conditions. These ropes resist such destructive forces as excessive abrasion—heat—chemicals—humidity—sudden strains—sharp bends. They are typical of the specialized and standard ropes and twines Plymouth makes to serve the 400-odd uses for cordage products.

"USEFUL KNOTS and How to Tie Them"—a Plymouth booklet—helps executives to perfect their ingenuity in tying sheep-shanks,

bowlines and other famous knots and splices. A boon also to workers in making longer, safer use of rope on the job. Free copy? Write Plymouth Cordage Company, Plymouth, Massachusetts, makers of rope, tying twine, binder twine and baler twine.

PLYMOUTH
Cordage Products



THE ROPE YOU CAN TRUST BECAUSE IT IS ENGINEERED FOR YOUR JOB

political heirs, L.S.U. had lost some of its glories.

Hatcher fired a dean who had once opposed his promotion to a full professorship. Then he forced out able Dr. Beryl Hles Burns, dean of L.S.U.'s crack medical school, and 27 staff doctors quit in protest (Time, Nov. 12, 1945). His campus enemies called Hatcher "William the Conqueror." and many left rather than be conquered. Last week 58-year-old President Hatcher himself quit. Reason: ill health.

Beautiful Places

Like many another man who never went to college (and like some who did), England's Poet Laureate John Masefield thinks a university is a wonderful place. Last week Harvard, which once gave Masefield an honorary degree, reprinted in its *Alumni Bulletin* the remarks which



JOHN MASEFIELD
Never a freshman.

Wide World

Masefield made in receiving an honorary degree from England's University of Sheffield. John Masefield, often a doctor but never a freshman, still thinks universities are wonderful. Excerpts:

"There are few earthier things more beautiful. . . . It is a place where those who hate ignorance may strive to know, where those who perceive truth may strive to make others see; where seekers and learners alike, banded together in the search for knowledge, will honor thought in all its finer ways, will welcome thinkers in distress or in exile, will uphold ever the dignity of thought and learning, and will exact standards in these things.

"Religions may split into sect or heresy; dynasties may perish or be supplanted, but for century after century the University will continue, and the stream of life will pass through it, and the thinker and the seeker will be bound together in the undying cause of bringing thought into the world. . . ."



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WITH THIS MASTERPIECE, we invite you to conduct your own performance. Taste it and delight in the perfect symphony that is 7 Crown...Seagram's Finest American Whiskey...from first to last measure designed for your pleasure.

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night. Because Bendix engineers have always anticipated aviation's next advance, *every major commercial airline uses Bendix equipment*. And Bendix is ready now with another fundamental forward step—new equipment combining Bendix unparalleled experience in radio, radar, and instrumentation to make "all weather" landings a practical reality! When you travel by air, Bendix products and *safety* ride with you wherever you fly.

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FIRST IN CREATIVE ENGINEERING

RELIGION

Forward, Laymen

The first 100% layman ever to head the Federal Council of Churches (TIME, Dec. 16), Cincinnati Lawyer Charles P. Taft, looked like a fine new broom—and the cluttered house of U.S. Protestantism is thick with ancient ecclesiastical dust. The situation suggested a lot of house-cleaning ideas to sharp-tongued Magazine Writer Stanley High. Wrote angry Presbyterian High in this week's *Christian Century*:

The most hopeful fact about Mr. Taft by all odds is that he is not a clergyman. Therein, I think, is his unique and prophetic opportunity.

I am pretty well briefed in those twin



Walter Sanders-Lins
FEDERAL COUNCIL'S TAFT
From a friend, a warning.

evils with which Protestantism currently is striving; namely, secularism and denominationalism. There is a third evil . . . clericalism. The Protestant enterprise in the United States is preacher-ridden. What Protestantism speaks, the language, the voice and the meaning are clerical. What Protestantism does is planned by preachers. What Protestantism refuses to do is explained by preacher-reasons. The laity's vision, as is often alleged, may be foreshortened. But in the effort which he now must make to inch Protestantism forward, Mr. Taft will find himself more often afool of the clergy. . . .

From my observation I would say that the average layman at a denominational assembly is heard about as often and felt about as potently as the average freshman member of Congress. . . . In the actual business of determining where the church shall stand, what it shall do, the preachers—by virtue of their acquaintance with each other, their familiarity with the



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That's what person-to-person dictation does—handcuffs you to your secretary. Hour after hour. Day after day.

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duties. Result: confusion and delay!

Multiply this condition by the number of people in your office who give or take dictation, and count the bottlenecks that slow down business. You can see the need for Dictaphone Electronic Dictating Machines...the modern, speedier method!

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DICTAPHONE *Electronic Dictation*

*The word DICTAPHONE is the registered trade-mark of Dictaphone Corporation, makers of Electronic and Acoustic dictating machines and other sound-recording and reproducing equipment bearing said trade-mark.

PROPERTY INSURANCE

Why Insurance Agents?

The insurance business isn't complex because we like it that way but because there are so many differences in the coverage buyers want and need. The main reason for the existence of the hundred thousand agencies is to fit the many types of insurance to the needs of the hundred million Americans who buy insurance.

An insurance agent is a combination of merchant and professional counselor. Many people get confused between the two functions. Most insurance agencies today are not individuals but partnerships or corporations, but nevertheless, people usually refer to the individual in the agency they use as "my agent". Depending on the location and type of business done, the agency may resemble a store, a law office, or even a kind of factory with scores of desks in long rows.

A legend persists that insurance has to be "sold"; that people rarely "buy" it. Like a good many legends this one isn't as true as it used to be. There's no way to find out who uses more initiative, insurance man or buyer, because buyers don't like to admit they've been "sold" anything, and agents insist that salesmanship is almost always necessary. But most people buy fire and automobile insurance as a routine matter. New and improved kinds of insurance, giving more coverage for less money—of which there are many—must be explained to people who need them. If that's salesmanship, then these types of insurance must be "sold".

Even well known kinds of insurance frequently require the initiative of the agent. If you own real property the chances are 99 to 1 it's insured against fire. In the last two years you've probably seen a dozen advertisements in the pages of *Time* pointing out that the dollar value of your property has gone up. Likely as not you have increased your insurance. But did you do it on your own initiative or did your insurance man suggest it to you? Probably you did nothing until he reminded you.

A good insurance agency has an amazing fund of information at its fingertips. Not only are there a hundred different forms of insurance—all of vital importance to some individuals or businesses—but there are all sorts of variations and combinations. Few men go into the insurance agency business today without special technical training. Even the smallest agency needs a half dozen fat, technical books known to the trade as rate and form manuals. Your agency may have scores of them.

Most people realize it's necessary to take a trained insurance man into their confidence to get insurance best for them and their pocketbooks. They know they can't correctly decide what they need because they don't know enough about insurance—and life is too short for them to study insurance to find out. They have other things to do. So they trust an insurance man.

One of the things they trust him to do is select for them a reliable company. More than 5,000 American agents have done that by choosing one or more of the Security insurance companies: the Security Insurance Company of New Haven, The East & West Insurance Company of New Haven, The New Haven Underwriters, The Connecticut Indemnity Company.



THE
SECURITY

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Home Office: New Haven, Conn.

proceedings, their training and their capacity to get excited about ecclesiastical and theological obfuscations, and their facility in public speech—are the works....

It is exceedingly difficult to persuade top laymen in any denomination, if they are still young enough to be in active business or professional life, to serve at all or more than once... due to their unwillingness to spend that much time twirling their thumbs, particularly under ecclesiastical auspices....

I believe that Mr. Taft has no greater prophetic opportunity than to begin the righting of this unbalance—righting it, not for the laymen's sake, but for the sake of Protestantism. Clericalism is a perversion of the Protestant idea.... The Catholic hierarchy can put the Roman Catholic Church on record, and is listened to accordingly. But both the general public and the churchgoing public are aware, I think, that no such authority is vested in the Protestant clergy. That fact has been part of the Protestant boast. Protestantism will speak with authority, and be listened to accordingly, when it is apparent that Protestantism, and not chiefly its clergy, is speaking. And very often what it says will be more worth listening to and certainly more clear and understandable....

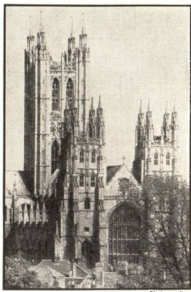
Common Heritage

Tall Dr. Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury, unceremoniously herded his guests into the cellar. They got there just in time. A German bomb blew off the front of the deanery; some 15 other bombs whistled down into the cathedral close. That night's raid (May 1942) wiped out the cathedral library, smashed several cathedral-owned shops, shook the ancient Norman and English arches of Britain's mother church with six near misses. The bill for repairs and restoration, in the form of a fund launched last summer: \$1,200,000. After seven months, the purse-pinked British had subscribed \$328,000.

Last week the Most Reverend and Right Honourable Geoffrey Francis Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England, was happy to get a letter from the son of a U.S. Methodist minister. The letter began: "My dear Archbishop: I have this day placed at your disposal with the British Embassy in Washington the sum of \$500,000...."

This dramatic, unsolicited windfall came from 76-year-old Banker Thomas William Lamont of J. P. Morgan & Co. It was almost enough to cover the largest item on the list of needed cathedral reconstruction: \$520,000 to repair the roof and reface the Caen stone, damaged by centuries of British weather as well as bombs. (The stone was brought from Normandy to rebuild the 6th Century church which had been destroyed by fire in 1067.)

English antiquarians were delighted at the promise of speedier restoration for one of their oldest churches—traditional seat of St. Augustine, martyring-place of Thomas à Becket, repository of the bones of saints, and the goal of Chaucer's pil-



Pictures Inc.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, PREWAR
A tradition preserved.

grims. British economists were pleased to have this unexpected addition to Britain's dollar balance. But Thomas Lamont's gift could be better measured in other terms. In his letter of thanks, the Archbishop of Canterbury wrote:

"Your letter speaks of the common religious tradition that our two peoples share. Of that tradition in this country, Canterbury Cathedral... is the mother church. To that tradition you have added all the richness of your own heritage. The fellowship of our two countries has its roots in our common Christian inheritance, and its expression in the upholding of Christian respect for the freedom, the dignity and the brotherhood of men...."



Wide World

THOMAS LAMONT
A tradition honored.



AUTOMOBILES FROM DETROIT, coffee from Brazil, paper from New England, woolens from Scotland—all are part of a growing foreign trade which underlies world prosperity and world peace. The banks are playing an important part in financing and expediting the flow of goods to and from overseas markets . . . Bankers Trust Company, with its experienced staff and its world-wide connections, is actively helping its banking and business customers with their foreign transactions.

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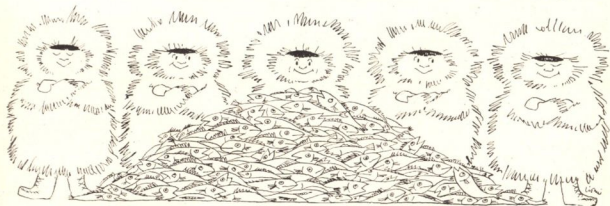
WHAT'S THE CATCH?

These five little Eskimos went out one day and landed a whole mess of fish. That's pretty tiring work, as any angler will tell you, so they decided to just dump them in a pile, and divide the catch next morning.

Well, during the night one of the Eskimos woke up and thought he might as well divide it right then. Which he did, five ways. There was one fish left over, so he threw it to a seal who was hanging around and went back to sleep.

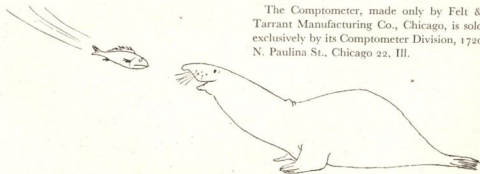
Couple of snores later, the second Eskimo woke up, saw only one of the fish piles, and thought he might as well divide it right then. Which he did, five ways. Again, there was one fish left over, so he threw it to the seal.

Same thing happened when the third Eskimo woke up, the fourth and the fifth. Each took one of the piles divided by the previous Eskimo, split it five ways. Every time, one fish to the seal. Now! *How many fish had they caught?*



If you can get the answer—congratulations. If you can't—we suggest you see your nearest Comptometer representative. He'll not only give it to you, he'll show you how to solve any kind of figure-work problem—involving fish or financial reports, Eskimos or office costs—by the fastest, most accurate, and economical means: *Comptometer adding-calculating machines!*

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

WALL STREET

New Look on the Bear

The market had been moving slowly, like a sputtery pinwheel. Last week it made a mild swoosh.

General Motors started the fireworks. On the heels of brighter-than-expected earnings reports from many a big company (TIME, Feb. 10), G.M. announced that it would again pay a 75¢ dividend, dropped to 50¢ in the first quarter of 1946. Up went G.M.'s stock with a five-point leap. Up, too, went most of the other stocks on the Big Board.

By week's end, with strong support from commodities (zero weather and gloomy spring crop forecasts, plus heavy foreign demand, helped shove March wheat up to \$2.20 a bushel at Chicago, highest in 27 years), stock averages stood at new recovery highs. Dow-Jones industrials were up to 184.49, best since last August; the railroad average was 53.42, best since September. Saturday's short-session volume (nearly a million shares traded) was the highest in almost a year.

Noting all this, the New York *World-Telegram* cried gleefully: "The bear market . . . seems to have taken wings." Few Wall Streeters were that ecstatic. This, some said, was just a natural rebound of stock values to their proper levels. Values had been deflated by pessimism. Now, business was fine. So was the outlook for 1947—especially in view of the lull in labor-management warfare. It was still too early to say that last week's swoosh was anything more than "a good rally in a bear market." But even Wall Streeters wondered whether the bear, instead of sprouting wings and flying away, might not be changing into another animal.

Who Plants, Tends

No name has been more bitterly cursed in Wall Street than "Roosevelt." But last week Wall Streeters were reminded that few names have been more venerated in The Street, either. The reminder: the 150th anniversary of Roosevelt & Son, investment management firm long domi-



JAMES I. ROOSEVELT
Cousin Franklin forced a change.

nated by the Oyster Bay, or non-New Dealing, Roosevelts.*

Roosevelt & Son held a subdued celebration, in keeping with its high-stooled, high-collared conservatism. Top officers greeted clients and friends at a reception in the New York Yacht Club. Guests received copies of a newly published history of the firm entitled *The Strenuous Life*, the phrase made famous by the most famed of the Oyster Bay Roosevelts.

"Cousin Thee" (as Teddy Roosevelt was known in the family) had relatively little to do with the family business. But Roosevelt & Son had plenty of the strenuous life. Founded by James I. Roosevelt (who later took his son Cornelius into partnership), the firm started out as a hardware shop in Maiden Lane, barely opened its doors before Manhattan was swept by yellow fever. The shop not only survived the epidemic but within a few years was so prosperous that it began discounting notes for other merchants. This led to other financial activities, and the hardware business was finally abandoned.

Into the Big Time. By 1824, the up-and-coming Roosevelts were able to help found the Chemical Bank (now the giant Chem-

* Also known as the out-of-season Rs.

cal Bank & Trust Co., with which Roosevelts are still associated). As a big-time house, Roosevelt & Son helped finance Cyrus Field's first transatlantic cable, floated James J. Hill's first railroad bonds, did battle with Robber Baron Jay Gould.

But the heyday of the firm passed with the 19th Century. Gradually it curtailed its underwriting ventures, concentrated more & more on counseling the owners of large stock-&-bond portfolios. Finally the signature of Franklin D. Roosevelt* on the Banking Act of 1933 forced Roosevelt & Son to give up underwriting and securities dealing altogether.

Now, with the solidest of reputations for giving unbiased advice, the firm still thrives, acting as fiduciary for funds totaling over \$100 million. Its present head—and fifth in direct line of descent from the founder—is staid, bespectacled George Emlen Roosevelt, 59, a noted amateur chess player and yachtsman. He will be succeeded ultimately by one of his two sons or five nephews, in the tradition of the family motto: *Qui Plantavit Curabit* (he who planted will tend).

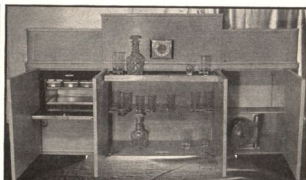
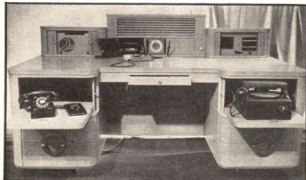
FASHIONS

By the Sweat of Thy Brow

It was a far cry from grandfather's roll top. But it was a desk, all right. There was even space where a man could do some work. But Gunn Furniture Co.'s desk-of-tomorrow (improved version) had other virtues; and visitors to the eighth annual office-equipment display in Chicago last week rightfully gaped at them.

On the "business" side, where the executive sits, there are (among other wonders): a radio, fluorescent lights, a Teletalk intercommunication unit (known commonly as a "squawk-box"), an electronic dictating machine, an electric razor with door mirror, an electric cigaret lighter, a telephone mounted on a pull-out

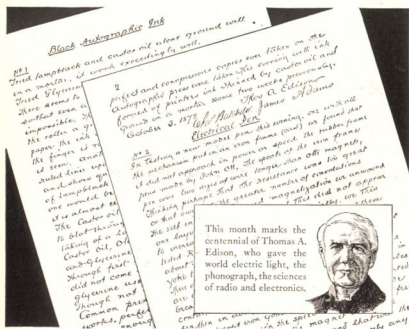
* The Oyster Bay and Hyde Park Roosevelts, all distant cousins to one another, had for a common ancestor Claes Martenszen van Roosevelt, a Dutch trader who came to New Amsterdam around 1648.



EXECUTIVE'S DESK: BUSINESS SIDE & PLAY SIDE
The pen always finds its way home.

Fran Byrne

From the notebooks of Thomas A. Edison



Here are two pages from the notebooks of Thomas A. Edison, written in his own handwriting, witnessed and dated October 3 and 6, 1875.

They report his successful experiments in obtaining "the most perfect and conspicuous copies" with his autographic duplicating ink and the electric pen—Edison's first contributions to the field of stencil duplication.

A few years later, another pioneer in stencil duplicating, A. B. Dick, developed a duplicator and devised supplies to go with it. In the course of his experiments, he heard of Edison's electric pen and sought the help of the great inventor.

To encourage the young Mr. Dick, Edison furnished him with suggestions and devices. In fact, Edison became so interested in Mr. Dick's concept of duplication of materials typewritten or drawn that he assisted in the development of the duplicating process.

Today's modern Mimeograph brand duplicator does things undreamed of seventy-odd years ago.

In crisp black-and-white or in color, by tens or thousands of copies, in a variety of forms, shapes and sizes, it transmits ideas to many people, quickly and at low cost.

It is a product of American initiative, and, in this Edison Centennial Year, it is a tribute to American enterprise.

A. B. Dick Company, Chicago; The Mimeograph Company, Ltd., Toronto.



The Mimeograph brand duplicator is made by A. B. Dick Company, Chicago

MIMEOGRAPH is the trade-mark of A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, registered in the U. S. Patent Office.

slide with an automatic index, an extra electrical outlet convenient for fan, heater, Silux or therapeutic lamp.

When the executive got fed up with these contrivances, he could hop to the other, or "play" side, of the desk. There he would find an electric refrigerator with three ice trays, a cabinet for bottles, decanters and glasses, a personal combination-lock safe. Properly fortified, the executive could return to the "business" side and to the desk's most dazzling feature: a magnetized pen holder. The executive need only place his pen close to the holder, let go and the magnet would suck the pen into place in the holder.

To date, 52 such desks have been sold. Price: \$7,000 each.

The office-furniture industry does not neglect the executive's helpers. On display at the same Chicago show last week was a new automatic typewriter—a gadget which makes up business letters from numerous combinations of recorded sentences (e.g., "yours of the tenth inst. rec'd."). The canned prose is recorded on a roll (something like grandfather's player piano), the roll is inserted in the machine; buttons are pressed for the desired combination, and the machine automatically types them into a letter. Price for this wonder: \$1,650.

AVIATION

Rifts & Tangles

The biggest merger in aviation history was abruptly called off last week. When they first planned it last year (TIME, Oct. 7), Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp. and Lockheed Aircraft Corp. fully expected that each could provide just what the other needed, and together blanket the field with one mammoth company. But in last week's brief announcement, Convair's Harry Woodhead and Lockheed's Robert Gross regretfully admitted that the whole thing was "no longer feasible."

What had caused the rift? Woodhead and Gross blamed it on "the substantial decline in the stockmarket" which took place while the merger details were being arranged. They might have been more specific without raising any eyebrows. In less than a year, Convair's stock had slipped from a high of 33½ to 16½ points a share, Lockheed's from 45½ to 18. The declines simply wiped out the differential on which all the negotiations were based.

The deal was further dampened by a fact which neither Woodhead nor Gross would dare to admit publicly: that they and all other big aircraft manufacturers are facing one of the industry's worst financial storms. One big cause is the shuffle of military budgets, which will cut deeply into the planemakers' surest and richest market. A bigger one is that the planemakers are unalterably entangled with plane operators, whose troubles are headline topics.

Ripping Ruckus. How the tangle developed is best illustrated by Lockheed. When Gross first decided to invade the commercial plane market, he found most



Where land is many leagues away

Fishermen have deep respect for the sea's mighty power. Alert for any emergency, they are always prepared for another of their many battles with wind and wave. Equipment must be in order. Batteries particularly must be ready to deliver power instantly for lights, radio, engine starting and many other tasks. That is why on thousands of fishing vessels, the batteries are Exide.

Whatever the storage battery need, there is an Exide of the

right size, capacity and construction. They're widely used to furnish safe, dependable power for time-saving battery-electric trucks and mine haulage units... for telephone, telegraph, railroad and radio station equipment... for aircraft, Diesel engine starting, emergency lighting and numerous

other uses. And on millions of cars, trucks and buses, they continue to prove every day that "When it's an Exide, you start."

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Associated Press

ANTHROPOLOGICAL EXPRESS

This is the new reclining seat on the coaches of a new streamlined train built by Pullman-Standard. Developed from measurements of the human form taken by Harvard's famed anthropologist, Earnest A. Hooton, both seat and foot-rest have a wide range of adjustments. Other features of the nation's first postwar streamliner: radio & public address system, fogproof windows, individual spotlight illumination, Venetian blinds, vivid colors, greater speed.

of the big customers already sewed up by Douglas, leaving him no choice but to concentrate on Continental and Western Air, Inc. Lockheed could see a bright future as long as T.W.A. prospered. But when T.W.A. was crippled by a pilots' strike, Lockheed suffered immediately—through T.W.A.'s cancellation of orders for eight new Constellations. And when T.W.A. was ripped by a refinancing ruckus between No. 1 Stockholder Howard Hughes and President Jack Frye, Lockheed was hit again.

Last week T.W.A. Board Chairman T. B. Wilson resigned. In the airline's offices, higher-ups were quoting odds that Frye would soon follow suit. No one had more cause to worry than Lockheed. T.W.A. has put in a big order for Lockheed's new Constellation 649, under a contract which binds Lockheed to offer the first 18 of them to T.W.A. But T.W.A. can refuse the planes, one by one. Thus Lockheed is bound to sweat commercial blood as long as T.W.A.'s troubles continue.

McCloy liked the president's title and the \$30,000-a-year tax-free salary; he was on the point of saying "I do." But, like other eligible candidates before him, he got nervous when he saw the bride's family. The Bank's twelve full-time executive directors wear the Bank's pants—like twelve mothers-in-law. The president (under the Bretton Woods regulations) does little more than take orders. If he wants to do anything on his own, he must dutifully explain all about it to the directors. Many people thought the president should have more power to go with his responsibilities; nobody quite knew how to arrange it without revising Bretton Woods.

Of the mothers-in-law, none might be more difficult than the U.S.'s own Emilio Gabriel Collado. A Harvard Ph.D. with a bright record as a troubleshooting economist for the Treasury and State Departments, hefty little "Pete" Collado, 36, was generally regarded as a good choice for the directorship when he was appointed last spring.

Off the List? But Prospective Groom McCloy was well aware that, among knowing Washingtonians, young Mr. Collado's increasing fondness for having his own way was generally looked upon as one of the chief reasons why Publisher-Banker Eugene Meyer quit the presidency two months ago. With backing from the National Advisory Council, the Government agency set up to watch over the big U.S. investment in the Bank (nearly 35% of its stock), Collado apparently felt that

BANKING

Mother-in-Law Trouble

Like a bride left waiting at church, the World Bank was still looking for a president. Worried over its loss of prestige, the Bank last week desperately ogled another candidate: John Jay McCloy, 51, high-priced Manhattan lawyer who had been an efficient Assistant Secretary of War under Henry L. Stimson.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

Company, Inc.

Pictures of Distinction

UNIVERSAL PICTURES COMPANY is now devoting its creative and technical resources to the production of pictures of outstanding distinction. The production of so-called "B" pictures, Westerns and serials has been eliminated.

It is our belief that the trend among the millions of moviegoers both in America and in countries overseas is toward increasing selectivity in their choice of screen entertainment.

Implementing this new production policy, Universal Pictures has acquired the entire assets of International Pictures Corporation, and the production organizations of the two companies have been merged. This combination of creative and technical talent, story properties and star contracts gives Universal one of the strongest production organizations in the motion picture industry.

William Goetz and Leo Spitz, outstanding producers, who headed International Pictures, have been placed in full charge of Universal's production activities at the studio. The company's productions now carry the trade mark of Universal-International Pictures.

In addition to 25 pictures of distinction being produced at its own studio, Universal Pictures has arranged for the exclusive distribution in this country and in Central and South America of British pictures produced by the J. Arthur Rank Organization, with the exception of 2 to be handled by another company and 5 to be distributed annually by Eagle-Lion.

For Your Entertainment

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL Presents:

The Egg and I—from Betty MacDonald's Best-Seller; Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray.
Time Out of Mind—from Rachel Field's novel—Phyllis Calvert, Robert Hutton, Ella Raines.
Song of Scheherazade—Yvonne De Carlo, Brian Donlevy, Jean Pierre Aumont—in Technicolor.
Ivy—starring Joan Fontaine, Patric Knowles, Herbert Marshall and Richard Ney.
I'll Be Yours—Deanna Durbin, Tom Drake, William Bendix and Adolphe Menjou.
Portrait in Black—starring Joan Crawford.
Smash-Up—The Story of a Woman—Susan Hayward, Lee Bowman, Marsha Hunt, Eddie Albert.
Swell Guy—Sonny Tufts and Ann Blyth.
The Exile—starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Slave Girl—in Technicolor, starring Yvonne De Carlo and George Brent.
Back to Back—Home—Abbott and Costello.
Pirates of Monterey—in Technicolor, starring Maria Montez and Rod Cameron.

The J. Arthur Rank pictures shown here have been very favorably received. Critics and the public have been quick to recognize the outstanding quality of "Stairway to Heaven," "Henry V.," "Caesar and Cleopatra," "Seventh Veil" and "Brief Encounter," to mention only a few. Box office results indicate that these British pictures offer a type of entertainment the American public wants to see. And as the British stars become more widely known here, there will be even greater interest in their forthcoming pictures.

U. S. MARKET FOR BRITISH FILMS

These arrangements to distribute British pictures in this country mark the beginning of an earnest effort to provide the British film industry with an opportunity to add materially to the world-wide earnings of their pictures. It is our opinion that their pictures should have the same opportunity to earn revenues in this country as our pictures have in Britain.

This agreement presages a new era of co-operation in the motion picture industry. It not only provides the opportunity for the American public to see the best British product but paves the way for the exchange of acting, writing and directorial talent between United States and Great Britain.

ENTER 16MM.—8MM. BUSINESS

Marking the entrance into an important new field, Universal Pictures has organized a new subsidiary, United World Films, Inc., to produce and distribute 16mm. and 8mm. films, and also the film library and distributing set-up of Bell & Howell Co.

FINANCIAL PROGRESS

Net profit for the fiscal year ended Nov. 2, 1946, was \$4,565,219, equivalent to \$5.32 per share on 827,119 shares of common stock outstanding at the end of the fiscal year, after providing for dividends on the 4 1/4% preferred stock. This compared with \$3,910,928, or \$4.86 per share, a year ago.

The cost of selling and distributing motion pictures is likely to be increased as the result of a recent court ruling requiring changes in the industry's marketing methods. This was one of the factors that led the Universal management to adopt its new policy of producing only pictures of distinction. Naturally, however, it will take a reasonable period of time for these new production and distribution policies to become completely effective and reflect themselves in the company's over-all operations.

Characteristics of the MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY

It is surprising how few people seem to have any real understanding of how the motion picture industry operates as a business.

Few seem to realize that beneath the industry's Hollywood glamour there is a great basic stability.

The industry has an established market of over 90,000,000 paying customers a week in this country alone and upwards of 200,000,000 a week throughout the world.

It is a strictly cash business—one of the largest cash businesses in the world.

It had a cash income of over \$1,500,000,000 in this country alone last year. World revenues were over \$2,000,000,000.

It is one of America's great export industries. It is one of the few American industries whose product sells in every country in the world.

It is the No. 1 salesman of American goods throughout the world.

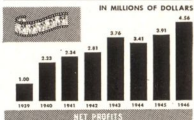
It is a relatively young industry. It has initiative and is aggressive.

It is an industry with tremendous long-term growth prospects.

It is one of the last industries to feel the effects of a depression. During hard times, going to the movies is one of the last things people care to give up.

When general business starts to pick up, the motion picture industry is among the very first to respond. Few industries enjoy such a high degree of resiliency.

Although the motion picture industry is often thought of as highly speculative, actually it has as many factors making for basic stability as any other leading industry, and more than most.



PROGRAM FOR CURRENT SEASON

Universal's line-up of current and coming productions will be the strongest in its history. Under the new Universal-International banner, top ranking stars are appearing in productions with outstanding story values, including best-selling novels and Broadway stage successes. These pictures are being directed and supervised by directors and producers who have to their credit some of the most successful pictures turned out in Hollywood.

J. CHEEVER COWDIN, Chairman
 N. J. BLUMBERG, President

A copy of the Annual Report will be furnished on request to Universal Pictures Company, Inc., Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.



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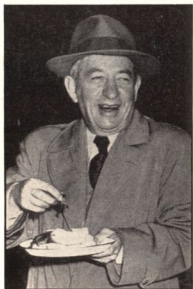
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he was strong enough to get what he wanted—even if the president wanted something else. One thing Meyer especially feared was that, if he did not have more control, loans would be granted not on their financial merits but on the basis of U.S. foreign trade policy. If such loans went sour, the president would be the handiest person to blame.

At week's end, John McCloy had still not made up his mind. But the longer the Bank's presidency remained unfilled, the gloomier grew prospects for floating the billions in securities needed to finance world reconstruction. Private bankers, lukewarm at best, had now cooled to the whole project. The World Bank's prestige had fallen so low that some Manhattan bankers talked about getting the unissued securities stricken from New York State's "legal list," i.e., the list of securities in which savings banks may invest.



WILSON MCCARTHY
He got the range.

RAILROADS

Restoration in the Rockies

Few railroads have been the butt of so many jokes as the Denver & Rio Grande Western. Workers on the Rio Grande (pronounced rye-oh-grand), when ribbed by other railroaders about "that bankrupt hunk of rusty junk," had once had the dubious comeback: "Hell, man, we kill more people every year than you carry."

But the Rio Grande is no longer a dangerous derelict. Now one of the healthiest and safest of U.S. railroads, cockily straddling the Rockies from Denver and Pueblo to Salt Lake City, it ended a long haul back to respectability last week by chugging out of Federal receivership.

When the 77-year-old Rio Grande (built by William Jackson Palmer, a Union general in the Civil War) went into its fifth bankruptcy in 1935, it had lost money five years running, was not taking in enough revenue to cover interest on

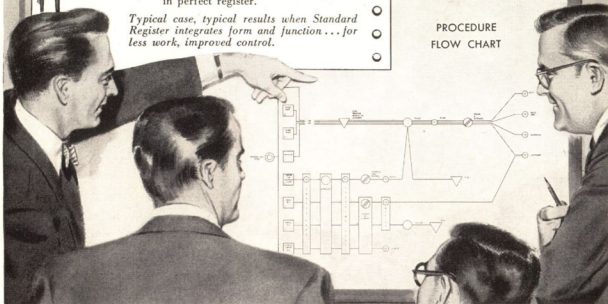
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January 30, 1947

several of its bond issues. Its 2,400 miles of track, its roadbeds and equipment were scandalously dilapidated.

Enter Doctor. Into this mess moved a quiet, grey-haired man named Wilson McCarthy. A native of American Fork, Utah, and a member of the Church of Latter Day Saints (Mormon), McCarthy started out as a cattle rancher, became a lawyer, did a brief stint on the Utah bench (friends still call him Judge), got into railroading in 1934 as president of the 240-mile Denver and Salt Lake Railway Co. Tobacco-chewing McCarthy scarcely had time to get the range on his D. & S.L. spittoon when, at 51, he was appointed operating trustee of the Rio Grande.

After a lot of turkey-talking with Denver bankers, McCarthy began spending money like a drunken gandy-dancer. He built a safety laboratory, laid out \$5 million for a central traffic control system over the road's tortuous mountain track-age, laid 500 miles of new rail, reballasted roadbeds. He bought 40 streamlined Diesel locomotives, 50 of the world's largest steam locomotives.

Under McCarthy, passenger revenues soared from \$990,000 in 1935 to \$10 million in 1945, freight revenues from \$18 to \$80 million. Last year the road reported a net operating profit of \$5.6 million.

Enter MOP. McCarthy would hardly rate sole credit for Rio Grande's big revenues in wartime, when most U.S. railroads prospered. But the Rio Grande was doing well enough before the war to have started reorganization proceedings, might have been out of bankruptcy much sooner if it had not run into a legal brawl with the Missouri Pacific, MOP, bankrupt itself, owned 50% of Rio Grande's common stock. This stock was wiped out in a McCarthy reorganization plan approved by ICC in 1943. MOP's fight to get it back was twice carried to the Supreme Court. Last week the Supreme Court ruled in McCarthy's favor for the second time, and the Rio Grande, its other remaining stocks placed in escrow (and thus safe from outside manipulation) for ten years, was finally free and independent.

All it needed now was a president. Most likely choice: Wilson McCarthy. As president, one of McCarthy's first tasks will be to smooth over relations with MOP, in which Allegheny Corp.'s spectacular Robert R. Young has a big interest. Bob Young now has his hands full trying to take over the New York Central, merge it with his Chesapeake & Ohio (TIME, Feb. 3). But he has his eye on a vast transcontinental empire. If he can get MOP out of receivership—and take over control in the process—his next westward step might well be a deal with the Rio Grande. Last week Denver was abuzz with reports that Wilson McCarthy had already put out feelers toward a working agreement with Bob Young.

Four days after installation of the "foolproof" traffic control system was proudly announced to the press last winter, it failed to function, sent a freight head-on into a passenger train, killing a fireman. The Rio Grande has had no other fatality since McCarthy took over.

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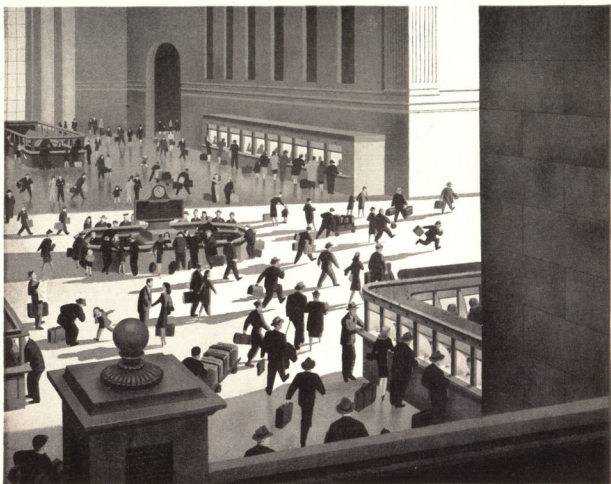
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MILESTONES

Born. To Robert Browne Wallace, 28, lanky son of Editor Henry Agard Wallace, and Gordon Grosvenor Wallace, 28: their first child (Henry Wallace's second grandchild), a daughter; in Philadelphia. Name: Allaire. Weight: 7 lbs. 15 oz.

Born. To Alan Ladd Jr., 33, green-eyed cinema tough guy, and Sue Carol Ladd, 38, actor's agent, onetime star: their second child, first son; in Hollywood. Name: undecided. Weight: 8 lbs. 6 oz.

Married. The Duke of Westminster, 67, one of Britain's richest noblemen; and Ann Sullivan, 23, daughter of a Jersey general; he for the fourth time, she for the first; near Chester, England.

Died. Georges Gonneau, 50, famed chef; of leukemia; in Manhattan. His chef-d'oeuvre: breast of pheasant, simmered with juniper berries, truffle essence and old Calvados brandy; fresh chestnuts nestled in green artichoke hearts; individual timbale of baked chip potatoes.

Died. Hans Fallada (real name: Rudolf Ditzen), 53, German novelist, author of the 1933 international best-seller, *Little Man, What Now?*; while reading final proofs on his last book, *Every Man Dies Alone*; of thrombosis; in Berlin.

Died. Ellen Wilkinson, 55, diminutive, dynamic British Minister of Education, long a leading Laborite; of a heart ailment; in London (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Died. Oliver Max Gardner, 64, newly appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James's; onetime governor of North Carolina, onetime Under Secretary of the U.S. Treasury; of thrombosis; on the day he was to have sailed for England to begin his new job; in Manhattan (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Died. Lieut. General Sir Sajjan Singhji, 67, Maharaja of Ratlam, small (693 square miles) Indian state, internationally known poloist; in Bombay.

Died. The Duke of Manchester, 69, jolly, roly-poly, spectacularly spendthrift British peer, 18th in rank of Britain's 26 non-royal dukes, veteran of many a day in court (thru bankruptcy trials), several in jail (for fraud; he was convicted, later acquitted of pawing his mother's jewels); in Seaford, England.

Died. General Franz Xaver Ritter von Epp, 78, frozen-faced Hitler henchman, chief of the Nazi "Colonial League" (agitators for return of Germany's pre-1914 colonies), Governor of Bavaria; briefly defender of Munich in World War II; in Munich.

* The Channel Island, not the Hague-famed U.S. state.

MANAGEMENT RIGHTS IN LABOR RELATIONS

REFERENCE GUIDE

Answers 100 Specific Questions

THIS new, 304-page book is a "Must" for every employer, personnel director, foreman, attorney, or labor relations student.

So much has been written about the obligations of employers and so little about the rights of management that most employers are completely in the dark about the many vital rights which have been retained by management in spite of existing legislation.

If you believe that successful management, in the future, depends on successful human management, this book is for you. It is an authoritative reference manual you need right now. Written by Stephen F. Dunn, a leading attorney in the field of labor relations, the book clearly outlines management's rights. It proceeds to take the reader through the legislative acts affecting labor relations and follows with important court decisions and precedent-setting actions. All material is indexed for ready reference, and supplements are available from time to time, informing the reader on latest developments, including those on portal-to-portal pay.

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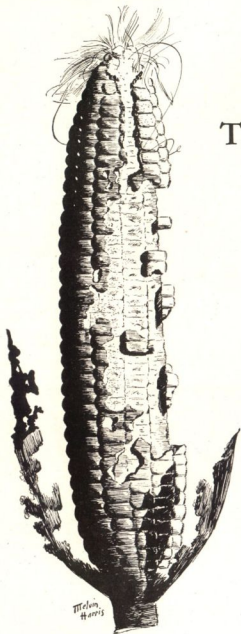
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The condemned ate a hearty breakfast

The news is good from the food front—the news that many an insect pest has ruined its last important food crop. For a powerful new insecticide has been developed to aid the entomologist's war against famine and disease.



This new insecticide is commonly known as benzene hexachloride. First made by Michael Faraday in 1825, its extraordinary killing power went undiscovered for more than a century.

Here are a few facts about benzene hexachloride's properties:

One of the most potent insecticides known; it acts as a stomach poison, contact poison, and fumigant.

It is deadly to many insects previously difficult to control—weevils, wireworms, cockroaches, Japanese beetles, ants, flies, mosquitoes, and fleas.

It is less toxic to warmblooded animals than many other insecticides. Harmless when dusted on the skin, it is ideal for use in delousing powders.

It can be mixed easily in dry or liquid form for use as a powder or spray.

It evaporates gradually, leaving no dangerous residues on food crops at harvest time.

Commercial Solvents pioneered the investigation and development of benzene hexachloride in the United States. It will be one of the first chemical manufacturers in this country to produce this new insecticide. A new CSC plant will devote its entire output to the mass production of this dramatic new insect killer. CSC will market its new product under the trade name, SIXIDE.



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SCIENCE

Frozen Puzzle

As U.S. Navy planes flew up & down the icebound, roaring coasts of Little America, exploration was not the main purpose. But some genuine exploring was done. The Navy's Antarctic expedition was primarily interested in 1) bolstering U.S. Antarctic claims and 2) training Navy personnel for Arctic operations. Notable findings: great, mountain-bordered bays never mapped before (see map); a newly discovered peak, Mt. X-Ray (15,000 ft.); plenty of bare rock, of interest to mineral hunters.

So far, the Navy had not flown far inland. The blank space beyond the South Pole was still the haziest, most mysterious area on anyone's map. It might be a featureless ice plain or it might be ridged with peaks higher than Mt. X-Ray.

Before the Navy gives way to the Antarctic winter, mapping planes may try to find out if Antarctica is really a single continent. Two deep indentations, the Weddell Sea and the Ross Sea, poke toward one another through its frozen heart. Are the seas connected by a strait choked with eternal ice? This, says Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, is "the world's greatest unsolved geographical puzzle."

Resurgent Boffin

If one man ever really turned the tide of a war, a cheery Scottish scientist named Sir Robert Alexander Watson-Watt[®] might claim to be the man. Sir Robert was the principal inventor of radar. The electronic watchdogs developed by him and his fellow "boffins" (secret war scientists) won the Battle of Britain for the outnumbered R.A.F. Sir Robert got a "well done"—the Order of the Bath.

Radar ballooned in wartime into a great industry—and then collapsed just as suddenly. Few peacetime uses were found for military radars: they were not much help in navigating commercial airplanes or merchant vessels. They were also too costly, too complicated, and practically useless at very short range.

Sir Robert buckled down to designing a special merchant-ship radar. It must, he decided, be nearsighted as well as far-sighted. It must be an all-weather, rugged, comparatively cheap instrument, simple enough for any competent officer to operate without a lot of special knowledge and training.

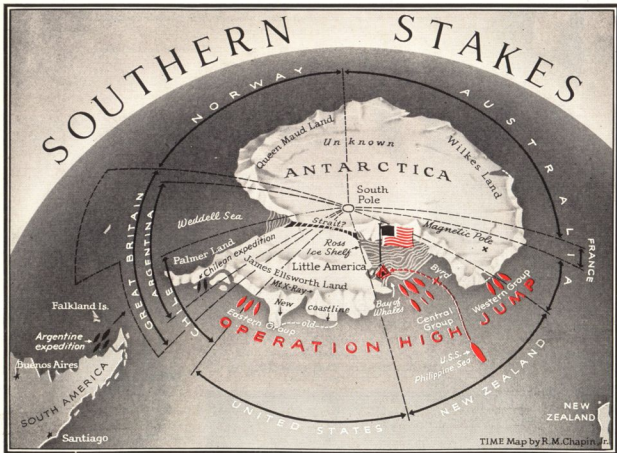
* No kin to James Watt, of steam-engine and kilowatt fame. "At least," says canny Sir Robert, "we never got any of his money."

Last week in Manhattan Sir Robert showed off his latest model. Installed on the bridge of the great *Queen Elizabeth*, it makes wartime radar look like a dim-eyed has-been. When the *Elizabeth* comes up the Narrows, the "scope" shows a highly detailed map, with buildings, docks, the speedway along the Brooklyn shore. Ships lying at anchor are well-defined shapes, not mere blobs. As the big ship approaches her berth, the scope shows the dock, the ferries, even the small tugs under the *Elizabeth's* bows.

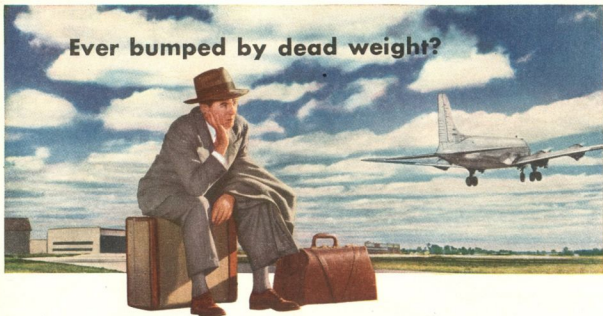
Out in the Atlantic, the scope is generally blank except for "clutter" from nearby waves. The captain can order full speed through the soupiest weather. Obstacles are clearly visible long before they are dangerous.

Sir Robert's new radars cannot be manufactured fast enough to suit ship owners. The price, £2,250 (\$9,000), is a trifle compared to the cost of operating a big ship. During one extra day at sea (running slow through fog, for instance), the *Elizabeth's* passengers eat the worth of two radar sets. Even small ships can quickly recoup the cost of a radar in quickened voyages and reduced insurance charges.

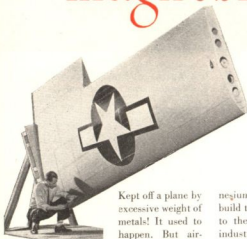
In the back of Sir Robert's head: a "radar telescope" which will magnify on its scope any object of interest within the range of the beam. The observer at night or in fog can "tune in" a distant speck for better examination.



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Painting by Howard Baer—"Planters in Rice"

The Rising China Trade, 1947-way

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Snow Is Predicted

Meteorologists, like other people, deplore the weather, but some of them have designs on it. General Electric Co. scientists recently announced a discovery which might turn weathermen into active weathermakers.

The U.S. winter air is apt to be full of "super-cooled" clouds (below the freezing point). These clouds might, with help, be converted into snow. If it works, G.E.'s effort to manufacture snowstorms might appreciably affect the U.S. climate.

The first step was taken when G.E.'s Vincent J. Schaefer turned a cloud into snow by pelting it from an airplane with pellets of dry ice (TIME, Nov. 25). G.E. then discovered that dry ice is not necessary. A child's popgun shot into a super-cooled cloud works almost as well. The air expanding out of the gun starts snowflakes forming. One night not long ago, G.E.'s Dr. Bernard Vonnegut walked out of his front door into a below-freezing fog. He fired his popgun once. For 30 feet the fog turned into snowflakes.

Stop the Fog. But dry ice and popgun explosions are shortlived instruments. What G.E. snowmen wanted was something that would hang around in the air waiting for a super-cooled cloud. They discovered in the laboratory that snowflakes form more readily if they have something like ice to crystallize on. So they tossed all sorts of powdered substances into the fog in their laboratory "cold chamber." Silver iodide did the trick magnificently, turning the fog to snow. Silver iodide crystals are hexagonal, as snow crystals are. Apparently snowflakes recognize the kinship and are fooled into hanging on. An infinitesimal whiff is enough. In the presence of iodine vapor a single electric spark will knock enough silver out of a dime to start a snow flurry. Burning a cotton string impregnated with silver iodide makes enough crystalline smoke to cause a sizable snowstorm.

The snowmen have not yet tried their silver iodide treatment on full-sized, outdoor clouds, but they intend to soon, with the help of the U.S. Air Forces. In the meantime they have done some figuring. The silver iodide particles need be only one-millionth of an inch in diameter. A billion billion of them will fit in an eggshell. About 200 pounds of silver iodide may be enough to seed the entire atmosphere of the U.S. at the rate of 100,000 nuclei per cubic foot. Adding one pound per hour will keep it seeded.

Stop the Hail. G.E. does not plan to tinker with the whole U.S. atmosphere, but it has its eye on hailstorms, which do enormous damage to crops in certain parts of the country. Hail is formed when raindrops are sucked into rising currents in a thundercloud. They freeze high in the air, collide with super-cooled water droplets, and grow into crop-slashing hailstones. Dr. Irving Langmuir proposes to charge the thunder-threatening air with silver iodide particles. Sucked up into the cloud, they will turn the super-cooled droplets into snow before they can build up hailstones.

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CINEMA

Peep Show

Though London's critics unanimously and openly sneered, Howard Hughes's sexual-toned *The Outlaw* was playing to record crowds at the London Pavilion. Last week 23-year-old Pressagent Suzanne Warner hit a headline jackpot. She lured a psychologist with a psycho-galvanometer (a gadget that measures emotional reactions) into the Pavilion. Her report:

❑ Critic Walter Wilcox of the *Sunday Dispatch*, who had penned a cool review, had a warm, 24-centimeter reaction to a close-up of Jane Russell's parted lips.

❑ Hostile Critic Dick Richards of the *Sunday Pictorial* registered a more-than-friendly 28 centimeters to Jane in a loose bodice.

❑ A lady moviegoer, who claimed indifference to sex on the screen, hit 29 centimeters when Jane prepared to share a gentleman's bed.

❑ A soldier, fresh from two years' overseas duty, banged the top of the register during an actor's tussle with Russell in the hay.

The psychologist's conclusions: 1) average response to the film's Tchaikovsky background music—15 centimeters; 2) average reaction to Jane—22 centimeters; 3) average reaction to Jane with a Tchaikovsky background—34 centimeters. Press-agent Warner's summary: "Tchaikovsky+ Jane Russell = Sex."

New Picture

The Red House (Sol Lesser: United Artists) is a melodrama with a number of differences—most of them to the good. Its story is at once more out-of-the-ordinary and more true-to-life than most.

It is a happy demonstration of the advantages of backgrounding a story with real outdoors rather than studio sets. And it features three screen newcomers who are practically certain to be heard from.

New chore boy, Nath Storm (Lon McCallister), learns from his wooden-legged employer (Edward G. Robinson) that the deserted Red House near the farm is strictly taboo. So are the deep woods that surround it. No reasons are given, beyond Farmer Robinson's obvious terror. Nath and the farmer's adopted child (Allene Roberts), thus forbidden, cannot resist trying to find out what it's all about. They are variously hindered by Nath's lush sweetheart (Julie London) and her sinister spare-time boy friend (Rory Calhoun). Their quest for the core of the farmer's terror results, first of all, in some effectively staged ghost fear: Nath's exploration of the dark, wind-lashed, screaming woods. As the youngsters keep exploring, they are warned off by bullets. When Farmer Robinson's sister (Judith Anderson) is killed, his mind goes to pieces and so, to some extent, does an otherwise good movie. But in the course of his mental crackup, Robinson does explain why the door of the Red House should have stayed shut.

The man chiefly responsible for this thriller's good qualities is evidently Delmer Daves, who wrote the script, found and imaginatively used the excellent back-country locations, and directed some remarkably fresh scenes of adolescent love and rebellion. Veterans Robinson and Anderson are rock-solid in their roles until Mr. Robinson is required to go too melodramatically bats. Lon McCallister, 23, whose nascent film career (*Stage Door*



McCALLISTER & ROBERTS



CALHOUN & LONDON

They should keep out of the deep woods.

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it—quicker, more economically. No other transportation system provides the overall speed, flexibility and economy of motor freight. No matter how you look at it, you can do it better on rubber!

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Canteen, Home in Indiana) was interrupted by the war, shows up as one of Hollywood's most unaffected and likable juveniles. Three young unknowns, intelligently entrusted with important roles, prove themselves more than worthy. The new faces, which are likely to be familiar ones soon:

¶ Allene Roberts, 17, was found working at Hollywood's "Stage 8" television theater. Her chief assets: a lovely, sensitive face; an already subtle skill at timing; a gentle but conspicuous talent.

¶ Julie London, "discovered" by Agent Sue Carol running a Hollywood store elevator (which studio publicists claim had also been previously operated by Susan Peters and Jane Russell). Her chief asset: she vigorously communicates just about all the oomph a teen-ager decently could.

¶ Rory Calhoun, 24, under contract to David O. Selznick for two years, is an ex-lumberjack, an ex-boxer. He was "discovered" on a riding ranch. His chief asset: he suggests a younger, more dangerous Victor Mature.

Also Showing

California (Paramount) is a big, energetic Technicolored western about the 1848 gold rush. It should cause no particular pain to anyone, except possibly historians. Ray Milland is the sullen, unshaven hero, Barbara Stanwyck the hussy-with-heart-of-gold, Barry Fitzgerald the lovable old grape-growing philosopher, and George Coulouris the fine, fascist-minded villain.

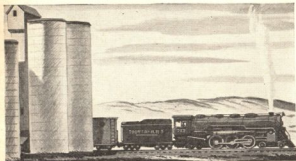
The Shocking Miss Pilgrim (20th Century-Fox) is a dragging, uninspired trifle in fancy dress about "women's rights" in the late 19th Century. The plot consists of one pale joke (in the 1870s, typists seem to have been referred to as "typewriters"). It isn't much fun—despite the Technicolor, some hitherto unpublished Gershwin tunes, Dick Haymes's pleasant baritone, and Betty Grable's incomparable pin-up legs.

It's a Joke, Son (Eagle-Lion) brings radio's unreconstructible Senator Claghorn (Kenny Delmar) to the screen. The movie shows how he became a Senator despite his wife (Una Merkel), who also ran, and a bunch of Yankee-accented political gangsters. The Claghorn delivery rings out as nobly as the Voice of Bugle Ann. Visually the Senator is not so convincing, and his vehicle grates and clatters like loose buggy tires on a concrete pike.

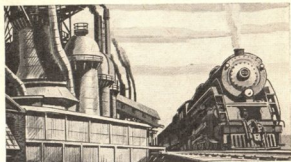
Song of Scheherezade (Universal-International) is another of those amiable semi-burlesques in Technicolor which generally feature either beauteous Maria Montez jouncing down a stairway or beauteous Yvonne de Carlo dancing. This time it is Miss de Carlo's turn. A refined girl, she nevertheless heads the floor show in a tidy sort of Moroccan dive in order to support her mother (Eve Arden), a lady wastrel. She is rescued from these questionable surroundings by a sailor named

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One-third more freight service with one-fifth fewer freight cars!



In 1946 the American farmer grew record-breaking crops. And American industry—in spite of strikes and shortages—produced mountains of consumer goods. It was the job of the nation's basic transportation—the railroads—to carry most of these crops and goods to market.



It turned out to be a big job: more freight to move more miles each week than the railroads had ever before been asked to transport in peacetime. And all this record-breaking farm produce and industrial production had to be handled with fewer cars. Why?



Today the railroads have fewer cars because production delays have made it impossible for them to get delivery of enough of the new freight cars they have ordered. Meanwhile, the effect of wartime wear and tear on the existing supply of cars is taking its toll.



Railroads are moving trains faster—tightening up operations all along the line—and many shippers and receivers of freight are helping get more work out of each freight car—by prompt unloading and loading six days a week. That's one way to help meet the situation.

IN 1929—

2,465,000 freight cars
moved 447 billion ton-miles —

IN 1946—

1,906,000 freight cars
moved 590 billion ton-miles —

In the face of huge demands and too few cars, the railroads are hard at work to get the most out of the cars they have. As compared with the previous peacetime peak (in 1929), *one-fifth fewer cars* are turning out *one-third more ton-miles of transportation service!*



If the average time it takes each car to handle a load can be reduced by just *one day*, the equivalent of 100,000 more cars would be made available. America's industry and its farmers, working in partnership with the railroads, can lick this transportation problem.

ASSOCIATION OF

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The little man
who's always there



Not to everyone is given the gift of seeing or appreciating our little Red-Capped friend.

To see him, frankly, requires a smidgen more imagination than some folks operate on.

But for those who have what it takes, he's there to make friendships friendlier, stories more enthralling, reminiscences less appalling.

To them we say,

Down with mediocrity,
Caps off to Carling's.

CARLING'S ALE

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Nicky Rimsky-Korsakov (Jean Pierre Aumont), Nicky, it seems, is so crazy over music that he cannot notice girls, even if it rains girls. But during his brief shore leave, Miss de Carlo inspires him to compose *Song of India*, *Flight of the Bumblebee*, *Hymn to the Sun* and practically every other famed achievement of



YVONNE DE CARLO
She gave Rimsky-Korsakov ideas.

the composer's lifetime except his streamlining of Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunoff*.

The Metropolitan Opera's Charles Kullman, as the ship's tenor doctor, sings some of the compositions; Miss de Carlo dances several more. There is also an energetic duel with whips. Miss Arden and ship's Captain Brian Donlevy look on as if they could think of far better things to do and say the minute the cameras stop. It is all very foolish and, thanks to a heavy undertone of parody, bearably amusing.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Man's Hope. Not "entertainment," but a fine, grim film about the Spanish Civil War, made in 1938 by Novelist André Malraux (TIME, Feb. 3).

Lady in the Lake. Director-Actor Robert Montgomery expertly runs down suspects in a Raymond Chandler whodunit (TIME, Jan. 27).

The Yearling. Gregory Peck and Jane Wyman in a rather glossy Technicolored version of the Rawlings novel about poor folks in Florida (TIME, Jan. 13).

Stairway to Heaven. British fantasy, imaginative if overblown, with David Niven, Raymond Massey and Roger Livesey (TIME, Dec. 30).

The Best Years of Our Lives. A post-war concert on the heartstrings, with Fredric March, Dana Andrews, Myrna Loy and Teresa Wright, under William Wyler's direction (TIME, Nov. 25).



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P. S. Do you know? The Dept. of Agriculture says it's perfectly safe to leave food in an opened can, if you just keep it cool and covered.



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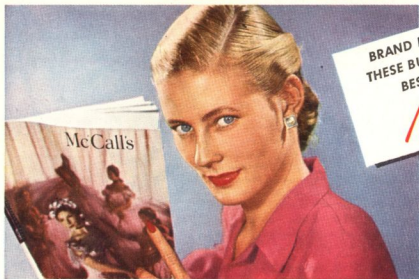
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of coiffured loveliness,
inspired by a page
in her favorite magazine —
and now, lending nature
a friendly hand
she'll make that picture real!



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move advertising into action
—as McCall's editors
translate continuous
in-the-home research
into stimulating expressions
of women's hopes and dreams.

BOOKS

Traveling Joyce

THE PORTABLE JAMES JOYCE (760 pp.)—Introduction and Notes by Harry Levin—Viking (\$2).

FABULOUS VOYAGER: JAMES JOYCE'S ULYSSES (299 pp.)—Richard M. Kain—University of Chicago (\$4).

Last week travelers could carry, in one trim volume, much of the best work of a prodigious literary traveler—the proud, pawky Irish genius whose explorations often needed a map to follow. This week the latest map was also provided, in a new book-length study of James Joyce's famous *Ulysses*.

Years before Joyce died in Zurich (Jan. 13, 1941), he had been recognized as, at least, the greatest living experimenter with the English language; at most, the strongest universal mind since Dante. But his hard writing was hard reading; even with a reputation for dirty passages, Joyce's *Ulysses* has sold only 110,000 copies in the U.S.

Ulysses—banned in the U.S. until 1933, when a federal court declared that its incidental obscenities did not make it an obscene book—was hard enough. *Finnegans Wake* (1939), Joyce's final work, written in a dream language of outrageous puns and unheard-of syntax, was a great deal harder; it could not be read, in the ordinary sense—it had to be unraveled.

The world Joyce wrote about was, on the surface, the city of Dublin, where he had lived until, at 22, he forsook Ireland for lifelong expatriation on the Continent. His endless evocation of Dublin and the inner life of its people, pathetic, somnambulist, comic and dirty, was as factual as a photograph and as symbolic as a liturgy. Even sympathetic critics sometimes lost patience with him. Wrote Cyril Connolly in 1943:

"I have lately been reading both Joyce and Proust with considerable disappointment; they both seem to me very sick men, giant invalids who, in spite of enormous talent, were crippled by the same disease, elephantiasis of the ego. They both attempted titanic tasks, and both failed for lack of that dull but healthy quality without which no masterpiece can be contrived, a sense of proportion."

Reckless Laughter. The men responsible for these two new books on Joyce do not share Connolly's disappointment. In the introduction to his portable Joyce (containing selections from *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* as well as Joyce's short stories, his *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, his lyrics and his play, *Exiles*, all complete), Harvard's Professor Harry Levin wrote: "As we study them closely, we are less intimidated by their idiosyncrasies, and more impressed not only by the qualities they share with the great books of other ages, but by their vital concern for the problems of our own age."

Joyce's characters were rendered as "streams of consciousness," his world as



JAMES JOYCE & STEPHEN
"Of the dark past . . ."

Acme

a relativistic universe of "mind events." In a century that has been wished, by some well-wishers, on the Common Man, Joyce's heroically common Leopold Bloom seemed designed to remind them of the man they are talking about.

This type, whom demagogues affect to love, Joyce really loved and loathed, grieved for, impersonated and laughed himself sick over. With Freudian penetration and unFreudian humor, he understood Bloom's mind as a river of non-sequiturs and fantasies of fear, guilt and desire—a gigantic living ragbag, intermittently aware of his fellows, and at the same time tiny, lonely and abandoned in a vast, fearsome universe.

The Office of Katharsis. Professor Levin argues that Joyce's "imaginative constructions are . . . grounded on the rock of his buried religious experience." Strictly speaking, Joyce's religious experience was adolescent. He was barely out of his teens when he renounced Ireland and with it the Roman Catholic Church. Much has been made of his Jesuit education, of how his mind was formed by Catholicism and in particular by St. Thomas Aquinas. It is equally true to say that his mind was formed about as independently as any mind ever was. His mocking *The Holy Office*, written in 1904 against his Irish enemies and crudely descriptive of his lifelong activity in letters, was still a boyish boast:

That they may dream their dreamy dreams

I carry off their filthy streams . . .

Thus I relieve their timid arses,

Perform my office of Katharsis . . .

Those souls that hate the strength that mine has

Steeled in the school of old Aquinas.

"Wholeness, harmony and radiance" were the ideals of art that Joyce took from Aquinas, "How can these qualities be constructed," asks Professor Levin, "out of the fragments, the discords and the obscure details of modern life?" He gives what he thinks was Joyce's answer: "By proceeding through what William James terms 'the stream of consciousness' to what Jung terms 'the racial unconscious,' beyond individual dreams to collective myth."

Finnegans Wake, a poem of sleep and flux, is also a masterpiece of systematic ambiguity, honoring less the waking mind that made it than the night world of humanity and the mythic "nightmare of history" from which Joyce as a young man said he wished to awake. Critics may wonder if *Finnegans Wake* is not a huge, jesting and virtuoso footnote to Joyce's

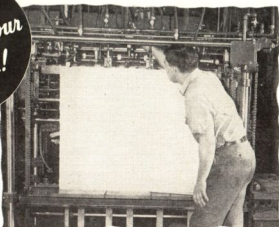


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simplest and finest poem, *Eccle Puer*, written soon after his father died and his grandson Stephen was born in 1932:

*Of the dark past -
A child is born;
With joy and grief
My heart is torn.*

*Calm in his cradle
The living lies.
May love and mercy
Unclose his eyes!*

*Young life is breathed
On the glass;
The world that was not
Comes to pass.*

*A child is sleeping:
An old man gone.
O, father forsaken,
Forgive your son!*

Threadbare Survivors. The newborn child (Stephen Joyce) that Joyce wrote of is now 15, and enrolled at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. Baptized a Catholic without his fond grandfather's knowledge, Stephen went to school during the war at Glion, Switzerland. In Zurich last week his father, Giorgio Joyce, and his grandmother, Nora (Joyce's widow), were living in threadbare bleakness, victims of wartime exchange restrictions which still allowed them to receive only £75 a year from the Joyce estate in London, to which all royalties on the books are paid.

James Joyce's grave was marked by a black stone in the snowy Fluntern Cemetery above Zurich. Nobody seemed to know what has become of his last unpublished writings. His secretary, Paul Léon, returning to Paris for them in 1940, had been caught by the Nazis and never heard from again. It is possible that Mme. Léon, thought to be in the south of France, has some of the notebooks from which students of Joyce might learn more of his plans for the work which death interrupted. By one account it was to be an epic on the sea; by another, a classic tragedy.

Younger Generation

CHILDREN OF VIENNA (223 pp.)—Robert Neumann—Dutton (\$2.75).

Robert Neumann is one of those novelists who wish to leave the reader's complacency in tatters. At his best, he is brilliantly artful at it. His *By the Waters of Babylon* (TIME, July 1, 1940) remains a classic work of fiction on the lives of European Jews. *Children of Vienna*, a much slighter story, is addressed, says Vienna-born Author Neumann, "to the men and women of the victorious countries"—especially to any who have failed to imagine life in the rubble "east of the Meridian of Despair."

In the cellar of a bombed-out building in Vienna several children are wintering like rats. The youngest, Tiny, is lying covered with newspapers in a handcart. The shrewdest, Yid, 13, a pickpocket, bends over her. "She is nearly going," he says to seven-year-old Curis. "Look at her belly. I

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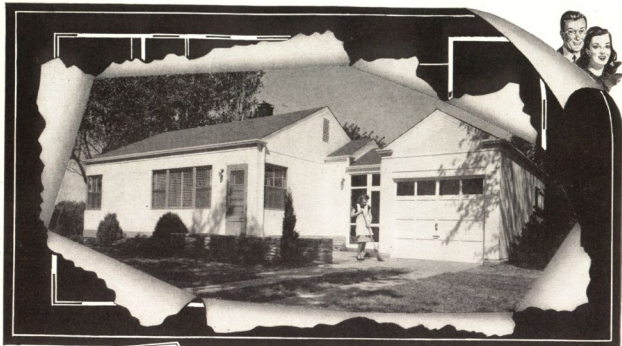
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know, from camp. You can die from a shrink belly or you can die from a balloon belly."

"Or you can die from spots."

Yid said: "There are five different sorts of spots. . . . My mother was caught with spots at the parade in Oswiecim. Off she went. Gas."

"My mother," said Curis, "was liberated by the Poles. . . . she screamed. They hit me over the head and liberated her. When I came to she was gone."

Their refuge is threatened by an ex-Nazi who is in solid with the Allied Military Government, and by an ex-SS man looking for a girl. The children are joined by Goy, who is 14 and strong, and by Eve, who is 15 and has a friend with her, a girl named Ate. When the SS man comes back drunk, Goy and Yid nearly kill him.

"I used to like films about the Führer," Eve said.

Ate said: "I like them about real love. Soft love, you know. Not rape."

"Rape is so mean, I think," Eve said. "It's just because they don't want to pay."

Strangest visitor to the cellar is a U.S. Army Negro chaplain, the Rev. Hoseah Washington Smith, of Jesus Church, Beulah, Louisiana. At first Yid thinks the chaplain is a sucker who will pay 60 smokes for Eve. But the Rev. Mr. Smith has a package which he says contains "calories."

"Nobody can teach me calories," said the boy. "It is what you die of. . . . You can die of 1,100 calories with the British and Americans, or you can die of 900 calories with the French, or you can die of 800 calories in a concentration camp."

Chaplain Smith works a miracle in the cellar. Before his zeal on behalf of the children finally gets him arrested, he even has Yid using phrases like "the Lord permitting."

Children of Vienna is a bitter little tale of conquered Europe's younger generation, its postwar jargon and cynicism and the still unconquered reasons for it.

The Many Lincolns

THE LINCOLN READER (564 pp.)—Edited by Paul M. Angle—Rutgers University Press [\$3.75].

U.S. university presses usually mosey along about their useful, traditional business, publishing scholarly biographies, monographs on the pterodactyl or the mud turtle, studies in the syntax of Middle English or Middle High German prose. But some of them are broadening their lists, and now the young, enterprising Rutgers University Press has gone streaking off on its own to corral a Lincoln volume for which almost any big-city commercial publisher would have mortgaged his corporate soul. The Book-of-the-Month Club has made it its February choice,* and 500,000 copies are in print.

The *Lincoln Reader* is a kind of patchwork-quilt biography, expertly and tidily

* Only other Book-of-the-Month selection from a U.S. university press: *Wa-Ken-Tah* (Oklahoma), co-choice for November 1939. The Literary Guild has never picked a university press book.



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done, Editor Paul M. Angle,* a Chicago historian and bibliographer, has taken extracts from 65 authors, great and small, and worked them into a running narrative of Lincoln's life.

Carl Sandburg's *Prairie Years and War Years* are drawn upon, as are the biographies by Lord Charnwood, Beveridge, Tarbell, etc. But some of the most vivid passages are from rarely read 19th Century sources, among them Donn Platt's *Memories* (1887), Elizabeth Keckley's *Behind the Scenes* (1868). Sample glimpses:

¶ Abraham Lincoln sits at home as his young sons clamber over him; they "patted his cheeks, pulled his nose and poked their fingers in his eyes." The sons were roughnecks: "Willie and Tad . . . rifled the drawers and riddled boxes, battered the points of my gold pens against the stairs, turned over the inkstands on the



A. LINCOLN & TAD
Roughnecks and rifled drawers.

papers. . . . I wanted to wring the necks of these brats and pitch them out of the windows."

¶ A sculptor comes to Springfield to take plaster impressions of Lincoln's hands. He suggests that something be held while the cast is being made. Lincoln vanishes into a woodshed, is heard sawing away, reappears with a carefully trimmed piece of broomstick. The sculptor protests that any old object would have served. "Oh, well," says Lincoln, "I thought I would like to have it nice."

¶ A few days before his assassination, Lincoln visits ruined Richmond in the company of some Union officers. He is immediately recognized by Negroes, who kneel before him, singing hymns. He is "much embarrassed," but listens respectfully, then makes a little speech. Finally he says, "There, now, let me pass on; I have but little time to spare," walks away slowly up the hot, dusty street, carrying "his hat in his hand, fanning his face," from which the sweat trickles.

* Not to be confused with Iowa Poet Paul Engle (*American Song, West of Midnight*).

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Cheese On a Round Table

THE CATOCTIN CONVERSATION [283 pp.]—Jay Franklin—Scribner (\$3).

Even a Shakespeare—or a Norman Corwin—might shrink from the task of putting Franklin D. Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, Bernard Baruch and Harry Hopkins into a room together and making them converse on Plato, Thomas Jefferson, tariffs and Joseph Stalin. But Columnist ("We, the People") Jay Franklin has done precisely that.

He has also written in parts for himself and Dr. Ernst ("Putzi") Hanfstaengl, onetime Hitler aide, who speaks in defense of the Germans. The scene of this symposium (which Author Franklin unnecessarily assures the reader is "entirely imaginary") is a Virginia hunting lodge; the time is 1943, on the eve of the invasion of Italy.

Chumminess is *Catoctin's* keynote. "Of course," chuckles Roosevelt to Baruch, "you won't be interested in [sandwiches] made with that ham from Georgia, but there are some . . . made of sanitary Wisconsin cheese, just for you." Mr. Churchill often bounds off into sonorous oratory, uses words like "bloody" and "jolly." Mr. Baruch is a wise elder statesman who can feel things "in his bones." Mr. Hopkins, who represents the frustrated New Dealer, is sincere but tart, and has to be reprimanded by Roosevelt for using the word "stink" in front of Mr. Churchill. Author Franklin, who once worked for the State Department as an economist and was active in psychological warfare during World War II, plays the none-too-modest role of moderator between the Chiefs of State.

The Word According to Welles. As a political statement, *The Catoctin Conversation* is warmly sponsored in an introduction by onetime Assistant State Secretary Sumner Welles. Stripped of its high jinks, the *Conversation* hinges on post-war Anglo-American-Soviet relations. To Churchill, rigorous Anglo-American unity is the best answer to Uncle Joe; to Roosevelt, such unity must never be carried to a point where it excludes Soviet-American harmony, nor must the U.S. take sides in Anglo-Soviet rivalry. "In his talks with me," says Sumner Welles, "Roosevelt never wavered in [this] conviction."

When Roosevelt talks big about liberty and global harmony, Author Franklin (& friends) confront him mercilessly with the harsh realities of economic security and power politics. On the other hand, Churchill, whose hardheadedness Moderator Franklin clearly favors, gets away with oratorical murder on the subject of the divinely created British Empire.

When the conversation concludes, in the small hours, the resulting "Catoctin Declaration" proclaims agreement on eight major points. One of them: "Soviet and other totalitarian powers [will be] resisted by the creation of a world order based on freedom and abundance." Readers are likely to feel that with so many big fish in his net, perky Author Franklin has cooked a pretty small fry.

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