

TWENTY CENTS

FEBRUARY 24, 1947

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chaliapin

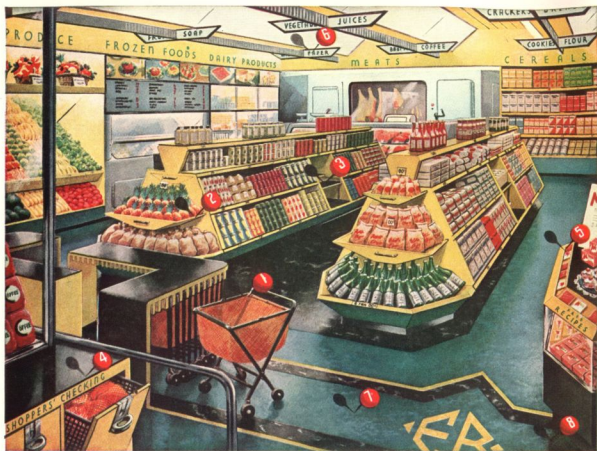
GEORGE II, KING OF THE HELLENES

A land bordered by hatred, split by doubt.

\$6.50 A YEAR

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

VOL. XLIX NO. 8



IDEAS for self-service food stores

LAST YEAR people bought food wherever they could find what they wanted. But today customers are again choosing where they want to buy. Here's a store that has been designed to be the shopper's choice. It combines the best thinking of successful grocers all over the country, food merchandising experts, and store equipment designers.

As you study it, you'll discover ideas that may be adaptable to your own store. The red pins highlight the main features.

1 Shopping carts have inexpensive mesh bag to hold shopper's selections. Bag is removed from cart when purchases are checked and becomes customer's take-home container. Carts fold and are stored in rack under counter, eliminating jam of empty carts near entrance.

2 One or both of the drawer-type shelves on gondola ends can be pulled out to hold single or double displays of food items—or pushed in out of the way when one large display is built on the base. This permits unusual flexibility in arrangement of merchandise displays.

3 Dumb-waiters provide a convenient method for transferring stock from basement to main floor. And by allowing easy disposal of empty boxes, they eliminate clutter on selling floor.

4 Bins for checking parcels are a convenience for customers who come to store with packages or who have to make other calls, too. Bins have screened sides and bottoms for ventilation.

5 Promotion counter for introducing new products—with or without a demonstration—can be wheeled to any department, depending on merchandise shown. Front rack holds sales literature; shelves below hold stock.

6 Easily changed signs help shoppers locate merchandise quickly. Overhead light fixtures highlight gondola sides and wall displays, and give the store flattering over-all illumination.

Free! Send for complete plan. The portfolio, "Ideas for Self-Service Food Stores," illustrates and explains all features of this model store, gives helpful suggestions on the use of Armstrong's Linoleum in all types of shops. To receive your copy, address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 4702 Lancaster Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. (Similar portfolios are available for other businesses.)

7 A gleaming floor of Armstrong's Linoleum does more than anything else to create the smart, clean atmosphere so essential to a food store. Even when heavy traffic streams in and out of your store all day, Armstrong's Linoleum stays bright looking with only an occasional quick cleaning. Maintenance costs are reduced to a minimum. Your linoleum merchant will be glad to help you design a practical, time-saving floor exactly suited to your business.



Created as a service to food store operators in collaboration with the National Association of Retail Grocers by the makers of

ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM FLOORS

Custom Laid or **A** Standard Design



New nylon-rayon truck tires are better than prewar tires

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

EVEN the largest B.F. Goodrich truck tires are now better than prewar. The latest improvement is a nylon "shock shield" right under the tread to break the force of sharp blows. It is used in sizes 8.25 and larger.

Nylon is strong and elastic. When a heavy truck hits a pointed rock on the highway the tire must absorb the blow. Such impacts often lead to bruises and blow-outs. That's one reason so many truck tires reach the scrap pile before they're really worn out. Nylon shock shields now give extra protection to the rayon cord

body. That protection means a four-way saving:

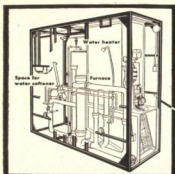
(1) Average tire mileage is increased. (2) Tires have greater resistance to bruises. (3) There's less danger of tread separation. (4) More tires can be recapped.

Nylon was used by B.F. Goodrich as early as 1942 in building airplane tires for the army and navy. The shock-resisting ability of nylon cord made it ideal for use in big tires where 80-ton loads had to be set down at high speeds on improvised landing strips. It was used in all tires for B-29 bombers.

The development of truck tires with a nylon shock shield is typical of the constant improvement being made in all types of tires by B.F. Goodrich. Only from B.F. Goodrich can you get truck tires built with a weightless rayon cord body. Now they have the extra protection of the nylon shock shield. Nylon makes them more expensive to build, yet they sell at regular prices. Before you buy tires, see the B.F. Goodrich man. *The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

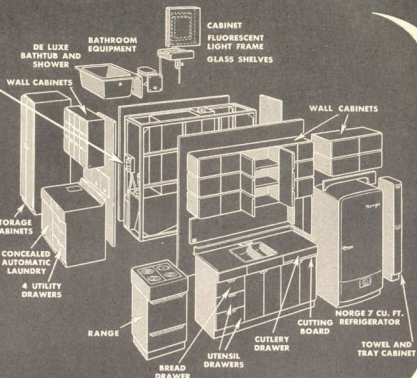
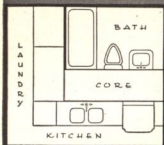
Truck Tires BY
B.F. Goodrich

Now one-package "UTILITY UNIT"



MECHANICAL "HEART" is this factory-assembled core. In less than 10 minutes it can be unboxed and placed in position in the house any time after walls and roof are up. Weighs about 1180 pounds. Rolls through doorways. Every portion of it remains always accessible. Through advanced engineering like this B-W's "Ingersoll Utility Unit" makes possible:

**ONE "PACKAGE"... ONE PURCHASE
ONE INSTALLATION**



They've thought of everything in this De Luxe model! Just imagine all facilities for kitchen, bath, laundry and heating in a single "package". So compactly engineered and integrated that they all fit into a space only 9½ x 9½ feet. The equipment includes a large electric refrigerator, gas or electric range, forced warm air furnace, hot water heater... together with all fittings, fixtures and controls,

plumbing and electric lines. Fluorescent lighting. (For Standard model, see below at far right.) The "Ingersoll Utility Unit" is sold only as a "package". The various parts are not available separately. However, the floor plan shown here is only one of many possibilities. The appliances, being an integral part of the unit, qualify for financing under the regular, easy, long-term home mortgage.



Hide-away automatic laundry! Swing open a door—and under your gleaming, porcelain-cameled work space you have the most modern washing machine. Washes—triple rinses—and damp dries clothes *automatically*. Alongside the laundry are 4 deep, roomy drawers for storage of supplies. Here's real compactness and modern "production line" efficiency!



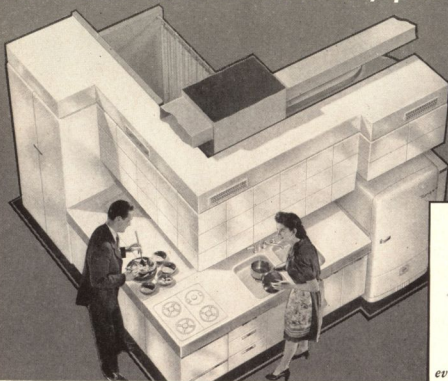
A bathroom that sparkles bright with porcelain and chrome. Combining a shower and roomy, full-size, recessed tub. In addition, it also has a modern streamlined lavatory, indirectly lighted medicine cabinet, and plenty of open and concealed shelves for storage space. Short pipe connections to the tub and lavatory assure instant hot water.



Storage for a "roomful" made of steel and 7 feet high—it holds loads of supplies. And over and under your kitchen counters—more spacious cabinets. Beautifully designed. And all up-to-date as can be, with concealed pulls that spare your fingertips. The paneled doors are thoroughly insulated for quiet operation.

speeds new homes nationwide

BORG-WARNER'S "Ingersoll Utility Unit"
integrates **KITCHEN...BATH...LAUNDRY...HEATING**
into one installation that saves time, space and money.



One more example of
the ingenuity of

BORG- WARNER

which benefits almost
every American every day*

Just what every woman wants! Top architects have proved B-W's "Ingersoll Utility Unit" ideal for low and medium cost houses. Within and on three sides of a central core, B-W has grouped all the equipment for maximum convenience. It is designed to be mass-manufactured by methods similar to those used in making automobiles, assuring faster construction at lower cost. (To benefit the greatest number speedily, the Standard model, without laundry and with certain other modifications, is being produced first for project homes. See below.)

through the automotive, aviation, marine and farm implement industries and the production of Norge home appliances! These units form Borg-Warner, Executive Offices, Chicago:

BORG & BECK • BORG-WARNER INTERNATIONAL • BORG WARNER SERVICE PARTS • B-W SUPER-CHARGERS, INC. • CALUMET STEEL • DETROIT GEAR • DETROIT VAPOR STOVE • INGERSOLL STEEL • LONG MANUFACTURING • LONG MANUFACTURING CO., LTD. • MARBON • MARVEL-SCHIEBLER CARBURETOR • MECHANICS UNIVERSAL JOINT • MORSE CHAIN • MORSE CHAIN CO., LTD. • NORGE • NORGE-HEAT • NORGE MACHINE PRODUCTS • PESCO PRODUCTS • ROCKFORD CLUTCH • SPRING DIVISION • WARNER AUTOMOTIVE PARTS • WARNER GEAR • WARNER GEAR CO., LTD. • WISCONSIN TRANSMISSION




Big, modern refrigerator—with just the right temperatures and degrees of humidity available for perfect storage of everything from frozen foods to dry staples. It's a dependable B-W "Norge" and comes equipped with the famous long-life "Rollator" compressor, and the exclusive "Night Watch". This latter device automatically defrosts the refrigerator each midnight.



The Standard model, a simplified version which eliminates the laundry, is already in volume production. Projects now using, or planning to use, this model are located in Oklahoma City, Okla.; Columbus, Ohio; Enid, Okla.; Toledo, Ohio; Springfield, Mo.; Grand Rapids, Mich.; Kansas City, Mo.; Mineola, L. I., N. Y.; Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Peoria, Ill. and Seattle, Wash.

*For example 19 of the 20 makes of motor cars contain essential parts made by B-W... every commercial plane has aboard vital B-W equipment... 9 out of every 10 farms speed food production the B-W way.



DEHYDRATION TUBE
SENSATION
HANK NO CONDENSATION
NO. 10732289
ING DRAWS FREELY

than ordinary pipes

Hollycourt . . . the *only* pipe with the patented recessed groove and grate in the bottom of the bowl

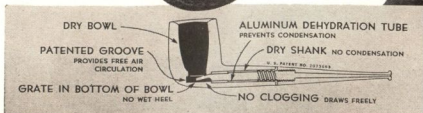
SELECTED IMPORTED BRIAR

Pre-Smoked

BY LINKMAN'S EXCLUSIVE MACHINE

\$5 and \$10

The Supply of Hollycourts
Is Limited... They Can Not
Be Mass Produced



Fashioned by M. LINKMAN & CO., Chicago 14, Illinois

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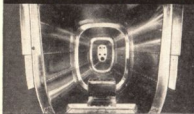
Volume XLIX
Number 2

CESSNA SETS THE PACE AGAIN IN 1947 WITH

More for your Money



MORE Comfort, MORE Utility, MORE Safety, More for your Money



Durability Up, Maintenance Down! Cessna's all-metal structure is impervious to damp or dry climates, means maximum safety, minimum maintenance. A typical example of Cessna quality!



Airliner-Type Ventilation. Cessna's new noiseless, all-weather ventilating system provides precise, easily adjustable control of air flow into cabin. Rain-proof in flight or on ground.



New Muffled Exhaust greatly reduces noise level both inside and outside the cabin, permits normal conversation in flight... another Cessna feature that adds to your flying pleasure.



New Interior Styling with top quality two-tone fabrics and genuine leather, plus new foam-rubber seat cushions mounted on no-sag springs, affords the utmost in beauty and flying comfort.



Redesigned Instrument Panel with new ultra-modern styling and rheostat-light control, and shock-mounted for longer instrument life; Greater accuracy, also enhances interior beauty.



CESSNA 120

Students! Learn to Fly the Plane You'll Buy!

The Cessna 120 is the ideal trainer—the "station wagon" of the line. Same size as the 140—all-metal structure—top speed over 120 m. p. h.—a fine, general utility craft with real cross-country performance. See it at your dealer's!

Get off to a flying start on business or pleasure trips... in winter or summer... in a Cessna. It's a year-round, cross-country performer with a cruising speed over 100 m. p. h.—a range of more than 450 miles—a service ceiling of 15,500 feet and an 80-pound luggage capacity. Directional ventilation system makes possible heating the cabin for comfortable cross-country, winter flying. What's more,

with the Cessna patented, safety landing gear, you can take off and land safely in winds that ground most light planes.

The Cessna 140 is a fast, clean, 2-place craft, that delivers for only \$3245 (f. o. b. Wichita). The 120 is basically identical—minus starter, generator, battery, flaps and with less luxurious interior trim—and delivers for \$2695 (f. o. b. Wichita).



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW...

Cessna Aircraft Company, Dept. T — Wichita, Kansas
Please send free literature on Cessna 140 and 120.

Name.....

Street No.....

City.....State.....



It's SUN VALLEY

GAY BLADE \$15-\$20

It's GAY GRAY

It's the DOBBS



GAY PRINCE \$20



North—South—East—

West—wherever smart people are congregating this spring, you see the

newest of Dobbs hat innovations—gray on gray. "Gay Gray" replaces the conventional black hat band and brings to the approaching season a welcome dash of gaiety. Forget the dark clouds of winter, change to "Gay Gray" in your favorite Dobbs style and hat weight. Like the first warmth of sunshine—"It's the Dobbs".

Available at all finer stores



Other fine Dobbs hats—\$10 to \$40

DOBBS HATS NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTER • PARK AVE. AT 53rd ST. • N. Y. 22, N. Y.

LETTERS

The Devil

Sirs:

... I wish to give an Atheist's answer to the point of view presented by Mgr. Sheen in ... his broadcast (TIME, Feb. 31).

The claim made by the gentleman is that Liberalism is dying, allegedly because such Liberalism requires a moral basis which it is unable to create or maintain. This is absolutely false. The ideas of goodness in the broader sense are not the exclusive property of, or even result of, religion. The basic ideas of decent and cooperative behavior are but the inevitable product of intelligent people who wish to live together in harmony.

... In an unreligious society there is no cessation of judgment as to what is right and what is wrong. Such judgments are made, however, not out of fear of some mysterious supernatural unknown, but for the sake of the right action itself. ...

FRED KUEHNDORF JR.

Scarsdale, N.Y.

Sirs:

Historical Liberalism dying! Rather, "Modern man in his loneliness and frustration" is hungering for membership in a community that will give him "enlargement of purpose" which nearly 2,000 years of historical Catholicism has been unable to satisfy.

To decry as "the ape of God" all those who do not hew to the party line is ecclesiastical dictatorship at its apogee. ...

Erie, Pa.

RUTH M. CRAIG

Sirs:

What Mgr. Sheen is describing is not the dawn of the religious phase of human history, but a retrogression to the era of the persecuting bigot and the inquisitor. ...

Columbus, Ohio JOSEPH V. THOMAS

Sirs:

As a Unitarian ... I take personal offense. ...

The liberal religion of humanitarians has

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TIME
February 24, 1947

Volume XLIX
Number 8

TIME, FEBRUARY 24, 1947

EACH DOT represents an oil refiner displaying this trademark

HOW MANY DO YOU THINK THERE ARE ?

- a. *seventy-five?*
- b. *one hundred fifty-two?*
- c. *two hundred forty?*
- d. *fourteen thousand?*

See correct answer below:



If you will carefully count the dots, you will find that there are exactly two hundred forty . . . which is the number of U.S. oil refiners who are now using Ethyl brand of antiknock compound to improve their best gasoline.

So **c** is the right answer—but if you guessed higher than this we can't mark you as being entirely wrong

. . . because the progressive oil refining companies that are licensed by the Ethyl Corporation to add its antiknock compound to their gasoline sell the finished product through thousands of jobbers and dealers. These distributors in turn display the Ethyl trademark on pumps that contain good gasoline improved by the famous Ethyl antiknock compound that increases power and performance.

ETHYL CORPORATION—MAKERS OF ETHYL BRAND OF ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND



Mister,
this is how
a shirt
should fit!

It's the world-famous Van Heusen White Shirt—a fitting tribute to lovers of style and comfort! Like an armful!—Maybe later, but meanwhile try for one or two at your nearest dealer. Sanforized—a new one free if a Van Heusen shirt shrinks out of size.



Famous Van Heusen one-piece collar can't wilt—stays fresh all day without starch! Every seam is masterfully stitched to Van Heusen master standards!



Van Heusen tailors extra action-room at shoulders, armholes, elbows. Tapered figure-fit flatters your torso. Laboratory-tested fabrics. Endorsed by the American Institute of Laundering.

Van Heusen

the one **white** shirt that's different

Phillips-Jones Corp., New York 1, N. Y. Makers of Van Heusen Shirts, Ties, Pajamas, Collars, Sport Shirts.

given to the world the great works of such men & women as Horace Mann, Susan B. Anthony, Julia Ward Howe, Thomas Jefferson, Peter Cooper. . . .

Just look around you, Msgr. Sheen, at some of your Catholic countries—Mexico, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Poland, etc., where ignorance, squalor, pogroms, ghettos, persecution and the Roman Catholic Church rule. . . .

JEAN H. MASSIMO

New York City

Sirs:

After careful consideration of the excerpts from Msgr. Sheen's address, I have come to the conclusion that I am the Devil. What do I do now?

CRANE C. HAUSER

Chicago

Ans.

Sirs:

Now that we have all enjoyed guessing, are you going to tell us or do we have to wait for your quarterly quiz? The question is, did Marshall tell Chiang of his new appointment [TIME, Jan. 20, p. 21], or was Ambassador Stuart the only one who knew it [p. 34]?

BART NELSON

Stockton, Calif.

¶ The shamefaced answer: TIME was wrong on p. 21, right on p. 34.—Ed.

Flatbush Exception

Sirs:

Just beyond the outskirts of the Brooklyn community known as Flatbush—but geographically in a section called Crown Heights—there happen to be a few acres of ground called Ebbebs Field. Undoubtedly, certain sport-minded residents are interested in what goes on there. But there is a widespread impression that not only Flatbush but all of Brooklyn is merely an extension of that ball park. There is one of the worst offenders in disseminating that humiliating propaganda.

"Nobody in Flatbush," smirks your issue [Feb. 3], "blamed Leo and Laraine for flying to Juárez, Mexico, to get her a second divorce with no strings attached, or for driving back to El Paso to be married." In other words, the Hollywood, irresponsible, matrimonial philosophy is sanctioned blithely in Flatbush! . . .

Flatbush is a fairly prosperous middle-class residential community made up for the most part of marriage-respecting, law-abiding families. The Dodgers' manager may be a hero to certain thousands of Brooklyn's three million, but an amazing preponderance of the residents are serenely unconcerned about the arrogant gentleman's penny romance.

JANET S. ALTSHULER

Brooklyn

¶ TIME notes the exception, hastily qualifies its flat statement about Flatbush—which it still believes, nevertheless, is not really boined up about Leo and Laraine.—Ed.

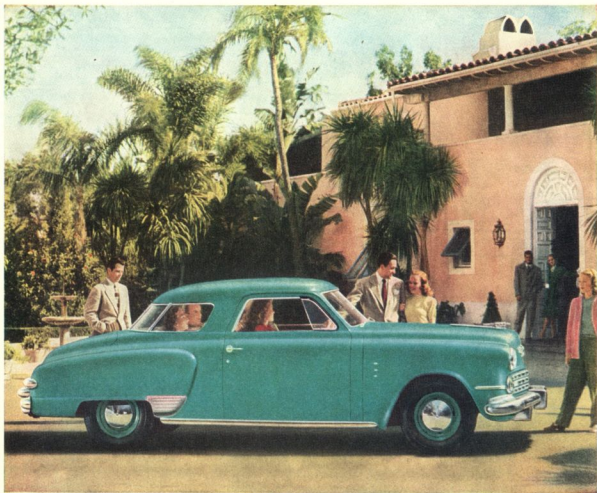
Fault?

Sirs:

The caption over the item concerning William Tatem Tilden II [TIME, Jan. 27] read "Fault!" Would it not have been more appropriately "Fault?"

I wonder how long it will take before the progressive, scientifically developed peoples of the world will be able to distinguish between the criminal and the diseased and will treat each group individually. I doubt sincerely if Judge Scott's method of cure

TIME, FEBRUARY 24, 1947



Actual color photograph of 1947 Studebaker Commander Regal De Luxe coupe for 5 passengers

All alone in really original postwar styling . . . thrillingly different new 1947 Studebaker



The extra quality of Studebaker craftsmanship costs you nothing extra!—You get real transportation insurance when you invest in a Studebaker, thanks to the painstaking care of exceptionally competent automotive craftsmen. Two members of one of Studebaker's many father-and-son teams are pictured here—they are C. B. Altie and his son C. B. Junior.

DRIVING a new 1947 Studebaker Champion or Commander is an experience any motorist long remembers. You scarcely park this postwar dream car, before people admiringly gather 'round.

That's just a beginning. You feel the same tingling thrill of pride over and over again, every time you drive this Studebaker beauty.

It's a car that's a postwar miracle of riding comfort—almost completely free from jolting, jouncing and forward pitch—and so steady and surefooted, there is scarcely any sway on the turns.

This postwar Studebaker is rugged and powerful, yet light as a feather in your hands. Its exclusive new brakes automatically adjust them-

selves. Its unique "black light" instrument dials don't glare into your eyes or windshield at night.

Low, long, beautifully proportioned, it's an amazingly roomy car. Huge windshields, rear windows and side windows assure extraordinary visibility.

Don't settle for anything less than this distinctive Studebaker. Its chassis is new. Its body is new. Its performance is new. It's thoroughly postwar—it's a real 1947 car.

STUDEBAKER

*First by far with a
postwar car*

©1947 The Studebaker Corp'n, South Bend 27 Ind., U.S.A.



"Adventure is ready for you!"

1. "I'd never have believed it a few days ago if somebody'd told me I was about to begin the adventure of my lifetime. To explore fascinating ruins of ancient Inca cities! Visit a scenic wonderland of mountains, seashore, beautiful lakes! Live the life of Reilly in some of the world's newest, smartest hotels!

PANAGRA KODACHROMES BY MAXWELL F. COPLAN



2. "But, thanks to Panagra's big, fast, Douglas DC-4's, here I am writing you from Chile... from the luxurious hotel you see above. Panagra's fine 4-engined planes have taken me from Panama to Ecuador, Peru and Chile. Later, I'll fly on to Argentina, Brazil, Bolivia and Colombia. I'm having the time of my life, seeing interesting people...enjoying things I never dreamed are now within a few flying hours of home. Panagra Service is the finest I know. Food is superb. And, there's no waiting for reservations. It's one vacation that has no waiting list!"

3. Anywhere in South America, from Balboa south to Buenos Aires, is now an easy, comfortable, quick plane hop from home over the vast system of 8,800 miles of airways pioneered by Panagra...an associate of Pan American World Airways. Whether you plan a business trip, or a vacation, Panagra is ready to take care of you right now...to offer you fast, low-cost service backed by 18 years of experience and the last word in modern equipment.



PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS, INC.
Serving the Americas Since 1928

For descriptive folder, full information on the Panagra sound-and-color motion picture "This is South America," or reservations, See your Travel Agent or nearest Pan American World Airways Office or write Panagra, Chrysler Building, New York 17, N. Y.

—nine months in jail and then five years of probation—will prove very effective.

Since alcoholism has been regarded realistically, as the disease that it is . . . there has been an encouraging percentage of cases cured. There seems little doubt that sexual abnormalities could also be more effectively handled by physicians and psychiatrists. . . .

DONALD F. HUGHES

Syracuse, N. Y.

Lightning Strike

Sirs:

Re the footnote to your article, "The Colonel Takes a Trip" [TIME, Jan. 27], in which you describe the monument commemorating the decisive battle for our independence at Yorktown, Virginia . . . the statue [of Liberty] which tops the marble shaft is no longer what your researcher would have you believe. In fact, the "arms outstretched," as well as the head once no doubt held high, have vanished having been struck by lightning some years ago. . . .

MRS. A. D. VAN NOSTRAND
Cambridge, Mass.



¶ Herewith Liberty's head and miscellaneous fragments, knocked from the monument in 1942.—Ed.

Shades of Junius

Sirs:

What a relief to get back to TIME again after years of our British cap-touching, bootlicking press, cowed into the "everyone is so wonderful" line by our hush-hush libel and slander law.

As an old journalist, it is such a welcome change to read again what another journalist really thinks of something or someone else. . . .

They are so busy here watching to see that they don't damage someone else's racket (polite English: vested interest), that they never manage to say anything genuine at all. Criticism, literary, music, etc., is largely a farce since the good old English full-throated invective has been driven underground by the lawyers. Shades of Steele, Addison, and Junius. . . .

MAYNARD GREVILLE
Dunmow, Essex, England

How North Stars?

Sirs:

TIME [Feb. 3] stated that "Canadian Vickers Ltd. has produced only five North Stars [airplanes] at an estimated cost of \$16,000,000 to the Canadian Government." Canadian Vickers Ltd. has never had anything to do with the manufacture of North Stars.

Canadian Vickers Ltd. built the [Montreal] factory for the Government to manufacture

TIME, FEBRUARY 24, 1947

Women choose the **EKCO** pressure cooker for a dozen different reasons ...all GOOD reasons!



IN THE KITCHEN!

Fast!

"My Ekco cooks so fast it's just unbelievable. That was the big reason I wanted it. Besides it's so lightweight and easy to use!"



Serves at the table!

"It's a joy to serve food piping hot right in the Ekco. All I do is change to the serving cover and it's pretty as a picture on the dining room table."



Easy to handle!

"I like the way the Ekco opens and closes with the knob on the cover. It's so simple and easy to handle."

Safe!

"Having the automatic Safety Release under the 'bridge' on the cover of the Ekco is such a sensible way to prevent splattering. That is if I should ever leave my cooker over high flame too long."



Simple!

"I like the way the Pressure Control on the Ekco keeps the pressure steady, it's so simple that cooking with an Ekco is as easy as using a regular pan."

the **EKCO** pressure cooker

A STAR IN THE KITCHEN
...SHINES AT THE TABLE



EKCO PRODUCTS COMPANY
CHICAGO

Sold in Canada by Ekco Products Company
(Canada) Ltd., Montreal



You can have the "stay-in-dinner" Ekco Pressure Cooker in either 2½ quart or 4½ quart size, both with extra serving covers.

* A survey conducted among 100 users of the Ekco Pressure Cooker . . . selected at random.

Patents Pending
U. S. Pat. Off.



AT THE TABLE!



Use Old Spice for real Shaving Comfort

FOR EASIER, more pleasant shaving—use *Old Spice*.

Start with the new, improved non-flaking, non-drying Shaving Soap,

—in a sturdy mug 1.00 Follow with a dash of bracing

After-Shaving Lotion 1.00† Finish off with soothing Talcum .75†

All tangy with *Old Spice*. †Prices plus tax

SHULTON

Rockefeller Center, NEW YORK

EARLY AMERICAN

Old Spice

SHAVING REQUISITES

Catalina aircraft during the war. Canadian Vickers Ltd. discontinued its aircraft operations on Nov. 11, 1944, and has had nothing to do with the operation of the factory since that time.

Canadian Vickers Ltd. has not had any interest in Canadair Ltd., which has operated the factory since November 1944. . . .

T. R. McLAGAN

Vice President & General Manager

Montreal

¶ For a misinterpretation of a news dispatch, *TIME*'s apologies to Canadian Vickers Ltd., manufacturers of ships, engines, boilers and general engineering products, but not airplanes.—Ed.

Les Soeurs Marx

Sirs:

With all due respect to Louis Untermeyer, who [*TIME*, Jan. 27] is quoted as saying, "There are . . . no Marx Sisters," I would refer him to *Les Soeurs Marx* (*The Marx Sisters*) by Louisa May Alcott.

Elliot Paul, in *The Last Time I Saw Paris*, says of *Les Soeurs Marx*: "To American readers this requires a word of explanation. *Little Women*, translated directly into French as *Petites Femmes*, would have a meaning which would have distressed Louisa May, of Concord, Mass. The Frenchman of the street confused the name 'March' (the family name of Miss Alcott's *Little Women*) with Marx, made famous in France as elsewhere by the inimitable Groucho, Harpo and Chico. So *Little Women* was named *The Marx Sisters*, and was believed by many purchasers, who were later disappointed, to have the zany qualities which have become synonymous with America's distinguished comedians."

AUBREY J. HALTER

Winnipeg, Canada

Just an Opportunity

Sirs:

You are to be complimented on your mention of Douglas Moore's article in the *Saturday Review of Literature* [*TIME*, Jan. 27]. Professor Moore's remarks are quite generally shared throughout the country by all professional musicians who know what is going on. That we continue to debate about the American composer, or to discuss the virtues of opera in English, or to give these many ridiculous prizes to Americans, are all evidence of national infantilism. . . .

Our musical system is as monopolistic as anything we have ever had, and no less venal. It discourages all sincerity and genuine accomplishment, and encourages pretention, charlatanism, and vulgarity. . . .

ERNST BACON

Director of the School of Music

Syracuse University
Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

The article about Douglas Moore was most interesting in its comments about American music. There was one statement, however, which I feel would justify further elucidation: "It is dollars to doughnuts that the conductor, preferably a foreigner. . . ."

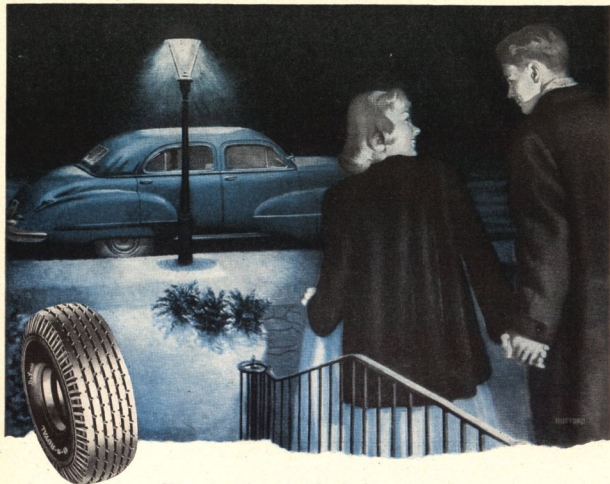
We in Los Angeles take pride in two facts—that Alfred Wallenstein, music director and conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, is American-born (Chicago); and that he has during his first four seasons here established some sort of record in presenting American works and artists, not only for the first time on the West Coast, but in many instances for the first time in the United States. . . .

WILFRID L. DAVIS

Manager

The Philharmonic Orchestra of Los Angeles
Los Angeles

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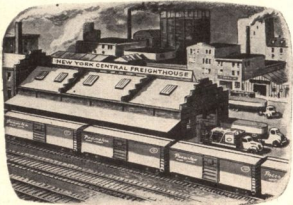
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MISCELLANY

Extremist. In Chicago, R. B. Heehler got a ticket for speeding, 15 minutes later got a second ticket for speeding, four hours later—as he crept along, with vengeful caution, at 8 m.p.h.—got a third summons for impeding traffic.

Long Shot. In London, Ranee, a female elephant at the zoo, felt a cold-in-the-trunk coming on, was dosed by her keeper with a pint of rum.

One-Night Stand. In Regina, Sask., two women boarded a night train to Saskatoon, awoke next morning still in Regina, snowbound, stepped off to eat breakfast, returned to find the train gone.

Collector's Items. In Paris, police needed six trucks to haul away the odds & ends (including some granite statues, a park bench, 139 wigs, two dozen ice skates for the left foot) amassed over 15 years by Kleptomaniac Robert Bury.

Mermaids Again? In Los Angeles, seasoned salts were baffled when the U.S.S. *Caliente's* heavy anchor chain got itself tied into a perfect lover's knot, had to be "untied" with acetylene torches.

Reconvertibles. In Washington, Veterans Administrator Bradley announced the VA adviser on women's affairs had closed up shop: women veterans have turned out to be no problem. In Tulsa, nostalgic ex-service women at Tulsa University named their sorority Beta Khaki Gamma.

Change of Pace. In Hilo, Hawaii, Dr. William F. Leslie, after losing 1) one automobile in a tidal wave, 2) his second car in a storm, 3) his third new car in a dock accident, announced that he was in the market for a horse & buggy.

Help! Police! In Springfield, Mass., Stanley Bochan was busily cracking a safe when he suddenly got scared, concluded that crime doesn't pay, telephoned police to come and get him.

Song Hit. In London, when Soprano Josie Fearon bore down on a high note during a BBC broadcast, a heavy, "unbreakable" glass tumbler shattered to bits in the home of Listener Philip Mansel, 60 miles away.

Open the Door, Harwood. In Des Moines, Harwood Helen was haled into court for disturbing the peace, warned by the judge that he must never again lock his landlady out of her own outhouse.

Muted Horn. In Richmond, Ind., Conductor Fabien Sevitzky bided his time during a prelude until the score called for a crashing chord, blew his nose once on the downbeat, once on the upbeat—satisfactorily but inaudibly.



Another new product from a Du Pont Plastic

HOW NEW GROMMET WORKS... Grommet is two-piece assembly. Wire is placed across base piece. Top section is squeezed into assembly with pliers, locking wire in a safe hairpin turn. Grommet is then snapped into hole in appliance chassis. (Nylon grommet molded by Mack Molding Co., Inc., Wayne, N. J., for Heyman Manufacturing Co., Kenilworth, N. J.)

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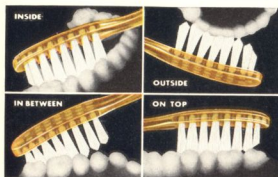
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

The Advertising Council, Inc., a peacetime extension of an effective war-time agency, began a nation-wide campaign recently in which TIME is vitally interested (see p. 115). The object of the campaign is to acquaint every individual American with the critical importance to him of world trade & world travel.

Many of you will recall the War Advertising Council, which was created to furnish the Government (free of charge) with a centralized organization, including advertising agencies, advertisers, and all media (newspapers, magazines, radio, billboards, car cards, etc.) through which national campaigns

could be put quickly and economically before as large an audience as possible. This was the organization that built the campaigns for war bonds, salvage, and the multitude of other emergency problems presented to the American public during the war years.

After V-J day the Council decided to remain in business because 1) the Government still needed the kind of service it could perform, and 2) peacetime problems were bound to arise which, although the Government might not be the appropriate sponsor, could certainly be considered matters of public welfare.

At the first meeting of the Advertising Council to canvass "public welfare" possibilities, it was decided that world trade & world travel was such a topic. In its own words, the Council's thinking on this vital subject was as follows:

Business, labor and Government leaders agree that a sound, balanced and greatly expanded world trade is America's hope for the future. The time to start building this world trade is now, and the first step is to create a vigilant, informed public opinion on the subject.

The overall goal of this campaign is to take world trade out of the realm of international economists, and bring it down to the man on the street. It's to make Americans conscious of world trade as a vital force in their personal lives.

Then, and only then, will these citi-

zens be able to think and act intelligently when they are called upon to make decisions affecting world trade.

The Council listed some major objectives for its educational campaign:

1) "To point out to the man on the street the vital importance of increased world trade."

2) "To show U.S. consumers that world trade is a two-way street; that others can't pay for our goods unless we buy from them."

3) "To encourage world travel as a vital part of world trade—an additional means of getting money abroad to pay for our goods, and a builder of international understanding and goodwill."



Now, after months of checking the complex and controversial facts & figures of world trade so they could be presented honestly and clearly to U.S. citizens, the Advertising Council's campaign is under way via a series of newspaper and magazine advertisements (the one shown here is

titled: *Look . . . How Main Street Has Grown!*), posters, car cards, billboard sheets, and a campaign guide that has gone out to leading advertisers, ad agencies, leading newspapers, magazines and radio.

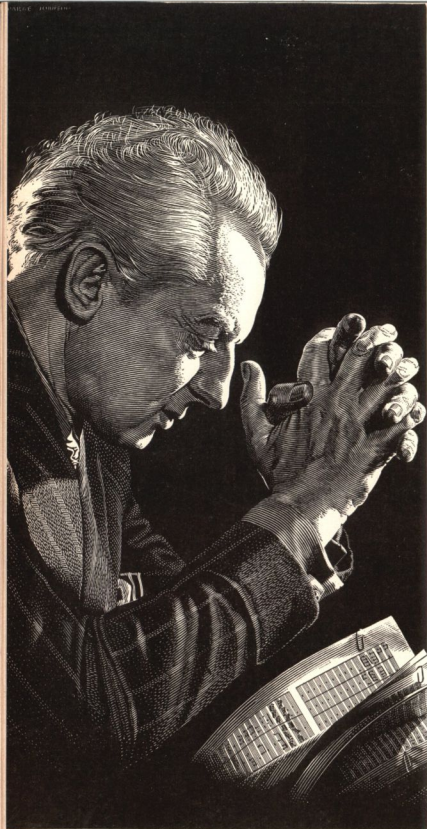
Of its campaign, which has been joined by a group of cooperating organizations* and is being sponsored locally by a host of associations like the League of Women Voters, the Advertising Council has this to say:

The coming three months are the months of decision, for in these months, culminating in the United Nations Economic Conference in April, the American people will decide whether or not the United States is to revert to partial or total economic isolation—or, in simpler words, whether the people of the United States are for or against world trade.

* Including the World Trade Foundation of America, the Twentieth Century Fund, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, the National Planning Association.

Cordially,

James A. Luce



Stokowski

His newest RCA Victor Record evokes all the color and passion of Tchaikovsky's "Marche Slave"

Hear the "Marche Slave" as you have rarely heard it played before! Hear, in the hands of a supreme musician, its magnificent pounding rhythm . . . its wild, restless energy . . . its culminating paean of triumph!

You will agree with Olin Downes of the *New York Times* that "no one can touch Stokowski for prismatic glow and sheer gorgeousness of tone."

Leopold Stokowski conducts the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra in this superlative new Tchaikovsky recording. RCA Victor *Red Seal* Record 11-9388, \$1.00, exclusive of taxes.

Tune to "Music America Loves Best," starring Robert Merrill. Sundays at two o'clock, EST, over NBC.



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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE CONGRESS

High Wind

For three weeks Tennessee's Senator Kenneth McKellar, an ancient knight on a spavined horse, had roared accusations at David Lilienthal in Washington. His arena was the Senate's Atomic Energy Committee, which was holding hearings on Lilienthal's fitness to head the Atomic Energy Commission. McKellar was not a committee member, but the Republican majority politely let him have his way.

He called up old enemies of Lilienthal as witnesses. He bludgeoned him with gossip, crackpot letters, unsupported charges. He insisted on knowing the birthplace of Lilienthal's parents, aged 72 and 78. "It was in the vicinity of Pressburg, which is now a part of Czechoslovakia," said Lilienthal.

"Czechoslovakia is under the domination of Russia," the 78-year-old McKellar whooped in triumph.

Republicans, who control the Senate, did not seem to be listening. The whole thing, it seemed, might subside; McKellar would clump off on his moth-eaten charger and Lilienthal would be confirmed. Then, last week, something happened.

Suddenly a high political wind blew into the committee. It shook both parties. It agitated U.S. economics. It whistled from the dark caverns of partisanship and prejudice.

The Hatchetmen. Over the wind sounded the hoofbeats of Republican hatchetmen: New Hampshire's Styles Bridges; Nebraska's Kenneth Wherry, the Republican whip, the ex-undertaker who wants to bury the New Deal; Illinois' C. Curly ("Curly") Brooks, the old isolationist; Maine's Owen Brewster, who is itching to investigate wartime defense contracts. They smote Lilienthal as a New Dealer, as dictatorial, as unfit for such a high position. They were not the responsible Republican leadership. But Bob Taft, who is the real and responsible G.O.P. leader, didn't say no to the hatchetmen.

"Southern Democrats also rode the wind: McKellar's colleague from Tennessee, Tom Stewart, a stooge of Memphis' Boss Crump; Louisiana's John Overton, who had defended Theodore Bilbo six weeks ago; Texas' rambunctious Pappy O'Daniel.

What had happened to cause such a storm? Had it been inspired? Harry Truman's nomination of Lilienthal last fall had caused no tremor. Why now?

Lilienthal had many enemies. They



Yale Joel-Lire

THE LILIENTHAL HEARING

The moth-eaten charger was still on the field.

were opposed to him not so much for what he was—a brilliant, impatient, zealous administrator—as for what he represented. He represented the New Deal, which was their shorthand way of saying: hostility to the successful businessman, government ownership of utilities, too much government in general.

As boss of TVA he had opposed every attempt of Congressmen to interfere in that undertaking. TVA had forced the private power companies out of Tennessee. Power companies were applying pressure now to keep Lilienthal out of the chairmanship of AEC.

AEC would control more power than the world had ever known. Atomic energy might eventually replace every present source of power—coal, water or oil. An economic revolution was at hand. To lead that revolution some Republicans and some Democrats did not want David Lilienthal. Some military men did not want him either because they thought he was naive and did not know a Red from a patriot.

There was another factor in the bitter equation which no one would admit but which unquestionably was there: Lilienthal was a Jew.

Public Servant. He was born in Morton, Ill. He graduated from DePauw University in 1920 and got a law degree from Harvard in 1923. He was associated

for a while with Donald Richberg, then general counsel for the railroad brotherhoods. In 1931 Lilienthal was appointed to the Wisconsin Public Service Commission, where he made that state's public utility statutes a model which half a dozen other states adopted. He also incurred the wrath of private power companies. At 34, he was named by Roosevelt to a directorship of TVA.

At 47, he was nominated to the chairmanship of AEC.

The President had been pondering the appointment. According to the story of an associate, he mused one day: "The kind of person we need is someone everyone can have confidence in, who can do a job like TVA."

Public Record. TVA had harnessed the Tennessee River. TVA carried electric power to nearly 700,000 people, increased the use of home electricity in the valley to 50% above the national average, lowered rates to 20% below the national average. It transformed an eroded, sick valley into a fertile land. It bought out Wendell Willkie's Tennessee Electric Power Co. (paying a handsome price), but on its cheap power it nourished hundreds of other private enterprises. It was never a monopoly; its great system was decentralized. It had contracts with 138 municipal and cooperative systems. When the war came it paid off. The valley created by TVA became an

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

arsenal, turning out guns, shells, boilers, fabrics, etc. It supplied the power for the Oak Ridge atom plants.

Lilienthal was a director of TVA from its beginning in 1933, chairman for the last five years.

Harry Truman could otherwise justify his choice. It was Congress itself which had decided that a TVA was needed in the atomic field and created AEC. Was Lilienthal a man not "above suspicion?" No man in the U.S. would be above suspicion in a job which was swept by so many crosscurrents of American life. If not Lilienthal—then who?

Lilienthal had collaborated with Under Secretary of State Dean Acheson in writing the proposal which is now the basis for U.S. policy in international control.



Talburt N. Y. World-Telegram
CARTOONIST'S G.O.P. WORKING
Six billions for taxpayers.

Lilienthal was security-minded. Secretary of War Patterson went out of his way to support him. As for the farcical charge of Communism—"absolutely unfounded," snapped Mr. Truman.

The President was determined to stick with Lilienthal.

"This Awful Power." He had a popular cause. If the Republicans beat his man they could be accused of retarding the whole atomic program, accused of partisanship and prejudice. It was a moral cause and Harry Truman stuck to it. His was also a shrewd political position.

Republicans began to see the harvest they had sown. In hurt tones they suggested that Lilienthal's name be withdrawn to save the country from the stress & strain of the conflict which they had built up. Their Southern colleagues joined them. Said Georgia's Congressman Eugene Cox: "Whoever is invested with this awful power should enjoy public confidence and this Mr. Lilienthal does not have."

But Lilienthal seemed to enjoy more public confidence than some Congressmen. Wrathfully, the Republican New York

Herald Tribune pointed out: "It is time for Republicans to stop and ask themselves seriously just what the party proposes to do with its new power. . . . It has no mandate to return to a now irrecoverable past of blind isolationism, narrow prejudice, obedience to this or that hidden pressure or influence, the whole McKellar brand of demagoguery. . . . It is the party leadership which is now meeting the first tests of public opinion."

The *Herald Tribune* was pointing at Senator Taft. Colorado's Eugene Millikin, Taft's right-hand man, had indicated that he would support Lilienthal. Co-Leader Arthur Vandenberg gave Lilienthal lukewarm support; he did not want to jeopardize Republican unity. Upon Taft rested the outcome. Taft's word would solidify G.O.P. opposition or break it. He could cast his one vote and let it go at that; or he could demand a party vote. In that case, said one Republican Senator who privately admitted that he would vote to confirm, "a lot of us who would be independent might be obliged to vote with the leadership. If it doesn't become an out-and-out party test I think Lilienthal will get through."

At week's end Taft had not made known his decision.

Congress' Week

With most top Republicans off mending party fences in the name of Abraham Lincoln (see Republicans), the Congress could only nibble at the people's business. Nevertheless, it bit off one big mouthful.

Under the Reorganization Act, Congress had to make up its mind by Feb. 15 what ceiling it would recommend on expenditures for the next fiscal year (ending June 30, 1948). There had been little time for committee hearings or detailed analysis of the President's budget. But last week the 102-member Joint Committee held a stormy session and hit upon a figure—\$31.5 billion, or \$6 billion less than Harry Truman had asked for.

The depth of the cut was a surprise to some of the top Republican leaders. It might mean lopping some \$2 billion from War and Navy Department budgets. Secretary Patterson said this would cripple the Army; Secretary Marshall said it would cripple the occupation of Germany and Japan; Secretary Forrestal said it would cripple the Navy. South Dakota's Chan Gurney, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, agreed with the Cabinet members.

Meanwhile, Nebraska's sharp-nosed Karl Stefan, of the House Appropriations Committee, wrestled with an esthetic problem. The State Department wanted money to strengthen U.S. cultural contacts with Europe and Latin America. "The committee never intended to have anything like that done with the taxpayer's money," said Stefan, looking with horror at Artist Yasuo Kuniyoshi's bit of exaggerated expressionism (see cut).

"Millions of foreigners . . . would see these horrible things and wonder if it isn't true about Americans being so crazy."

"I'm Wondering." While Stefan pondered, visitors to the Senate's Civil Service Committee room observed a bit of drama. Before the committee appeared solemn little Assistant Attorney General Wendell Berge, asking for an extra \$600,000 for the Department of Justice's Anti-trust Division. Mr. Berge was quite miserable.

Wild Senator William Langer, the committee chairman, was in a cigar-crunching mood. He wanted to know how many business monopolists Berge's Antitrusters had put in jail. "None," said Berge. "I'm wondering if there is any justification for having your department at all under the



Associated Press
KUNIYOSHI'S "CIRCUS GIRL RESTING"
Not a cent for esthetics.

present management," said Senator Edward J. Thye. When Berge protested that it was not "the policy of the department to seek jail sentences," Langer exploded that "the [antitrust] law has been on the books 57 years come next July and they haven't enforced it yet."

Two days later, Attorney General Tom Clark announced that Berge, whose resignation has been on the President's desk since January, would quit May 1.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

R.F.D., Washington

One major problem of U.S. diplomacy is Russia's defensive silence, equivocation and giggling delay. Last week Senate Foreign Relations Chairman Arthur Vandenberg discussed a prime example: Russia's refusal even to answer U.S. notes suggesting a Lend-Lease settlement.

Senator Vandenberg warned: "Such experiences are not calculated to fertilize mutual good will and understanding. . . . Washington is not an inconsequential way station on an unimportant R.F.D."

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Blue-Plate Special

The phone rang in the oval study. It was Mary Jane Truman in Grandview, Mo. with distressing news. Old Mrs. Truman, the President's mother, had fallen from her bed the night before and broken her right hip.

It was a serious accident for a woman of 94—though Mrs. Truman has survived two fractures of the left hip and one of the shoulder in the last six years. At 7:45 the next morning Harry Truman took off from Washington in the Sacred Cow.* Five hours later he was in his mother's bedroom, a box full of flowers in his arms.

He stayed about 25 minutes. Then, because Sister Mary Jane had "too many things to do," he went down the street to the Grandview Café for lunch.

There he ran across a couple of old friends. He told them his mother was "resting easy," and ordered the roast beef blue-plate special (70¢). The other customers—a couple of farmers, some railroad men in blue jeans—paid little attention. Two people went on playing the juke box.

Six Weeks' Wait. After lunch the President went back to his mother's one-and-a-half story frame house to find out what the doctors had to say. The diagnosis: "Complete fracture at the neck of the right femur." Traction should pull the bone into good position, they told him, and she might be out of bed in six weeks.

Reassured, the President drove into Kansas City and spent the night at the Hotel Muehlebach. Next morning he was up at 5:45 for a stroll through the city's dark streets. After breakfast he drove out to Grandview again. At 2 p.m. he took off for Washington. He had another family duty ahead—a party for Daughter Margaret, who will be 23 this week.

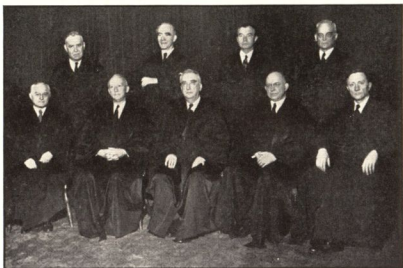
Last week the President also:

☛ Celebrated Lincoln's Birthday by standing at rigid attention under a wan February sun while Major General Harry Vaughan laid the presidential wreath at the foot of Daniel Chester French's brooding statue of Lincoln.

☛ Pledged to shivering England (see FOREIGN NEWS) all possible U.S. help (which was politely refused by Prime Minister Attlee); improved the occasion by pointing out that all coal shipments to Europe would be disrupted if Congress didn't hurry up and extend the Maritime Commission's authority to operate ships.

☛ Was seized and bussed on the forehead by tall, bearded Archbishop Athenagoras, Patriarch of the Greek Orthodox Church in North and South America. The occasion: presentation of the Great Holy Cross of the Knights of the All-Holy Sepulchre and a piece of the Cross of Christ, as the "highest blessing of the Greek Orthodox Church."

* Soon to be replaced with a faster, more luxurious DC-6.



THE SUPREME COURT*
An old issue was still an issue.

THE JUDICIARY

Church & State

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. . . .

In those words of the First Amendment to the Constitution,* chosen with exquisite care, James Madison sought to separate church & state forever. He hoped thus to stamp out the conflicts and persecutions which had been transplanted from the Old World to the New. Time & again

* Extended by the 14th Amendment to apply to the states as well as to Congress.

the Supreme Court of the United States has had to define what separation meant. Last week, the age-old question was before it again. And the Court, operating more as a debating society than as the Government's judicial mind, could produce nothing better than a 5-to-4 decision which settled little and solved nothing. It did show—and thereby took back those who fondly imagined that the question had been answered long ago—that the relations of church and state were still, or again, an issue.

The issue had come to a head in Ewing Township, N.J., heretofore chiefly noted because Washington's men marched through its woods and fields on their way to victories at Trenton and Princeton. For some years, Ewing Township had been reimbursing parents out of tax money for bus fares paid by their children traveling to & from school. Several thousands of dollars a year were refunded to parents of public-school children. Then, under a 1941 state law, \$357.74 (for a half year) went to parents who sent their children to Roman Catholic schools. The amount was trifling, but the principle was vital to one Arch R. Everson, a townsman who is the paid secretary of a taxpayers' league. He won a judgment that the 1941 law was unconstitutional. By successive appeals the case reached the Supreme Court.

The Greater Freedom. In deciding the case last week, that unhappy family of jurists showed how deeply it was divided, not on separation of church & state, but on where to draw the line of separation. Justices Burton, Rutledge, Jackson and Frankfurter voted to throw out the New Jersey law. Justices Douglas, Murphy, Reed and Black voted to uphold it. The

* Standing: Rutledge, Murphy, Jackson, Burton. Seated: Frankfurter, Black, Vinson, Reed, Douglas.



ARCHBISHOP ATHENAGORAS & FRIEND
"Highest blessing."

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

4-4 tie put the issue squarely up to Chief Justice Fred Vinson—in experience, the baby of the court. His deciding vote upheld the state law and the payments to Roman Catholic parents.

As the learned judges saw it, the issue was whether religious freedom was better preserved by upholding the freedom of non-Catholics from taxation for the benefit of another sect, or by upholding New Jersey in "extending its general state law benefits to all its citizens without regard to their religious belief."

For the five-man majority, Justice Hugo Black proclaimed eloquently and forcefully the wisdom of separating church & state. Cried Black: "Neither a state nor the Federal Government . . . can pass laws which aid one religion, aid all religions, or prefer one religion over another. . . . No tax in any amount, large

"We know," he argued further, "that such schools are parochial only in name—they, in fact, represent a worldwide and age-old policy of the Roman Catholic Church. . . . Catholic education is the rock on which the whole structure rests, and to render tax aid to its Church school is indistinguishable to me from rendering the same aid to the Church itself."

Jackson saw danger ahead, for Roman Catholics no less than for other creeds: "If the state may aid these religious schools, it may therefore regulate them."

From the Past. Justice Wiley Rutledge, for 15 years a law professor, felt that there was so much more to be said that he filed another dissent. In an impassioned opinion running to 47 pages he lectured his learned colleagues and the nation on the relentless struggle by which the separation of church & state had been riveted

MANNERS & MORALS

Americana

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

¶ **New York's raucous Daily News** found the answer to the question of the month, Richard, it explained, was just a Harvard man confronted with a Yale lock.

¶ **In Chicago**, Barry Stephens, an artists' agent who has looked at legs long enough to tell one Radio City Rockette from another, called a turn: "The scrawny, thin leg is out. A fuller calf and a longer thigh is the trend, and we men see a return to the 'beef trusters.'" Notable among his fuller-calfed, longer-thighed legs: Alice Faye's, Ann Miller's, Betty Grable's, Marlene Dietrich's? "Too skinny."

¶ **Despite rising prices** and chilly weather, New Orleans boasted of the largest, gayest Mardi Gras since its beginning in 1827. Forty-three balls were scheduled. Thirteen parades tooted through flag-festooned streets. As far away as Biloxi, Miss, hotels were chock full, and private rooms in town were bringing \$25 a day.

¶ **In Tampa**, for the first time in six years, Pirate King Gasparilla invaded the city in his three-masted ship *José Gaspar* to set off a three-day festival. City officials happily estimated that 250,000 people had been attracted by the revival of the 43-year-old pageant.

¶ **Custodians of the Statue of Liberty** were giving the inside of the old lady a coat of hard enamel and planned to enclose the stair in wire netting. Reason: visitors have had a habit of scrawling their names on the wall in kissproof, scrubproof lipstick.

¶ **A breakfast-food manufacturer** advertised an atomic bomb ring: "Actual atoms, splitting like crazy inside this ring! Look into lens—and socko! You'll see brilliant stabs of flashing light caused by released energy of atoms split to smithereens inside atom chamber." Only 15¢ and one box top.

¶ **In Brownsville, Tex.**, a bus driver figured out a yardstick for determining a child's age no matter what his mother said, "I look at their teeth. If they have a full set, they pay."

¶ **New Yorkers** got an unlikely bouquet from James H. Gipson, peripatetic Idaho publisher: "I cannot recall a single instance of rudeness or bad manners. This is true not only of those in high places . . . but of the policemen, the subway guards, the bus drivers, and the man in the street generally."

¶ **In Fairbanks, Alaska**, where the temperature was 26° below zero, ladies of easy virtue ceased to advertise their charms by rapping on sporting house windows with a silver dollar. The more functional substitute: a safety razor blade. When scraped across a window pane it produced a sound approximating the love call of a snipe. More important, it scraped the ice off the glass, enabled passing gents to peer in.



RADIO CITY'S ROCKETTES
Back to the beef trust?

Cosmo-Sileo

or small, can be levied to support any religious activities or institutions . . . whatever form they may adopt. . . ."

Black reasoned that New Jersey could not exclude individuals of any faith "because of their faith, or lack of it, from receiving the benefits of public welfare legislation." The Court had unanimously decided in 1925 that parents may "send their children to a religious rather than a public school if the school meets the secular educational requirements." Now, he said, "The state contributes no money to the schools. It does not support them."

He concluded that the wall between church & state "must be kept high and impregnable. We could not approve the slightest breach. New Jersey has not breached it here."

Non Sequitur. Justice Robert Jackson saw a deep contradiction between Black's protestations on the one hand and his finding on the other. To Jackson, the breach was evident.

into the Constitution. A quotation from Jefferson which Black had used was taken also by Rutledge, but put to different purpose: ". . . To compel a man to furnish contributions of money for the propagation of opinions which he disbelieves, is sinful and tyrannical." Said Rutledge: "I cannot believe that the great author of those words . . . could have joined in [the majority] decision. Neither so high nor so impregnable today as yesterday is the wall raised between church and state. . . . Thus with time the most solid freedom steadily gives way before continuing corrosive decision."

The issue was not settled. In the past, the courts of six states had thrown out, as unconstitutional, laws similar to New Jersey's permitting transportation at public expense for parochial-school pupils. There was talk of drafting a constitutional amendment to bar the practice. The issue would be before the people for a long time to come.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

VITAL STATISTICS

More than Twice

Births more than doubled deaths in the U.S. last year. The Public Health Service estimated an all-time record of 3,260,000 babies, total deaths of 1,400,000. But the birth rate (23.3 per 1,000 population) was still below peak 1921 (24.3 per 1,000).

REPUBLICANS

Taking Stock

The Republicans' annual barn-storming tour in honor of Abraham Lincoln (250 speeches at 600 Lincoln Day meetings) was over. And it was now possible to get some new indications of how the local GOP professionals sized up the 1948 presidential stakes.

The biggest news was that, at the moment, Tom Dewey was slipping. Across the U.S., the men who will pick the 1948 nominee agreed that his chances had slithered off since last November—when he was head & shoulders above all others. Part of the reason was simply that a lot of GOPsters never liked him and still don't. Part was that the spotlight is now on Washington, not Albany. Talk of a tie-up with California's Earl Warren, which would strengthen his hand in the West, was dying out. On top of that there was the feeling expressed by one Midwesterner: "He has had his chance and now it's someone else's turn."

But the Dewey skid had apparently not helped his neck-&-neck rival Bob Taft (whose press secretary last week explained that Taft was not an "active" candidate). Despite an awed respect for Taft's mind, the pros were as conscious as ever of his lack of political sex appeal. Said a Califor-

nia GOPster: "Taft is a fine and capable man. If it was a matter of hiring the President of the U.S., he'd be the man for the job. But we're still electing Presidents."

Other contenders were gaining on the leaders. In a poll of G.O.P. Senators, Michigan's Arthur Vandenberg was out ahead of both Dewey and Taft. John Bricker was still holding his own as the darling of the Old Guard; Earl Warren was still the fair-haired boy in the West. A new favorite son was moving up: Massachusetts' Leverett Saltonstall.

"Crumbs & Rats' Nests." But the pros really pricked up their ears over two presidential prospects, whose sudden upsurge of popularity with the pros last week coincided with some constructive advice on Republican policy. One was Massachusetts' young Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., who warned that "the people



STASSEN
Up the ladder.

they were sure they would win in 1948. They were beginning to realize they could not win with just any old candidate; they would have to pick a top-notch. And they had quite a selection to choose from, ranging from inactive Bob Taft to radio-active Harold Stassen.

RADICALS

By the Tail

Some U.S. left-wingers who had eagerly grabbed up Russia's cause at war's end were beginning to suspect they had caught a bear by the tail. In Manhattan's fiercely leftist *PM* last week, Author-Editorialist Saul K. Padover, a militant member of the intellectual Left, tried to let go. Wrote he:

"In a generation perhaps the Russian people may have enough consumer goods to be able to afford the Nazi-like luxury, if they so desire, of an aggressive war. . . .

"The internal situation in the Soviet Union is something else again. Russia is a dictatorship which no democrat can condone and no socialist forgive, and the fact that the autocracy is exercised in the name of a higher ideal neither minimizes its medieval harshness nor justifies its Byzantine intolerance. It is a tragedy that, in the name of socialism, a self-chosen elite should deprive men of their right to disagree, their right to speak freely, their right to think independently—rights without which there can be neither popular culture nor human dignity.

"Within the Soviet people and even inside the Communist dogma there are, however, seeds of freedom, and these, if not destroyed by wars or economic plights, might possibly sprout some day into genuine democracy."

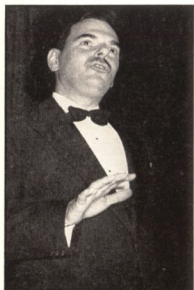


W. Eugene Smith-Lure
SALTONSTALL
On the track.

did not vote for us so much as they voted against the things they did not like. . . . We were not put in office to put back the clock but in order to wind it up, get the crumbs and rats' nests out of the gears and get it going again."

The other was rambunctious Harold Stassen, the only avowed Republican candidate in the ring. In a radio speech before Manhattan's National Republican Club he said: "A high tariff policy no longer suits America. . . . We believe in the increased flow of goods and materials and services and travel around the globe. . . . The alternative is either to go forward now with the reciprocal trade agreements, or to slide backward in economic isolation."

That kind of talk was as frightening to some GOPsters as it was reassuring to others. But on some points they were all agreed. Despite intra-party wranglings,



Harvey Weber-Graphic House
DEWEY
On the edge of the spotlight.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

LABOR

Less Trouble in N.M.U.

Joe Curran sat in his Manhattan office last week looking like a muscular mouse that had swallowed a rat. Joe had not actually swallowed the rat, but he had sent the Communists in his National Maritime Union scurrying back into their hole.

The Reds had had him on the run from the day he angrily resigned as co-chairman of the Committee for Maritime Unity. He had resigned because C.M.U., instead of bringing unity among the offshore and longshore unions, had brought more trouble.

He decided to take his case to the seamen. Under a full head of steam he sailed off to Mobile, New Orleans, Houston,

More Trouble in U.A.W.

The C.I.O.'s United Auto Workers, once the nation's biggest, healthiest union, was in deep trouble. Its inter-union political warfare, fed by the bitter, bloody, still-unsettled Allis-Chalmers strike (TIME, Nov. 11), had reached the point where left-backed Vice President R. J. Thomas and right-wing President Walter Reuther were calling each other union wreckers.

Then came Treasurer George F. Addes with his annual report. U.A.W.'s war chest, he reported, had skidded into the red from a \$2 million backlog on V-E day. The union was now barely able to keep its head above water with increased dues from its decreased peacetime membership. And U.A.W. had also cashed in \$990,000 in Government bonds.



FREIGHT WRECK AT STAMFORD, CONN.
Pilot error or faulty maintenance?

Associated Press

Galveston. He hit the East Coast ports. Everywhere he went he talked, dishing it out to oilers, firemen, wipers, seamen. What he said ran like this:

"How can unity be established with officers who every few months shock our union and almost lead it to destruction because they are anxious to see our union controlled by outside forces?" Joe pleaded with the men to support him and the kind of trade unionism which has one objective: more money.

The men liked Joe's line. They said to hell with C.M.U., if it was Communist-dominated.

Joe returned in triumph to New York. Harry Bridges, Joe's onetime friend and co-chairman of C.M.U., knew he was licked. He called a secret meeting of C.M.U.'s executive board and dissolved the whole organization. "It was a smashing victory," chortled Joe.

TRANSPORT

Bad Weekend

When airplanes crash, pilot error or faulty maintenance usually takes the blame for the spectacular carnage. In train wrecks, generally less lethal, the same factors apply. Last week:

¶ Near Maxville, Fla., the Seaboard Air Line Railroad's northbound Orange Blossom Special hit a split rail with a speed that sent six sleepers and the diner skidding on their streamlined sides. Reason: bad maintenance. Injured: 50.

¶ Sixteen hours later, a fast-moving New York, New Haven & Hartford freight left the rails at the pivotal switching point at Stamford, Conn., ended up with 30 cars strewn across four main-line tracks, tying up New York-bound traffic. Injured: 1.

¶ Twenty-five hours later, a Long Island Railroad passenger special hit an open

(hand-operated) switch at Kings Park, L. I., promptly folded itself into a herringbone plait. Injured: 48.

¶ As the new week began, the Chicago South Shore and South Bend's westbound No. 26 ploughed into a busload of section hands at the Andry crossing, 20 miles from South Bend, killing 13, injuring 16.

TEXAS

Maury's Back!

"Look at the dirt in that gutter. And the spots in that park . . . no grass at all. And the bumps in this street. This town is falling apart, piece by piece."

Bullfrog-dumpy little Maury Maverick was pointing out how shabby San Antonio had grown since it turned him out of the mayor's office in 1941. Maury had gone on to Washington and had headed the Smaller War Plants Corp. during the war. But San Antonio. . . . "Look at that rusty sign!"

Now Maury was taking an interest again in his home town. This week he filed his candidacy for mayor. His chances looked good. He was a little greyer, a little fatter; he was almost broke, and he no longer talked with his old sass. But San Antonio seemed to want a man without too many surprises in him.

Memories. San Antonio remembered Maury even better than she did his grandpa, Sam, who had made his surname a common noun in the U.S. language and had once been mayor. During his two years in office, Maury had been credited with reducing traffic deaths and crime by 50%, rebuilding the health department, getting \$6 million from the Federal Government for slum clearance and \$4 million for civic beautification, reorganizing the police and fire departments and keeping San Antonio (and himself) in the national spotlight.

He had also been credited with terrible public manners, being "a radical and a New Deal crackpot," allegedly buying poll-tax receipts with union funds (although he was acquitted in the courts), and turning the civic auditorium over to a bunch of Communists for a meeting. That last move brought on one of the worst riots in San Antonio's history.

But all that, the good & bad, was past. When Maury went to Los Angeles to practice law a year ago (he sold his San Antonio house in 1941), the city began to wonder about him. She looked tacky, her policing was sloppy, she had floods and bad drainage. Then a polio epidemic caught her health department off balance. Citizens were getting fed up with the bumbling, fix-nothing administration of sluttish Mayor Gus Maueremann. Even Maury's old enemies began phoning him in Los Angeles and Maverick-for-Maury stickers began to appear.

Alterations. Without admitting that he might be easy to get, Maury paid a few courting calls, waddled brightly around

NATIONAL AFFAIRS



Holland McCombs
MAVERICK AT ALAZÁN CREEK
"I made a lot of mistakes."

hotel lobbies, bought himself a plot in the city cemetery, and visited refuse-clogged Alazán Creek, which had flash-flooded San Antonio time & again. Some of the old machine bosses tried to head him off. And round-faced Sheriff Owen Kilday, who had engineered Maverick's defeat in 1941, had yet to declare for anybody.

No matter how much opposition, Maury would run a good race. Something had gentled the old Maverick. He was something to see and listen to. Last week a businessman in the crowded lobby of The St. Anthony Hotel told him: "I never did vote for you in my life." In the old days, Maury's reply would have been: "No, you son-of-a-bitch, and I don't want you to vote for me now." But this time he said: "Maybe you did right. I made a lot of mistakes. . . . But now I'm for what it takes."

For a conservative city like San Antonio, that was more like it.

GEORGIA

Hummon, 2; Thompson, 1

Georgia's Governor Herman ("Hummon") Talmadge was the butt of a joke last week. Hummon, the story went, called on a spiritualist to contact his pappy, the late Governor "Old Gene" Talmadge. "Pappy," cried Hummon, "how am I doing?"

"All right, son," replied Old Gene. "But son, go easy on that white-primary bill. They got a nigger fireman down here."

But Hummon had the last laugh. By week's end three Georgia judges had heard suits concerning his claim and the counterclaim of Lieutenant Governor M. E. Thompson to the governorship. The judges chose Hummon in two cases out of three.

SOUTH CAROLINA

By the Clock

The pattern was as old as the South. Just before 5 a.m. the armed men arrived at the jail in Pickens (pop. 2,866). Shotguns leveled, they demanded 25-year-old Negro Willie Earle, suspected of robbing and killing a Greenville taxi driver. An hour and 45 minutes later, the sheriff was called to identify the slashed and blasted body of Willie Earle. It was the South's first lynching this year; the first in South Carolina since 1941.

MARYLAND

The Unflagged Pole

Dr. Herbert Huebener Beck of Lancaster, Pa. is a man who can take an active interest at the drop of an oriole's egg, a pine cone or a test tube. At 71 he is president of the Lancaster County Historical Society, belongs to the American Chemical Society, the American Ornithologists' Union and the Pennsylvania Forestry Association. He is also custodian of the Audubon Society's sanctuary for bald eagles on Mount Johnson Island in the lower Susquehanna River.

Last December he developed a new interest: Maryland's ancient, star-shaped Fort McHenry, which in 1814 was the target of the bombardment referred to in *The Star-Spangled Banner*. He sat down almost at once and wrote the National Park Service a letter. It began:

"Recently I was coming up the Patapsco River toward Baltimore. The time—at the twilight's last gleaming. My eyes could be turned in only one direction—toward Fort McHenry to see that our

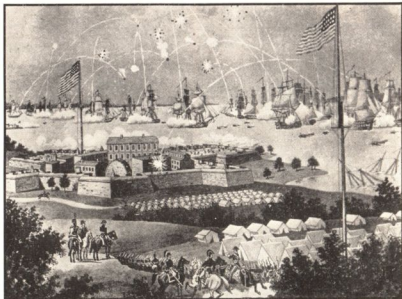
flag was still there. It was not. At the classic flagpole spot where at noon 'the broad stripes and bright stars o'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming,' there was nothing but the dim line of a naked pole. . . . That unflagged pole was one of the bitterest disappointments of my life. . . ."

Low Visibility. This stirred up rats' nests of red tape in Park Service offices in Washington, Chicago, Baltimore and Richmond, Va. Last week the Park Service began flying the flag both night & day over Fort McHenry's carefully reconstructed ramparts.

The fort's custodian had certain difficulties. For one thing, he had only one floodlight, and the flag flapped in darkness if the wind turned. For another, flags cost \$17 apiece; due to increased wear & tear he was using one a week and rapidly running out of funds. But the final lines of Dr. Beck's letter made it clear that there could be no hanky-panky about the matter.

"Soon again," he wrote, "I hope to be coming up the Patapsco at midnight. There will be a Chesapeake blizzard. Visibility will be low. But gloriously floodlighted on Fort McHenry will be the driving Star-Spangled Banner, giving proof to the world that our flag is always there."

* Generally, according to a large body of dogma bordering on idolatry, the flag must be lowered at sundown. But there are many exceptions. It may be displayed after dark for "patriotic effect." It is flown at night from forts and naval vessels which are engaged with an enemy, and also over the east and west fronts of the Capitol Building in Washington, over the grave of Francis Scott Key in Frederick, Md., and over the war memorial at Worcester, Mass., built as an architectural dramatization of the colors.



THE BATTLE OF FORT M'HENRY
The flag is still there.

Brown Brothers

INTERNATIONAL

THE NATIONS

"Much That Is Envable"

Great empires, like old soldiers, never die; they just fade away. Britain's legacy, like Rome's, will cling for centuries to history's pages, shaping men and events. Yet to all empires comes a day of which it can be said: "At this point the scepter had passed to other hands." That day came last week to Britain.

Earth to Earth. Victory in two desperate wars had bled Britain white. For years both the wise and the merely smart had

another way of saying that Britain's democratic socialism had found no way of getting men to work where they did not want to work, or of acquiring new and better machines to do their work for them. The "manpower shortage" was also a reflection of the cruel overlap between the old responsibilities of empire and the newly limited capabilities of an impoverished country. In the week of the coal crisis, Britain's Government decided to maintain its armed forces at over a million men. Many (including the Communists) had urged Britain to abandon her commit-

UNITED NATIONS

Whose Mistake?

Andrei Gromyko is the darling of the bobby-soxers at Lake Success. They want his autograph; they like to listen to his rich Russian voice, but they seldom try to understand his speeches. Even grown-ups who listen intently to Gromyko do not always hear the same things. Last week, many thought Gromyko was saying again that the U.S. should promise not to use The Bomb and to scrap those it has before any solid machinery is built to enforce atomic arms control.

But the U.S.'s good, grey Warren Austin had heard Gromyko say that Russia now believed in international punishment for atomic offenses. That, to Austin, seemed "too narrow the field of questions at issue." Gromyko was not so optimistic. To newsmen afterwards, Gromyko said: "I do not understand Senator Austin when he says the issues have been narrowed down." Said an observer:

"Austin reached out to shake a hand that wasn't there."

Whose Pacific?

This week, at Lake Success, the U.S. deposited its bid for sole trusteeship of the former Japanese Pacific mandates. The Carolines, Marshalls, and Marianas were only dots on a world map, but control of them could assure control of the whole western Pacific. The U.S. proposed a "strategic area" zone, where it could draw the curtains if it wanted to. Unstressed were two highly pertinent facts: 1) the U.S. was in possession; and 2) the U.S. could veto any unwelcome counter-schemes.

Whose Pole?

As if there weren't enough claimants to Antarctica already (including the U.S., Britain, France, Norway, Australia, New Zealand, Argentina and Chile), Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd dropped the flags of the United Nations over the South Pole last week.*

Whose House, Whose Castle?

In barricaded Jerusalem last week a Briton, about to move into a requisitioned Jewish house, found a laconic note left for him: "My house—your castle." It was a pithy oversimplification of the whole Palestine issue. Last week Britain, unable to work out a division of Palestine's living space between Arabs and Jews, was ready to quit her position as castellan, try to get the United Nations to take over.

New Leverage. Palestine's position in the Middle East had some importance both in oil strategy and military strategy—though both were frequently exaggerated. Nevertheless, Ernest Bevin realized that Britain was paying too much

* For other news of Admiral Byrd, see SCIENCE.



COAL BARGES PASSING THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT
The scepter passed, the legacy remained.

British Combine

been pointing to signs of Britain's decline. The loosening bonds of empire, the "austerity" (that dignified synonym for poverty); the defensive tension in foreign policy were old symptoms of what was happening. But it took the coal crisis (see FOREIGN NEWS) to bring home to the world the fact that decline had reached the Empire's heart.

Britain's power had grown out of the coal seams of Wales and Yorkshire and Durham. In the same seams her power was exhausted. A British miner produced less than a third as much as a U.S. miner. The reasons why he would not greatly improve his rate of productivity were partly technical and geological; more importantly, they were social and political. The British miner and his fellow, the factory worker (and their bosses), were not looking ahead with much hope. The Government, on which workers and bosses had leaned more & more heavily in recent decades, was dedicated to planning. But because it would not or could not enforce its plans upon labor (à la Moscow), the planning was unreal.

Britain's "manpower shortage" was

ments in Greece, Palestine and elsewhere, and to cut her Army to the bone. The *Times* of London replied: "A nation which lives by overseas trade and which, however grievous its present distress, yet possesses and controls much that is enviable cannot afford remedies of this kind."

To Newcastle. Americans had smugly recognized that Britain's decline must be accompanied by U.S. political expansion into some areas; but this expansion had been visualized in the painless future. The coal crisis in Britain brought U.S. responsibility much nearer for a host of immediate world problems. President Truman offered to send Britain coal; Attlee declined coals for Newcastle, giving a reason that reminded Americans of what it means to have worldwide responsibility. Attlee said continental Europe needed the U.S. coal more than Britain.

That kind of long-range thinking lay behind the familiar symbol of British world leadership—the Houses of Parliament with the coal barges coming up the Thames (see cut). The old landmark of worldwide organization was fading. Was the U.S. ready to take its place?

for whatever advantages Palestine gave her. Policing Palestine was a drain in pounds sterling, a drain in manpower for troops. And Palestine was a drain on British prestige, for the Arabs blamed Britain for protecting Jews, and the Jews blamed Britain for shutting off immigration and applying harsh police measures against terrorists.

Bevin's principal objective was to hold against Russia's new leverage there the Anglo-American position in the Middle East. In theory, that could be done through U.N. control of Palestine. But in practice, could it?

U.N. might be presented with the issue in these forms, among others:

¶ Britain might simply propose a U.N. trusteeship for Palestine—with herself as sole trustee, as in League days. (But all parties would then cry "Fake!" and Britain would be back where she started.)

¶ Or Britain might ask for a trusteeship to be shared by several powers, including the U.S., which has always ducked responsibility for Palestine. (If Britain forced the issue in U.N., there might be no chance for the U.S. to duck.)

¶ Or, conceivably, Britain might ask for direct U.N. administration in Palestine, on the model of Trieste.

¶ Or Britain might make no recommendations, leave the terms up to U.N.

New Cops? Whichever way Britain tossed the problem of Palestine to U.N.—and whichever way U.N. finally took hold of it—the big question was going to be: Could U.N.'s multilingual committees agree on a solution, and make it stick, where Britain had failed? If enough Arabs or enough Jews wanted their own way badly enough, there was going to be

plenty of work for a U.N. police force (which does not yet exist); U.N. cops might have to quell the same kind of disturbances on refugee ships and take the same glares British cops were taking last week (*see cut*).

Tough as the problem looked, it was the kind of problem U.N. had been created to face. Last year, in Persia and elsewhere, direct clashes involving the Great Powers themselves put U.N. on the spot. Here was a much smaller, if equally distressing problem. If U.N. could not contribute to the solution of the Palestine problem, what could? And what would U.N. do about any of the disputes over houses and castles that flared or smoldered all over the world?

PLAIN PEOPLE

Hopes

Outside Rome's most elegant hotel last week a tattered legion of would-be emigrants kept watch by one of Europe's few exits. When Juan Perón's Government announced that Argentina wanted manual workers (*TIME* Jan. 27), hundreds of Italians streamed through the plush corridors of the Grand Hotel, where the immigration commission was set up. After a few days of this, the management brushed them out through the revolving door towards the rainy Piazza dell' Esedra. Here, under the pampered ilex trees, they waited their turn, munched bread and cheese, lounged against the new Buicks and Chryslers of hotel patrons who found Europe comfortable enough.

Ploughmen, Yes. Leather-skinned Fausto Marcelli is a ploughman. He has eleven children, born with annual regu-

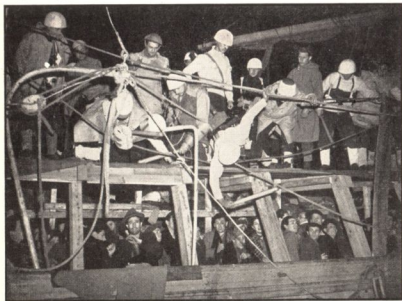
larly over eleven years. Fausto likes big families—"It's good to have lots of workers"—but there has to be work to do. "Our plot at Frosinone is pretty good earth, but I'd need a lot more to feed 13 people. They have told me that the earth in Argentina is good—as black as a pair of new boots"—and Fausto rubs together his calloused, white-knuckled fingers as if feeling the black earth there in his hands.

Economists, No. The ploughman has a better chance than the lean, tired man who says apologetically: "I think I could learn how to prune vines or do some kind of farm work. I haven't had the experience, of course, because I have always been a professor of economics."

Argentina has sent the Rev. José Clemente Silva to screen the applicants. He takes former Fascists, provided they have no criminal records, but rejects Communists. Last week, irritated by this discrimination, the Communist-dominated Italian Labor Federation demanded the right to select the emigrants and asked for guarantees of labor conditions in Argentina. Father Silva threatened to call the whole thing off.

Frustration and anger swelled through the Piazza dell' Esedra. Well-dressed Federation representatives explained that they sought only to defend the workers' interests, but the indignant workers shouted back: "We can take care of ourselves. If I want to break my own arm, it's my own right. Keep your protection."

The Piazza's mood was bitter toward everything official in Italy. Told that the Italian Government would straighten out matters "tomorrow," the demonstrators cried: "Why not today? Why must we always wait for a tomorrow?"



SHIPBOARD DISTURBANCE AT HAIFA
Would Lake Success gendarmes do better?

Associated Press

FOREIGN NEWS



LONDON'S CENTRAL ELECTRICITY BOARD
"In the daytime I'm out queuing for coal..."

Associated Press

GREAT BRITAIN

Panorama by Candlelight

Mrs. Sophie Chimes was determined to get some coal, no matter how little, and no matter if it meant standing all day long in the queue. But after two hours in a bone-chilling wind, Mrs. Chimes collapsed. Neighbors carried her to her small, cold, prefabricated dwelling in the bomb-scarred slums of London's Whitechapel.

Revived, Mrs. Chimes broke up two small orange crates (cruelly labeled "Sun-kist") and kindled a puny blaze in her stove. She went to the icy window, peered down the street in the hope of a glimpse of her husband. Unemployed now, he had gone out ahead of her to queue up at the greengrocer's for a few potatoes. Mrs. Chimes turned to her tiny kitchen and a pile of clothes awaiting washing. She sighed:

"I've got no time for doing the 'ouse. In the daytime I'm out queuing for coal and in the evening we get into bed to get warm. My 'usband, 'e's a Labor man, but now 'e don't know what to think. It seems all these politicians are the same once they get into power."

Foreign Weather. Thousands of Britons were not as badly off as the Chimeses were in the first week of The Crisis, but millions were. Every Briton had his own personal crisis as the underlying fact of his nation's woefully low coal production was brought to a head by mean, frosty, snowy, windy weather. The Crisis itself had been a stunning blow (TIME, Feb. 17). Now, as it deepened, it was worse in many ways than the blitz at its worst: it hit everybody. The Government extended its five-hour domestic power switch-off and blackout of cities, villages, industries from Land's End to John o' Groat's.

The below-freezing weather seemed to

be under the control of foreign devils intent on Britain's downfall (the islands were in the middle of a high-pressure area that extended from central Russia to northern Iceland).^{*} It lashed coal ships to their piers and snow-blocked 75,000 coal-laden railroad cars. Britons shivered in unheated trams, trains and subways (most transport was drastically cut), squinted under flickering candlelight in unheated offices (there was a run on aspirin,

^{*} Britain did not suffer alone: northern Europe was also caught between intense cold and coal shortages. The Netherlands closed its schools. In orderly Copenhagen a mob attacked a coal train. Berlin counted 150 deaths from cold and hunger in recent weeks. Eire and Northern Ireland felt the pinch of Britain's troubles; several industries closed, and domestic gas supplies were cut.

a coal-tar derivative, for eyestrain headaches), came home to huddle around the kitchen stove and to hope that a threatened cut in gas would not add to their miseries. London's Central Electricity Board was typical of the general discomfort: it met in overcoats, by candlelight (see cut).

Britons were in a bristling, grumbling mood. But they stood and took it again. There was no disorder as factories closed indefinitely; by this week unemployment was up to 2,000,000 and rising fast; 1,255,000 had registered for the pittance of the dole (about \$10 a week for a family of four). The British national character and the British political mood stood out in their words and deeds.

Right to Left. Boomed the clear, cultured voice of a thin, scholarly-looking man lunching in his heavy ulster at a Soho restaurant: "I say it's the judgment of the Almighty on the British people for voting Socialist."

Whined a flower girl on the steps of lamp-lit St. Paul's Cathedral: "All my flowers shriveled up, and the buds go brown with frost. Politics, I don't understand 'em. It's warmth I want."

Said a docker on the Thames near Westminster Bridge (on which only two lights burned): "This is the proof of 20 years of rotten government. If the Conservatives had harnessed hydroelectric power 20 years ago, this would not have happened.^{*} The Government can count on us dockers."

In a Whitechapel pub, the Northampton

^{*} The docker had distinguished company in his assertion. Last week George Bernard Shaw came up with a belated version of Franklin Roosevelt's abandoned Passamaquoddy project of 1935. G.B.S. proposed harnessing the swirling tides in Scotland's narrow inlets to avert future crises. He added a pertinent note: "My suggestions usually take 30 years to attract any attention."



Wide World

A LONDON PUB

... and in the evening we get into bed to get warm."

FOREIGN NEWS

Arms, a tailor's cutter discussed *The Crisis*. No, he couldn't blame the Socialists. Then he reflected the typical defensive class-consciousness of many Laborites: "Still, I don't think they've had enough education to deal with the twisting coal owners."

Did any of this rumbling mean that the Laborite Government's voters might swing away from it because of *The Crisis*? Candid Tories did not believe so. Said William Wallace, ex-president of Edinburgh's Chamber of Commerce: "I have a bet on that the Government will run the full five-year course. I should like to pay, but I'm afraid I shan't."

Double Error. Laborites, Tories and everybody else had the same whipping boy for *The Crisis*. Balding, garrulous Fuel Minister Emanuel Shinwell had been warned, as early as mid-October, by Tories and Laborites alike that there would be a serious coal shortage. Shinwell gambled on a green winter (as had some politicians before him in comparable situations). He then made a serious political error as well as a bad bet: he kept his gamble to himself. Had he put the choice up to the House of Commons and the country, perhaps a majority of politicians and plain citizens would have gone along with him. After all, the alternative was a winter of fuel rationing and curtailed production; Britons had had a bellyful of such austerity. When his gamble did not come off, Shinwell had no plan to meet the emergency.

Shinwell took a merciless thumping in most newspapers (which were back to wartime four-page skimpiness).^{*} Shinwell became a byword and a hissing. A music-hall comedian punned: "Be sure your Shinwell find you out." The House of Lords cheered as Viscount Swinton belabored him with "We suffer not from an act of God, but the inactivity of Emanuel." Shinwell got a bomb threat, and Scotland Yard put four constables around his small house in Tooting. Tooted Mrs. Shinwell: "Let them try to harm him!" Would her husband resign (as the Tory press had demanded and some Laborites had privately suggested)? Said Mrs. Shinwell: "I don't see why. I should like to see the man who could do the job better."

There were more politically practical reasons why Shinwell would not be ousted from the Cabinet now. He was still extremely popular with the miners; if he were axed, there might be trouble in the pits. A measure of that factor came last week in a by-election in the Yorkshire mine area of Normanton. There the Labor candidate got 80% of the total vote, a drop of only 4% from last year's general election.

Inequalities & Inefficiencies. In a pine-paneled office of a closed engine plant in

^{*} For news of what *The Crisis* did to some of Britain's ancient & honorable magazines, see PAGES.

Coventry, an industrialist who had been in charge of large aircraft undertakings during the war talked about the economy under Socialism. His conclusion: "In a human sense it's regrettable, but inescapable. Nationalism and equality are inefficient."

In a human sense, for many Britons *The Crisis* was a nightmare of inequalities and inefficiencies. In one short street in Plymouth, shops showed these signs: "No Potatoes"; "No Logs"; "No Rabbits"; "No Fish"; "No Cigarettes."

Emanuel Shinwell's Fuel Ministry bu-

scores in the near-darkness, played over & over a tune it knew: *Keep the Home Fires Burning*.

Amidst the drab suffering of the snow-grey week, Winston Churchill provided a happy and colorful note at Daughter Mary's wedding to Army Captain Christopher Soames in heatless, candle-lit St. Margaret's Church in London. A crowd of about 3,000 shivering women and a few men gave him a long cheer and a "Good old Winnie" as he grinned and flashed the V sign. They mildly booed Guest Clement Attlee, Churchill made up



MARY CHURCHILL & FATHER
The Prime Minister was grateful.

International

reas all over the country took a beating from hundreds of irate Britons whose businesses were squeezed in the hastily applied switchoffs.

Poultry farmers, listed as non-essential, screamed for power or fuel to save thousands of chicks.

In London there was a call from a crematorium. Said the voice: "I have one half-baked and two waiting to go in. Am I a priority for coal?" The Fuel Ministry pondered the question, called back with a decision: he was.

In Hammersmith, at the well-lighted "Palais de Danse," members of the National Coal Board solemnly stood before 2,000 jitterbugs and bobby-soxers and helped select a pretty, blonde "Coal Queen." They planned to wine, dine and publicize her in a campaign to recruit more miners.

Cheers & Boos. The people managed to work their stiff upper lips into smiles over some lighter incidents. Trade delegations arrived in London from Russia and Iceland, took up their negotiations by candlelight. Among the things they wanted was more coal from Britain. An Edinburgh restaurant orchestra, unable to read its

for that. After the ceremony he strode to the Prime Minister, seized both his hands, then clapped him on the back, said to him: "We worked well together in the coalition; you come along and sign the register with me." Warmed and pleased, Attlee did.

Hope & Gloom. By week's end *The Crisis* seemed to have passed its peak of fever. Working around the clock, a force of about 100,000 British troops, German prisoners of war and Polish exile troops had cleared many snow-blocked rail lines. Gales abated and more than 100 coastal colliers fought heavy seas. Along the Thames and the Tyne came the electrifying sight of ice-coated ships unloading at power stations.

How long would Britain be flat on its back, in economic semi-coma? This week the Government could give no better answer than "indefinitely." Fuel and factory experts figured that it may take two weeks after a thaw for the country to return to pre-Crisis normal. The effects of this emergency operation would be painfully felt for a long time. Loss of production in 1947, at the best guess, would be 10%. There was little hope that the

FOREIGN NEWS



THE ROYAL FAMILY ON THE TARGET RANGE*
For big sister, no bull's-eyes.

Associated Press

country's limping export drive (TIME, Feb. 3) could regain much strength this year.

Bitter medicine was in store for the bitterly stoical Britons. Fuel rationing seemed a must from now on. Sufficient reserve stocks for next winter could not be built up without giving industry less than its full requirements. That meant that goods for domestic use would have to be cut. Some economists talked in terms of three more years of scarcity.

Almost every Briton now knew that his nation was very, very sick and that recovery would be slow and painful.

In Hampstead a bank clerk expressed the thoughts of thousands: "If I'd known about this, I would have cleared out last year. South Africa or Australia for me."

"That Is Their Strength"

TIME's London bureau head, John Osborne, sent this summary of *The Crisis*:

The most terrible of human forces—fright—was abroad in Britain. The people were frightened, as Dunkirk, blitz and buzzbombs had never frightened them.

Politically, anything might have happened if a strong, vital alternative to the Labor Government had been at hand. But the Government was in no danger of falling; the blackout was even more of a catastrophe for the Conservative Party than it was for the Laborites. It was indeed the final evidence and confirmation of the catastrophe which the Conservatives have been undergoing for years.

The fact that the Tories had nothing to offer in *The Crisis* was evidence enough. The fact that Britons did not expect them to have anything to offer is more significant. When Tory Members of Parliament were asked what they proposed to do, the best answer was: "Wait until the people get their senses back." A factor of the Tory utility is that, to all effects, the

Party is Winston Churchill—and last week he fiddled with tactics while the United Kingdom froze. If, as many Conservatives say, he is convinced that the people will summon him to power again, he has offered them nothing but himself on his own terms.

Something besides fright and disillusionment was abroad in Britain. This disaster gave neither call nor lift to the human spirit, as had Dunkirk and the bombs. But one quality of the people stood out: Britons blamed only Britons. Gone was the cloying tendency to blame everything on the war and bad luck. Britons looked to themselves as they had not for a long time. That is their strength, and it may be their salvation.

Through Sunny Seas

A London bartender pondered a picture of his King clad in shorts and soaking up the equatorial sun on the deck of H.M.S. *Vanguard*. "The papers say he's keeping in close touch with the situation," said he. "Well, 4,000 miles would be close enough for me, too." But many another Briton, shivering in the grip of the coal crisis, took a kinder view as the papers reported, inch by inch, the royal progress to South Africa.

For one thing, fashion reporters were finally permitted to disclose the breathlessly awaited details of the royal trousseaux. Hats were "off the face," for royalty may not hide from onlookers under a lowering brim. For Princess Elizabeth there were pastel evening gowns, "really romantic, with rustling, or softly flowing full skirts." For 16-year-old Margaret ("She's a nice kid," said one of the designers, "with a naughty glint in her eye"), at least one "slinky, grown-up looking, sophisticated" chiffon. "Her Majesty" Left to right: Princess Elizabeth, the Queen, an officer, Princess Margaret, the King.

esty," wrote one reporter, "is expected to land in a misty blue, bordered with matching ostrich feathers."

Aboard the *Vanguard*, the Queen and her daughters enjoyed the usual shipboard pastimes in cool, short-sleeved, washable prints. One fine day, Her Majesty, prone but queenly, stretched out on the deck with the rest of the family to try her hand at target shooting (*see cut*). Margaret banged out a bull's-eye on her first shot, but young Elizabeth fired 30 rounds without a hit. There were bouts of deck tennis and shuffleboard, and—for the Princesses—a giddy series of tea parties in the midshipmen's "gun room," with charades and some earnest discussion of swing bands. At one formal dinner the Princesses sang the latest hits together as Margaret beat out a symphonic piano accompaniment.

When the *Vanguard* crossed the equator, the traditional ducking was omitted as too undignified for royalty; instead the Princesses became members of the Order of Shellbacks (traditionally permitting them to spit to windward except in the presence of one who has rounded Cape Horn), with a simpler initiation: ship's petty officers doused their noses with powder and fed them pills. Warned that the pills might be made of soap, Margaret refused to touch them until her big sister ate one and assured her it contained a cherry.

As the *Vanguard* steamed on, city fathers in Cape Town, Johannesburg and Pretoria worked feverishly, decorating their cities with colored lights and bunting. Striking bakers decided to go back to work in honor of the visit, with the threat to strike again when the King had gone home. In Cape Town 18 young men (carefully matched in weight and height) were reported practicing on a three-inch bar suspended like a tightrope to perfect their balance when they took over as stewards on the royal train. Snapped the *New Statesman's* Kingsley Martin when this news reached London: "Buckingham Palace needs a sensible public-relations department. The King and Queen have a sufficiently burdensome job without this tomfool buildup."

In South Africa, however, the readers were lapping it up, and editors shoved other news aside. An irresistible exception was the story of two teen-aged daughters of a Cape Town railroad laborer, who had simultaneously turned to boys. The younger promptly decided to leave a girls' seminary and join the army. But as the *Vanguard* finally sidled up to her Cape Town wharf, 1,000 other less proper schoolgirls, dressed in their best white, lined up to form the word "Welcome" on the side of Signal Hill. Some 200,000 more South Africans stood in the sweltering sun or clung to flagpoles to roar their greetings, many fainting with the heat. Britain's considerate King suggested that the shoreward procession start a half hour early.

FOREIGN NEWS

GREECE

O Aghelastos

[See Cover]

Carnival time brought no carnival to Athens last week. The people did not, in the fashion of happier years, cavort through the streets behind the *gaitanaki* (mock donkey formed by two clowns). The season brought only reminders of the fact that Greece was one of Europe's unhappiest nations.

At Athens' Acropole Palace hotel, a U.N. commission was hearing witnesses on Greece's imbroglio with her northern neighbors. From Washington came an Olympian statement from Secretary of State Marshall, welcoming Greece's new coalition Government but warning that it must put Greece's chaotic house in order before it could expect more U.S. help.

In his sand-colored marble palace in Athens, a short (5 ft. 2 in.), stiff-backed gentleman was having a lonely lunch of a simple entrée and fruit. George of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, King of the Hellenes, was suffering from a stomach ulcer, and a heavier meal, combined with all his worries about his realm, would have been inadvisable.

Cradle & Key. Greece, though it was tiny and poor and quarrelsome, was worth the world's worry. Under its deep blue skies people had first achieved the reasoned rule they called democracy. The Greece of 1947 was a strategic spot in democracy's worldwide, defensive struggle.

Greece is a key to the eastern Mediterranean and to the Dardanelles (which Russia wants). It is the only Balkan country still outside the Iron Curtain, and its frontier with Slav lands to the north (Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Albania) is in fact a frontier between two worlds. The U.N. commission was in Athens last week because Greece charged that Russia's allies were trying to push that frontier south.

Well-trained guerrillas from Russia's satellite states infiltrated into Greece's northern provinces, fanning Greece's chronic civil war. By diverting the energies of the Greek Government from the desperate domestic situation to the fighting in the north, the Communists were constantly worsening that domestic situation and gaining supporters among Greece's disgruntled, hungry people. The exasperatingly slow and petty testimonies before the U.N. commission did not tell the real story of Greece's tragedy. Outside the Acropole Palace's heavy brown curtains the streets of Athens told far more.

The Feast of Peace. On the walls of the working-class district beneath the Parthenon, scrawled slogans gave a chronology of Greece's sorrow.

One said: "Hurrah for the Allies, Death to Hitler!"

A second said: "EAM" (National Liberation Front, the leftist anti-Hitler or-

ganization which became an instrument of Communist terror).

A third said: "Erkhetē"—He [the King] is coming.

The streets were crowded with refugees driven to Athens from the countryside, where the bitter forces behind political slogans whipped up a violence that made reconstruction impossible.

Two samples from refugees' stories:

¶ Gramatikakis Panayotis, a Spartan lawyer, told how a band of extreme right-wing X-ites^o broke into his house last May. "We were dining at about 11 at night, when five or six men came into the house. They killed my brother, who was a royalist though I am a leftist, broke my sister's arm, my mother's arm, wounded me in the leg, wounded another sister in the cheek. Now we live with relatives, six in one room."

¶ Said the mayor of a village in the Tempe valley: "For months I have been trying to bring peace to the village. Not long ago I organized a big feast in the

* Rightist hatchet-men whom their pro-German leader, Colonel Georges Grivas, designated with the algebraic symbol "x" (for reasons known only to himself).

square. Everyone shook hands and said that henceforth they would live in peace. But in the middle of our feast, eight gendarmes walked up to the table and told all royalists that, if they did not leave at once, they would be considered traitors. So they left. Two nights later, the Communists attacked the *gendarmerie* post and shot all eight of them. Three days after that, a rightist band came across the river in boats, attacked the town, killed 16 people, and burned their houses. But when they started back across the river, the Communists were waiting for them with machine guns and killed about 60 out of 100."

"British, Go!" Who could bring peace to a land thus split by doubt and fear and bordered by its neighbors' militant hatreds? The British, who had come to Greece as liberators, had failed. The presence even of a friendly, homesick, token-size British army hurt Greek *philotimo* (the kind of sensitive self-esteem that makes a Greek waiter deliberately dawdle if he is harshly addressed, and a Greek day laborer feel equal to his King). Others besides Communists hummed the popular Communist ditty: "British, Go from Our



GREEK MOURNERS & CASUALTY
Over his shoulder, God threw stones.

John Phillips-Life



Associated Press

ANTI-BRITISH DEMONSTRATION IN ATHENS^o
On a frontier between worlds, not much to smile about.

Land!" In Athens last week, a fashionable young lady remarked: "It is fashionable to dislike the British."

The British failure to put Greece back on its political and economic feet was inevitable. All the British ever had a chance to do, or ever tried to do, was to maintain a minimum of order until the Greeks found leaders of sufficient wisdom and moderation to govern. The roster of current Greek political figures holds little hope for the future.

On the right, which is more reactionary than conservative, the chief figures are: Constantin ("Dino") Tsaldaris, an apocryphic, Egyptian-trained lawyer who heads the Populists, largest right-wing party (151 seats in Parliament) and General Napoleon Zervas (National Party, 24 seats), who fought well against the Germans, though he has a somewhat shady reputation (his party headquarters are in a gambling club).

The Greek Communists have not earned the reputation for successful cunning that crowns their colleagues in other lands. The senseless excesses of EAM terrorists have long held Communist gains below what they could have been. Best known Red bosses are: George Siantos, wartime Secretary-General of Greece's Communist Party, whose mustache (which he carefully brilliantines) is as trim as ever, but whose political strength is dropping; and Niko Zakhariades, present Secretary-General, a Moscow-trained veteran party organizer who once shot a man in an Athens square. (Zakhariades claimed that his victim was a Trotskyite, but since the Greeks were not then using

the Moscow ground rules, Zakhariades went to jail for nine years.)

Between the implacable and inept extremes are Greece's tragically feeble centrists, chief among them Liberal Themistocles Sophoulis, 86, a former archeologist who has proved vacillating despite his deceptively brisk voice and snapping black eyes (Greek cartoonists usually picture him rushing off to the men's room), and Themistocles Venizelos, bridge-playing, insignificant son of Eleutherios Venizelos, Greece's last first-rate politician (he was forced to resign in 1935, died in 1936).

Since real leadership and unity were obviously not coming from that job lot of office seekers, Greece's hopes inevitably turned to King George II,† a neat man with icy blue eyes and a rigid face, in whose name (and against whose name) most of the fighting has been done in Greece.

George's coat of arms bears the picture

* Beneath the windows of the U.N. Commission, signs in French (the tongue of diplomats, traders and confidence men from Trieste to Teheran) proclaim: "Let British Troops Leave Greece," "Dissolution of Parliament."

† George has no Greek blood in his veins, is part Danish, part German, part Russian. When Greece achieved independence from Turkey in 1831, the day's Big Three (Britain, France, Russia) decided that she needed a king, surveyed Europe's better princelings. They chose Otto of Bavaria, one of the highly unstable Wittelsbachs, who took 30 years to get himself dethroned. Next choice was a 17-year-old Prince of Denmark, who reigned 30 years, but was assassinated; his son Constantin was twice exiled, his grandson Alexander died after being bitten by his pet monkey; and his grandson George II has been in exile twice to date (1973-35, 1941-46).

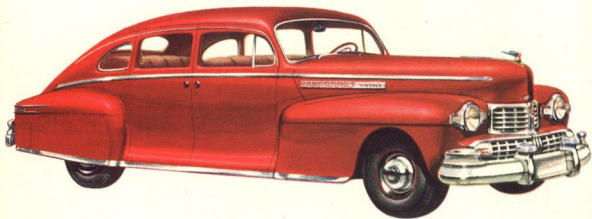
of two Herculeses, both with clubs; but so far he hasn't harmed a Hydra. A product of German governesses, Potsdam Military Academy and the British Court, he sincerely tries to do the "right thing," once remarked sadly: "There are no gentlemen in Greece with whom I could make friends." During his years in exile he apparently felt quite at home in the limbo of throneless royalty, where frayed memories of grandeur are brushed and brushed again like aging cutaways. He dresses well—perhaps a little too well; he was once mistaken for a headwaiter in a London restaurant. He has shot tigers in Nepal, tried his hand at writing movie scenarios, was once offered (but declined) a job selling real estate in Florida.

King of the Kitchen. His passionate people sometimes wish that he were a crook or a Casanova, a gambler or a drunk—it would be better than his correct futility. But George drinks mineral water with his meals, dislikes cards, is circumspect with women. At 31, he married beautiful Princess Elizabeth of Rumania, whose domestic accomplishments (embroidery, watercolors and cookery) distinguished her from her flamboyant mother, the late Queen Marie. Nevertheless, George's marriage ended in divorce in 1935 (Elizabeth now lives in Rumania and reportedly has grown very fat). A minimum of gossip has attended George's relationship with his British mistress (said a friend last week: "She really feels more like a mother than a mistress towards him"). Not even a whisper of gossip attended George's friendship with International Lawyer Fanny Holtzman. The redoubtable Fanny once heard it said that she had cooked a meal for George. She bridled: "The King of Greece knew where the saucapans were. When he came to see me, he broiled his own chops."

George's soldiers have rendered the most devastating verdict on him. They call him *O Aghelastos*—he who does not laugh. Once, at the Oxford Union, he achieved an epigram: "The world is too full of bookworms and blue stockings, long-haired men and short-haired women." This was in 1928, and not new then; no subsequent wisecracks by George are on the record.

Moment of Greatness. In 1936, he courageously sacked his own supporter, crooked Minister of War George ("The Thunderbolt") Kondylis, declared an amnesty for anti-royalists, and instituted a liberal Cabinet. For a while George was so popular that his subjects took to wearing monacles, in his fashion. But the spell did not last long; when the anti-royalists became difficult, he permitted the late, pro-German John Metaxas to form an iron dictatorship which lasted till World War II. It was then that George had his moment of greatness. When the Greek people inspired the world by fighting against Italy with Thermopylean courage, George found stirring words to lead them

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FOREIGN NEWS

(before he had to flee the country): "All together, men, women, children of Hellas, rise up, clench your fists, stand at my side to defend the country . . . soldiers in the vanguard of that freedom which has sprung from the sacred bones of the Greeks. Forward, sons of Hellas, in the fight for body and soul!"

When the Germans pulled out and Communists' excesses had revived waning royalist sympathies, the Greeks, by fair and overwhelming vote, asked George to come back from his wartime exile. But they have heard no inspiring words from him since his return last September. For days after his restoration, George paced the floor of his sparsely furnished, silk-paneled study, trying to find a way of broadening Greece's rightist Government under Dino Tsaladaris. When Tsaladaris and the centrists refused to compromise, advisers urged the King to intervene. But at this point, "he who does not laugh" was back in character. Said he sadly: "Oh!—no. I am a constitutional monarch, I can do nothing." The civil war continued, the people remained afraid and very hungry.

The Stones God Threw. In Athens last week, the people were retelling an old story: when God made the world, He poured all the earth through a sieve and put down some good soil here, which was one country, and some there, which was another; then He threw all the stones over His shoulder, and that was Greece. Through the centuries Greeks managed to compensate for their hard lot (only 15% of Greece's land is arable) by organizational skill, trading talent and unflagging enterprise.

But the old ability to make two drachmas grow where one grew before seems to have sputtered out. An economist in Athens last week declared that the only new business enterprise he had heard of was a bar opened by a bartender who had quarreled with his partner.

When former New Dealer Paul A. Porter, ex-OP Administrator, arrived in Athens last month as head of a U.S. economic mission, the only Greeks who did not welcome him were the Communists. The general attitude was summed up by one Greek who said in careful English: "We certainly could use a little loan here and a little loan there." But Porter was not yet ready to grant any loans, wanted the Greeks to put themselves on the road to orderly recovery.

Porter chalked up his first (minor) success by getting the Government to slash the number of its proliferating ministries from 43 to 15. Mark Ethridge cleared the decks for action by the U.N. commission (which had so far been bogged down in endless, petty testimonies) by obtaining unanimous agreement to limit witnesses' time to one hour, and by sending field teams to the troubled northern border. Greece at last had a coalition Government. The new Premier, in place



John Phillips-Lux
COMMUNIST SIANTOS
A little brilliantine.

of Tsaladaris, was frail, ailing ex-Banker Demetrios Maximos, a non-party ex-royalist. The new Government, promising to review the case of all political prisoners, made a start by releasing women & children. But civil strife, which had slackened after the U.N. commission's arrival, flared up again, this time farther south than before; Communists boldly raided the Sparta prison, freed 200 prisoners.

Suspended Judgment. The people had not entirely given up hope that their King would pull them together. When George left the seclusion of his palace last week to attend a requiem service at the Metropolis Cathedral for a distant relative, Sweden's Prince Gustaf Adolf (recently killed in an airplane crash), the crowd lining University Boulevard neither cheered nor booed; they clapped politely. The people were still willing to withhold their judgment on their King—but not for much longer. Said one Athenian indifferently as the King's grey-green Rolls-Royce passed by: "Oh, I suppose he will go to England after the next plebiscite."

The people did not smile at the King; the King did not smile at the people. In fact, there was not much to smile about.

THE BALKANS

Drang

Bulgaria used to be the crossroads of Germany's *Drang nach Osten* and Russia's drive toward the Dardanelles.

Because Bulgaria was a poor guesser, and lined up with Germany in two world wars, it has become more of a Russian springboard than a crossroads. Last week Great Britain tacitly acknowledged Bulgaria's new alignment: London recognized



Harris & Ewing
DEMOCRAT PORTER
A little loan.

(although Washington did not) the Communist-dominated government of oldtime Comintern Boss Georgi Dimitrov.

Although the Red Army was preparing to leave Bulgaria soon, Moscow was not taking chances on any bad Bulgarian guessing in the future. Thirty thousand Russian settlers had already moved into Bulgaria, and more were on the way. Eventually, the largest group would settle in the Dobruja area, along Bulgaria's Black Sea coast—shortest land corridor from the U.S.S.R. to the Dardanelles.

Along this same corridor lies a chunk of Rumania. Since last summer, Russians have been arriving in large numbers. Rumania's vital Black Sea port, Constanta, now has some 50,000 of them—as many Russians as there are Rumanians. They have their own schools, shops, theaters and restaurants. In most Rumanian cities King Michael's photo is flanked by those of Rumanian Premier Petru Groza and Soviet Premier Joseph Stalin; in Constanta bars, shops and hotels, Stalin's photo gets the center.

CHINA

Burning Issue

Shanghai's realistic firemen, who seldom risk confronting a spreading blaze but prefer to douse burned-out wreckage in its wake, last week proved as sensitive as they are sensible. In consequence of repeated (though unsubstantiated) charges that they demanded gold-bar bribes to answer a New Year's Day call, the city's 514 fire fighters resigned in a body.

Their stated dilemma: if they entered a burning building, they would be accused of theft; if they did not, they would be accused of negligence and bribery.

LATIN AMERICA

COLOMBIA

On Mt. Tablazo

South above the green Magdalena River Valley dived a big four-motored DC-4 on one of the world's most famed time-saving runs; by boat or train it is four days from steamy, coastal Barranquilla to highland Bogotá, by air 2½ hours. This run had the usual vanload of time-savers—49 passengers (including five U.S. businessmen) plus a crew of four.

At Bogotá the airport radio operator for the airline (Avianca, a subsidiary of Pan American World Airways) received a routine message: the DC-4 was 30 minutes out, would soon ask for landing instructions. For several hours there was no more. Then came a message from up-country. Thirty miles north of the field, Avianca's DC-4 had crashed into the vertical, cloud-shrouded face of Mt. Tablazo, a 9,000-foot peak in the Sierra Sabana range. Then it fell flaming, 1,000 feet into the ravine below. The DC-4's 53 were dead, in the worst crash in airline history.

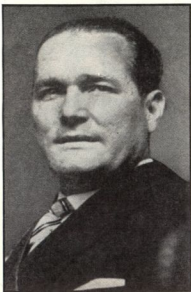
GUATEMALA

Accidental Socialism

The most socialized country in the Western Hemisphere is the Central American Republic of Guatemala. It is also one of the few Latin American republics (according to New York Timesman W. H. Lawrence—*TIME*, Jan. 13) without a formal Communist party. Guatemala's socialism started by accident of war. Today one-third of its agricultural produce is grown on land operated by the Government. The land—comprising one-fourth of the country's best plantations—fell under state control when the Government expropriated the German plantations in 1944.

Last week, tending his coffee plants in the shade of the banana trees, the average Guatemalan peon knew little enough of these facts. True, he had not seen a blond, German-speaking *finquero* in years, but the *finquero* had lived in Guatemala City and Juanito had seldom seen him anyway. More money jingled in Juanito's pocket (his wages were recently hiked from 5¢ to 50¢ a day), but higher prices had just about canceled out the raise. He had heard that model government houses, of cement and adobe, might soon be built on his *fincas*. But his boss, the same *fincas* manager who had been on the place for 35 years, was still there demanding work. Juanito swung his hoe.

Schoolmaster President. But in the capital the *fincas'* future was a sore political issue. Landowners, lawyers and businessmen complained bitterly about the turn of history that had put so much of the country's wealth in government hands. Some complained even more bitterly about an accident of politics—a 1944 revolution staged by a few young Army officers with a little help from the Left.



Frank Scherschel-Life
PRESIDENT JUAN JOSÉ ARÉVALO
In the clouds.

The revolution had put the government (and the prized *fincas*) in charge of a man who calls himself a "spiritual socialist."

Actually, square-jawed, mystical President Juan José Arévalo is no real socialist, but a warm-hearted man full of the necessity for improving the lot of his countrymen. His books, written while he was a university professor in Argentina, abound with denunciations of Communism as "the lowest form of social organization." He



Leo Rosenthal-Pix
AMBASSADOR BELT
On the stairway.

sits up to all hours drawing blueprints for school improvements. He discourses by the hour to such visitors as Cinemactor Tyrone Power on the urgent need for a Central American union (*TIME*, Sept. 30).

In two years five Agriculture Ministers have departed because of differences of policy. But professorial, impractical Juan Arévalo has taken no decisive step either to make socialism a permanent feature of his Government, or to abandon it and sell the seized lands back to private ownership.

Nevertheless, the Army stands by him. Five times his opponents have tried to overthrow him. Once his 31-year-old War Minister, Major Jacobo Arbenz, yanked him away from a wedding at 10 p.m., with the news that a revolution was due at 2. Arévalo protested that he still had a few more hours for the wedding party before confronting the revolution.

Thus, last week, the "spiritual socialist" President, who would have been lots happier teaching school, went right on managing Guatemala's accidentally socialist state—subject, of course, to the Army.

CUBA

The Broad View

Though he denied it, Cuba's ambitious young (41) Ambassador to the U.S., Guillermo Belt, looked more & more as if he were going to be a candidate to succeed President Ramón Grau San Martín next year.

He flew to Havana, was closeted three and four times daily with his good friend Grau. While Prime Minister Carlos Prío Socarrás, an avowed candidate, cooled his heels outside the President's second-floor office, Belt used a private stairway to the third-floor apartment where Grau lived. Said Prío nervously: "If I last till Wednesday, I'm saved."

On Friday, Ambassador Belt flew back to Washington. Prío still had his job (and three new men in his Cabinet). Too smart to make Grau mad by an open declaration of candidacy now, Belt had simply fixed his fences. An old schoolmate of his now manned the pivotal Interior ministry.

Well set on the inside track, the Ambassador still had to live down his name. Anti-Americans referred to him as "William" Belt; his paternal grandfather, John Benjamin Belt of Beltsville, Md., had settled in Cuba after serving as Jeff Davis' purchasing agent there during the Civil War. After the 1933 revolution, young Belt became Havana's mayor at 29. In Washington he has worked diligently for bigger sugar quotas and other things good for Cuba. At the U.N. Assembly last fall he attacked the Soviet stand on the veto.

But there was no reason to believe that Cuba entirely appreciated the broad view. Last week ex-Prime Minister Félix Llanús accused Belt of "acting as Washington Ambassador in Cuba, not Cuban Ambassador in Washington."

BRAZIL

Mistake at the Serrador

The U.S. Embassy staff in Rio was doubly surprised last week. In the first place, they did not realize that Dr. Irene Diggs, the State Department exchange student for whom they had booked a hotel reservation, was a Negro. And they did not dream that in Brazil, which has enough mixed blood to have almost forgotten race distinctions, a hotel would turn a Negro away.

But that was what happened when trim, 40-year-old Ellen Irene Diggs, Ph.D. in sociology and anthropology at the University of Havana, registered at Rio's new, 20-story Hotel Serrador. Dr. Diggs went off without fuss to another hotel. But when word of the Hotel Serrador's decision got around, she became quite a figure in the news and editorial pages of an angry Brazilian press. Cried Rio's *Democracia*: "In a land where race discrimination is not the concern of statesmen or a headache for sociologists . . . an incident like this demands an explanation." Said Dr. Diggs: "I am disillusioned. . . ." Explained shamefaced Serrador Manager Arcangelo Maleta: "There was some mistake."

ARGENTINA

Government Operated

Britain unloaded her largest single overseas investment last week and Argentina became owner of her own railroad system.

Soon after the Crimean War, Britain shipped to Argentina a holdful of war surplus: one locomotive, several coaches, and six miles of track originally ordered for the siege of Sevastopol. Argentines promptly called the locomotive *La Porteña*, proudly watched it chuff out of Buenos Aires in August 1857. In the years that followed, the six miles of track grew to 27,000—over half of it broad Russian gauge (5 ft. 6 in.) like *La Porteña's*. Because Britain kept her finger in the succulent Argentine railway pie, British investors eventually owned 74% of Argentina's trackage.

At first, profits were enormous (up to 25% on some roads). But watered stock, low rates (fixed by the Government) and truck competition cut into dividends; for years the British owners have been dickering to sell out. Last week's ceremony in the *Salón Blanco* of the Casa Rosada (Government House), where Economic Czar Miguel Miranda and British Ambassador Sir Reginald Leeper (for the British shareholders) signed the bill of sale, finally ended the negotiations.

The price, \$600 million, seemed to suit everyone. For the British, it was \$100 million more than the reported 1941 haggling figure. It also meant that Britain had liquidated her \$500 million debt (in blocked sterling) to Argentina and got about \$100 million spot cash.

President Juan Perón, driving toward his national-socialized state, fairly beamed too. From now on Argentina's railways will be Government-operated.



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CANADA

EXTERNAL AFFAIRS

Armed Hands across the Border

In the House of Commons at Ottawa, Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King, pink of face and neatly dressed in brown, rose beside his front bench last week with some news for the whole world. Canada and the U.S., he announced, have agreed to continue their wartime military collaboration in peacetime.

The Prime Minister was careful to state that this is no "treaty" or "contractual obligation." Either nation can stop the collaboration at any time. It is only a "working arrangement," a bilateral declaration of principles intended to clear the air of wild rumors about U.S.-Canadian

on Defense will be secret. So, for the time being, will details of how the expenses will be shared.

No Surprise. Few were surprised, and only Communists were angered, by Mr. King's announcement. Actually, U.S. and Canadian military men have been working together all along. Since war's end the armed forces of both nations have been experimenting to see how machines would function and how men could live and fight in the Arctic. The Canadian Army's "Musk-Ox" expedition (TIME, Feb. 25, 1946), on which U.S. observers went along, was one test. So was the U.S. "Operation Frostbite"—the northern trip of the aircraft carrier *Midway*, which carried a Canadian observer. The U.S.

Berton and Photographer Art Jones, had, to the surprise of no one, thoroughly shattered all the fantastic folklore of Headless Valley.

From the *Sun's* chartered airplane, Berton reported he saw no lush vegetation and no great herds of fat animals, only awesome, rugged country buried under deep snow, "a handful of hot springs" and the frozen Virginia Falls, 316 ft. high. After flying 15 miles through a canyon whose sheer walls rose to 1,500 feet, the plane landed on its skis in the valley itself, a great bowl set amid the mountains. There was no living thing in sight, not even the fearsome character who (the legend said) cut off the heads of explorers and prospectors. All Berton found in his quick peek were two crumbling cabins near by. In one was a faded pin-up picture of Rita Hayworth, while the exploring reporter matched with a pin-up note: "Kilroy was here."

Looking around at what many fanciful talespinners had described as a northern Shangri-la, Berton came to this solemn conclusion: "O credulous and gullible world . . . the vale that set your soul aflame with the fire of adventure exists only in your own imagination."

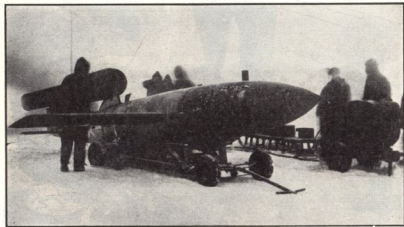
THE MARITIMES

Shut Down

A two weeks' strike truce in the Maritime coal industry had brought miners and owners no closer. So last week 13,500 members of the United Mine Workers, District 26, walked out of the mines for a second time, and shut down 30% of Canada's coal industry.

William F. Carroll, Government mediator and Nova Scotia Supreme Court judge, had tried hard to reconcile the miners' demands (\$1.40 more a day) with the operators' offer of \$1 a day, contingent on increased production. Mediator Carroll recommended a pay boost of \$1.40 a day, plus more production. The extra 40¢, he said, must come from an increased Government subsidy since a higher coal price would "interfere most gravely with effective transition to a peacetime economy." But the miners thumbed down the recommendation as a "mere incentive bonus."

With the walkout only a few hours away, Labor Minister Humphrey Mitchell conferred with both sides in Ottawa. More Government assistance, said he, was out. If the Carroll compromise were accepted, the 40¢ would have to come out of a higher coal price. But the operators found that unacceptable. Only skeleton maintenance crews were left underground. Industries and cities dug into the coal which they have been stockpiling. Most coal users had enough on hand for a few weeks. But Nova Scotia cities were already talking about dimouts and other conservation measures.



U.S. ARMY V-1 TEST IN ALASKA
In the North, cooperation.

Acme

military intentions in the Arctic. The gist of the agreement is that the two countries will exchange military observers and armed-service personnel; they will make their military, naval and air facilities available to each other; they will try to standardize weapons.

No Bases. With an eye on Russia, which has rumbled about U.S. "imperialism" in the Arctic, the Prime Minister carefully noted that the U.S. has not asked for Canadian bases. But military men in both the U.S. and Canada were quite sure that a network of Arctic radar listening posts and weather stations, at least, would be established and jointly manned by both nations.

Said Mr. King: "What we are trying to do is to view the situation soberly, realistically and undramatically. . . . The polar regions assume new importance. . . . In consequence, we must think and learn more about those regions. When we think of the defense of Canada, we must, in addition to looking East and West as in the past, [consider] the North as well."

As in wartime, the details on what has been done and what is being planned by the U.S.-Canadian Permanent Joint Board

Army's midwinter tests of men and machines in 60°-below-zero weather in Alaska and in the Aleutians this year also have had Canadian observers on hand.

So Canadians, whose sovereignty would be involved in any joint Arctic establishments, took the news of the agreement calmly. In Moscow, the *New Times*, as expected, squawked that the U.S. was "turning Canada . . . into its own military base." But many Canadians thought that the trouble with the agreement was that it did not go far enough. Said the *Montreal Star*: "Whether the U.S. seeks bases or not, no effective defense arrangements can be made without bases. There can and should be bases manned and operated by the two countries in collaboration."

NORTHWEST TERRITORIES

No Shangri-La

The legends told about the Northwest's Nahanni (Headless) Valley (TIME, Jan. 20) stirred up so much interest that the Vancouver *Sun* sent out its own explorers for a first-hand look. By last week the accounts of the travelers, Reporter Pierre

"Are Bulbsnatchers People?" asks Prof. Colonna

W'e'll say they are, Jerry! Most everyone's been guilty of robbing one light socket to fill another!

COLONNA: —"Light" fingered, eh? Call in Dick Tracy!

Wait, Jerry. Bulbsnatching's no crime—just annoying. People are apt to strain their eyes with a wrong-sized lamp bulb or sprain an ankle in the dark.

COLONNA: —Egad—is there a doctor in the house?

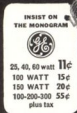
Hold on, Professor. Best cure for bulbsnatching is to keep a spare supply of General Electric lamp bulbs always on hand! They cost so little . . . they give so much light . . .

COLONNA: Groping for words? You mean "for a monetary modicum the illuminatory capacity . . ."

Exactly, Professor! G-E lamps give a *w hale* of a lot of light for only a few cents. And G-E lamp research is constantly at work to make G-E Lamps even better and to make them stay brighter longer! See your G-E lamp dealer now!

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featured on the
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Longer!

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

PEOPLE



BABE RUTH
A look at the river.

Acme

Home Folks

"I make the shrimp test," was the way **General George C. Marshall's** wife, Katherine, described one of her social duties. At parties she serves the Secretary of State as a sort of poison-taster, she explained. Anything with shrimp in it makes him pass out cold.

In Hollywood, Cinematress **Gene Tierney** fell upstairs and broke a toe. Otherwise, everything moved according to custom.

Bandsman **Tommy Dorsey** let it be known, through his business representative, that he had separated from his second wife, Actress **Pat Dane**. Barrel-chested Cinematographer **Brian Donlevy** got a divorce after complaining that his wife 1) had been complaining for ten years, and 2) had been so busy for the past three

years that he could never get a date with her. **Greer Garson**, 38, officially announced her separation from her second husband, Actor **Richard Ney**, 28 (who played her son in *Mrs. Miniver*). "Like many other married couples," Miss Garson observed, "we have had difficulties."

Teresa Wright (who played Ney's bride in *Mrs. Miniver*) and Cinemauthor **Niven Busch** told the world they expected a child next October.

In Marseilles, angel-faced Actress **Danielle Darrieux** said she was now going to divorce **Porfirio Rubirosa** (who used to be Dominican chargé d'affaires in Vichy) to marry her third, Actor **Pierre Louis**. When Husband **Porfirio** paid her a visit, "I made known to him my intention . . ." said she. "He accepted like a gentleman."

Plump, greying Columnist **Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.**, 48, whose first, second and third marriages lasted, respectively, seven, three and six years, was now separated, after something less than six months, from beauteous **Maria Feliza Pablos**, 29-year-old grandniece of Mexico's late President **Porfirio Diaz**.

Dime-Store Heiress **Barbara Hutton** (first husband, Prince **Alexis Mdivani**; second, Count **Court Haugwitz-Reventlow**; third, Cinematographer **Cary Grant**) was back at the marriage-license bureau with another prince. Sharing the Swiss vistas with her in St. Moritz: tall, blond Prince **Igor Troubetzkoy**, leading candidate for No. 4.

Past Masters

Charles A. Lindbergh, in a week of plane crashes, took pen in hand to prove that, on a mileage basis, planes are safer than autos: "Why are there so many airline accidents? Because there is so much more flying. . . ."

Babe Ruth, in a Manhattan hospital ever since an operation on his neck last November, finally went home. In his famous camel's hair coat & cap he didn't look bad to the camera's eye (*see cut*), but two people helped him walk from the hospital entrance to his car. "I'm going home for a little vacation," he said. ". . . I want to look at the river. . . ."

Gadabouts

Crown Prince **Saud Ibn Abdul Aziz** of Saudi Arabia finished his cross-country tour of the U.S., prepared to head for home this week after a month's visit. Detroit, where Prince & party occupied two entire floors of a hotel, would not soon forget him. He saw the auto capital's numerous postwar wonders, but what he really wanted, he said firmly, was one of those good old 1936 Pierce-Arrows. His father's—very roomy and comfortable—was wearing out.

Vacationing in sporty St. Moritz, Switzerland, with the international set: Yugoslavia's ex-King **Peter** and handsome wife **Alexandra**. They were enjoying a



MRS. GEORGE C. MARSHALL
A taste of the shrimp.

Acme

little change from Monaco. Besides, they had had to get out because they could not get their visas renewed.

Music-lovers at Cairo's Opera House had trouble paying attention to the stage. Ablaze in a box were King **Farouk's** beauteous sisters **Fawzia** (Queen of Iran) and **Faiza**, looking, respectively, like the Dragon Lady and a Hudson's Bay Co. advertisement (*see cut*).

Abd el-Krim, bearded, limping Riff chief who nearly drove the Spaniards out of Morocco in the '20s (before France's Marshal **Henri Philippe Pétain**, put in charge of combined Spanish and French forces, went down and whipped him), finally got the answer he wanted to a letter he has been sending to Paris every year. He could now get off Réunion Island, a muggy spot in the Indian Ocean to which he had been exiled (with two



PETER & ALEXANDRA
A change in the Alps.

Acme



FAWZIA & FAIZA
Ablaze in a box.

International



"I FELT HIS FALL—WHERE IT HURTS!"

"My wife warned me a hundred times to do something about that loose brick in our front step. But I laughed at her nervousness and never did get around to fixing it.

"Then it happened. A new postman slipped on that brick and fell heavily with his leg twisted under him—broken.

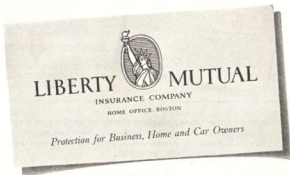
"That fall hit me hard, too—right in the pocket-book! When the postman threatened to sue me, I hired a lawyer in a hurry. He pointed out that I was legally liable—and advised settling the case out of court. It cost me plenty!

"I was thoroughly mad at myself. I could have saved a man a broken leg just by having that loose brick fixed. Even if I neglected to do so, I could have avoided the worry, the legal expense, all the costs of the accident, if I'd protected myself with a Comprehensive Personal Liability Policy. No insurance man had ever told me about this kind of protection—yet it costs as little as \$10 a year!

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ance a cinch to understand. You always know exactly what protection you have, what it costs, and what to do when trouble strikes. And the package keeps all your protection together in one place."

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MARINE ARENA-- THE COLOSSEUM, HUGE SPORTS AMPHITHEATER IN ROME, COMPLETED IN 80 A.D., SEATED 50,000 ROMANS AND **COULD BE FLOODED FOR SHAM NAVAL BATTLES.**



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favorite wives and many relatives) back in 1926. Abd el-Krim decided to move to the French Riviera.

The Air Is Filled with Music

Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz' wife, Catherine, played the piano at a benefit for Washington's National Symphony, but only as an accompanist. Soloist: the Nimitz' wonder-spaniel, Freckles, who gave *Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms* such a sensitive interpretation (see cut) that he had to do three encores.

Serge Koussevitzky, 72, the Boston Symphony's prestigious maestro for the past 22 years, went to court in Manhattan and gave a new publishing firm (Allen, Towne & Heath, Inc.) a blazing sendoff on its very first book. Title: *Koussevitzky*. Author: ex-Boston Music Critic Moses



Harris & Ewing

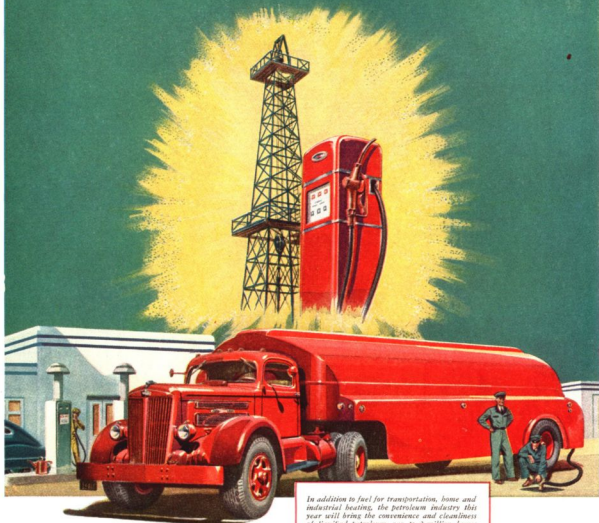
MRS. CHESTER NIMITZ & SOLOIST
A sensitive interpretation.

Smith. The maestro sued to stop publication. The book, he complained, "describes me as . . . incompetent . . . brutal . . . a poseur . . . attacks my integrity . . . impugns my loyalty and slanders a lifetime of work." Besides, complained the maestro, it might spoil the sale of a literary project of his own: the Koussevitzky autobiography.

A fire around dawn drove Musicomedy Writers **Herbert & Dorothy Fields** (*Let's Face It, Annie Get Your Gun*) out of their 18-room house in Brewster, N.Y. Some \$15,000 worth of furnishings went up in flames, but rural firemen managed to save the house: the Fields had a full swimming pool left over from summer.

In trouble with the law was Trinidad's "King of Calypso," **Edgar Leon St.-Clair** (*Stone Cold Dead in the Market*). He was picked up in Brooklyn for failing to report to probation authorities (he has been required to report periodically ever since he opened his common-law wife with a can-opener back in 1942).

Around the corner from *You*



In addition to fuel for transportation, home and industrial heating, the petroleum industry this year will bring the convenience and cleanliness of liquefied petroleum gas to 3-million homes located beyond city gas mains. This relatively new service ultimately offers better living in 20,000,000 non-urban homes.

MOTHER NATURE applied the cookie jar technique to oil. Most of it, she hid away, out of easy reach. Yet, gasoline and oil are two of the most conveniently available commodities you buy—and low in price. The explanation lies, of course, in the marvelously efficient distribution system of the

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EDUCATION

Dismal Document

Of the U.S. journalists who write about education, the name of Dr. Benjamin Fine leads all the rest. He likes to say: "I follow the teachers as some people follow the ponies." For ten years he has covered education for the New York *Times*, traveled thousands of miles, attended countless conventions, visited almost every U.S. college, bombarded students, teachers and officials with questionnaires about everything from coeds to cyclotrons.

The editors of the *Times* give him a free hand, don't even read his safe-&-sane, stuffy, *Times*-like pieces before they appear in print. One Fine series (on sloppy teaching of U.S. history) won a 1943 Pulitzer Prize. Last week Dr. Fine (he has a Ph.D. in education) began a new twelve-part series on what was wrong with U.S. education. It was based on a six-month swing he had made around the nation's public schools, and on the answers to 5,000 of his questionnaires.

Tough All Over. In his careful way, Ben Fine had documented what most educators and many citizens already knew: that U.S. schools are in a bad way. He had piled up some awesome facts & figures on the teacher exodus (350,000 since 1941), the teacher shortage (70,000), the number of sub-standard teachers (125,000), their generally low quality (one-third didn't go beyond high school), and the low teacher pay (U.S. average: \$37 a week). But like most statistics, these were bloodless. The dismaying story of U.S. education came alive only when he told what he had seen, not what he had counted.

In the Rockies, Fine had stopped at a desolate schoolhouse where he found a

"female ancient mariner with watery eyes" teaching 34 pupils. The old woman invited him to listen to a civics class. Wrote Fine: "She began a discussion of good & bad laws, complaining that this country is ruled by wicked men. 'Wait till the women get the right to vote!' she exclaimed in a seeming burst of inspiration. 'Some day they will, and then our laws will be better. . . .'"

In central Georgia, a mother insisted on taking her child out of school. Fine wondered why. "I know the new teacher," she replied, "She was reared in this country. And I know that she has not gone beyond the fourth grade. What is the sense of letting [her teach] my seventh-grade child?"

Second-Class Citizens. All over the U.S., schoolteachers told Ben Fine that they were fed up with the way their communities made them live. They longed for the freedom to marry, smoke, drink, dress and pray when and as they pleased. Many felt like second-class citizens. Said one Nebraska teacher: "The only time I am asked to visit the home of any parent is when little Johnny is in trouble."

It was another Midwestern teacher who made Fine realize what his statistics about overcrowded and rundown schools meant. Said she: "When it's cloudy we strain our eyes or wait until a little more sunlight comes in. If we had electric lights we could do much more work here."

Man with a Memory

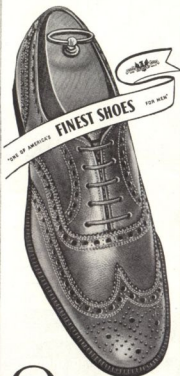
In his cluttered office in Harvard's Langdell Hall an old man wearing a green eyeshade was turning the pages of a new book. The old man looked like a cross between Owen Wister and Rudyard Kipling. His name was Roscoe Pound. The



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Overcrowding is more than a statistic.

Bessie Walker Calloway

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A FEW OF THE MEMBERS

Arthur Spalding *Red Haring*
Paul Kelso *James P. Parker*
Norman Richmond *Frank Vandewater*



book looked heavy. Its title: *Interpretations of Modern Legal Philosophies: Essays in Honor of Roscoe Pound*. Dean Roscoe Pound, doing his best not to look too pleased, said, "A man is entitled to have his head swell a little over that."

The book had come just in time to cap a long career. Last week Roscoe Pound announced that after 48 years of teaching (37 at Harvard), he would retire in June. He had stepped down as Dean of the Harvard Law School in 1936 to become the first of the University's "roving professors." Now, after eleven years of teaching whatever he liked, from sociology to Lucretius, he was about to give up that pleasant job too.

With his retirement, Harvard will lose not only a great teacher but one of the top U.S. authorities on jurisprudence. His admirers say that he has revolutionized the teaching of law; his detractors agree



James F. Coyne

ROSCE POUND

Stability without standing still.

that he has but wish he hadn't. He was the first to systematize what was only a vague stirring in men like Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes and German jurists: the theory that law must look to the world around it as well as to its codes. He did much to change the accent from fixed rules (analytical jurisprudence) to social needs (sociological jurisprudence).

In Pound's time, Harvard Law shifted from a school that mostly turned out private barristers and corporation lawyers with broad-A accents, to a training school for government lawyers too. The growth of administrative law and the spread of governmental bureaus and commissions made plenty of jobs for this new kind of graduate. Pound hoped they would help write good laws; he was not a man who wanted courts to invade the functions of legislation. Only last week he cracked out publicly against "judges today [who] attempt to be statesmen and interpret laws without guidance by the intent of

NEW! "Time at a glance"



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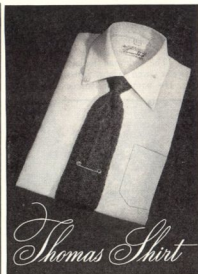
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WHEN you see a modern school, you no doubt feel a thrill of pride in the unsurpassed advantages which our educational institutions provide for American youth. But do you stop to think how closely these institutions are linked to the good of your community, and to your own individual welfare?

James A. Garfield once said that without education "neither freedom nor justice can be permanently maintained."

The wisdom of that statement is clear when we realize that the task of educators is to shape the character of our children, to teach them to appreciate the privileges and accept the responsibilities of a free society. Education thus provides the very roots for all our cultural and economic progress.

In communities, as in nations, where the level of education is high, living standards and incomes are high also. Yet today, efforts to maintain America's educational leadership are severely handicapped — by too few teachers

too poorly paid, inadequate facilities, and shortages of buildings and equipment. Your interest in the school problems of your local community will help build toward future security.

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Used by more men today
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those who enacted them." His dictum: "Law must be stable, and yet it cannot stand still."

"The secret of my success," Roscoe Pound once wrote, "is my blame memory." As a boy in Lincoln, Neb. (he was the son of a local judge), he used to disrupt Sunday school classes by rattling off a chapter of the Bible after only one reading. After graduating from the University of Nebraska at 17, he studied and practiced law, found time to take a Ph.D. in botany and direct a botanical survey of Nebraska (there is a *rosceopoundia* lichen).

His 20 years as dean were the Harvard Law School's golden age. His faculty was famed: a volatile compound whose ingredients included the conservatism of the late Edward H. ("Bull") Warren, the New Dealism of James Landis and the confused leftism of Felix Frankfurter. Harvard turned out squads of bright and earnest lawyers who wrote or administered much of the early New Deal legislation (among them: Thomas Corcoran, David Lilienthal, Dean Acheson). Its postgraduate courses were the best in the U.S. Dean Pound's standards were high; and his customary greeting to incoming classes—"Gentlemen, take a good look at the persons seated on either side of you, for one of you will not be with us next year"—has become legend.

At 76, Pound still rises at 5:30, lumbers into his book-lined office promptly at 7. There he works with his nose almost touching the papers before him. His desk is piled so high with books that he and his secretary, mutually invisible, have to shout at each other.

Pound is retiring, but not stopping work: he is finishing another book on jurisprudence (his 17th), is busy on a plan to reorganize China's judicial system for Chiang Kai-shek. Of his decision to stop teaching, he says: "It is best to retire before people begin wondering why you don't."

Miss Lizzie

Though Lincoln was born south of the Mason-Dixon Line, Illinois was his home state; and his birthday is a statewide sacred day. But in one little Illinois town last week, Abe Lincoln barely got a look-in on his birthday. The town of Sheldon (pop. 1,035) had a private holiday to celebrate, and every lamppost on the main street proclaimed it: "Lizzie Richardson Day, Golden Anniversary."

At 7 a.m., for the first time in her 67 years, Sally Elizabeth Richardson visited a beauty shop. (To a photographer trying to snap her picture under the dryer, she exclaimed: "My goodness! I wouldn't want anyone to see me in pins!") Then, her grey hair neatly curled, Miss Lizzie stopped at the post office for her mail and was swamped by letters of congratulation from ex-pupils all over the U.S.

At Sheldon Grade School, where she has the third grade, Miss Lizzie found teachers and pupils waiting to place a golden crown on her head and install her on a "throne"—a school desk covered with yellow crepe paper. It was a school



Bernard Hoffman-Life
MISS LIZZIE RICHARDSON
A hairdo, an orchid.

holiday—but the 230 kids all showed up anyway. All morning the townsfolk poured into the red schoolhouse to shake hands with Miss Lizzie, who has taught 1,294 boys & girls in her day—more than Sheldon's present population.

There were 300 guests that evening at the pot-roast supper in the basement of the Methodist Church—all the place would hold. Miss Lizzie, who used to be superintendent of the Sunday school, sat in the guest of honor's chair in her best black crepe dress with the beaded yoke, and an orchid, her first.

The state superintendent, the county superintendent, the ex-county superintendent, and a principal from Moline—he used to be a pupil of Miss Lizzie—were all there. (The ladies of the church, worried about the right way to seat them, had written to Emily Post, who straightened them out.) After the pie and *Our Yesterdays*, sung by the girls' octet, it was time for "remarks." The state superintendent, at the peak of his form, called Miss Lizzie "an honored member of an honored profession." Then they gave Miss Lizzie the presents everybody had chipped in to buy: a walnut desk, an armchair, an ottoman, a lamp and a radio. For good measure the Board of Education tossed in a little brass schoolbell, which Miss Lizzie rang to end the banquet. It was also almost, not quite, the end to her 50 years of teaching: she plans to retire in May.

Back in 1897, Miss Lizzie had made \$30 a month, with an extra \$5 for stoking the stove in wintertime ("I thought I was a millionaire then"). Now Miss Lizzie was earning \$1,900 a year. Said she happily: "If I had it to do over again, I'd do the same thing. You can make more money at other jobs, but you can't always get the satisfaction. Children forget lots of what you taught them, but not the example you set for them."

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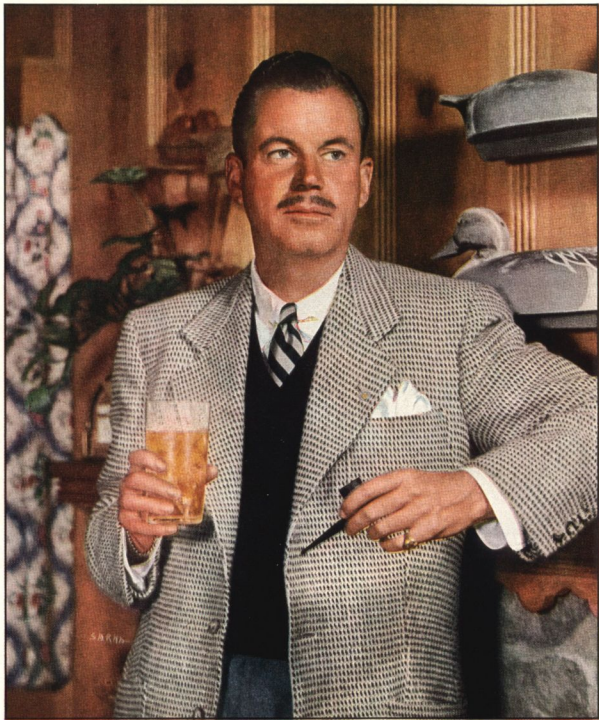
can have a Convertible Bed in the back seat.

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MEDICINE

Safe on Ice

Freezing the body kills a man. But freezing a gangrenous leg may save a man's life. When this discovery was first announced five years ago—by Drs. Lyman W. Crossman and Frederick M. Allen of New York City—many a medico was shocked. But the two doctors persisted in their chilling experiments. Last week they reported progress in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*.

Certain organisms can stand intense cold; some survive temperatures of -272° Centigrade. Cold is a preservative and an anesthetic; it slows metabolism, kills pain, halts the spread of infection. Crossman & Allen found that when they packed a

Crossman & Allen suggest that refrigeration might even make it possible to restore an amputated arm or leg: "If a limb is fairly cleanly amputated, for example in a sawmill accident, there is a challenge to any nearby physician to pack such a part in ice and send it along with the patient to a hospital, . . ."

Life Membership

The organization of ex-drinkers known as Alcoholics Anonymous last week was rounding out its twelfth year. Taking stock, it found that it had 35,000 members and 1,200 chapters (including outposts in Canada and Latin America). It was picking up new members at the rate of 1,000 a month. In the last few months,



INJURED LEG & ANESTHETIC FREEZE
Results: "phenomenal."

Tony Linck-Liss

gangrenous leg in ice before amputation, reducing its skin temperature from the normal 90° to 40° , they needed no other anesthetic; the danger of death from shock was greatly reduced and the leg healed better and quicker. Sometimes the refrigeration technique, by allowing time for drugs and other treatments to take effect, even saved the leg from amputation.

The two doctors and their followers progressed to using icebag anesthesia on blood clots, burns, various injuries. The results they got were "phenomenal." In one case, a patient's hand, which had been crushed to a pulp and would ordinarily have been amputated, was miraculously restored. In another case, a patient's finger was almost cut off. Packed in ice until the doctor got there, the finger was successfully sewed back on.

A.A.'s stock among doctors and an estimated 750,000 U.S. alcoholics had climbed fast.

A.A. was founded twelve years ago by a still-anonymous Manhattan stockbroker, known only as Bill, and an alcoholic Akron doctor. The organization has no officers, no dues, no big funds (its small Manhattan headquarters last year spent only \$35,000, donated by members). Pledged to help other alcoholics, members do little proselyting, help only when they are called on. Before A.A., all but 5% of alcoholics were considered hopeless. Of A.A.'s members, some 50% never touch a drop after they join; 25% get on the wagon after one or two slips.

Clean Wind. A.A.'s method (inspired by William James's *Varieties of Religious Experience*) rests on an appeal to a Higher

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Every day, more progressive men replace old-fashioned hand-wound watches with the 17-jewel **CROTON AQUAMATIC**. This astonishing watch of the future actually winds itself—gives a lifetime of incredible accuracy. Easy, natural motions of your wrist store up winding energy—keep Aquamatic running on the dot. It's CERTIFIED WATERPROOF, too! Wear your Aquamatic while swimming or bathing, in any kind of water. Also—dustproof, shock-resistant, sweep-second hand, radium dial, doesn't tarnish, glass crystal can't break. A royal gift!

17-jewel Model A Sweep Second—\$54.45

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17-jewel 14 Kt. Gold Throughout—\$157.50

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Telephone Directory

Power (God, or whatever Force the member prefers) for strength to resist the compulsion to drink. Founder Bill, describing his "spiritual awakening," said: "I felt lifted up, as though the great clean wind of a mountaintop blew through and through." Psychiatrists, who use much fancier words, describe the process as the "use of a religious or spiritual force to attack the fundamental narcissism of the alcoholic."

An A.A. member's self-treatment has twelve well-defined steps. Among other things, he must admit that he cannot take it or leave it; he has got to quit cold. Members are ready, day or night, to answer a desperate call for help from a backsliding member. Secret of the A.A. help: fellow alcoholics do not scold nor misunderstand an alcoholic who wants to quit; they know exactly what hurdles he has to be helped over.

Urges to Talk. One of A.A.'s worries is preserving its members' anonymity. Members have a marked tendency to gossip and declare themselves. A.A. insists on anonymity as a reassurance to prospective members. Women members (who comprise about a third of A.A.) are another problem. A large proportion of women alcoholics drop out after a few months.

As every Alcoholic Anonymous knows, "twelfth-step work" (helping other alcoholics) is one of the most important single factors in keeping members on the wagon. No cure, the A.A. method is effective only as long as a member keeps it up. An A.A. member is in for life. Those who quit usually go back to the bottle.

Aetheronics

The defendant in Erie, Pa. County Court was charged with black magic (in the modern legal phrase: "taking money under false pretenses" in the practice of "the healing arts").

Yes, it was true, Chiropractor Alva B. Scott admitted with dignity, he had originated (and practiced) a new healing art he chose to call "aetheronics." It cured diseases by remote control. What was more, he had witnesses.

First, Scott explained, he took a drop of the patient's blood and put it in a small black "analyzing" box. From this he determined the patient's "frequency." Then he tuned the "curing" box to the right wavelength, and its healing waves followed the patient wherever he went, like Mary's little lamb.

One dissatisfied Scott patient complained that the little black box was not the right treatment for her; five experts for the state testified that that did not surprise them a bit. But four prominent Erie citizens, also Scott patients, had a different story. One of them, old Rev. John Keehley, said that after three months of Scott's wave treatment, his voice, cracked and failing these 20 years, grew strong enough to fill the Luther Memorial Church.

While a packed, fascinated courtroom waited, the fascinated jury (two men, ten women) returned its verdict: "Not guilty."

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APPLE OF YOUR EYE—and the best boy in the world. And all the trouble he causes—the extra work, extra steps, extra effort—really doesn't matter.

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where there are young children.

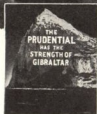
These plans include the provision of money for the care of the children if you should die; for their education expenses; or for your own later life, so that you won't be dependent on them. And Prudential protection is always safe and sure—safe, sure, and adaptable to any life insurance need. You'll like dealing with the Prudential—call up or write, *today*.

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THE THEATER

Old Play in Manhattan

Craig's Wife (by George Kelly; produced by Gant Gaither) is just as unpleasant as she was 21 years ago. But she is still pretty fascinating. Playwright Kelly's Pulitzer Prizewinner about a coldly selfish woman, who dominates her husband and cares only for the house that is a symbol of security, is still vivid theater. George Kelly, in his own way, is as relentless as Harriet Craig.

Most things date in some respect after almost a quarter of a century; but here it is much less the playwriting than the playwright. Kelly's approach to Mrs. Craig, beyond what it suggests of the oft-proclaimed "misogynist" in him,



JUDITH EVELYN, AS MRS. CRAIG
Fascinating, fanatical—and sick.

smacks strongly of the old-fashioned moralist. He seems more interested in punishing Harriet than in probing her motivation; he not only leaves her, at the end, forsaken and forlorn in the house she has turned into a hell, but he lets one character after another excoriate her. What Mr. Kelly fails to show, at least to the extent he should, is that along with something naturally hateful in Mrs. Craig there is something deeply sick. Her fanaticism about being secure is the measure of her fright about not being; she is a dangerous neurotic. One of the best things about Judith (*Angel Street*) Evelyn's excellent portrayal of the role is that she stresses the neuroticism.

For all its sharpness as theater—perhaps largely because of it—the play seems a little remote and unventilated, lacking the clank and ambiguity and vibration of real life. It is pretty much what André Gide said the French language was: a pianoforte without a pedal.

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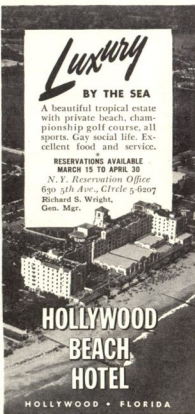
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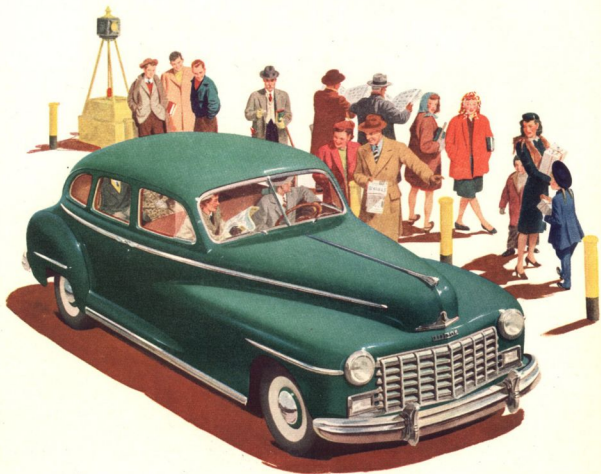
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NEW *Dodge*

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Division of Chrysler Corporation

The Belt that built a city of 15,000 homes

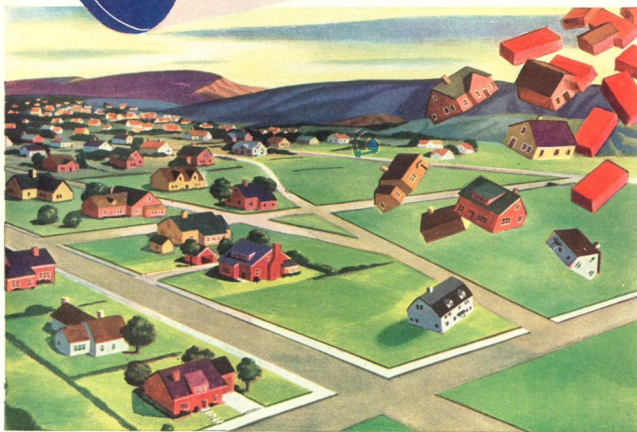


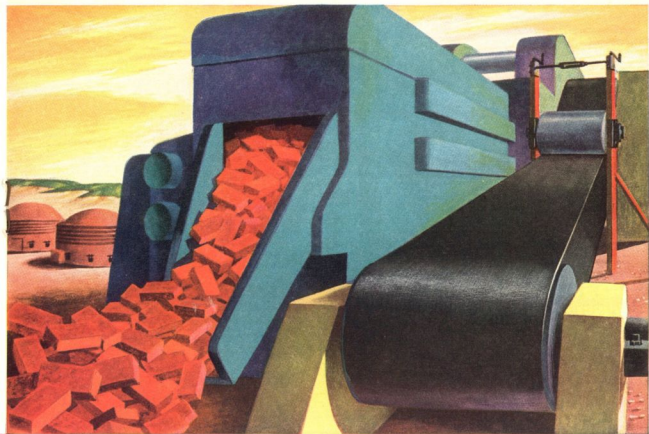
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DRIVER
54" DIA.

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The main drive in a big brick plant is just about as tough a test of transmission belting as you will find in any industry. For this belt must operate through grit and grime to supply the power that drives the mills and crushers that break down the sticky, heavy clay for molding into bricks.

So when the Louisville Brick Company, of Louisville, Mississippi, one of the nation's largest brick makers, needed a belt for their main drive back in 1934 they wanted to be sure of getting one that would give long trouble-free performance in this heavy duty service. Wisely, they sent for the G.T.M. — Goodyear Technical Man.

After a thorough analysis of the drive, operating conditions, load

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Now 13 years "young" — today this belt is still performing faultlessly, is still in perfect condition, after 13 years' grueling service in the grit and grime of brick plant operation. To quote the words of the plant manager, "It looks just like a six-months-old belt, shows scarcely any wear!"

Has produced 150,000,000 bricks — that's the 13-year output of this indefatigable belt. And when you con-

sider that there are approximately 10,000 bricks in the average two-story house, this one belt has already delivered the equivalent of a city of 15,000 homes!

Scores of records like this prove the superiority of Goodyear COMPASS belting on heavy duty drives of every kind from rock crushers to oilfield band wheels. If you have a troublesome drive, it will pay you to see the G.T.M. about a COMPASS, as well as other time-proved Goodyear industrial rubber products. Just write: Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio or Los Angeles 54, California.

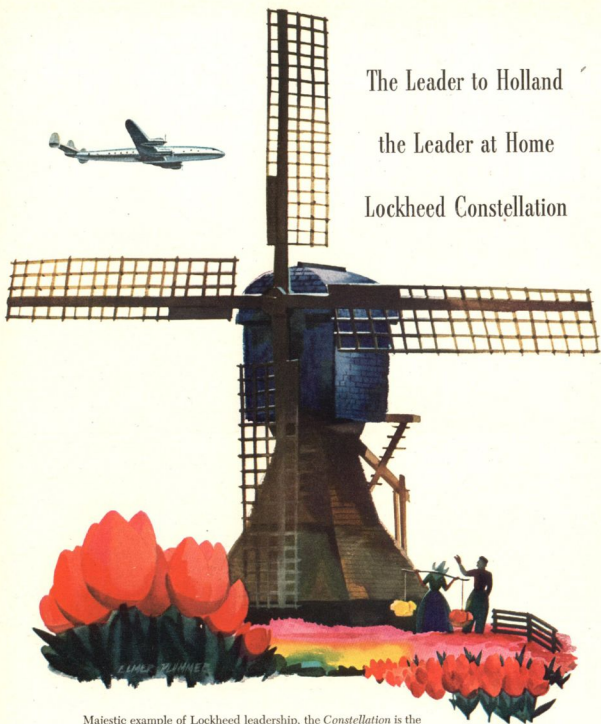
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THE PRESS

Alien Collective

Even amid national crises, the London *Times* could not bear to leave the ramparts of the King's English unmanned. Last week the *Times* fired away at the word *personnel*, "this alien collective" from across the Channel. It doubted that "a more degrading, a more ill-favoured, synonym for two or more members of the human race has . . . been coined."

People to whom it is applied, said the *Times*, "do not go, they proceed. They do not have, they are (or, more often are not) in possession of. They do not ask, they make application for. . . . They cannot eat, they only consume; they perform ablutions; instead of homes they have places of residence in which, instead of living, they are domiciled. They are not cattle, they are not ciphers, they certainly are not human beings: they are personnel."

Powerless Press

*So we labor to present our last farewell edition,
We say, God help the Government, God
bless the Opposition.*

Britain's socialist *New Statesman* and *Nation* spoke so frigidly last week because it had just been left in the cold. It was one of Britain's five influential highbrow weeklies to become a casualty of the fuel crisis (see FOREIGN NEWS). The Government had grimly ordered the press to cut down on the use of power; and the press's own powerful proprietors' association ruled that all periodicals (but no daily or weekly newspapers) must suspend for at least a fortnight.

Nobody raised a cry for poor *Punch*, but the letters column in the London *Times* was full of protests (from Anthony Eden, among others) at the suspension of the *New Statesman*, *Spectator* (missing an issue for the first time in 118 years), *Economist*, *Tribune*, *Time & Tide*. If the Government wanted to save power, asked one critic, why not shut down that high-powered thrillmonger (circ. 7,500,000), the *Sunday News of the World*? The five weeklies, which do much to mold British intellectual opinion, were forbidden such makeshifts as mimeographed sheets.

But several would still have their say. The big national press, moved by generosity and a chance to grab some good features, promptly offered them space. Editor Kingsley Martin's *New Statesman* would talk to more people than its usual 75,000 in the *News Chronicle*, the *Evening Standard*, the *Sunday Pictorial* and the *Sunday Observer* (combined circ.: five million), each of which promised to carry one or another *Statesman* feature. But the offers were not enough to still the hue & cry.

Complained the London *Economist*, which hadn't been interrupted before since 1843: "So the *Economist*, the *Spectator*

and the *New Statesman* must be treated on a dead level with the astrologists, the pornographers and the trashmongers. The daily organ of the licensed victuallers can continue to appear; we must stop . . . if the Government's prohibition is maintained, we shall have no alternative next week but to obey it and to concede to Mr. Shinwell what Göring could not achieve."

Welcome to Moscow

The U.S. press had prepared (with crossed fingers) for its first mass invasion of Moscow.* Molotov, the soul of hospitality, had assured Jimmy Byrnes in December that everything would be done for the visiting correspondents; they could cover the Foreign Ministers' meeting as they had reported the Paris and New York sessions. And U.S. Ambassador Walter Bedell Smith had been assured that newsmen could "write with complete freedom on conference matters."

That assurance meant that correspondents must keep their eyes on the conference—and not go peeping down side alleys. Even so, 73 reporters, photographers and radiomen got set to sail or fly (round trip fare, \$1,084) to Moscow. Then the Russians suddenly set a U.S. quota of only 20 (blaming it on the housing shortage). Last week the press was howling

* The permanent U.S. press corps in the U.S.S.R.: seven.

mad. In Washington a committee of correspondents spent three days trying to whittle down the press party, finally sent a priority list of 52 to State Secretary George Marshall with a strong protest against the "shockingly inadequate" quota.

The *New York Times* and leftist *PM*, on the same side of the fence for once, suggested that the Russians either fix up some Quonset huts, or let the meeting be moved elsewhere. Even if Moscow gave in to Marshall's renewed protests, there were headaches ahead. For correspondents, Moscow was short on wire facilities and English-speaking censors. And the men on the scene might find, as foreign correspondents in Moscow had found before, that the Moscow radio could tell its version all over the world, before U.S. correspondents could hurdle the first censor.

Needle-Wit

For a newspaper correspondent in Moscow, the trick was to write dispatches with tongue in cheek, which the Soviet censors wouldn't notice, but any U.S. reader would. The *New York Times*'s soft-voiced, scholarly Brooks Atkinson was a master at it. Drew Middleton, his chubby, aggressive successor in Moscow, has proved equally adept.

In *Trud*, the trade-union paper, he found a young shoe-factory foreman named Vassily Matrosov being praised to the Red skies for the "amazing" changes by which he had boosted output. To hear *Trud* tell it, Comrade Matrosov was a combination Bedaux, Stakhanov and



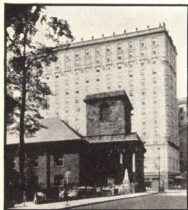
HANDS ACROSS THE PICKET LINE

This picture records a rarity in the labor relations of the press: a publisher chatting—and doing business—with his striking staffers. The publisher is eccentric, camera-shy Sherman Hoar Bowles (left), cousin of OPA's onetime boss, Chester, whose city of Springfield, Mass. had gone without its four Bowles-owned newspapers for 143 days because he and his four unions could not agree. Bowles fished in his pocket for 3¢ to buy a copy of the one-sheet news bulletin, *Today*, from striking Newspaper Guildsmen. This week, after moving cots into his picketed plant, Bowles defied the strike, put out an eight-page paper of his own (with no local news), the *Springfield Daily News*.

HOTEL

It's "Mister" Now

To the personnel of Boston's famed Parker House it seems but yesterday that its register recorded a constant stream of individuals with military and naval titles in which all departments of the Country's great service forces were represented. Frequently among the registrants were old-time loyal Parker House guests who took justifiable pride in their roles as admirals or generals—sometimes seamen or privates. As if by magic a complete transformation seems to have taken place. . .



BOSTON'S FAMED PARKER HOUSE
Most Registrants are "Misters" now.

Of the thousands who sign today's distinguished Parker House register, room clerks report that a large proportion have the same faces so familiar to them before and during the war but that missing are uniforms, military and naval titles—instead these individuals have again become important executives and businessmen engaged in peacetime pursuits . . . their common title—"Mister."

Pleased and proud is Parker House* management at the return in multi of its host of friends—not only because of their safe home-coming to families and friends but also in view of the implied tribute to satisfactory modern Parker House wartime operation.

East vs. West

Many a traveler has affirmed that Parker House food is one of the hotel's primary attractions and many a Bostonian is a dining room "regular." TIME readers who have visited here know all this and frequently say that they envy those who have yet to enjoy the thrill of their first Parker House meal. Dining room heads report that while first-time visitors from the West continue to order sea-food—mostly lobsters—almost exclusively, Easterners stick to their long-time Parker House favorites—broiled tripe, red flannel hash, baked beans, roast beef. These dining room habits seem to be the one factor that has remained constant during the ever-changing ninety-year history of the Parker House.

*Rooms have circulating ice-water, bath, 4-network radio. Guests are urged to make reservations well in advance, are reminded that when plans are changed notice of cancellation will be appreciated.

Henry Ford. Last week, in a straight-faced cab, Middleton described Matrossov's amazing changes. The foreman "found that much of a cutter's time was lost in carrying leather to the cutting machine. . . . He figured out that this could be done by an auxiliary worker. . . ." Also the "needle-witted Mr. Matrossov" had noticed that workers of various heights stood on small steps before their machines; some had to bend, while others stood on tiptoe. "After thinking awhile, Mr. Matrossov figured out that the height of the steps could be adjusted to the height of the man. . . . A number of other such marvelous improvements helped."

Big Roy

In Missouri towns as far east as Boonville, and in Kansas towns all the way out to the Colorado line, people once more found newspapers in their mailboxes, and felt in touch with the world again. A few even wrote the editor, to tell him that after those 17 empty days without the paper, "life is getting back into the old groove."

The Kansas City *Star*, recovering from the first shutdown in its 66 years, knew just how they felt: it always does. In its Midwestern heartland the *Star* is much more than an institution: it is part of the bloodstream, a landmark as indigenous as the Kaw River, waving wheat, stubbled prairie, Prohibition and Republicanism.

Last week the *Star* was in mourning. The day after its presses had rolled (after a carriers' strike), its white-haired president, Earl McCollum, had died. The man who took command last week, after briskly settling the strike, was ably affable Roy Allison Roberts, 59, the fat and florid extrovert who, as managing editor for 19 years, has been the driving force behind the strongest newspaper monopoly in the U.S.

Business as Usual. He would obviously do nothing drastic. The *Star's* quiet grey make-up, so strange to outsiders, so reassuring to its readers, would be kept, like a cluttered desk whose owner says: "I know it looks like a mess but I know just where everything is." Readers would still find the big stories of the day in columns 1, 3, 6 and 8 of Page One, under unassuming heads (only twice before 1929* and about 20 times since has any 8-column headline appeared in the *Star*), and the day's best feature story halfway down column 4 or 7.

And, of course, the morning *Times* and evening *Star* (combined circ. 725,000) would continue to blanket Kansas and western Missouri, as the biggest paper in both states. "The boss of the *Star*," a businessman-politician reflected last week, "is the most important man in Kansas at any given moment—more important than Alf Landon, Arthur Capper, Clyde Reed, all the congressmen and the Governor all wrapped up together. The State of Kansas is exactly what the *Star* wants it to be; it won't change until the *Star* decides it's time." The *Star* lived

* For the World War I armistice and President Harding's death.



Bernard Hoffman-Lite
DREW MIDDLETON
Tucked his tongue.

in the same city as Tom Pendergast and his machine, and respectfully recorded his comings & goings in the society columns. Then in 1936 the *Star* started his downfall with an exposure of vote padding.

Like the men who run it, the Kansas City *Star* lives the quietly comfortable life of a well-liked, well-to-do Midwesterner. Its conservatism is structural, for its owners are 172 key employees. In salary and dividends, they draw up to \$50,000 a year. Even one of its police reporters, William Moorhead, is a country-clubbing capitalist. During the depression, the *Star* laid off no one, cut no salaries. The American Newspaper Guild has never made much headway on its staff. Staunchly Republican, the *Star* makes a point of



Robert Youker
ROBERTS OF THE "STAK"
Easy to see, hard to miss.

ALL THINGS HUMAN CHANGE...



1929



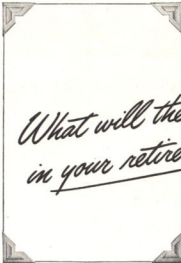
1933



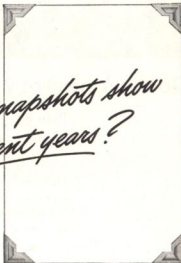
1940



1947



1960



1965

Flash-backs to the eventful past: that solemn, joyous wedding. Your first home. Success. Then . . . the tranquil years.

Will you, when you retire, be free to follow the sun, to do the things you've most wanted to do?

You've taken steps, naturally, to finance this period and to make it the most deeply rewarding of your life.

But remember, *all things human change*. Your financial plans, your insurance program of a few years ago, may not fit your needs today, or those of the years immediately ahead. For this reason it is wise, especially in times like the present, to check over your policies every year or so.

Your New England Mutual Career Underwriter will be glad to help. Why not call him today — just to be sure?

Highlights of the liberal New England Mutual policy contract: Policyholders have full participation in dividends at the end of the first year. Also it is guaranteed that dividend accumulations may be placed under the various options which the policy offers.

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George Willard Smith, President Agencies in Principal Cities Coast to Coast
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Plan now to locate your factory in Connecticut when conditions permit. Our Industrial Research Division will show you the special advantages Connecticut offers to *your* type industry. This service is free! Write to Connecticut Development Commission, Dept. BT4, State Office Building, Hartford 15, Connecticut.

Put your business in a "State of Success"

CONNECTICUT

getting along with the right kind of Democrats, like Roy Roberts' sometime poker and drinking companion, Harry Truman.

Ingrown Heirs. As a self-sustaining satrapy, the *Star* grows its own bosses. Roy Roberts began as a carrier boy in Lawrence, was a campus correspondent at the University of Kansas (he was there with Alf Landon). He covered first state, then national politics, got his news by getting friendly with the men who made it. "I never cared much for press conferences," says Roberts. "I always liked to get my stuff out the back door."

His political acquaintance spread faster than back-door gossip. He has covered every national convention since the Bull Moosers met in 1912, and was masterminding Landon's 1936 campaign before Hearst even knew the Governor's name. Roy is still the star reporter of the *Star*.

See Roy. Since 1928, when he came home from Washington to be managing editor, Roy Roberts has been the man to see in Kansas City—to get elected, to build a hospital, to get things into the paper or to keep them out.

In the wide-open city room that Founder William Rockhill Nelson planned that way, Roy Roberts is easy to see and hard to miss. No secretaries shield him, but callers have to compete with clubwomen, clergymen, panhandlers, bankers, ward heelers—and reporters who sit on the edges of nearby desks, eyes cocked for an opening. The man to see sits in shirt-sleeves, chomping a frayed cigar, nodding vigorously, his stomach like a bolster between him and the desk.

Roberts is a 300-lb. mass of steaming energy. He starts his day at 6:30 a.m. in bed, over coffee, orange juice and his morning *Times*. At 9 he roams the newsroom, mussing a sportswriter's hair, thwacking the telegraph editor on the back. He shakes hands with the copy girls, greets the office pink as Comrade, the city-desk horse-player as Seabiscuit, the Navy veterans as Admiral. The rest of the day, he holds court.

It's on Me. He loves to buy drinks for the boys, and they love to let him. He also treats himself—to whopping feasts (thick steaks of corn-fed beef, hot biscuits, baked and buttery potatoes, lots of black pepper and paprika). Six years ago he tried to reduce, got irritable, ruptured an eardrum and his appendix, went back to gourmandizing, and has felt fine ever since. Saturday nights, after drinks, a steam bath, a rubdown and dinner at the Kansas City Club, he goes back to work: "so the rest of the staff can't say that the big fat bastard is loafing."

When his day is done, Roy Roberts lies abed, reading far into the night. He gets through a book or two a week, half a dozen magazines (including the *New Republic* and the *Nation*, "to see what the nuts are up to"). Now that he has the title as well as the function of head man, he will still give his audiences in public, out in the open in the newsroom. "If I couldn't see people and hear what was going on," he says, "I'd be unable to work. I'd get fidgety."



Roads to everywhere

Since the beginning of history the orderly progress of mankind has followed the road-builders. Trade, settlement and civilization grow only where there are roads to link one community with others.

Today all over the globe new highways are knitting the peoples of the world together. And a big share of this surge of road construction is made possible by a typically American product—the rugged, versatile “Caterpillar” Diesel Motor Grader.

With this one machine, smooth well-drained roads are being built in Indiana and Indo-China—South Dakota and South

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These one-man road-builders save taxpayers millions of dollars each year. They are used not only on state, county and municipal roads, but for grading and maintaining airports, parks and playgrounds.

Powerful, dependable “Caterpillar” Diesel Motor Graders are built to deliver a lifetime of efficient work at low cost. They are ready to do their part in the construction of the world’s pathways to progress.
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CATERPILLAR DIESEL

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ENGINES • TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS • EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT



"Without laboratories men of science are soldiers without arms"—LOUIS PASTEUR



Why some things get better all the time

THE SPAN OF LIFE is increasing. Within the last half century the average length of life of a new born infant has increased over 30%. And many more people over 40 can now expect to live well into their seventies.

Among the reasons for this progress, along with notable advancements made by the medical profession, are the improvements in medicinals and medical equipment that help guard life.

Synthetic organic chemicals now are used in the production of a host of pharmaceuticals, including penicillin and the sulfa drugs, which have accomplished wonders in the fight against germs. They also are used in repellents to defeat disease-carrying insects. Out of research with gases has come oxygen therapy, an aid to recovery in numerous illnesses. Research with metals and alloys has produced the gleaming, easy-to-clean stainless steel used in modern hospital and medical equipment.

In safeguarding life—just as in transportation and communications—much of man's progress is traceable to *better materials*.

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RADIO

What Is a Bicuspid?

What makes the moon light up? What is a bicuspid? If you had a buck rabbit, would Nellie be a good name for it?

In radio studios in 13 U.S. cities last week, alert young fourth, fifth and sixth graders perched on the edges of their chairs and strained for the answers to such posers. Each studio was jammed with soprano cheering sections from competing schools. Teachers, who had coached their hopefuls for competition, watched nervously. The program was *Quizdown*, an inter-school contest conducted on old-fashioned spelling-bee lines.

In its first year and a half, *Quizdown* has flowered like a pressagent's imagination. Boards of education, startled at



Harvey Weber-Graphic House
CAROL MOODY
Name a buck Nellie?

seeing book learning presented so that children cry for it, beam on the program. Its originator and chief promoter is no high-powered radio idea man, but a blonde, big-eyed ex-Powers model.

When she first thought up the idea, Carol Moody, 31, was so sure she had a natural that she decided to make the money and let others do the work. As sponsors, she went after newspaper publishers; that automatically took care of publicity. To save herself further trouble, she decided to let the eager little students themselves think up the questions for the program.

The first radioman she approached with her idea said bluntly: "It stinks. Too educational." Her first big *Quizdown*, jointly sponsored by the Chicago Times and Station WLS, went on the air in October 1945. It has gone on weekly ever since, sponsored by newspapers and local radio stations in Pittsburgh, St. Louis,

Detroit, Miami, San Diego. Next month Columbus, Ohio, becomes her 14th *Quizdown* town.

As soon as she has sold the idea locally, Carol leaves town and the sponsors take over. Each show pays her a weekly royalty as long as it goes on. By last week, things were working so that she could collect about \$700 a week without doing anything at all.

The idea cannot be copyrighted, but so far nobody has put on a quizdown without paying Carol. Married to a University of Indiana professor, Carol hopes eventually to start a "quizdown national," if it doesn't interfere with bringing up her own Pamela, 7, and Eric Craig, 2½.

Goodbye, Little Friends

When Uncle Don (real name: Howard Rice) was going strongest, in the early '30s, about 25% of all radios in WOR's New York area were daily tuned to his wheedling, down-on-hands-&-knees half hour for the kiddies. Last week Uncle Don's Hooper rating had sagged so low that WOR decided to drop his 10-year-old daily program, leaving him, for the moment, only his Sunday morning session of reading-the-funnies. Explained a WOR official: "No one has ever felt quite the same about him since the Incident."¹⁶

Program Preview

For seven days beginning Sunday, Feb. 23. (All times are E.S.T., subject to change without notice.)

As Others See Us (Sun. 12:30 p.m., CBS). Correspondent Larry Lesueur reporting the world's reaction to U.S. news.

University of Chicago Roundtable (Sun. 1:30 p.m., NBC). Topic: "How Should We Raise Our Children?" Chief speaker: Director Arnold Gesell of Yale's Clinic of Child Development.

NBC Symphony (Sun. 5 p.m., NBC). Schubert's *Symphony No. 7* in C Major; Rossini's overture to *Il Signor Bruschino*. Conductor: Arturo Toscanini.

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun. 10 p.m., ABC). Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit*, with Clifton Webb, Mildred Natwick, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett.

Boston Symphony Orchestra (Tues. 8:30 p.m., ABC). Beethoven's *Eroica* symphony. Conductor: Serge Koussevitzky.

Highways in Melody (Fri. 8 p.m., NBC). The oldest sponsored show in radio celebrates its 20th anniversary.

American Red Cross (Fri. 10-10:05 p.m., ABC). Speaker: Harry S. Truman.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2-5 p.m., ABC). Verdi's *Rigoletto*, with Swedish Soprano Hjoerdis Schymberg, Baritone Leonard Warren, Tenor Jan Peerce.

* The much-publicized radio legend (which Uncle Don insists is a canard): once, having finished off a program with a particularly sugary string of clichés and commercials, he loosened his tie, curled his lip and snarled: "There, I guess that'll hold the little bastards." Then he learned that he was still on the air.

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DOWN LIKE THIS

Kreml always looks and feels so clean on hair and scalp. Never greasy, sticky or gummy.



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Kreml contains a special combination of hair-grooming ingredients, which is found in NO OTHER hair tonic. That's why it keeps hair in place longer—gives hair a more "natural-looking" well groomed look. Always so neat—so clean—so healthy-looking. Change to Kreml today. Enjoy its EXTRA advantages!

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but NOT my tobacco! It doth smoke
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'Tis the absolute monarch of tobaccos.
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fragrant! So cool! So pleasantly moist!



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Get Glider at your regular dealer's. Or send us your name and address with ten cents—and we'll mail you a guest-size tube, enough for three full weeks. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. TG-4, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canada: Ville La Salle, Que.) Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

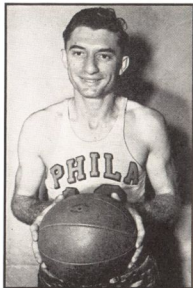
Ernest D. Mulhair
PRESIDENT

SPORT

Babe Ruth of Basketball

The ball arched lazily toward the basket from the side court and swished through the net. The crowd in the old Philadelphia Arena let go a roar that rattled the rafters. A shy, 24-year-old ex-marine named Joe Fuls had just assured himself of basketball immortality. He had become the first player in modern basketball* to score 1,000 points in one season.

The hottest thing in professional basketball, Joe Fuls was an unknown at the season's start. He had played a little in high school and college in Kentucky, but really learned how to find the hoop in three years on a service team. On the Philadelphia Warriors, he set a pro record



Charles Higgins

JOE FULS

Behind him, the first thousand.

of 41 points in one game. He is now the league's leading scorer by a comfortable 400 points.

He makes most of his points on a leaping, twisting shot from a pivot post. Ambidextrous, he has a knack of changing the ball from one hand to another at the last second and getting it in the clear without a bit of lost motion. His height (6 ft. 5 in.), long arms and springy legs all help. But his prize asset is a big, soft hand with long fingers that enables him to shoot a "soft" ball; it seems to float lazily from his fingertips, either drops clean or drowns tantalizingly on the basket rim, then falls in.

Joe Lapchick, basketball coach at St. John's and alumnus of basketball's legendary Celtics' team, has seen basketball's greats for 34 years. Says he of Fuls, "The

* In the days when one player was allowed to shoot all fouls for his team, Willie Kummer of the Connellsville (Pa.) team scored 1,404 points in 1911-12, including some 900 foul shots.



"I'll be fired for that fool story!"

The managing editor of the *New York Herald* took a day off on December 21, 1879. So this headline in his paper hit him without warning.

**EDISON'S LIGHT—
IT MAKES A LIGHT, WITHOUT GAS
OR FLAME!**

The public promptly shouted "hoax." Scientists called Edison crazy. And our shocked, angry editor expected to be fired.

But he wasn't. Eleven days later, Thomas Edison held a unique New Year's party in his laboratory at Menlo Park, New Jersey, and invited

the world to see his "flameless light." Thousands came and were convinced. The incandescent lamp was real.

Soon small companies were bringing the benefits of Edison's newfangled lamp to the people. Engineers and business men poured in their energy and time . . . overcame all kinds of obstacles . . . broadened and improved the service.

Government didn't do the job. Individuals did. And in the process, they created jobs for many thousands of Americans, as well as a great new service for many millions more.

When Edison opened the first powerplant in 1882, electricity cost 25¢ a kilowatt-hour. This year, as we mark the 100th anniversary of the great inventor's birth, the average price of household electricity across the country is only 3 1/3¢ per kilowatt-hour.

Thanks to Edison's imagination and enterprise — thanks to the courage and initiative of many men and women, working under the American business system — this country enjoys the most and the best electric service in the world. And all our lives are richer, safer, more productive.

* Listen to the New Electric Hour—the HOUR OF CHARM. Sundays, 4:30 P. M., EST, CBS.

America's business-managed, tax-paying

*Electric Light and Power Companies**

*Names on request from this magazine

My daughter... marry a bank robber?



"But I don't understand, sir. I've never robbed anyone..."

"Young man, only a bank robber could live up to your ideas. You've already told me how much you make, and I'll admit it's a good salary. But how can you give Martha those other things you're talking about... lifelong security... her own home... and retire yourself when you're 60? Those things take money, more than anyone your age is likely to have... unless he's robbed a bank to get it."

"That's where you're mistaken, sir. Why, almost anyone my age can do just what I'm doing... with the help of 'Insured Income'."

"And by 'Insured Income,' I suppose you mean me?"

"Not at all. I mean Mutual Life's 'Insured Income' Service. It's a new way of teaming up Social Security and life insurance to get the maximum benefits from each. It means Martha will always have the comfort and security you and I want her to have. And when I reach 60 I can retire, and Martha and I can enjoy the independent, leisurely life everyone dreams about."

"She's yours, my boy. Mutual Life? ... Insured Income Service? ... Security? ... Retirement? ... Hmm, guess I'll look up that Mutual Life representative myself!"

FREE SOCIAL SECURITY HELPS... How much do you know about the Social Security for which you are now paying? Mail coupon for easy-to-read booklet explaining your future benefits from Social Security. Included is a convenient file for official records you will need to avoid costly delay in collecting your Social Security benefits. This offer is made only to residents of the United States.

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greatest offensive player I have ever seen. He is to basketball what Babe Ruth was to baseball." Says Joe Fulks: "They give me the ball and I shoot. That's all there is to it."

Winners

Judges had a lot to say about last week's winners in sport:

¶ The king of U.S. milers, Gil Dodds, made his comeback try at the two-mile. Rounding the last turn in the 22nd lap at Madison Square Garden, he lurched wildly off the boards for a dozen yards (a technical foul), got back on the track and staggered across the finish 85 yards before his nearest foe. The officials ignored his miscue. His time: 9:05.6.

¶ Movie man L. B. Mayer's favored Stepfather finished first in a mad scramble down the stretch in Santa Anita's \$50,000 San Vicente Handicap. Then three rival



Associated Press

WARLORD OF MAZELAINE
A triumph for the mighty.

jockeys complained that Stepfather had fouled them in a bumping bee, and for 16 minutes the judges debated. Their decision: disqualify Stepfather, make second place Hubble Bubble the winner.

¶ In Stockholm, Hans Gerschweiler (Switzerland) won out over 18-year-old Dick Button (New Jersey) for the men's world figure-skating crown and set off a howl in Sweden's press. Stockholm's *Tidningen* said: "The best skater lost..."; *Dagens Nyheter* added: "The judge lacked experience..."

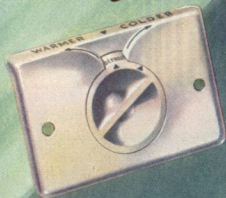
¶ The dog-of-the-year, for the first time in the history of Manhattan's blueblood Westminster Kennel Club show, was a boxer, a mighty pug-ugly named Warlord of Mazelaine, which won best-in-show over 2,598 rivals. The decision was up to one judge and his conscience, and he cleared it this way: "The Boston [terrier] impressed me very much but the boxer was best tonight. Perhaps tomorrow the Boston would have had the better of it."

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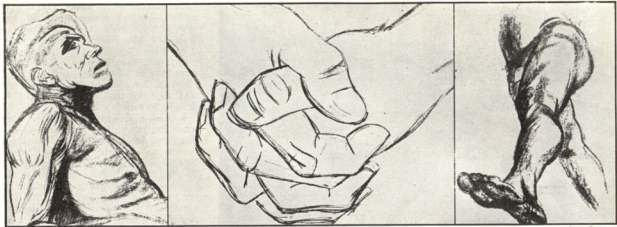
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OROZCO'S STUDIES FOR MURALS
A lesson in art, a study in discipline.

Juan Guzman

Golden Crackers

The crackers were stale, so the little man with the bright eyes drew some women's heads on them. The proprietor of the Left Bank bistro in the Rue Mabillon was furious; he threw them to his frowsty dog, Peggy. When the artist left, a sad-faced patron said to the proprietor: "Those little crackers that Peggy ate were worth about fifty thousand francs apiece. That was Picasso."

You Too Can Paint

He owned a million-dollar-a-year business, but he was 65, and knew that he was too sick to run it any longer. So Brooklynite Morris Hirshfield gave up the E. Z. Walk Mfg. Co. (boudoir slippers), as he had once given up his cloak & suit business. He was free to paint at last.

No one had ever taught him how to paint, but in the remaining nine years of his ailing life Morris Hirshfield turned out 72 painfully detailed paintings, mostly sexless nudes and gaudy peacocks and quail. Before he died last summer, he had

been given two one-man shows. Last week, posthumously, he had a third. It gave Amateur Hirshfield the distinction, rare among painters, of having exhibited every picture he had ever painted.

Critics had called his first show the Museum of Modern Art's "worst blunder," a "combination of preciosity and of the hunting down of butterflies with the aid of caterpillar tractors." His simple compositions seemed frozen into place by the fussy discipline of an old man. But to a public weary of modern art's chaotic ugliness, Hirshfield's childlike craft and gay colors were refreshing. Picasso said, just like that: "He's a great artist."

Hirshfield also had a high regard for his own work. He painted ten hours a day, every day. His work was as doggedly patterned as herringbone cloth. He never used a model for his nudes, explaining that at his age he "couldn't very well bring a nude woman in and paint her. It wouldn't look right." Collector Sidney Janis, Hirshfield's discoverer, thinks that *Stage Beauties with Angels* (see cut) grew out of a burlesque-show memory. Hirshfield was always having model trouble. For his *Lion* painting he tried the zoo, pictures at the public library, stuffed specimens at the American Museum of Natural History. He wound up with a cheap, toy-shop lithograph, painted a lion with a tailored mane and a bland, human face that could do for a self-portrait of Hirshfield.

Many of his paintings were unrecognizable versions of picture postcards of photographs. For his last picture he used a postcard from Paris illustrating massive Sacré Coeur church. The result was *Parliamentary Buildings* (see cut), a childish formal castle-in-air.

The night before he died of a heart attack, Primitive Hirshfield was full of high hopes for his next picture, an *Adam and Eve*. Said he: "It is going to be so outstanding that I don't need any animals in it."

Let Them Look

Two of Mexico's Big Three in painting had come to pay homage to the third. For one evening last week their flaming public quarrels over art and politics were forgotten. Triple-chinned Diego Rivera's habitual garrulity was reduced to a murmured "*magnifico, magnifico*" as he passed from picture to picture. Fiery David Alfaro Siqueiros, a spotlight lover himself, knew well whose turn it was this night. He kept drawing José Clemente Orozco back into the limelight each time the shy, shabby little one-armed man tried to shuffle off to a corner.

Orozco's retrospective show, with its hundreds of drawings, paintings and photographs of his famed murals, was not only a tribute to him, but a 40-year lesson in art, and the discipline that goes into its creation.

The drawings for the murals told Orozco's story of work, sweat and enormous care. Many of them—studies of arms, legs, torsos—were smeared with dirt, spotted with ink and paint, creased from being



HIRSHFIELD'S BEAUTIES
Childlike craft.

Art of the Century



HIRSHFIELD'S PARLIAMENT
Painful detail.

Art of the Century



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Good pavement costs less than poor pavement. You pay more for inferior, cheaply-built pavements than you pay for safe, durable, long-lasting pavement like portland cement concrete. That's true because you not only pay for the constant maintenance required to keep inferior pavements in even passable condition, but you also foot the bills for accidents, traffic jams and delays caused by inadequate, unsafe pavements.

Whether it's paving for a broad expressway, paving for a bustling business thoroughfare or a new residential street, your money will buy more safe, convenient pavement service per dollar when invested in concrete—the pavement of long life and low annual cost.

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folded and carried for weeks in his overall pockets. He had grouped them so that even laymen could trace the evolution from first idea to finished masterpiece. A hand from one corner of a large mural might first have been drawn in many ways, now as a fist, then open; first supplanting, then grasping. No one could say of Orozco that he had failed to learn his drawing lessons.

Repulsive Cockroaches. There were small, but not still, voices that were not convinced. In Mexico City's *Universal* appeared an explosive article by Father José Cantú Corro, a painting priest. Roared Father Cantú: "Modern artists... their 'ideology' is to give culture to the ugly as if to do away with all true beauty and prostitute the people. Because of this, the belly-bursting paintings with horrible huge heads; because of this the carnic puppets. It is impossible to qualify the abysses to which these repulsive cockroaches have descended. With brooms that have been put into the filthy sewers they painted gruesome drawings, grotesque and horrible, capable of scaring the Devil himself. This swarm of 'artists' has multiplied worse than microbes in the garbage can. Constantly, with incredible audacity, there are expositions of these deformations, even in the Palace of Fine Arts itself."

In a way, Mexico's top Art Critic Antonio Castro Leal seemed to corroborate the angry priest when he told Orozco: "Your art is not easy, soothing, or conservative, but deep and violent." From the first, Orozco had dipped his brushes in violence and brutality. His paintings, like those of his leftist colleagues Rivera and Siqueiros, became the flags of Mexico's political revolutionaries. But there was nothing impersonal or party-line about Orozco's bitterness.

Self-taught and self-sufficient, he had always been somber and harsh. He had lived in Mexico City's red light district, painted its prostitutes and beggars in dark lurid colors. He found little to be joyful about in his own life or in the life about him.

Now 63, Orozco lives quietly with his family on a narrow little street near the heart of Mexico City, works in a white, barren, two-story room that remains cold in spite of the wood fire burning in a grate. The only decorations are a batik on one wall, a badly cracked copy of El Greco's portrait of his daughter thumb-tacked to another. The room is jammed with canvases in various stages of unfinished. When he feels like painting, either day or night, he puts in a six or eight-hour stretch. He has never painted a landscape and says that Rivera and Siqueiros have turned to them recently only because they now have automobiles to ride about in. He hopes to have a car some day too.

Unlike his gabby fellow triumvirs, Orozco hates to talk about his work. Said he last week: "If I have any ideas on art worth listening to, if I can teach young Mexican painters or painters anywhere anything, then it is all there on the walls. Let them come look."



"SURE it's a cute house. And most of the equipment is right up-to-date. But I have my doubts about that heating plant."

Funny thing, how people will put only the best materials and upstairs equipment in a house—and then skimp on the most important thing, the heating plant. They don't seem to realize that no matter how much you invest in a house, it isn't really a *home* unless it is comfortably heated.

If you have had the unhappy experience of buying or building a house with an unsatisfactory heating system, cheer up, for relief is in sight! Minneapolis-Honeywell has developed a remarkable control system that has corrected heating difficulties in thousands of homes. It is called Moduflow. Moduflow operates on an entirely different principle from the ordinary on-and-off control system. It furnishes heat *continuously* at whatever temperature is required to maintain comfort in any kind of weather. Moduflow eliminates the drafts and chilly spots caused by intermittent heat supply, and saves much of the heat formerly wasted at the ceiling.

Best of all, Moduflow control can be easily and inexpensively installed *right now* on your present automatic heating plant. You don't have to wait until you remodel or build a new home. It can be installed without even shutting down your heating plant. Get all the facts about Moduflow. Mail the coupon today for your free copy of the booklet "Comfort Unlimited" that tells the fascinating story of Moduflow.

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RELIGION

Calvinist Comeback?

Calvinism was once virtually the American Faith. It came to New England with the Puritans, to New York with the Dutch Reformed, to Pennsylvania with the German Reformed. And wherever Scottish Presbyterians went in the U.S., predestination, 90-minute sermons, and the "Shorter Catechism" went with them.

But the faith of ascetic, heretic-burning John Calvin was stern, hard and alien to a boisterous young country in a nature-taming age. Calvinism insisted on 1) the total depravity of man, 2) a God who, for His own good reasons, irrevocably divided



The Bettmann Archive

JOHN CALVIN

Man's nature, total depravity.

all mankind into the Elect and the Damned, 3) strict "blue laws."⁶

Is Calvinism's stern faith on its way back—as a reaction against the emotional confusions of war, inflation and the atomic age? Sure it is, Professor Clarence Bouma, of Michigan's Calvin Seminary, writes in the current *Journal of Religion*:

" . . . The once dominant and self-confident liberalism speaks a different language today. Horton and Van Dusen, Tillich and Niebuhr, Fosdick and Morrison—it scarcely makes a difference to whom you turn. All speak in the same apologetic strain, even though a few try to cover their retreat. . . .

"These liberals no longer speak of the perfectibility of man. . . . Whereas we used to hear of the glory, the progress, and the greatness of man, we now hear of his 'fate' and his 'predicament.' . . . What has all this to do with a possible revival of Calvinism?

"First of all, this new temper is a vindic-

* In Geneva under Calvin (1541-64), joking and absence from sermons were crimes.

cation—whatever the intent of the liberals—of the Pauline-Augustinian-Calvinistic view of human nature. . . .

"The message of Calvinism to modern man is that he must repent from his idolatry, which is his greatest and root sin. His idolatry, in that he has made a God of himself and made a problem of the living God of the Scriptures. . . .

"We have had enough religion, religious philosophy and religious psychology. It is time we again found the living God and began to build the theological temple. . . .

"Let theology be theology! We have made everything of it except just that. Theology is the coherent, systematic study of God and divine things. . . . Somehow modern theology will have to find the road back to the God of the Scriptures, the God of whom Pascal in his spiritual autobiography is reported to have exclaimed in the night of his conversion: 'God! the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob! The God of Jesus Christ! Not the God of the philosophers and the scholars!'"

Telefinality

"Man would accept the hardest disciplines if he could be convinced that there is no conflict between religion and science; if his intellectual, rational self did not always enter into collision with his sentimental, intuitive self."

France's Pierre Lecomte du Noüy (rhymes roughly with dewey), a topflight biophysicist, is so convinced. Published last week was a 277-page record of his own internal "collision": *Human Destiny* (Longmans, Green; \$3.50).

Paris-born Scientist du Noüy, 63, has served as an associate member of the Rockefeller Institute, head of the biophysics division of the Pasteur Institute, director of the *Ecole des Hautes Etudes* at the Sorbonne. Three of his previous books⁷ won the University of Lausanne's 1944 Arnold Reymond Prize as the most important contribution to scientific philosophy in a decade.

Christians and agnostics—and certainly scientists—will find Dr. du Noüy's book stimulating, though it may inspire few to "the hardest disciplines." Excerpts:

¶ "We must not forget that the activities of the brain are far from being all known, and that rational thinking may very well be only one of them, conceivably not the most reliable or the fastest."

¶ "Evolution continues in our time, no longer on the physiological or anatomical plane but on the spiritual and moral plane. We are at the dawn of a new phase of evolution and the violent eddies due to this change in the order of things still conceal that fact from . . . the majority. . . . In comparison, the social revolutions we

* *Le Temps et la Vie, L'homme devant la Science, and L'Avenir de L'Esprit* (which ran through 21 French editions in eight months during the occupation).



"Mr. Torgerson, are you in favor of lipstick?"

Champion question popper of the Upper Mississippi Valley (and perhaps of the nation) is pert, poised Elvina Molgren, who makes a living off other people's opinions.

If you would like to know what 2,750,000 Minnesotans think about the United Nations, Russian expansionism, lipstick for bobby-sockers or the proper length for women's skirts, Vi is the girl to get you the answers. Chief interviewer of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune's famed Minnesota Poll, Vi commands a task force of 65 trained questioners who sample the opinions of typical citizens throughout the state and gain from them a remarkably accurate picture of Minnesota's total thinking on any subject.

Just as the flavor of the whole broth can be had from a single spoonful, opinions of a whole population can be found by sounding out a relatively small group—a scientific cross-section of men and women, young and old, city, town and farm residents, economic groups, races, religions, education levels and political affiliations.

In the course of personally popping nearly a million questions at 25,000 people, Vi has visited Minnesotans of all categories, finds them almost universally cooperative. Genuine big shots love interviews, beg to be asked again. Small shots are often amazed and flattered that anyone should value their opinions.

Vi must also pre-test questions to find any flaws in

wording—any phrasing that "steers" response or is unclear or confusing. Such sound judgment and devotion to accuracy keep the Minnesota Poll within a 3% margin of error, make it one of the nation's most reliable public opinion yardsticks.

Said the wife of a laboring man to Vi, "This Minnesota Poll is a wonderful idea: it is good to find out what all of the people think." Vi and the Minneapolis Star and Tribune believe so, too.

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witness . . . will leave no trace in the future."

¶ "Up to the birth of conscience, the being who was to become man only differed from his ancestors morphologically. He was subject to the laws of nature, to the laws of evolution, he had to obey, and that was right. The moment he asked himself the question as to whether an act was 'good' or whether another was 'better,' he acquired a liberty denied to the animals. . . . Henceforth . . . in order to evolve he must no longer obey Nature. He must criticize and control his desires which were previously the only Law."

¶ "For the Church, the effort of man is motivated by the redemption of the original sin which was permitted by God. Whereas for us it is made necessary by the survival in man of the ancestral memories against which he alone can fight. As the 'original sin' was nothing but



Wide World

LECOMTE DU NOÛY
Man's hope, moral evolution.

the animal obedience to appetites, and the disregard of human dignity, the similarity is striking."

But there are few other similarities between Dr. du Noüy's private religion and that of Christians. As is common among God-seeking scientists, the Deity becomes a Hypothesis with an odd name (in this case: telefinality). Christ seems to be a man born ahead of his time and Salvation is the evolution of the human species into a super-race. Scientist du Noüy regards the second chapter of *Genesis* as an esoteric presentation of his own view of creation.

Catholics on Strike

When a moral question comes up, the Roman Catholic Church searches diligently for a specific answer. To solve a Catholic's problems, canonical experts are constantly at work combining and restating scriptural reading and papal encyclicals in terms of modern living.

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One such expert, Redemptorist Father Francis J. Connell, associate professor of moral theology at Washington's Catholic University of America, has carefully spelled out the Catholic answer for such diverse occupational groups as doctors and policemen (*TIME*, June 3). In the current issue of his university's magazine for the priesthood, the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, Father Connell addresses himself to C.I.O. President Philip Murray and other good Catholic trade unionists. The question: *When Is a Strike Lawful?* Some Connell answers:

"That an employee is morally justified in going on a strike . . . certain conditions being presupposed, is an ethical doctrine that no Catholic could deny."

"However, like other human rights, the right to strike must be qualified. . . . Organized labor has obligations, both in justice and in charity, toward capital, and particularly toward society. . . .

"The principle from which Catholic moralists derive the conditions required to justify a group of strikers is that a strike is a kind of war—an economic war, with employees and employers as the opposing forces. . . . These conditions can be presented under three headings:

1) "There must be a just reason for declaring the strike. . . .

"Catholic theologians nowadays unanimously admit the lawfulness of a defensive strike. . . . A strike directed to obtaining better conditions, even though those actually existing are not just . . . is not permissible, if it involves the violation of a just contract. But even when there is no injustice . . . there may be a violation of charity toward the employer and the general public. . . .

2) "The benefits anticipated or hoped for from the strike must be sufficiently great to compensate for the evils which it is likely to produce. . . . They may not inflict financial harm on those who own the shop or factory—and still less, on the great body of their fellow citizens—to an extent far out of proportion to the advantages they have set as their goal, even though their demands are just. . . .

3) "The means employed by the strikers must be morally good. . . . Certainly, physical violence against the employers and destruction of their property are prohibited; on the other hand, peaceful picketing is certainly lawful. But it is difficult to state how far force can be employed against strikebreakers—'scabs,' as they are called. Presuming that the employees are engaged in a just defensive strike, it would seem that sufficient physical violence to prevent these men from entering the shops or factories would be permissible, inasmuch as they are unjustly co-operating toward depriving the workers of the means of livelihood. . . .

"We must honestly admit that not a few strikes in our land in recent years would seem to be unjustifiable, according to Catholic moral principles. . . ."

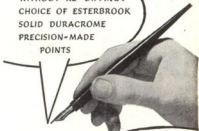
*Times have changed. In 1400, as Father Connell points out, 2,000 striking weavers in Cologne were exiled from the city; the 30 ring-leaders were hanged.

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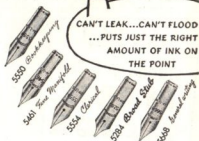
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Born. To Crown Princess Juliana Louise Emma Marie Wilhelmina of The Netherlands, 37, and Prince Bernhard, 35: their fourth child, fourth daughter (the others: Beatrix, 9, Irene, 7, Margriet, 4); at Soestdijk Palace, The Netherlands. Weight: 6 lbs., 10 oz. Daughter's birth rated a 51-gun salute, a quarter-hour's pealing of church bells (a son—who would have been the first male heir to the throne in 62 years—would rate 101 guns, a half-hour's bell-ringing).

Married. Mary Spencer Churchill, 24, pretty, apple-cheeked, youngest daughter of Winston; to Captain Christopher Soames, 26, Coldstream Guardsman, assistant military attaché at the British Embassy in Paris; in London (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Died. Marguerite Coulbourn Nelson, 28, handsome 1939 George Washington University "campus queen"; on the eve of the second anniversary of her marriage (her second, his third) to ex-WP Boss Donald M. Nelson (now head of the Society of Independent Motion Picture Producers); of a liver ailment; in Hollywood.

Died. Kenneth Craven Hogate, 49, hefty Hoosier publisher of the *Wall Street Journal*, president of Barron's Publishing Co., chairman of Dow, Jones & Co., Inc. (financial ticker service), close friend and 1944 presidential campaign adviser of Thomas E. Dewey; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Palm Springs, Calif.

Died. Colonel Earle L. Johnson, 52, national commander of the Civil Air Patrol, when an engine of the Army C-45 he was piloting exploded, plunged the plane 2,000 feet to the ground, near Cleveland.

Died. General Phya Phahon Phon Phayuhasena, 60, moon-faced, swashbuckling onetime strong man of Siam, leader of the 1933 *coup d'état* which eventually resulted in the abdication of the late King Prajadhipok, for five years premier and dictator, briefly in 1941 a yellow-robed, Buddhist beggar-monk; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Bangkok.

Died. Sidney Toler, 74, veteran stage & screen actor, onetime leading man to Julia Marlowe, best known in recent years for his bland cinemacting of Chinese Detective Charlie Chan; of intestinal cancer; in Hollywood.

Died. Dr. Douglas Sladen, 91, globe-trotting journalist, professor, jack of many literary trades, founder of the modern British (1897) *Who's Who*, which he edited for three years (he is represented in the 1946 edition with a fat 66 lines, mostly listing his 50-odd books); in Hove, England.



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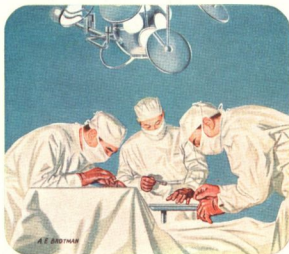
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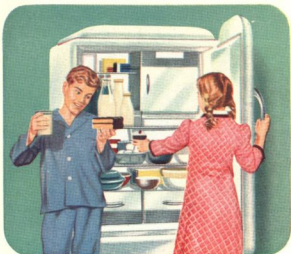
"Life-Lines" in Surgery



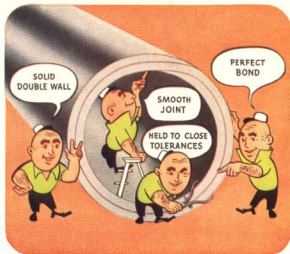
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MUSIC

Baton Week

It looked like a relay race, the way conductors were passing each other their batons last week:

Bruno Walter took over the job that Artur Rodzinski no longer wanted. At 70, Walter became the one-year "musical adviser" of New York's Philharmonic-Symphony—a job he had turned down four years ago "because of my age."

Obviously the Philharmonic would use Walter's year shopping for a permanent conductor. Next year's guest conductors were the apparent favorites in the race: Minneapolis' Dimitri Mitropoulos, Cleveland's George Szell, Paris' Charles



Joe Cavello-Block Star

LEONARD BERNSTEIN

The boss leaned and beamed.

Münch and Hollywood Bowl's Leopold Stokowski. All but Stokowski (who once was) are clients of music's Mr. Big, Arthur Judson, the Philharmonic's manager. Judson thus had a firmer hold on the throne than before Rodzinski abdicated (TIME, Feb. 17).

Conductor Walter, one of the half-dozen greatest by anybody's ranking, was a pre-Hitler conductor of the Vienna Staatsoper. His strength is also his weakness: he does best by the Central Europeans—Brahms, Mozart, Mahler, Bruckner, *et al.*—but plays little else.

Leonard Bernstein, brilliant, brash young (28) man of U.S. music, triumphed in a ticklish test. In Manhattan he led Dr. Serge Koussevitzky's Boston Symphony Orchestra through a short but arduous young man's program: *Symphony No. 7 in C Major* (which Schubert wrote at 31). *Le Sacre du Printemps*, which Stravinsky wrote at 30. It was the first time that 72-year-old Serge Koussevitzky had ever let a guest conduct his Boston Orchestra for a

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whole concert in New York. Carnegie Hall
was so packed that even Pianist Jose
Turbi had to stand.

Koussevitzky leaned over the railing of
Box No. 55, beaming like a polished apple,
while his prize protégé took four bows.
Said Lenny Bernstein (whom Kousse-
vitzky calls Lenyushka): "It was pretty
awe-inspiring."

Socko Switcheroo

The nightclub was crowded with the
kind of people who like to remember,
while peering darkly into a glass, the last
time they saw Paris. The baby spotlights
focused down on a singer whose face was
familiar. It looked a little older now,
and the figure—despite the best efforts
of Parisian couturiers—was perceptibly
heavier. But when Lucienne Boyer began
a husky-voiced singing of her old theme

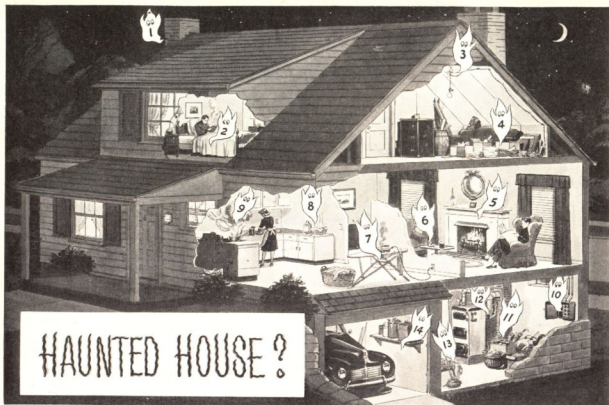


LUCIENNE BOYER
Her label: made in Paris.

song, *Parlez-moi d'Amour*, it was almost
like old times.

As she sang a handful of French torch
songs, she tore at her blue-black hair, em-
braced an imaginary lover, went through
the motions of strangling herself in one
ballad, dropped to the floor in another
(after supposedly swallowing poison).
The crowd in Manhattan's Café Society
Uptown loved every minute of it. Her one
song in English, *Hands across the Table*,
still carried a Paris label; despite three
engagements in the U.S. before the war,
she had been careful not to learn English
too well.

Variety's show-wise Editor Abel Green
summed up in typical Variety staccato:
"1947 marks the great French invasion.
It's a switcheroo on Yank tourism to Gay
Paree. [Miss Boyer] packs herself to a
socko sum total. The Francophiles . . .
were sampling the grape like it was 7-Up.
. . . Miss Boyer really rings the bell.
They'll be waiting for Chevalier like
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Avoid makeshift wiring—replace frayed cords—short circuits cause many fires.

Throw out the tinder in your house—get rid of papers and litter!



Beware of inflammable cleaning fluids—some vapors can be exploded by tiniest spark!



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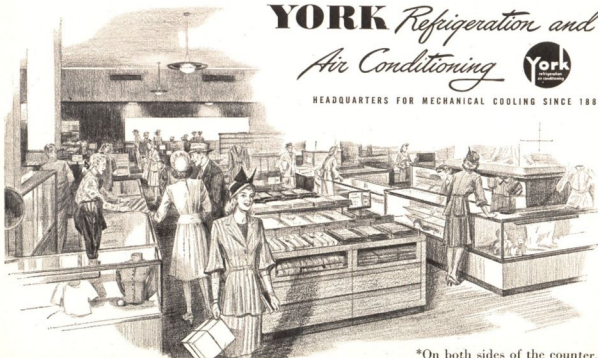
1. The wide range of York equipment as to function, type and capacity assures selection of the right unit for

the right place, no matter how large or how small.

2. The aggregate installed capacity of York mechanical cooling for commercial use exceeds that of any other manufacturer.

3. York research—already responsible for so many important advances—has been accelerated and intensified . . . an assurance of the lasting value of York equipment.

York Corporation, York, Penna.



YORK *Refrigeration and
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HEADQUARTERS FOR MECHANICAL COOLING SINCE 1885

*On both sides of the counter.

BUSINESS & FINANCE

SURPLUS PROPERTY

A Deal for the Inches

With a great sigh of relief, the War Assets Administration last week got rid of the tangled problem of the Big and Little Big Inches. For the whopping sum of \$143.1 million WAA sold the pipelines (subject to Department of Justice approval) to the Texas Eastern Transmission Co., a new company of Natural Gasman E. Holley Poe and four associates.

The bid, high among the ten submitted, was only \$2.7 million less than the Government spent to build the lines. It was \$33 million more than the favored bid



F. Roy Kemp

GASMAN POE

A dream in the pipes.

last November when WAA Boss Robert M. Littlejohn turned down all bids because they were too low (TIME, Dec. 2). However, bidders thought then that they would probably be required to use the lines only for oil, which made them much less valuable.

Texas Eastern will get the 2,815-mile pipeline system about May 1—when the temporary lease, hastily granted Tennessee Gas and Transmission Co. during the last coal strike, expires. Tennessee Gas has been sending some gas through the lines, merely by pumping it into the pipes and “letting it drift” to the north.

Texas Eastern expects to spend from \$38 million to \$61 million (depending on the area served) for compressors, connecting lines, etc. to convert the oil lines into full-scale gas carriers. By the middle of next year it hopes to be transporting 425,000,000 cubic feet of gas daily (equal to about 16,000 tons of coal) to the Eastern seaboard.

Piping gas from Texas to the East has

long been a dream of Gasman Poe, 52. Born in Pawnee, Okla., Poe got into the Texas gas & oil business as a young man, became boss of the southwest natural gas properties of the Utilities Power & Light Corp. During World War II he was director of the natural gas division of the Petroleum Administration for War. Since then he has been a natural gas consultant. As president of Texas Eastern, Poe will have as working partners a potent team: Everett Lee DeGolyer, probably the nation's top petroleum geologist and a backer of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, and Houston's energetic Brown brothers, George R., who is Texas Eastern's chairman, and Herman (oil, shipbuilding construction) and Charles I. Francis, Houston oil lawyer.

Texas Eastern, which plans to pay off the U.S. in nine months, will start off with a \$4 million loan from Manhattan's Manufacturers Trust Co. It expects to raise the rest of its cash with a security issue to be handled by Dillon Read & Co. If all works well, Texas Eastern might extend the lines into New England (present northernmost terminal: Linden, N.J.).

Texas Eastern may run into trouble. As bait for new industries, many Texans would prefer to keep Texas gas in Texas. So would coal-rich Pennsylvania, along with mine operators and the United Mine Workers. But Texas Eastern thinks that the Eastern consumers can speak loudly enough to drown out these objectors.

TRAVEL

Bon Voyage—Maybe

Europe was again an oyster (of sorts) for U.S. tourists to open. The Department of State last week lifted the ban which had restricted European travel almost entirely to Government officials and businessmen since war's end.

But there was still a big “if” to European travel. Tourist applications for passports had to be accompanied by a statement “showing that [the applicant] has fixed return transportation [and] reserved hotel or other accommodations to take care of his food and lodging while abroad.”

This meant that some 70,000 Americans could go to Europe this year (prewar high: 260,000). Planes and ships would have room for no more than that, even though at least eight more liners would soon return to service.

Once over the transportation barrier, tourists would run into other troubles. They could not go to Russia, Rumania, Bulgaria or Hungary. Elsewhere in Europe, food and hotel rooms were none too plentiful, many a currency was so unstable as to make the value of U.S. dollars unpredictable. Best travel bets: the British Isles, Switzerland, Scandinavia, France, the Low Countries.

RETAIL TRADE

Hotter than Ever

Another geyser, hotter than ever, boiled up from the underwater world of ball-point pens. As usual, it was started by Milton Reynolds, the Old Faithful of ballpointism (TIME, Nov. 12, 1945 *et seq.*).

Reynolds, whose pens retailed for \$12.50 before he started cutting prices, had started to bring out his latest models to retail for \$1.69 and \$2.69 (at most, it costs him 33¢ to manufacture his ball-points). So he wanted to clean out his stock of 350,000 obsolete models which retailed for \$3.85. He sold the \$3.85 pens



Associated Press

PEN MAN REYNOLDS

Diamonds in the backyard.

to a jobber at a price so low that they could be retailed for about \$1.

In Manhattan, Macy's grabbed up 150,000 of them, burst forth one morning last week with ads offering to sell them for 98¢ apiece, or three for \$2.79. Gimbel's, which had been selling the pens for \$3.85 only the day before, slashed the price next day to 94¢, or three for \$2.59. (To twist Macy's further, Gimbel's snidely pointed out that its own B2 Bollero, “which we consider a far superior pen,” was selling for 88¢.) Macy's, having sold 68,000 Reynolds pens at 98¢ in a day, knocked off 10¢ more. Gimbel's went to 84¢.

At this price, Gimbel's sold \$3.85 pens so fast that it soon ran out, started dealing off new-model \$1.69 and \$2.69 Reynolds pens at the same bargain price. This disturbed Milton Reynolds so much that he threatened to sue Gimbel's under the Fair Trade Act unless the store stopped price-cutting the new models.

But then Reynolds had a much better idea. Why not keep on making the old



Pulls its weight

What appears to be a backward arrangement isn't anything of the kind. Stout wire rope and a good engine make an efficient producer out of the pullshovel. With smooth-running *Preformed Yellow Strand* giving accurate control over bucket and boom, the operator can dig and load capacity tonnage.

★ Your own equipment will pull its weight more truly when Yellow Strand *Preformed Wire Rope* is aboard. Its flexibility and stamina ease the wearing effects of shocks, high speeds and fatiguing bends. And for your lifts there's parallel assistance in patented Yellow Strand *Braided Safety Slings*. Let these economical ropes and slings start working for you now. You'll recognize them by the high-visibility *Yellow Strand*.

Broderick & Bascom Rope Co., St. Louis

Branches: New York, Chicago, Houston, Portland, Seattle. Factories: St. Louis, Seattle, Peoria

**YELLOW
STRAND**



PREFORMED WIRE ROPE • BRAIDED SAFETY SLINGS

models? At week's end, Reynolds frantically began turning them out again at the rate of 80,000 a day. They would sell for \$1 or less all over the U.S. Said a Reynolds executive: "We have acres of diamonds right in our back yard." Said Reynolds himself: "It's simply crazy."

With that statement, few would quarrel. What made it craziest was the fact that nothing could stop people from buying ball-points by the thousands, despite the fact that they 1) often failed to work (Reynolds alone got back 104,643 defective pens in his first eight months) or 2) oozed ink all over hands and paper. The ink in some pens even fermented, and blew the balls right out of the pens. But buyers kept on coming. Said one bemused pen man: "They're like horse players. They figure they can beat the odds—and get one that works."

RAILROADS

Situation Bad

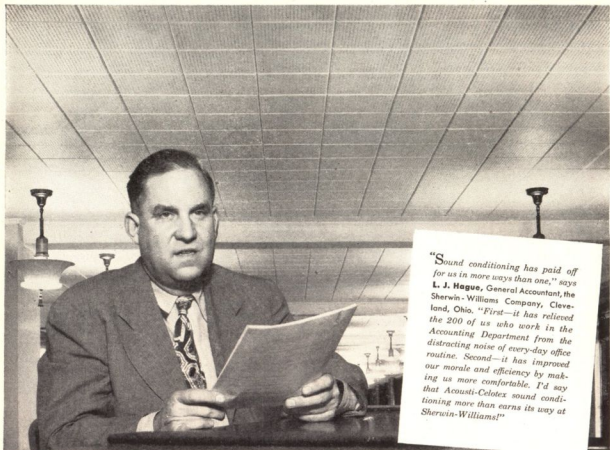
In the postwar ride of the U.S. economy to peacetime heights, everybody seemed to forget the fact that the glittering boom was carried in the lowly freight car. Last week nobody could overlook the fact.

Across the U.S., loading platforms and warehouses were jam-packed with marooned goods. Shippers of everything from cement to washing machines frantically called for freight cars; some were lucky to get 10% of their minimum needs. In the Midwest, grain belt farmers stared nervously at grain-choked elevators, wondered whether they would be cleared before 1947 crops came in. It was the worst freight-car shortage in 25 years.

Hunt for a Villain. In Washington, a Senate committee was shrilly trying to find out why. ODT's J. Monroe Johnson led off by accusing 1) CPA, for not allocating enough steel for cars and 2) the railroads, for not ordering enough cars. With the U.S. in immediate need of 100,000 freight cars, railroads have so far placed orders for only 78,000. What the railroads should do, said Johnson, was order at least 250,000. That would make it worthwhile for car companies to set up mass production lines.

Railroad men snorted that Colonel Johnson was talking through his bureaucratic hat. Railroads ordered 9,000 cars in January alone, would order more if production was speeded up and there was assurance that the cars could be made soon. But the present production rate, 2,500 a month, did not even match the jinking rate of 5,000 to 7,000 a month.

Villain Found? Some railroad men laid the blame to lack of steel. Only 48,000 tons of steel a month, said they, were allocated for freight cars in 1946 under CPA's "voluntary set-aside" policy. It would take 180,000 tons to turn out the needed monthly minimum of 10,000 cars. The automakers, they cried, were getting far more than their share of steel, while railroads were getting the same percentage (9%) that they got during the war. *Snapped Railway Age*: "Of all the tremendous tonnage of steel freed for civilian



"Sound conditioning has paid off for us in more ways than one," says **L. J. Hague**, General Accountant, the Sherwin-Williams Company, Cleveland, Ohio. "First—it has relieved the 200 of us who work in the Accounting Department from the distracting noise of every-day office routine. Second—it has improved our morale and efficiency by making us more comfortable. I'd say that Acousti-Celotex sound conditioning more than earns its way at Sherwin-Williams!"

Employees work — *more efficiently* — thanks to Quiet Comfort

YES—tests prove it pays to sound condition.

The Aetna Life Insurance Company, for example, demonstrated by scientifically controlled tests in its own offices, that Acousti-Celotex* sound conditioning increased efficiency of employees 8.8%.

Small wonder that Quiet Comfort works such magic. For noise does more than distract. "Noise has been responsible for impaired hearing, neuroses, increased blood pressure and decreased working and mental efficiencies," the *Manual of Industrial Hygiene* points out.

So, to be sure noise isn't robbing you and your workers of full comfort and efficiency, call in your local Acousti-Celotex distributor.

He's a Celotex-trained technician and a member of an organization experienced in more than 100,000 acoustical installations of all kinds.

And he features Acousti-Celotex—the drilled cane-fibre tile used to sound condition more offices, banks, factories, schools, churches, theaters and hospitals than any other acoustical material.

Consult him with complete confidence. His advice is yours absolutely without obligation. A note to us will bring him to your desk.

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WALL STREET

"We the People"

March 30, 1940 . . . Not for ten days yet will Hitler change his Sitzkrieg into a Blitzkrieg by attacking Norway, Denmark. The misguided still talk of a "phony war." Against a background of doldrums on front and financial pages, top news of the day for stock marketers is the merger of bigwig Wall Street firms Merrill Lynch (underwriting), E. A. Pierce & Co. (biggest broker), and Cassatt & Co.

August 18, 1941 . . . The Nazis drive on Leningrad. Still newsworthy is the merger of Merrill Lynch, etc. with Fenner & Beane (second biggest wire house and commodity broker).

Birth of a Name. Promptly, because of its 49 active partners, 1800 employees, and four score offices, the new firm is dubbed "We the People." And ever since, that is what Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane has been called in the canyons of downtown Manhattan, in newspapers and magazines across the country.

MLPF&B and the 3,060 people now in its employ like that name. Reason: it implies the fact that an investment business in order to succeed must inevitably be a people's business, for it's a workaday world in stocks, bonds, and commodities now, just as it is in steel or soap or cereals. Gone from Gotham's financial center are wing-collar customers' men, striped-pants brokers, and so-called inside tips.

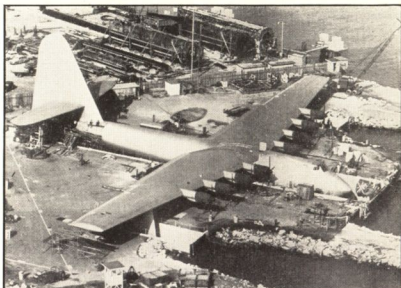
In contrast. MLPF&B deals in facts that are hard to come by—a lot harder than "inside tips." These facts are gathered by the firm's Research Department which constantly weighs comparative values in securities, listed and unlisted, as well as commodities.

This information is available to investors through any of the firm's 92 offices in 91 cities, all connected by 40,000 miles of private wire. The cost to you: just a request for help.

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International

The "HERCULES"
Debt is its copilot.

use when war production ceased, the railroads have received not one pound. . . .

But that was only part of the trouble. The U.S. was finally paying for depression and war years which had kept car building far below needs. If car builders got the steel they needed—and got production up enough—the pinch might be eased before it turned into a crisis. But, to make that possible, some industries, perhaps automaking, would have to lose some of their steel and trim production.

AVIATION

Sharing the Stick

Howard Hughes likes to fly his own eccentric way, but the time came last week to call in a copilot for T.W.A. To make it possible to get a \$40 million RFC loan that T.W.A. had to have to keep flying, Hughes agreed to put his T.W.A. stock (46%) into a voting trust, thus share T.W.A. control with the U.S. Government.

This was the last thing stubborn Howard Hughes had wanted to do (TIME, Jan. 6). But RFC had been just as stubborn. Some \$19½ million in RFC cash had already been sunk in Hughes's experimental, 750-passenger flying boat, the *Hercules*. And a Senate committee was curious enough about this deal to question Hughes last week to find out what RFC had got for its wad. (Hughes had hopes that the *Hercules* would fly this year.)

Hughes had tried to get more money for T.W.A. from private sources. But T.W.A., deeply in the red, did not look like a good risk. Whether RFC would lend T.W.A. the money it needed, even with Hughes's new concessions, remained to be seen. But the prospects were good.

CAB Chairman James M. Landis, who has intimated that T.W.A. would fly better without Hughes, did his share of pushing the loan. It "might be wise" said he

in a radio interview, for RFC to make a loan "here and there" to help floundering airlines buy new equipment.

Floundering airlines meant more than just T.W.A. Of the big lines, T.W.A. was in the worst shape. But some smaller lines were also in danger of crashing. And all the airlines, hit by a falling-off of traffic due to crashes and abnormally bad winter weather, had had one of the worst Januarys in their history. They had been doing none too well before that. In the first eleven months of 1946, the U.S. airlines had shown an estimated net loss of over \$900,000, a net profit of about \$30,000,000 for the same period in 1945.

Deeply perturbed by this slump, CABoss Landis had other ideas for helping the weak flyers. Although CAB has not liked airline mergers, on the grounds that they cut down competition, Landis now suggested that mergers might be the best way to keep some airlines out of bankruptcy. More cheering was a strong hint that increases in passenger and mail rates might be in the offing. CABoss Landis sternly warned that "management inefficiency" would not be underwritten by subsidies or higher rates. But at week's end he ordered an investigation to see if current rates are "unjust or unreasonable."

A Valentine for Connie

No airplane has been more buffeted by the "Is it safe?" controversy than Lockheed's four-engine, 60-passenger Constellation. Last week the black-eyed Connie found an outspoken champion in Assistant Secretary of Commerce (for air) William A. M. Burden. A knowing airman, Bill Burden told the Senate committee investigating air safety that "disproportionate attention" had been paid to the Connie's "occasional mishaps."

Before the Connie went into commercial service, said he, it had been put through 4,670 hours, or 1,401,000 miles, of test



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flying—without a single injury. The fire which got the Connie grounded last summer was no fault of the engine's induction system, as had been suspected, but was started by a short-circuited electric fitting. When this fitting was redesigned and a few other slight modifications made, the Connie, "already a fine airplane, became undoubtedly the most advanced airplane of its class . . . with respect to safety." The subsequent crash of a T.W.A. Constellation in Eire, killing 13, said he, was due to faulty maintenance of altimeters, not faulty design. Concluded Bill Burden: "The grounding action and resultant publicity have worked an undue hardship on the Constellation. . . ."

PERSONNEL

Face Lifted

Even The Face herself was amazed. After beautiful and shrewd Anita Colby announced last week that she planned to quit as the \$500-a-week maid-of-all-work to Moviemaker David Selznick, she got a score of job offers. They came from other producers in Hollywood, four advertising agencies, three cosmetics companies, two model agencies and assorted department stores, book publishers, etc.

She finally settled for two new jobs—production assistant to Paramount's Henry Ginsberg, and columnist for King Features. Together, they would pay her about \$100,000 a year. When she had made up her mind, The Face, 32, telephoned the home folks in New York. Said she: "Hey, shake hands with the richest kid in town."

SMALL BUSINESS

The Milky Way

When he doffed his navy uniform, Gordon Kennedy, 40, a breezy storekeeper 3rd class and ex-milk company accountant, had the same ambition as many G.I.s. He wanted to own his own business. In Detroit he found a small, unprofitable dairy ready to sell out for \$150,000. Kennedy rounded up some 40 veterans, handed each of them 100 five-dollar certificates exchangeable for milk & dairy products, sent them out to work their selling charms on housewives. This brought in \$38,000.

Then Kennedy shrewdly capitalized on a long-standing grudge. Ruggedly individualistic Michigan farmers had a scunner against the monopoly-like Michigan Milk Producers' Association, through which they sold their milk to Detroit's dairies. Resentful of the Association's sometimes high-handed methods and always complicated formula for buying milk, the farmers were glad to trade \$75,000 for one-year promissory notes to help G.I.s. A \$75,000 mortgage on the plant and 39 bank-financed jeeps completed the organization; the Servicemen's Dairy Cooperative Association was ready for business.

Pass Out Bats. Kennedy and Treasurer Jimmy Adichi, 25, American-born Japanese veteran of the Italian campaign, soon ran into trouble. Apartment superintendents, paid by established companies for



Schuyler Crall

ANITA COLBY
A reply for a job-seeker.

exclusive rights to peddle milk in their buildings, barred the Servicemen's Dairy. Kennedy threatened to turn them in to the Bureau of Internal Revenue. He had shrewdly suspected that they had not reported their take on their income tax. The superintendents gave in. When the C.I.O. tied up all other dairies in a strike, the Servicemen went right on delivering. The union threatened violence. Kennedy passed out baseball bats to his men, got pistol permits. There was no violence.

Hit a Homer. When established dairies last December raised milk prices 2¢ a quart, Kennedy held the price line, picked up as many as 1,000 new customers a day until the other dairies dropped prices back. As a result, in a year the Association



Robert Anderson

MILKMAN GORDON KENNEDY
A job for a storekeeper.

has climbed to seventh among Detroit's 28 dairies, and grossed \$1,250,000 in 1946 (estimated net: \$60,000).

Kennedy still draws only \$100-a-week salary. The milk drivers, who own their own trucks (jeeps proved too small), take care of their own overhead and get a commission of 5¢ a quart. Some net \$180 a week; the average: \$100 a week.

Farmers like to deal with Kennedy so well that last week they were ready to put another \$175,000 into the dairy in exchange for stock. Kennedy, who owns 600 of the 1,000 shares outstanding, plans to use the cash to expand. Says he: "Before we're through the big companies are not going to like it."

SHOW BUSINESS

A Platter for the Lion

With a roar from its patented lion, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer last week stalked into the phonograph-record industry. Nobody was too surprised. But the roar was loud enough to make old-line record companies mighty nervous.

M-G-M had long been looking hungrily at records. The business was a jungle full of small fry (some 230 manufacturers), lorded over by Victor, Decca and Columbia. The fry was numerous enough and appetizing enough to make Leo's mouth water. With 5,000,000 record-players (including 500,000 jukeboxes) in use throughout the U.S., the industry sold 287 million records in 1946, expects to do nearly twice as well in 1947.

What gave M-G-M an even hungrier feeling was the sensational sale (some 800,000) of Pianist Jose Iturbi's recording of Chopin's *Polonaise in A Flat* from *A Song To Remember*. But most of the gravy from this platter went to RCA, which made it. M-G-M decided to cash in itself on recordings by its stars.

M-G-M raided established record-makers for executives with know-how, poured out \$3,500,000 to turn a Bloomfield, N.J. war plant into one of the world's largest record factories (annual capacity: 40,000,000 records). Only one problem remained: distribution.

Last week M-G-M deftly solved that by signing up with Chicago's Zenith Radio Corp. to use Zenith's ready-made distributing organization. By this stroke M-G-M got entry into the many phonograph shops which sell Zenith radios, hopes to sell their records in 5,000 key stores. But M-G-M's first album, four ten-inch records of Jerome Kern music from the film *Till the Clouds Roll By*, will cost \$3.75, somewhat higher than most of Victor's, Decca's and Columbia's.

As if M-G-M's challenging roars were not enough, other film-makers were thinking of getting into the record business too. And there were whispers in Chicago that Sears, Roebuck, which only recently has started marketing its own discs through a record-of-the-month club, had a low-priced wire recorder almost ready to go. All platter-makers, including newcomer M-G-M, were keeping their fingers crossed—and their researchers busy.



HE KEEPS A LOAD OF FREIGHT FROM STICKING ITS NECK OUT!

Here is an Erie Clearance Engineer at work.

He is making certain that a huge, oversize shipment will travel safely through tunnels, under bridges, around curves.

On-the-spot measurements like this are frequently necessary. Sometimes, specially designed blocking and bracing is needed. And Erie Clearance Engineers are even consulted while huge machinery is still

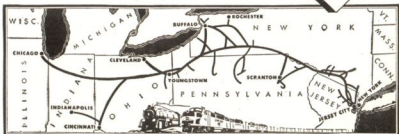
in design stage, to make recommendations on the assembly of the shipment to insure effective rail handling.

Because the Erie has the highest and widest clearances of any railroad between New York and Chicago, the Erie has become known as the "heavy-duty" road.

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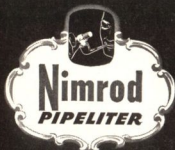
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SCIENCE

Try to Get Some Sleep

Nightclub patrons are often sullen and quarrelsome. Overtime workers frequently have peevish dispositions. Can this bad temper be traced to lack of sleep?

In the *Journal of Comparative Psychology*, Drs. J. C. R. Licklider and M. E. Bunch describe a revealing experiment on rats (which are very like people in many ways). The problem was to find out how rats react to losing sleep. Rats ordinarily sleep 12 to 15 hours a day. When really sleepy, they will bed down on anything. Bright lights and loud noises do not stop them from trying.

The experimenters had to invent a fiendishly ingenious gadget for keeping their rats awake. Cylindrical treadmills revolved slowly in cells half full of water. If the rat did not keep awake, he got dunked and had to scramble back.

With a rat on each treadmill, the apparatus was set running 20 hours a day. The pace soon began to tell. The wakeful, wretched rats grew scrawny and stopped growing. After 30 sleepless days, their dispositions showed it. They snapped and bit out in all directions. Given an opportunity, they attacked and killed one another.

One test of a rat's mentality is to put him in an intricate maze half full of water, observe how quickly he finds his way out. After 50 days, the wakeful rats were dumped in such a maze. They swam feverishly, caught on to the maze, got out even faster than normal rats.

Possible moral for nightclub proprietors and bosses who work the help after hours: lack of sleep is bad for the victim's health, bad for his disposition, but does not necessarily impair his natural intelligence.

The New, Improved Attack

People who think they know the worst about The Bomb have some grisly surprises in store. Even long-range, atom-carrying rockets (still in the designing stage) are already an old-fashioned notion. In this month's *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, Dr. Edward Teller, a Chicago University physics professor who played an important part in developing The Bomb, looks alarmingly ahead.

Atomic fission, says Dr. Teller, is still in its infancy, of course: "Actually it is quite unsound to limit our attention to atomic bombs of the present type. These bombs are the results of first attempts, and they were developed under wartime pressure. . . . In a subject as new as atomic power, we must be prepared for startling developments. . . . Future bombs may easily surpass those used in the last war by a factor of a thousand. . . ."

An improved bomb, one thousand times as powerful as the "Model T" used at Nagasaki, might atomize an area of three or four hundred square miles (roughly the area of New York City). But Dr. Teller is not convinced that such direct use would be the most profitable in war.



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For bosses, a moral.

Radioactive products, carried on the reliable westerly winds of the upper atmosphere, might do a better job.

"The radioactivity produced by the Bikini bombs," Dr. Teller points out, "was detected within about one week in the United States. It was weak, completely harmless. . . . But there is a threshold beyond which radioactivity has lethal effects. . . . Sufficiently strong radioactivity will kill all living tissue."

"If the activity liberated at Bikini were multiplied by a factor of a hundred thousand or a million, and if it were to be released off our Pacific Coast, the whole of the United States would be endangered. . . . [This] is much more than a fantastic possibility."

Gas masks? Useless. Deep underground shelters with efficient air filters might save a few people. But when the wind had passed, the survivors would doubtless find that all animals and plants had died with the unsheltered humans.

A careless atomic aggressor, Professor * During experiments in 1939 designed to frustrate rats until they became neurotics.



Dr. EDWARD TELLER
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TIME, FEBRUARY 24, 1947

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Teller admits, might outsmart himself by poisoning the atmosphere too strongly: the radioactive wind might sweep around the world and irradiate his own nation. But even this obstacle is not insuperable: "Different radioactive products have different rates of decay. The attacker is therefore in a position to choose the radioactive products best suited to his attack. With the proper choice, he could ensure that his victim would be seriously damaged by them, and that they would have decayed by the time they reached his own country."

Oasis

When the world was full of unexplored land, storytellers had it easy. Who could be certain that there were no such things as unicorns, rocs, two-headed men, hippogriffs, basilisks, amazons? The only sizeable blank spot left on the globe—the interior of Antarctica—has been written off by most romancers as hopelessly, unromantically cold.

But geologists with Rear Admiral Richard Byrd, who feels responsible for Antarctica, are more imaginative. Somewhere in Antarctica's forbidding interior, they speculated, there may be a hidden valley heated to tropical balminess by volcanic energy. There—just possibly—unknown fauna may be nibbling at unknown flora.

Last week a Navy Mariner flying boat, cruising over Wilkes Land, found something that vaguely resembled the geologists' speculations. Well back from the permanently frozen coast, the crew saw a series of pea-green, open-water lakes. Pictures were taken and the news was rushed back to the mother ship. A few days later, another Mariner landed on one of the lakes. The crew took samples of the water, declared it was "definitely warmer" than most water in the Antarctic region.

There was no vegetation around the lakes, but there was plenty of ice-free rock which looked to non-geological Navy eyes as if it might be ore-bearing. There was no steam or other evidence of volcanic activity.

The lakes may be an accumulation of thaw water at the end of the Antarctic summer. But there was at least a chance that they are heated from below. (The geyser region of Yellowstone is slightly heated in this way, and many parts of the world have warm springs which tend to keep lakes from freezing.) The romantics and the tale-spinners could take it from there.

One fictioneer almost beat Byrd to the icecaps. A gaudy pseudo-scientific yarn called *The President of the United States, Detective*, by H. R. Heard (who, as Gerald Heard, is also a Southern California cult-leader), last week won first (\$3,000) prize in *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* annual story contest. Heard's plot: What would happen if the icecaps completely melted? The year is 1977, and an expanded U.S.S.R. has fallen under the domination of a vicious Oriental named Yang, who plots to destroy the U.S.A. by geological warfare. Yang's plan is to melt

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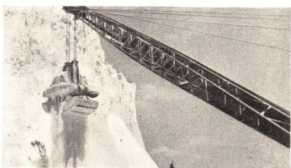
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the earth's icecaps with atomic energy. The water released will raise the level of the sea, flooding most of the earth except the Central Asian plateau, Yang's stronghold.

The hellish scheme is penetrated by a humble tide-gauge watcher, who alerts U.S. President Place. Fortunately, Place knows a little more geology than Supreme Commissar Yang. Quickly he sends planes to atom-blast Greenland's icecap. Relieved of its ice burden, Greenland rises. (It probably would, too, in a few million years.) Author Heard's fine, cheerful finish: by migrating to the cool, temperate Greenland plateau, Americans, and other men of good will, survive.



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MUSK DEER'S DESTINY Napoleon liked it straight.

For Those Who Pant

His alluring smell is the musk deer's undoing. For centuries, through the rhododendrons in the cool Himalayan foothills where he lives, the male musk deer has been relentlessly chased by hunters. Unfortunately for him, the musk deer has a scent gland that contains a sex lure. In its pure form, musk is worth \$40,000 a pound to perfume manufacturers.

Science may yet save the musk deer. Perfume chemists in modern laboratories are working hard to perfect a synthetic musk odor. Meanwhile, the deer himself (carrying his hairy, walnut-sized pouch at the base of his abdomen) will try to outrun his pursuers.

In the current issue of *Natural History*, Jennie E. Harris describes the male musk deer as only 20 inches tall at the shoulders. He has no antlers. He feeds simply on spicy roots and fungi; if it were not for his redolent pouch, he would probably live a quiet, secluded life.

Ancient Lure. The musk deer's scent gland, according to Charles Darwin, is the product of an evolutionary runaround. Millions of years ago, the male deer that smelled the nicest attracted the most females—and thus left the most descendants. A weakly scented male got nowhere as a progenitor.

By this classic process of sexual selection, the male deer's glands grew bigger and muskier. The musk deer's luring game turned into a deadly risk for him when human beings caught on to the musk

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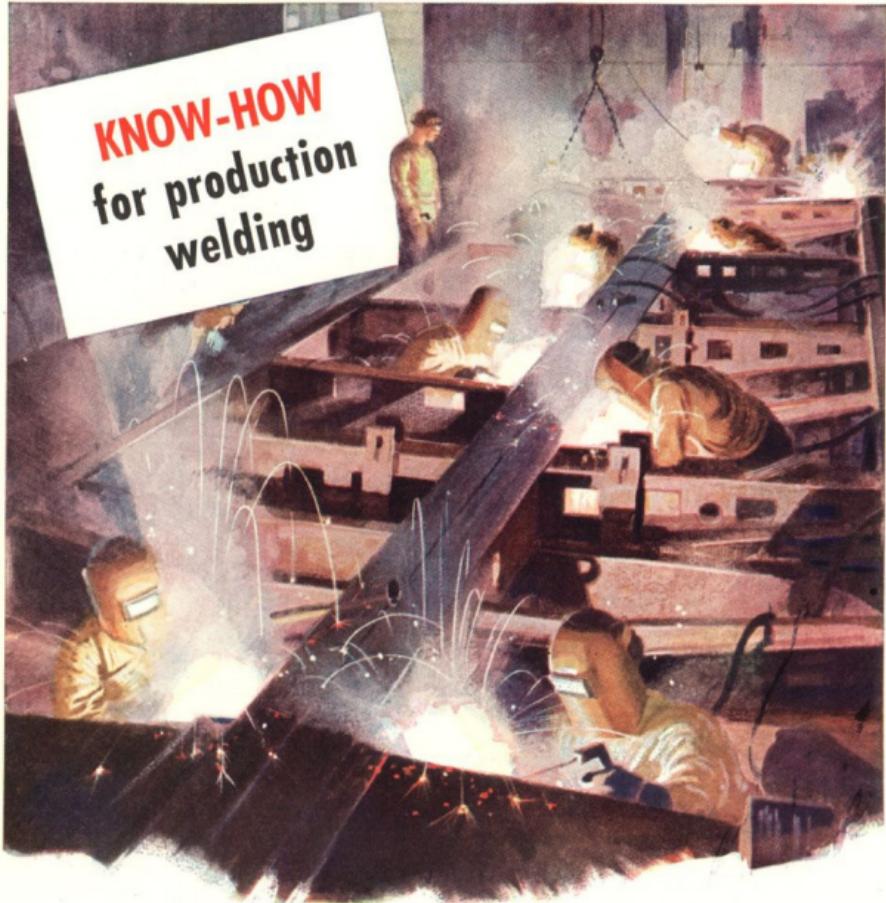
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smell. As the deer's fame grew, rajahs and ranees, kings and their concubines, seducers and seductresses learned to use musk as a perfume. The Prophet Mohamed wrote in the Koran: "The Seal of Musk. For this let those pant who pant for bliss." The Empress Josephine, to rouse Napoleon's baser nature, used so much musk that the walls of her rooms, for years afterward, were still fragrant with it.

Biologists believe that scent, in the long, long ago, was the principal attraction between the sexes. Other bonds developed later, and scent dropped into the background.⁶ But deep in the human structure is a residual sensitivity to the same animal perfume that interests the female musk deer. Both men & women once used musk scent straight, but modern perfumers are more subtle: it is now diluted and smothered with flowery fragrances. But its Sunday punch is still there. Musk, or some musklike scent, is the base for most pulse-twitching perfumes, which (as the advertisements hint) "drive men wild."

Modern Hunt. Since the supply of musk has never met the demand, perfumers have always looked for substitutes. They discovered that many animals have musky-smelling lure glands. Beaver glands yield castor, which is widely used. So is loud-smelling civet. Perfume chemists once eyed skunks, encouraged by the fact that many people do not mind a distant skunk smell on a frosty morning. But the perfumers finally gave up on skunks: their scent is basically a defensive weapon rather than a sex lure. Muskrat glands, a cheap by-product of the fur trade, did work. The muskrat substance is not a very pleasant smell, but a lucky chemist discovered that he could split its molecules in two, turning it into a block-busting fragrance not unlike musk. (The nonutilitarian musk ox simply smells bad.)

Most successful experimenter was Dr. Wallace Carothers of Du Pont. While trying to synthesize a silklike fiber, he stumbled upon a compound with a wonderful musky odor. Under the name of Astro-tone, it is widely used as a musk substitute. (Returning to his original quest, Du Pont's Carothers did women an even greater service by discovering nylon.)

Perfumers, brooding biologically, regret that more modern males do not use musky perfumes. Presumably, men are missing a bet, for nature intended the magic scent as something to drive females wild. If modern men could be convinced of this principle (as they were when Mohamed wrote of panting and of bliss) a great new market would boom the perfume industry. Chemists, to save the little male musk deer, would have to work harder and faster.

⁶ People grow used to one race's normal body odor and do not notice it. But the odor of one race is sometimes strange and objectionable to another race. Professor Arnold J. Toynbee, in *A Study of History*, tells of a dainty English lady in South Africa who hired Kafir servants. One little black girl fainted repeatedly in the lady's presence. The inexperienced child was unaccustomed to the shocking smell of white people.



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*Who's
Your
favorite
brunette?*

Ever meet a *hipped-up gusset*? Ever own an *iron*? Ever been shadowed by a *shamus*? This is all part of the cops-and-robbers business with which Bob Hope is involved in "MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE." The funniest guy in America yearns to be a *private-eye*, especially after getting a private eye-ful of delicious Dottie Lamour. You'll probably miss some of the fun because you'll be laughing so hard at Bob and Dottie going from one rib-ticklish spot to another. That's why so many people have to see a Hope picture twice. And right at the very end of "My Favorite Brunette" . . . well, you go see it yourself. We don't want to spoil The Movie Gag Of The Year!

And speaking about pictures, there's "CALIFORNIA" for instance. It's as big a hit as pie-a-la-modes this is being written and by the time you read it, "California" should be as popular as a cut in taxes.



Maybe you liked the new things we did with Technicolor, or because Barbara Stanwyck is at her best playing that kind of woman . . . with Ray Milland as her kind of man. Whatever it is, spectacle, drama, romance, or the period, "California" has it in extra large doses.



Suddenly we've hit the bottom of the page, with just enough space to mention "SUDDENLY IT'S SPRING," which you'll be hearing and seeing lots more about very soon. Paulette Goddard, who looks so much like a Varga girl in this picture that we had that artist portray her as one, has 24 hours to win her hubby back from that husband-hunting redhead.

Arleen Whelan. As the fellow with such wonderful double-trouble, Fred MacMurray is terrific.

These three pictures, plus "DEAR RUTH," "WELCOME STRANGER," "PERILS OF PAULINE" and "VARIETY GIRL" are the big seven of '47 . . . the movies that are going to keep Paramount at the top of your popularity poll again.

Paramount Pictures

CINEMA

Midwinter Favorites

Harsh winter weather kept a lot of U.S. moviegoers at home during the past few weeks. *Variety* reported a noticeable slump at box offices. But neither snow nor slush nor biting winds bit too deeply into the popularity of:

- 1) *13 Rue Madeleine* (20th Century-Fox)
- 2) *Till the Clouds Roll By* and *The Yearling* (both M-G-M)
- 3) *The Jolson Story* (Columbia)
- 4) *The Shocking Miss Pilgrim* (20th Century-Fox)
- 5) *The Best Years of Our Lives* (RKO Radio)
- 6) *It's a Wonderful Life* (RKO Radio).



BOMB TEST SCENE: "THE BEGINNING OR THE END"
The Major talked too much.

The New Pictures

The Beginning or the End (M-G-M), the first full-length movie to grapple with the atom bomb, was given its title, inadvertently, by Harry Truman. When the picture was proposed, the President (as well as M-G-M's pressagent can remember) remarked: "Make it a good movie. . . . This is either the beginning or the end." The M-G-M boys undoubtedly did their best, under great difficulties; but, also undoubtedly, they didn't make a very good movie.

Their difficulties, indeed, are more interesting than the finished product. Both Paramount and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wanted to make the picture. When it was agreed that Metro would make it, the troubles had only started. First of all, there were big problems of security. And it is obviously impossible to make a free-swinging, forceful picture if every foot of it has to satisfy the official and personal tastes of numerous politicians, brasshats and scientists. Casting was difficult, too. Eleanor Roosevelt was uneasy about any actor's portraying her late husband.* In the first version, it developed that Actor

Roman Bohnen's bearing (as Harry Truman) was not quite "military" enough, so the Truman scenes were reshot with Actor Art Baker.

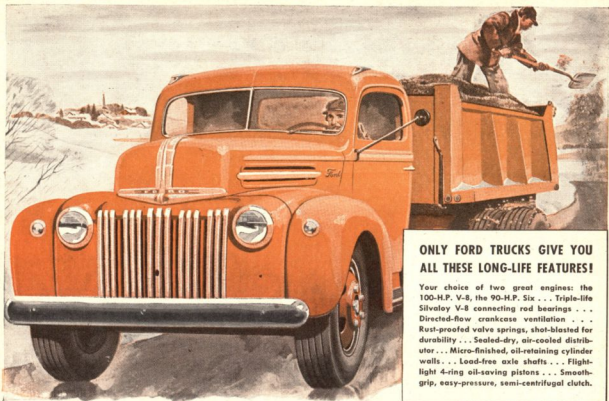
Someone in Washington also objected to a scene in which Truman first learns that the bomb is feasible and immediately decides to delete Hiroshima. (The scene now includes mention of sleepless White House nights.) M-G-M had to soothe some people who invaded territory still more remote from atomic security. A comic scene, in which Robert Walker (playing a major) makes a pass at a girl, was killed because the Army regarded it as detrimental to the dignity of a major's rank. Still another casualty was the film's only sure-fire chuckle—which had been

placed, with fantastic bad taste, en route to Hiroshima. The laugh: a flyer asks, "Is it true that if you fool around with this stuff long enough, you don't like girls any more?" Says Robert Walker, "I hadn't noticed it."

The picture will probably do no great harm unless it discourages the making of better pictures on the same subject. But it will do no particular good either. Far from straining at the seams of security, it tells the average citizen little he doesn't already know about atomic fission. Of the peculiar terror and agony of the bomb in human terms, it tells incomparably less in two hours than certain newsreel shots of Hiroshima's survivors told in as many minutes. The treatment of the moral problems exacerbated by the bomb is once-over-lightly. Problems of atomic control (Army *v.* civilian, U.S. *v.* international) are slurred like the plague.

Even as entertainment, the picture seldom rises above cheery imbecility. The fearful light at Alamogordo and the bombing of Hiroshima are well contrived; but the fine opportunities for suspense—*e.g.*, the trial run in the atomic pile under Stagg Field—are largely bungled. And most of the film's many impersonators look as sheepish as rejects from a waxworks. This is all a great pity, for nobody can question the enormous importance of the subject, or the sincerity of this effort. The

* Son James, by remarking that those who made and played the Franklin Roosevelt scenes "obviously loved" his father, gave what appeared to be an official green light for a screen biography of the late President.



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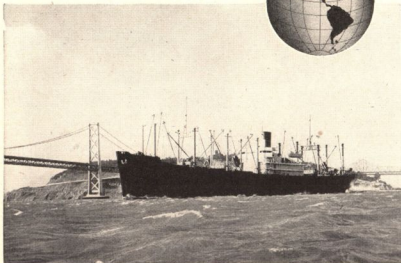
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TIME, FEBRUARY 24, 1947

107

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moviemakers could easily use their marvelous medium to present important issues if (they could only learn to 1) regard audiences as capable of facing facts and of worrying about problems, even problems which may prove unsolvable, and 2) stop treating cinemagoers as if they were spoiled or not-quite-bright children.

The Beginning or the End hopefully addresses itself to those who will find it, 500 years hence, in a time capsule. By that time it may be regarded as a rather foolish "document"—in case anyone at all is around to open up the capsule.

Angel and the Badman (Republic) is a pleasantly unconventional picture. John Wayne, whose first production it is, has dared to make a genteel western. What is more remarkable, he has gotten away with it. Sample: the Wild West barroom is so decorous it is all but suave. When the



RUSSELL & WAYNE
Poke bonnets and quietism.

blonde entertainer sings (she is requested to, not bawled at), her voice does not rattle the bottles behind the bar. For moviegoers, this is a delightful new experience.

The *Angel* (Gail Russell) is as pretty a Quaker maiden as ever peered out of a poke bonnet. The *Badman* (Producer-Star Wayne) is the quickest-triggered man in the Territory (Tombstone, Ariz. & environs). They get to know each other when Mr. Wayne is perforated during a lawless scrap and is nursed back to health by Miss Russell's God-fearing family. By the time Wayne is well enough to tackle his enemy (Bruce Cabot) again, he is trying to do things both his way and the girl's. Since Mr. Cabot and henchmen have not yet adopted a policy of turning the other cheek, this makes for plot difficulties which are ultimately settled happily for the right people.

Movie ruffians are often brought to rectitude through the good offices of an innocent girl, a still more innocent child, or



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even livestock. As entertainment, the process is seldom either plausible or pleasing. But this movie brings it off. Despite its quietist theme, it contains its fair share of action, played with verve and skill against magnificent landscapes. Its unconventionally gentle stretches are even more engaging. The Quakers and their principles are presented, not as a mock-pious, cynical story angle, but with leisurely good humor and affectionate respect. Thus, John Wayne's uneasy digestion of the idea of nonresistance, and Gail Russell's portrayal of the recklessness possible only to the truly simple, become amusing and touching.

The film will probably convert few gunsters to the Society of Friends, and still fewer Friends to shooting-iron diplomacy. But in a season when horse operas are going stridently sexy, it is nice to see the great open spaces filled with something a little more edifying than heaving, half-bared bosoms.

Also Showing

Calendar Girl (Republic) is a rickety little mutton-sleeved musical about a turn-of-the-century rooming house for artists. Typical characters: a fireman's daughter (Irish) whose father thinks ill of artists; a patrician two-timer (rich, from Boston) who retouches a portrait of her into fancy leg-art; a poet who sings like, and is played by, Kenny Baker; a straight man who writes songs and gets the girl. Typical comedy routine: a fireman's tug of war complicated by a banana peel and a sneeze. All this corn has a kind of innocence about it that is almost—but not quite—disarming enough. Jane Frazee, despite her waxworks role and surroundings, is human, likable and nice to look at.

Wake Up and Dream (20th Century-Fox) is pretty, mildly relaxing and aggressively whimsical. Adapted from a sweet little Robert Nathan novel (*The Enchanted Voyage*), it is an almost overpoweringly sweet little movie. It shows how a peculiar old man (Clem Bevans) and a pair of young lovers (John Payne and June Haver) put themselves to enormous trouble to humor a daydreaming child (Connie Marshall).

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Red House. A better-than-average thriller with Edward G. Robinson and some attractive young newcomers (TIME, Feb. 17).

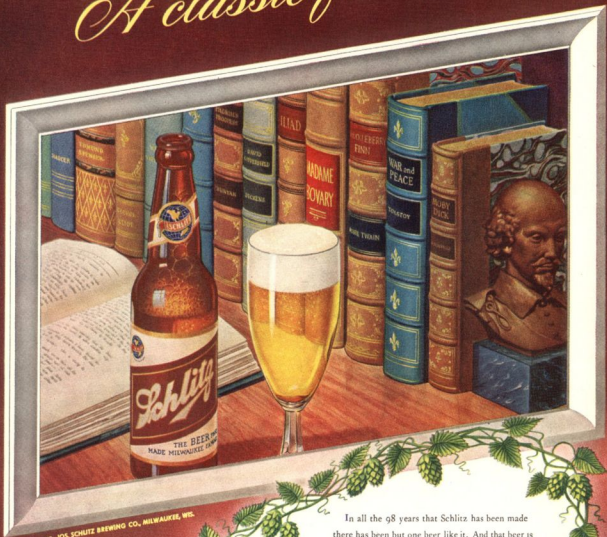
Man's Hope. Not "entertainment," but a fine, grim film about the Spanish Civil War (TIME, Feb. 3).

The Yearling. Gregory Peck and Jane Wyman in a rather glossy Technicolor version of the Rawlings novel about poor folks (TIME, Jan. 13).

It's a Wonderful Life. Home from war, Hollywood Veterans James Stewart and Frank Capra bring off a flamboyant, sentimental fable (TIME, Dec. 23).

The Best Years of Our Lives. Director William Wyler's concert on the heart-strings, eloquently performed by Fredric March, Dana Andrews, Myrna Loy and Teresa Wright (TIME, Nov. 25).

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BOOKS

African Armada

OPERATIONS IN NORTH AFRICAN WATERS, OCTOBER 1942-JUNE 1943 (297 pp.)—Samuel Eliot Morison—Little, Brown (\$5).

More words were written and read about World War II than any other war in history. But much of the writing came from correspondents who were usually in a hurry, and often able to observe only one loose section of a big scene. And the official writings were usually cramped by the dictates of security and the censors.

In the past year there have been beginnings of an attempt to put together the war as it really was—its grand strategies, the sprawling campaigns, the great inside hazards and little offside fumbles. Samuel Eliot Morison's book, and the series of which it will form a part, is the most considerable attempt to date. Extraordinarily well informed and detailed, it is authoritative without the curse of being "official." Its subject is the U.S. Navy's part in Operation Torch, the Allied assault against French Northwest Africa in November 1942. (Historian Morison's book is Volume II, though the first to be released, of a series which will eventually run to 13 or 14 volumes.) The story:

The Devious Course. When the U.S. convoy in Operation Torch set out, it was the "largest . . . overseas expedition in the history of man." With its outriders, it covered 600 square miles of sea. It crept out of east coast U.S. ports at different times and in different directions. Five "beacon" submarines sneaked out of Long Island Sound. The new battleship *Massachusetts*, with cruisers and destroyers, set out from a point near Portland, Me. The Air Group, consisting of U.S.S. *Ranger* and four *Sangamon*-class escort carriers, sailed for Bermuda, presumably for maneuvers. The bulk of the 40-odd other warships and 35 transports and cargo vessels left Norfolk, Va. as though also

* The royalties go to the U.S. Treasury, but the judgments are Morison's rather than the Navy's.



HISTORIAN MORISON IN MOROCCO
No neat and compact affair.

West Indies bound. The rest steered northeast, in the direction of Britain.

Following courses as devious as "the track of a reeling drunk in the snow," the several groups circled, "winded, finally met on schedule off Cape Race, Nfld. Long before sunrise, eleven days later, having zigzagged 4,000 miles without mishap, the entire convoy lay nervous and expectant within reach of French Morocco. Here & there along the coast a few lights gleamed in the darkness, writes Morison. "Africa was never so dark and mysterious to ancient sea rovers as she seemed that night to these 70,000 young men who had retraced the path of Columbus."

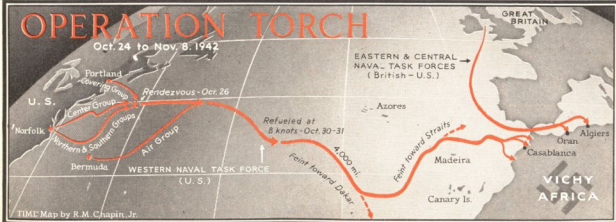
Full, Accurate, Early. Harvard's tall, austere Trumbull Professor of American History knows what he is writing about. He is not only the best of Columbus biographers (in his Pulitzer Prizewinning *Admiral of the Ocean Sea*, 1942) but he

was a member of the ship's company aboard U.S.S. *Brooklyn* in those anxious invasion hours. Soon after Pearl Harbor, he had suggested his assignment himself to his fellow Harvardman and fellow naval enthusiast, Franklin D. Roosevelt. It was Morison's idea that a "full, accurate and early" history of the naval war ought to be written. In May 1942 Morison was commissioned a lieutenant commander, with a special assignment: to get the history written.

It was probably the best extracurricular job any college professor ever had. Eventually promoted to captain, Morison could go & come as he pleased throughout the world-fung U.S. Navy. By V-J day he and his staff had witnessed all the major U.S. naval operations, discussed them with admirals, petty officers and seamen, consulted reams of action reports and war diaries. If *North African Waters* is a fair sample, the completed history will be one of the basic records of World War II.

The Gamble. Though it has not been souped up for popular appeal, *North African Waters* makes fascinating reading. The narrative repeatedly slows down to take aboard tables, charts and technical details. More informal books—e.g., Ernie Pyle's *Here Is Your War*—give more colorful pictures of life on the Operation Torch convoys, and still others (since this is a naval history only) deal more fully with the beach fighting and the land battles. But no other book shows as clearly what a slam-bang gamble the invasion was, and how easily—and tragically—it might have gone to smash.

It was, Morison reminds readers, no neat and compact affair. It was a mammoth multi-pronged attack, with the flanks about 900 miles apart. While the U.S. task force struck Morocco along the Atlantic coast, two separate Royal Navy task forces, carrying both U.S. and British troops, struck from the Mediterranean against Oran and Algiers. Ultimate success depended not only on the luck and timing of all three strikes, but upon what happened when Montgomery suddenly turned on Rommel at El Alamein. Montgomery needed tanks before he could turn. Stripping its own armored divisions, the U.S. had sent him 400 General Shermands, with



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all the engines stowed aboard one ship. That one ship was singled out by a U-boat and sunk soon after clearing port. Another ship was frantically loaded with engines, and sent off—unescorted—to catch up with the rest. Miraculously, it got through.

The Torch convoys were already at sea when Montgomery threw his punch. Two British convoys proceeded through Gibraltar unscathed, and it was not until Nov. 7 (the day before North African D-day) that U-boats attacked. As for the U.S. convoy, it was first attacked by U-boats 48 hours after D-day. The richest, most obvious submarine target in history, much of it at sea for weeks, was totally missed by German Intelligence.

The Breaks. But without the planning, and above all, without the breaks, it might have been the greatest setback to Allied arms since Dunkirk. Ship crews and assault troops alike, Morison explains, were in most cases only half-trained. When it came to combat, nine out of ten were utter greenhorns. With huge fleets committed far from home, heavy weather on D-day might have been fatal. The weather was in fact generally calm and clear, although high seas (15-ft. surf) had swept the Moroccan coast almost until the morning of the landings.

The U.S. had almost unbelievable luck during the Casablanca naval battle. More 6-inch and 5-inch shells were thrown by the light cruiser *Brooklyn* alone than by the entire U.S. fleets against the Spanish at Manila Bay and Santiago. But at Casablanca U.S. ships suffered only five minor hits, while the French lost more than a dozen ships, sunk, missing or disabled. The *Massachusetts* almost took a spread of four torpedoes at once, but maneuvered between Nos. 3 & 4 of the spread, with No. 4 only 15 feet to starboard.

Franklin Roosevelt had "suggested and even urged" the operation from the start. But General Eisenhower, for one, had termed it a plan of "quite desperate nature"; General Marshall had reported that old hands in Washington gave it only a 50-50 chance; both U.S. and British navies had counseled against it. That it succeeded, Morison concludes, proves that it was "fundamentally sound and wise." But, he adds, the difference between success and failure is sometimes less a matter of wisdom than of inches in a torpedo's course or "a few yards deflection in the fall of a salvo."

Man In Eruption

UNDER THE VOLCANO (375 pp.)—Malcolm Lowry—Reynal & Hitchcock (\$3).

Few novels of recent years have come into the world with as much intellectual fanfare as *Under the Volcano*. Poet Stephen Spender calls it "the most interesting novel I have read since Lawrence and Joyce." Critic Alfred Kazin says it "belongs with the most original and creative novels of our time."

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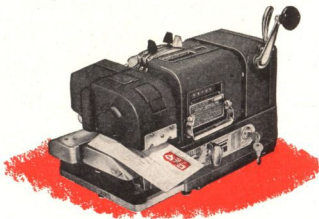
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ambitiousness and audacity, *Under the Volcano* makes the average novel look small and timid. It begins with a simple triangle (two brothers, one woman), around which Author Lowry constructs a huge and complicated interplay of struggle and emotion.

Decadence & Death. English Author Malcolm Lowry, who is 38, spent the better part of the past ten years writing *Under the Volcano*, while roaming over half the face of the globe as tourist and merchant seaman. The setting of *Under the Volcano* is chiefly a run-down villa in the Mexican town of Quauhnahuac (presumably modeled on the popular Anglo-American "colony" of Cuernavaca, where Author Lowry once lived). In the villa, matching its decay with his own collapse,



MALCOLM LOWRY
In a triangle, a bog.

lives Geoffrey Firmin, onetime British vice-consul in Quauhnahuac, now a mentally tortured, helpless dipsomaniac. Upon him, one bright morning—just as he is staggering out of a bar, still wearing last night's tuxedo—descends his divorced American wife Yvonne, in a last desperate effort to remake their marriage.

But also present at the villa, en route to Loyalist Spain, is the ex-consul's half-brother, Hugh, a left-wing, guitar-playing rover who has been in love with Yvonne for years. By nightfall of the same day, Hugh and Yvonne have been drawn together—and the helpless consul is lying dead in a ravine, shot by a gang of Mexican semi-fascist desperadoes who mistake him for his leftist half-brother.

This is no more than the bare skeleton of *Under the Volcano*. Its flesh & blood is Author Lowry's attempt to set down the detailed workings of the two brothers' minds—the one strangled by disillusion and alcohol, the other frustrated and disgusted by the shallow half-heartedness of dubious humanitarianism. Interjecting themselves among these struggles are the

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brothers' tangled feelings for Yvonne, in which love, brotherly loyalty, hope crushed by fatal exhaustion and pessimism add to their already tortured consciences.

Living Land, Deadened Characters. To deal effectively with these matters would be a task comparable to placing the psychological issues of a novel by Dostoevsky in the time-scheme of a novel by James Joyce. Author Lowry tries to go even further—to make the detailed sufferings of his chief characters fit into equally detailed descriptions of the topography and history of the Mexican setting.

These descriptive passages succeed brilliantly. Author Lowry presents the Mexican scene with such vivid lavishness that by the time the reader has reached the end of *Under the Volcano* there is not an unfamiliar bird, beast or grain of dust. But the method which succeeds so well in regard to landscape is unendurable in regard to the human mind and soul. Author Lowry's psychoanalysis—with its interminable interior monologues and devotion to the tiniest turns of thought—results in a prose so coagulated by indiscriminate introspection that it bogs down like the characters it describes.

As a study of the anguished conditions of the human soul, *Under the Volcano* never misses a trick. As a study of living human beings, it buries itself under its own eruptions.

"Repent!"

THE WAYWARD BUS (312 pp.)—John Steinbeck—Viking (\$2.75).

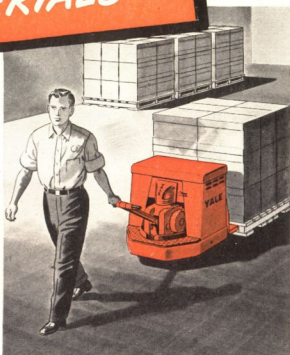
"The clouds piled in grey threat on threat and a blue darkness settled on the land. In the San Juan valley the darker greens seemed black and the lighter green of grass, a chilling wet blue. 'Sweetheart' came rolling heavily along the highway and the aluminum paint on her gleamed with the evil of a gun."

John Steinbeck's new novel moves like the bus, Sweetheart, through a day of heavy spring rains in the Salinas valley country of California. The setting, familiar to Steinbeck readers, comes out fresh and fragrant in Steinbeck's prose. A few of the characters are fragrant too, but his story, a sort of *Grand Hotel* in a bus, is cunning and cheap. The Book-of-the-Month Club, though making the book its March choice, has warned its readers: "Mr. Steinbeck . . . may write too freely for the taste of some readers, particularly parents who may have teen-age children."

The Wayward Bus, which Steinbeck wrote in 90 days last summer in the air-conditioned Manhattan office of his publisher, is his first book since *Cannery Row*, his first full-length novel since *The Grapes of Wrath*.

Stranded Passengers. Juan Chicoy and his sharp-tongued, slutty wife, Alice, ran a restaurant, filling station and garage at Rebel Corners. Once a day, Juan in his bus, Sweetheart, shuttled Greyhound bus passengers from one main north-south highway to another. Juan was a dark and sinewy Irish-Mexican whom his wife

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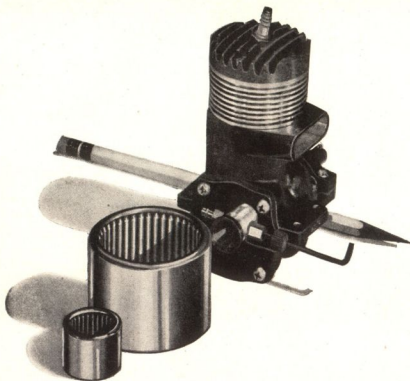
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loved passionately and feared a little "because he was a man, and there aren't very many of them."

Sweetheart had broken down the day before and the Chicoy had given up their beds to the passengers overnight. Most important and most irritated passengers were Mr. Pritchard, a corporation executive from Chicago; his wife; and their daughter, Mildred. Mr. Pritchard was neat, pompous and timid; Mrs. Pritchard sweet, sexless and tyrannical; Mildred hated them both.

Poor Chicoy and rich Pritchards faced each other at breakfast and Juan, more or less for the hell of it, began seducing Mildred.

As breakfast was going on, a Greyhound bus driver named Louie 42 miles away had spotted among his passengers a good-looking girl who "in some subtle way smelled of sex." She had made a living stripping at stag parties for businessmen. Louie had a reputation for making time with what he called "pigs," but though he got this girl into the seat behind him he didn't make much time with her before she got off at Rebel Corners. By that time the first downpour had drenched the valley, the river was rising dangerously, and Sweetheart was ready to start.

Stock Role. Thus assembled for their adventure, each of Steinbeck's principal characters may be dimly identified with a stock role in a leftist parable. Juan is a figure of free enterprise and individualism—sexual, of course, as well as economic. Pritchard is a cartoon of the corpulent soul of Anglo-U.S. capitalism, self-deceived and remote from natural life; Mrs. Chicoy is a type of frank, stupid and violent sensuality; Mrs. Pritchard is The Nice Woman, that baneful figure, whose frigidity is the source and symbol of her other deathly qualities; Mildred, her sulky offspring, apparently represents the healthy rebellion of youth in favor of life; and the party girl, Camille Oaks, stands for commercialized Sex.

The simple-mindedness of the story is saved once in a while by Steinbeck's incidental touches. His chapters on Alice's solitary jag and on Camille's tired parrying of Louie, a diffident but brutal tinhorn Don Juan, are clever little stories in themselves. He writes with delicacy of the blundering stratagems and satisfactions of an adolescent mechanic called Pimples. But in theme and design the novel is a disappointing piece of second-rate, back-to-the-bulls fiction. Moreover, Steinbeck writes carelessly. Mrs. Pritchard has never known a day's pain on page 64; on page 210 she begins to get one of her periodic, prostrating migraines.

In the end, the bus mires under a cliff that bears the washed-out legend, "Repent." Mildred gives herself satisfactorily to Juan in a barn and Pritchard, repulsed by Camille, reverts to the Pleistocene by outraging his wife in a cave. What the symbolism of repentance has to do with the characters is not made clear. But readers aware of Steinbeck's great reputation and considerable gifts will feel that he has cause to repent as a novelist.



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