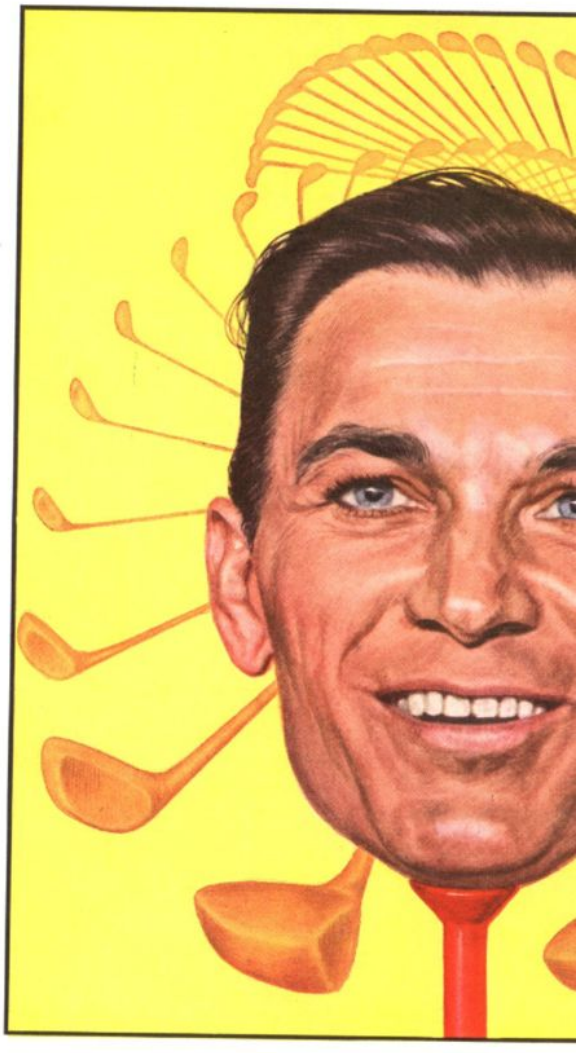
TWENTY CENTS

TIM

THE WEEKLY NEWS



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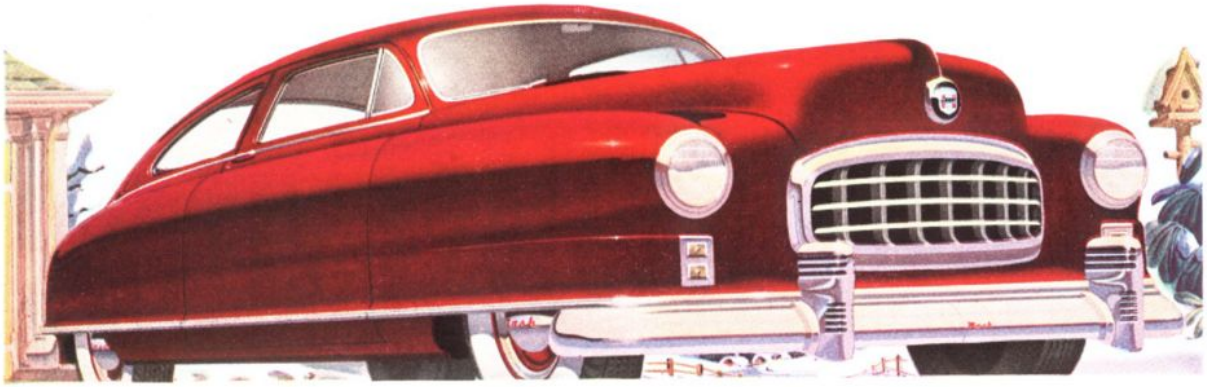

WANTS IT!

It's Nash, it's the Airflyte! First car with Cockpit Control! The Uniscope! Airplane-type seats! Girder-built Unitized Body-and-Frame! Uniflo-Jet Carburetion!

Take one look at that bullet nose, that sweep of line—and you'll know why *Nash has rocketed to the top of America's automobile preferences.*

Here's the room everybody's wanted for years . . . amazingly more head-room, leg-room, trunk-room . . . and seats so wide you can have twin beds at night!

Here is the room and safety *made possible only* by the Nash Girder-built Unitized Body-and-Frame.

Here, in Nash alone, Cockpit Control and the Uniscope! The great sweep of a one-piece curved windshield, with all dials near eye-level.

Here is the thrill of engines with Uniflo-Jet carburetion. Sweeping new power, and *more* than 25 miles a gallon for the Nash "600," at average highway speed.

Here is a ride that's sheer magic, with every wheel pillowed on super-soft coil springs. And the comfort only Nash can offer, with the famed Weather Eye Conditioned Air System.

Yes—take all the ideas and opinions you ever had about an automobile, and put them to the challenge of a Nash Airflyte ride. *Two great series for 1949, the Nash "600" and Nash Ambassador.*

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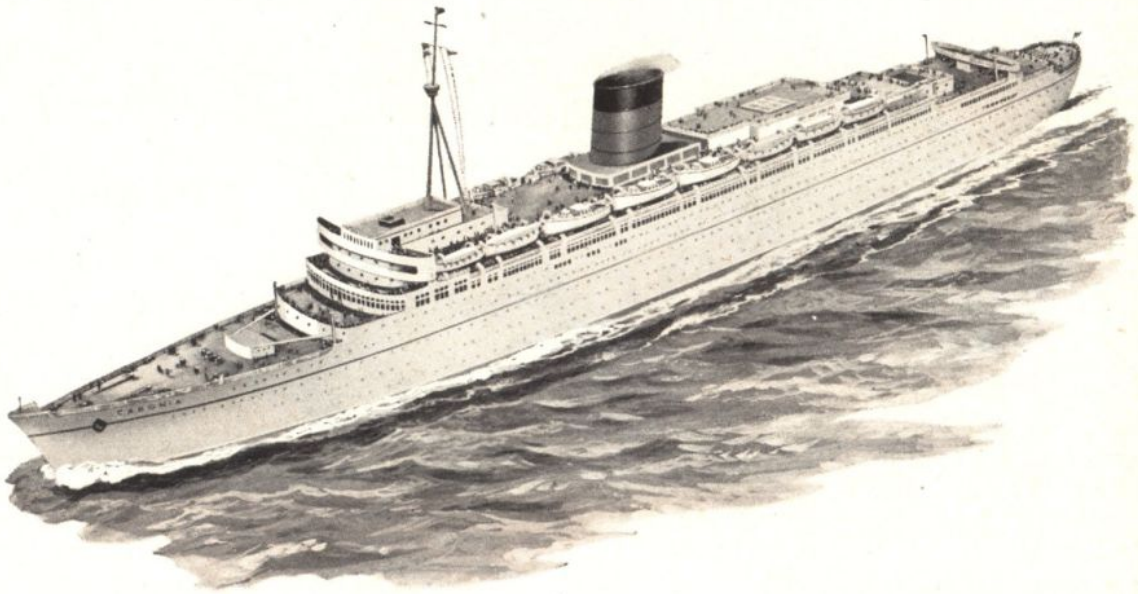
Proudly presents the new . . .

CARONIA



Since the Britannia first braved the Atlantic in 1840, Cunard has pioneered . . . consistently setting standards by which the world measured maritime progress. Now, in the CARONIA, *the largest liner to be constructed since the war*, Cunard again moves in advance of the times, contributing the first liner designed to carry out the dual purpose of a transatlantic crossing or a cruise in southern waters. Sailing on her maiden voyage from Southampton January 4th, this superb 34,000-ton vessel brings to the seas all that is newest and most luxurious in travel comfort, augmented by sunswept terraced decks, complete with outdoor swimming pool and open-air Lido. Here is the precedent-setting liner of the postwar era!

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From New York
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FEB. 26, MAR. 8, MAR. 18, MAR. 29

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It all came about because flocking specialists, in their search for a better fiber, hit on rayon. Working with Avisco engineers, they discovered that this man-made fiber is well-suited for the job. It makes a durable, handsome finish not only for women's footwear . . . but for dozens of other items like curtains, phonograph turntables, toys and linings for drawers and trunks, ladies' hats and other wearing apparel.

It's just another case of rayon doing something better for you! If you would like a sample of rayon flock, we'll gladly arrange to get it for you. American Viscose Corporation, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

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Volume LIII Number 2

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LETTERS

Resignation in Phoenix

Sir:

The story of Rev. Emmett McLoughlin [TIME, Dec. 13] will shock many more than the residents of Phoenix . . . Fortunately, however, such apostasies as Father McLoughlin's are rare, and we still have our Ronald Knoxes and Fulton Sheens to compensate.

Questions I would like answered: 1) Will Phoenix have as much respect for "Mister" McLoughlin as it did for "Father" McLoughlin? 2) Will St. Monica's Hospital (which sounds Catholic enough) favor the idea of having an "ex-priest" on its board of directors?

Methinks that ere long Emmett McLoughlin will be forced to give up the very things for which he has now renounced his vows.

THOMAS F. MCADAM

Providence, R.I.

¶ Answers as of last week: 1) Phoenicians still found it simplest to call him "Father McLoughlin"; 2) the board of non-denominational St. Monica's had voted unanimously to keep him as superintendent.—ED.

Sir:

Thanks for presenting the other side of the picture for a change. Too often when an article on religion appears in any magazine (including TIME), a picture is painted of Protestantism as being hopelessly divided . . . while the Roman Catholic Church is usually presented as being one big, harmonious, happy family . . .

REV. MERLE G. FRANKE

Frederiksted Lutheran Church
Frederiksted, St. Croix, Virgin Islands

Sir:

You are to be congratulated on the journalistic courage which you displayed in reporting the resignation of Emmett McLough-

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

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TIME
January 10, 1949

Volume LIII
Number 2

Living a Good Life with a Bad Heart

1. To look at him, you would never guess that there is anything wrong with this man's heart. He is just a bit over 50 years old, active, happy, and getting a lot out of life—yet he has heart disease.

Like everyone else his age, his heart had beaten about *one and three quarter billion times.* Of course it was not as strong or as adaptable to sudden demands as it had been in youth, but he had no warning signs of heart trouble.

As a result of periodic medical examinations, his doctor was able to detect his impaired heart *early*, when chances for improvement are best. Today, by following his physician's advice, this man can lead a useful life of nearly normal activity.

2. He enjoys many mild forms of exercise, but carefully avoids any *overexertion* which might further strain his weakened heart.

3. By eating moderately, he lightens the work of his heart during digestion. This helps to avoid overweight, which is always a burden for the heart.

4. He is able to carry on his daily work, but allows plenty of time for sleep and rest. His heart then will have a chance to rest, too.

5. He maintains a calm and cheerful outlook, for his doctor explained that fear, worry, or nervousness might make his condition more serious.

MEDICAL SCIENCE has made many advances in treating heart ailments, and more research than ever is being done on these diseases. The Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 148 Life insurance companies, is devoting all its resources to studies of this problem. For other helpful information about heart disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 29-T, entitled "Your Heart."

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

lin from the Roman Catholic priesthood. This is certainly a contradiction of the seeming trend being followed by the secular press, in which conversions to Catholicism are faithfully reported, while departures from the Catholic Church are seldom mentioned . . .

ROBERT L. MADEIRA

Elizabethtown, Pa.

¶ Let Reader Madeira be more chary with his awards for valor. The Phoenix papers front-paged the story of Franciscan McLoughlin, A.P. and U.P. carried it on the wires.—ED.

Hat & All

Sir:

With all due reverence for all concerned, may I suggest the role of W. C. Fields for Mr. Herbert Hoover in any film based on the

Associated Press

life of the former gentleman? Your picture, hat & all, in TIME, Dec. 13 [*see cut*], prompts this suggestion.

C. S. EMMONS

Albany, Ore.

Sir:

What a nice picture of Herbert Hoover . . . Since he has stopped wearing those old high collars he looks more like "Cactus Jack" Garner all the time.

K. MILLIGAN

New York City

No Worse than Pneumonia

Sir:

Thanks for your reviews of *The Snake Pit* and Albert Deutsch's *The Shame of the States* [TIME, Dec. 20]. They both show our need for better facilities and staffing for our mental institutions. Twice I have been resident in Elgin State Hospital (Ill.) as a patient . . . It is my belief that mental illness is no more serious than many other of the serious illnesses such as tuberculosis, pneumonia, and heart trouble.

If we must limit the increase in expenditure, my own suggestion would be to emphasize more strongly the increase in the number and quality of the mental hospitals' staffs of attendants, nurses and doctors. They and the fellow patients can help us 'queer ones' get well; buildings can not.

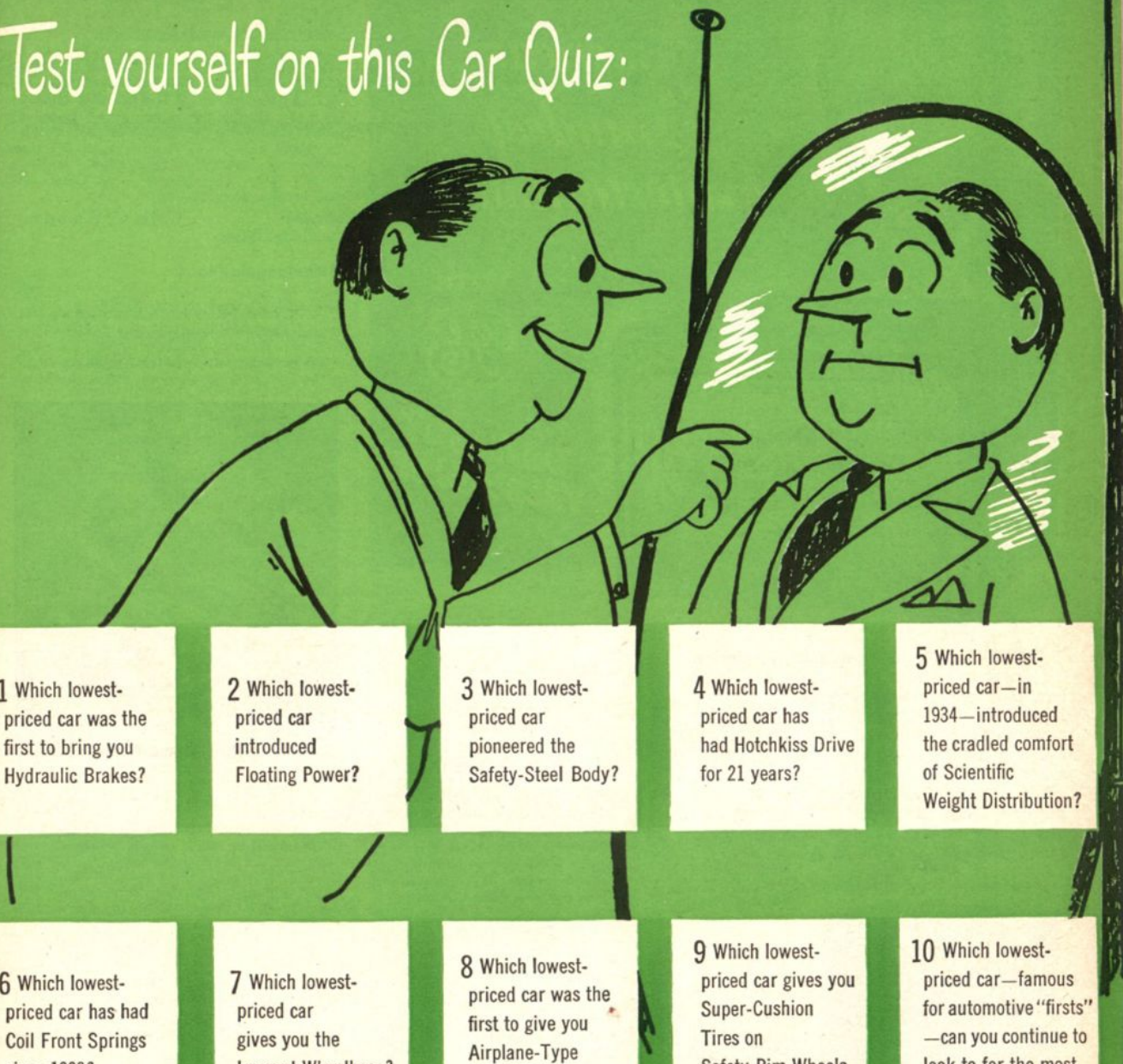
WILLIAM WILLIS

Chicago, Ill.

Sir:

. . . The depicting of insanity in its most horrible phase, and of state hospitals as

Test yourself on this Car Quiz:



1 Which lowest-priced car was the first to bring you Hydraulic Brakes?

2 Which lowest-priced car introduced Floating Power?

3 Which lowest-priced car pioneered the Safety-Steel Body?

4 Which lowest-priced car has had Hotchkiss Drive for 21 years?

5 Which lowest-priced car—in 1934—introduced the cradled comfort of Scientific Weight Distribution?

6 Which lowest-priced car has had Coil Front Springs since 1939?

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8 Which lowest-priced car was the first to give you Airplane-Type Shock Absorbers?

9 Which lowest-priced car gives you Super-Cushion Tires on Safety-Rim Wheels at no extra cost?

10 Which lowest-priced car—famous for automotive "firsts"—can you continue to look to for the most advanced features?

...You're right! The answer to all the questions

PLYMOUTH

THE LOW-PRICED CAR MOST LIKE HIGH-PRICED CARS

chambers of horrors, is so frightening as to do more harm than good.

JOSEPH CADY ALLEN

Geneseo, Ill.

Political Puss

Sir:

Your story of the kittens whose eyes were opened from Communism to Social Democracy [TIME, Dec. 20] I first heard in September 1884, during the campaign of James G. Blaine and John A. Logan against Grover Cleveland and T. A. Hendricks, in the then backwoods town of Smethport, McKean County, Pa. The kittens were Democrats who became Republicans . . .

C. H. C. WRIGHT

Cambridge, Mass.

Michelangelo No. 1

Sir:

. . . "Never before has a Michelangelo statue . . . been exhibited in the U.S." [TIME, Dec. 20]. Webster defines a statue as a sculptured or modeled likeness of a living being, in the full form on all sides. So, in the literal sense, you are right. But, a Michelangelo sculpture—actually carved by Michelangelo, that is—has been exhibited before: the magnificent marble relief of the *Madonna with Child and Little St. John* from the National Museum (Bargello) in Florence, which was shown in the Golden Gate International Exposition, San Francisco, 1939, and subsequently in Chicago and New York.

The Sculptures of Michelangelo (Phaidon-Oxford)

WALTER HEIL
Director
M. H. De Young Memorial Museum
Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, Calif.

¶ Reader Heil is right, too (*see cut*). —ED.

Video Verbiage (Cont'd)

Sir:

. . . I, like H. L. Mencken, am unimpressed by the suggested names for TV fans [TIME, Dec. 20]. But I would like to submit "televice" as a term to describe the condition which is demoralizing erstwhile model housekeepers, and which is paralyzing the boys at the corner bar . . .

JOHNSIE M. FIOCK FILDES

Olney, Ill.

Sir:

Concurring with . . . the deplorable lack of an expressive name for TV fans, may I venture: teleadict and telemaniac.

JOHN D. NICHOLS

Toledo, Ohio

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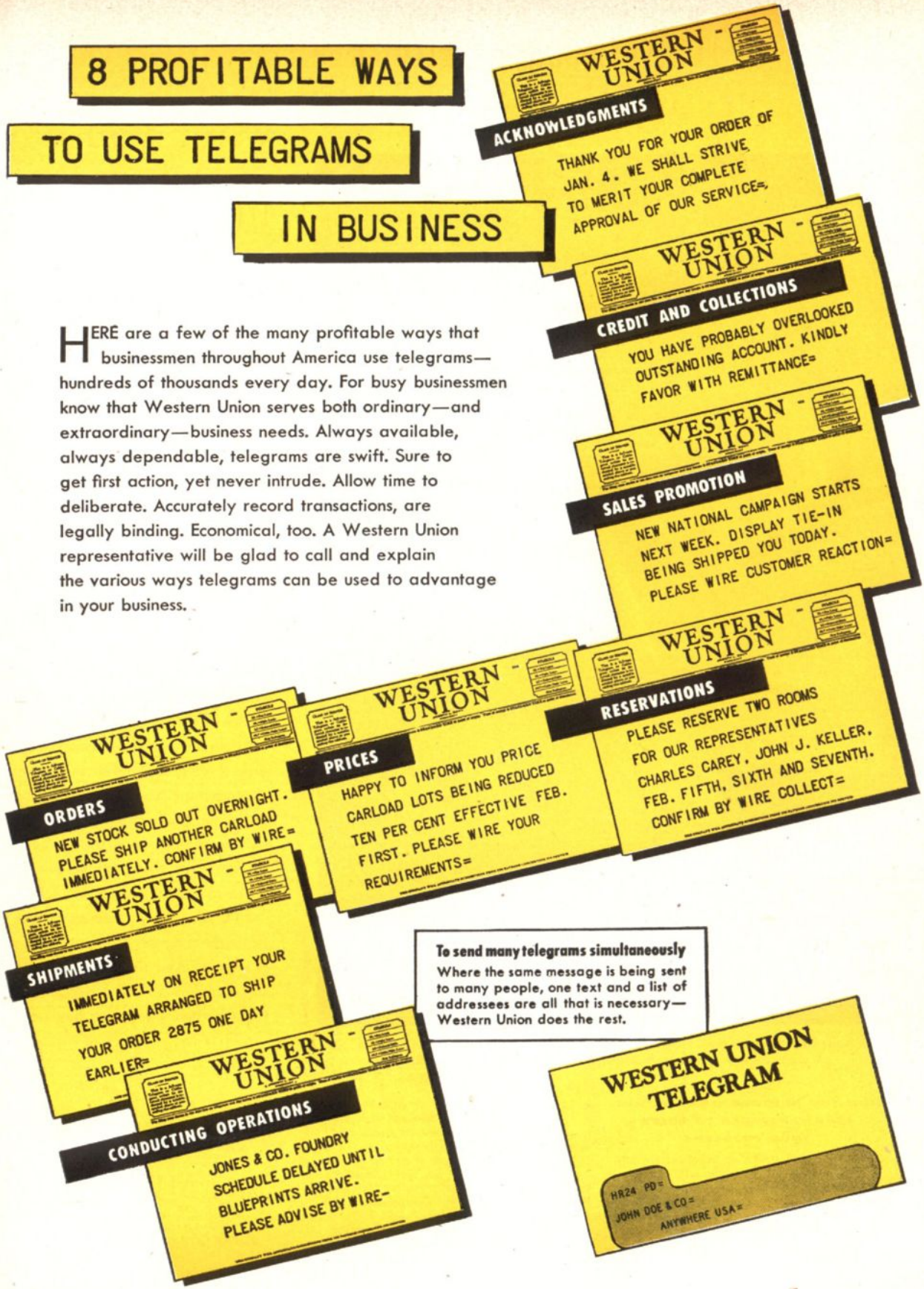

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KARSH, OTTAWA

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A statement to young men who will be arranging their insurance programs this year

by **CARL J. SHARP**

President, Acme Steel Company

"TOO MANY young men wait for life insurance advice to *happen* to them. This is a mistake. It should be sought, and sought selectively, as you would the advice of a doctor or lawyer.

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The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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

INDEX

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

All through 1948 the senior editor, writers and researchers of TIME's *Business & Finance* department have had in mind the year-end review of U.S. business which appears in this issue. In effect, it is a summation of their year's work. It is also, TIME's editors feel, an obligation to our readers that is implicit in TIME's kind of journalism.

Actually, we did not attempt this exacting job of putting the year's events in the world of business in their proper perspective until TIME was 17 years old. From that first year-end review to this one, however, a significant transformation in the viewpoint of our readers toward the review and toward business has taken place. In the beginning very few of you wrote to us about either of these matters. Since the war, we have received more and more letters from you—written by men and women, laymen and experts alike—containing knowledgeable comment on the facts and theories and the news of the business world.

From this evidence we feel entitled to conclude that the news and interpretation of business itself has become increasingly important to TIME's audience.

This year's review of *Business in 1948* is the most extensive TIME has ever run. The work of committing it to paper, however, was considerably helped by the insistence of Joseph Purtell, Senior Editor for *Business & Finance*, that everyone concerned with it—from researchers to correspondents in the field—keep his facts at hand and the review in mind throughout the year. Pertinent oddities like Businessman Baxter's hymn to his country, to Texas and to Dallas were also stored away; TIME's editors and the members of its business departments made their contributions. One of them was a firsthand account of the significant business expansion going on in the Chicago area and a neat symbol thereof: the sign on a Peoria barbershop which read, "Joe's shop is a two-chair shop now."

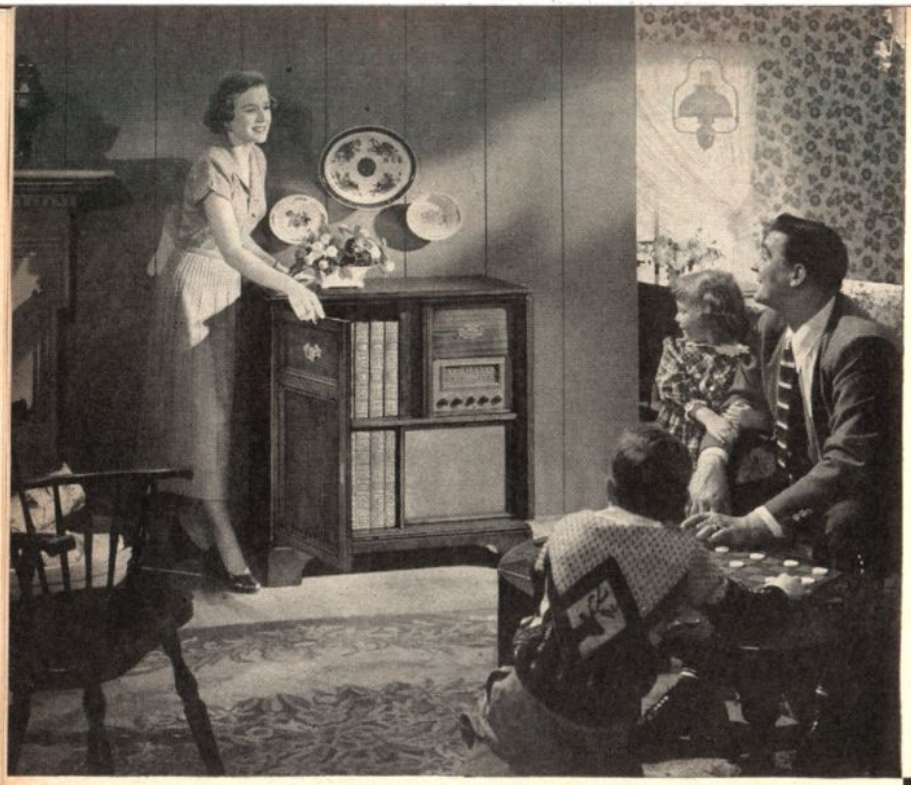
When the time came for assembling all this material coherently, Researcher Mary Elizabeth Fremd took over. The result of all this work was a 110-page report covering the year's economy, segment by segment, giving the pertinent opinions of outstanding business and government leaders, earnings figures, a chronology of events, new products, debt-financing and its inflationary effect, etc. Altogether, her report listed about 10,000 confirmed figures.

For final or fourth-quarter figures on the national income, bank deposits, department store sales,etc., which would not be released until after the year's end, *Business & Finance* had to go directly to the sources(the Federal Reserve Board, the Bureau of the Budget, the Departments of Commerce, Agriculture, Treasury in Washington, etc.). Figures for the last few months were very important this year because of diminishing department store sales and price cuts, which indicated a change in the economy. Otherwise,very little querying was necessary beyond a check-up on Detroit's auto industry and the lay-offs in Cleveland and Cincinnati.

As for the actual writing of the review itself, because, like all TIME stories, it must be written as close to the deadline as possible, *Business & Finance's* William Miller turned out his draft a few days before the year's end, Editor Purtell got in his licks, and Executive Editor Roy Alexander had the final go at it. The result begins on page 73 of this issue.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



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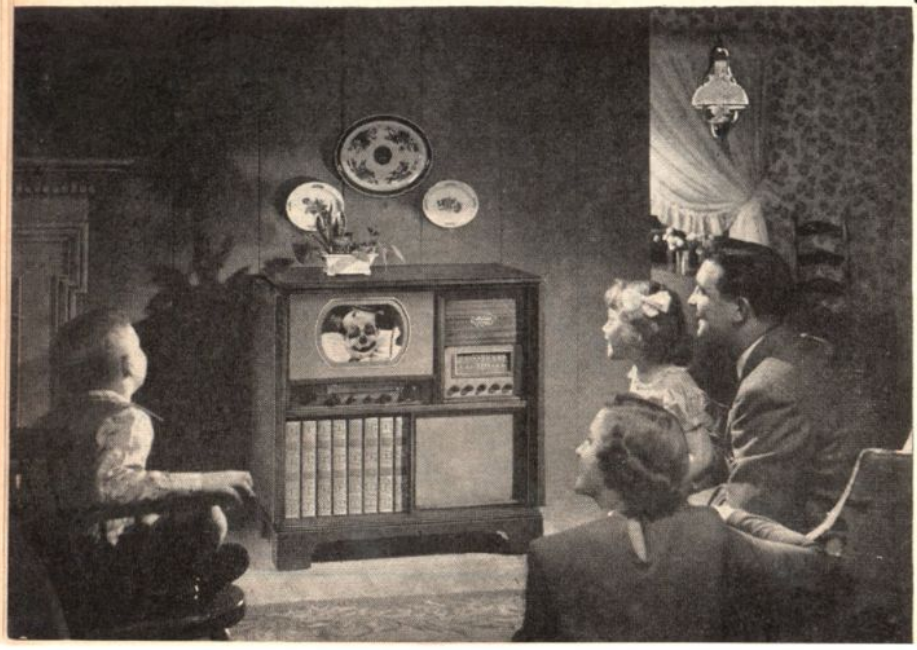

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Vol. LIII No. 2

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

January 10, 1949

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE CONGRESS

Ringing in the New

This week the 81st Congress opened on a prayer and expressions of harmony which everybody understood were not to be held binding on those who expressed them.

In the House, outgoing Speaker Joe Martin entered arm & arm with Sam Rayburn of Texas, who had preceded him in the job and was now succeeding him ("I didn't know that it was an Indian gift," cracked Martin). Then, in a handsome little speech, Republican Martin predicted that Democrat Rayburn would be remembered as "a great Speaker and when he has completed this term he will have served as Speaker . . . longer than any other man in history."

Rayburn spoke seriously: "On international questions, questions whether we shall live and remain free . . . we will not divide at the center aisle. On many domestic issues we will divide . . ."

Last Laugh. In the Senate, Chaplain Peter Marshall, appointed by the Republicans and reappointed by the Democrats, prayed that the members would "legislate wisely and well." So began the 81st Congress.

Three days before, the 80th Congress had held its last brief session, had advised the White House that it was about to quit. Harry Truman, who had called the 80th the worst Congress in history, answered in effect that it could quit any time. With some hearty, some bitter laughs, the 80th breathed its last.

The 80th had been a Taft-Martin Congress. Few Congresses had ever come in with more confident leadership, or a better organized rank & file. It had rejected White House legislation, written its own and rammed it through Harry Truman's vetoes. Two years later, at the polls, it took one of the most surprising lickings in U.S. political history.

First Test. The 81st was a Truman Congress. More than that, it was a typically Democratic Congress—fragmented, split into many factions. The loyalty of Administration Democrats ran from warm to very cool. There were New Dealers and men who had bitterly fought the New Deal. There were Dixiecrats and crypto-Dixiecrats, out & out reactionaries and Russophiles. It included such diverse figures as 85-year-old Robert ("Muley") Doughton of North Carolina, the oldest man in Congress; Idaho's Glen Taylor, banjo-strumming refugee from Henry Wallace's camp; Minnesota's eager Hubert Humphrey, who led the Philadelphia convention fight for a civil rights plank; Louisiana's Russell Long, youngest (30) Senator and son of Huey Long, the assassinated demagogue.

International

PRESIDENT & CONGRESSIONAL LEADERS*
An old custom was revived.

On opening day, the Truman forces won a crucial skirmish over procedure in the House Rules Committee that would help them in future battles over policy (*see below*). With that first victory, Harry Truman was ready this week to lay his legislative program before the first majority he could rightfully call his own.

Shuffled Furniture

The light on ex-Senator Joe Ball's telephone flashed with an incoming call one day last week but there was no answer. Joe Ball's old Senate office was empty; the name plate had been taken off the door, and Joe was gone. So were a lot of other Republicans. All around the vaulted, marble buildings on top of Capitol Hill the Democrats were moving in.

For the Democrats it was a triumphant week. Once again they were in charge of the congressional household which they had dominated for 14 years, from 1933 to 1947. There was more than office furniture to be moved around. The Republicans, in their two brief years of power, had also disarranged a lot of Democratic political furniture (*e.g.*, labor laws and tax bills), and the Democrats were determined to put them back in place.

Vote as You Please, But—Harry Truman conferred with the leaders who will boss the job: Texas' Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House; Massachusetts' John McCormack, House majority leader; Illinois' Scott Lucas, the new Senate majority leader (*see below*). Vice President Alben Barkley, from his position as presiding officer of the Senate, would also take an active and commanding part in steering the Truman legislative program.

As a group, Truman's congressional leaders were seasoned and skilled tacticians, if not deep political philosophers. Franklin Roosevelt had provided the political philosophy a decade ago; now Truman would have to. The President and his Congress leaders agreed to revive Franklin Roosevelt's old custom of conferring at the White House once a week, at Roosevelt's old hour—Mondays at 10.

The Administration's strategy began to emerge. Southern Senators, who had wandered off the reservation, would be told that Harry Truman did not intend to be

* John McCormack, Scott Lucas, Sam Rayburn.

"vindictive." The Southerners could vote as they pleased, but any effort to thwart the majority's will by filibustering a bill to death (such as an anti-poll-tax measure) would be sternly punished by cutting off federal patronage.

Where It Belongs. In the House, the Truman forces made a flank attack on the powerful old Rules Committee. The committee is the House's traffic cop, assigning right of way to all legislation moving through the House. Dominated by a crusty alliance of Republican and Southern Democratic members, it had often muzzled New Deal legislation when its job was simply to monitor it.

Sam Rayburn first went to work in his own party, got a Democratic caucus to curb the committee's power. After five stormy hours, the caucus decided that henceforth the chairman of any House committee which reports a bill will have the right to call up the bill for consideration by the whole House, after the Rules Committee has sat on it for 21 days. Then, the plan was put before the entire House. By a voice vote the changes became law.

It was perhaps the most far-reaching liberalization of House rules since the late George Norris and a band of fellow insurgents clipped the autocratic power of old Speaker Joe Cannon, 39 years ago. "Uncle Joe" Cannon had wielded his power through the Speaker's right to appoint all committees. Norris changed all that, but he hadn't succeeded in cleaning out all the old glory holes where a minority could defeat the will of a majority. Last week's showdown went even further toward putting authority where it belonged—in the majority of the House.

Associated Press

DEMOCRATS LONG & MCKELLAR
For an ancient Senator, a limousine.

Party Man

Illinois' handsome, athletic Senator Scott Wike Lucas is living proof of the virtues of party regularity. In his 14 years as Congressman and Senator he has sponsored little major legislation, made few headlines, shown no notable talent for leadership. But he has toiled long & loyally for the Administration on Capitol Hill, and had stuck staunchly by Harry Truman in the dark days before Philadelphia. This week, for such services loyally rendered, Scott Lucas, 56, was chosen new Majority Leader of the Senate. (Tennessee's ancient Senator Kenneth McKellar, who became president *pro tem*, will inherit a purely honorary role and the use of a Cadillac limousine.)

A ponderous, prolix debater, with an edgy temper and a taste for snappy double-breasted suits, Scott Lucas likes to describe himself as just another Midwestern farm boy. He is also a small-town lawyer (in Havana, Ill.; pop. 3,999), an ex-professional baseball player (in the Three-Eye League), a onetime national judge advocate of the American Legion.

The son of an impoverished tenant farmer, he put himself through Illinois Wesleyan by stoking furnaces and waiting on table, emerged in 1914 with a law degree and letters in football, baseball and basketball. After World War I, in which he rose from private to licutenant, he went back to his law office and began the long haul up through the Illinois political machine. Making his first bid for the Senate in 1938, he had to buck Chicago's high-riding Kelly-Nash machine to win the nomination. When he came up for re-election in 1944 he had so won over the old Boss that syntax-wrecking Ed Kelly nominated him for the vice-presidency.*

By that time Lucas had made his mark in Washington as a friend of the farmer and a down-the-line New Dealer. One of the few measures on which he broke with Franklin Roosevelt was the court-packing bill. Since then he has jumped the fence only to nibble at such lush political grass as last year's Republican tax cut. He voted for the Taft-Hartley bill, then changed front, voted to uphold Harry Truman's veto.

After the Republican congressional landslide in 1946, Scott Lucas moved in as minority whip. When Vice President Alben Barkley left the floor to preside over the Senate, good Party Man Scott Lucas was the unanimous choice for his post.

Divided Republicans

On a day last week which fairly reflected the feelings of G.O.P. Congressmen—raw, grey and chilly—a handful of Republican Senators gathered in a Senate committee room. They met with the conviction that the Republican leadership which had dominated the 80th Congress was largely responsible for the party's defeat. The man they had their angry eyes on was Robert A. Taft.

The leader of the rump caucus was New York's homespun, able Irving Ives. As a freshman Senator two years ago, he made a successful fight against some of the more rigorous measures which Taft had tried to write into the Taft-Hartley Act.† Said Ives: "Rightly or wrongly, the consensus of opinion of many Republicans is that the party under Bob is not going forward. We are in a state of suspended animation."

The 13 rebels called themselves "liberal Republicans," a name which made clear what they thought of other Republicans but not what they thought for themselves. The rebellious "liberals": Massachusetts' Leverett Saltonstall and Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., Connecticut's Raymond Baldwin, Vermont's George Aiken and Ralph Flanders, New Jersey's H. Alexander Smith, Oregon's Wayne Morse, California's William Knowland, Minnesota's Edward Thye, North Dakota's Milton Young, South Dakota's Chan Gurney, New Hampshire's Charles Tobey. They had their own candidate for Taft's job as GOPolicy boss: Massachusetts' tall, handsome Henry Cabot Lodge Jr.

"I Think We Ought to—" But beyond displacing Taft, the rebels appeared to

* In a speech still treasured by collectors of political palaver. At one point, to establish Lucas' superiority over Henry Wallace, Kelly solemnly told the convention that Senator Lucas was "a member of no thinking group."

† Democratic Party Chairman J. Howard McGrath hoped that Ives would be kept on the Labor Committee, called him "one of the ablest men on labor matters the Republicans have."

have no concrete program. Said Lodge bravely and vaguely: "We want to have a more up to date approach . . . I think we ought to compete with the Democratic Party on how to give the best service to the people in their problems. I don't think it is any good to tell the people that they haven't any problems."

That was scarcely a ringing rallying cry. The rebels had succeeded only in proving that the G.O.P. was divided. Democratic leaders would no doubt find allies among the rebels; and Southern Democrats would likewise find allies among the Republican right-wingers. As of January 1949, Republicanism was a cause, not lost, but undefined.

Virtually the only man who stood in a clear-cut position was blunt Bob Taft. The paradox of his position this week was that he was far more liberal than most of the right-wingers who supported him, and generally as liberal as some of the groping rebels who wanted to kick him out.

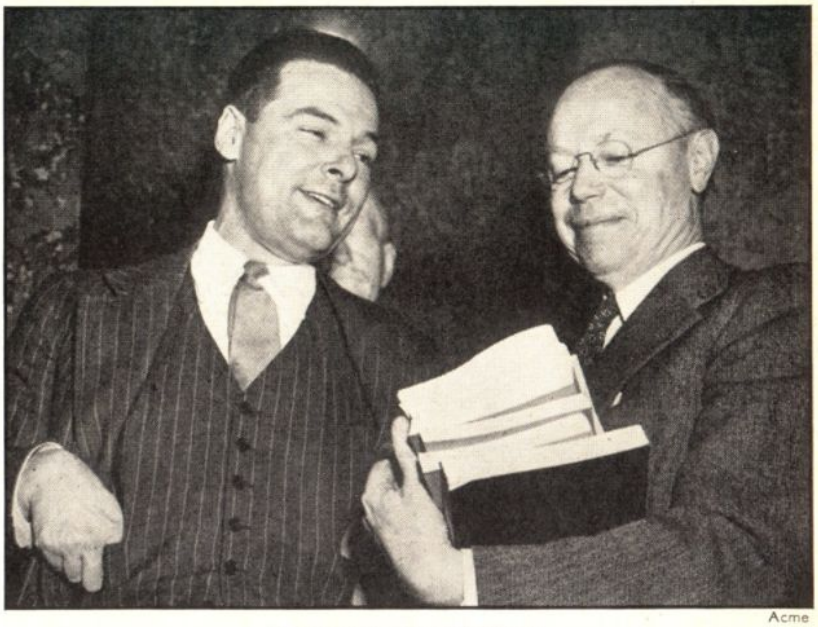
For better or for worse, Bob Taft would continue to run G.O.P. domestic policy. A Republican caucus voted him back into the chairmanship. Lodge got the votes of only 14 fellow Republicans.

"The Trouble with Us." On the House side there was more harmony, and possibly more strength. Joe Martin, the blacksmith's son who had run the House with an iron hand during the 80th Congress, was picked as minority leader of the 81st. He renamed Illinois' facile Leslie Arends to Arends' old job of whip.

House Republicans would deal with the party's future in a down-to-earth style. Said one leading Republican: "The trouble with us is that we tried to be statesmen for the last two years and forgot about politics. In the next two years we're going to think more about the ballot box."

Martha Holmes—LIFE

IRVING IVES
For a rump caucus, a leader.



Acme

REPUBLICANS LODGE & TAFT
For an undefined cause, a rebel minority.

THE PRESIDENCY

Lunch with the Boys

A bunch of the boys (155 Kansas City business & professional men) were giving a testimonial luncheon last week for an old friend of the President. Eddie Jacobson was a World War I buddy of Artilleryman Harry Truman and Truman's partner in the Kansas City haberdashery that went bankrupt after the war. President Truman, who was spending the holidays in Missouri, had been asked to send a telegram to Eddie, but instead he dropped in unexpectedly at the Muehlebach Hotel for lunch. His old friends were delighted.

After the minute steak and the strawberry sundae, Harry Truman got up to say a few words. He was in a mellow and reminiscent mood. He joked about his old Army days with Eddie, recalling how as canteen managers they had reaped profits for their artillery battery fund by selling $3 sweaters for $6. A handful of scribbling reporters dropped their pencils and took it easy. They picked them up when Harry Truman abruptly left Eddie and the Army, and began to talk about the worries of the world.

"Certain Leaders." The trouble was, the President said, that the Russian leaders simply wouldn't live up to their contracts. They had no morals. "I am exceedingly sorry for that, because the Russian people are a great people. If the Russian people had a voice in the government of Russia, I am sure that we would have no trouble." Then, in a grave but still casual manner, the President added:

"There are certain leaders in the government of that great country who are exceedingly anxious to have an understanding with us. I'll spend my time in the next four years to reach an understanding on a basis that peace is possible with all nations. I know it can be done."

The President's remark may have been meant to raise hopes. What it did was raise questions. Was there some new sceneshifting going on behind the Iron Curtain? Who were the "certain leaders" in Russia who wanted to end the cold war? The President did not explain in his speech and he would not clarify it later.

Speculation Is Wonderful. One thing soon became clear: Harry Truman had not talked over his Eddie Jacobson speech with the front-parlor boys in the State Department, or the political handymen in his "Kitchen Cabinet." And no key Administration official was talking of a letup in the four-way squeeze on Russia: the airlift, the Marshall Plan, the upcoming $15 billion new arms budget, the proposed North Atlantic security pact. The best "educated guess" that his advisers could make was that Harry Truman, all on his own, was just trying a little propaganda campaign to start a little mutual distrust in the Politburo.

At his Washington press conference, three days later, the President seemed to be enjoying the mystery of the peace-loving "certain leaders." He said it was nothing new; he had said the same thing before. But he laughed off the idea that he was referring to Stalin, whom he had described during the election campaign as "old Joe," who wanted to get along with the West, but was "a prisoner of the Politburo." Another reporter wanted to know whether the President was talking about former Foreign Affairs Commissar Maxim Litvinoff, who hasn't been seen in

public since the Russians started their get-tough-with-the-West policy. Truman laughed at that one, and the newsmen laughed at his answer. It's wonderful the extent to which speculation can go, the President said. Reporters should just go on speculating, he added; it's good.

Never a Cleavage

A U.S. official who should know, if any outsider does, which Russian leaders are friendly to the Western powers is U.S. Ambassador to Moscow Walter Bedell Smith. This week, after "Beedle" Smith had visited the White House and asked President Truman to let him retire (he has ulcers), he said to reporters:

"I imagine there are in the Soviet Union certain leaders who are more desirous of being conciliatory than they are of pursuing the policy of harshness we have encountered. But it would be difficult to say who they are. There is never a cleavage in the Politburo. There are certain differences of opinion before policies are made and adopted. But as to a cleavage . . . that is a little bit beyond the scope of my imagination."

N. Y. *Daily Mirror*—International

ICECAP ALUMNI IN MANHATTAN*
Instead of a bunk, a count of noses.

ARMED FORCES

More Money, More Power

The voters had been asked to pay billions in Marshall Plan aid, and billions for U.S. military expansion. Last week, in his first formal report, Defense Secretary Jim Forrestal told them that all this was still not enough for security against the Russians.* The U.S. taxpayers would also have to dig up more billions to arm America's friends abroad.

In a 65,000-word message to the President, Forrestal urged top priority for legislation which would permit the President to send "military assistance" anywhere overseas. Such authority to act without reference back to Congress should be so general that arms (but not men) could be sent to any country "with international interests similar to those of the U.S." The best guess of what it would cost was $1 billion this year, billions more later.

As for America's own U.S. military machine, Forrestal said it badly needed cranking up. True, the U.S. did hold a "fair margin of superiority" on virtually every technical weapon. But even the atom bomb was neither sufficient to prevent attack, nor enough to insure victory after attack. Any war would require the best combined efforts of the Army, Navy and Air Force. And Jim Forrestal reported frankly that, after 15 months of "unification," they were a long way from being unified.

Congress hadn't given him enough authority to knock heads together, Forrestal said. Congress had empowered him only to set "general policies and programs," and to exercise "general direction, authority and control." For that he had himself to blame. As Navy Secretary he shared the Navy's mortal fear of unification, joined the admirals in insisting on restriction of the Defense Secretary's authority. After 17 months as Defense Secretary, Jim Forrestal saw it all in a clearer light. He asked Congress to kick out the word "general" and let him really do the job.

* For a "technical" aspect of the Forrestal report see SCIENCE.

HEROES

Welcome Home

Nine men from the Greenland icecap rescue (TIME, Jan. 3) riding in style in a red-tailed C-54 transport, landed 30 minutes late in a freezing rain at La Guardia Field. Official greeters swarmed all over them and pumped their hands while newsmen pumped their memories for details of their Greenland exploits. ("How did you find conditions on the icecap?" asked one blonde newshen.) In the background Air Force P.R.O.s worked diligently. The glory would not have been theirs to exploit had the Air Force been beaten to the rescue by the Navy's carrier *Saipan*.

The seven fliers and their rescuers (Lieut. Colonel Emil Beaudry and Lieut. Charles Blackwell*) were whisked off to a midtown hotel, which was to be their garrison for the next few days. As they entered the lobby a dark-haired woman bounded over to one of them, Glider Pilot Howard Halstead, handed him a piece of paper and wished him a happy New Year. The woman was his wife; the paper was a summons charging him with desertion. He shrugged her off, explained that he had divorced her and remarried.

Between their sightseeing and nightseeing rounds the men told their story of survival. Seven men were flying in a C-47 during an 80-mile-per-hour blow, when both engines conked out. They pancaked on to a frozen plateau 7,700 feet above sea level and 40° below zero.

They built three snowhouses. Each was about eight feet high, 10 ft. by 14 ft. in breadth. They used their parachutes for roofs, stripped the ailerons from their plane to hold them up. They used the C-47's plywood ventilator for a center beam (it broke), and the power plant for lighting. Air Force planes dropped them everything they could use—playing cards, whiskey, clothes, magazines, a Christmas dinner of roast turkey and pumpkin pie, a Christmas tree. Some even talked to their families in Greenland by radio.

As would-be rescuers—five in all—landed in a B-17 and gliders near the marooned party, and failed to get off the ice again, the men welcomed them to the gang. On the 19th day, when Colonel Beaudry landed his ski-equipped C-47, the boys smilingly showed him the bunk they had prepared for his stay. But in 38 minutes they were aboard and sweating out the jet-assisted take-off. "We faced into the wind, counted noses, checked the engines and took off," said Co-Pilot Blackwell.

Their New York City reception last week was warm enough to take the arctic chills out of their bones. When it was all over and they were all thawed out, they quietly slipped out of town, soon to return to duty.

* Left: Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Beaudry.

* Five others of the marooned group did not make the trip to New York.

MANNERS & MORALS

The Path of Love

For 36 months there had been no cheaper, easier or surer way of entering the U.S. than just following the path of love & marriage. If an American G.I. married a foreigner the U.S. not only admitted her, but paid her passage as well. The wives of ex-G.I.s were also welcome. So were their fiancées—although, according to law, unmarried girls were hustled right back home if they didn't get their men to the altar in 90 days.

It was a scheme that cast a fine pink glow over the grim, grey postwar world. Foreign women who were genuinely in love with U.S. soldiers were assured a wonderful wedding gift, foreign adventuresses were so inspired that whole battalions of G.I.s came to rank themselves with Casanova and Don Juan. In all by December an estimated 112,000 brides, husbands and children had come from overseas to share the good life in Boston, Paducah, and Walla Walla, Wash.

Operation Crow. In December—the last month for unrestricted immigration of war brides and war fiancées—migration became a flood. The U.S. organized a special airlift (incongruously named Operation Crow) to bring Europeans across the Atlantic. Chartered planes flew others across the Pacific.

Last week, planes loaded with war brides arrived at Honolulu's airport on an average of every two hours, day & night. There were Chinese, Japanese and Filipino girls (almost all of whom were married to G.I.s of Oriental parentage), plus Eurasians, Australians and White Russians.

They wore every variety of Occidental and Oriental costume, carried every conceivable type of luggage (one had a large canvas sack of roasted peanuts). They registered every degree of astonishment at their first look at a hallmark of U.S. life—the neon-trimmed jukebox.

Another small army of females was converging on the U.S. from Europe. Among them were Greek "picture brides." Like one Greek girl who was bound for Anchorage, Alaska, many spoke no English, had never met the men they were to marry (they had only swapped photographs by mail), and seemed to have no idea of where they were going.

Romantic Gesture. One of the "alien spouses" turned out to be a husband—a displaced Hungarian photographer named Gabor Rona who had married an ex-SPAR named Blossom Bernstein. Then there was Elisabeth Albinus, a pretty German girl whose ex-sergeant boy friend walked out on her two hours after she arrived at Idlewild Airport. Lissome Elisabeth got her picture in the tabloids, received at least one offer of adoption, 50 proposals and a free English course from the Linguaphone Institute of America.

On New Year's Day there were other difficulties—dozens of war brides and fiancées had been delayed enroute to the U.S., and had not managed to arrive before the deadline. But at week's end, Attorney General Tom Clark solved the problem nicely with a wide, romantic gesture. He gave the fiancées eight more days to get to the promised land.

Associated Press

CHINESE WAR BRIDES, FIANCÉES & CHILDREN IN SAN FRANCISCO
Over the grey, a pink glow.

Americana

¶ Detroit housing officials ruled that residents of its low-cost housing projects could not own television sets. The tenants instead should be saving their money towards buying their own homes, explained Housing Director James H. Inglis.

¶ Dayton, Ohio began a work-relief program, the first since WPA days. Already 50 people were being paid $1 an hour for leaf-raking and weed-cutting in the city's parks, and applications were coming in at the rate of ten a day. City Welfare Director E. V. Stoecklein blamed it all on factory layoffs of unskilled labor.

Associated Press

ELISABETH ALBINUS
For dozens, a gesture.

¶ Duval County, Fla. added up its 1948 records, found that it had 1,346 marriages and 1,442 divorces.

¶ The Federal Works Agency reported that U.S. motorists last year traveled 395 billion miles in their 41 million cars. In Manhattan, Mrs. Emory J. Barnes, president of the Women's City Club, thought that the traffic tangle in New York was stunting the cultural growth of the city's youngsters. Many parents, she explained, would not permit their children to visit libraries, museums, and art galleries until they were old enough to dodge cars.

¶ Tuskegee Institute reported only two lynchings in the U.S. during 1948, both in Georgia. One other death was listed as "borderline" because only two men participated in the slaying. By Tuskegee's rule, it takes three to make a lynching.

¶ Oscar Widmer, U.S. Weather Observer in Wappingers Falls, N.Y., was sure that he could report a record 48-hour rainfall. But when he checked his rain gauge he found it contained only an inch of water: it had sprung a leak.

¶ In St. Louis, trust officers wondered what to do with $250,000 left by Physician Francis L. Stuever "to promote the cause of prohibition in the United States, Germany and Austria." Said one worried banker: "An organization in Washington, the International Reform Federation, claims it is ready to start working for prohibition in Germany and Austria. We don't know if they can even get in."

¶ The champion liar of the world, for the

first time since 1929, was not an American. The Burlington Liars Club awarded its yearly title to L. W. Tupper of Patricia, Alberta. His story: a northwester blew away every one of the 2,000 postholes an Alberta rancher had dug last summer and carried them clear out of the country. After bouncing over 125 miles of cactus they were useless—so full of holes they wouldn't hold dirt any more.

¶ In Long Beach, Calif., the Rev. Marjoe Gortner married Sailor Raymond Miller, 23, and Alma Brown, 21. Master Gortner, who was ordained last October in the Old Time Faith Church, is four years old. His father, who is a minister in the same sect, assured everybody concerned that the marriage ceremony was perfectly legal.

INVESTIGATIONS

To Be Continued

At his Maryland farm, where he had hidden the pumpkin papers, Whittaker Chambers sat in an easy chair near a big Christmas tree that curled against the ceiling. Before him last week sat three eager listeners: South Dakota's Karl Mundt, California's Richard Nixon of the House Un-American Activities Committee, and the committee's retiring chief investigator, Robert Stripling. Chambers, under oath, puffed on a pipe as he gave further testimony in the Communist spy inquiry and interspersed it with his observations on the evidence already gathered.

Chambers said he regretted that public attention had concentrated on what amounted to "a kind of duel between two men," meaning himself and Alger Hiss, the ex-State Department official he named as a fellow conspirator in Communist espionage. Said he: "The most important thing for everyone to understand is the duration and the dimension of the conspiracy rather than the characters of the persons involved or what seem to be the chief protagonists."

Actually, Chambers added, he had obtained Government documents from 1932 to 1938 from many, not only in the State Department, but in the Bureau of Standards, the Aberdeen Proving Ground and the Navy.

Behind the Mirrors. The pumpkin papers were only one week's catch; as a Communist courier, Chambers had delivered probably thousands of such documents. The secrets were often transmitted in strips of microfilm concealed between the glass and the backing of dimestore hand mirrors, and carried overseas by Communist couriers. Crew members of the Hamburg-American Line helped out; later, after Hitler came to power, the films were sent via the French Line. From 1935 to 1938, Chambers had two sources in the State Department (so far only Hiss has been named publicly). At one point, four "high sources" in Washington were so productive, Chambers said, that Moscow sent them rich Bokhara rugs in appreciation.

Chambers' principal source in the State Department would take the documents home in a briefcase. Chambers would call on him, pick up the documents, have them rushed to Baltimore to be microfilmed, then return the originals to the official the same night. By the time the documents were back in department files next morning, Chambers would be in New York, opening up his tobacco pouch from which he drew his microfilm copies to deliver to Colonel Boris Bykov, the chief Soviet military intelligence agent in the U.S.

Chambers testified that he knew of two Communist spy rings besides his own operating in the State Department and the armed services. No officers were involved, he said, but ranking civilian officials cooperated. Once Chambers was dispatched to the West Coast with $10,000 to finance operatives there. Spies were recruited for service in Japan, Germany, France, Finland and China. Chambers helped establish the Japanese ring, heard later that at least one of his recruits was liquidated after losing enthusiasm for his work.

Before the Accusers. For five hours Chambers testified as a stenographer took notes. When he had finished, the Congressmen jubilantly announced that Chambers had given them enough work to keep busy for six months. There was ample reason, they concluded, to continue the House Un-American Activities Committee during the 81st Congress (where it would be under Democratic control). To save it from further public criticism of its methods, Republicans Mundt and Nixon proposed a few changes in procedure "which may have justified some honest criticism."

They recommended that witnesses have the right to counsel and a limited right to cross-examine accusers; that witnesses who "candidly" answer questions be allowed to make written or oral statements; and that a majority of the committee approve all sub-committee reports before they are rushed into headlines.

International

WRECKAGE OF YALE-BOUND DC-3 AT SEATTLE
Against urgent advice.

DISASTERS

Holidays' End

A chill fog hung over Seattle's dark, hill-bordered Boeing Field, and ice glazed the runways. Seattle Air Charter, one of the U.S.'s brood of non-scheduled airlines, postponed the eastbound flight of its DC-3 for an hour, then two hours. The big commercial lines had canceled all flights. But the owner of the DC-3 had a big payload waiting impatiently for a ride—27 Yale students from the Northwest had chartered the plane for the trip back to New Haven after the Christmas holidays.

Finally at 10 o'clock the flight was called; the students called goodbye to waiting parents and girl friends, trooped aboard. The heavily loaded plane (normal load: 21 passengers) waited, engines turning, for half an hour. The fog lifted a little. Against the urgent advice of the control tower, the plane snarled down the runway, lifted off the concrete.

Barely airborne, it lurched. Its right wing-tip dropped, scraped the runway. The plane veered crazily, crashed through a hangar with a shattering roar, and burst into flame. Inside its crumpled fuselage, students (some of whose safety belts snapped) crawled dazedly amid bright fire, or lay still. Sixteen managed to tumble out into the arms of hangar crewmen.

But when the fire was finally extinguished and the charred wreck was pulled away, 14—the pilot, copilot, the airline operator and eleven students—were dead.

POLICIES & PRINCIPLES

The Call of 1949

After two great wars, two disillusioning peaces, tough old Field Marshal Jan Christian Smuts, South Africa's ex-Premier, faced his 80th year. Said Smuts:

"The old year is speeding to a close, and we look to its going without regrets. It has been an unkind, unhappy year. The old

Allan Grant—Graphic House

FIELD MARSHAL SMUTS
A world of dreams.

year appropriately ends with drought in our land, but it is nothing like the drought of the spirit from which we have been suffering . . . The forces of disintegration and evil are marshaling for another trial of strength which may not be war, but something even more disastrous for our civilized values and for the human future. Here as well as abroad we should read the signs of the times aright and shake off this malaise of the spirit which has overcome us. South Africa, awake! World, awake from your slumbers and your dream world of ease, absent-mindedness and irresponsibility! That is the call of 1949 to us all. Best wishes will not be enough."

THE NATIONS

The Dark Valley

To assure the disarmament and demilitarization of Germany; to further the recovery of the countries of Europe, including a democratic Germany; and to promote that intimate association of their economic life which . . . alone can assure a peaceful and prosperous Europe.

This was the high purpose of a six-nation agreement announced last week for the control of Germany's Ruhr—the dark, smoke-grimed valley that cradles the industrial heart of Europe. The text of the agreement was simultaneously given out in the capitals of the U.S. and the five Western Union nations—Britain, France, Belgium, The Netherlands, Luxembourg.

The agreement sets up an International Ruhr Authority on which the six signatories and the new government of West Germany (now being constructed at Bonn) will be represented. The authority will decide what part of the Ruhr's coal, coke and steel should be kept at home for the good of Germany, and what part should be sent abroad for the good of Europe. Together with a Military Security Board (representing the U.S., Britain and France), the authority will watch what the Germans make and what they do with it, check them if they get out of hand.

The authority's council will have 15 votes—three each for the U.S., Britain, France, Germany, and one each for the three Benelux nations. Decision will be reached by majority vote, with no veto.

Ominous Cloud. For six weeks, between Armistice Day and Christmas, representatives of the six signatories had sat in a smoke-filled room in London's Foreign Office, hammering out the agreement clause by clause and word by word. The conference started under an ominous cloud, caused by a decision of the U.S. and British military governors in Germany that ownership of the Ruhr industries should ultimately be handed back to the Germans (TIME, Nov. 29). The decision, embodied in "Law 75," drew violent protests from the apprehensive French. (The question of ownership was not on the agenda at the London conference, and so Law 75 still stands. The French clearly reserved their right to reopen the ownership question later.)

In the face of public sympathy for the French view, the U.S. shifted its position. The French, although yielding on their first demand that the Ruhr be lopped from Germany, were pleased with last week's agreement—especially since its terms were expected to be written into a German peace treaty (whenever one becomes possible) and so will remain in force after the occupation armies withdraw.

Professional Duty. As everyone had foreseen, there were loud cries of pain from Germans of all political shades. In Düsseldorf, Britain's military governor General Sir Brian Robertson slapped them down: "Stop complaining. Be thankful for what you have got. The Germans must understand that Germany's record has caused other countries to be nervous about her behavior in the future." The sanest German opinion was well expressed by a Berlin businessman: "Of course the politicians must cry out in anger—that is part of their professional duty. But we need a year before we can really tell how this will work out."

STRATEGY

After You

When box-jawed U.S. Lieut. General John Hodge moved his occupation troops into Korea in 1945 his program was: clean up the Japs; set up a free government; get out. Hodge's Soviet opposite number, Colonel General Ivan Chistyakov, whose forces held Korea north of the

Alfred Eisenstaedt—LIFE

LIEUT. GENERAL HODGE
A string of shifts.

38th parallel, had different orders: set up a Communist police state; build up a powerful native army; then get out.

While Hodge struggled to form 200 backbiting parties into some kind of stable government, the Reds built up a loyal, well-trained army of at least 150,000, many of them Korean refugees who had served in the Red Army during the war. In the south, which contains 21 of Korea's 28 million inhabitants, some 60,000 drilled indifferently and swaggered enthusiastically in chopped-down U.S. uniforms.

Having built what they considered a sufficiently strong government and army in North Korea, the Russians announced that they would pull out all their troops by the end of the year (TIME, Sept. 27). Last week the U.S. began to follow the Russian lead. The 7th Infantry Division was ordered from Korea to Japan.

The string of shifts set off by the 7th's move would seriously weaken the U.S. position, not only in Korea but in all East Asia. In Japan the 7th would relieve the crack 11th Airborne Division. The 11th would move back to the U.S. Barely three weeks after Douglas MacArthur's urgent plea for reinforcements (TIME, Dec. 20), the War Department was taking away from him 12,000 of his best troops.

PROPAGANDA

Soviet Soap Opera

Perhaps Americans ought to listen to the Moscow radio more. What they have been missing was disclosed this week by a monitored transcript of a Christmas broadcast, beamed in English to North America. A heavyhanded tale of Santa Claus and the FBI, the broadcast would make most U.S. citizens snicker. But after the snickers would come a little better sizing-up of the Soviet Communist mind.

"Search That Plane." As the broadcast opens, Santa is flying across the arctic wilds in his plane, *The Spirit of Good Will*. He heads south over Ontario, reaches Pennsylvania. A fighter plane sneaks up behind Santa and forces him to land. The narrator continues:

"The dapper young FBI man waved the customs inspectors aside. 'This is political. See that "good will" stuff painted on the body? Sounds like something out of Vishinsky.'

"Santa tumbled out of the plane. 'Merry Christmas,' he chirped gaily. The FBI man touched his cap. 'Will you follow me, please?'

"They entered a small building guarded by a man who looked like a storm trooper. The FBI man put Santa under a klieg light.

" 'Where did you come from?"

" 'The North Pole. You should know. You were a kid not so long ago.'

" 'None of your lip now. Don't you know the North Pole is a base of aggression?'

" 'No, I only saw seals there, and polar bears.'

" 'You dipped your plane over Port Churchill. Why?'

" 'Port Churchill? Never heard of it. Do you mean Churchill with the big cigar?'

" 'Yes. I mean Churchill who's going to save the United States by making us fight the next war.'

" 'Oh, I see. But I'm not interested in wars. I bring peace and good will.'

"The inspector jumped as if a tack had crawled up his pants. [*sic*]. 'Did you say "peace?" I knew I had something here.'

"Another storm trooper entered and clicked his heels. 'Search that plane for Moscow gold . . .' "

Sovfoto

GRANDFATHER FROST & RUSSIAN KIDS
Klieg lights and storm troopers.

A Beard, A Red. The FBI man asks Santa if he has been "a member of the IWW, the IWO, the OWI, the Friends of the U.S.S.R., the New Deal, the Russian-U.S. Institute." Santa says he doesn't work for Russia—"they've got a man by the name of G. F. Frost." This, the FBI man learns regretfully, is not a spy but Grandfather Frost (Russian for Santa).

" 'Well,' said the FBI man, 'we can't let you in. You're a Red. Only Reds talk about peace . . . You're a Moscow agent because you have a beard.' "

Here a telegram arrives from Paul G. Hoffman ordering Santa's release "on condition he go to Europe and sell ERP deliveries and make some rackets." The FBI man tells Santa: " 'Now you'll do business with the firm of Marshall, Lovett, Draper, Clayton and Hoffman, Inc.'

"Santa sighed . . . 'It's the Marshall Plan or jail, isn't it?'

" 'That's about the ticket,' said the inspector. 'We treat our own people the same way, so you, as a foreigner, can't kick. Al, help him to load up the plane and hook on a train of gliders.' "

Santa glumly takes off. "Then as he flew over the Atlantic, his radio caught the chimes of Moscow, and there were choruses of children's voices, jolly, singing, laughing. 'That lucky guy, Grandfather Frost. He brings them what they want . . . Things to live and not to die.'

"And suddenly an idea struck him. He fumbled for the cable pulling the train of gliders, pulled hard, and released the gliders in mid-ocean, dumping the whole Marshall caboodle."

The broadcast ends with a rendition of *Jingle Bells*—in Russian.

UNITED NATIONS

What About the Baby?

The Indonesian case before the U.N. Security Council simmered down. A Dutch representative described the American attitude: "At first, the U.S. reacted like a New England parent surprised by a young man trifling with his daughter's honor. Now the State Department's attitude has changed. It became: 'What are we going to do about the baby?' "

After pondering the U.N. cease-fire order for five days, the Dutch last week told the council that they would cease firing in Indonesia only in their own good time. In Java, that meant midnight, Dec. 31, 1948. In Sumatra it would take two or three days longer.

Russia's Yakov Malik, who has himself repeatedly told U.N. to go jump into Lake Success, was mightily indignant at The Netherlands' defiance of the council's authority. His similes were not up to Andrei Vishinsky's high standards, but he did his best. Cried Malik: "The Dutch reply is a cynical request by an aggressor for two or three days more to kill off his victims completely . . . Do the U.S. and Britain intend, like Pontius Pilate, to wash their hands of the matter?"

There were indeed some ablutionary gestures in the council. Britain, France and Belgium opposed any further action against The Netherlands for the present; the U.S. did not want to quarrel with its Western allies. The Dutch meanwhile announced that Prime Minister Willem Drees would personally go to Indonesia to settle the islands' future. The way things looked in Indonesia last week (*see below*), that was not impossible; but it would take some doing. India's Prime Minister Pandit Nehru last week called for a conference of 14 Asiatic and Middle Eastern nations to discuss ways & means of helping Indonesia's republicans. Burma's ex-Premier Ba Maw announced that a Burmese expeditionary force (including 100 women) would leave shortly for Indonesia to fight the Dutch. An official spokesman, however, threw cold water on that idea. Said he: "We have our own lawlessness to stamp out."

In Paris, the gloom surrounding the

council's final sessions at the Palais de Chaillot inspired yet another figure of speech, less homespun than the Hollander's simile about the New England domestic problem. The scene, said one British delegate, was like Haydn's *Farewell Symphony* (in which the musicians leave the orchestra pit one by one until only two violins and the conductor are left). "The speeches started in crescendo. Then people began slipping away one by one. At the end there was no one left and nothing to say."

The council adjourned, to meet again at Lake Success this week. Some of its members boarded the *Queen Mary* at Cherbourg and promptly got stuck for twelve hours in a mudbank. That was a simile come to life—and a lot more accurate than the ones the diplomats thought up.

Merdeka!

For three years, *merdeka* (freedom) was the battle cry, the greeting and the promise of the young Indonesian republic. Strangers saluted each other with the word, children chanted it in the street. Many of the republic's hotels were renamed "Merdeka." But when the Dutch seized Jogjakarta, they took black paint and blotted out the word on the façade of the hotel in the capital's heart. They have put no other name in its place.

The incident symbolized the main question about Indonesia's future. As one Indonesian put it last week, "the republic was ours; we made something of it. What are the Dutch going to put in its place?"

Boil in Oil! Jogjakarta, which had looked like a dead city after the Dutch entered, was slowly coming back to life last week. Ragged peasant women once more brought their vegetables to sell on the sidewalks. Coolies lined up at the railway workshop, waiting for jobs.

But at night, firing could still be heard near towns. Saboteurs set fire to many a plantation; in Surakarta, republican Java's second city, they had blown up most public buildings. A clandestine "free Indonesian" radio station broadcast news of guerrilla successes to the republican army scattered in the hills. "The confusion of the defending Dutch troops," said one broadcast, "was increased through tom-tom beating by the population."

Most vociferous anti-Dutch leader was Major General Sutomo, known as *Bung* (Comrade) Tomo to Indonesian radio listeners. A limpid-eyed, long-haired journalist, *Bung* Tomo turned guerrilla leader in 1945. He then vowed not to shave until the Dutch left Indonesia, but a year ago his beard got too much for him and he shaved. Sample of his radioratory: "Kill the Dutch, kill the British, cut throats, tear limb from limb, boil them in oil!"

Comrade Nail. The Dutch have gained the "close cooperation" of Paku Buwono XII, the Susuhunan ("Nail from Which the Universe Is Suspended") of Surakarta. The Susuhunan is a shy little Dutch-educated, sport-loving princeling who meekly permitted himself to be called "Comrade" during the republic. The Dutch would have to find stronger nails on which to peg their rule.

Last week, in front of Jogjakarta's nameless hotel, the people no longer shouted friendly greetings; they had only glum, sullen stares for white men. Said a Dutch official: "Indonesians, like the Dutch, would rather live in a leaky sod hut of their own than in the finest foreign-built building. Will Indonesians have another building of their own? Now they are not sure. When they come to trust us to give them independence, as we promised, they will work with us."

International

GARRY DAVIS & THE PRESS
Big names and blind longing.

IDEOLOGIES

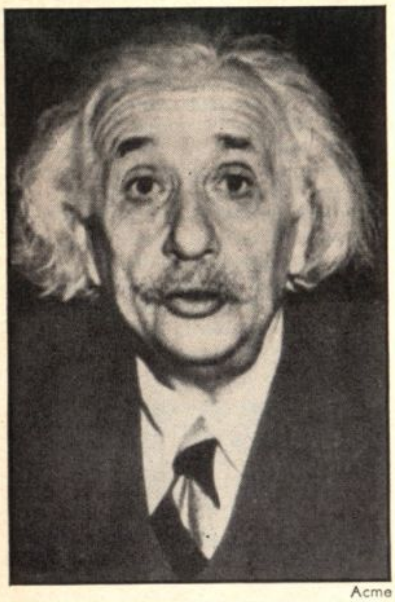
The Little Man

When the U.N. Assembly opened its sessions in Paris last September, young Garry Davis, onetime Broadway gadabout, wartime bomber pilot and son of Society Bandleader Meyer Davis, was an eccentric freak who camped on the U.N.'s doorstep, heckled its deliberations. A self-declared citizen of the world who had surrendered his U.S. passport, he was a pathetic lone voice. By last week he was the leader of a surging popular movement. It had surprised him as much as anyone, and it was carrying him along on its crest. TIME's Paris Bureau Chief André Laguerre cabled:

At the reception desk of the sleazy, Left Bank Hôtel des Etats-Unis, a young German was explaining that he had come from Munich to see Herr Davis. A bearded Italian brandished a sheaf of papers. They were, he said, the applications of 25 Libyans for world citizenship. A fair man with a toothbrush mustache and an American accent was saying: "I think I was born in Holland—I think so, mind you." Another young man, very dark and ill-shaven, introduced himself to me crisply: "I am the French press attaché of this movement. I was appointed only yesterday, so there is little I can tell you about Garry Davis. However, I can tell you a lot about the Trotskyists, with whom I used to have numerous affiliations."

Hardheaded observers are tempted to pigeonhole Davis and his disciples as a bunch of displaced sophomores, long-haired faddists and tea-party internationalists. And so, to a considerable extent, they are. But they are more. They are stage managers of a well-meaning but dangerous and irresponsible force.

A.I.R.W.C.P.A. Davis has a small and untidy room—No. 5—on the second floor of the Hôtel des Etats-Unis, down a corridor that is redolent with the smell of stale fried potatoes. He works there at a plain wooden table littered with typescript. He is the head of the "Association for the International Registry of World Citizens and People's Assembly." His admirers—in France they are legion—call him *le petit homme*. In the 26-year-old, carrot-topped, pleasant, shrewd and slightly corny Air Forces veteran they profess to see an authentic symbol of a scared and muddled generation. His intellectual baggage may be designed for air travel, but Garry Davis is no dope. He has a clear, canny mind which constantly surprises his intellectual French colleagues. He used to be a playboy, but now he abstains from smoking, drinks nothing stronger than



Acme

EINSTEIN
Displaced sophomores.

beer. Although born in Bar Harbor, Maine, he considers Philadelphia his home town. As a bomber pilot he executed seven missions, was shot down on the last one (over Peenemünde) and was interned in Sweden, whither he escaped. After the war he returned to show business, understudied Danny Kaye. He got interested in the United World Federalists, but gave them up as a "cocktail-time plaything" and came to Europe for action.

Show business has given him a theatrical sense. He maintains the "little man" legend by wearing army pants and brown leather flyer's jacket, on the back of which is a faded pin-up girl portrait.

Transformation. By last week the Davis movement was receiving letters at the rate of 400 a day. From Savoy, in the southeast, a hysterical woman wrote: "I think you must be Christ returned." A Courbevoie worker wrote: "This is our last hope." Recently Garry Davis filled the Salle Pleyel and the Vélodrome d'Hiver, two big auditoriums in Paris, with cheering thousands—crowds such as only Charles de Gaulle, and possibly Communist Boss Maurice Thorez, could attract. His committee of support includes Albert Einstein, who cabled that "only the unbendable will of the people can free the forces which are necessary for such a radical break with the old and outlived tradition in politics"; the U.S. ex-Communist writer Richard Wright (*Native Son*) is another Davisite. Says Wright: "Can the peoples believe in the efforts of the U.S. for democracy and freedom when it is well known that the U.S. does not support her own democratic institutions?" Albert Camus (*The Plague*) is one of Davis' most active and effective workers. André Gide has lent the movement his considerable prestige, and so have the British food expert Sir John Boyd Orr (elevated this week to the peerage), Existentialist Jean-Paul Sartre and Orchestra Conductor Sir Adrian Boult.

Davis has been received by France's President, Vincent Auriol, who cordially invited him to stay in France, without a passport. In short, he has been transformed from a freak into a world figure.

Last week Garry Davis issued his first policy statement: "I ask everyone everywhere to write me to make known their desire to be registered as world citizens. Within two months the registry will be opened, and to each applicant will be issued a card stating that he possesses world citizenship . . . Not thousands, but millions . . . of applications will be made . . . and in 1950 an assembly of the peoples of the world will be elected."

Wide World

WRIGHT
Long-haired faddists.

Matter of Expediency. The official position of the Davisites is that Russian aggression and U.S. counter-aggression (both of which are called "imperialism") are equally blameworthy and dangerous to Europe. In private, however, Davis does not share this view. When I asked if he really thought that the worst the U.S. could do to Europe was comparable to the worst Russia could do, he answered: "Of course not." When I asked why this was not said publicly, one of his advisers quickly said it was "a matter of expediency." That is, if Davis publicly criticized Russia more than the U.S. he would lose the support of those French leftists who, however genuine their intellectual eminence, are all abysmally ignorant of the U.S.

At first, the Red press in Paris attacked Davis as "a charlatan, a tool of Anglo-Saxon imperialism." Then came a thoughtful silence. Finally last week the Communist weekly *France Nouvelle* came out with an article carrying discreet support. Said *France Nouvelle:* "As Zhdanov showed, the first duty is to work for the unity of the anti-imperialist camp. We should not be doing this by first doubting the sincerity of Garry Davis." This Communist gobbledygook could be translated as: "The Davis movement is useful to us, can be more useful. The order is—infiltrate."

Stony Road. If the Communists should get control of the Davis movement, that would be its finish as a popular crusade, for it now gets most of its strength from the fact that its ideas are tied to no national policy. If the people who support it have any one common denominator, it is that their longing for peace is so strong as to upset reason and good sense. Their thirst for peace blinds them to the fact that the only way to peace is a stony road which involves constant risk of war. If a popular peace movement should really sweep the world, then peace might be at hand. But no popular movement can penetrate the Soviet fortress.

So long as active opposition to Soviet aggression is presented as "aggression" by some western socialist leaders, Garry Davis and his ilk will grow and strengthen the forces whose defeat is the very condition of Western survival.

If the President of the U.S. tells his people that he is going to spend the next four years trying to reach an understanding, and that there are Soviet leaders who are anxious for that understanding (*see* NATIONAL AFFAIRS), confusion and division will result, and these in turn will breed phenomena such as Garry Davis.

Rapho-Guillumette

GIDE
Tea-party internationalists.

FOREIGN NEWS

CHINA

"Now that the Kettle Is Ours"

The cold, muddy waters of Shanghai's Soochow Creek teemed with thousands of Chinese junks and smaller sampans (*see cut*). Terrified refugees were preparing once more to flee before the surging tide of Communism. Nevertheless, the great majority of Chinese were becoming more reconciled to the prospects of Communist rule. The cagey Reds had switched to a "soft" line.

Taking a tip from Lenin's 1921 Russian shift to the New Economic Policy, Communist Boss Mao Tse-tung was striving to ease the strain of revolution by talking of moderation. He hoped to allay the fears of capitalists and technicians, both Chinese and foreigners. New phrases which sounded like U.S. factory slogans urged workers to "study technique and raise production efficiency, cherish your implements and save raw materials." Said a Red soldier in Tsinan: "In the villages we have to eliminate feudalism and boost production, and in the cities we have to protect industry and commerce so that production may be increased." Within Communist ranks, leaders announced "self-examination conferences" for "correction of leftist tendencies."

"Walk, Don't Run." At Shihkiachwang, railroad hub on the Peiping-Hankow line some 175 miles south of Peiping, an American reported perceptible economic progress since his visit six months earlier. The Communists had started many small industries—weaving shops, flour mills, brick kilns, foundries, machine shops—which are flourishing. He found wealthy merchants still operating. Many women had permanents which they got in reopened beauty shops.

At Kaifeng, capital of Honan province, the Communist take-over was peaceful. A U.S. woman missionary said "they came in, fired into the air and told Nationalist soldiers to lay down their arms. Civilians were told to go home—'walk, don't run.'" Commissars posted a bill of rights. One clause provided "freedom of thought and religion." Food was brought in and prices went down. Before the new policy was introduced, *tou chang* (the people's court) was dreaded by many middle-class Chinese. The Reds admitted regretfully that "in some places landlord and rich peasant elements were unnecessarily put to death." A month after Kaifeng's capture *tou chang* had done no "account settling."

Near Peiping, an American professor of English at Tsinghua University encountered a group of Communist soldiers while bicycling. "I am an American," he said. "We don't mind," one of the soldiers replied. "We understand not all Americans are against us." The soldier added with a grin: "We also understand Madame Chiang is not having much success in the U.S."

When nearby Yenching University was occupied, the commissar of local Red forces called on the university's administrative committee. He apologized for interruption of electric service and promised the university would have current from the newly captured Peiping power station within three days. It did.

"All Was Quiet." Speaking at a mass meeting of Yenching students, the commissar said Chinese Reds desired friendly relations with all foreign countries, including the U.S., and eventually hope to be admitted into the United Nations. The speech avoided all the usual attacks on "American imperialism." A few days later the same commissar visited neighboring Tsinghua University, a Chinese government institution, and made the same professions of Communist respectability. The fact that his first concern had been for American-endowed Yenching was not lost on the courtesy-sensitive Chinese.

In Chengchow, a rail junction for east-west and north-south traffic in Honan, two Shanghai cotton brokers reported "all was quiet." Their warehouse of cotton had been untouched by the Communists. Said a Red officer: "When the kettle belonged to Chiang, we tried to break it; now that it is ours, we want to preserve and use it."

In other words, the Communists intended to take full advantage of their ability to bring the immediate fruits of peace to China. By war and sabotage they had prevented the resumption of normal life after China's liberation. Now the mere end of fighting would bring a resumption of trade and a measure of (relative) prosperity. What would happen when Mao Tse-tung no longer needed to tread softly would be another—and a grimmer—story.

Sugar-Coated Poison

The Gimo had all but yielded to repeated pleas for his resignation and a peace bid to the Communists. How could Chiang Kai-shek hold out when his Northwest commander, Chang Chih-chung, had counseled another effort to negotiate? When the commander of the armies defending Nanking, sturdy Pai Chung-hsi, had wired him to step aside? Even his sworn brother, ex-Premier Chang Chun, had urged him to "retire into the clouds" and let others less disagreeable to the enemy make overtures for peace. Vice President Li Tsung-jen was ready to propose a cease-fire and immediate peace talks.

"After All I Have Done!" Then came the Communist war-criminal broadcast—a sweeping condemnation of the entire Nationalist leadership (TIME, Jan. 3). Angrily the Gimo cried: "After all I have done for China, to be called a criminal! How can we talk with such people?" Vice President Li's name was also on the Red blacklist, but Li took a less personal view of China's crisis; he was still willing to negotiate. Other Kuomintang leaders stood with Chiang. The newspaper *Ta Kang Pao* railed against "peace politicians who let themselves be mouthpieces for Stalin" and "peace rumors that sugar-coat a poison designed to crush the Chinese government."

For five days the debate raged. Governors and generals flew in from the hinterland to join in. On New Year's Eve, some 30 leaders gathered for an arm-waving, tear-shedding showdown in the Gimo's red brick residence. The fight-to-the-finish faction tried hard to delete words imply-

Associated Press

JUNK JAM IN SOOCHOW CREEK, SHANGHAI
To ease the strain, a soft line.

Acme

VICE PRESIDENT LI
He took a less personal view.

ing resignation from Chiang's New Year's message. They won out on two points: conditions for peace which the Communists could scarcely be expected to accept, and a delay in the Gimo's abdication.

"If a negotiated peace is not detrimental to the national independence and sovereignty," Chiang's message read, "if the constitution is not violated . . . the entity of the armed forces is safeguarded and the people's free mode of living . . . is protected, then I shall be satisfied . . . As long as peace can be realized, I am not concerned whether I step out or stay on . . ."

"War of Self-Defense." Having stated his terms, and offered, for the record, to step down in the wildly improbable event that they were accepted, Chiang returned to a more familiar line: "I firmly believe," he insisted, "that the government will win out in the end . . . The people of the nation should realize that only by carrying on this war of self-defense can a real peace be secured."

In spite of Chiang's tough talk, it looked last week as if the Nanking government might be willing to make a deal. Through Nanking's chanceries swept a rumor that the U.S. and Russian embassies would be asked to step in as joint mediators. Aside from the building of defense works along the Yangtze, military operations were at a standstill.

If some sort of an interim government could be patched up, Vice President Li would probably take over the presidency. The Gimo might retire to Formosa. Last week, as though in readiness, his trusted former chief of staff, General Chen Cheng became governor of the island. Chiang's elder son, Ching-kuo, became the Kuomintang provincial chairman in Formosa.

HUNGARY

"Human Frailty"

At a secret session of the Cominform in Sofia last month, Communist leaders spent an entire day discussing Josef Cardinal Mindszenty, 56, Prince Primate of Hungary. The decision to arrest him had already been made; it remained to concoct just the right charges.

A charge of black-market currency speculation would anger anyone living in black-market-ridden countries behind the Iron Curtain. Sabotage of Hungarian land reform? That should go down well with the British socialists, who approve of land reform. Conspiracy with the Habsburgs? That was a brilliant idea; it would arouse the anti-monarchist elements in the U.S. Conspiracy with the U.S.? That was just as good; it would arouse anti-U.S. elements in Europe. Eventually all the Communist delegates agreed on a draft bill of particulars against Mindszenty.

A Buried Box. In Budapest, the cardinal soon learned of what had been decided during the Cominform's busy day. He began to prepare for his arrest. In a stern farewell message to the clergy, he recalled that he had been lenient with the Catholic laity in giving absolution in cases where wrongdoing had resulted from Communist pressure; he warned that there must be no backsliding on the part of the clergy: "I have eased the conscience of the faithful; naturally this does not apply to a single priest, monk or nun."

On the night after Christmas, as the police convoy approached the cardinal's residence, he scribbled a hasty postscript on the envelope that held his message. He warned his fellow priests to be skeptical if they heard that he had resigned, or had "confessed." Even if they were shown his authentic signature on a confession, they should consider his signing as the result of "human frailty," *i.e.*, the result of his inability to withstand Communist torture.

Then he withdrew to his chambers to pray. There, the police arrested him. They had been careful to come at night, to avoid the repetition of a memorable scene, just four years ago, when Mindszenty was being arrested by Hungarian fascists. At that time he refused to be driven off in a police car. He donned his robes, and, followed by 20 priests, walked to prison in broad daylight, blessing the people who lined the streets kneeling in prayer.

This time, the more efficient Communist police gave him barely time to kiss his weeping, 85-year-old mother goodbye. Quietly, he said: "Very well," and quietly entered the waiting police car, rosary in hand. Sticking closely to the Sofia decisions, the government announced that Mindszenty was being held incommunicado on suspicion of "treason, attempting to overthrow the democratic regime, espionage and foreign currency abuses." The Communists gave out a long list of incriminating documents said to have been found in "a metal box buried in a cellar in the cardinal's palace."

1,500 Pairs of Underwear. Communist newspapers took up the hue & cry, screamed that Mindszenty's reputation as an anti-Nazi was unmerited, that he had been "a notorious anti-Semite." Climax of this farrago was the charge that the Nazis had arrested Mindszenty only because he refused to give up his hoarded "1,500 pairs of underwear."

This charge was a typical Communist distortion. Truth was that one day in 1944, Hungary's Nazi dictator Ferenc Szalasi had decided to set up headquarters in the bishop's palace. Mindszenty, who was sheltering about 100 Jews in his cellar at the time, declared that so long as he was bishop, none of Szalasi's men would enter. The Nazis promptly occupied the palace. The police found a sizable store of clothes which Mindszenty had quietly collected for Hungary's persecuted and pillaged Jewry. The clothes included underwear which Szalasi had wanted for his own troops.

Mindszenty, the son of a poor peasant, had risen to the highest church office in his land. Some of Hungary's peasants, who used to flock together in crowds of 45,000 to hear him speak, have seen him, even in recent years, working the land at his mother's five-acre farm in the village of Mindzent. Hungarians, who were now asked to believe that Mindszenty was an anti-Semite, remembered his courageous wartime sermons attacking Naziism, in which he declared that "anti-Semitism and the proceedings against the Jews are the shame of civilization."

"For Righteousness' Sake." The reason for Mindszenty's arrest was plain. The Communists wanted to demonstrate that

International

CARDINAL MINDSZENTY
He scribbled a postscript.

no power remained in Hungary that could stand against them. The demonstration might not prove entirely successful. Two days after Mindszenty's arrest was made public, the Minister of the Interior summoned four of Hungary's Roman Catholic bishops who, jointly with their Primate, had staunchly held out against a government plan designed to make the Catholic clergy virtually employees of the state. The minister told the four holdouts, on pain of imprisonment, to resign. They flatly refused. Nevertheless, the Communist press trumpeted the news that Hungary's Bench of Bishops had agreed to their terms.

Last week, the Hungarian Communists had the remarkable gall to invite the Vatican to negotiate an agreement on the status of the Hungarian church, "regardless of the personal case of Mindszenty." The Vatican rejected the overtures as a "puerile maneuver." Earlier, the Holy See had declared: "Whereas it has been dared to lay hands sacrilegiously on a very eminent cardinal . . . all those who have performed the aforesaid crime have incurred excommunication . . . and have been declared infamous . . ."

As for Mindszenty, the Hungarian government formally announced that "under the weight of evidence against him [he] made a confession." But, so far, the Communists have not published any confession, with or without his signature. Cardinal Mindszenty, despite the human frailty he knew, was a strong man. Just before his arrest, he had written: "This is now the word of the Sermon on the Mount: 'Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

EGYPT

"Dam-Bid-Dam"

The young man lounging in the lobby of Cairo's Ministry of Interior was wearing the uniform of a police first lieutenant, but he looked more like a student. A few minutes before 10 a.m. he glanced up. Across the lobby came Egypt's 60-year-old Premier, Mahmoud Fahmy El Nokrashy Pasha. As he approached the elevators, the young man saluted. Then he whipped out a revolver and fired five bullets into the Premier's body, killing him.

A Phone Call. The assassin, hustled off to jail, was a 21-year-old veterinary student named Abdel Meguid Ahmed Hassan. He was also a member of the Moslem Brotherhood, a fanatical religious-political organization, a million strong, of whom half are Egyptians. Nokrashy Pasha had won its sworn enmity. A few weeks ago a telephone call brought him news that the brotherhood had assassinated Cairo's police chief. As he put down the phone, Nokrashy paled and clutched at his heart. Promptly he banned the brotherhood, knowing that his action might bring about his own assassination.

Why had Ahmed killed the Premier? He explained: "Because he caused Egypt to lose the Sudan, surrendered Palestine to the Jews, and dissolved the Moslem Brotherhood . . . the only organization fighting for Islam in the past 20 years."

By 10 o'clock that night Egypt had a new Premier: tall, stocky Abdel Hadi Pasha, former cabinet chief to King Farouk and onetime Foreign Minister. Like his old friend Nokrashy, he is a strong nationalist and leader of the Saadist Party, is expected to push the war in Palestine and continue the clean-up of the Moslem Brotherhood.

Drumbeats. One of his first duties, however, was to join with the rest of Cairo in honoring his dead friend. The day after his appointment, he took his place in the mile-long procession behind Nokrashy's immediate family and the gun carriage that bore the flagdraped coffin. The coffin was preceded by a magnificent Arab stallion whose rider tolled the funeral step on two giant, richly brocaded drums. Behind came units of Egypt's armed forces, members of the diplomatic corps wearing bright tarbooshes and sashes, and notable sheiks in brocaded turbans and gowns glistening with gold and silver. Last of all came the vengeful members of Nokrashy's Saadist Party, carrying their leaders on their shoulders. *"Dam-Bid-Dam"* (blood for blood), they shouted, in rhythm with the drums.

The line of march ended at Abbasiya, a suburb of Cairo, where Nokrashy was laid to rest in a mausoleum side by side with his old friend, Ahmed Maher Pasha, who as Egypt's Premier in 1945 had also gone down under an assassin's bullet.

Acme

PREMIER HADI PASHA; SAADISTS SALUTING NOKRASHY'S COFFIN
Side by side with his old friend.

ISRAEL

Parting Shot?

New Year's Eve in Tel Aviv wound up with a bang. As celebrants of the foreign colony danced the New Year in at seaside hotels, two Egyptian corvettes, which had slipped up the coast in the dark, opened fire on the city. Israeli shore batteries fired back. A quarter of an hour later, as Israeli planes roared out to attack, the corvettes slunk off to the south.

Israelis threatened to bomb Cairo in

retaliation. Before they got around to it, the Jewish part of Jerusalem suffered its first air raid in six months.

The Egyptian sea and air raid, which did little damage, looked like a grandstand act to save face at home. On the battlefronts in the Negeb desert, the Christmas war was grinding to a halt, and the Jews once more were the victors. In ten days they had driven the last Egyptian from the territory assigned them by the original U.N. partition plan, and occupied almost all the southern desert up to Egypt's border. Only at Gaza and the Faluja pocket were the Egyptians able to hold out.

SPAIN

The Temperamental Duchess

Doña Luisa Maria Narváez y Macías, Pérez de Guzmán el Bueno y Ramírez de Arellano, Marquesa de Cartago, Condesa de Canada Alta, Vizcondesa Aliatar and Duquesa de Valencia, had just spent nine months in the clink. Last week she sat, lithe and beautiful, in the prisoner's dock, her astrakhan coat open wide to reveal the soft drape of a smart beige gown and a length of shapely leg. From time to time as the prosecutor read the indictment, her long, blood-red fingernails fondled a corsage of tea roses at her shoulder as she cast a slow smile at her dapper defender, Major Luis Albarracin. Only flaw in her appearance was the dark line at the roots of her blonde hair. She gets special treatment at Madrid's women's prison, but her privileges do not include having a hairdresser visit her.

The 33-year-old duchess (married, but separated from her husband) is a reckless partisan of Spain's royal pretender, Don Juan. Many times during the last few years she had been fined or imprisoned for breaching the peace, resisting the law and distributing anti-government propaganda. This time the Falangists had charged her with treason because she had shouted seditious comments at the funeral of a monarchist friend who had died in a Franco prison.

In a candlelit room at the War Ministry a military court of five officers set themselves to the trial of the turbulent duchess. At first, she answered their questions with composure. "Yes," she purred, "I am a monarchist. Yes, I distributed anti-Franco propaganda. Yes, I would do it again if set free."

"You are a monarchist," stormed the prosecutor, "but your pamphlets might well have been signed by the worst enemies of monarchy—the Communists . . ."

The duchess stormed to her feet. "I forbid you," she cried, throwing back her yellow locks like an outraged lioness, "to compare my activities with those of our country's enemies. Don't you dare!" The president jangled a bronze bell to restore order.

It was true that even the Duchess of Valencia's fellow monarchists, who mostly preferred intrigue to demonstrations, found the duchess a little raucous. "The duchess is too temperamental," said one of the quieter kingmakers. When all sides of her case had been heard, the judges had the Madrid court cleared of all but themselves and the prisoner before passing sentence. Then they gave her a year, of which she has only three months to serve.

International

THE DUCHESS OF VALENCIA
At the roots, a dark line.

ITALY

The Black Panther

Around the Piazza Giudea, in the heart of Rome's ancient ghetto, where loyalties are fierce and memories are long, people still remember when Celeste di Porto was a quiet, intent little girl. Like other children in the ghetto, she grew up in garbage-strewn alleys, amid the antique squalor that sometimes breeds keen wits. She did well in school and read much. Said her aunt last week: "My God, once they start reading, it's all over."

But it was not something that she read in a book that turned Celeste di Porto into the "Black Panther."

The Good Things. At 18, she was a beautiful young woman with shining eyes and jet black hair. She wanted the "good things in life." In the fall of 1943, she began to go about with one Vincenzo Antonelli, a notorious young Fascist street brawler, who roamed the Jewish quarter with a gang of toughs, plundering shops and beating up stray Jews. Then the Nazi *SS* (which ruled Rome) started raiding the ghetto. Whole families were sent to concentration camps.

But Celeste di Porto, the girl who used to push an old-clothes cart to the clamorous, ill-smelling market place, walked about freely, wearing beautiful dresses. Her neighbors soon noticed that anyone she stopped to chat with in the street was usually arrested by the *SS*. Soon they were convinced that Celeste denounced fellow Jews to the Germans on trumped-up charges. In the Piazza Giudea they said: "For every Jew, she gets 5,000 lire." They called her *"la pantera nera."*

One day, Celeste's aging father walked to the police station and let himself be arrested—to atone for his daughter's deeds and save his family's honor. His wife and his two other daughters took their cart and walked off into the countryside. In the ghetto, the arrests continued. Among the Jews seized was Lazzaro Anticoli, one of the Black Panther's childhood friends. In prison, so goes the story, he cut himself, and with his finger dipped in his own blood wrote on the wall of his cell: "My name is Lazzaro Anticoli, arrested by the Black Panther. If I do not see my family again, avenge me."

He did not see his family again.

Homecoming. After Rome's liberation, Celeste disappeared; for a year, there was no trace of her. Then a Jewish veteran of the Italian army recognized her in a Naples brothel. After two years in jail, she was tried and, although she denied everything, sentenced to twelve years. Last spring a general amnesty freed her. She became a Roman Catholic. But she kept thinking of the ghetto she had left. She decided she wanted to see it again. Last month, she went home.

Roaming through the familiar streets, she met an old boy friend generally known in the nickname-loving neighborhood as "The Chink." (Why he is called that, no one can say. When pressed for an explanation, a local bartender shrugged: "Why do they call me 'The Cheese'?")

One day last week, The Chink and Celeste sat in a small restaurant, and there she was recognized by the parents of Lazzaro Anticoli. Nearsighted old Mother Anticoli was not sure at first whether it was really Celeste. "Excuse me," she asked, "but are you the Black Panther?" A little girl who had seen her picture in the papers cried: "Yes, it is, it is the Black Panther!" Word spread through the close-packed backyards and alleys. A crowd of women gathered in front of the restaurant, screaming for the revenge Lazzaro Anticoli had demanded. The Chink ran. When Celeste tried to slip away, Mother Anticoli clawed at her and knocked her down. The other women swarmed over her, beat her and tore off her fine clothes. Half naked, she stumbled down the narrow, cobbled streets, into the arms of a *carabinière*. He hustled her off to the police station.

Next day, the Black Panther was released and she disappeared again. It was not known where she had gone. No one in the Piazza Giudea thought that she might have joined her mother and her two sisters, who now go from village to village, still pushing their small cart of second-hand clothes.

The propeller that outsmarts the weatherman

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

EVERY pilot knows what happens when things start "icing up"...

He knows that tiny particles of ice, building up on his airplane's propellers, can gradually form a coating heavy enough to affect the precision, balance, and efficiency of the propeller blades.

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This ingenious device consists of three thin layers of special rubber compound on the propeller's leading edge. But it's the layer sandwiched in between the other two that really outsmarts the weatherman. For this amazing new Goodyear rubber actually *conducts* electricity, converting heat from the plane's electrical system to keep a safe, ice-free propeller, even when flying in below-zero weather.

Thus, once again, Goodyear has pioneered in the field of aeronautics. And, once again, patient, skilled Goodyear research has paid off in enabling you to fly swiftly, smoothly, and *more safely* to your destination.

A pioneer in rubber, Goodyear is also a leader in other fields—aeronautics, metals, chemicals, fabrics, plastics—making sure that all Goodyear products are better today than they were yesterday, better tomorrow than they are today.

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Lucky Forty-Niner!

THE Forty-Niner we're talking about is a *Nineteen*-Forty-Niner—and here's why you're lucky to be one:

All you have to do to get 1949's most magnificent highball is to see to it that it's endowed with the perfection of that superlative whiskey—Four Roses.

So today—at your favorite bar, or at home with congenial guests—enjoy a Four Roses highball . . . a highball that simply can't be matched for its mellow smoothness and its distinctive flavor.

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• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits.

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FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

THE PRIME MINISTRY

Family Party

Home in Quebec City for the holidays, Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent, 66, effortlessly shucked his public position for the private role he likes best. In the comfortable, 17-room yellow brick house he built on aristocratic Grande Allée in 1912, he seemed like any other head of a family. His two sons, three daughters and 13 grandchildren were around him. There were large family dinners in the big, homey dining room; Madame St. Laurent took over in the kitchen, got to work with her favorite French Canadian recipes.

Every evening *Grand-Père* St. Laurent, heavy-rimmed glasses perched on his nose, read to his grandchildren. Christmas Eve and Sunday morning the family went to Mass at Saint-Coeur-de-Marie, instead of St. Patrick's Church across the street from their house. They like the French sermons better than the English.

Each weekday morning Louis St. Laurent was up at 8:30. After breakfast, Chauffeur François Dion, who has been with the family 26 years, drove him to his old law office in the Price Building, where his two lawyer sons carry on the family practice. He chatted with them about their cases, talked with the local politicians who dropped in, kept in touch with Ottawa by phone. He turned aside political questions. When a reporter asked him if he thought that he would be re-elected, he cracked: "I think people are tired of extraordinary men and of extraordinary events. Like Truman, I am an average man."

The Prime Minister made only two public appearances. The Quebec Bar Association gave him a dinner; he went to the Liberal Reform Club to hand out gifts to 45 orphans. This week, there would be a family farewell party, for which Madame St. Laurent would fix a 29-lb. turkey. Then *Grand-Père* St. Laurent would head back to Ottawa.

Herbert L. McDonald

LOUIS ST. LAURENT & GRANDCHILDREN
A big turkey.

QUEBEC

Laughter & Tears

Montreal's Théâtre du Gesù was sold out at every performance last week. The darling of the French Canadian theater, an impish comedian named Fridolin (real name: Gratien Gélinas) was on the stage in his new play, *Tit-Coq*.

Every year since 1937, 39-year-old Fridolin had written, backed, directed and starred in a revue called *Fridolinons*, a collection of skits, songs and dances. With it he had toured his native Quebec, drawn some 130,000 people a season, netted an annual profit of about $50,000. *Tit-Coq* was Fridolin's first try at writing a full-length play.

Tit-Coq (Little Rooster) is a story about a French Canadian soldier who, as a product of a foundling home, is acutely conscious of his bastardy. Fridolin takes the title role. He is onstage three-quarters of the time, plying his audience for laughs with Chaplinesque pantomimes of Tit-Coq's army life, playing for tears with sentimental references to his hero's illegitimacy.

Tit-Coq has already become Fridolin's biggest hit in his 11 years as an actor. Its run to date has passed the *Fridolinons'* best (53 performances), seems certain to reach the 100-performance mark before it goes on the road in French Canada. Its success has also brought Manhattan's Theatre Guild agents to Montreal with an offer of about $3,000 a week (on a percentage basis) for an English version for Broadway, with Fridolin, who speaks fluent English, in the lead.

Canada Wide

FRIDOLIN
A little rooster.

Fridolin, who scored a hit in Eddie Dowling's *St. Lazare's Pharmacy* in Chicago in 1945, was in no rush. Weekly receipts at the Théâtre du Gesù were $12,000, and nearly half of it was profit (before taxes) for Author-Producer-Director Fridolin. To earn that kind of money, he played only five shows a week, had plenty of time left to spend with his wife and six children. Neither the money nor the hours would be as good on Broadway.

Another reason for passing up Manhattan this year was Fridolin's hope to try out an English version of his play in English Canada. If Torontonians, for example, liked *Tit-Coq*, Fridolin was certain that New Yorkers would also. Said he: "When art is right locally, it will be right internationally too."

ONTARIO

No Change

For 55 years Toronto, Canada's second largest city (pop. 700,000), has forced its mayor and 22 city councilmen to run for election every year. Proposals to give them two-year terms have been voted down three times since 1940. This year another effort was made to get longer terms. Such groups as the Bureau of Municipal Research, the Women Electors' Association, the Local Council of Women, and the Young Men's Section of the Board of Trade got behind the proposed change.

On New Year's Day, Torontonians went to the polls to decide the issue, elect a mayor and council. While only 32% bothered to vote, it was enough to block the two-year term, 73,638 to 46,791. Back in for his second term went moonfaced Mayor Hiram Emerson McCallum.

LATIN AMERICA

THE HEMISPHERE

Echoes from a Coup

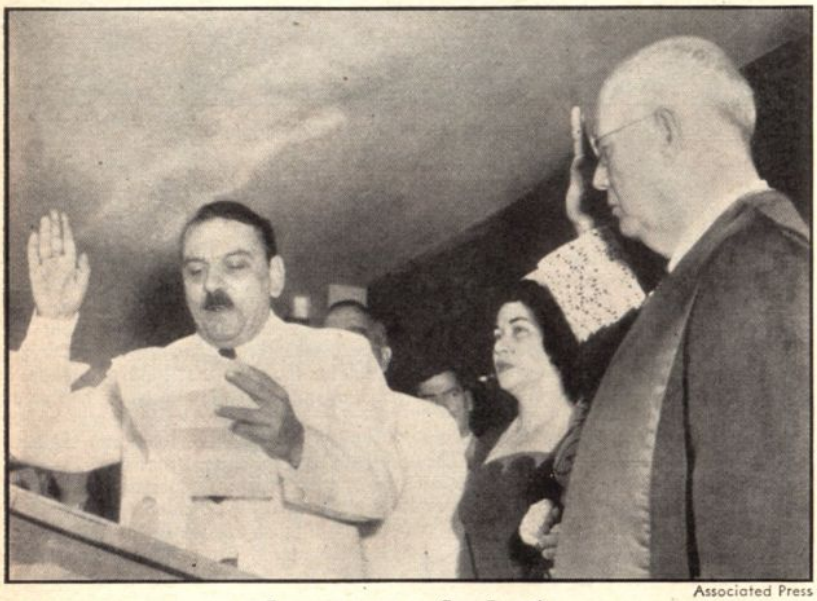
More than a month had passed since a military junta seized the government in Venezuela, and the U.S. had not recognized the new regime in Caracas. President Truman, who had come to know and like ousted President Rómulo Gallegos on their two-day trip across the U.S. to Bolivar, Mo. last July, was personally responsible for the decision.

Last week Washington learned how Harry Truman had made up his mind. Shortly after the Gallegos government was overthrown, a White House secretary called the Simón Bolívar Memorial Foundation, which had arranged last summer's celebration in Bolivar. "The President," said the secretary, "would like to see your film on the Bolivar ceremony." Harry Truman sat silent through the half-hour, full-color documentary. Both his own speech and that of Gallegos were exhortations in praise of democracy. The movie over, the President said: "A fine picture. It says what we want to stress. It should be shown in every school of the Americas."

Twelve days after the screening, the State Department issued its statement denouncing military power grabs like the one that had deposed Gallegos.

• • •

In La Paz last week, Bolivian Foreign Minister Xavier Paz Campero quit in a cabinet squabble over recognition of the Venezuelan junta. A leading exponent of the "automatic recognition" policy at last April's Bogotá conference, Paz Campero had made his country the first to recognize the new military regime in Peru, had been all for giving Venezuela the same pat on the back. But the Bolivian government, in company with the U.S. and many a hemispheric neighbor, had decided to go slow in making friends with juntas.



Associated Press

INAUGURATION IN SAN JUAN*
In a small territory, a great destiny.

ARGENTINA

Open Wide

For many months, President Juan Domingo Perón had had trouble with his teeth. His dentist, Dr. Carlos Elbio de Oliva Paz, had not been much help. Oliva Paz and Perón had been good friends. Perhaps that was why Perón overlooked the fact that his dentist's claim to have studied in the U.S. was not a matter of record, and that the police had once arrested him for practicing without a license.

Last summer, Oliva Paz took time off and went to the U.S. on an official mission to buy cars for top brass. In Washington, he saw President Harry Truman, presented him with a handsome gold encrusted *bombilla* (the gourd from which *maté* is drunk) on behalf of Perón. When he got back to Buenos Aires, Oliva Paz found Perón's mouth in worse shape than ever. The effects of a bad case of pyorrhea were beginning to show. He lanced the gums, then Perón demanded a specialist.

Secretary of Education Oscar Ivanissevich, onetime ambassador to the U.S. and a skilled surgeon, had just the man. He called on Professor Stanley D. Tylman of the University of Illinois, who had just arrived to lecture on crown and bridge processes at the University of Buenos Aires. Dr. Tylman was willing. Oliva Paz went along as interpreter. The examination went something like this:

Tylman (peering into Perón's mouth): "You have one of the worst pyorrhea cases I have ever seen. The treatment you have been receiving is incredibly bad."

Oliva Paz (translating): "Although you have one of the worst attacks of pyorrhea I have ever seen, your gums have been very well treated."

Tylman: "Since your mouth has been so neglected and maltreated, there is no way to avoid extracting at least six teeth."

Oliva Paz (still translating): "With the fine treatment you have been getting, your mouth and gums will be all right within a few weeks."

At such good news, Perón grinned from ear to ear. Dr. Tylman immediately suspected the translation, saw to it that Perón got the correct version.

Oliva Paz was dismissed from the case, Tylman took over. He yanked out the six teeth. President Perón not only liked the job; he liked Tylman. Thereafter Tylman was a regular dinner guest at the presidential residence. When he departed for the U.S. last week, Perón, Eva, Ivanissevich and other high functionaries drove out to Morón airport to see him off.

* Governor Muñoz, Señora Muñoz, Chief Justice de Jesús.

PUERTO RICO

Man of the People

For weeks the back-country *jíbaros* (farmers) had planned for *El Día Dos* (Jan. 2)—the great day when Puerto Rico would inaugurate its first elected governor. When the day came this week, 150,000 islanders turned out to cheer for Governor Luis Muñoz Marín in the biggest celebration of San Juan's 455-year history.

Honor guests, including U.S. officials, bankers and businessmen flown down from the mainland, watched the ceremony and inaugural parade from a grandstand on the steps of the marble Capitol. Muñoz took the oath of office, administered by Chief Justice Angel de Jesús, shook hands with the judge, exchanged a warm *abrazo* with retiring Governor Jesús T. Piñero. Then Muñoz spoke to his people:

"There is no reason why you should not all share this oath with me . . . It is in this way, and not by the oath and dedication of man alone . . . that the Puerto Rican people may, within the smallness of their territory, realize the greatness of their destiny."

And Muñoz added a blunt warning that Puerto Rico's destiny was not to be achieved by phony nationalism:

"The U.S. tomorrow could, without loss, declare Puerto Rico a nation apart and the most notable political novelty would be a change in my title . . . but there could be economic changes that would be highly damaging . . . A political status cannot exist in an economic vacuum."

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PEOPLE

The Wreathed Brow

Hollywood's blonde **Virginia Mayo,** who has been working at being an actress, got a not-so-helping hand from *Stars & Stripes:* election as Miss Cheesecake of 1948.

Veteran Cinemactor **Charles Boyer,** now breaking in on Broadway in *Red Gloves,* was made a Knight of the French Legion of Honor, for founding in Los Angeles a nonprofit cultural institution dedicated to French-American friendship.

Bing Crosby, 44, was named the nation's No. 1 box-office draw, for the fifth straight year, by *Motion Picture Herald.* Runner-up: **Betty Grable.** No. 3: **Abbott & Costello.**

To the kids of America, the most familiar face in public life is the craggy jaw of **Dick Tracy,** identified by 97% of the moppets who were interviewed by the *Ladies' Home Journal.* **Bing Crosby** was spotted by 95%, while 93% recognized **Harry Truman.**

The Solid Flesh

Ann Sheridan, 33, in London on location for her latest, *I Was a Male War Bride,* took to her bed with a bad cold which rapidly developed into pleurisy.

Albert Einstein, 69, checked into a Brooklyn hospital for an operation to fix up a "long-standing abdominal condition." After an hour on the table, he came out in "satisfactory" condition.

Sumner Welles, 56, found unconscious in a Maryland neighbor's frosty field last week, was coming along fine too: doctors now doubted that his frozen toes would have to be amputated.

International

PRINCESS ELIZABETH
Public appearance.

Acme

GENERAL MARCH
Family celebration.

George VI was feeling better, too. This week he and **Queen Elizabeth** planned to go down to their place at Sandringham, hoping that the country air would be good for his ailing leg.

Daughter **Elizabeth** was also feeling fine. Chipper in mink and taffeta, she showed up at a BBC show, looking every inch the serene and happy matron (*see cut*), in her first public appearance since the baby came.

General **Peyton C. March,** bearded Army Chief of Staff in World War I, reached a spry 84 in Washington, passed up his usual birthday press conference to spend the whole day with the four generations of his family who came to call.

Faye Emerson Roosevelt was recovering nicely from a minor razor gash on her wrist (eight stitches were taken, but only for what her doctor called "esthetic" reasons) and a major attack of tabloid headlines. After the first front-page flurries about an attempt at suicide had subsided, she and Elliott told their story: she had really cut her wrist accidentally while reaching for some aspirin.

Cinemermaid **Esther Williams** announced that she would retire temporarily: she and husband Ben Gage were expecting their first child in August.

The Calloused Hand

Johnny Weissmuller, 43, for 17 years the screen's ranking Tarzan, conceded to his middle-aging middle, shed his breechclout for a bush-jacket in a new movie called *Jungle Jim.*

Winston Churchill arrived in Cannes for three weeks on the Riviera. He planned to put in some hard work on the third installment of his memoirs (the second is due for publication next month)—with time out for a little painting and a rest.

Hjalmar Schacht, Hitler's financial expert, who has been cleared by one denazification court but is wanted by another, had made good use of his jail time (ten months during the Nürnberg trials). He had dashed off the libretto for an operetta, he admitted, about the love of a G.I. for a fraulein: "As I had no possibility . . . to do scientific work—lacking books and papers—I wrote it for my personal distraction."

Sessue Hayakawa, 59, Oriental cinemenace of the Pearl White era, stopped off in Manhattan on his way back to Hollywood after ten years in France. Trapped in France by the war, he had managed to live during the occupation by going to work at a boyhood hobby: painting Japanese watercolors with a hair brush on silk. Playing the slant-eyed heavy once again, his first movie job would be a "five days' fist fight with Humphrey Bogart."

The estate of the late **George Leonard Berry,** onetime U.S. Senator from Tennessee and for 41 years president and absolute boss of the A.F.L.'s Pressmen's Union, was estimated at $750,000—the largest ever left by a U.S. labor leader.

Inside Sources

Novelist **Evelyn** (*The Loved One*) **Waugh,** 45, described by the raffish New York *Daily News* as resembling "an indignant White Leghorn," told the British press: "It is almost impossible for a man to live the good life in the U.S. They heat their rooms to 75°, then they nail the

Acme

VIRGINIA MAYO
Military approval.

Number two of a series

BANK-MONEY

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THE petroleum industry finds bank loans well suited to its requirements. Bank credit is flexible, available when needed, and can be paid off when not needed.

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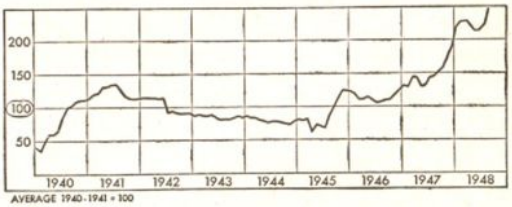
Chase National Bank, with a separate department dealing exclusively with the petroleum industry, is a leader in making loans to the oil companies. No matter where you live, Chase credit helps to keep your car rolling.

CHASE OIL LOAN INDEX



AVERAGE 1940-1941 = 100

Chase finances the every-day things you use

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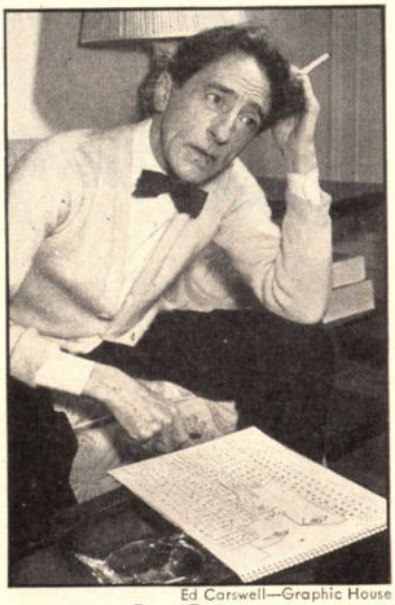
windows down so that you suffocate. They have colored bubble gum. Their radios are on all day. And they talk too much." But Evelyn was shortly to subject himself once more to all this—for a series of U.S. lectures at $440 a talk.

France's self-conscious Jack-of-Arts **Jean Cocteau,** 59, flew in from Paris for the U.S. opening of his new movie, *Eagle with Two Heads,* and the opening of his first Manhattan one-man art show. A bird of a man in black tie and glittering black moccasins, Surrealist Cocteau pondered his drawings which were on exhibition (carefree unicorns and nudes, sketched with sticks of wood and watered ink on wide pieces of paper) and explained his methods. "Picasso told me to use whatever I found at home. Then I wouldn't get the idea that what I did was valuable." Cocteau also wished people would stop worrying about the "terrible state" of France:



Ed Carswell—Graphic House

JEAN COCTEAU
Please stop shaking your head.

"Actually France is much as it always was. A friend of mine who is a historian told me that France had never been tranquil except for the first five years of the reign of Louis XIV. So please stop shaking your head about France. We are anarchists by nature—conservative anarchists, that is."

Arthur Capper, 83, marked his voluntary retirement at the end of 30 years in the U.S. Senate with a nostalgic radio talk to his onetime Kansas constituents: "I can still hear the orations delivered in the Senate chamber by William E. Borah of Idaho and Jim Reed of Missouri; the masterful address of Winston Churchill and the matchless eloquence of Mme. Chiang Kai-shek. And," recalled the veteran dry, "there was Carry Nation and her hatchet. If I had time, I would tell you the part I played in getting Carry and her hatchet to come to Topeka, and the trail of broken glassware and discouraged bartenders she left in her wake."

Blazers of the trail

Everyone who has ever flown has his eyes on Boeing's great new Stratocruiser as it moves up toward the commercial flight lines.

The reason is easy to see. For the twin-deck Stratocruiser culminates 32 years of trail blazing in aircraft design and production. Into its building has gone all of Boeing's vast wealth of knowledge, skill and experience.

Among its predecessors was the Boeing Monomail, introducing a design formula that's been followed ever since. From it evolved the Boeing 247, America's first three-mile-a-minute transport. Then came the ocean-spanning 314 Clippers, and the Boeing Stratoliner, first pressurized-cabin transport.

In the military field, Boeing leadership has been just as pronounced. The early B-9 bomber established the modern trend in bombardment aircraft. From it developed Boeing's great warrior team, the B-17 and B-29, the new B-50 Superfortress and the radical new 600-mile-an-hour B-47 Stratojet.

Now, the Stratocruiser inherits the design knowledge gained from development of the whole proud Boeing line. Already proved in exhaustive flight tests, this fastest, most powerful, most comfortable of all commercial transports will soon go into service on the airlines of the world.

A. Monomail
B. 247 Transport
C. Stratoliner
D. 314 Clipper
E. Stratocruiser
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THE THEATER

New Plays in Manhattan

The Madwoman of Chaillot (adapted from the French of Jean Giraudoux by Maurice Valency; produced by Alfred de Liagre) is the first vintage champagne the French stage has sent to Broadway since Dunkirk. Possibly it is caviar as well—an often brilliant, always civilized fantasy, as fresh and witty in detail as it is traditionally satiric in design. In spite of dramatic defects—it opens badly, and is a little too loose and long—it has an air of really genuine distinction that sets it apart from every other show on Broadway.

An ironic extravaganza and a satiric fairy tale, *The Madwoman* paints a Paris rife with money-madness; a network of economic pimps and pressagents; the low dodges of high finance; the hollow corporations with their grandiose façades; the tireless web-spinners with their spidery schemes (their latest: to dig for oil under the streets of Paris).

Into all this sweeps the Madwoman of Chaillot, a humane, imperious, sumptuously tacky countess who inhabits a cellar and lives in the past (her morning paper is always the *Gaulois* for Oct. 7, 1906). Round her like pigeons flock all the nobodies of the Paris streets—porters and peddlers, ragpickers and flower girls. When a small crisis suddenly shatters the Madwoman's comfortable dream and informs her of a world full of grab and greed, she blithely vows that she will set matters straight.

Pretending to have struck oil under her own house, she lures the wicked finaglers and their henchmen to her rococo cellar, directs them down a flight of stairs that leads to nowhere. Then, slamming a trapdoor over them, she restores Paris to happy sanity, herself returns to contented balminess.

With his dazzling sense of make-believe, the late Jean Giraudoux lifted *The Madwoman* above mere protest into a world of poetry. Like most highbred fantasy, *The Madwoman* evokes a long line of distinguished ancestors—the sublime delusions of *Don Quixote,* the swift wizardry of *The Pied Piper,* the mad tea party in *Alice,* the mock trial in *Lear,* the glinting philosophical jokes of Voltaire, Heine and Bernard Shaw. And like all comedy worth its salt, *The Madwoman* has something touching and sad about it: for only through dreams can there be escape, and only in fairy tales do the wicked perish so prettily. But this is comedy that can be wonderfully funny too—as when the Madwoman entertains two women slightly madder.

Last week's production needed smoothing and tightening, but it had some notable assets. There was Adapter Valency's fluent and vivid translation, French Painter Christian Berard's witty and elegant sets and costumes. There were also attractive performances by Estelle Winwood, John Carradine and others. And in the crucial title role that could have been played for easy laughs or easy tears, English Actress Martita Hunt (best known in the U.S. as Miss Havisham in the movie *Great Expectations*) performed with wonderful glitter and style. She was always as much *grande dame* as wack; and when the lights of fantasy turned ruddy, as much fairy godmother as *grande dame.*

Don't Listen, Ladies (translated from the French of Sacha Guitry by Stephen Powys; produced by Lee Ephraim & Jack Buchanan) is a very French and faded sex comedy performed by a very British cast.

Bob Golby

MARTITA HUNT & JOHN CARRADINE
The countess slams the trapdoor.

It concerns a husband & wife (Jack Buchanan and Moira Lister) who suspect each other of infidelity, and it recruits a former wife, a former mistress, a romantic young beau and a rich old buck. After endless insinuations but not one speck of sin, husband & wife are reunited on a basis of mutual mistrust.

Suave Jack Buchanan (*Charlot's Revue*) behaves toward the script as a man of gallantry pretends that an aged flirt is still a lustrous belle. But to no avail: neither scandalous nor amusing, M. Guitry's *Don't Listen, Ladies* chiefly suggests that the French are not nearly as wicked as they are wordy.

New Musical in Manhattan

Kiss Me, Kate (music & lyrics by Cole Porter; book by Bella & Sam Spewack; produced by Arnold Saint Subber & Lemuel Ayers) was 1948's last new show, and by far its best musical. It is only a musical, and not, like *Oklahoma!,* a milestone as well. But if nothing about it is revolutionary, everything is right. Full-blooded and sassy and enormously gay, *Kiss Me, Kate* can brag about its music at least, without blushing for its book; it looks pretty, moves fast, is full of bright ideas and likable people.

Shakespeare and show business divide the burden in *Kiss Me, Kate,* which has to do with the out-of-town opening of a production of *The Taming of the Shrew.* The pair who play Katharine and Petruchio were once stormily married and are still snarlingly in love, and the cuffing and spitting in their performances are more intense than Shakespeare's script requires. With a sharp eye, *Kiss Me, Kate* kids Shakespeare and show business impartially; and whenever the taming threatens to become too tame, out pops a dancer or up strikes the band.

Hanya Holm's dances are smart, brisk, Broadwayish—no Art whatever and a vast

Fred Fehl

PATRICIA MORISON, ALFRED DRAKE, LISA KIRK & HAROLD LANG
Shakespeare shares the burden.

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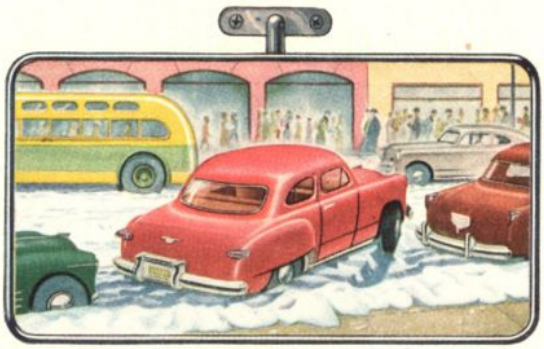

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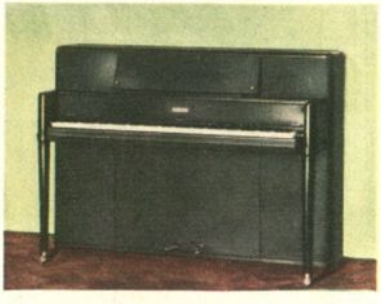

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STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

amount of skill; and Dancer Harold Lang and Singer Lisa Kirk take care of the subplot in style. In the leading roles, Hollywood's Patricia Morison proves to be right at home on Broadway, and Alfred Drake stands forth as the best all-round musicomedy hero in show business.

What really makes a topnotch musical of *Kiss Me, Kate* is Cole Porter's score. If no one of its tunes equals *Begin the Beguine* or *I Get a Kick Out of You,* all 17 of them have their good points, and together form a sort of triumphal procession. They range from the slow torching of *So in Love Am I* to the fast jive of *Too Darn Hot,* from the musical brio of *We*

Eileen Darby—Graphic House

COLE PORTER
He commutes.

Open in Venice to the verbal lift of *Always True to You (In My Fashion)*. And again & again melody and mockery go hand in hand—nowhere better than in *Wunderbar,* a charming bit of schmalz—and a devilish parody of it.

• • •

Broadway had begun to wonder when Cole Porter's next smash was coming; *Kiss Me, Kate* marks an interval of five years and two flops since his last hit show (*Mexican Hayride*). In the barren interval he also had to endure a film biography, *Night and Day,* of which he said: "It ought to be good because none of it is true."

Born in Peru, Ind., 56-year-old Yaleman Porter has commuted for years between show business and the showiest international society. A riding accident broke both his legs in 1938, but, having gritted through 30 operations, he can now get around without a cane. Among his hit musicals: *Fifty Million Frenchmen, Gay Divorce, Anything Goes, Jubilee, Red Hot and Blue.* Having launched what may prove his biggest hit, he plans a new show for the same producers in the fall—but first he will motor on the Continent and cruise in the Mediterranean.

EDUCATION

Trouble in Twinsburg

Students disliked him from the start. He was a mousy but stubborn man who regarded music, athletics and other extracurricular activities as worthless educational frills. When the school board chose him as superintendent and principal of the Twinsburg township school in northeastern Ohio, some parents protested. But Glen L. Powell, 51—the town's fourth superintendent in six years—was just the sort of man old-fashioned Twinsburgers on the school board had been looking for.

Soon Powell and his educational principles became the talk of the township. The music teacher resigned: she had been assigned only to running study halls. The athletic coach quit because "My educational philosophy and that of the school superintendent were as far apart as the two poles . . ." Other stories dealt with paddling, long a traditional punishment for the unruly at Twinsburg. One student, struck on the nose, was placed under a doctor's care. A girl, caught chewing gum, had it stuck in her hair by a teacher and plastered down with Scotch tape. The teacher was suspended by Powell for a week but was reinstated by the school board.

SUPERINTENDENT POWELL
The music teacher resigned.

Bend Over. Friction mounted last November. Students asked for a weekly paper, were told they could put out only one issue, at the end of the term. The paddlings continued and many were administered by Powell himself. Once when there was a disturbance in a study hall, four Negro children were chosen at random to be paddled in Powell's office. "They told us to bend over like when we pray," said one little girl. "I was sore

about three days." Later, another child complained: "Mr. Powell whipped me with a paddle one inch thick." Three boys said they were made to sit on the floor for 20 to 43 minutes with their feet propped up on high stacks of books.

Finally 50 parents marched into a school-board meeting to ask about punishment and other grievances. The board read the minutes and adjourned, told parents to "submit all complaints in writing ten days before a meeting."

A Cloudy Future. That made the kids madder than ever; 125 out of 149 went out on strike. They went back three days later, but trouble started again. Powell had an argument with Ronald Hegedish, a new boy, pushed him against a wall. The boy's father swore out a warrant against Powell for assault. Powell was arrested Dec. 9, freed on bond pending a hearing.

At the height of the uproar, the school board closed the school temporarily. Last week, with the school in holiday recess, Twinsburg was split down the middle. One group of citizens had formed a Citizens' League, given both Powell and the school board a vote of confidence. Other parents, angered, had lined up the Real Estate Owners Association, had collected 183 signatures calling for dismissal of the board. That was more than 15% of the township's voters—enough to bring their demand into the courts.

Freedom in Berlin

The Russians got a special plum in their slice of the German capital—the world-famous, 139-year-old University of Berlin. Ever since the city was divided among the conquerors, non-Communist students and teachers have been trying to start a new university in the western sectors. Last week they had it. Its name: the Free University of Berlin.

U.S. Military Government had helped by supplying space, books, building materials and airlift coal—just about everything, in short, but the professors. Professors and instructors, however, were plentiful. They came, 134 so far, from all over Germany. Some of them are refugees from the Russian zone itself; twenty-three left well-paying jobs at the old University of Berlin. Among them is white-bearded, 86-year-old Historian Friedrich Meinecke, who became the new rector.

Last week, with 2,200 students, the Free University was going full swing. It was laying plans to set up a full-fledged law school, had already organized its medical school. Most of the students are veterans, almost all must work on the side to pay for their crowded, underheated rooms and for the tasteless food they get.

Each student had had to appear before an admissions committee. The committee was tough on grinds and narrow specialists ("Germany has had enough of bookish but purposeless *Herren Doktoren*"). It also rejected one boy who hopefully emphasized that his grandmother had been an Aryan. But it did accept several Communists—"otherwise," explained a professor, "we could not truly call ourselves a free university."

THE PRESS

No Time for Censors

Should the press submit to voluntary censorship in peacetime? When Defense Secretary James V. Forrestal put the question to a committee of press, radio and newsreel representatives last spring (TIME, March 15), he got a short no. The responsibility for keeping military secrets, the committee decided, rested on the armed services; they should not give out "secret" information.

With this view many working newsmen wholeheartedly disagreed; they felt that such a policy would be an open invitation to military men to slap the "top-secret" stamp on matters of legitimate public interest. Such newsmen felt that the press has the right to know what is going on; it should be responsible for keeping vital military secrets in peacetime just as it did in wartime.

In his first annual report last week (*see* NATIONAL AFFAIRS), Secretary Forrestal agreed. Wrote he: ". . . It is the responsibility of the press, radio and other agencies which gather and disseminate news, not to publish information which would violate the national security . . . I agree, that in peacetime no type of [official] censorship is workable or desirable."

Columnists's Column

Columnists are a privileged class. When they run out of news and gossip, they can talk about themselves or each other. Last week, in the holiday news lull, they did.

¶ New York *Star* Columnist John S. Wilson tossed Columnist Walter Winchell a 1948 award: "The hand-tooled, self-propelled back-scratcher for the Most Excessive Narcissistic Applause."

¶ New York *Sun* Columnist George E. Sokolsky cited bludgeon-wielding Hearst Columnist Westbrook Pegler as "one of the most competent reporters in American journalism." Hearst's New York *Journal-American* ran a half-page promotion ad to be sure that no reader missed the compliment.

¶ Columnist Pegler got another kind of compliment from Columnist Eleanor Roosevelt. In her question & answer column in the *Ladies' Home Journal,* she was asked why her "big, strong American sons" didn't horsewhip Westbrook Pegler. Mrs. Roosevelt's reply: "Why should they bother to horsewhip a poor little creature like Westbrook Pegler? They would probably go to jail for attacking someone who was physically older and perhaps unable to defend himself. After all, he is such a little gnat on the horizon . . ."

¶ *Herald Tribune* Radio Columnist John Crosby, reviewing New York *Daily News* Columnist Ed Sullivan's television show, crossly asked: "Why is Ed Sullivan on it?" He "wanders out on the stage, his eyes fixed on the ceiling as if imploring the help of God, and begins to talk about 'his very good friends' . . . in show business."

¶ The *Trib's* Sunday Columnist Lucius Beebe, appearing on radio's *Author Meets Critic,* gave the back of his white suede glove to *Saturday Review of Literature* Columnist Bennett Cerf, for lifting other wits' anecdotes. Said Beebe of Cerf's newest joke book: "Really an autobiography of Jimmy Valentine . . ."

With all this intramural chitchat going on, it was only a question of time until a column was started to copyread the columnists. Three months ago, the New York *Star* launched such a column as an experiment. It has worked so well that last week the *Star* was planning to run "So They Said," by Frank Columbine, three times a week.

Clifford E. Grey

COLUMNIST TAYLOR
Hot water and cold facts.

Columbine is the *Star's* pseudonym for slim Tim Taylor, 28, a reporter turned free-lancer. Taylor scans some 35 Manhattan columns a day in his Stamford, Conn. home and shows up at the *Star* only to write his column. He spends two-thirds of his time cross-indexing columnists' items to find out such things as 1) how many errors are made, 2) whom the columnists talk about most, and 3) how they correct their mistakes without openly admitting that they were wrong. Wrote Taylor: Columnist "Sullivan got himself in hot water when he identified Joyce Matthews and Arthur Lesser as a 'stem twosome.' Two days later he set the record straight when he disclosed the 'Arthur Lessers [are] celebrating their 16th wedding anniversary at New Haven.'"

With a little rudimentary research, he is able to trip up columnists who don't check their gossip. Thus when Danton Walker asked in the *Daily News,* "Has Stanton Griffis, ambassador to Egypt, purchased the Brentano bookstores?" Columbine answered him in print: yes, 14 years ago.

Cedric G. Chase

HAYDN PEARSON
Cock pheasants and smoking dunes.

The Nature Beat

Big-city newspapers are usually too busy reporting the deeds and misdeeds of man to pay much attention to the works of nature. But not always. Last week the Boston *Herald* heaved an editorial sigh for the wintry seashore where "the moving sands swirl up the dunes and out gullied chimney tops . . . This is the time of smoking dunes." On its good, grave editorial page, the New York *Times* took note of winter: "Stand by ocean's edge and you can see, feel, hear and smell the grey waters. This is the darkening interlude when the sea changes its hue and forecasts winter . . . snow." And the silk-hatted *Wall Street Journal* stuck a straw in its teeth and complained against the "tenderometer," a newfangled "diabolical machine [that] actually proposes to tell a man when his Baldwins . . . and Northern Spies are ripe enough to pick."

Readers might think that these were the nostalgic notes of country-born editorialists, trapped in the cities and hankering for the farm. But the country flavor in the *Herald,* the *Times* and the *Journal* was distilled by one authentic New England countryman. Long-faced Haydn S. Pearson, 47, is a hard-working naturalist who covers all outdoors, notebook in hand, as methodically as a police reporter on his beat. His nature editorials have offered vicarious trips to the countryside for city-bound readers of the Washington *Star,* the Newark *News* and the Indianapolis *Star*; 79 papers subscribe to his twice-a-week "Country Flavor Editorial Service."

Walking Man. Pearson* has been studying nature ever since he was six, when his father, a Congregational

* No kin to Columnist Drew Pearson.

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preacher, began taking him on country strolls around Hancock, N.H. He began writing Sunday features while teaching high-school English at Utica, N.Y., quit schoolteaching seven years ago to become a full-time nature boy.

Once a month, in fair weather or foul, he leaves his home in Waban, a suburb of Boston, for a walking trip in Maine, New Hampshire or Vermont. Dressed in old hiking clothes, he stops to chat with farmers, contemplate ponds, watch cloud formations and take careful notes for his editorials. At home, he dutifully keeps up his reading (botany, ornithology, etc.).

"One of the things that hurts nature writing the most is sentimentalization," says Pearson. "I don't like to write a nature piece without some facts." He has gathered enough to fill five books (*e.g., Country Flavor, The Countryman's Cookbook*), and has two more on the way. Says he: "There is a place for some quiet writing that will still be true after the screaming headlines are dead."

Sleeping Field. Last week his Country Flavor Editorial Service sent out a quiet piece that illustrated what he meant. Wrote Pearson: "Go to an open ridge on a sunny, crisp January afternoon when the snow blanket is deep and drink of the beauty on white hills. Earth lies patiently sleeping . . . Above walls and fences sumacs hold scraggly arms with faded, brown-flame candles . . . Winter birds call from the groves; regal cock pheasants stalk along the hedgerows with their meek ladies. This is the heart of winter . . . but in the tightly wrapped buds is assurance of the Great Promise."

Operation Swap

When Congress passed ECA, it also decided that American ideas should get wider circulation in Europe along with American food, machinery and construction materials. So it authorized $10 million to help the circulation of newspapers, magazines and films (TIME, June 14).

Their circulation had been restricted chiefly because U.S. companies had to take payment in European currencies, most of which they were unable to take out of the countries or, in some cases, even to use to pay their foreign expenses.

The congressional appropriation would mean no profit to publishers, most of whom lose money on European sales. It would merely permit them to exchange limited amounts (equal to actual dollar expenditures for distribution and production, etc.) of their blocked European currencies for U.S. dollars.

Fortnight ago, ECA announced the first of the currency agreements with the press. It agreed to trade the New York *Herald Tribune* $100,000 for marks obtained from sales through February of 40,000 copies of the *Trib's* European edition in the British and U.S. zones of Germany. Last week, TIME Inc. made a similar deal—$79,800 for 10,000 copies of TIME and 35,000 copies of LIFE. Other U.S. publications with foreign editions (*e.g., Newsweek, Reader's Digest, American Journal of Medicine*) are expected to follow suit.

Off to War

The New York *Times's* Anne O'Hare McCormick does not match Hollywood's picture of the dashing foreign correspondent. Tiny (5 ft. 2 in.), elderly (67) Anne McCormick looks as if she would be more at home sipping tea with heads of state, which she frequently does. But last week Journalist McCormick, in addition to writing her column three times a week, was clambering up & down the mountains of Greece, and doing a workmanlike job of reporting the guerrilla war. Guided by Lieut. General James A. Van Fleet, head of the U.S. Military Mission, she journeyed to mountain outposts and inspected refugee and prison camps to get her story.

"It is easy enough," she cabled, "to say that the Greek war is an affair of daily raids in which armed bands . . . swoop down from the cracks and crevices of a mountain . . . to sack or burn villages and carry off able-bodied men and girls to forced service in their armies. But the imagination cannot picture the desolation that this hit-and-run fighting leaves behind it . . . Everywhere the atmosphere was heavy with suspense. In such fearful quiet must the early settlers in the West have waited the descent of the Indians."

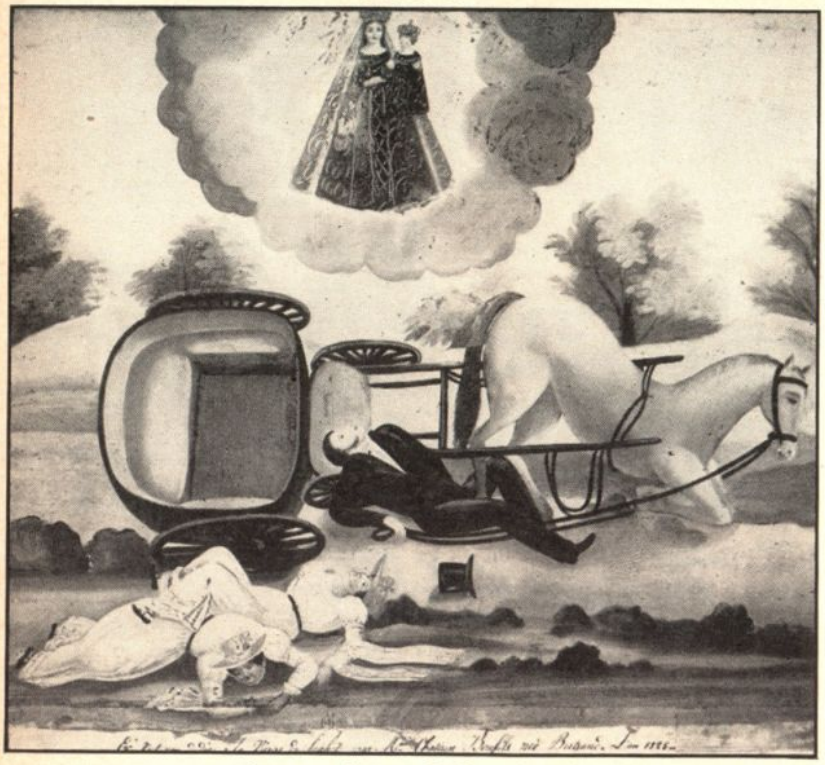
Wide World

CORRESPONDENT MCCORMICK
Tea and guerrillas.

Worst off were the civilian refugees "living in tents and huts, with 50 to a room in schoolhouses or basements of public buildings. These half-starved, half-frozen fugitives form one-tenth of the population."

The captured guerrillas were "better fed and housed than the refugees." Even so, she found them "a miserable-looking lot wearing broken shoes and remnants of worn-out uniforms, Yugoslav, British or Greek. The prisoners looked like the poorest and stupidest of peasants with nothing to hope for and nothing to lose under any social system."

ART



SOUTH-OF-FRANCE EX-VOTO (1828)
For the donor, a name in the corner.

With Thanks

Paintings of splintered ships, overturned buggies, dying patients, collapsing floors and falling chandeliers line the walls of many a South-of-France chapel. In each picture the Virgin Mary or a patron saint also appears, serene and smiling above the disaster. Done in the 17th, 18th and 19th Centuries, the paintings are "ex-votos" (thank offerings) by parishioners who were grateful for narrow escapes from death. No one knows who painted most of them; the donor—not the artist—usually got his name in the corner.

Last week, 57 of the best of France's ex-votos (sponsored by the American Federation of Arts) were on exhibition in Manhattan. Next stops: Baltimore, Colorado Springs, Manchester, N.H., St. Louis and Memphis. U.S. gallerygoers would find the paintings short on skill, long on human interest. Many of them would agree with the French poet, Guillaume Apollinaire, on the subject. Said he: "Enchanted and painstaking awkwardness . . . enough to touch even those who have no faith."

Out of the Basement

If there are 400 things that London's progressive Tate Gallery can't abide, they are the pictures and sculptures that for the past 52 years have been drifting in from the bequest of wealthy Victorian Sculptor Sir Francis Chantrey. In that time, the unhappy custodians of the Tate have willy-nilly acquired tons and acres of lowing kine, rearing horses, languorous ladies, idyllic landscapes and storm-beset ships-of-the-line.

Except for about 30 pieces (including an Epstein bust and a sprinkling of Pre-Raphaelites), the Tate has resolutely packed them off to the cellar. That, says the gallery's pastel-shirted Director John Rothenstein, is where they belong.

Probably nothing would have given greater shock to well-intentioned Donor Chantrey. He had left the bulk (£105,000) of his estate for "the purchase of works of fine art of the highest merit . . . executed within the shores of Great Britain." Chantrey's will specified that the president and council of the Royal Academy should be the judges of what to buy with the money. In 1897, the Academicians had picked the Tate as just the place for the collection.

This week in London, the Royal Academy, having worked over Tate's basement trove, put the whole collection on show in its Piccadilly museum. The Academy hopes to prove the error of Scoffer Rothenstein's ways, to end what it considers a "mischievous and unseemly controversy." Rothenstein hopes gallerygoers will laugh the collection back to the cellar. In a sense, he will be on show himself. From a group study entitled *The Princess Badroulbadour*, painted by his father Sir William Rothenstein, the young John of 1908 will gaze, fixed and helpless, at the passing jury.

Inside Out

Hans Erni is one of Switzerland's most skillful and mysterious painters. Recently an Erni show in Geneva drew 3,000 people in two weeks, and raised a lot of questions. Why, the abstractionists wanted to know, did Erni sully the purity of his abstract compositions by introducing classical figures and anatomical charts? And why, asked the conservatives, did he scratch up his photographically accurate pictures with abstract shapes?

To get at the answers, a reporter visited Erni in his whitewashed Lucerne studio. He found the 40-year-old artist working under fluorescent light "because it's steady and constant." Black-browed Hans Erni, who looks like an attenuated Max Schmeling, was knee-deep in machine parts, geometrical constructions, drawings of crystals, and an assortment of scientific instruments, including a Cellophane-wrapped microscope. Because he thinks specialization is harmful, Erni devotes part of each day to studying chemistry, mechanics, biology, zoology and the Greek classics.

"Art for art's sake," says Erni, "simply does not exist. It's the idea that matters." The ideas that Erni tries to put on canvas are often understandable enough in themselves, but that does not make them any easier to picture. For example, how should an artist express the thoughts of a pregnant woman sitting on the ground somewhere in Europe? The first part of Erni's solution was to get the woman on canvas as realistically as he could and give her an expression of dull waiting. Then, just over her head, he drew a tangled cat's cradle of white lines. He called the whole thing *Young Woman in 1942* (*see cut*).

Erni has painted his own wife and child playing in front of a forest of blood vessels, and himself chalking abstractions on the night air. What goes on inside the body and inside the mind, he says, is just as important as the outside. If it were also as easy to paint, Erni's work would be much less mysterious to his admirers.

ERNI'S "YOUNG WOMAN IN 1942"
For his wife, a forest of blood vessels.

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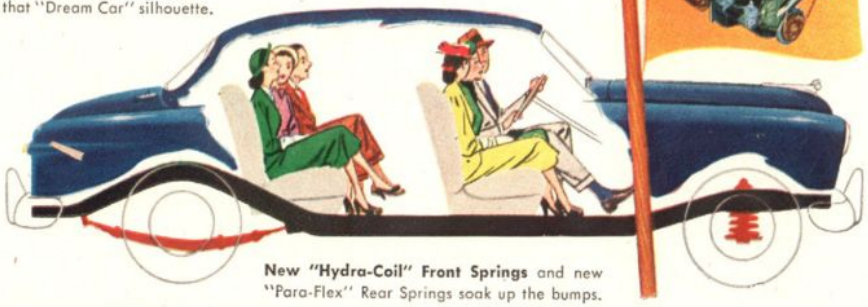

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100 H.P. V-8 . . . In both V-8 and SIX you get new, economical "Equa-Flo" Cooling, new "Deep Breath" manifolding and a new lubrication system.

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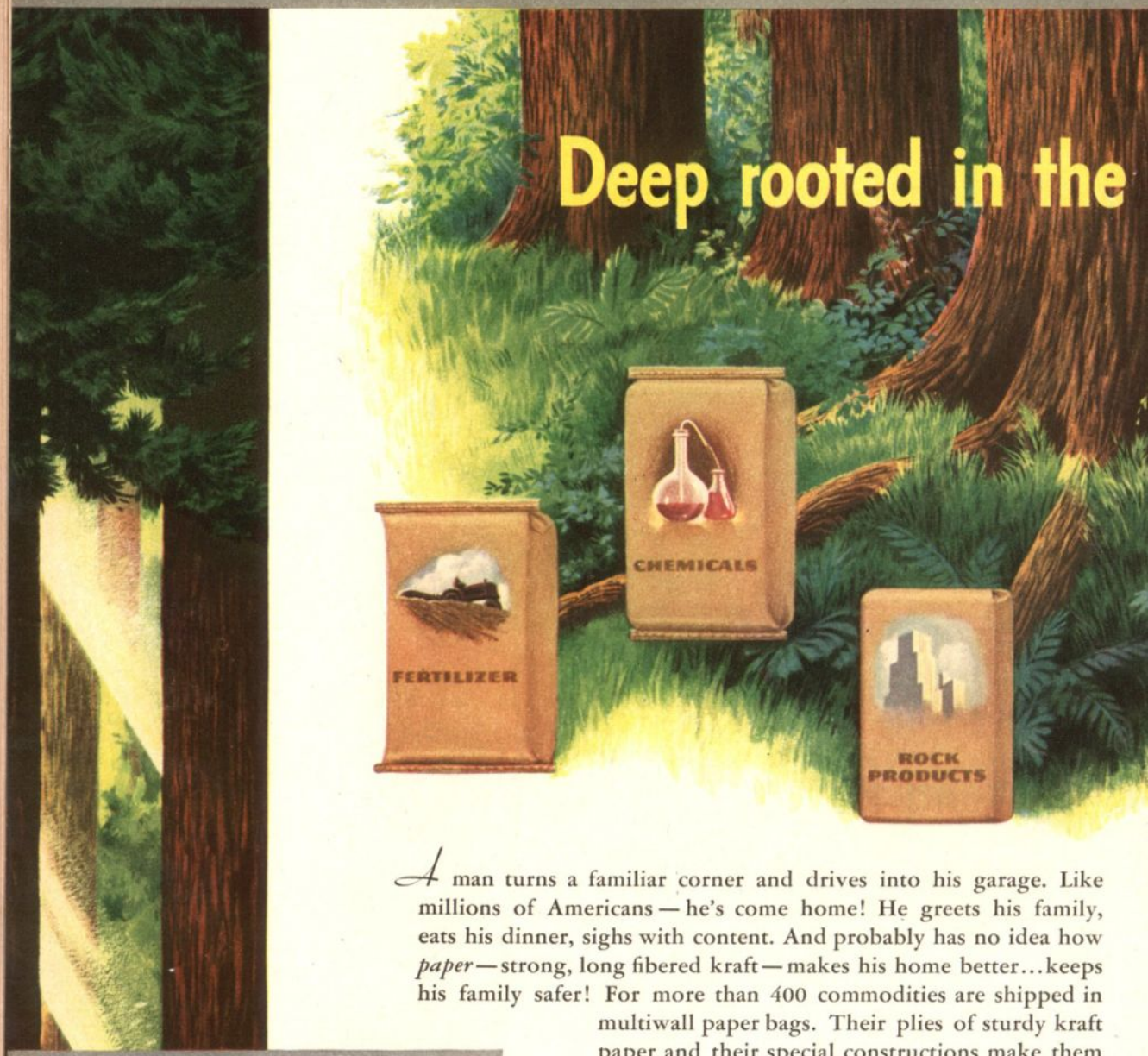

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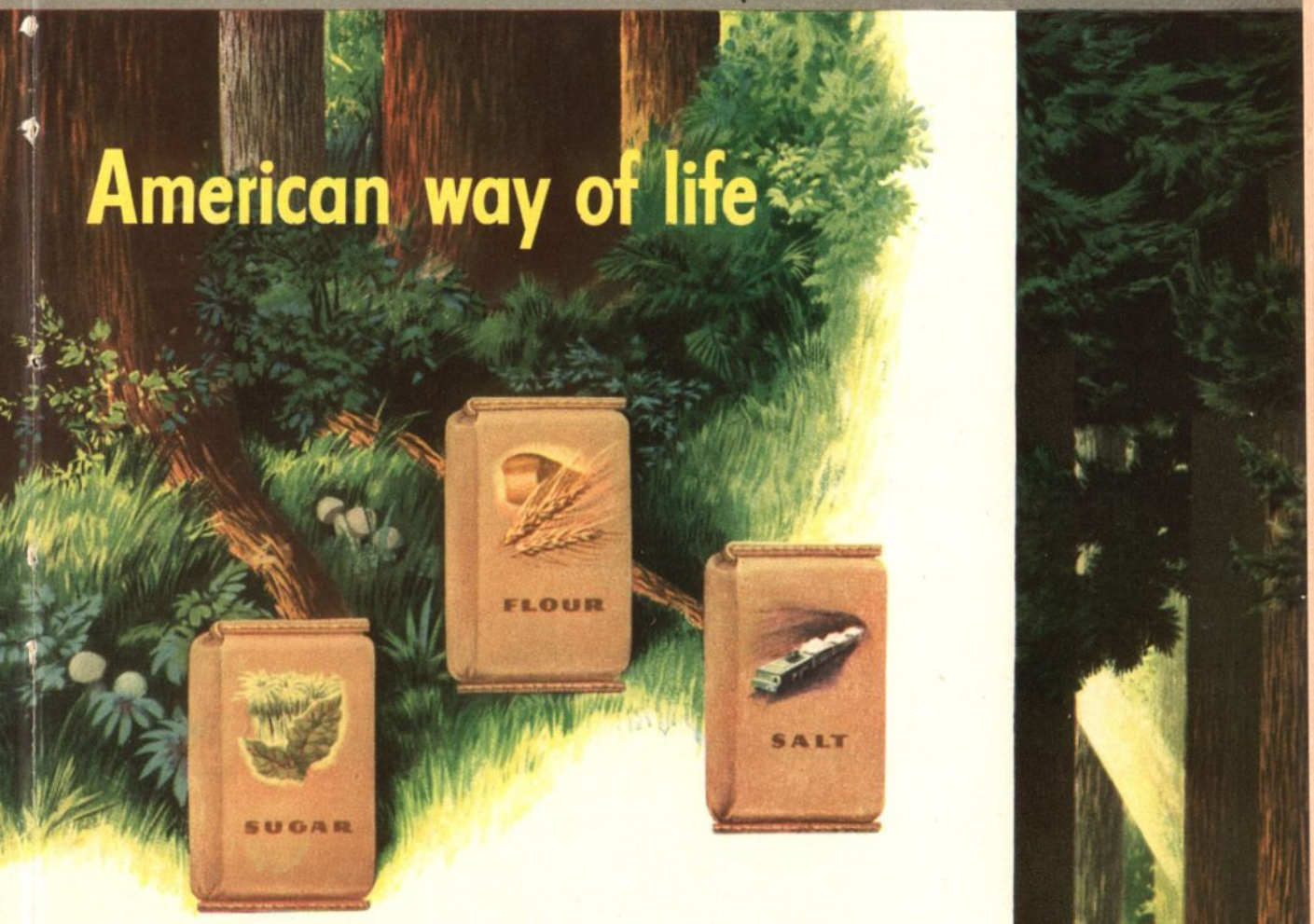

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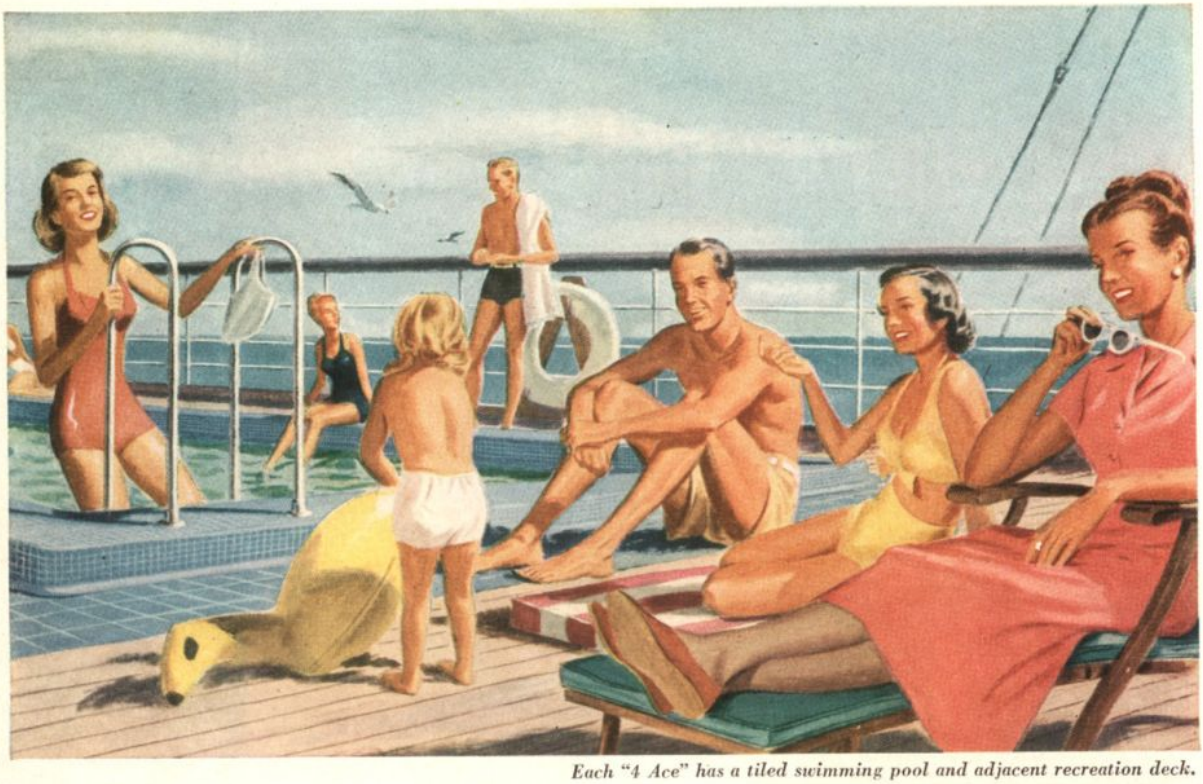

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No Laughing Matter

Amos 'n' Andy started it last September when they left NBC and sold their show to CBS for $2,000,000. The Bureau of Internal Revenue examined this complicated deal and agreed that the $2,000,000 was subject to a capital-gains tax (25%) instead of personal income tax (up to 77%).

CBS, dangling the juicy bait of tax savings before other NBC stars, soon made off with Jack Benny. Bing Crosby, Edgar Bergen, Phil Harris, Fibber McGee & Molly, and Red Skelton were reported planning to join the exodus to CBS. This week the tax collector cut the gossip short. He had bad news for radio stars who would like to revise contracts.

Bob Landry—LIFE

JACK BENNY
The tax collector cut the gossip short.

For CBS and Amusement Enterprises, Inc. (Comedian Benny's corporate entity), the Bureau of Internal Revenue ruling meant that the $1,356,000 due Benny from CBS as 60% stockholder was subject to a whopping $1,030,000 in personal income taxes. Until he got the dire word, professional skinflint Benny had hoped (on advice of counsel) that he would have to pay only $300,000 in capital-gains taxes.

The rude blow from Washington filled the air with lamentations, explanations and evasions. An Internal Revenue Bureau spokesman unofficially explained the apparent reversal of the earlier ruling by pointing out that the Amos 'n' Andy transaction was a transfer of real property, since the show presumably could go on forever, even after the death of its originators (Charles Correll & Freeman Gosden). But the Jack Benny Show, without Benny, would undoubtedly collapse; therefore, Benny's personal services, rather than his real property, are involved.

The new friendship between Benny and CBS also seemed to be suffering a strain. CBS Vice President Frank Stanton declared that it was "utterly fantastic" for anyone to expect CBS to make up Benny's tax losses because of the bureau's ruling. Said Stanton, washing his hands of the whole affair: "From here on out it is strictly a matter between Mr. Benny and the Revenue Bureau."

NBC said nothing, but it plainly showed that it was enjoying its role of the amused, I-told-you-so onlooker.

Hisses & Cheers

Television was causing tremors in four kindred professions.

In Hollywood, veteran Moviemaker Hal Roach became an enthusiastic convert to TV. He announced that his 15-acre Culver City studios (where *Joan of Arc* was filmed) will be turned over exclusively to the production of TV shorts.

In Manhattan, radio's Arthur Godfrey put his *Talent Scouts* on television, but he was making no concessions to TV. "Forty million people listen to us on the radio," he said. "We're not going to louse that up in order to please a few thousand who can see us."

The theater's Helen Hayes said: "I'm going to be hard to win over to television. At my age [48] you don't want to learn a completely new technique. I get all trembly inside just thinking about it."

Gloomiest of all was publishers' counsel J. Raymond Tiffany, who groaned that television had become a "devastating competitor" to books in particular and to all culture in general.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Jan. 7. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

Ford Theater (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). Ronald Colman in *Talk of the Town.*

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro,* with Bidu Sayao, Jarmila Novotna.

Orchestras of the Nation (Sat. 3 p.m., NBC). U.S. première of Béla Bartók's opera *Duke Bluebeard's Castle,* by the Dallas Symphony.

Tales of Fatima (Sat. 9:30 p.m., CBS). First of a new dramatic series starring Basil Rathbone.

Invitation to Learning (Sun. 12 noon, CBS). Discussion of Rousseau's *Essay on Inequality.*

University Theater (Sun. 2:30 p.m., NBC). John Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath.*

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 3 p.m., CBS). Seymour Lipkin playing Rachmaninoff's *Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini.*

Studio One (Sun. 7:30 p.m., CBS-TV). Ruth Ford and Bramwell Fletcher in *The Outward Room.*

Telephone Hour (Mon. 9 p.m., NBC). Marian Anderson.

Little Ice Water

(See Cover)

Most of the nation's 3,000,000 golfers were in hibernation. Last week, except for a burst of New Year's Eve celebrating, country clubs from Maine to Medicine Hat were silent and windswept, their fairways and greens deserted. One that was not lay in a small coastal canyon about a mile from the Pacific Ocean. Golf balls by the dozens whizzed down Riviera's lush fairways; crowds of gawkers hustled along among the eucalyptus trees; caddies were busy as bird dogs. The $15,000 Los Angeles Open, which puts golf's winter circuit in high gear, opens there this week.

Golf's big names were there, straining to put a final touch of polish on their games. Ed Furgol, who manages to break par despite a withered left arm, had been drilling over the course for a month. Jimmy ("Smiles") Demaret, the best wind-shot in the business, and slim Lloyd ("Mustache") Mangrum haunted the practice rounds along with some 120 others. Besides high-compression temperament and a steely command of the emotions, it had taken hard work to get to the top of the tournament business and it was taking hard work to keep them there. With most of them golf was a matter of win-to-eat.

As the pros (and a sprinkling of amateurs) readied themselves for the big push, the man who held the top spot by virtue of his temperament, tireless diligence and many more qualities, was slim, wiry William Ben Hogan, 36, of Fort Worth, the U.S. Open champion and one of the greatest tournament players in U.S. golf's 54-year major-tournament history.

Some of Hogan's fans call him "Blazin' Ben," but another nickname—"Little Ice Water"—fits even better. He stands 5 ft. 8½ in. and weighs only 140 lbs., but he manages consistently to hit one of the longest and straightest balls in golf. Apart from such purely technical skills, little Ben Hogan is the fiercest competitor in the game. With his relentless training schedule and assembly-line precision, Ben is all business, considers a social round of golf the most boring thing in the world. Any man who outscores the champ more than once this year will have to have most of the same qualities, because machine-like Golfer Hogan rarely has a bad day, rarely plays two bad holes in a row.

Los Angeles *Examiner*—International

DRIVING DOWN HOGAN'S ALLEY

"Relax? How can anybody relax and play golf?"

"Till Hell Won't Have It." Hogan knows every foot of Riviera's 7,000-yd. course. Two years running he has won the Los Angeles Open there. And there last June, leaving a hare & hounds trail of half-smoked cigarettes in his wake, he won his greatest triumph thus far—the U.S. Open championship. He played Riviera as if he owned it; the caddies called it Hogan's Alley.

Hogan had no intention of relaxing on that account; 1948's laurels are no good in 1949. He hadn't played tournament golf for eleven weeks and he had some catching up to do. For an hour after he got to Riviera, he sprayed balls from the practice tee—first with the No. 9 iron, then the No. 8 and on up the ladder to the woods. He considered the wind and terrain even in practice, controlled every shot as if the tournament had begun. He has a horror of what he calls the Sunday golfer's gravest sin: "Just hitting the ball without thinking." Like cigar-chomping Walter J. Travis, golf's hero of half a century ago, Hogan likes to say that he never hits a careless shot.

Says beefy, 36-year-old Riviera Caddy Clyde Starr, who has often "packed" Hogan: "It takes him three hours to go nine holes in practice. He'll say, 'Here, drop 15 balls in this sand trap here.' Then he'll blast every one of them out. If he's not satisfied, he'll blast another 15. He'll even memorize the grain of the grass. He'll putt till hell won't have it."

Last week he laced his shots toward selected spots—to the right of the caddy, then to the left, then beyond. It was the same grim ritual on the putting green, the part of golf that the swinger in Hogan still dislikes. Says he: "Putting is foreign to the rest of the game. One of them should be called golf and the other something else." He put in long practice "tapping" the ball (for short putts) and "rolling" it (for long ones). Then he took a practice spin around Riviera's 18-hole championship course.

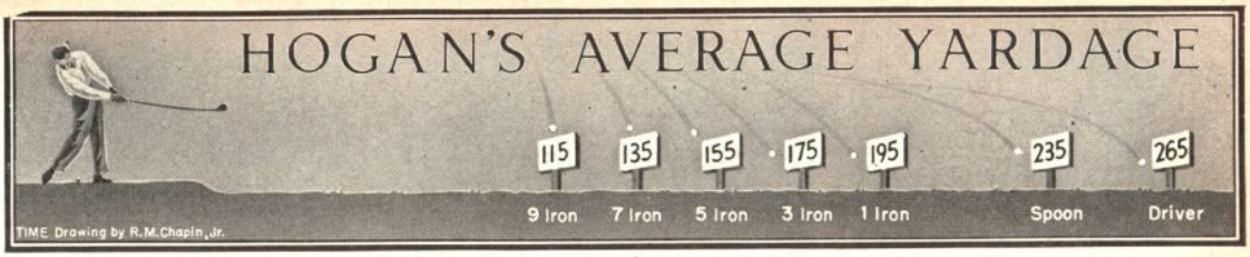
He kept no score, exchanged few words with his caddy. He was trying to tune himself to a competitive pitch. "Relax?" he says, incredulously. "How can anybody relax and play golf? You have to grip the club, don't you?"

Hogan & Hagen. The 128 men who would be on the firing line against him this week (including his close rivals, Texans Lloyd Mangrum and Jimmy Demaret) knew what he meant. Hogan is one of the reasons why they can't relax. None of them clamors to be in his threesome. Says one frank Chicago pro: "It's no fun to play with Hogan. He's so good and so mechanically perfect that he seems inhuman. You get kind of uneasy and start to flub your shots." Others had other reasons, among them the big, distracting gallery that always follows Ben.

The legend of the Hogan spell cropped up at the Montebello (Calif.) Open last month. "Look at that Mangrum," said another pro. "Steady as a rock out there. He even grins once in a while. But if Hogan were in this tournament, you'd see Lloyd shake when he lit a cigarette. I'm telling you, the guy's got ulcers, and Ben Hogan gave them to him."

In its own way, Hogan's spell is as remarkable as the one the great Walter ("The Haig") Hagen used to cast over the opposition in the relatively relaxed 1920s, when many a champion took his golf with three fingers of whiskey.

Dapper Walter Hagen used to stride out to the first tee, often late for his match, run a comb through his Brilliantined hair and drawl: "Well, who's going to be second?" "The Haig's" psychological warfare continued through the match. He made the hard shots look easy, the easy ones look stupendous. Early in a match he would concede putts to his opponent, later rattle him by insisting that even the short ones be played out. No matter how poorly Walter seemed to be shooting, nobody relaxed until he was in. But where Hagen deliberately played his opponent, Hogan coolly and distractingly plays the course as though there were nobody around. Those who have studied both in action



suspect that Scientist Hogan would have been a match for Showman Hagen.

How would Hogan have fared against golf's greatest amateur, Bobby Jones? Says Ben Hogan himself: "If Jones were around today, he'd be a champion. He'd rise to the competition." One thing they have in common is that both made golfing history. Jones did it in 1930 with his "Grand Slam" (British Amateur, British Open, U.S. Open and U.S. Amateur). In 1948, Hogan became the first golfer ever to win the U.S. Open, the P.G.A. championship and the Western Open in the same year. He was also golf's top official money winner (with $32,112 in prizes), and he was winner of the Vardon Trophy with an average of 69.3 strokes for every 18 holes in tournament competition.

Mind & Muscle. The characteristics of skill and temperament that Ben Hogan uses to dominate golf are the characteristics of any champion, developed with infinite care. As a golfer, of course, one great part of his game rests on his swing. In Hogan, a natural left-hander who switched to a right-handed game, it is strictly a manufactured asset, put together piece by piece and grooved by endless hours of dogged practice. Bobby Jones used to swing with drowsy, easy grace. Hogan stands with knees flexed, fanny protruding, toes pointed slightly outward —and swings with all the business-like authority of a machine stamping out bottle caps. He flatly insists: "There's no such thing as a natural golf swing."

The second part of Hogan's equipment is nervous tension, under fine control. He believes it is something a golfer must be born with, then have tempered under pressure. Hogan's outward manifestation of it: a frozen half-grin, something like an infant's "gas smile," denoting pain inside. When the going gets tough as it did in the 1947 Jacksonville Open—he took eleven strokes on a par-three hole—the Hogan nerves hold. On the next hole at Jacksonville he got a birdie.

He is still bothered by two items of tournament atmosphere: the click of cameras and the spectators who jingle pocket change. "The change-jinglers," he complains, "always wait until you reach the top of your backswing, then there's a silence like a kitchen clock stopping. It wouldn't bother me if they kept right on jingling."

The third feature of Hogan's game is the consistent use of his wits. His fellow pros say that he doesn't play greens—"he thinks them." Before every tee shot, he selects the exact spot where he wants his ball to stop rolling; he expects to come very close. From each of his clubs he exacts similar standard ranges (*see chart*). Between shots, as he walks briskly along the fairway, Hogan's mind is working ahead. Heading for a second shot on one hole, he will crane to see where the pin has been spotted on a nearby green still to be played (pins are moved every day in tournament golf).

The Blacksmith's Son. Except for the usual pride in being a Texan, Ben Hogan had little to start out with. He was the son of Chester Hogan, the town blacksmith in Dublin, Tex. It was cattle country and most of Blacksmith Hogan's business was shoeing cow ponies. A silent, left-handed runt of a kid, Ben learned how to ride and to fight with his fists.

There were no golf courses in Dublin. Until his father died and the Hogans moved up to Fort Worth, Ben didn't even know there was such a game. In Fort Worth, at twelve, he made the startling discovery that caddies at Glen Garden Country Club made 65¢ a round, better than he could do selling papers at Union Station. He strolled over, hands in pockets and hat brim upturned, to find out what it took to be a caddy.

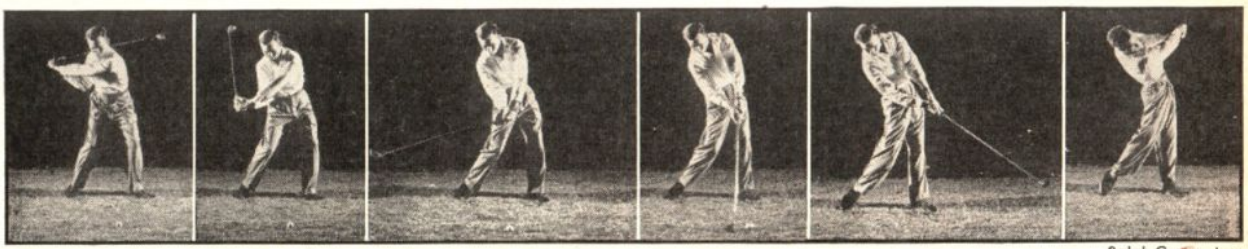
He found out the hard way. Glen Garden's caddy corps blindfolded him, stuck him in a barrel and rolled him down a boulder-strewn hill behind the caddy house. At the bottom, he was paddled soundly. Then, in a kangaroo court finale, the boss caddy picked out a kid Hogan's size and said: "All right, fight him." Ben whipped the other kid and got a job.

After a year or so of caddying, he decided to try the game himself. He scared up some old clubs and started swinging. Since left-handed clubs were hard to come by, he became a right-hander. But he seemed to have little natural talent. Says Denny Lavender, West Point golf coach who grew up with Ben: "He didn't do one thing right. He couldn't putt. As a kid he practically ran at the ball."

At 15, another product of Glen Garden's caddy pen, Byron Nelson, was burning up the courses and breaking 70. Ben was not that good, but one Christmas Day he tied Nelson in the annual Glen Garden caddy tournament. He practiced like a beaver. Bobby Jones once said: "Hogan is the hardest worker I've ever seen, not only in golf but in any other sport." He played the Texas amateur circuit, trying to do as well as such crack golfers as Ralph Guldahl (who became U.S. Open champion in 1937 and 1938) and Nelson (U.S. Open champion in 1939). Hogan's rule, then as now: "If you can't outplay them, outwork them." At 19, when his game was good but still as unpredictable as a slippery green, Ben Hogan turned pro. Then he decided to get out of Fort Worth.

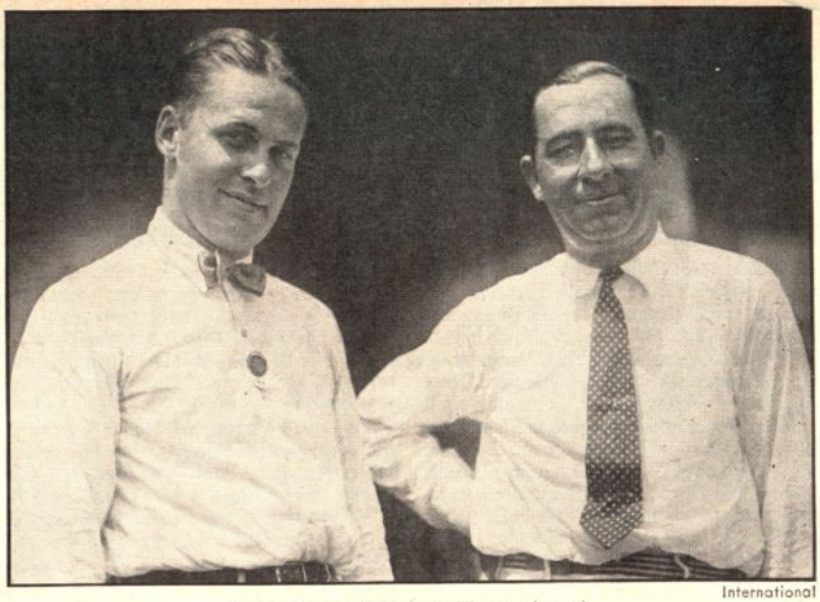
Putts on the Rug. In 1932 he struck out for Los Angeles with $75 and big ideas about making the winter tour. A month later he was back in Fort Worth, broke. The following winter, he went west again, got as far as the Agua Caliente Open (where he won no prize money) and the Phoenix Open (where he picked up $50). He had turned in some good scores for 18 holes, but he had no consistency. It taught him one lesson: "There's no such thing as one good shot in big-time golf. They all have to be good—and for 72 holes."

Then for four years, through Fort Worth's "blue northers" and hot summers, he worked away at his game. He picked up a fair dollar any way he could, working at dozens of odd jobs. The next time he hit the golf circuit (in 1937) he had two mouths to feed: he had married attractive Valerie Fox, a home-town girl he had known since they went to kid parties



Ralph Crane—LIFE

BACKSWING TO FOLLOW-THROUGH
"They all have to be good—and for 72 holes."



International

BOBBY JONES & WALTER HAGEN (1925)
Could they rise to the competition?

together. They skimped on food and entertainment. Ben haunted the practice tee, even brought his putter back to the hotel to practice on the rug. By 1940, he was beginning to look like a golfer. He came in second in six consecutive tournaments, finally won Pinehurst's North & South Open. That year he finished as golf's top money-winner (with $10,656), repeated in 1941 (with $18,358) and again in 1942 (with $13,143).

In 1946 (after 2½ years in the Army, all of it Stateside), he shot his way right back to the top of the heap, with earnings of $42,556. But try as he might, Ben couldn't seem to win the big one—the U.S. Open. His swing still didn't suit him; his drives still had a tendency to hook.

"I've Learned How." In a quarter-century of the game, Ben Hogan had probably hit more golf balls than any man alive. Then one day in 1947 while he was walking out to a practice tee in Fort Worth, a brand new idea occurred to him. He hit a few shots in what was for Ben a slight change of style. He had lost the hook (which golfers say always rolls till it reaches trouble) and found a fade (a slight drift to the right) which he could control with great accuracy.

Then, Ben Hogan began to ease up on his solitary practice lessons. Said he: "I've learned how to play golf." His recent book, *Power Golf* (A. S. Barnes; $3), tells most of the golf tactics he knows—but not the one he discovered that day at Fort Worth. Of that one he says: "I won't even tell my wife."

Whether Ben had found a new trick or whether he had merely shifted his grip a little, nobody really knew. But he got off on the 1948 winter circuit at Riviera with a sparkling 275 (nine strokes under par) to win the Los Angeles Open and set a new course record. At St. Louis in May, he gave Mike Turnesa one of the worst drubbings (7 and 6) of Mike's career in the final of the P.G.A. championship. Last June at Riviera, where he got the big one —the U.S. Open—he chipped five off the old tournament record of 281 strokes.

It didn't improve his disposition much. He was still brusque with waiters and photographers. He was fussy about food. When he ordered scrambled eggs, he said: "Got any cream out there? Well, mix the eggs with cream before you cook them. Not milk—cream!"

"Thanks for the Check." At Buffalo in August, he all but ran Porky Oliver off the course in the Western Open playoff; Hogan had seven birdies and an eagle for a course-record 64. Later when the committee asked him to say a few words, the story goes that Ben seemed reluctant. So a friend got up and said: "I travel with Ben Hogan quite a lot and he has a set speech for these occasions. It goes something like this, 'Thanks for the check.' "

Like any good businessman or golf pro, Ben Hogan loves to hear a dollar clink. Last year, his gross income ran to almost $90,000. Besides his tournament prize money, he drew down bonuses and royalties from MacGregor Golf, Inc., which uses his name on its topnotch golf clubs. He masterminds a ghost-written golf column for the McNaught Syndicate, and *Power Golf* has already sold 54,000 copies. He is pressed to give exhibitions, for which he charges $500 on weekdays, $700 on Saturdays and Sundays. Most of his money goes into the bank.

When Ben Hogan quits tournament golf, he wants to own a stable of race horses. Meanwhile, after twelve years of living in hotel rooms, he wanted a home. He prefers California. Says he: "Anybody who doesn't live in California is a victim of circumstances." But because Valerie Hogan still prefers Fort Worth, that's where he bought his new Colonial-style house three months ago.

He is also planning to spend some time

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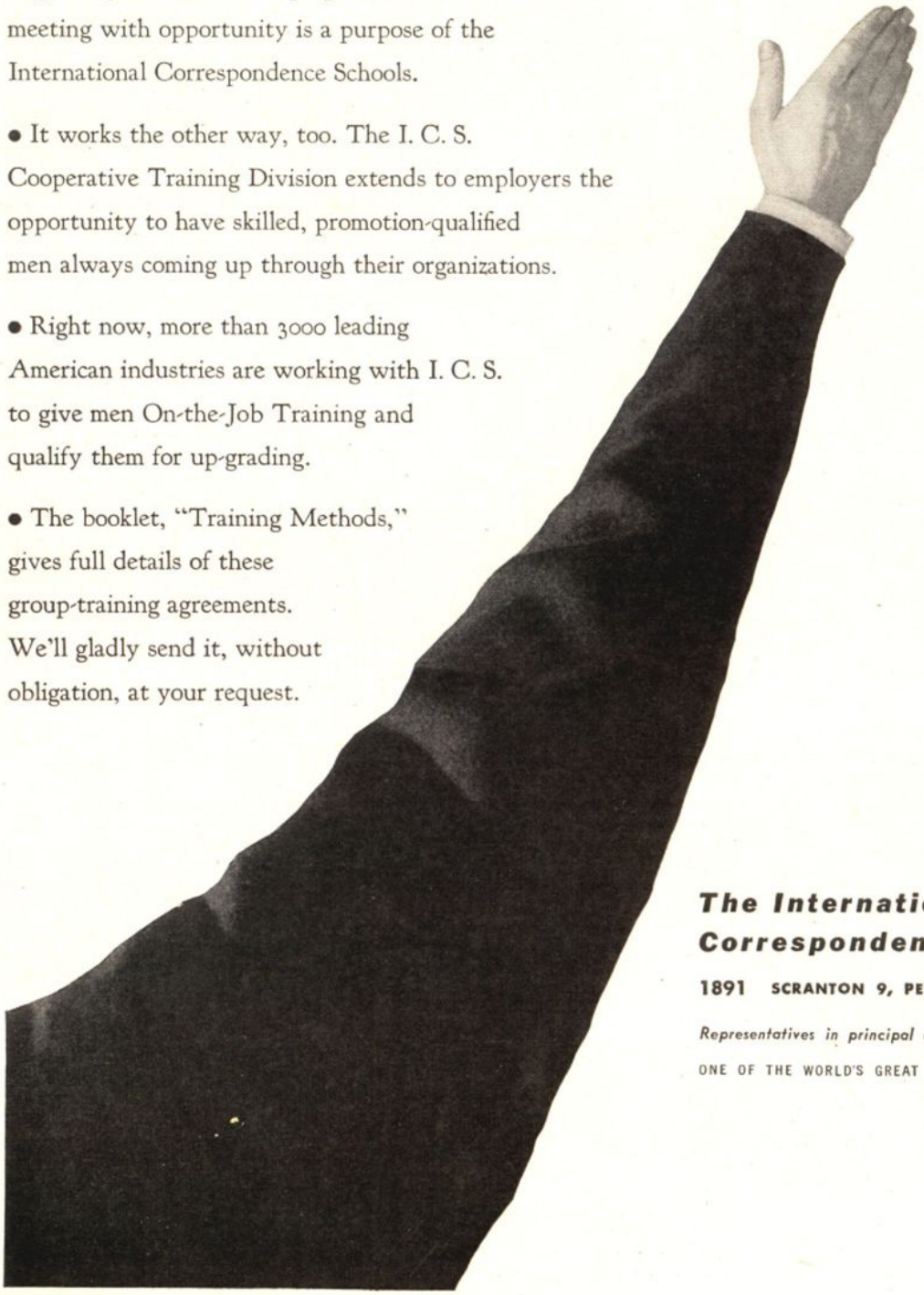

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in it. He will not make the full 1949 winter tour. After playing in tournaments at Los Angeles, Del Monte, Phoenix and maybe Long Beach, he will hurry home and try to find out how non-tournament golfers live. "It isn't the golf, it's the traveling," he says. "I want to die an old man, not a young man."

Meanwhile in Riviera this week, Ben

Murray Garrett—Graphic House

VALERIE HOGAN

She is a victim of circumstances.

Hogan was working methodically at bringing himself up to tournament pitch. He stared out ecstatically at Hogan's Alley, soggy with the heavy rains of the past two weeks, at the pitted greens. "I love the competition," he said. "I hope I'm not at the top of my game; I hope I'm getting better."

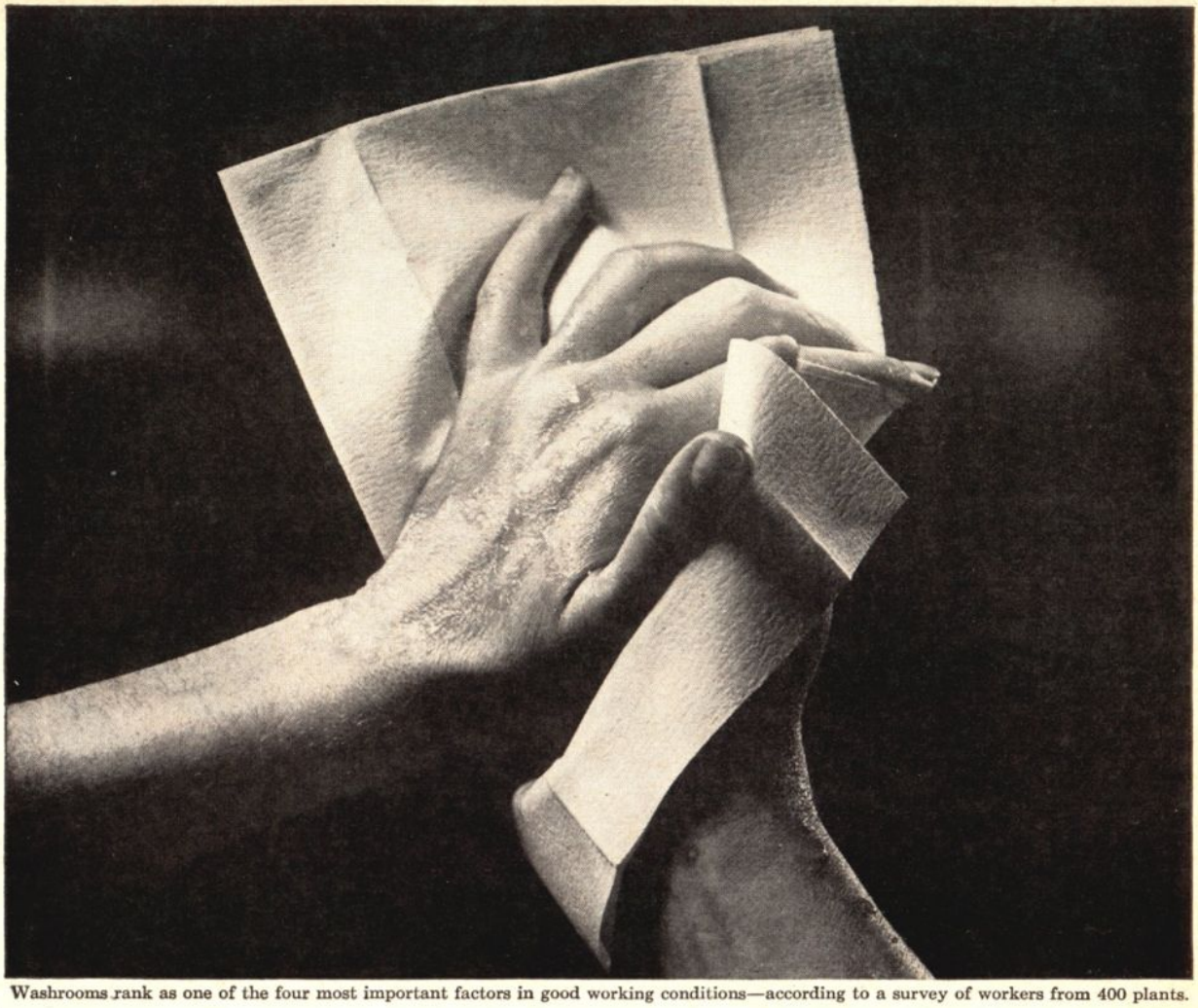
Busy Bowls

Twice in two years, Big Nine teams had invaded the Rose Bowl and made the Pacific Coast champions look like second-raters. Last week, a Big Nine team won again, but not until Northwestern Halfback Ed Tunnicliff broke loose for a 43-yard run in the last minutes of play. Final score: Northwestern 20, California 14. Some scores in other bowls (16 in all, which did a more than $2,000,000 business before some 600,000 fans):

Cotton. Southern Methodist, with help from Doak Walker and Kyle Rote, chopped heavier Oregon down to size, 21-13.

Orange. Underdog Texas—usually pass-conscious—outplayed Georgia, principally in the line, and marched overland to a 41-28 victory.

Sugar. Underdog Oklahoma capitalized on "Choo Choo" Charlie Justice's upset stomach and nipped unbeaten North Carolina, 14-6. The Sugar Bowl basketball title went to St. Louis University, which outplayed Kentucky, 42-40, in the season's only scheduled meeting between last year's two best college teams.



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Foxhole in the Sky

One guarded paragraph, worded in the stiffest gobbledygook, set off a loud crackle of scientific and near-scientific speculation last week. In his report on unification of the services, Secretary of Defense Forrestal said:

"The earth satellite vehicle program, which was being carried out independently by each military service, was assigned to the Committee on Guided Missiles for coordination . . . The committee recommended that current efforts in this field be limited to studies and component designs; well-defined areas of such research have been allocated to each of the three military departments."

The military refused to say more. Thus, the public was left to its own wild guessing whether the "satellite vehicles" were to be "inhabited" or "uninhabited," and whether they were to serve as rocket-launching platforms or observation posts.

Forever Falling. Artificial satellites have been studied by space-navigation enthusiasts, both scientists and crackpots, for generations. Their basic theory is fairly simple. If a projectile is fired horizontally from a high mountain, it falls toward the earth in a curve. The greater the projectile's speed, the flatter the curve of its fall. When the curve gets flat enough, it is a circle matching the curve of the earth's surface. Thus (but for air friction), the projectile might continue forever, round & round the earth. It would still be falling, but the surface of the earth would recede exactly as fast as the fall of the projectile.

In practice, air friction cannot be ignored. No sizable projectile has ever approached the necessary speed (about five miles a second) which would whirl it around the earth in about 100 minutes. Even the latest rockets do not carry enough fuel to get well above the atmosphere (some 500 miles) and settle into orbits. But atomic-powered rockets might theoretically do it. An atomic rocket motor might be one of the "components" that Forrestal's men are working on .

Down from the Orbit. They will have to work on a lot more components too, for satellites are still a post-Buck Rogerish shot toward the future. Though bristling with difficulties, they are theoretically feasible enough to merit serious investigation. If they ever do carry U.S. colors into space, they would have their military uses. Even an uninhabited satellite could serve as an observation post. While orbiting over enemy territory, it might watch behind the lines with telescopes and report its observations by television.

Dropping bombs from a satellite would present problems. Ordinary bombs released from the bomb bay would merely follow along the orbit like smaller satellites. They would have to be shot downward to increase their falling rate and allow them to catch up with the curving surface of the earth. Shooting them backward would have a similar effect. If they were shot backward at a speed equal to the satellite's forward speed on its orbit, they would stand still in space for an instant. Then they would fall vertically toward the earth. The whole satellite could be brought down on a target in either of these ways by giving it a powerful push from its nuclear rocket motor. But unless the operation were done with wondrous precision, the bomb could as well fall on Moscow, Idaho, as on Moscow, Russia.

BUCK ROGERS IN SATELLITE VEHICLE
Bombs would have to be pushed.

Weightless World. An inhabited satellite would be a strange place for the crew. Their cabin would have to be pressurized and protected against the sun's heat, cosmic rays and meteors. Since it would be "falling" freely, the crew would not feel the earth's gravitation any more than do the passengers of a freely falling elevator. Their bodies, tools and food would have no weight except that caused by the feeble gravitation of the satellite itself. No one knows whether human bodies would function under such conditions. One proposed solution: making the satellite spin. This would produce centrifugal force that would act like gravitation. Then the satellite's crew, walking around on the inside of the shell, would feel more or less at home.

Antrycide

Britain may build a new African empire because of a discovery announced last week: a new synthetic drug called Antrycide, to cure and prevent trypanosomiasis (related to sleeping sickness) in cattle. The drug will be used in a vast area of Africa, larger than the U.S., where profitable ranching has long been impossible because of tsetse flies which carry the wiggly protozoan parasite of trypanosomiasis to domestic cattle, horses and hogs.

Fighting trypanosomiasis by attacking the flies with insecticides has never been wholly effective. Some flies always survived and quickly re-established the fly population. As a result, the whole great African area (including Kenya, Uganda and Sudan) has only about 16 million head of scrubby, inferior cattle. Even these hardy beasts often die of the disease. David Rees-Williams, British Undersecretary for Colonies, says of Antrycide: "It will enable Africa to carry much more cattle than Argentina, where there are now about 33 million head."

Antrycide was developed by two young chemists, Drs. D. Garnet Davey, 36, and 39-year-old Francis Henry Swinden Curd (who was killed in a railway accident last November). In 1944 they were working on Paludrine, a drug for malaria. One of the compounds they tested proved slightly effective against trypanosomiasis. Three more years of work produced a related drug that did the job, with complete success on mice.

Early last year a team of chemists, biologists and veterinarians set out for Africa to attack the trypanosomes in their native stronghold. A single dose cured cattle infected with *T. congolense* and *T. vivax*, two worst forms of the disease. It also worked well against other forms in cattle, horses, dogs, hogs and camels. Healthy animals appear immunized against infection for as much as six months.

Some authorities on trypanosomiasis believe that Antrycide has not been tested enough, but last week all food-conscious Britain was cheering the empire-building drug. The Colonial Office predicted that African cattle raising will show positive improvement in four years and large-scale development in ten years. Said the *Daily Mirror:* "British Africa can become the largest meat-producing area in the world."

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Patton Talking

Like many another military man, the late General George Patton was prayerful as well as profane. He was also a peremptory commander who did not hesitate to let the Almighty know what kind of cooperation he expected. When bad weather held up his advance before the Battle of the Bulge, he is reported (by one of his staff) to have called in Third Army Chaplain James H. O'Neill, and said: "Chaplain, I want you to publish a prayer for good weather . . . See if we can't get God to work on our side." The chaplain demurred but Patton roared: "Chaplain, are you teaching me theology or are you the chaplain of the Third Army? I want a prayer." The prayer, printed with a Christmas greeting, was distributed to the troops.

General Patton
A question of heresy.

Another Patton prayer for success in battle, recently published in the Swedish Life Guard Grenadiers' regimental journal, kicked up an ecclesiastical furor. It was accompanied by an editorial praising the general's "truehearted, frank religiousness in his intercourse with God."

"Sir," began Patton in a prayer on Dec. 23, 1944, the eve of the Ardennes offensive, "this is Patton talking . . . Rain, snow, more rain, more snow—and I am beginning to wonder on which side they actually are in Thy headquarters . . . You must decide for Yourself on whose side You are standing. You must come to my help so that I can annihilate the whole German army with one stroke as a birthday present for Your Prince of Peace."

Four days later Patton prayed in a different vein: "Sir, this is Patton again and I beg to report complete progress . . . Sir, it seems to me that You have been much better informed about the situation than I was, because it was that awful weather which I cursed so much which made it possible for the German army to commit suicide. That, Sir, was a brilliant military move and I bow humbly to a supreme military genius."

Sweden's clergy was piously thunderstruck to learn of the U.S. general's prayers. Said the Rev. Hans Ackerhielm, assistant pastor of Stockholm's fashionable Hedvig Eleonora parish: "I have read this with the greatest discomfort." Said Dean Anderberg of Uppsala, chief of Swedish army chaplains: "For that kind of thing I can only use the old-fashioned word 'heresy.' When religion is degraded to serve human desires, it becomes entirely useless."

Brother, Where Art Thou?

To nobody's surprise, U.S. Theologian Reinhold Niebuhr's attack on Swiss Theologian Karl Barth for his speech before the World Council of Churches at Amsterdam (Time, Nov. 8) got a prompt reply. Barth, Niebuhr had said, was preaching a dangerous doctrine, which, by concentrating on the Kingdom of God, made no provision for the tragic, practical decisions Christian men and Christian nations must make on the earthly plane. Barth's answer, published in the British fortnightly *Christian News-Letter* under the heading: "A Preliminary Reply to Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr," struck a sharp issue.

Strike in the Dark. Niebuhr, says Barth, reminds him of a player in "a curious game called 'Brother, where art thou?' . . . who with eyes blindfolded [strikes] out wildly into the dark in a direction in which the other . . . is in all probability *not* to be found . . . Niebuhr's contribution is in my view a shattering example of a blow in the dark, such as I have described. The only fundamental answer I can give him is that I do not find myself where . . . I appear to him to be, and where he had delivered such lusty blows . . . When I read his exposition, I cannot help recalling the concave mirror in which I recently saw my reflection in the Musée Crévin in Paris and did not know whether to laugh or cry . . .

"And now may I add . . . surprising as it may seem, that I experienced at Amsterdam the opposition between 'Anglo-Saxon' and 'continental' theology at a quite different point from that which Niebuhr has raised . . . To put it quite simply, it was the different attitude to the Bible, from which we each take our start . . . I was struck by finding in our Anglo-Saxon friends a remarkable [tendency] . . . to theologise on their own account, that is to say, without asking on what biblical grounds one put forward this or that professedly 'Christian' view. They would quote the Bible according to choice

. . . according as it appeared to them to strengthen their own view, and without feeling any need to ask whether the words quoted really have in their context the meaning attributed to them."

Only Whisper It. This "irresponsible attitude" toward the Bible, suggests Barth, explains the absence of "a whole dimension" in "Anglo-Saxon" thinking. At

Krijn Taconis

THEOLOGIAN BARTH
A matter of mystery.

Amsterdam, he found his opponents well aware of two dimensions—"the contrasts of good and evil, freedom and necessity, love and self-centredness, spirit and matter, person and mechanism, progress and stagnation—and in this sense, God and the world or God and man. Who would deny that these are important categories? I am not unaware that . . . within this framework . . . [is] more profound thinking . . . than there was a decade ago.

"But I am chilled by this framework . . . I am encouraged, however, by the fact that it is precisely the Bible that knows not only these two dimensions but also a third that is decisive—the word of God, the Holy Spirit, God's free choice, God's grace and judgment, the Creation, the Reconciliation, the Kingdom, the Sanctification, the Congregation, and all these not as principles to be interpreted in the same sense as the first two dimensions but as the indication of *events*, of concrete, once-for-all, unique divine *actions*, of the majestic mysteries of God that cannot be resolved into any pragmatism.

"['Anglo-Saxon' theology] is, so far as I can see and understand, in principle to a remarkable degree without mystery, and for this reason I have not been able up to now—I hardly venture to say this, and can only whisper it—to find it really interesting. My own explanation of this lack of mystery is that it has not yet seen the third dimension in the Bible . . .

"What after all have I done in this paper? Brother, where art thou? . . ."

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MEDICINE

The Loaded Canapés

A Helsinki housewife decided that her husband's stag party would be just the place to try out Antabus tablets, which are intended to make alcohol distasteful to alcoholics (TIME, Dec. 6). She put some, in powdered form, in the party's *smörgås,* popular with Finns as well as Swedes. The results were sensational. Within 10 to 45 minutes, whether they had drunk beer, wine or hard liquor, the guests had splitting headaches and were vomiting. Their blood pressure and pulse rate shot up. It became the worst lost weekend any of them had ever known; twelve landed in a hospital; several almost died.

By the time the story had hit the newspapers, Finland was considering restrictions on the sale of Antabus, which is sold over the druggist's counter, originally as a remedy for intestinal worms and the itch (scabies). Since its anti-alcoholism qualities were discovered, Sweden has required a doctor's prescription for its Swedish equivalent, Abstinyl, to discourage dangerous experimenting by pranksters and well-meaning wives. Dr. Stig Hammergen has warned the Stockholm Woman's Medical Society that a mixture of Abstinyl and alcohol can kill people with weak hearts.

For the first time in years, Swedish homes for alcoholics this year granted a week-long Christmas furlough for some inmates. They were packed off with Abstinyl tablets in their pockets for self-treatment. Dosage must be carefully regulated by a doctor; the amount needed varies with the patient. Sweden's Temperance Control Department reports best results from doses averaging four half-gram tablets the first day, two the next two days, one tablet a day until all desire for alcohol is lost.

Neither Antabus nor Abstinyl is yet on sale in the U.S.; both may be soon. A salesman for Antabus is expected this month, for Abstinyl "as soon as home-market needs are satisfied, probably in two months." Once the drugs arrive, the U.S. will have to tackle regulation; drinkers with officious wives and jokester friends could pray that the rules will be tight.

Total Push

Like many another copybook maxim, the old saw about an idle mind being the devil's workshop has validity in psychiatry as well as in everyday life. A little over a year ago, Psychiatrist Louis F. Verdel, manager of the Veterans Administration Hospital at Northport, N.Y., began an experiment that leaned heavily on the maxim. Dr. Verdel decided to keep a test group of mental patients so busy that they would have no time to mope, brood or withdraw from reality.

Psychiatrist Verdel does not like the term "hopeless." But all 106 men in his pilot group, he said last week, had failed to respond to other methods of treatment. They had been at the hospital for varying periods up to five years;* 95% had schizophrenia, one of the most difficult mental diseases to treat.

Dr. Verdel and Staff Psychiatrist William L. Harris worked out a full timetable of intensive treatment that left no time for the patients to retreat into their own sick fancies. The system worked. Out of the 106 patients, 16 were able to go home, and two of the 16 had full-time jobs; 14 more were about ready for trial leaves; 45 others were "good prospects" for release.

The men's busy day was divided into periods timed to the minute. Doctors, nurses, attendants, psychiatric workers, clinical psychologists, and experts in various kinds of therapy went to work on a five-day, 75-hour week. The men were up at 6 a.m. and in bed by 9 p.m. On Saturdays they cleaned up the ward ("ward hygiene"); some went to sports events (to keep in touch with what well people were doing). Sundays they got ready for visitors.

PSYCHIATRIST VERDEL
No time for brooding.

The system looks so promising that the hospital is now giving the special treatment to 200 patients, and other VA hospitals have adopted the treatment. One of the wrinkles added by the Bedford (Mass.) Hospital: a three-paneled mirror. It helps patients who slump along with bent head and shoulders to straighten up, look the world in the face.

The busy timetable system is known officially at Northport as the "Reintegrative Research Program." Dr. Verdel's shorter, better name for it is the "total push."

* Of 53,033 neuropsychiatric patients in VA hospitals last May, 57% had been there over three years.

Dissenting Voice

There can be such a thing as too much X-raying, thinks British X-ray Specialist James F. Brailsford (TIME, Dec. 20). Mass X-ray examinations, growing more popular in the U.S., do more harm than good, he recently told a group of Hollywood doctors. Said Dr. Brailsford, one of the founders of the British Radiological Society:

"If you feel fit and well, stay away from all doctors. Even in the case of cancer, nature will notify educated persons when to seek medical advice . . . Cheap mass examinations of those who have no symptoms are foolish. If a chest examination of someone who feels well shows a suggestion of something wrong, there is always a temptation to do something about it. Over 20% of the population has had some attack of tuberculosis and recovered without knowing it. If they had been X-rayed at a particular time, some small sign would have shown up and all their social contacts might have been disturbed . . . Moreover, mass examinations give a false sense of security . . . mass examinations cannot be accurate."

The thing to do, said Brailsford, is to teach people hygiene, train them to stay away from doctors unless symptoms develop.

Last week U.S. doctors talked back to Dr. Brailsford in sharp tones. His statements, snorted Dr. Russell Morgan, director of Johns Hopkins' department of radiology, were "totally contrary to the best medical thinking in this country at the present time." In the past six months, he said, X rays of the stomachs of 3,000 patients in Johns Hopkins' dispensary clinic turned up cancers in four people who had no symptoms whatever. Said Dr. Charles S. Cameron, medical and scientific director of the American Cancer Society: if a patient waits for symptoms of cancer, "all too often" it is too late for an operation. Dr. Cameron would like to see still more mass examinations; chest X rays for everyone over 45, taken once or twice a year, he said, would cut the death rate from cancer of the lung by "a considerable figure."

Most U.S. doctors agreed that it is far better to catch a case of tuberculosis or cancer early, when it is still curable, even if it means going to a doctor while you are feeling fine.

MR-1

Just a year ago, two doctors announced that they had isolated a virus which causes one type of common cold (TIME, Jan. 5). It was a good start, but there was a lot of slow work ahead. Drs. Norman H. Topping and Leon T. Atlas, at the National Institute of Health at Bethesda, Md., had to keep testing their virus, called MR-1,* on human volunteers. They put the virus, kept alive in fertilized chicken eggs, into the noses of inmates of District of

* MR for minor respiratory; 1 means that it was the first cold virus they isolated, suggests that there are others still unknown.

Columbia's Lorton Reformatory, then had to wait and see if the volunteers developed the expected thick "sinusitis-like" type of cold. Dr. Atlas and Biochemist George A. Hottle started looking for a way to speed up the testing process. Finally, in last week's issue of *Science*, they reported success.

After trying "more things than you can shake a stick at," Drs. Atlas and Hottle found that tryptophane (an amino acid) and perchloric acid changed the color of a solution if the virus was present. The color deepened from pinkish brown to dark brown according to the quantity of virus present; if there was no virus, the solution stayed clear. The exact strength of the virus can be fixed by using a spectrophotometer, which measures color by comparing it with a standard. The researchers have been able to make as many as 112 tests a day; normally they do 56.

National Institutes of Health

DR. ATLAS & PATIENT
No cure for sniffling.

Under previous methods, a day's work like that would have taken two years.

Human beings will still be used as guinea pigs. They will be needed for experiments, for many questions are still unanswered. Is there any drug that will do any good for a cold? Can a vaccine be developed for MR-1? Just how long is a cold "catching?" What effect do low temperatures and wet weather have? The new test does not mean that a cure has been found for the common cold. But the search has been speeded up.

It was a big fortnight for Dr. Atlas, who is 27 and now head of the war on colds at Bethesda. The week before the MR-1 announcement, he married blonde Bacteriologist Maxine McCall, who worked with him in the experiments. Dr. Atlas, who used to catch a cold every two weeks until he started wearing a special face mask while making tests, headed south with his bride for what he hoped would be a cold-free honeymoon.

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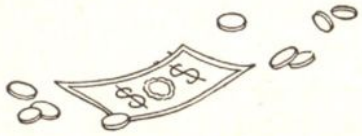

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MUSIC

Santa on Broadway

A week before Christmas, the New York *Herald Tribune's* Virgil Thomson composed an open letter to Santa Claus (alias Billy Rose). All that Composer-Critic Thomson wanted in 1949 (from the hands of Producer Rose): "A really modern [medium-sized] operatic repertory theater . . . a quality operation." As for grand opera, said Thomson: "Leave all those outsize 19th Century works" to the Metropolitan, "till they and the Met collapse together . . ."

Last week, Thomson—and many another opera fan—had what he asked for: modern, medium-sized opera. On Broadway, where Gian-Carlo Menotti's terrifying but tuneful *The Medium* (TIME, June 30, 1947) was holding spooky séances for sellout audiences, Benjamin Britten's pocket-sized opera, *The Rape of Lucretia*, opened in Billy Rose's Ziegfeld Theater.

Billy did not produce it. But with all his shelved ideas for speeding up the ponderous Met (TIME, Sept. 6), he could hardly have improved on Agnes de Mille's staging of *The Rape of Lucretia* or on John Piper's handsome sets, imported from Britten's Britain. Dark-eyed Kitty Carlisle looked ravishing as Lucretia and sang almost as well. George Tozzi (as Tarquinius) sang a fine baritone. As demanded, it was a quality operation, even if it fell short of being a quality opera.

Benjy Britten seemed to have designed his apt but unexciting score to be unobtrusive, to let the words stand out. Poet Ronald Duncan's libretto had plenty of words—a male & female chorus moralized throughout—but it had too little to say and too little action. The rape scene got listeners on seat edge, but the other scenes slowed down to the speed of a grade-school tableau. Even the *Herald Tribune's* Thomson was disappointed: "There isn't enough music to hold the ear." Wrote his opposite number, Drama Critic Howard Barnes: "Music without a play."

Peter & the Wolves

Russia's Sergei Prokofiev had been told months ago by the party's Central Committee how to write music. But had he really listened?

His new opera, performed in Leningrad, seemed patriotic enough at first glance: a Soviet pilot loses both feet in a crash, manages to fly again to prove his devotion to Stalin and the motherland. What more could a composer do? A good deal more, apparently, if he was to satisfy the music-loving Central Committee. Said *Culture and Life*: Prokofiev's music for the *Tale of a Real Person* was "in screaming contradiction with the text . . . hard on the ear and lacking in melody for singing . . . really insulting for a Soviet audience."

Last week the big guns of the Soviet Composers' Union boomed into the act. Secretary-General Tikhon Khrennikov pointed out meaningly that both Dmitri Shostakovich, in his music for the *Young Guard* (TIME, Oct. 25), and Aram Khachaturian, in his score for a film on Lenin, had managed to "reorganize" themselves. Other composers had begun "to rebuild their work," although "the process of their reconstruction proceeds slowly." But Prokofiev's work still smelled of the "*marazm* [wasting away] of bourgeois culture." Said Khrennikov: Prokofiev obviously had not "drawn the necessary conclusions from the decree of the Central Committee . . ."

Two days later, Composer Prokofiev moistened his lips again, respectfully promised to do better.

Vandamm

GEORGE TOZZI & KITTY CARLISLE
As demanded, but short.

Comeback in Manchester

When the flop-haired little man popped out of the wings and strode briskly to the podium, the sedate English audience in Manchester's green-walled Albert Hall jumped to its feet, cheering like a football crowd. As he bowed time & again, Conductor John Barbirolli's black mane fell over his eyes and he had to push it back. After five minutes of solid ovation, he turned, with tears on his cheeks, to lead Manchester's Hallé Orchestra through the night's concert.

John Barbirolli was the most popular man in Manchester last week, and with reason. A few hours before concert time he had turned down $40,000 a year and one of the most coveted conductorships in Britain—the BBC Symphony—to stick with the Hallé at half the salary.

Ankle Low. Barbirolli's terms for staying were unselfish. He asked and got a raise for his men (none for himself), an increase in the size of his orchestra (to

Something new is happening in Missouri

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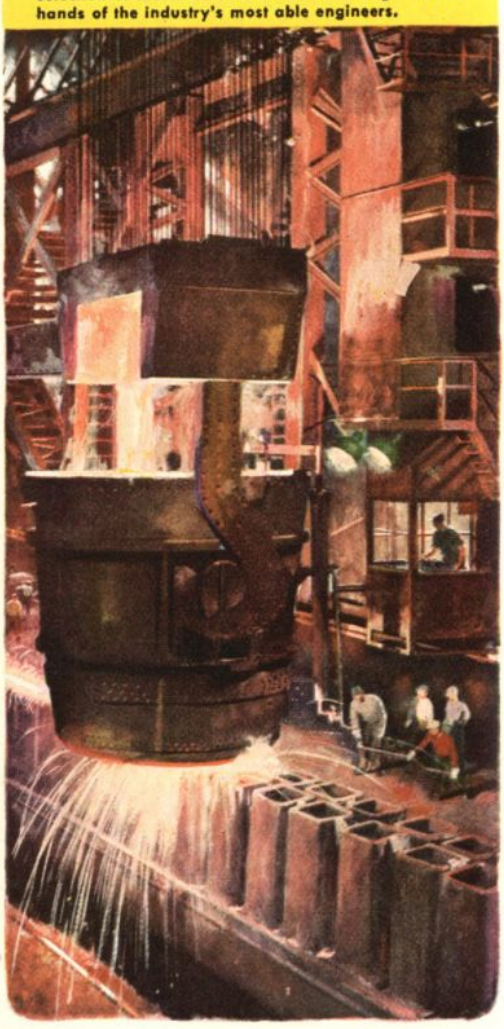
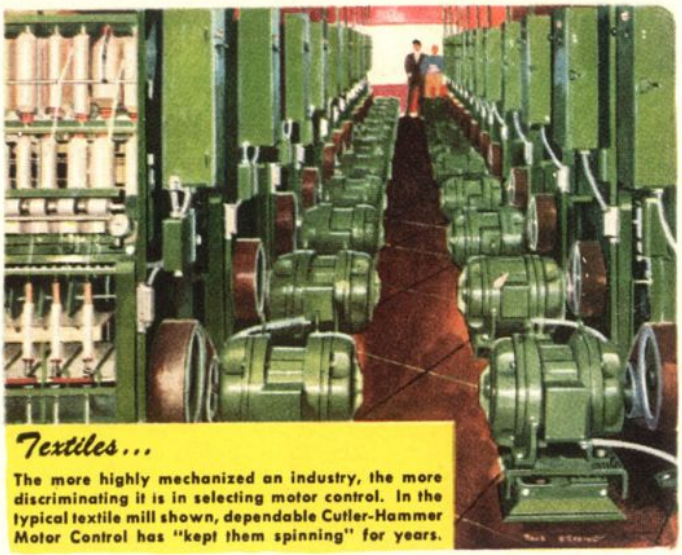
Steel...

"Steel must never stop" is the time-honored slogan of the men who make steel. As a consequence, the selection of motor control for steel-making is in the hands of the industry's most able engineers.





Textiles...

The more highly mechanized an industry, the more discriminating it is in selecting motor control. In the typical textile mill shown, dependable Cutler-Hammer Motor Control has "kept them spinning" for years.

Chemicals...

Correct timing is of utmost importance in chemical processes. The failure of a pump, compressor, fan, agitator, valve, or any other piece of motor-driven equipment means costly trouble. So it's Cutler-Hammer control.

The miracle of mass-production, the abundance of better things for better living within economic reach of the many rather than the few, is an achievement resulting largely from the elimination of waste; the waste of materials, the waste of toil, and the waste of time. And nowhere is the unending battle against waste more important than in the basic industries . . . from which the materials flow that give substance to almost everything you wear, eat, or use.

Here giant mechanisms accomplish in minutes what men could never do in hours, if at all. Here electric motors dispense with chores at a pace no man could equal. Here drudgery has been banished to make each man and each minute more productive. But it has also made each more *valuable* than ever before. Interruptions are intolerable.

The basic need in manufacturing today is *dependable* machine performance. And that is why Cutler-Hammer Motor Control is the first choice of experienced engineers everywhere. It is the vital link between men and machines with more than 50 years of performance-proven *dependability*. CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc., 1308 St. Paul Avenue, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin. *Associate*: Canadian Cutler-Hammer, Ltd., Toronto.

Cutler-Hammer general purpose motor control is recommended by a majority of all electric motor manufacturers, is featured as standard equipment by machinery builders, is carried in stock by recognized electrical wholesalers everywhere.

CUTLER-HAMMER
MOTOR CONTROL
C-H

100 pieces) and a fund for at least one foreign tour a year. The Hallé Concert Society was glad to pay. It was a bargain to keep the man who in five years had hammered and planed their famed but disintegrated 91-year-old orchestra back into top shape—and who, incidentally, had salvaged his own career in the doing.

When Conductor (and Cellist) Barbirolli and his oboe-playing British wife Evelyn Rothwell packed aboard a Portuguese freighter in New York five years ago, his musical stock was ankle low. At 37, a youngster as conductors go, he had made the tactical mistake of following Arturo Toscanini to a podium that had taken all of the Maestro's fire and ice to control. As boss of the proud, 106-year-old New York Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli had neither Toscanini's precise

Larry Burrows

JOHN BARBIROLLI
"It's jazz that's sissy."

beat nor his fearsome bearing. The musicians were soon in a state of anarchy. Barbirolli left unhappily after seven years.

"Over the Dam." When he arrived in Manchester in 1943, war had reduced the once-famed Hallé to only 23 players—and a concert hall blitzed into rubble. He combed the town for players, plucked his first trombonist (a woman) from a Salvation Army band. He rehearsed his neophytes twelve hours a day; the first concert (in the local Methodist mission) was a success. That year he gave 230 concerts; the next he endeared himself to the British with a battlefront tour at Christmas, playing while the Battle of the Bulge was raging a few miles away.

Now, at a fit 49, and with his Manhattan misfortunes "over the dam," Conductor Barbirolli says, "I'm on top of the world." He likes Manchester: "There is not much social life. It gives you time to work." He concentrates on young people, tries to convince them "that it's jazz that's sissy and the real he-man stuff is Beethoven and Bach." One-third of his audiences are 18 or under. Says Barbirolli: "If Frank Sinatra can have his bobby-sox brigade, why can't I?"

"*Unforeseen events* . . . need not change and shape the course of man's affairs"

HOW'S *YOUR* SAFETY NET?

EVEN the most daring trapeze artist—no matter how sure of himself he may be—performs only after every safety factor, *particularly his safety net,* has been painstakingly checked.

Now, at the beginning of a new year, is a good time to check *your* "safety net"—your insurance. Are you safeguarded against the possibility of serious financial loss that can be brought on by a dishonest employee, for example? Or by an accident that hospitalizes you—or someone else, at *your* expense—perhaps for months? Or by a costly damage suit . . . a burglary, a holdup, a theft?

It's so easy to insure yourself against loss from such unforeseen crises. The man professionally equipped to obtain this safeguard for you—and personally interested in bringing you the peace of mind that comes with an adequate insurance program—is your Maryland agent or broker. You can rely on him for insurance protection tailored specifically to meet your individual needs. *Remember: Because your Maryland agent knows his business, it's good business for you to know him.*

MARYLAND CASUALTY COMPANY

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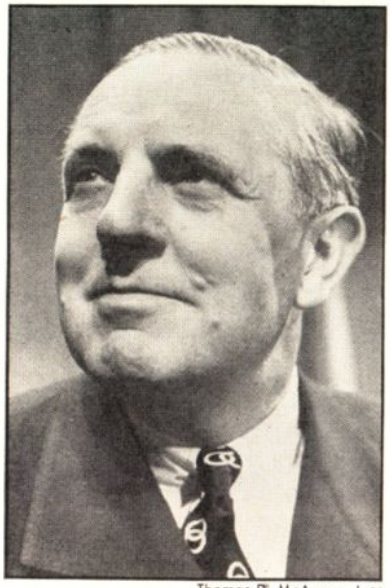
All forms of Casualty Insurance, Fidelity and Surety Bonds, for business, industry and the home, through 10,000 agents & brokers

BUSINESS IN 1948

The New Frontiers

In mid-1948, the president of Dallas' Rio Grande National Life Insurance Co. gave out an exuberant shout. "This is a great world," cried Robert Baxter, "and the U.S. is the greatest country in the world—and Texas is the greatest state in the U.S. and Dallas is the greatest city in Texas and the Rio Grande is the greatest insurance company in Dallas." This bit of bragging, down to the last note in its descending scale, was a fairly faithful expression of the exuberance and confidence of businessmen in 1948. They thought that the U.S. had plenty to brag about; it had poured forth the greatest flow of goods and services in history. It was the first real postwar year in the sense that most of the Cellophaned dreams of the admen could be readily bought, even if most of the prices were high.

The gross national product—the value of everything made or grown and all work done—rose to $253 billion, 10% above 1947's Himalayan peak. U.S. builders started 1,250,000 houses, 45% more than in any other year. Automakers, working at high speed, brought out a glittering parade of radically changed postwar models—all square, squat and as alike in appearance as cans in a crate. Out rolled more than 5,200,000 cars and trucks, about 8% more than 1947. The textile industry spun out 13,621 billion yards of cloth, enough to reach 311 times around the earth. Out of the whirring factories came 540 million pairs of nylons (10 pairs for every U.S. woman), 4,710,000 washing machines, 27.3 million radios, toasters and irons, more than 80 million auto tires.



Thomas D. McAvoy—LIFE

ECA's HOFFMAN
With a minimum of gear clashing.

The U.S., which had been accustomed in prewar years to turning out 35% of the world's goods (though it had only 6.8% of the population), surprised even itself; it made over 50% of the goods in 1948.

The Yeast. The year was full of yeasty ferment; it bubbled up with new industries, gave new leaven to old ones. The television industry, which had optimistically hoped to make 600,000 sets, proved a bad guesser; it turned out 800,000, by year's end it was working at a 2,000,000-a-year clip. In its revolutionary sweep, television scared the wits out of radio (radio set production dropped 24% under 1947) and Hollywood (which hastily decided to join rather than try to beat the enemy). It promised industry an entirely new technique in remote control in plants (in New York, a supervisor in a power plant kept tabs on his plant by means of a television screen).

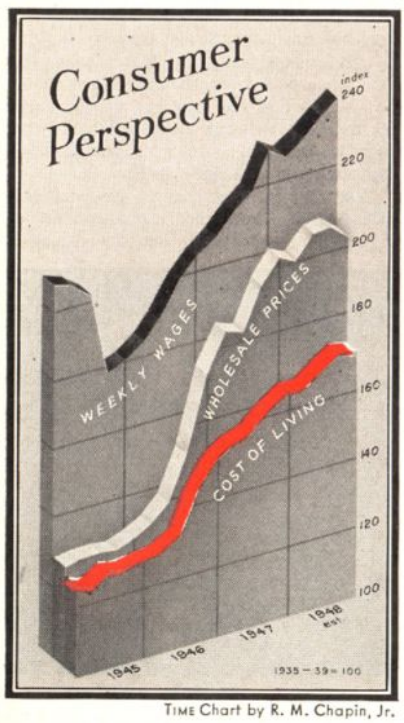
General Electric Co. started building the first pilot plant to convert nuclear fission to electrical energy, although the use of atomic power to generate electricity on a commercial scale seemed at least a decade off. On U.S. railroads, the diesel revolution was in full spin; of 1,159 new locomotives put in service during the first ten months, 1,082 were diesels. Jet engines swooshed into their own; of the 3,661 new military planes ordered during the year, 2,209 were jet-powered.

The Bakers. In the unparalleled production marathon of 1948, many a U.S. businessman marched in seven-league boots. Charles E. Wilson's General Motors turned in the biggest profits of any single U.S. company (estimated $425 million), and by tying wage increases to the cost of living, showed a statesmanlike concept of management-labor relations. Montgomery Ward's Sewell Avery put on his own special one-man show; since midyear, he had fired or accepted the resignations of his president and seven other executives, but he still turned in the biggest profits (about $65 million) in "Monkey" Ward's history.

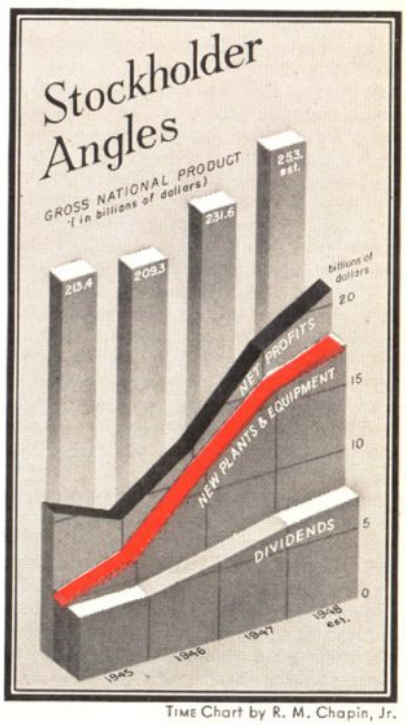
The flop of the year was Preston Tucker; he spent over $20 million turning out 39 handmade cars, and at year's end was sadly muttering: "All I need is money." If there was a Businessman of the Year it was Automaker Paul G. Hoffman, who left his job as president of Studebaker and climbed into the driver's seat of ECA, the biggest politico-business enterprise in world history. He got it running with a minimum of gear clashing, and Congress found little need for back-seat driving.

The Turn. With its boom, the U.S. had high prices. Yet the notable event of the year was not that prices had scooted up to the highest peak of the postwar boom—as they had in midsummer—but that by autumn they had started to come down. U.S. businessmen who had been preaching to the world that production—and not rationing and controls—was the cure for inflation had finally shown the preaching to have the ring of economic gospel. The buyers' market swept in with old-fashioned price-cutting competition.

By year's end, prices of electrical appliances (refrigerators, irons, washing machines, etc.) were down 25% from their



TIME Chart by R. M. Chapin, Jr.



TIME Chart by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

Acme

WHEAT HARVEST
Production was a cure for inflation.

peak; cotton cloth was down again to OPA levels and below. Some prices were still rising (autos, metals, etc.), but the "cost-of-living" items (food, clothing, furniture, etc.) were coming down. A drop in retail sales had scared department stores into a rash of pre-Christmas price cutting. Even then, stores barely managed to sell as much as in 1947.

Many an auto buyer, cold-shouldered by dealers in May when a "new used" Chevrolet sedan went for $2,260 ($984 above the list price), found that he was loved in December. Lincolns, Kaisers, Frazers and Hudsons could be bought right off dealers' floors. So could trucks and farm equipment, once as short as Chevvies. After a long climb, employment and production in some industries were both dropping "unseasonally" at year's end. Though employment, at 60.1 million, was almost one million above the end of 1947, the Bureau of Labor Statistics' cost-of-living index, which reached a postwar peak of 174.5 in August, had steadily moved down to about 172.

Miracle of the Wheat. What brought it down chiefly was the greatest crop in U.S. history. In Oklahoma and Kansas, the farmers marveled at the "miracle" wheat crop. The miracle was repeated almost everywhere. The corn crop, which had been poor in 1947, was the biggest ever. All told, the U.S. harvest was 11% bigger than ever before.

As grain elevators were filled up and wheat was piled in the streets of many a town, the price of wheat skittered down. By mid-October all grains except rice were at or below their support levels. For what they lost on falling prices, farmers more than made up in the size of their harvest; their income of about $31 billion was over the record of 1947.

Consumers got only part of the benefits of the bumper harvest, because much of it didn't go to market. Over 342 million bushels of grain had been stored away under Government loan or purchase agreements under the support law. In midyear, President Truman had demanded price controls, to bring prices down; Congress refused them. By year's end, his administration had put out over $1.2 billion into support loans to keep prices up.

All this moved Borden President Theodore G. Montague to sum up gloomily: "The boom is over." It was far from that, but the evidence was plain that the boom had reached its peak and passed it. On the way down, would it flatten on a high plateau just below the peak, or would it sink into something like a recession? The question was important not only to businessmen but to the world. The U.S. had taken on the enormous burdens of ECA and rearmament, hoping to keep the peace while it helped the world rebuild itself. These burdens could best be borne by a free economy that was stable and prosperous. At what point would there be stability?

In Balance? The U.S. had been badly fooled by that question in 1948. In the early months of the year, the economy seemed to have reached a nervous balance of a sort, subject to scares and sudden gyrations, but still generally steady. The Federal Reserve Board index (adjusted) of industrial production had reached 194 (1935-39 average: 100) and started edging down, though "shortage" was still a much used word. But there were signs that inflationary pressures were easing. In February the first great break came, hard on the heels of reports of the bumper wheat crop. May wheat plummeted 52¢ in two weeks; corn fell 54½¢; most other grains went down. (One shrewd short-seller made a $200,000 profit in a week.) Retail sales flattened out a little.

Said the rockbound National Association of Manufacturers' Morris Sayre: "We are now on our way to taking the cap off the high cost of living."

He spoke too soon. If the pressure of domestic demand seemed to have flattened out, the pressure of meeting the U.S. promises abroad had just started. The economy was working at such high pressure that any added burdens—even though small compared to total production—were bound to blow price valves. In April Congress appropriated $5.3 billion for ECA. The U.S. soon found out that this was only the first installment demanded by the cold war; the next was the $12 billion for rearmament.

Out of Kilter. On top of these burdens, Congress cut taxes by $4.8 billion. In the sense that the cut put extra cash in the hands of consumers to spend, that also proved to be a burden on the economy. Retail sales started up again. The businessmen of good will—such as International Harvester's Fowler McCormick—who had cut prices in hopes of starting a healthy down-trend all around, had to change course; they put prices up again. The hope had been that the U.S. would be able to add the burdens of ECA and rearmament without more inflation; that they would merely take up the slack in the economy as it developed.

What little slack there was suddenly disappeared. Industrial production moved up again; the National Industrial Confer-

Toni Nichols, Ferdinand Vogel

GWILYM PRICE — THEODORE YNTEMA — EUGENE HOLMAN
In an unparalleled marathon . . .

ence Board's consumers' price index shot up to the highest point in its 34-year history; employment, which had been holding steady, began to climb; in July it reached an alltime peak of 61,615,000. The labor shortage, in the words of one depressed Chicago personnel manager, "is worse than steel." And the U.S. had its first $1-a-pound roundsteak.

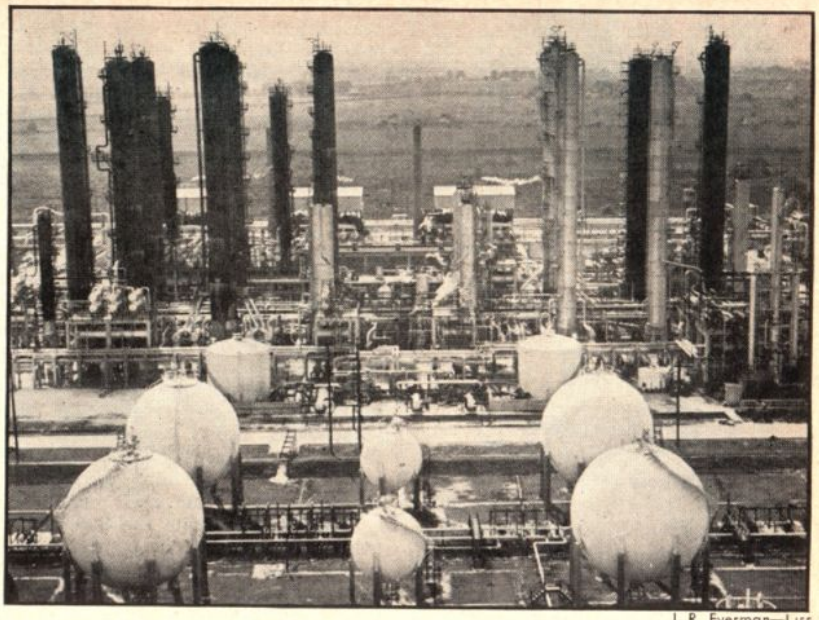
Third Round. The rearmament program was notably good news to the aircraft industry, which was saved from disaster by $2 billion in plane orders, but it scared many another businessman into a wild scramble for materials. The new inflationary pressures drove the cost of living up, month after month. And this gave labor a potent argument for its "third round" wage increases, another sharp spur to galloping prices.

Most industrialists took one look at soaring sales and decided it was smarter to raise wages—and then prices—than to risk strikes. (Man days lost from strikes dropped to 34 million, lowest in three years.) On its part, labor had developed a healthy respect for the hated Taft-Hartley Act, and in most cases it spoke softly.

The Winner? Whether due to the Act or to a more moderate attitude on the part of labor, the fact was that management came off better in the third round than it had in the first two. Unions generally ended up accepting just about what management had offered in the first place (average increase: 5% an hour). The average weekly wage rose about 6% during the year to about $54.65 (*see chart*).

There were other compensations for management. Productivity, which had been none too good in 1947, had become, in the cautious words of one industrialist, "satisfactory." Said the National Industrial Conference Board: about 67% of the companies it surveyed reported that productivity had increased from 1% to 28% over 1947, with an average increase of 7½%. In short, with 4% more in the industrial labor force, the nation turned out 9% more goods.

The Payoff. Capital, too, proved worthy of its hire. Net profits for the year were an estimated $21 billion, compared to $17.4 billion the year before. (Industry's slice of the national pie was still slightly smaller than its record in 1929.) Though some of this profit was fictitious, *i.e.*, a profit on inventory rather than actual sales, many an industry had done so well that even a drop in profits next year would leave it well off. As one businessman put it: "Our earnings have been superduper. From now on they'll be merely super."



J. R. Eyerman—Life

SYNTHETIC RUBBER PLANT (PORT NECHES, TEX.)
Profits were a means to expansion.

Work to Do. Eying profits, many a consumer asked whether industry had done its share to keep prices and inflation down. Many a company had not. Said Commerce Secretary Charles Sawyer: "In some cases, price increases have been more than necessary to cover costs, and have contributed to the inflationary spiral."

To the extent that certain industries did this, it was their own fault that Congressmen raised an outcry for an excess-profits tax even though the U.S. may end the current fiscal year with a budget surplus. Warned Wyoming's New Dealing Senator Joe O'Mahoney: "My theory is that any industry earning excess profits from full employment or Government spending should pay more taxes."

There was more to the argument over high profits than that. To step up production to meet the gargantuan demand, industry had expanded its plants to the tune of $18.7 billion during the year. Much of the expansion had been bought with profits and reserves, because there was a grave shortage of risk capital to finance it. As Jersey Standard's Gene Holman said: "Without our high profits we couldn't have expanded the way we did." The oil industry, which had rolled up the biggest profits of any industry ($2 billion), was a classic example of the way profits had been put to work.

Job Done. As 1948 began, oil was so short that oilmen worried about a return to rationing (during one cold spell, New York City had to beg oil from the Navy to keep its hospitals and schools warm). To stave off rationing, oilmen earmarked $5 billion for expansion in 1948-49 and worked as never before. Wildcatters roamed the U.S. far & wide, looking for oil in the most unlikely places.

All told, 37,000 U.S. wells were sunk, including one 27 miles out in the Gulf of Mexico; 8,000 miles of pipelines were laid, and 62 tankers were being built to bring in oil from South America and the Middle East. Domestic demand kept rising also until it reached 622 gallons per capita, *v.* 464 in 1941. Yet oil production at year's end was 17% above the wartime high; the shortage had been licked so thoroughly that some oil prices had started to drop.

Not all industries could point with such pride. There was still a shortage of electricity in the Midwest and along the Pacific Coast, though utility men had worked frantically to expand. They spent $2.3 billion and hoped to spend another $3.3 billion to expand in the next five years. Despite the hopeful speeches of

Peggy Plummer—Black Star, International

CHARLES WILSON EDWIN NOURSE SEWELL AVERY
. . . many wore seven-league boots.

many a steelman that supply would soon meet demand, the great steel shortage was almost as bad at year's end as at the year's start.

Steel production of 88.5 million ingot tons, while it was about 4% above 1947, was still below 1944's record production. Although steelmen blamed the shortage on "abnormal demand," the fact was that steel capacity and production had not even kept pace with the normal growth of population. In 1948, capacity per capita was only slightly more than it had been in depression 1932; production per capita was below 1941. Those who talked of "abnormal demand of the boom" failed to take into account the fact that much of it would be normal demand from now on, not only for steel, but for oil, autos, schoolhouses, homes, clothing and everything else. At year's end the population stood at 148 million, up 3,000,000 more consumers during the year.

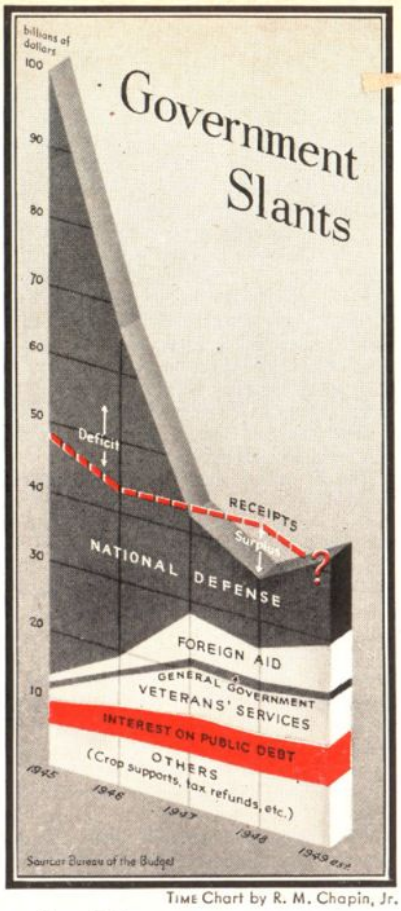
New Face. Despite the laggards, the overall expansion of big & little business was remolding the U.S. industrial face. The greatest growth was in the Midwest, which seemed more & more like the industrial heartland (in Peoria, a barbershop proudly advertised: "Joe's place is a two-chair shop now"). In the Southwest, another empire was abuilding.

On the salt domes and along the shores of Texas, the cracking towers and silvery balls of synthetic rubber, plastics and fertilizer plants had created a new chemical empire. Profits had helped pay for expansion. An excess-profits tax would not only nip the expansion but, if the wartime formula was followed, would hit the most progressive companies hardest (Jersey Standard would pay more heavily than U.S. Steel). As Vermont's Senator Ralph Flanders said: "You can say so much against it [an excess-profit tax] that I have difficulty in understanding what anybody has to say for it."

Enter: Bull. The stock market paid little heed to the fat profits or to any of the other household gods that traders once swore by. Ever since it had collapsed in fear of a recession in 1946, the market had been seesawing, trying to make up its mind whether the boom had really come to stay. Looking at some of the props under the boom—plant expansion, ECA and rearmament orders—investors celebrated the tax cut by finally placing their bets in May.

In a fast 22-day climb, led by the oil stocks, Dow-Jones industrial averages went from 180.28 to 191.06, and the rail averages went from 57.97 to 62.27. Both of them "broke through" their previous high marks, established in 1947. For the large number of investors who swear by the Dow Theory, the "breakthrough" meant that the bear market was finally over, the bull market had arrived.

Exit: Bull? If it had, it did not stay long. The industrial averages rose to 193.16 before the baby bull, scared by the Berlin blockade, the threat of war, and a possible squeeze on profits, languished and died. On the election of President Truman the market fell 10.82 points in a week, the worst break since the spring of 1940. At



TIME Chart by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

year's end the averages were at 177.30, down slightly from the year's start, and Wall Streeters were more confused than ever on whether the market was bound up or down.

Judged by earnings alone, the direction should have been up. Seldom had there been such bargains in stocks; the 30 blue chips included in the Dow-Jones industrial average were selling at only 7.8 times earnings. On the other hand, stockholders were no longer getting an old-fashioned share of the earnings; the cost of doing business and expanding had soared so high that many a company that once distributed 75% of its earnings in dividends now distributed only 40%.

Dollarwise, dividends rose to $7.4 billion, higher than they had ever been (*see chart*), but on percentage, the stockholders' cut of profits was smaller than at any time since 1929. In short, the return was not great enough for the public to enter the market in a big way—the prime requisite for a roaring bull market. According to the old Wall Street saw, the public would stay out "until its avarice grows stronger than its fear."

Out of the Sock. The low state of the market was one big reason why corporations had to finance so much of their expansion from profits: they were able to raise only $431 million from stock issues in the first nine months of the year. But there was no shortage of credit for loans, chiefly because of the Government's policy

of guaranteeing a market or "pegging" the price of long-term Government bonds above par. Thus, banks or insurance companies could get more cash for loans simply by unloading Government bonds on the Federal Reserve Bank.

The credit expansion added so much to inflation that some bankers loudly called for lowering the peg or abandoning it entirely, thus forcing bondholders to keep their bonds. Most bankers disagreed, chiefly because they feared that abandonment of the peg would bring Government bond prices tumbling down, as they had in 1920, and would tighten credit so drastically that the U.S. would be plunged into a new depression.

Into the Vault. Paradoxically, FRB had also tightened credit by upping the reserve requirement of New York and Chicago commercial banks from 20% to 26%, thus cutting down the amount available for loans. Furthermore, Regulation W had been clamped on again, nipping installment credit. Bankers, worried over the soft spots spreading in industry at year's end, had also done their part by tightening up on loans all down the line. Result: the total of business loans had, in FRB's words, shown a "most striking development"; some worried economists called it an "alarming" development.

At year's end, the increase in loans was one-third less than in previous postwar years. As the demand for loans dried up, the dumping of bonds was stopped; they rose above the peg. Thus the argument over the peg became academic, for the time at least. But it had highlighted the sudden tightening of credit which, more important than soft spots and falling prices, had shown a significant change in the inflation wind. Did it mean, as a few economists said, that the U.S. should stop worrying about inflation and start worrying about deflation?

Into the Ball. Looking ahead, most businessmen kept their fingers crossed. They predicted that profits and sales would show little decrease, at least for the first six months of 1949. Beyond that they could not see, but they expected business to drop. Most economists made the same tentative forecast.

But few talked depression or even "recession"; the new phrase was "stability at a high level." Theodore O. Yntema, research director for the businessmen's Committee for Economic Development, summed up: "We can't have the collapse as we did in 1929-32. It was then that the whole banking situation got into difficulty, and that is impossible now . . . But we are still vulnerable to a sharp break such as occurred in 1937-38, in which inventory and credit readjustments played leading roles."

There would also be "adjustments" in prices to lower levels: Alden's, Inc., fourth biggest U.S. mail-order company, cut prices an average of 10% to 15% on many items in its spring and summer (1949) catalogue. Sears, Roebuck & Co., a wider cross section of the economy, cut prices an average of 1.7%. The building industry, which had slumped more than the seasonal

decline in the closing months of 1948, estimated that it would put up 9% fewer houses in 1949. Inventories, which had grown by $5 billion to the fantastic level of $54 billion in 1948, had stopped growing by year's end. Plant expansion was expected to taper off in 1949.

Out of Pockets? On the hopeful side, no letup was seen for such basic industries as autos and steel. Automakers hoped to turn out 5,300,000 cars and trucks in 1949, and consumers had plenty of cash left to buy. The high prices and big spending in 1948 had not cleaned them out. In 1948, they had tucked away $14 billion in savings. Significantly, they had put away the most in the second half of the year (when retail sales were slipping). It looked as if smart consumers were only waiting for lower prices, to start buying again.

While they waited, ECA and arms spending would put a greater burden on the economy. Although ECA's Hoffman had allocated $4 billion of his cash for the first year to ECA orders, only about half of it had been spent, much of it for food. In 1949, ECA would cut down on food, which the U.S. could easily spare, and step up shipments of not so easily spared durable goods. In the same way, many of the orders placed for arms in 1948 would be delivered in 1949. Example: planemakers had got $2 billion in plane orders, but none were delivered in 1948. Furthermore, arms spending would be stepped up $3 billion a year in 1949, even if the armed forces held to their lowest budget estimates.

How Big? The big imponderable which would shape the economy more than any one force was the size of the federal budget. There seemed small hope of holding it at this fiscal year's total of $42.2 billion. A key fact was that the "costs of government" in the old sense were only a small part of the current costs (*see chart*). The big items were crop loans, veterans' payments, ECA and rearmament, all with enough potent proponents to stave off any cut; many would argue persuasively for increases.

Though President Truman had put a ceiling of $15 billion on arms spending, Congress might look at the U.S.'s military position before the warring world and decide to boost it as it had in 1948. To spend much above the present level, warned Presidential Adviser Edwin G. Nourse, would be to "force us out of the free-market procedures of a peacetime economy and drive us to the acceptance of a number of direct controls"—price controls and allocation of skilled labor and scarce materials to priority industries.

What Price Arms? On the record, the need for additional controls on the economy, short of war, seemed questionable, at least; it had been made so by the enormous uncontrolled outpouring of 1948. But in the argument over how much should be spent on rearmament, businessmen had a big stake. With close to 10% of the national product already going for military and foreign expenses which do not contribute to production of consumer or capital goods, the economy was in danger of being controlled by federal spending. But in the argument over arms spending, businessmen had already filed a cogent brief. In a report filed by canny Ferdinand Eberstadt, who had untangled the wartime mess in WPB with his Controlled Materials plan, the Hoover Commission said flatly that the armed services were doing a poor job of spending their billions: they had often ordered more than they needed, and lost track of what they had. In short, the U.S. was not getting its money's worth, and the job was to see that it did before more billions were piled on. Was the U.S. getting its money's worth with ECA?

What Price Socialism? It was too soon to tell, but first returns indicated that ECA was doing an efficient job. They also indicated that the U.S. had underestimated the size of the job and the roadblocks that Russia, socialism, and the economic controls of many a "free-trading" nation would throw in the way.

The European Council for the Marshall Plan estimates that by 1952 (when ECA had been expected to bring imports & exports into balance), the 16 ECA nations would still be running deficits of over $3 billion a year. Yet ECA had helped close up the gap between U.S. exports & imports which had drained the world of dollars and, in effect, made ECA necessary. It had not increased exports. Actually, U.S. exports had dropped from $15.3 billion in 1947 to $12.6 billion in 1948, and as imports had risen from $5.7 billion to $7 billion, the gap had been closed from $9.6 billion to $5.6 billion. But the world still had a long way to go before it could get along without the bounty of the U.S. and trade with it on something like equal terms.

The Challenge. The U.S. had taken a long step in 1948 toward creating a more stable world. It had also shown that it had the tools to stabilize its boom so that it could form the keystone of a new world economic arch. But would it use the tools wisely and do the job?

The problem for 1949 was for the nation to do so, adjust itself to a boom which had changed its character. It was no longer chiefly based on scarcities and stored-up war demand, but on full employment, and replacement demand, shored up by enormous federal spending. Businessmen would have to cut their prices to a new pattern of shrinking markets in many lines; labor would have to recognize that decreasing employment would bring a sort of buyers' market there also. It might have to reconsider "fourth round" wage demands in the light of benefits from a drop in the cost of living. By reasonableness on both sides, there was the prospect and the possibility that the great American boom could be leveled off on a high plateau, broad enough to bear the weight of the burdens that the U.S. had assumed during 1948. Ahead lay the new frontiers which the new technologies in 1948 had disclosed. Peering at them, Westinghouse Electric's Gwilym Price saw "an economy whose horizons will be almost as far beyond those of the present as today's are beyond those of our boyhood."

This is a picture of "PING"

It's a picture that gives automotive engineers clear-cut facts on performance—a picture that suggests how photography with its ability to record, its accuracy and its speed, can play important roles in all modern business and industry.

No, this is not the "doodling" of a man on the telephone. Far from it. It's the photographic record of an oscilloscope trace that shows, and times, detonation in a "knocking" engine. It all happens in a few hundred-thousandths of a second—yet photography gets it clearly and accurately as nothing else can.

Oscillograph recording is but one of countless functional uses of photography in bettering products and improving manufacturing methods. High speed "stills" can freeze fast action at just the crucial moment—and the design or operation of a part can be adjusted to best advantage.

And high speed movies can expand a second of action into several minutes so that fast motion can be slowed down for observation—and products be made more dependable, more durable.

Such uses of photography—and many more—can help you improve your product, your tools, your production methods. For every day, functional photography is proving a valuable and important adjunct in more and more modern enterprises.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Functional Photography

. . . is advancing business and industrial technics

Kodak

MILESTONES

Born. To Gretchen Fraser, 29, pert, brown-haired 1948 Olympic ski champion (first American to win an Olympic ski race, the women's special slalom), and Donald W. Fraser, 35, Vancouver, Wash. oil distributor: their first child, a son; in Portland, Ore. Name: Donald Jr. Weight: 9 lbs. 4 oz.

Married. David Rose, 38, conductor-composer (*Holiday for Strings*); and Betty Bigelow, 21, ex-Manhattan model; he for the third time (No. 1, Martha Raye, No. 2, Judy Garland), she for the first; in Las Vegas, Nev.

Married. Harry Amos Bullis, 58, chairman of the board of General Mills, Inc.; and Polish Countess Maria Smorczewska, 54, who was put into a Nazi concentration camp during the war for underground activities; he for the second time (his first wife died in 1947), she for the third; in Minneapolis.

Divorced. By Gloria Swanson, 49, siren of the silent screen (now making a comeback as mistress of ceremonies on a television show): fifth husband William M. Davey, 65, Wall Street yachtsman; after three years of marriage, no children; in Reno.

Died. Mahmoud Fahmy El Nokrashy Pasha, 60, Premier of Egypt; by an assassin's bullet; in Cairo (*see* FOREIGN NEWS).

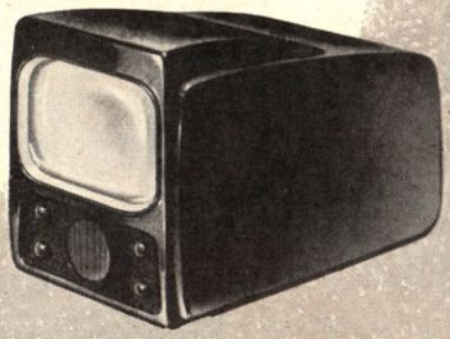
Died. Sir Malcolm Campbell, 63, internationally known speed king; of a cardiac condition and stroke; in Reigate, England. A racing enthusiast from boyhood, Sir Malcolm (King George V knighted him in 1931) tried bicycles, motorcycles and airplanes before turning to automobiles in 1910. Driving his famed "Bluebird" over the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah in 1935, he was the first to crack the five-mile-a-minute mark (he hit 301.1292 m.p.h.*); he switched to speedboats, and four years later, on Lake Coniston, England, established a record 141.74 m.p.h., which has never been equaled.

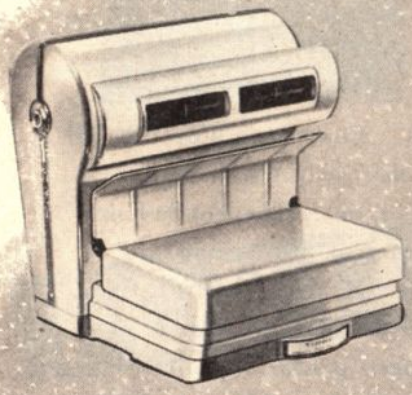
Died. James Stuart ("Rawhide Jimmy") Douglas, 80, Canadian-born father of U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's Lewis W. Douglas, onetime Arizona mining executive and banker; in Montreal.

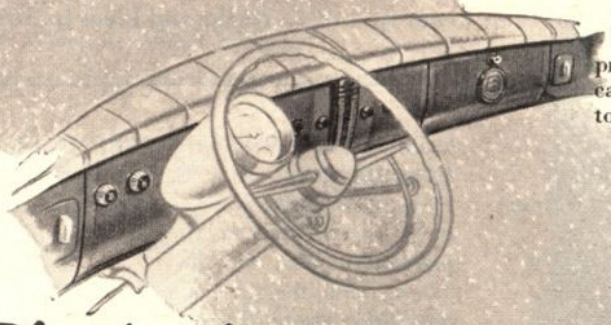
Died. William H. Lewis, 80, Boston Negro lawyer, onetime star Harvard football center (he captained the team for one game against Pennsylvania in 1893); in Boston. One of the first Negro members of the American Bar Association, Lewis was appointed an Assistant Attorney General of the U.S. by President Taft (1911-13).

* Present record: John Cobb's 394.196 m.p.h., set a year ago.

GENERAL AMERICAN MOLDS PLASTICS FOR AMERICA'S LEADING INDUSTRIES







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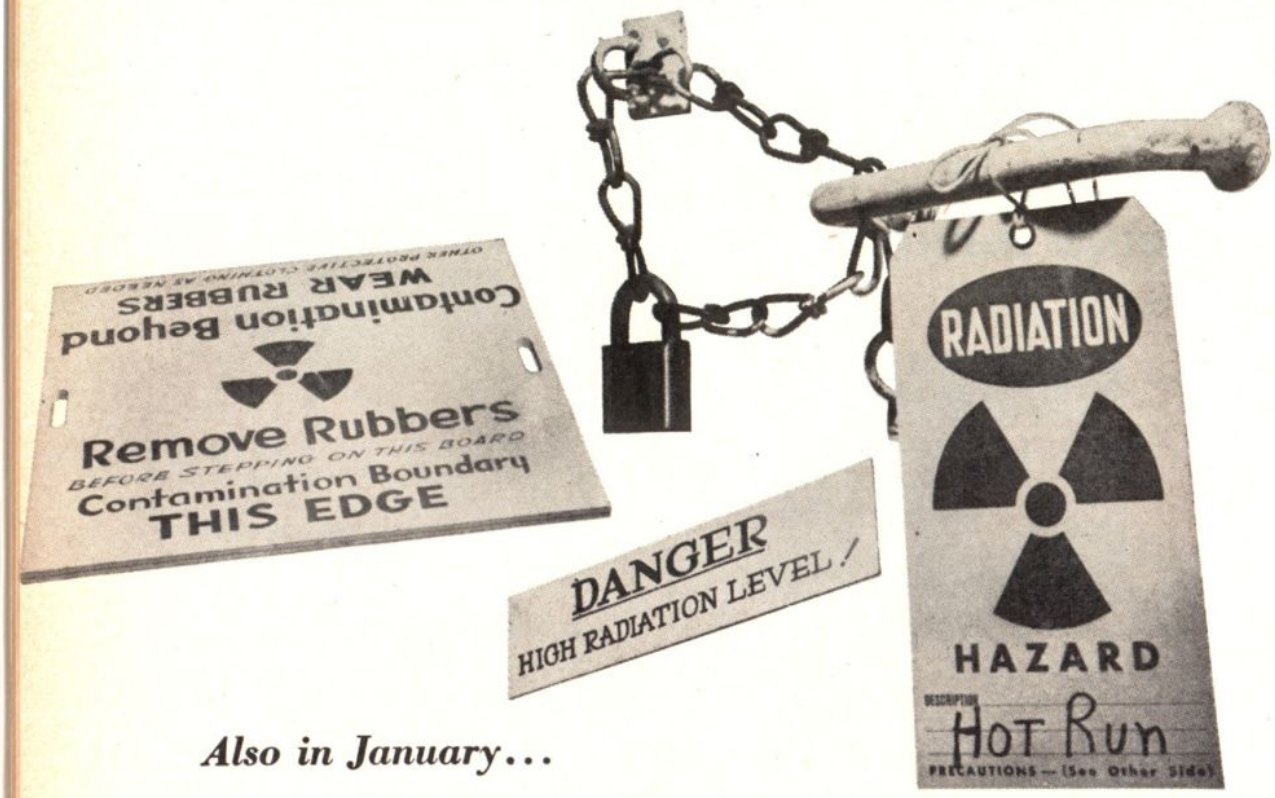
The Business Man and the Atom...



Also in January...

Since October, when its new editorial program was initiated, FORTUNE has been receiving comments on the changes from every level and branch of American Business. Here are a few: "*I like* FORTUNE'S *(1)* ***New Look,*** *(2)* ***Up-to-Dateness!***"—K. J. P., Carlinville, Ill.... "*The articles are less specialized and* ***more general in interest!***" J. C. A., Youngstown, Ohio... "*The changes you have just made are probably the* ***biggest step forward*** *in the presentation of news of interest to businessmen!*"—H. C. B., Cambridge City, Ind.... "*Particularly like the* ***up-to-date running commentaries*** *carried in your departments!*"—R. E. M., Hartford, Conn.... "*The 'new'* FORTUNE *is the 'old'* FORTUNE *plus!*"—W. A. C., Toledo, Ohio... "*Very much in favor of your new approach to the current American scene and your* ***projections into the future!***"—W. N. H., San Antonio, Texas... "*I'm grateful for the* ***new short up-to-the-minute articles!***"—S. H. S., Los Angeles... "*The* ***Business Roundup*** *contained one of the most comprehensive reviews of a cross section of business that I have run across!*"—E. V. K., San Francisco... "*The departments on* ***Law*** *and especially on* ***Labor*** *are very timely indeed to help businessmen.*"—E. J. V., Sea Bright, N. J.... "*I am going to like the*

the Business Man and Eve...

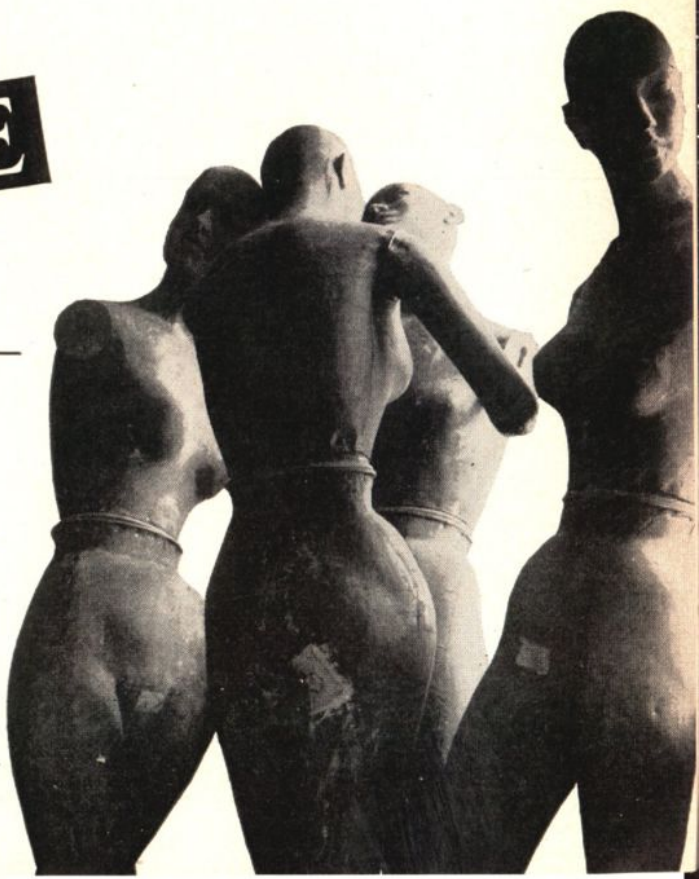
The January issue of FORTUNE explores two of the least understood businesses in the world—the Atom and the Ladies Garment Industry. There the similarity ends. One is an enigma in free enterprise, the other its lustiest member. The atom remains the greatest business potential of the age; but how can private industry invest in its peacetime prospects—and where will it find the profits? (See "The Atom and the Businessman", p. 53).

No such dilemma, FORTUNE finds, bothers turbulent "7th Avenue," ...where "an economist is like a professor of anatomy who's yet a virgin"...where "women are slaves to Fashion for two reasons... one, because they want to look different, and two, because they want to look the same"...where business remains small "because if a man falls from the second story, he's liable to break only a leg, but if he falls from the 35th story, he might as well kiss himself goodbye." (See "Adam Smith on Seventh Avenue", p. 73).

FORTUNE

350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York

articles by your new Technology department." —C. H. Z., Robinson, Illinois..."FORTUNE *is improved. Your coverage is broader.*" —L. C. P., Washington, D. C...."*The* ***readability*** *of* FORTUNE *shows the greatest improvement.*"—J. E. S., Chicago, Ill.... "FORTUNE *has become* ***easier to read,*** *without losing its stature one bit.*"—F. S., Islip, N. Y. ..."*I find it* ***saves considerable time*** *in keeping posted on all events.*"—U. J. C., Detroit, Mich...."*My appreciation for the* ***clarity and conciseness*** *in which current events are handled.*"—C. O. L., New York, N. Y.



LESLIE GILL, HARPER'S BAZAAR

CINEMA

The New Pictures

The Boy With Green Hair (RKO Radio) is a "message" movie, dolled up. RKO's new boss Howard Hughes, who would rather gamble on low necklines than on lofty messages, inherited the picture from the Dore Schary regime, spent thousands fiddling with it, and ended up by reluctantly releasing the original.

Green Hair falls short not because it has an idea but because it has one too many (it tries to preach against both war and intolerance), and because it labors so clumsily to cram its ideas into the mold of "entertainment." As a result, the message seems as contrived and insincere as a singing commercial, and just about as entertaining.

The story is a heavy-footed fantasy about a war orphan (Dean Stockwell) adopted by a singing waiter (Pat O'Brien). Overnight, the boy's hair turns green (in Technicolor). He is a symbol of the tragedy that war inflicts on children. But townspeople grow intolerant of the boy because his green hair makes him "different." ("How would you like your sister to marry someone with green hair?")

Having thus stated its double-feature message, the film even contrives an ending in a happy, hopeful vein. At no point does it give its central anti-war theme the emotional contagion that the same message got in *The Search* or the Italian-made *Shoeshine*, both of which dealt movingly with war's impact on children by simply telling a straight story honestly.

The Dark Past (Columbia) is a study of a vicious young killer (William Holden) who is as afraid of his own twisted dreams as he is of the law. When he escapes from prison and holes up with his pals in the weekend cottage of a shrewd psychiatrist (Lee J. Cobb), he finally learns from the doctor—too late—that an Oedipus complex has helped to give him a killer's warped personality.

PAT O'BRIEN & DEAN STOCKWELL
The mold is crammed.

A swift and sometimes brutal melodrama, *The Dark Past* makes a frank plea for sympathetic understanding, rather than harsh punishment, of young criminals. Smooth performances by Holden and Cobb put the point across without undue sentimentality.

Originally a play, and once before produced as a movie,* the new version of the story resembles a photographed stage show. Most of the action takes place on a single set, and the chief plot development takes place in the gunman's mind. Director Rudolph Maté (famed as a cameraman for such pictures as Carl Dreyer's *Passion of Joan of Arc*, René Clair's *The Last Millionaire*, Hitchcock's *Foreign Correspondent*) keeps his camera on the move through the rooms of Cobb's cottage, and occasionally overcomes the static effect. But the picture loses sight of the fact that all the intimate details of a psychoanalysis are apt to be more interesting to the patient and the doctor than to a kibitzer.

That Wonderful Urge (20th Century-Fox) is a stale, wearisome slapstick sermon on the text "You, Too, Can Be Happy, Though Rich." The example is a tabloid reporter (Tyrone Power) who writes scurrilous stories about a chain-store heiress (Gene Tierney). Disguised as a playboy-author, he pursues her to Sun Valley, and she develops an odd urge to share more of her time—and maybe her millions—with him. To most reporters, this might seem like very sweet vengeance, if you can get it; to Reporter Power, the whole idea is repugnant.

When his $50 million baby discovers who he really is, she decides to dose him with his own poison—lurid publicity—and issues a fake announcement of their marriage. His paper fires him, of course, and for the next few reels, editors, lawyers and even the handsome young couple energetically worry the question: Did the nice newsman really marry the naughty rich girl, or didn't he? As all the din begins to fade, the answer seems to be: he didn't, but he will.

Force of Evil (Enterprise; M-G-M) takes a long, unfavorable look at the numbers racket. Notoriously unprofitable for suckers, the racket also turns out to be unrewarding dramatically. A tough young shyster (John Garfield) gets himself neck-deep in crooked shenanigans. When he tries to repay his older and more honest brother (Thomas Gomez) for past favors, he only succeeds in getting the brother caught in the middle of a gang war. To prove fairly conclusively that the racket doesn't really pay, Garfield's passion for a pretty secretary (Beatrice Pearson) comes to a very bad end, and his chief client and business partner eventually gets done in.

* The James Warwick play opened on Broadway in 1935, ran for 119 performances, was later revived. The 1939 Columbia movie starred Chester Morris and Ralph Bellamy.

WILLIAM HOLDEN & LEE J. COBB
The Oedipus complex helped.

Force of Evil, based on Ira Wolfert's novel *Tucker's People*, takes too long to say too little, and it uses too much high-flown language in dealing with its lowbrow characters. Unable to keep the story alive with dialogue and camera, Director-Scenarist Abraham Polonsky sometimes puts his star on the sound track as narrator. This leads to some confusion: Has the novel been made into a movie, or is it just being read aloud, with a pictorial background?

Garfield and Polonsky, who worked together on the successful *Body and Soul*, deal with an awesome quota of evil in *Force of Evil*, but the lame techniques that are tried in the film take away most of its force.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Paleface. Bob Hope and Jane Russell wring some horse laughs out of a parody on horse operas (TIME, Dec. 27).

The Snake Pit. Olivia de Havilland as a schizophrenic, in a movingly realistic story about mental illness (TIME, Dec. 20).

Miss Tatlock's Millions. Charles Brackett's sure fun from some questionable subjects; with John Lund and Barry Fitzgerald (TIME, Nov. 22).

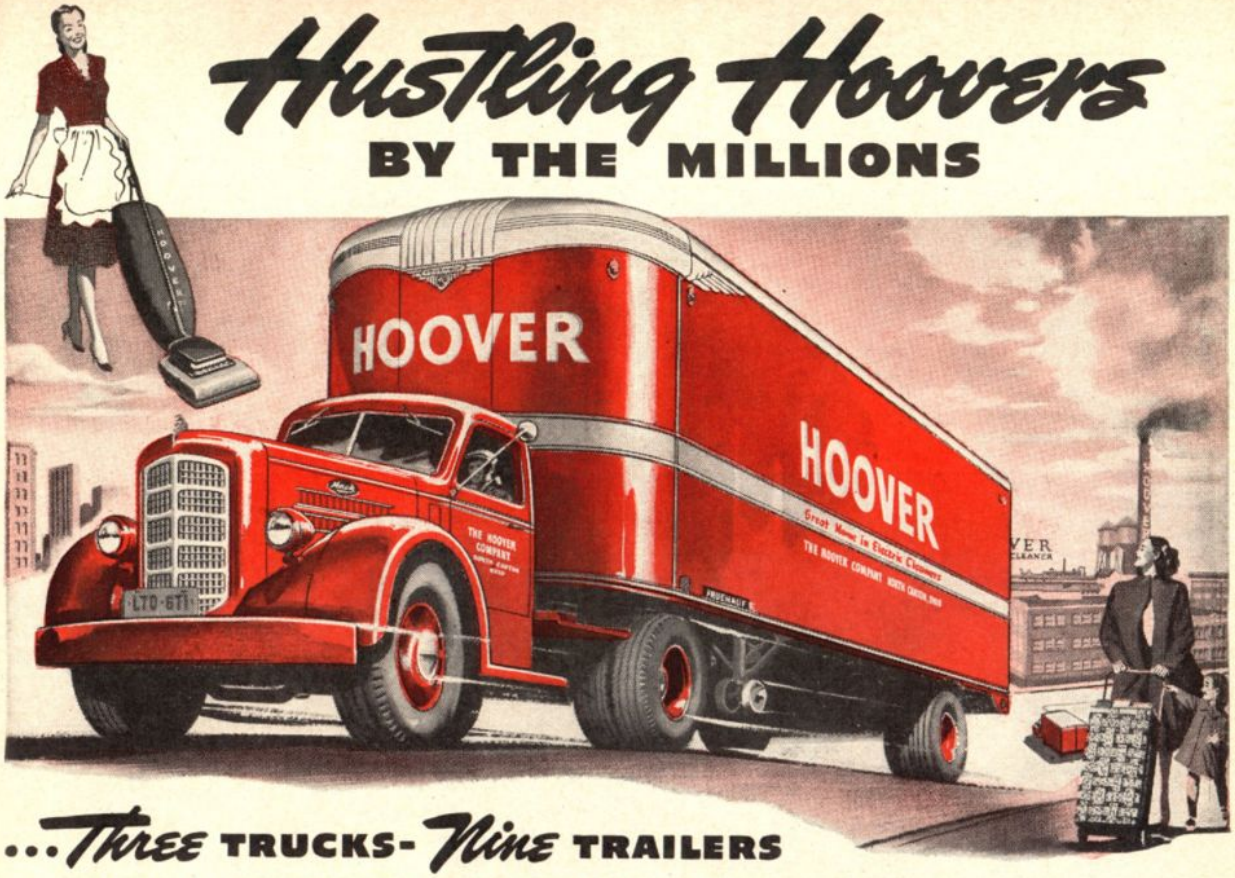
Joan of Arc. Ingrid Bergman gives humanity and warmth to a big, expensive, Technicolored pageant (TIME, Nov. 15).

Johnny Belinda. Jane Wyman and Lew Ayres in a well-made film flavored with some old-fashioned melodramatics (TIME, Oct. 25).

Red River. Howard Hawks's rattling good western, with John Wayne and Montgomery Clift (TIME, Oct. 11).

Hamlet. Shakespeare and Sir Laurence Olivier collaborate on a film classic (TIME, June 28).

Hustling Hoovers
BY THE MILLIONS



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Each truck does triple duty. While some of the nine Trailers are being loaded at the factory, others are unloading at the railhead, while the three trucks and remaining Trailers are in transit. A further saving results from the fact that each Trailer returning from the railhead is loaded with raw materials for the production lines. There's no waste motion in either direction.

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YOU CAN *PULL* FAR MORE THAN YOU CAN *CARRY!*

BOOKS

The Suicide Spirit

HITLER AND HIS ADMIRALS (275 pp.)—*Anthony K. Martienssen—Dutton* ($4).

At 10 p.m. on Oct. 12, 1939, the submarine U-47, commanded by Lieut. Gunther Prien, surfaced off the Orkneys. Prien noted in the log: "The English are kind enough to switch on all the coastal lights, so I can obtain the most exact fix . . ." At dawn the next morning the submarine lay submerged at a depth of 270 feet outside Scapa Flow. At 7:15 that night it surfaced and the crew ate a warm supper.

On land "everything is dark, high in the sky are the flickering Northern Lights, so that the bay, surrounded by highish mountains, is directly lit up from above. The blockships lie in the sound, ghostly as the wings of a theatre." Prien had studied the chart until he knew it by heart. "I am now repaid . . ."

Wide World

GUNTHER PRIEN GETTING A DECORATION
The English were kind.

About an hour after midnight the U-47 was within 3,200 yards of two battleships at anchor. The submarine was only 650 feet offshore; it was "disgustingly light." The torpedoes were fired, the submarine swung about and a torpedo fired from the stern tubes. After three minutes there was a loud explosion, followed by thundering columns of water and then by columns of fire. The harbor sprang into life. The destroyers in the anchorage were lit up. Cars sped along the highway. Directly opposite the submarine, a car stopped, turned around, and raced back toward town. Thinking the driver had seen him, Prien withdrew at full speed.

Hitlerian Promises. That night's daring work—the sinking of the *Royal Oak*—was one of the most clear-cut successes that the German navy achieved in World War II. Winston Churchill admiringly called it an "incredible . . . feat of arms." This book is a selection of the papers from some 60,000 files of German naval archives, containing practically all the official ships' logs, diaries and memoranda relating to the German navy up to April 1945. *Hitler and His Admirals,* unlike Liddell Hart's *The German Generals Talk*, contains no postwar interviews with German officers. Nor does it primarily concentrate on their differences with Hitler or their opinions of the Führer's strategy. It consequently lacks the provocative, meaty, unexpected characterizations and anecdotes of Liddell Hart's book, but it is a far more orderly account of events. Hitler had promised that there would be no war with England until 1944 or 1945, and by that time the German navy's building program called for some 13 battleships and 16 cruisers.

When the war began, Grand Admiral Erich Raeder* wrote: "As far as the Navy is concerned, obviously it is in no way adequately equipped for the great struggle with Great Britain . . . it has built up a well-trained, suitably organized submarine arm, of which at the moment about 26 boats are capable of operations in the Atlantic; the submarine arm is still much too weak, however, to have any decisive effect on the war. The surface forces, moreover, are so inferior in number and strength that they can do no more than show that they know how to die gallantly."

Hitler at Sea. Through the battle of the Atlantic, the invasion of Norway, the preparations for the invasion of Britain, this mood persisted. Hitler told Raeder: "On land I am a hero, but at sea I am a coward." He consequently gave the admirals a freedom of action that the generals never had. Author Martienssen (a South African, who is assistant foreign editor of the *Economist*) believes that Raeder made the most of it, used his small forces effectively, and was individually superior to the run of German officers.

Hitler and His Admirals is a compact and interesting book. It is particularly valuable for its underlining of German attitudes quite apart from the naval war: Hitler's fury at Italy's untimely invasion of Greece, his fear of U.S. opinion, the lack of understanding in Germany of what was happening in other countries.

It seems clear that Hitler had no consistent program for the navy and that he had a far less coherent plan for the war than he is generally credited with. The most striking revelation of his weakness is in the figures on U-boat losses. When the U.S. entered the war, nearly 250 U-boats were available; in the single month of June 1942, the Germans sank 145 ships. But in the months to come, the tide turned, as anti-submarine measures became effective. In the last four months of the war, with Doenitz running the navy (after Raeder's resignation in 1943), the Germans lost 120 U-boats while sinking 49 ships.

Gallantry. Says Martienssen: "Although . . . Doenitz's last campaign was both stupid and suicidal, one cannot but admire the gallantry of the U-boat crews, who, in spite of the overpowering weight of Allied naval forces, continued to fight in remote areas with undiminished spirit . . . The damage they did was negligible; the losses they suffered were enormous; and yet, alone of all Germany's armed forces, they fought on to the very last day of the war. Their record at sea during the whole war, too, was not as bad as it has been painted. Whatever they might have condoned or even applauded on shore, in all the evidence assembled at Nürnberg, there were only five cases of criminal conduct by U-boats at sea."

* Now serving the sentence of life imprisonment imposed at Nürnberg.

The Long Wait

HIGH TOWERS (403 pp.)—*Thomas B. Costain—Doubleday* ($3).

After nibbling at *High Towers*, a reader might well conclude that Author Costain, who is an old hand at whipping up best-selling bonbons about the past (*The Black Rose; The Moneyman*), no longer has his heart in his work. In this surprisingly sedate historical romance, little blood is spilled, the solitary battle is brief and tame, and not a single damsel is seduced.

With the speed and grace of an old dray horse, *High Towers* creaks along with the meandering story of the mighty Le Moyne family which settled in Montreal in the 17th Century, profited from the fur trade, drove the English out of Hudson's Bay, intrigued at the French court and created New Orleans. It is also a tears-and-sugar romance about Félicité and Philippe, humble hangers-on of the Le

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*A baffling malady which threatened the health of workers in a Western plant was found, upon investigation by an E-M engineer, to be caused by fumes created by the processing of materials. The engineer suggested remedial measures (including changes in ventilation facilities) which promptly eliminated the hazard.

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Moyne household whose love is frustrated by French colonial policy.

Toward the end Author Costain tries to liven things up a bit. Félicité is dragged by her ankles, with her pretty thighs exposed, by her brutal nobleman husband whom she has been forced to marry, is beaten by him with a cudgel "not thicker than a man's thumb," and is kidnaped by Indians. This, presumably, is what readers of this kind of novel have been waiting for, but it is a long wait, and they are in for further dull stretches before virtue and justice at last prevail.

To All Appearances

THE BOOK OF COSTUME (two volumes, 958 pp.)—*Millia Davenport*—*Crown* ($15).

The first of the 2,778 illustrations in these volumes shows King Or-Nina with his family, neatly gotten up in the latest Sumerian style of 3,000 B.C., *i.e.*, bare feet and chest, a rather hefty skirt made out of hanks of wool, and a basket fitted snugly on his head. One of the last illustrations shows President Lincoln receiving at the White House in 1865.

To filling the gap between the Sumerian palace and the Civil War White House Millia Davenport devoted seven years. The result of her labor of love will impress the *couturier* and fascinate the housewife. *The Book of Costume* is also more instructive than many a history book, because it does not stop at tracking flares and gussets down through the ages. It is a history of the ornaments used by men & women to add the finishing touches to their apparel—enameled watches, canes, necklaces, lap dogs, etc.

It is also an examination of weather through the ages—of how people dressed to meet it and how they were helped and hindered in doing so by the architecture of their homes and the demands of current fashion (Queen Elizabeth's habit of ripping her stylish, padded blouse open right down to the navel on warm days greatly shocked the French ambassador). All the elements that have influenced human clothing are touched: war, poverty, industrialization, poetry, hero worship, religion, royal mistresses.

Mrs. Job's Hat. Author Davenport, a costume and stage designer, is a first-rate researcher, and her chief sources are the western world's painting and sculpture. Such painters as Bruegel, Hogarth and Carpaccio, who filled their canvases with a crowd of characters and worked in every last detail of period settings, are her richest gold mines.

What is often comic, but always instructive about this book is Author Davenport's way of reversing the normal scale of values. No matter how largely they may figure, art, literature, history, the soul of man itself here becomes secondary to the prime concern—surface appearances. When Author Davenport looks at a medieval painting of the martyrdom of Saint Alban, she merely observes, with an artist's pure detachment, that the saint's collar "shows the new interest . . . in the

President

Sales Manager

1. Chief Sitting Bull would be sitting pretty if only he could make decisions. Which he can't, not having fresh facts to go on. Last month's inventory, purchasing, and sales reports haven't come through *yet*. Economical McBee methods would have put them at his finger-tips *on time*. They'd scalp record-keeping costs, save the chief work and worry.

2. Chief Smoke-in-Eyes is all in a smog. His tangled figures make it hard to savvy whether District 82 is ahead of its quota or behind . . . whether salesman Burns really *is* a ball of fire or just a clinker. McBee Unit Analysis would smoke out the honest-injun facts *fast*, show the chief *at a glance* just where *every* salesman and *every* item fits into the over-all picture.

4 Americans who should start vanishing

(little tales about some chiefs who aren't so super)

Comptroller

Production Manager

3. Chief Buffalo Run is pale-faced when he sees the cost of most new record-keeping methods. The squaws in his office squawk at working overtime, all the time, but what to do? The chief wouldn't be so buffaloed if he had Keysort, the low-cost marginally punched card that cuts clerical work way down, gets reports out lickety-split.

4. Chief Thunderhead reigns in the face of confusion. Six men and two machines are idle in Plant 4. Why? Because obsolete record-keeping snafued schedules and put the Indian sign on tool-part orders. Someone had better tip Thunderhead off to Keysort, the card with the million dollar punch that saves heap wampum all down the line.

McBee puts accurate management facts on your desk *when you need them*. Does it at less cost than any other system. Does it with simple, flexible methods and machines that any girl in your office can understand. Take Keysort, for instance. It is based on cards with holes punched along the edges. These pre-coded holes make the cards mechanically articulate. They make it easy to *collect* a wealth of data . . . *classify* it . . . *file* it . . . *find* it . . . *use* it . . . *quickly and accurately*. There's a McBee man near you. Ask him to drop in. Or write us.

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vertical line and in the center-front." In another such painting, Job's boils are ruthlessly ignored in favor of Mrs. Job's hat ("the turban which spread so rapidly from Persia"). The glories of the Medicis and the Italian Popes simply show that "the bodice is gradually taking on importance"; the Renaissance reaches its peak with a striking innovation named "the handcouvre-chef"; and gothic cathedral frescoes offer the well-dressed lady "a dramatic cuff."

The Passionate English. *The Book of Costume* also clearly documents how greatly the distinctive characteristics of nations change with the centuries. Fifteenth Century Italians were clean, reserved, austere: they were shocked by the filth of the Germans. Erasmus was bowled over by the vulgar English tendency to display passion and emotion in public. On the other hand, while skirts rise and fall

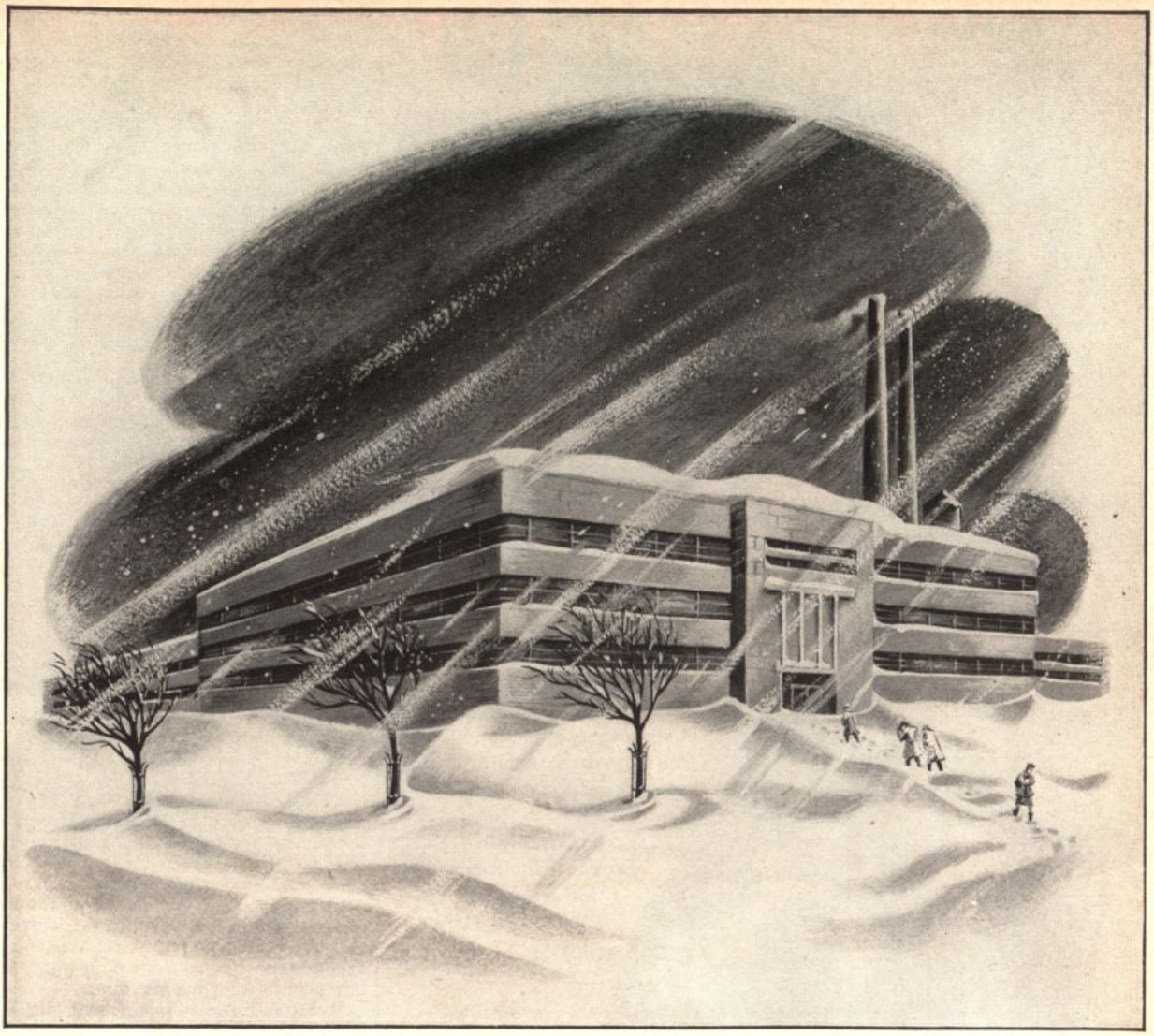
Metropolitan Museum of Art
GREEK WEDDING PROCESSION (C. 540 B.C.)
The bodice took on more importance.

and puffed knee breeches slowly work their way into peg-top trousers, many surprising similarities exist between far-separated cultures. The woman in the Greek wedding procession, bowling along in her chariot, might almost be on the way back from buying a work dress in a country store; and in a letter quoted from a lady of Chaucer's day to her husband, the cooing tone of the gentle gold digger sounds clearly through the medieval prose: "I would you were at home, liever than a gown, though it were of scarlet."

Rags, Bones & Moonlight

THE MAN WHO INVENTED SIN (183 pp.) — *Séan O'Faoláin* — *Devin-Adair* ($2.75).

The best of Séan O'Faoláin's stories belong with those of Chekhov. This 48-year-old Irishman, born in Cork, fought in Ireland's Civil War and afterwards, in *Midsummer Night Madness*, wrote a series of haunting stories about it. They had the hard authenticity of firsthand pictures of



"I wish I was in Dixie"

When icy winds blow, what factory wouldn't like to shed its winter overcoat and move 'way down South?

For here in the up-and-coming Southland, served by the 8,000-mile Southern Railway System, the birds are always singing and the flowers are always blooming. For here, an unbeatable combination of gentle climate and a generous Nature will make any factory stand up and sing, "Hurray! Hurray! I'm gonna live and *grow* in Dixie!"

"Look Ahead—Look South!"

Ernest E. Norris
President

LOOK SOUTH
LOOK AHEAD

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Southern Serves the South

war and revolution, with none of the drab, repetitious prose that is now almost a trademark of war novels. His themes were as subtle as Turgenev's, with clear and vivid pictures of action, but the distinction of his work was its fine cadenced prose. O'Faoláin's novels, *e.g., A Nest of Simple Folk,* had much the same quality, but were diffused and blurred by an indistinctness that lay like a mist over setting and characters alike.

The small publishing firm of Devin-Adair has now brought out a selection of 15 of O'Faoláin's short stories. They are like pieces chipped off a larger design, showing, despite their incompleteness, a wonderful workmanship.

Author O'Faoláin is aware of their limitation. Speaking of Irish writers generally, he once remarked that they had come from poor households, and there was a side of life they did not know. Their romance, he said, could only "be made out of what we have—rags and bones, moonlight, limed cabins, struggle, the passion of our people, a bitter history, great folly, a sense of eternity in all things, a courage 'never to submit or yield.' "

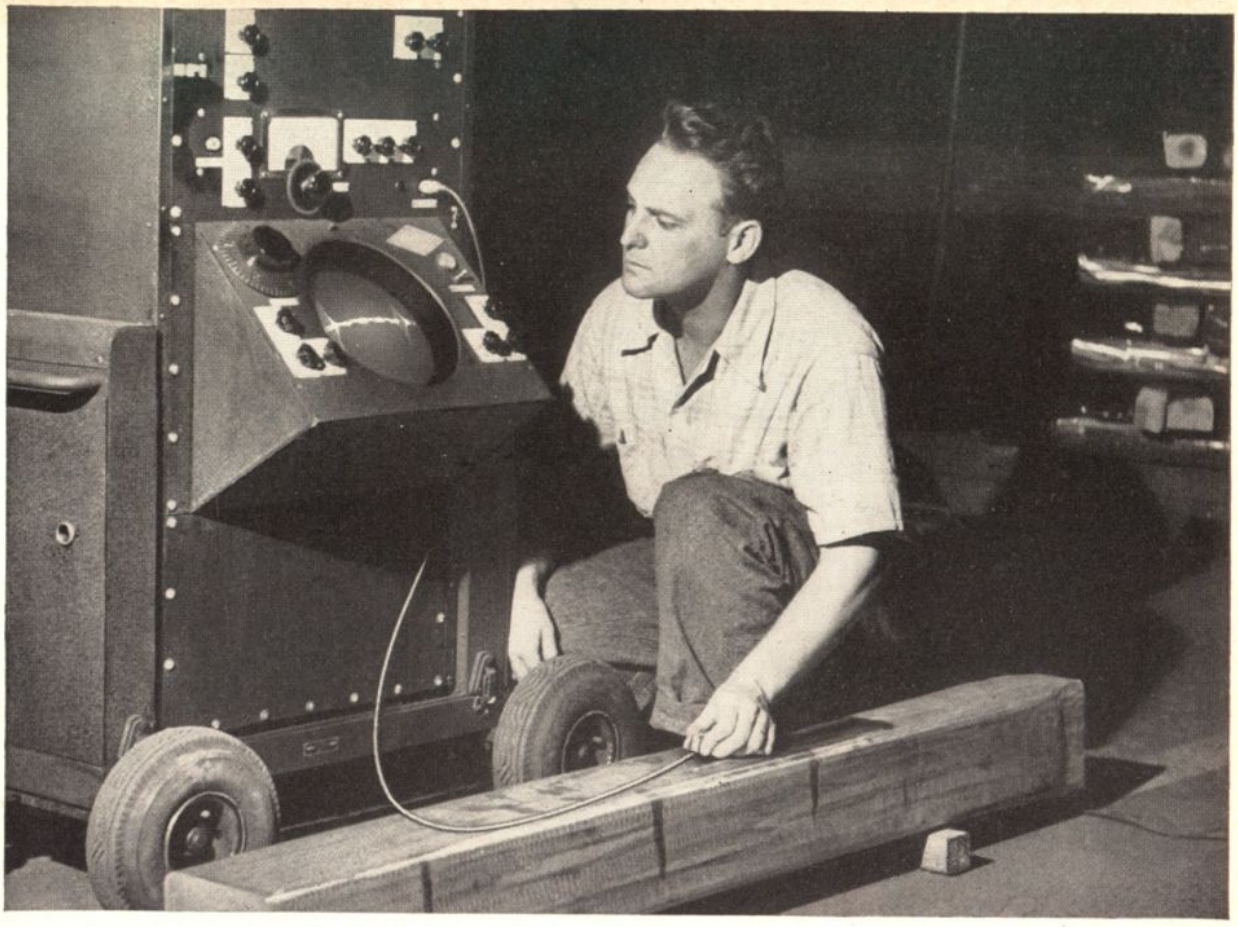
Doctor on Horseback

GENTLEMAN'S PROGRESS (267 pp.)—*Dr. Alexander Hamilton,* edited by Carl Bridenbaugh—*Chapel Hill* ($4).

This is the story of another Alexander Hamilton, a mildly libertine Scottish physician who left Maryland in 1744 on horseback, with his Negro slave Dromo, on a trip around the colonies. He hoped thereby to regain his failing health. In four months he covered 1,624 miles by horse and by sloop, got northeast as far as what is now York, Maine and northwest as far as Schenectady. During the journey he kept an *Itinerarium,* which, except for a collectors' limited edition in 1907, is now published for the first time.

Hamilton's *Itinerarium* is one of the most candid and engaging travel diaries to come down from a colonial American. It is casual to the point of slightness, a bit snobbish and of little historical importance. But it brings the speech of the time and the look of town & country to the reader in a way historians rarely do. Hamilton was contemptuous of "aggrandized upstarts" who put on social airs, and he frankly looked down on anyone who was not a "gentleman." He loved good company, drank with relish but not to excess (the capacity of New York City's "toapers" astonished and disgusted him), and never missed a pretty face or a stayless figure. If anyone could rile him more thoroughly than a long-winded bore, it was a religious fanatic, and the inns of colonial America seemed to be cluttered with both types.

Penance in Albany. Hamilton was quick to note the prevailing temper and character of the towns he visited. Philadelphia, with its preponderance of Quaker businessmen, he found dull: "I never was in a place so populous where the gout for publick gay diversions prevailed so little . . . Some Virginia gentlemen . . . were



He's taking the pulse of a stainless steel billet

Sound waves you can't hear are on the job as inspectors of ARMCO Stainless Steel. A Supersonic Reflectoscope sends them into thick billets of steel to detect internal flaws. Their reflection from any defect is picked up by a crystal, converted to electrical pulses and shown to the operator on a screen.

In working for Armco, the steel-penetrating sound waves are working for you. They're one of the many controls designed to insure that the stainless steel reaching you in scores of products is perfect *all the way through.*

And ARMCO Stainless is an economical metal in any product you might purchase because it gives you so much more value in beauty and lifetime service. The cost of labor to manufacture the products you buy — such as cooking utensils, kitchen sinks and roof gutters—is such a large part of the final cost that it is good buying sense to insist on this solid, rustless metal.

Stainless is just one of ARMCO's Special-Purpose Steels, each designed to serve longer and better in a particular type of use. Among the many others are ARMCO ZINCGRIP, which assures complete rust protection, and ARMCO ALUMINIZED to resist heat and corrosion in car mufflers, space-heaters and other products.

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desirous of having a ball but could find none of the feemale sex in a humour for it." New York (pop. 11,000) pleased him better, especially the conversation and the women, but in Albany the local custom of asking strangers to kiss the women "might almost pass for a pennance, for the generality of the women here, both old and young, are remarkably ugly."

Boston, whose 16,258 population made it the largest town in North America, seemed to him the most civilized in the colonies. Even so, he found that "The middling sort of people here are to a degree dissingenuous and dissembling, which appears even in their common conversation in which their indirect and dubious answers to the plainest and fairest questions show their suspicions of one another." But the women, added Hamilton,

HAMILTON (SELF-PORTRAIT)
Boston's ladies were affable.

were "for the most part, free and affable as well as pritty. I saw not one prude while I was here."

Chicanery in Rhode Island. Rhode Island struck him as "the most delightful spot of ground I have seen in America . . . For rural scenes and pritty, frank girls, I found it the most agreeable place I had been in thro' all my peregrinations." To Chronicler Hamilton the American character in Rhode Island seemed no more admirable than elsewhere: "I am sorry to say that the people in their dealings one with another, and even with strangers, in matters of truck or bargain, have as bad a character for chicane and disingenuity as any of our American colonys."

He could tell when he had got back home to Maryland's climate, "for every house was an infirmary." But in spite of fever and "vapourish qualms" he stuck it out, was elected to the legislature and married the daughter of Daniel Dulany the elder, one of Maryland's richest men. Wrote one member of Hamilton's ribald Tuesday Club to a fellow member then in England: "Poor Hamilton is gone—not dead, but married."

Designers and builders of AIRCRAFT

* * *

THE U. S. NAVY'S PANTHER

As a further step toward our country's control of the air over land and sea when occasion requires, the U. S. Navy must have the world's finest aircraft. Newest Navy carrier and land based Jet-Fighter is the Grumman Panther, designed for maximum performance in the growing might of our naval air arm.

GRUMMAN AIRCRAFT ENGINEERING CORPORATION, BETHPAGE, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

Contractors to the Armed Services

MISCELLANY

Neither Snow Nor Rain . . . In Greenfield, Ohio, John Rooks finally received the civilian clothes that he had mailed home from an induction camp in World War I.

Cut-Up. In Newark, N.J., John L. Sullivan, hunted by police for three years as the ringleader in a $2,000,000 holdup, was caught trying to steal a $23 razor.

Fiery Furnace. In Buffalo, Shadrach Abednego, trapped in a gas explosion, died of burns.

Choice of Weapons. In Norfolk, Va., Court Clerk Betty Jean Woolard reported that a woman, told to wait an hour for a pistol permit, had flounced out saying: "No, that would be too late. I guess I'll have to use a knife after all."

Extenuation. In Jönköping, Sweden, Ole Jonson, convicted of stealing and embezzlement, was only put on probation when he told the court that he did it to get money so he could move away from his mother-in-law.

Austerity. In Conington, England, Mrs. Thomas Murden, who cleans out the town telephone booth, threatened to quit when the government asked for half of her 20¢-a-week salary in taxes.

Fifth Column. In Los Angeles, Mrs. Mary Magley got her divorce after testifying that her husband Guy insisted on hanging photographs of his four ex-wives in their bedroom.

Deduction. In Palermo, Sicily, Giovanni Villa, who has spent four years trying to get himself declared officially alive, complained that the only person convinced thus far is the tax collector.

Precept & Example. In Detroit, James Morgan, arrested for creating a hazard by storing combustibles in his shop, identified himself as the sign painter who makes safety posters for the city. In Newcastle, Australia, after Radio Announcer Philip C. Furley warned listeners to get their government listening licenses, he was fined $15 for not renewing his own.

Prospector. In Superior, Wis., Ernest Smith pleaded guilty to stealing his ex-wife's dentures and selling the gold in the upper plate for 75¢.

Best Friend. In Bradford-on-Avon, England, Thomas Musty complained that when he offered a biscuit to the dog that had bitten him the previous day, the dog ate the biscuit and bit him again.

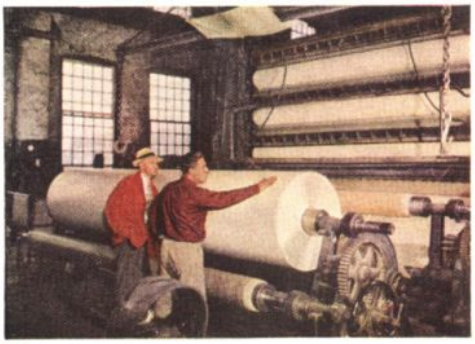
Them As Has. In Guelph, Ont., the local Lions Club offered their raffle prize—a year's supply of ice—to Mrs. John Collens, wife of an electric-refrigerator dealer.

Dynamite Dance

on the Magpie River

1 **"The short time fuse** on that dynamite charge taught me fast how to run across floating logs," writes Dick Weidner, a friend of Canadian Club. "I'd joined a lumberjack school in northern Ontario. The toughest course was learning to dynamite a jam while helping drive logs 150 miles downstream to a paper mill. Keeping your balance afloat on spruce logs is no cinch. Getting dunked while you duck flying timber is 'easy as falling off a log'!

2 **"A towering jackladder** at Iroquois Falls lifts logs on to the mill's stockpile. It had made a gigantic woodpile . . . over 350,000 logs cut in two-foot lengths. After the logs are cut into chips, they are "cooked" into newsprint pulp.



3 **"A paper-making machine 200 feet long** transforms the thick, watery porridge of woodpulp into paper by gradually squeezing out the water. The final roll of newsprint paper is a whopper. If unrolled it would make a paper highway fifteen feet wide and *six miles long!*

4 **"'In many lands,'** the boss of the drive told me, 'our newsprint is in such demand that it's *almost* as famous as our Canadian Club Whisky.'

5 **"'Up here in Canada,'** he continued, 'we like big country, fast rivers and light whisky. For our money, no whisky in the world is in the same class with Canadian Club.' I told him that from what I'd seen in travelling around, people everywhere seem to share Canada's enthusiasm for Canadian Club."

Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon. You can stay with it all evening long . . . in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's what made Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club" *MADE IN CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER*

Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

HORMEL ONION SOUP

Mesdames et Messieurs...pour votre plaisir!

A superb onion soup—one of the world's great delicacies—can now be enjoyed by all. Authentically French, thanks to the knowing touch of Jean Vernet, Hormel chef. Majestically good, thanks to a lavish recipe that calls for sweet mild onion rings gently sautéed in butter, then married to a rich beef stock in which a tart cheese sings. A distinguished first course . . . or a meal by itself . . . or for your soul's ease the last thing before bed. In plain English, magnificent!

Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota.