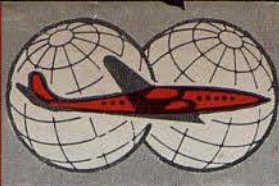


JULY 10, 1950



ATLANTIC EDITION

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Carl Mydans


GENERAL MACARTHUR

His job: to police the boundaries of chaos.

VOL. LVI NO. 2

AUSTRIA	6 schillings	FINLAND	50 finmarks	IRELAND	1/6	SOUTH AFRICA	1/9
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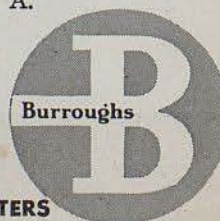
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LETTERS

Plague of Plenty

Sir:

Your write-up of the farm problem in your June 19 issue was the fairest I have read outside the agricultural press . . .

CHESTER A. CLARK

Cedar Lake, Ind.

Sir:

Sorry to see such a biased and distorted picture of farming . . .

Farmers are talking, wondering, and seething with falling prices. Living is expensive. Taxes are high. They don't want handouts from politicians. Labor gets new demands. Freights go up. Building materials are jumping. New pests show up. Cannerymen are over-supplied . . .

Mark this—the Democrats with the Brannan Plan will win unless the Republicans come up with an understandable farm plan. And the farmers will tip the scale as they did last time.

CARROLL D. BUSH

Grapeview, Wash.

Sir:

Maybe some farmers are "riding the crest of the most prosperous wave in farming history." But there are still two and one-half million migrant farm families who toil and starve so the rest of us may eat. Visit a migrant shack-town to get a more complete story on American agriculture. To these displaced persons among us, school is a luxury; small children put in too long hours in beet and berry fields . . .

GRANT M. STOLTZFUS

Scottdale, Pa.

Sir:

. . . In the framework of the price support program, the plight of the farm workers can be alleviated. It should be made a condition that any farmer availing himself of the federal price support must adopt a farming program which includes, among other things, all-year-round farming activities through the raising of overlapping crops or combination of crops . . . Under the price support, it should be a must relationship between the employing farmer and the hired hand that the latter, in conjunction with the former, be covered by the social security compensation insurance.

Under this proposed setup of the federal price support, the unnecessary waste is ameliorated through the social salvation of a great segment of citizenry . . .

(THE REV.) D. F. GONZALO

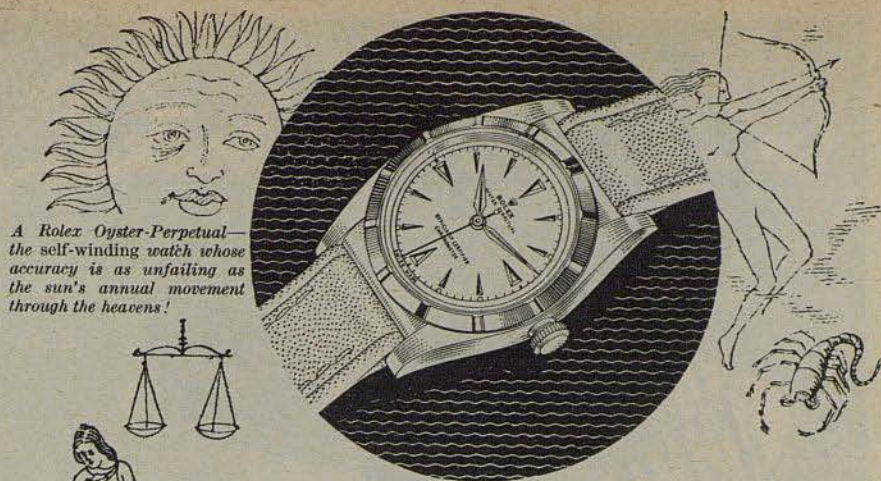
Stockton, Calif.

Sir:

. . . From my viewpoint, as a Technocrat,* the entire problem could best be summed up thus: for our physical needs we try to create an abundance—by using the technique of creating an artificial scarcity to keep prices up—so we may obtain enough money to purchase that abundance out of the scarcity. In short, we seek abundance and scarcity simultaneously.

We Technocrats may be permitted an

* A rare survivor of a half-forgotten movement which flourished in the early '30s. Technocracy was founded by Howard Scott, an engineering theorist, on the principle that under the present price system the machine is destroying man's chance to earn a living. By "functional control" of production and distribution—including the substitution of energy certificates for money—the Technocrats still claim they can wangle a comfortable living for everybody.



A Rolex Oyster-Perpetual—the self-winding watch whose accuracy is as unflinching as the sun's annual movement through the heavens!



The watch that never needs winding

by Hans Wilsdorf ★

A SELF-WINDING wrist-watch! In 1931 this idea, which had fascinated and baffled a generation of watchmakers, became at last a reality.

From my earliest years in watchmaking, I had believed in the great possibilities of the wrist-watch. In those days (more than 40 years ago!) people laughed at me. They said a wrist-watch would never go properly. But I persisted, and my Rolex technicians were successful—beyond my hopes!

We achieved not only the first small wrist-chronometer*, but in 1926 the Oyster, first waterproof watch in the world. What next? It seemed to follow naturally—a wrist-watch that winds itself!

In 1931 success came at last. Using the waterproof Oyster case, we created the Rolex Oyster-Perpetual!

Our Perpetual is wound, silently and continuously, by a patented 'Rotor'—an oscillating mass that rotates freely in either direction with the wrist's slightest motion. Worn for as little as six hours, the Oyster-Perpetual goes for thirty-six; worn always—it goes for ever!

The Oyster-Perpetual has now been giving good service for 18 years. It is the only perpetual watch in the world that carries with it an official certificate of accuracy. This makes it not just a wrist-watch but a wrist-chronometer. By the end of 1947, Rolex had produced no less than 70,000 of these magnificent Oyster-Perpetual chronometers.

Many other Rolex models, of course, are also wrist-chronometers. This is unusual, because although other factories make wrist-chronometers too, I am the only maker producing them in such large numbers for sale. So perhaps it's not surprising that Rolex is famous for accuracy!

* A watch may be termed a "chronometer" only if its accuracy will pass rigorous Observatory or Official Tests

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| 1914: The first Rolex wrist-chronometer (Kew Observatory, Class A) | 1947: Production of the 100,000th Rolex officially certified wrist-chronometer |
| 1927: Mercedes Gleitze, London stenographer, swims the Channel wearing a Rolex OYSTER, the world's first waterproof watch | 1948: Rolex achieves highest-ever accuracy at world-famous Kew Observatory for 30mm. size wrist-watch |
| 1931: The first waterproof and self-winding watch—the OYSTER-PERPETUAL | And now Rolex presents the TUDOR and the TUDOR OYSTER, younger members of the family |



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★ Governing Director of THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED, GENEVA, SWITZERLAND



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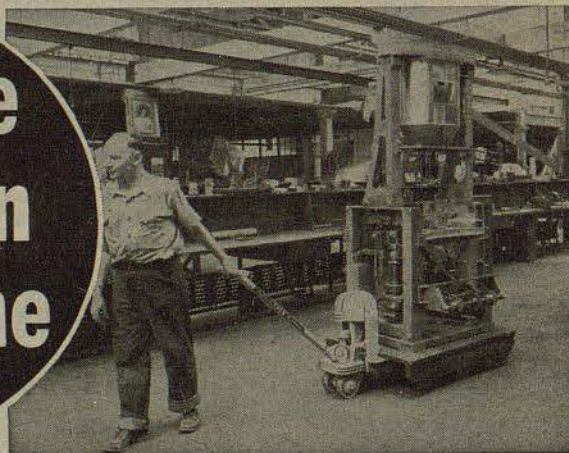
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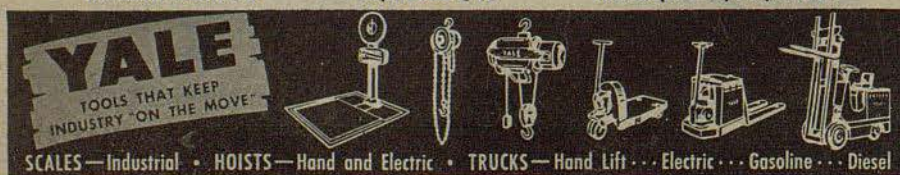
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TIME
July 10, 1950

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Volume LVI
No. 2

amused chuckle while we observe the futile attempts to establish abundance and scarcity so they will co-exist.

It may be pointed out that when society is confronted with the choice of having a full belly and empty billfold or empty belly and full billfold, that the full belly will be the choice . . .

G. W. MEEK

Corpus Christi, Tex.

Sir:

It is amazing that in our talk of farm surpluses, no considerable voice is raised relating the surpluses to the world situation . . . We must know that what we face is sure to make food for the world far scarcer and far more important than in the war that has passed. A surplus of non-perishable foods in ten times the amount that we have today would not be over-production in the face of our need for preparedness . . .

M. J. ROCKWELL

Hannah, N. Dak.

No Regrets

Sir:

The Oxford Union motion "regretting the influence exercised by the U.S." [TIME, June 12] may easily give a misleading impression to readers not familiar with the circumstances. First, the Union is by no means representative of undergraduate opinion; it speaks only for its own members. Second, voting is affected as much by the merit of speeches as by the merit of motions; it is, after all, a debating club. Third, the oratory of Mr. Randolph Churchill, in marked contrast to that of his distinguished father, has always been a sure vote-loser amongst Oxford audiences. Neglect of these considerations caused widespread American misunderstanding of the 1933 "King and Country" [pacifist] motion. It would be a thousand pities if a similar misunderstanding flowed from this.

H. G. NICHOLAS

Exeter College, Oxford

Brash birds

Sir:

Well, *did* the rubber garter snakes (TIME, June 12) keep the pigeons away from the West Palm Beach courthouse ledges? . . .

LAURENCE PERRINE

Dallas, Tex.

¶ Only for a couple of days. Any suggestions?—ED.

Summa & Solutions

Sir:

A *summa cum laude* to TIME in content and objectivity of study on the Crisis in Colleges [June 19] . . .

SILAS SHULMAN

Cincinnati, Ohio

Sir:

It seems to me that the article misses . . . one of the chief reasons for the financial predicament in which colleges and schools find themselves today, and that is that in a real sense every boy today in college, regardless of the financial background of his parents, is on a scholarship . . . For example, if the average cost per boy to the college today is \$1,200 and a parent pays the top tuition asked by the college, which may be \$600, then his son is receiving in a real sense a scholarship of \$600 from the college, or the income on \$20,000 of the endowed funds of the college. Yet many of these parents . . . would be willing to pay what it actually

costs the college for their sons' education . . .

If the colleges would put on a strong public relations program with their clientele in an effort to bring them, in a real sense, into a partnership with the school in the education of their boys, many of them would not only be willing to pay as much towards the actual cost as their finances would permit, but would also add to those amounts gifts which could be applied not only to mounting operating deficits, but to the tuitions of those less able to meet these costs . . .

JAMES I. WENDELL,
Headmaster

The Hill School
Pottstown, Pa.

Sir

. . . The answer, when it comes, will most likely be a combination of partial solutions adapted to each institution's special needs. One such partial solution: let the Federal Government stop taxing the colleges.

Traditionally, educational institutions have been tax-free. Traditionally, too, they have endowment funds invested in corporate stocks whose profits are now taxed at 38% before they are distributed as dividends . . . Were the colleges permitted to demand a refund from the Internal Revenue Department of the income taxes collected on the corporate stocks in their endowment portfolios, their return from such securities would be nearly half again as much as they are today. It would be income from a federal source, perhaps, but without danger of federal control.

HAYDEN WELLER

Northport, N.Y.

Sir:

Hadn't our college presidents better give sober thought to the sources of inflation which create their repeating financial crises? Not so many years ago their campuses were the spawning grounds of the theories now used as expedients for keeping a political party in office. Protected from worldly reality, our campuses have been slow to feel what fixed income individuals have long realized: inflation means creeping poverty . . . It is just possible that [the colleges] are not too far advanced in their retrenchment to set up a joint institute for the study and promotion of the advantages of a stable dollar . . . With inflation stopped, college presidents could ignore pork barrel contracts and perpetual road shows for fund raising. They could return to their offices to plan the orderly development of their institutions and cease their hopeless efforts to keep pace with Treasury printing presses.

DUDLEY A. WILLIAMS

Providence, R.I.

Divine Relations

Sir:

I was indeed pleased and gratified to read the brief statement . . . denying the lie . . . concerning Father Divine's and my domestic relations [TIME, June 12] . . .

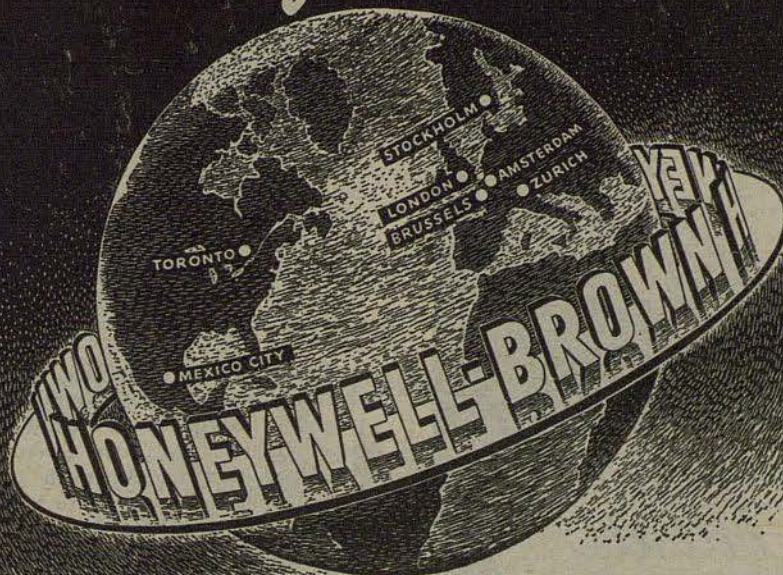
It is only right and justifiable that the press, as a servant of the people, should print the truth concerning all matters with which the public and the nation at large are concerned; for to publicize unfounded and malicious lies in an effort to mislead the people is to create Fascism, Naziism, Tojoism and Communism, jeopardizing the peace, freedom and security of the nation . . . Unless [such] treacherous propaganda . . . is put an end to, the people of this nation will suffer the consequences with continued transportation disasters, floods, tornadoes and ultimate war which would undoubtedly mean the annihilation of civilization . . .

MRS. S. A. DIVINE
(Mother Divine)

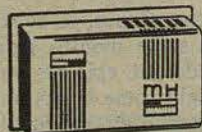
Philadelphia, Pa.

TIME, JULY 10, 1950

AUTOMATIC Controls for the Nations



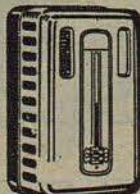
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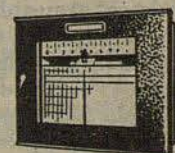
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

From the time of its publication in our issue of January 23, TIME's cover story on Mark III, the automatic computing machine, has continued to make news. Newspapers around the world carried stories on it. The important Soviet bi-weekly journal *Literaturnaya Gazeta* even devoted part of its May 4 issue to a splenetic, windy attempt to knock Mark III's mechanical brains out. And now it has turned up in the never-never world of the funnies.

Weeks ago a computing machine strangely reminiscent of Mark III appeared in Milton Caniff's daily newspaper comic strip, *Steve Canyon*. It developed that an American traitor named Gaglia was trying to turn the machine over to the Russians in far-off China. After some harrowing episodes Canyon and his ex-secretary, Feeta-Feeta, managed to frustrate the effort.

Several TIME readers wondered whether Mark III had inspired Canyon's latest adventure. Having a kind of proprietary interest in this comic strip,* we telephoned Caniff to ask if it were so. He said: "Sure."

According to Artist Caniff, a book publisher suggested some months ago that he ought to do an episode on cybernetics. He bought some books on the subject, but they only confused him. Then the Mark III cover story was published. Says Caniff:

* Official news of its advent was carried in our cover story on Caniff (Jan. 13, 1947) when he changed publishers.

"TIME's story gave me the answers in layman's language to the things I was confused about. Also, because TIME is read all over the world, it moved the subject from the technical into the public domain. The story had all the elements I needed: It was true; it was new and important and potentially powerful to an enemy. My job was to keep the suspense and stick to the facts.

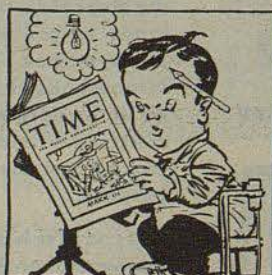
"Mark III also gave me a picture of the computing machine. I had to know what it looked like and if it was transportable. Furthermore, I needed TIME's conjectures as to the machine's future possibilities. Your story pointed out what the machine could do, so I could explain its potentialities without getting technical. That was just what I needed. Steve Canyon is like me—he can't even do long division."

Caniff, who began reading TIME in his political science courses in college, said that it has figured in his work in many ways. He gets two copies a week—one by subscription, the other on the newsstand. He files TIME stories for future reference, and often has to have both sides of a page. These stories, he added, have been the inspiration for many of his comic strip adventures.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

P.S. Milton Caniff's own version of what happened to him after he read the Mark III cover appears below.



1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.

TIME

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WAR IN ASIA

THE NATIONS

In the Cause of Peace

"We are not at war," said the President of the U.S. last week. Then he went on to explain. The U.S., said Harry Truman, was engaged in a police action. A "bunch of bandits" had attacked the Republic of Korea—a government established by the United Nations—and the Security Council had asked U.N. members to suppress this bandit raid. That was what the U.S. was doing. "We hope we have acted in the cause of peace—there is no other reason for the action we have taken," said Truman.

That was how the cold war (which was neither cold nor war) ended.

What was this new thing the U.S. was in? World War III? Could Armageddon begin with so feeble a fanfare as the muffled Battle of Korea? Could the push-button war of the physicists start among the grass roofs of a land where men had hardly caught up with Galileo? Was this the place and was this the way in which Marx and Jefferson came to final grips?

It could be. The fire in the grass roofs of Korea might spread into atomic war—and it might not. It might, on the other hand, be the beginning of peace.

The Communist intention to destroy what order existed in the rest of the world had been plainly published and implacably pursued. The U.S. had first ignored and then underestimated this challenge. In Europe, the U.S. had partially met the Communist threat by gifts of goods, and promises of military aid if the Red threat became an all-out war.

In Asia, this had not been enough. In Asia, the props of ordered freedom were just not strong enough to withstand the Communist pressure. So China fell while the U.S. argued about the political morals of Chiang Kai-shek and consoled itself with babble about the hopeless "complexity of the situation." After that, "the situation" became infinitely more complex and the reality harder & harder to ignore. The reality was: Communism was winning the victory and might never have to resort to all-out war.

By decision of the U.S. and the U.N., the free world would now try to strike back, deal with the limited crises through which Communism was advancing. Russia's latest aggression had united the U.S.—and the U.N.—as nothing else could.

Already the Communists had paid for their attack on Korea; when Truman said "I have ordered the Seventh Fleet" to



GENERAL MACARTHUR IN KOREA (NEAR SUWON)*

The cold war was over.

Formosa, he denied Communism a rich strategic prize that had been in its grasp. The fact that Douglas MacArthur, who has long understood the Communist intentions in Asia, was defending Korea meant that the Reds would not get that country cheaply.

The road ahead of the U.S. was going to be harder than any it had ever traveled. Among the perils, all-out war was a possibility, but not a certainty. If they could strike back at Communism, if they could learn to fight the wars that were not called wars, if they could prove their power and purpose in Asia, the U.S. and the free world might win through to peace.

CASUALTY LIST

It was a typically American set of names. There was a Tomlinson, a Kiezanowski, a Morrissey, a Rolek, a Brown and a Selig. They came from all over the country: Westfield, Mass.; Oakland, Calif.; Warren, Ark.; Kalamazoo, Mich.; Aitkin, Minn.; Clearwater, Fla.; Baltimore.

There were 15 in all, four officers and eleven enlisted men, on the first casualty list issued by the Army. The men were lost in the crash of a transport en route to Korea.

THE PRESIDENCY

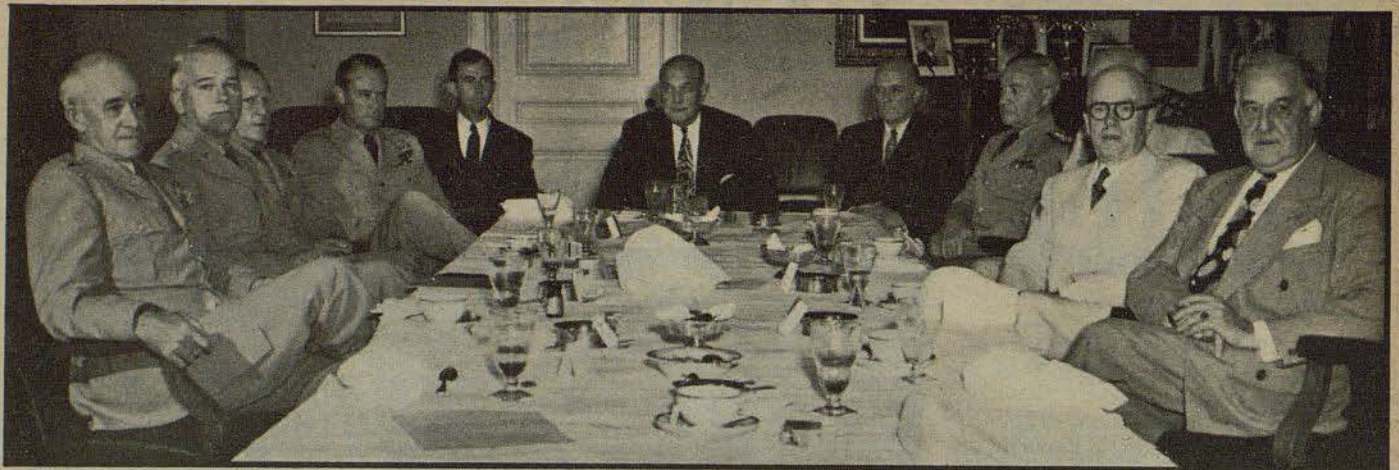
The Consequences

From the moment he proclaimed U.S. air & sea support for the reeling Koreans, Harry Truman had seen the next fateful decision marching toward him in seven-league infantry boots. At midweek he ordered the National Security Council into secret session to size up U.S. troop positions in the Far East. Before the council lay Douglas MacArthur's report that the U.S. doughfoot would have to come and come fast to South Korea if the high-sounding words of 24 hours before were to have any meaning.

It was a problem the NSC had wrestled with before. As long ago as last January, the policymakers had drawn the broad outlines of U.S. action in case of Korean invasion: the quick recourse to the United Nations Security Council and the dispatch of arms aid (which the President had set in motion soon after the Communists began rolling). But in its blackboard arguments, NSC had never been able to make up its mind about sending U.S. troops. Infantryman Omar Bradley, chairman of the Joint Chiefs, had held that Korea wasn't worth it from the standpoint of pure military strategy; the State Department—backed

* With his chief of staff, General Edward Almond.

WAR IN ASIA



Acme

U.S. MILITARY LEADERS*

One fateful decision marched in infantry boots.

by the Navy—had said it very well might be, for reasons of U.S. prestige in Asia and U.S. leadership in the world.

The Troops March. Now the argument was ancient history. Politics, strategy and the prestige of the democratic world were so tightly intertwined in Korea that no one could separate them, and nobody tried. After a brisk, businesslike session, the members locked up their papers, snapped their briefcases and carried their report off to Harry Truman.

Two mornings later, Senate Majority Leader Scott Lucas was called at home at 8 o'clock by a summons to an 11 a.m. White House conference. In the Cabinet room he found the same gathering of congressional leaders and Cabinet members who had listened to the President's statement early in the week. They waited for 20 minutes before Harry Truman came in, took a seat next to fellow Missourian Dewey Short, and asked General Bradley to recite the bad news from Korea. When Bradley had finished, the President slowly read off the text of his decision to throw U.S. troops into the battle, to allow the Air Force to bomb "specific military targets" in Communist North Korea, and to order the Navy to blockade the entire Korean coast.

Brisk Show. Later that day 66-year-old Harry Truman seemed to walk with a weary man's heavy tread. He wasn't usually one to worry about decisions once made, he confided to the New York *Herald Tribune's* Carl Levin, but on the Korean affair he couldn't help worrying about the inevitable consequences. That worry creased his face even while he put himself through a brisk show of business-as-usual, talking California politics with Jimmy Roosevelt, laying a cornerstone in the blazing Washington heat, addressing the Boy Scouts at Valley Forge. At week's end, with a more buoyant step, he strode up the gangway of the Presidential Yacht *Williamsburg* at Philadelphia, to join daughter Margaret on a quick, quiet cruise to Washington. He had made the big decisions; the next steps would come from Tokyo, Korea—and Moscow.

THE CONGRESS

"Time for Unity"

Congress was a different body of men last week. The faces were the same, but the words had changed.

"I approve completely what has been done," said New Hampshire's Styles Bridges, long a sharp-tongued critic of Administration foreign policy. Sage old Charles Eaton, top Republican of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, agreed: "We've got a rattlesnake by the tail and the sooner we pound its damn head in, the

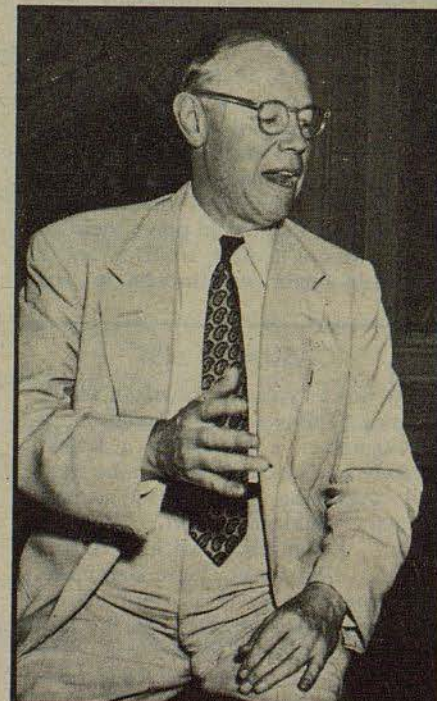
better." Added Virginia's Democrat Harry Byrd, leader of the Dixie dissenters, "This is a time for unity, as we must win."

Zero Votes. The House, which only six months ago had voted down U.S. aid to Korea (and then sheepishly reversed itself) got busy too. It cut short debate on extending the peacetime draft, a red-hot issue suddenly cooled by the winds of necessity, and approved it 315 to 4. The Senate sent it along next day, 76 to 0. The President was thus assured of another year's power to draft 19- to 26-year-olds, and new power to call up the National Guard and the reserves in an emergency.

After the long days of partisan clamor, the Senate rushed through the Mutual Defense Assistance Program, a measure authorizing another \$1.2 billion to arm Western Europe and to provide at least \$16 million more for Korea and the Philippines. The vote: 66 to 0.

These unanimous and near-unanimous votes were significant, but they did not tell the whole story. The Senate was no longer a cave of winds echoing to the oratory of such agile and bitter isolationists as William Borah, Gerald Nye and Burton Wheeler. The dissenters of 1950 were less adept men, like Missouri's fuzz-tongued James P. Kem or Kenneth Wherry, the minority leader from Nebraska, or droning George Malone of Nevada. Conspicuous in their van last week stood the usually forceful and logical Robert A. Taft of Ohio. The President, said Taft, had no legal authority to take the measures he had taken.

Taft and Wherry announced that they would stand behind the President, but they had a few rocks in their hands when they said it, and quickly whizzed them off at Secretary of State Dean Acheson's elegant top hat. The Communist attack in Korea might well not have taken place, argued Taft, if the U.S. had given the South Koreans proper aid, and he thought Acheson "had better resign." Wherry loudly agreed. Now that the U.S. had decided to protect Formosa, as he had urged, said Taft, he felt vindicated. But Taft said nothing about Senate votes last September



Associated Press

TAFT
A feeling of vindication.

WAR IN ASIA

and again in May, to authorize multimillion-dollar aid to Korea. Among those who had voted against the bill, both times: Kenneth Wherry and Robert A. Taft.

Old Habits. Congress had reacted to the crisis quickly and well, but it did not shake all of its old habits. The House completed action on a bill cutting excise taxes, thereby restricting revenue at a time when more taxes would probably be needed; then dispersed for its ten-day Fourth of July holiday. The Senate calendar was still clogged with Fair Deal measures which had been debatable before, and were now clearly luxuries.

No one any longer thought that Congress would adjourn by Aug. 1 for the rest of the year. As long as the crisis lasted, Congress would stay in session.

THE PEOPLE

The Time in Korea

No sooner had the President announced his support of Korea than a Dallas citizen was on the telephone, calling his local newspaper. Where was Korea, anyway? Were the people Indians or Japanese? And what time was it there?

It was a rare U.S. citizen who could pass a detailed quiz on the little piece of Asiatic peninsula he had just guaranteed with troops, planes and ships. But that didn't seem to matter. Across the nation there was solid popular agreement that Harry Truman had acted wisely and swiftly. "I'll tell ya," said Evar Malin, 37, who farms his mother's 140 acres north of Sycamore, Ill., "I think we done the right thing. We had to take some kind of action against the Russians; maybe been a good idea if we'd stepped in a little sooner." The usually unswervable Republicans of Warren County, Iowa swerved long enough to resolve: "We don't know who told [the President] to do it, but for once he made a right decision."

An 83-year-old man in Los Angeles, a Boston newspaper columnist, and a Phoenix housewife had a simultaneous urge to call up Joe Stalin and ask what he was up to. The Premier wasn't taking calls, said the Kremlin operator, but perhaps when he wasn't so busy he would call back.

The people remembered, and were reminded of Pearl Harbor—but this wasn't the same; the shock wasn't so great, and in nine years everybody had learned something about taking crisis news in stride. Rather than feeling alarm at the risks, many seemed to be grateful for the end of an era of uncertainty. The *Christian Science Monitor's* Washington bureau chief, Joseph C. Harsch, a resident of the capital for 20 years, reported: "Never before in that time have I felt such a sense of relief and unity pass through the city."

There was hysteria nowhere, though a few overzealous merchants hoped to cash in on any they could stir up. "War is not around the corner, it's here!" shrielled Dallas' Alexander Motor Co. "What will you

do? Play safe or be caught with an old car?" Even without such a shock treatment, there were people who, remembering World War II shortages, rushed to get on new car waiting lists. Tire sales zoomed, but there was little evidence that housewives were stocking up on groceries.

Among males with slightly bulging waistlines, the standard topic was whether "the old uniform" would still fit. In San Francisco, where the road show of *South Pacific* was being advertised, people asked when they could get "two tickets on the aisle to 'South Korea.'" Recruiting offices there, as elsewhere, were bombarded with anxious teen-age pleas for advice. They weren't rushing to sign up; they just wanted to know where they stood.



TRUMAN
A weary tread.

BATTLE OF KOREA

Little Man & Friends

The Communist invaders from North Korea last week reaped the harvest of tactical surprise, of crushing superiority in weapons. The spectacle was the sickening one of a heavyweight punching around a wispy little man who has just got up from a sickbed. The situation, though grim, was not hopeless. At week's end, the little man had powerful friends hurrying to his side.

"If One Antitank Crew..." The U.S. coaches failed to foresee the devastating psychological effect of enemy armor on the tankless South Koreans. In the crucial battle for Uijongbu (*see map*), 40 Communist tanks came down the valley road in close-packed single file. If this column had been destroyed, the Red offensive might have been crippled at the start. A sorrowing U.S. military adviser comment-

ed later: "If one antitank crew had been able to pick off the lead and rear tanks, the 38 others would have been sitting ducks" (*i.e.*, immobilized by wrecks at both ends of the column). Nothing of the sort happened.

Things might have been different if the South Koreans had had their U.S. advisers at elbow. Some time ago, hard-bitten Brigadier General William (Bill) Roberts, commander of KMAG (the U.S. Korean Military Advisory Group, had said to his men: "Don't fool yourselves. If war comes, you fellows are going to be the battalion and regimental commanders of this army." Unfortunately, last week Bill Roberts was out of the country, headed for the U.S. His subordinates in Korea may have been ordered by Washington to evade capture at all costs. In any case, the U.S. coaches were not on hand to coach in the thick of combat.

Across the River. There was no street fighting for Seoul. With the government and the U.S. military advisers evacuated by air from Kimpo, the city's defenders decided that only the Han River would stop the invaders' southward march, and they prematurely demolished the Han bridges (*see below*).

The South Koreans who got across the Han fled toward Suwon, 20 miles to the south, where Brigadier General John H. Church, acting KMAG commander, and his staff had set up headquarters. Around this base South Korean commanders managed to regroup some units and truck them north to hold the river line. By the time they arrived, however, the Communists were already putting their dreaded tanks across the river on rafts and pontoon bridges. Again the South Koreans, now short of weapons of any sort, wavered and broke, and the Communists pushed on.

Meanwhile, U.S. jets and F-82 Twin Mustangs were beginning to shoot down Yaks and knock out some of the enemy armor. The Yaks retaliated by destructive sneak attacks on Suwon's airstrip (*see cut*).

Increasing Commitment. When Red tanks were spotted reconnoitering near Suwon, General Church ordered his mission of some 250 men to Taejon, 73 miles still farther south. In a pouring rain, traveling in trucks, jeeps, weapons carriers, they made the weary trip over roads like quagmires. The new hope was to hold at the Kum River north of Taejon.

U.S. B-29s were bombing Pyongyang, the Red capital, and other objectives north of the 38th parallel. U.S., British and Australian naval forces, including carriers and cruisers, were committed to action in the Korean theater; U.S. warships shelled shore installations at the Red-seized port of Inchon. Douglas MacArthur ordered the 24th Division, equipped with tanks and artillery, to Korea by sea. One battalion of the 24th was flown to Pusan and shipped to the Kum River front by rail. Major General William F. Dean, the 24th's

WAR IN ASIA



SUWON AIRFIELD (AFTER A YAK RAID)
After a sickbed, a heavyweight punch.

David D. Duncan—Life

commander, was appointed commanding general of all U.S. forces in Korea, with Church as his senior GHQ liaison officer. Meanwhile four enemy columns were reported moving south, one of them outflanking Suwon. The U.S. troops in the field deployed to meet them. One unit got its first taste of combat when five Yaks strafed them savagely, for 25 minutes, with rockets and machine guns.

In the first week of fighting, the invader had won conspicuous success. But at week's end, South Korea—and her friends—had not lost the battle. The issue would turn on whether the defenders could hold out long enough for MacArthur's men to get into the line.

Help Seemed Far Away

TIME Correspondent Frank Gibney was in Tokyo when the North Koreans plunged over the 38th parallel. He flew to the fighting front, was injured when the South Korean army command blew up a bridge over the Han River. He reached safety and cabled this eyewitness account of the first days of South Korea's ordeal:

FOR two days Tokyo had wallowed in rumors of the Korea battle. With communications down and only three correspondents there, very little news had got out. SCAP machinery, taken by surprise, was undecided whether it should be playing war under peacetime rules or playing peace under wartime rules. For once, Tokyo's policymakers were worriedly and expectantly waiting for word from Washington.

Tuesday (June 27) at 5 p.m. I boarded a plane for Seoul's Kimpo airfield. With me were three other correspondents—

Keyes Beech of the *Chicago Daily News*, Burton Crane of the *New York Times* and the *New York Herald Tribune's* Marguerite Higgins.

"We Will Win." Under a rainy sky our plane hedgehopped over the broad, quiet Korean countryside. As the plane dipped over the airfield we noticed the first sign of war. Groups of American civilians were wildly waving strips of white cloth, towels and flags as a signal that the airfield was safe for landing.

Among the quiet Korean soldiers on the field there was no panic. "We will win. We will win," they said. They smiled the words with confidence. They meant them. At the same time, they did not disguise their worry. Against planes and tanks they wanted American help—and it then seemed far away.

Just in front of the administration building, Lieut. Colonel Edward Scott, tight-lipped and haggard, was methodically burning stacks of documents on the rubble-strewn concrete. When he had finished, he said he was ready to take us into Seoul.

Shortly after nine we rolled through the heavily guarded gates leading to KMAC headquarters. The shrilling whistles of black-garbed Korean MPs guided the converging streams of military traffic. Like the rest of Seoul, headquarters was blacked out.

"Not Very Good." The chief of staff's normally impeccable office had become a frowsy litter of coffee cups, cigarette butts, carbines and musette bags.

We talked with Lieut. Colonel W. H. Sterling Wright, a youngish, handsome cavalryman who, as chief of staff, was now KMAC's acting commander. Wright quickly explained the situation. "Fluid

but hopeful" was the way he summed it up. Korean officers who entered the room were more pessimistic. Tall, round-faced Colonel Kim Pak Il, ex-Japanese army captain, now generally accredited the Korean army's smartest staffman, shook hands with me warmly, but his usual cheerful manner had given way to worried tenseness. "Not very good . . . not very good."

Shortly before midnight we all turned in.

At 2:15 the telephone rang. We got a warning from headquarters. "It looks bad. I think they've broken through. You'd better get out of here as fast as you can. Head south for Suwon."

"Tuesday—Bingo." We decided to check in at KMAC headquarters for directions. There we found a major giving quiet instructions to a Korean staff officer. "It's bad," he said. "Tanks have broken into the city and we don't know how much longer the lines will hold. The enemy will be here any minute. I have to stay here until the colonel comes but you had better turn left at headquarters road and get across the bridge as soon as you can. Then make for Suwon."

We ran down the stairs. As we reached a landing my eyes fell on a bright new poster on the KMAC bulletin board. It read: "Don't forget—Tuesday, June 27—bingo."

Traffic was heavy on the road running south to the big steel Han River bridge. There were no signs of a military rout. Most soldiers, even those in retreat, were singing. Guided by MPs, automobiles kept strictly in line. The only disorder was outside the military line of march, among the thousands of poor refugees, women toting bundles on their heads and men carrying household goods in wooden frames fastened to their backs. The civilian composure noticed en route from Kimpo to Seoul had melted away.

Traffic moved quickly until we reached the bridge. There the pace slowed, then stopped. We found ourselves almost halfway over the bridge, our jeep wedged tightly between a huge six-by-six truck full of soldiers in front and other jeeps behind. The roar of guns from the north grew louder and we wondered how long the lines around Seoul would hold. We got out of the jeep and walked forward to find out what was delaying traffic. The milling crowds of civilians pouring over the bridge made that impossible. We returned to the jeep and sat waiting. Without warning the sky was lighted by a huge sheet of sickly orange flame. There was a tremendous explosion immediately in front of us. Our jeep was picked up and hurled 15 feet by the blast.

My glasses were smashed. Blood began pouring down from my head over my hands and clothing. Crane's face was covered with blood. I heard him say: "I can't see."

Thinking at first the explosion was some kind of air raid, we raced for the gullies leading off from the bridge, Beech leading

Crane, whose wound looked very bad. Crane ripped off his undershirt and had me tie a crude bandage around his head. As it turned out, neither of us was seriously hurt.

"You Take Hospital." All the soldiers in the truck ahead of us had been killed. Bodies of dead and dying were strewn over the bridge. Scores of refugees were running pell mell off the bridge and disappearing into the night beyond. Here we again noticed the pathetic trust the Koreans placed in the Americans. For ten minutes, as we rested on the grass, men with bloody faces would come to us, point to their wounds and say hopefully in English: "Hospital . . . you take hospital." All we could do was point to our own bloody faces and shake our heads.

At the time we thought that the bridge had been mined by saboteurs. We learned later that it had been dynamited by the South Korean army demolition squad on orders of the chief of staff. The Korean army command had panicked and ordered the bridge blown too soon. The demolition squad, instead of roping off the bridge at both ends, had incredibly told only the traffic in the middle what was about to happen.

Grabbing our baggage, we started off along the river bank, hoping that we could find some boat that might take us across. Finally, we decided that it was pointless to attempt to find boats during the night and in our weakened condition. We headed toward a KMAG housing area on Seoul's outskirts. It was then about three. Inside the abandoned U.S. military reservation it was quiet except for the boom of guns and heavy mortars in the distance. We found one house with a light still burning inside.

"It Can't Happen Here." This hastily evacuated house still had the stage props of any typical American home. There were brightly colored children's phonograph records, a woman's lacy hat, copies of *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post*, and bottles of Coca-Cola in the refrigerator. Something inside this comfortable house seemed to say: "It can't happen here." Outside, the field guns rumbled.

Before dawn, we gathered up all available food and clothing and prepared to make a run for it.

We drove jeeps along the sandy river flats to ferrying points on the Han River several miles upstream from the shattered bridge. There beetle-like rowboats jammed to the gunwales with refugees were plying back & forth across the broad, shallow stream.

Hundreds of families lined the banks waiting for transport. Whenever a boat touched shore there was a desperate, pathetic scramble for places inside. A small, bustling official with a large club had appointed himself temporary beachmaster. Like a maddened punchinello, he flailed at the gathering crowds of refugees, scream-



STRATEGY

Over the Mountains: Mountains

(See Cover)

Douglas MacArthur has a conviction which many who have talked with him remember: "There is no security on this earth. There is only opportunity."

But in August 1945, when his transport plane *Bataan* wheeled out of a blue sky into the lovely land of Japan, there was perhaps in all the world no symbol of security to equal General of the Army Douglas MacArthur. As he stepped out on to Atsugi airfield and into a veteran's dream of victory, the general was smiling. Behind him lay thousands of miles of ocean, the conquered Pacific which U.S. soldiers, sailors and airmen had made an American lake. Before him lay the submission of a God-Emperor and proconsular rule over Japan. A man less wise than Douglas MacArthur might have thought that, at 65, he could relax and enjoy the fruits of hard-won victory.

In the five years that followed, the U.S., through no fault of MacArthur's, let slip in Asia opportunity after opportunity, and the illusion of security melted away. And so one morning last week, 70-year-old Douglas MacArthur drove through the rain to Haneda airfield outside Tokyo. Waiting for him there was the old *Bataan*, revved up and ready to go to South Korea, where U.S. and South Korean forces were clawing desperately at a bush-league army of Soviet stooges.

"We Go." The night before, the general had called four American newspapermen to his office in Tokyo's handsome Dai Ichi Building. He told them of his plans to go to Korea to "see for myself" and invited them to come along. "It will be an unarmed plane," he said seriously, "and we are not sure of getting fighter cover, not sure where we will land. If you are not at the airport I will know you have other commitments." When one of the correspondents assured him that they'd all be there, the general grinned. "I have no doubt of your courage," said he. "I just wanted to give your judgment a chance to work."

As the night wore on, Army weathermen, looking up at the rain and overcast which shrouded the Japanese capital, shook their heads. Staff officers urged the general to abandon the trip. At each objection the MacArthur jaw jutted out a little farther. "We go," said Douglas MacArthur.

A little after 6 a.m. June 29, the wheels of the *Bataan* rolled down the wet Haneda runway, churning up a fine spray. Soon after the plane was airborne, MacArthur pulled out the corn-cob pipe which had been one of his World War II trademarks. "I don't smoke this back there in Tokyo," he said. "They'd think I was a farmer."

As the *Bataan* droned along, the weather grew better, and over southern Japan four Mustangs flew up to provide a fight-

ing at them to back away from the bank. The docile crowd obeyed.

Soldiers also joined us, told the story of Seoul's fall. "Their tanks were too many," said one, "and their guns too big. We had nothing to fight them with. What can you do with rifles?" "Where are the American airplanes?" asked an MP sergeant-major bitterly.

"Morale is Fine." We asked another soldier, a stubbled infantryman with a cluster of grenades dangling from his belt, how morale was. "Morale is fine. We have the best morale in the world," he said, "but what can morale do against planes and tanks?"

After a half hour, I took a rowboat to the south side of the river and found a large flat-bottomed skiff big enough to take our jeeps across. We had our troubles with the current but managed to get the skiff to the next shore and safety.

As we traveled south, with our jeeps slipping and miring down in the narrow muddy roads twisting through rice paddies, lines of refugees paused in flight to cheer the first Americans they had seen that day. More often they incongruously clapped—with the fast, excited clapping of a tennis audience at Wimbledon or For-

est Hills. A bent old woman wearing a dusty white dress shouted "We will win" over & over again. Others took up her cry.

At 10:25, as we entered a town, suddenly a shout went up from Korean soldiers on tops of jeeps and from dirty, wearied refugees. Wildly cheering people ran into the dusty roads and pointed at the sky. All traffic stopped. Never had I seen such a heartfelt manifestation of joy. Above us, flying northward in neat formation, were six American B-26s.

The Americans Had Come. Someone dragged me out of the jeep and began patting my back and shaking my hand. An old man knelt before me weeping and clasped his hands around my arm. All of us found ourselves swept into a sea of smiling faces. There was more clapping, more cheers. The Americans had come at last.

We were just as surprised as the Koreans. We had no idea whether the U.S. Government would have the guts to live up to its obligations here. At the same time we wondered if this was the beginning of World War III. But however mixed our emotions, the joy and relief of the Koreans were overpowering. For the first time in the long trip we felt we could hold up our heads among the Koreans.



KOREAN REFUGEES FLEEING SOUTH
Time out to cheer.

David D. Duncan—Life

WAR IN ASIA

er umbrella for the general's plane. Overruling his subordinates, who wanted to land him in safety at Korea's far southern port of Pusan, MacArthur insisted on heading for Suwon airstrip, 20 miles south of Seoul and a target of persistent North Korean bombing and strafing attacks. Over Korea, a Russian-built Yak tried to slip through the Mustangs to get at the *Bataan*. As a Mustang closed in on the Yak, MacArthur said hopefully, "We'll get him cold." But the *Bataan's* pilot, Major Anthony Storey, fled the scene as fast as possible, cheated the general of his ringside seat.

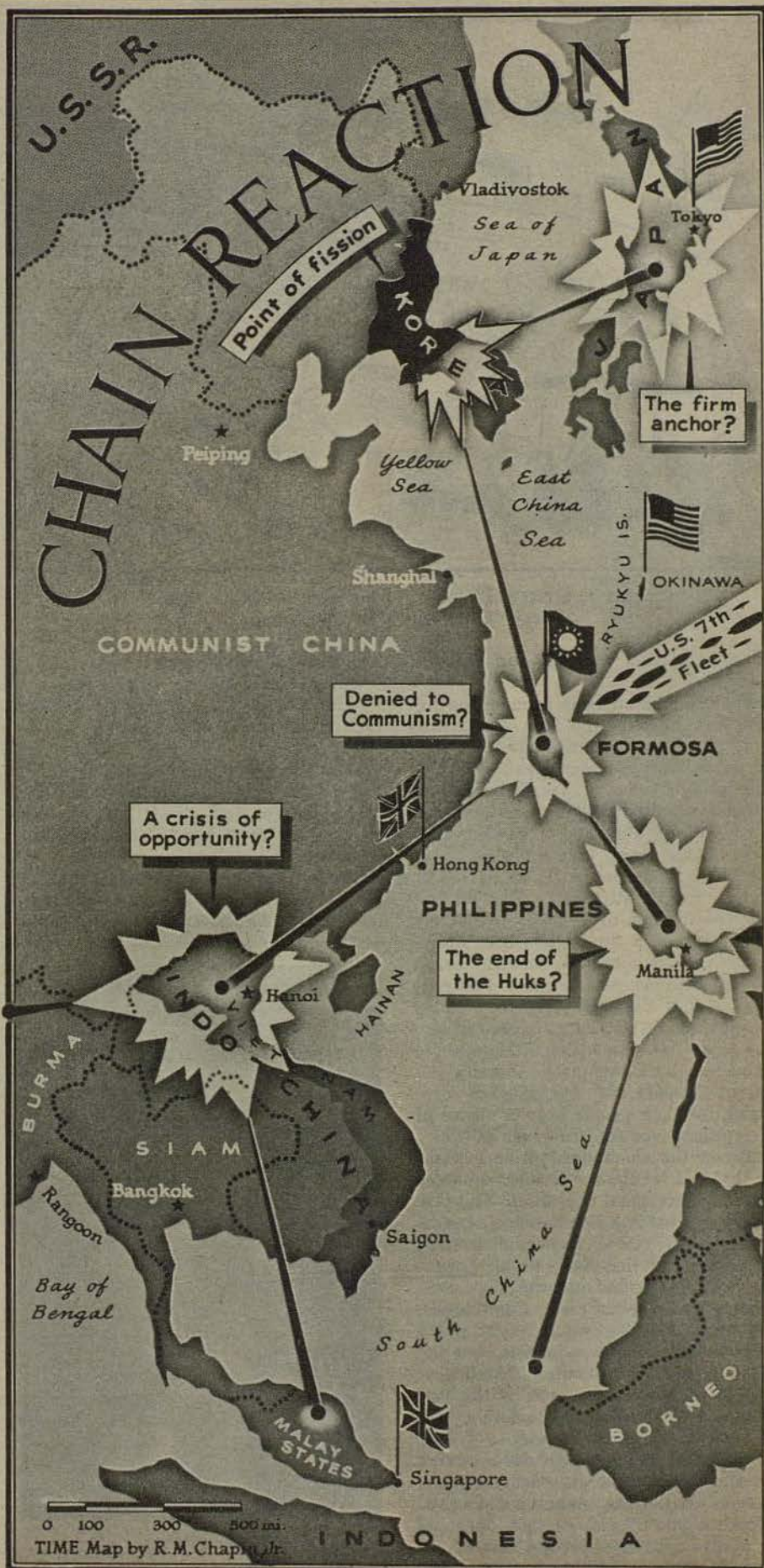
"Up There, eh Ned?" In Suwon, MacArthur was met by Syngman Rhee, President of the Korean Republic. Rhee, too, had come to Suwon by air; his light observation plane had eluded a North Korean fighter only by hedgehopping.

After a short conference with President Rhee, MacArthur gave his staff officers more cause for worry. "Let's go to the front and look at the troops," he said. "The only way to judge a war is to see the troops in action." What the general saw was not good.

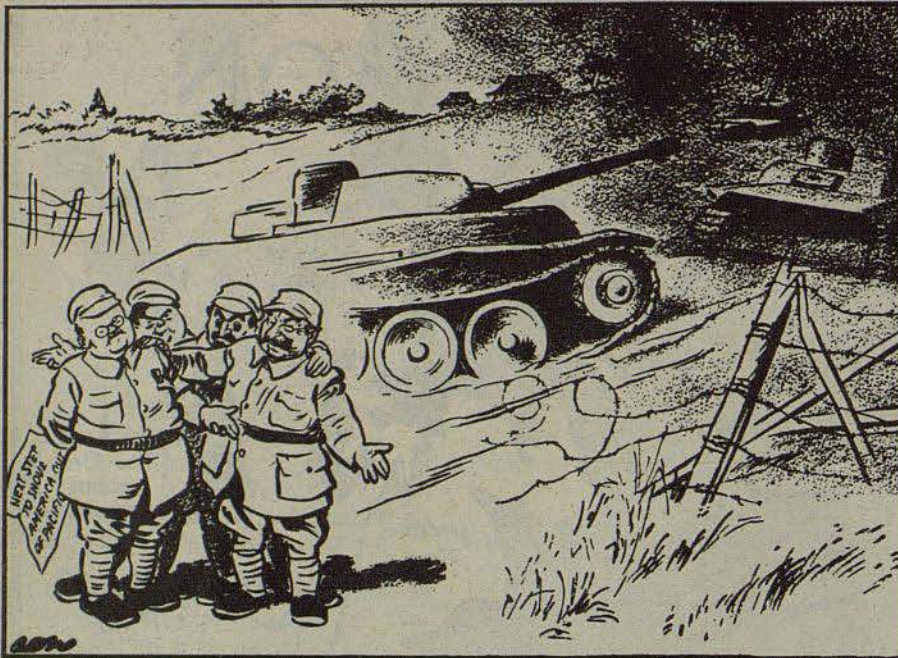
In a black sedan accompanied by several jeeploads of American and Korean officers, MacArthur drove north toward the narrow Han River. On the south side of the Han the confused and battered South Korean army was vainly trying to form a new defense line. All along the road the general's car brushed through hundreds of South Korean soldiers and mobs of tired, frightened refugees. Many of the soldiers saluted and cheered as the American convoy passed. Even the refugees stopped and cheered. Said MacArthur's chief of staff, Major General Edward M. Almond: "The troops are ready and willing to take orders if someone is on hand to tell them what to do and how to do it." But in most of the South Korean army there seemed to be not enough of such leadership on hand.

The convoy halted once, a few miles south of the Han, within sight of enemy-held Seoul. MacArthur jabbed toward the city with his corncob pipe. To General Almond he said: "What do you say we push up there, eh Ned?" The party pushed on to a hill barely a mile from the 15th Century walls of Seoul. Clearly visible were towers of smoke from fires set by enemy shelling. Clearly audible was the crump of Communist mortars over the river. Below the hill a railroad bridge still stood intact, capable of supporting tanks and heavy trucks. Field glasses in hand, MacArthur ordered the bridge destroyed. Then he headed back for Suwon.

During the convoy's return trip several unidentified planes were sighted. The jeeps emptied in a rush as their occupants dived for the cover of roadside woods. MacArthur did not dive. He stepped sedately from the black sedan, walked away a few steps and gazed nonchalantly at the sky until the planes were gone. Then he dusted



WAR IN ASIA



"HONEST, MISTER, THERE'S NOBODY HERE BUT US KOREANS"
Lazy-minded men aided the illusion.

Courtesy London Daily Herald

his leather jacket carefully and returned to the car.

When he took off again from Suwon airstrip, MacArthur, who had planned to spend two days in Korea, had been there only eight hours. Some read this change of plans as a bad sign. It was. Behind MacArthur lay a disintegrating South Korean army. Before him lay a battle which might, at the worst, take a place in U.S. history alongside the battle of Bataan.

"The Fatal Mistake." The descent from the triumph of V-J Day to the day of desperation at Suwon had been dizzyingly swift. Communist imperialism began its march through Asia before V-J Day. It used the most mobile of weapons, political agitation and ruthless organization. In Korea—as in China, Indo-China, Malaya and Burma—native Communists, shouting slogans of freedom and independence, were forging for their people heavier chains of slavery than even Asia had ever known.

Against the Communist drive in Asia, the U.S. had for the last five years offered no firm or intelligent opposition. The U.S. had been lulled into a false sense of security by men (some lazy-minded, some worse) who said that Asia's problems were too hard to solve and, anyway, that Asian Communists were not really Communists.

MacArthur, whose job it was to police the boundaries of chaos in Asia, was not fooled. Never for a minute did he believe the U.S. secure in the face of the Red advance. He had expressed his forebodings to scores of American visitors to Tokyo. No quotation of any particular interview was allowed, but the gist, delivered in a resonant baritone, ran something like this: "Whether you like it or not, most of the human race lives around this Pacific basin. Here in Asia there are great de-

mands, great dangers, great opportunities—all neglected by the United States.

"In China we have made the fatal mistake every soldier dreads: underestimating the enemy. If we had dreamed that the Communists could take China, we would have swallowed Chiang Kai-shek, horns, cloven hooves and all—if that was the way we felt about him. Personally I have great respect for Chiang."

The general's views, often and eloquently expressed, were well known in Washington. But for all MacArthur's reputation as a strategist, his pleas—considered politi-



MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM DEAN
Great dangers, great opportunities.

cal, and hence beyond his province—were largely ignored. In 1948 the Defense Department had answered with a flat "no" the general's request for more troops to buttress Japan, which MacArthur regarded as the only firm anchor of the U.S. position in Asia. Last January the State Department had overruled MacArthur's urgent proposal that Formosa be defended. He had warned Washington that Communist capture of Formosa would break the defense line Japan-Okinawa-Formosa-Philippines and drive the U.S. back to the line Alaska-Hawaii.

Two weeks ago, however, MacArthur finally succeeded in selling a bit of his program for Asia to Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson and General Omar Bradley, head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. After a week in Tokyo, Johnson and Bradley flew back to Washington armed with a strongly worded memorandum from MacArthur, and prepared at last to argue for a great investment of U.S. strength in the Pacific. They reached Washington less than twelve hours before the Communists invaded South Korea. It was the Communists who finally won MacArthur's argument for him.

President Truman's decision to defend Korea set off a chain reaction that ran through the Far East. He announced that the U.S. would defend Formosa and step up its help to two other governments, the Philippines and Indo-China, which were fighting Communist rebellion. The immediate reaction of the Philippine government was a statement from Defense Secretary Rupert Kangleon that if the U.S. would take care of the Communist threat from outside the country, the Filipinos would speed up their campaign against the Huks in Luzon. Three days after the Truman decision, the first U.S. planes arrived in Indo-China and were delivered to the French. With renewed assurances of U.S. aid, the anti-Communist forces in Indo-China now had an opportunity of taking the offensive against the Red-led Viet Minh rebels.

"No Comment." MacArthur, who had received little comfort from Washington, was, as usual, quite prepared to make his own decisions in his new command. During World War II he had been an aloof figure who avoided interference from his nominal superiors, worked out his problems in his own way. His independence had once prompted Franklin Roosevelt to sigh: "I wish MacArthur would tell me these things."

The general had not changed his ways. Last week this fact was driven home to his superiors in Washington when they tried to offer MacArthur some polite suggestions. The exchange began with a cautiously phrased message from the Pentagon: "If such & such were undertaken, perhaps General MacArthur would like to do so & so?"

The answer from Tokyo bounced back: "No comment."

The Pentagon brooded for a while, then

WAR IN ASIA

tried another approach: "Do you desire any instructions?"

The reply was terse: "No."

Douglas MacArthur was still playing Sphinx.

Overnight the sacrosanct sixth floor of MacArthur's headquarters ceased to be the home of SCAP, Japan's military super-government, and was given over to its brother organization, the Far East Command. Down the hall from MacArthur's own office appeared a huge sign bearing the legend "War Room," and underneath, in large red letters, the word "Secret." Headquarters sections concerned with the war went into round-the-clock operations. Top staff officers worked 15-hour shifts and a colonel remarked wearily, "Some tempers are getting mighty short."

MacArthur himself seemed to thrive under the new burden. Said one of his subordinates, "The added responsibility seems to have peeled ten years from his shoulders." Inside the Dai Ichi Building, once the heart of a Japanese insurance empire, bleary-eyed staff officers looked up from stacks of paper, whispered proudly, "God, the man is great." General Almond, his chief of staff, said straight out, "He's the greatest man alive."

And reverent Air Force General George E. Stratemeyer put it as strongly as it could be put (even in the Dai Ichi Building): "He's the greatest man in history."

The Heirs of Colin Kelly. It was upon the reverent Stratemeyer and his Far East Air Forces that MacArthur placed the first heavy burden of U.S. operations in Korea. FEAF's 400-odd fighters, 60-odd bombers and one troop carrier group were scattered halfway across the Pacific. From bases in southern Japan, Stratemeyer sent out jet F-80 Shooting Stars and F-82 Twin Mustangs to strafe North Korean trucks, locomotives and armor. From Guam he called up B-29 Superfortresses to pound Seoul's Kimpo airfield.

For most bombing missions, however, Stratemeyer relied on the famed 19th Bomb Group, Colin Kelly's old outfit, which had been trapped in the Philippines on Pearl Harbor Day. In all their operations the U.S. planes were hampered by lack of advanced bases and air-ground communication with the South Korean army. And for the first three days after they entered the fight, U.S. fliers were hamstrung by a Washington order to strike only at the airfields south of the 38th parallel. That meant that they could not get at the source of North Korean air power.

Ordered into the fighting along with the Air Force were the light cruiser *Juneau* and four destroyers under Vice Admiral Charles T. Joy, commander of U.S. Far Eastern naval forces, who began bombardment of Communist amphibious forces which had landed on South Korea's east coast. Assigned to Joy's command, with the mission of protecting Formosa against possible Chinese Communist at-

tack, was the Seventh (Asiatic) Fleet under Vice Admiral Arthur Struble. At Struble's disposal were the carrier *Valley Forge*, one heavy cruiser, six destroyers and four submarines.

More U.S. naval strength would soon be available. Forming on the Pacific Coast was Task Group "Yoke," to be made up of the carrier *Philippine Sea*, two heavy cruisers and eight destroyers. And already operating under MacArthur's command were ships of the British Far Eastern Fleet commanded by Sir Patrick Brind. Sir Patrick could offer for use in the rapidly imposed naval blockade of Korea one carrier, three cruisers and seven destroyers.

The Fighting Infantry. The air and sea forces available to MacArthur were more than adequate to deal with North

Japan, he was smiling. Koreans were smiling then, too. After 35 years of Japanese tyranny, Korea was to be free again. In their long-suffering nation, Koreans told each other, there was beginning an era more splendid than any they had known before. Last week, after five years of division and bloody dissension in the Land of the Morning Calm, what remained of Korean freedom was staggering under the savage attack of a tyranny far more complete than that of the Japanese. Douglas MacArthur had said (and the U.S. people had forgotten): "There is no security on this earth. There is only opportunity."

In the deep valleys of Korea the people had a saying which meant much the same thing: "Over the mountains, still mountains, mountains."



Associated Press

MACARTHUR'S HEADQUARTERS IN TOKYO
No instructions; no indecision either.

Korea's obsolete air force and puny navy. But the general's trip to Korea had given him firsthand evidence that air and naval support alone would not save the situation. As the defenders fell back, President Truman on June 30 gave MacArthur permission to send in U.S. ground forces.

For the previous week MacArthur's ground commander, Lieut. General Walton Harris Walker, had been preparing for such an order, working out in advance the logistics of infantry transport. Walker's Eighth Army included four divisions ready for combat—the 7th, 24th and 25th Infantry Divisions and the 1st Cavalry Division. Of these 50-55,000 combat troops, some would have to be kept in Japan, unless MacArthur were willing to rely on service and headquarters troops to maintain order.

What the U.S. Forgot. In September 1945, when General MacArthur landed in

UNITED NATIONS

The Brave 474th

TV cameras poked their long snouts from booths along the wall and searched up & down the horseshoe table at Lake Success. They caught France's bald, introspective Jean Chauvel busy with his notes, China's Tsiang Ting-fu nervously doodling elaborate Chinese characters, Yugoslavia's Ales Bebler and the U.S.'s Warren Austin shaking hands and grinning for the photographers.

The cameras roved to the observers' section, where little Ambassador John Chang of Korea, who had not been in bed for 63 hours, stared wearily at his shoes and awaited his invitation to the table. At 3:16 p.m., with every seat at the horseshoe filled except the one marked U.S.S.R., the cameras swerved to India's white-haired Sir Benegal Rau as he cleared his



SECURITY COUNCIL VOTE: RUSSIA'S EMPTY SEAT, BRITAIN'S SHONE, U.S.'S AUSTIN, YUGOSLAVIA'S BEBLER, KOREA'S CHANG
After doodles, armed action.

throat, rapped for order and opened the 474th meeting of the United Nations Security Council.

A Brief from Vermont. No previous council meeting, even those that faced the crises over Iran and Palestine, had been so important. North Korea had rejected the U.N. cease-fire order. For the first time in its five faltering years, U.N. faced the issue of taking up arms to repel an armed attack.

In a patient, kindly voice, Sir Benegal said: "The events of the past two days have filled all of us with the gravest anxiety as to the near future. Many see in them the beginning of a third world war, with all its horrors." The crowded chamber was very still. Then Sir Benegal recognized Warren Austin.

With the calmness of a Vermont lawyer reading a brief before a judge in chambers, Austin twanged: "The armed invasion of the Republic of Korea continues. This is, in fact, an attack on the United Nations itself." He urged that "the Members of the United Nations furnish such assistance to the Republic of Korea as may be necessary to repel the armed attack and to restore international peace and security to the area."

Yugoslavia's Bebler, ignoring the fact that his own country might be next on the Kremlin's list of victories, countered Austin in high, musical French. Bebler offered a weaseled resolution that the Council merely: 1) renew its call for an end of hostilities, 2) institute a "procedure of mediation," and 3) invite North Korea to send U.N. a spokesman to tell its side of the story.

For Korea, Ambassador Chang wanted far more than this. As everyone concentrated to catch Chang's dead-tired words, he begged that U.N.'s "moral judgment . . . be backed with the power of enforcement . . . to expel the invader from our territory." His tense face relaxed a little as, in quick succession, France's Chauvel, Britain's Sir Terence Shone, China's Tsiang, Cuba's Carlos Blanco, Norway's Arne Sunde and Ecuador's José Correa supported the U.S. resolution.

Powder & Righteousness. India's Sir Benegal and Egypt's Fawzi Bey had still not heard from their governments. At 5:10 the meeting was adjourned to give them a chance to try again. A reporter walked to the horseshoe, picked up Tsiang's fascinating doodle and got a Chinese journalist to translate it. Tsiang had drawn what was on his mind. The characters read: "burning, powder, ten, black, white." Then he added another "powder" and finished off with the character for "righteousness."

The bar had all the business it could handle; the cafeteria was jammed. At the television sets in the lounge, a large cosmopolitan-looking crowd watched the antics of two children's puppets named Foodini and Pinhead, later switched to the ball game at the Yankee Stadium. Weary John Chang went to sleep sitting up on a couch near the bar, his chin resting on his briefcase.

After the council session resumed, Sir Benegal read the U.S. resolution and added: "All those who are in favor, please raise your right hand." When the hands went up they showed seven votes (Britain, China, Cuba, Ecuador, France, Norway, U.S.) for; Yugoslavia against; India and Egypt not voting. (Later, India voted for. The government of Egypt's fat, foolish King Farouk instructed Fawzi Bey to vote against.)

The seven votes were sufficient, although the Soviet Union later claimed that its own absence from the council table made the action illegal. Eleanor Roosevelt had the answer to that. In London she said: "All this talk of [Russia's] about the Security Council decision not being legal because she's not there, well, whose fault is it that she's not?" By week's end, 40 nations were in line and offers of armed aid for Korea had poured in from every corner of the earth.

The U.S. went into Korea with the official backing of U.N.

Whatever the outcome, U.N. was committed to armed action. It was the sternest, bravest step for peace that either U.N. or the League of Nations had ever taken.

Leadership in Action

Any doubt as to the import of what the U.S. and the U.N. did last week was dispelled by the world reaction. No event, since V-J Day had had such an impact on world opinion.

A moment after Truman had spoken, old friends seemed firmer friends and uncertain friends seemed surer. Britain was first and firmest. It immediately put its Far Eastern Fleet in MacArthur's command. Churchill found the right phrase for the action: "An inescapable duty." France found itself a cabinet (*see FOREIGN NEWS*). Germany, which feels that it may be the next Korea, found new heart.

All over Asia, leaders' words rang with a new sense of clear purpose. The most interesting reaction came from India. Its newspapers freely predicted that India's U.N. delegate would not vote for the U.S. resolution on Korea. Then Pandit Nehru came home from a trip to Indonesia, Malaya, Burma. For months he had been preaching "neutrality" in the struggle between Communism and the West. What he had seen in other lands, plus the U.S. action on Korea, changed his mind. He amazed his countrymen and the world by lining India up on the side of the U.N. and the U.S. He made it clear for the first time that he considered Communism, not colonialism, the great threat to Asia.

In such decisions as Nehru's lay tangible proof that what the world had been waiting for was U.S. leadership in action—in bold and determined action—against the march of Communism.

NATIONAL DEFENSE

For Small Fires

Was the U.S. ready for Korea?

Obviously, the U.S. had been caught by surprise. Harry Truman had been week-ending in Missouri. Lieut. Colonel W. H. Sterling Wright, acting head of the U.S. Korean Military Advisory Group, had been in Tokyo. General MacArthur's chief air officer, Lieut. General George E. Stratemeyer, was somewhere on the West Coast,

WAR IN ASIA

on his way back from service on an officers' selection board in Washington. The chief of naval operations for the South Korean navy was in Pearl Harbor, picking up some PCs turned over by the U.S. Vice Admiral Arthur D. Struble, boss of the U.S. Seventh (Asiatic) Fleet, was a long hop from his Manila headquarters: he had flown to Washington, D.C. to attend the marriage of his daughter.

A Matter of Hours. "Where was our Intelligence?" roared New Hampshire's Senator Styles Bridges. Rear Admiral Roscoe Hillenkoetter, chief of the Central Intelligence Agency, produced a secret report dated June 20 describing intense activity north of the 38th parallel. It warned that the Communists were "capable" of launching an attack at any time. But the same thing, he pointed out, was true of several other areas—Western Germany, Yugoslavia, Formosa or Indo-China. Nobody, said Hillenkoetter, could tell just when the attack itself might come, since such decisions can be made or unmade in a matter of hours.

Granting that surprise was inevitable, were U.S. plans and arms ready to meet such an attack? Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson had said expansively that if the Russians attacked at four in the morning, the U.S. would be ready by five. Now, only half a little country had attacked, and it was well past five.

Part of the answer was that the U.S. armed forces were designed for another kind of war: an all-out war in which a direct attack by Moscow was to be directly answered by atom-bomb-packed B-36s. The effectiveness of that kind of force had not been disproved by first week setbacks in Korea. But already Louis Johnson's touted economy program was looking downright absurd. Last week, to meet the 1951 budget limitations dictated by Johnson, the Navy decommissioned the last of 14 large carrier air groups, reducing its total groups to nine.

Even at economy size, the U.S. armed forces were presumably capable of handling the Korean situation, though it would take time and lives. But what if the Kremlin's masterminds chose to set other small fires around Communism's vast periphery? Without involving themselves in declared war, they could blockade Berlin or Vienna, send Kurds into Turkey or Iran, launch Chinese Communist armies into Indo-China or Burma.

Help Needed. To contain such assaults, the Joint Chiefs of Staff told President Harry Truman last week, the present U.S. forces, thinly spread, were not enough. What they needed, and wanted badly, was an immediate transfusion from reserves—a limited mobilization of those who would volunteer. The Army needed reserve ordnance technicians and at least two more divisions. The Air Force asked for some 200,000 reserves, permission to take two B-29 groups out of moth balls, and a chance to bring its strength up to

the 70 groups authorized by Congress. The Navy wanted to start reconditioning of laid-up escort carriers and antisubmarine destroyers, and to call up about 200,000 reservists to man them.

J.C.S. Chairman Omar Bradley was too much of a soldier, and too polite, to say it in public, but his clear implication was that Louis Johnson's program of economy in a period of Communist expansion was clearly bankrupt. The muscles that had been cut along with the fat could not be restored overnight.*

Harry Truman accepted Bradley's arguments, but insisted that he wanted to wait a few days, to measure the Russian reaction before making a call for volunteers. But there were already signs of change at the Pentagon. At the pleading of the Navy's Admiral Forrest Sherman, Johnson last week changed his mind about relegating 366 freshly trained air reservists to inactive duty. And the Air Force, which Johnson had ordered to shut down four airfields in the Aleutians for economy's sake, was allowed "to reconsider."

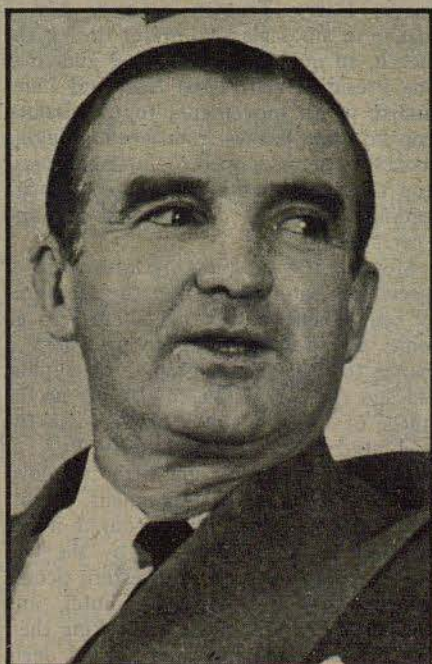
THE ECONOMY

Blueprints for War

Locked up in Uncle Sam's cupboard were all the potions and powers needed to put the U.S. economy on a full war basis. And last week it looked as if they would stay there, at least for a while.

"To be perfectly frank about it," said a White House aide, "you could not get a war powers bill through Congress today

* Sample timetables: 14 months to reconstitute a task force the size of famed Task Force 58; twelve months to bring up the Air Force from 48 to 60 groups; eight months to put two extra Army divisions in the field.



Thomas McAvoy—Life

SYMINGTON
He has the keys.

containing the powers we would actually need in wartime. You would just create dissension. The President won't ask for them until and unless he thinks . . . we are in a real emergency and I wouldn't say we are now."

The man with the keys to the cupboard is handsome, hard-driving W. Stuart Symington, 49, who resigned as Secretary of the Air Force last spring to take over the chairmanship of the National Security Resources Board (composed of seven Cabinet members and himself). In Stu Symington's keeping is the latest draft of an Emergency War Powers bill which, if approved by NSRB and enacted by Congress, could stop overnight the manufacture of life-size Hopalong Cassidy dolls and set auto workers to making tanks. It would give the President all the vast powers he had in World War II.

Twenty Powers. The 20 sections of the bill would empower the President to set up Government corporations, install priorities and allocations for industrial materials, seize factories, suspend antitrust laws (to facilitate production pools), freeze wages and prices, set up job controls and provide for censorship of communications (telephone, telegraph and the mail, but not U.S. publications). It would also broaden Selective Service to require registration of all males between 18 and 46 and put a clamp on excess profits.

Phantom Orders. Already out of the cupboard is a high priority program known as "phantom orders." These orders, with a current value of \$900 million, are full purchase contracts, written up to the last detail, explained to the manufacturer and then locked in his safe. It would take only a telegram from Washington to convert the phantom into a real order and start the goods—machine tools—moving down the production line.

Symington's 250-man staff makes no secret of the fact that its blueprints for economic mobilization are by no means complete; some of the toughest decisions have yet to be argued out, e.g., what industries will be the first to be deprived of steel? Will there be a real labor draft?

Civilian Defense. The planning program that lags most is civilian defense, partly because planners only began taking it seriously when they learned last September that the Russians had an A-bomb. No one has even decided whether cities, states or Federal Government should pay for staffs and equipment. No city in the U.S. is ready for an A-bomb attack—though test programs are under way for Washington, D.C., Chicago and Seattle. Warned Symington in Detroit last week:

"Efficient civilian defense planning could well be the difference between a serious and a fatal disaster. For example, it is estimated that with only twelve minutes' warning as against no warning, and under efficiently planned civilian defense, the casualties in a city hit by an atomic bomb could be reduced 50%."

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

YOUTH

Valley Forge: 1950

From nearly every town in every U.S. state and from 20 foreign nations, 46,634 Boy Scouts swarmed into Pennsylvania's Valley Forge last week. They were more or less controlled by hundreds of harried Scoutmasters with benign faces and bony knees. The occasion: the second National Boy Scout Jamboree (the first: 1937), probably the biggest gathering of boys in one spot in the history of the Western Hemisphere.

In the green, wooded valley, many speakers spoke many ringing words, but

traders, reported one, were from Texas; the worst, from Illinois ("you can palm-off anything on those jerks"). Four Nebraska kids convinced some city slickers that sandburs were really porcupine eggs, and sold them for 25¢ and up.

Flashes & Drawls. "When you listen to one of the New England boys with his drawl, bargain with a Texan with his drawl," said the head of Boston's Scouts, "you know that . . . these boys are getting a picture of the nation they couldn't get any other way."

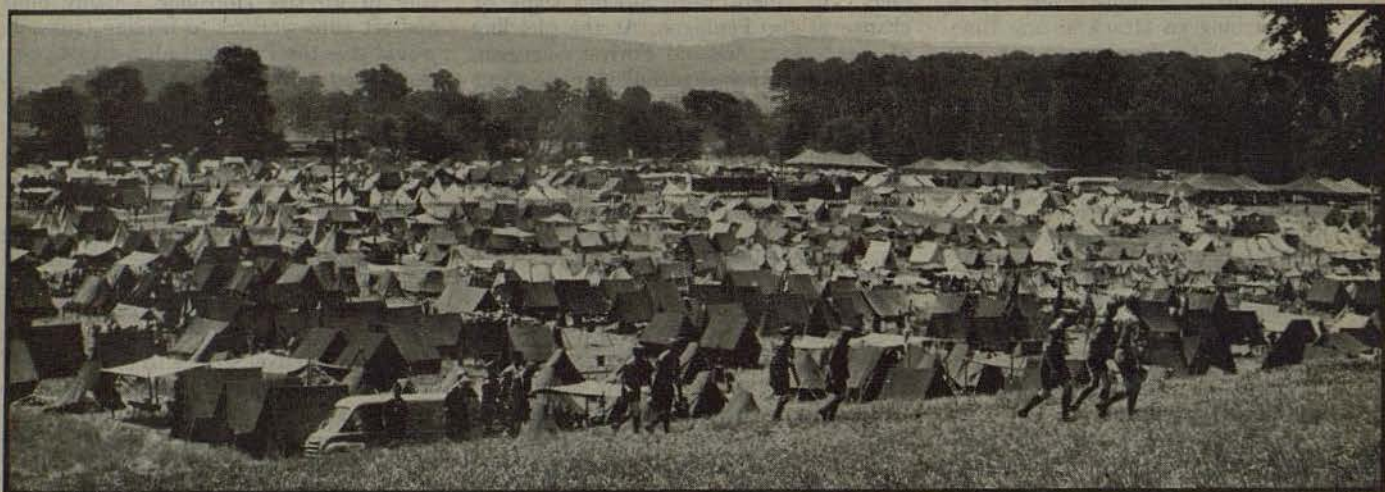
After sundown one evening, ten acres of adolescent humanity squatted in the outdoor arena where Washington's troops

INVESTIGATIONS

Calling a Halt

After 2,000,000 words of testimony, it was time, said Senator Millard Tydings, to take a breather. Over the protests of its two Republican members, the Tydings subcommittee voted to hear no more from Senator Joe McCarthy or any witnesses until it had produced an "interim report" on charges of Communists in Dean Acheson's State Department.

On the whole, lean, shrewd Millard Tydings had run a good and fair hearing. And after four months of wild charges and black headlines, Joe McCarthy had yet to



TENT CITY AT BOY SCOUT JAMBOREE
"Ah, go wire ya mudder."

to these the Scouts paid little heed. They stood lackadaisically in formation, answered commands with a muffled "Get a load of Big Shot" or "Boy, are you a brain." It was more fun pitching tents, roasting 25 miles of frankfurters, getting sunburned, sending home 3,000 wires a day and—most of all—poking fun at and bartering with each other.

Magic & Mandolins. Country boys stared at the sleazy magic of television; city Scouts complained to 34 aid stations of bumps, sprains and poison ivy. To Louisiana Scouts, the British served tea. Other Southerners saw a kilted Scot amiably explaining cricket to a khaki-clad young Negro. Austrians made music with mandolins; bagpipes whined shrilly from a pup tent.

"Utah, Utah," cawed a Brooklyn voice. "What part of Connecticut is Utah?" "Who won the war, who won the war," chanted a troop from Massachusetts, and Georgians replied: "The South did—and do you all want to fight it over?" "Ah, go wire ya mudder."

Always, hotly competitive bartering went on, for such esoteric regionalia as jars of muddy water in which the U.S.S. Missouri had floundered off Virginia, Oklahoma snakewhips and Ford emblems missing from state police cars. The best

marched and shivered 173 years ago. There the Scouts heard Harry S. Truman, honorary president of the B.S.A. Korea-weary, Harry Truman scarcely had a chance to sip a glass of water during the speech, so quiet was his young audience. The President contrasted Nazi and Communist youth movements to the Scouts, stopped when flashes from freedom-loving Scouts' cameras popped too often. "Please stop those flashlights until I get through reading," he said. "They blind me and I can't see."

Most of the kids, taking advantage of special rail rates, arrived at the jamboree by roundabout routes, or planned to go home a different way, giving them a chance to visit Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago and New York, to clamber up the Statue of Liberty, run a finger down the celebrated crack in the Liberty Bell, or stare giddily out of the little windows atop the Washington Monument. Scouts from around Flint, Mich. toured in 55 chauffeured Buicks provided by the factory. Another gang of Midwestern Scouts checked into a Manhattan hotel, and astonished chambermaids by making their own beds. It was their day's good deed, even though chambermaids had to rip the beds apart to put on clean sheets for the next guests.

document a single card-carrying Communist in the State Department, let alone the 57, 81 or 205 he had promised to prove.

Without even waiting to see the Tydings report, McCarthy announced that it would be "a disgrace to the Senate." Unfortunately for him, however, there were other headlines being made these days.

POLITICS

Herman Again

On election night, 36-year-old Herman Talmadge, the youngest governor in the U.S., his pretty second wife, and Georgia Kingmaker Roy V. Harris watched the returns in a seventh-floor suite of Atlanta's Henry Grady Hotel. Actually, the Talmadges were just observing the formalities. Even if Herman lost the popular vote, Georgia's one-sided county-unit electoral system was bound to keep him in office, just as it had his pappy, the late Gene Talmadge, before him.

Said Harris: "They had me scared when folks kept phoning in and saying, 'They won't even come to the polls when we send for 'em.'" But Herman finished slightly ahead in the popular vote, and led 3 to 1 in county units. Also re-nominated, and by a landslide: able, 72-year-old U.S. Senator Walter George.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

ALABAMA

Long Journey

It took Haywood Patterson 17 years to get from Alabama to the North. His long trip began on a spring day in 1931, when he and eight companions were yanked off a freight train at Paint Rock, Ala., accused of raping two white girls who turned out to be common tramps. It carried him past the shadow of the electric chair three times, through the highest courts of the land and deep into the hard, rotten heart of the Alabama penal system. But in July 1948, Haywood Patterson finally made it. He escaped from Alabama's Kilby prison, crossed the Mason-Dixon line and hid out, a fugitive, an almost forgotten speck on the national conscience—the eighth of the Scottsboro Boys to get out of jail.*

Unsparring Story. When the journey began, Patterson was a gawky Negro of 18, unable to write and barely able to read. When he escaped in 1948 he was a calloused and bitter 35, a veteran of years of prison brutality and evil, and possessed of the one-track eloquence of a man who had pondered his grievances for 17 years. He had also come to believe that his truest friends were the Communists, who had exploited the Scottsboro case for their own ends.

Patterson didn't keep his grievances and his precarious freedom to himself. He went to New York and teamed up with Earl Conrad, a white newspaperman who once worked on a Negro paper, and they turned out *Scottsboro Boy*, a raw, violent, unsparring book published last month. It

* Alabama freed four of the nine in 1937; three others are on parole and another is now wanted for violating his parole.



Michigan Chronicle
SCOTTSBORO BOY PATTERSON
Back to Alabama?

was calculated to scrape old wounds and inflame Southern readers.

It was partly a story most of the U.S. dimly remembered—of the trial which sentenced eight of the Negroes to death for rape that probably never was committed, the subsequent court battles which saved their lives and generally opened Southern juries to the Negro. The rest was a gamy tale of Patterson's life in Alabama's Atmore and Kilby prisons. He told of intrigues, knifings, murders, fornications and homosexual acts in prison, and Patterson freely named guards and officials to whom he attributed cruel neglect and brutality.

He also made it clear that he was a pretty tough prisoner to deal with. Patterson particularly invited trouble when he aimed some derogatory remarks at Frank Boswell, the man who is Alabama's Director of Corrections and Institutions.

FBI at the Bus. With a \$2,700 advance for his book from Doubleday, his publishers, Patterson traveled about the North, even made an audacious trip down to North Carolina to visit a girl friend. Last week in Detroit, where he was living with a sister and working as a laborer for \$1.80 an hour, he was surrounded by four FBI agents as he stepped off a bus. They had arrested him at Alabama's request; it is a federal offense for fugitives to cross state lines to avoid imprisonment.

Sitting in jail with his suspenders loose and his eyes glinting with bitterness, Patterson said hopefully that he couldn't believe Michigan would send him back to Alabama. "Alabama is the rottenest place in the world," said he. "They make criminals there . . . Hell, they [want] to kill me." The Communist-line Civil Rights Congress put up \$5,000 to get him out on bail. But unless he can fight extradition, he will be sent back to Alabama, which figures that Haywood Patterson still owes the state 57 years of his life.

IDEOLOGIES

Ring & the Proletariat

The late great American humorist, Ring Lardner, left four sons. They all became writers. Jim died in Spain, fighting as a member of the International Brigade—the last American to enlist, and the last to be killed. David served as a war correspondent for *The New Yorker*, was killed in Germany when his jeep ran into a minefield. John is a sports columnist for *Newsweek*. The fourth brother, Ring Jr., last week went to jail.

Tall, slender, bespectacled Ring Lardner, 34, grew up in Great Neck, Long Island, went to Andover and Princeton. At home Ring Sr. never discussed political issues, but the sardonic views that salted his writings also flavored his conversation. Or as his friend Heywood Brown put it, in the jargon of their set: "Under an insulation of isolation and indifference, Ring boiled with a passion against smugness and



Associated Press
RING LARDNER (RIGHT)*
On to a fraternity.

hypocrisy and the hard heart of the world."

At Princeton, Ring Jr. began to boil too, and higher than his father ever did. He joined the Socialist Club, wangled a trip to Russia as an exchange student. A friend got him a job in Hollywood. Ring ground out B pictures, and busied himself with organizing the Screen Writers' Guild.

Something Important. His career prospered and his salary increased. So did his political activities. Said a fellow writer: "You have a bunch of talented, sensitive writers who get no ego satisfaction out of their work. A story comes out on the screen a couple of years later bearing almost no relation to what they wrote. They only work about half a year, yet they want to feel that they're doing something important. So they take up the cause of the proletariat."

Ring wrote blasts denouncing Trotskyites, signed an open letter defending the Moscow purge trials, sponsored the American Youth for Democracy, opposed the "imperialist" war until Hitler turned it into "a people's war" by invading Russia. Like a mouse in a maze, he followed every turn and twist of the party line.

In the summer of 1947, when an investigator for the House Un-American Activities Committee testified that Ring Lardner Jr. was the holder of "1944 Card No. 46806" in the Communist Party, Ring was making \$2,000 a week and had won an Academy Award for Katharine Hepburn's *Woman of the Year*. As one of the Holly-

* Handcuffed to Writer Albert Maltz, another of the convicted Hollywood Ten.

wood Ten, he refused to tell the committee whether he was a Communist, was duly cited for contempt.

Page One. His first wife had divorced him; he married his brother David's widow. In the three years since the hearings, Ring has been fired by his studio, and has had only one job—a script for a picture made in Switzerland. His wife earned money as a radio actress and by playing bit parts in the movies. Like the other Hollywood Ten, Ring seemed to enjoy his martyrdom. "They are annoyed if they don't make Page One of the New York Times every day," said a friend. In the Communist press, they were heroes.

In Manhattan last week, Ring Jr. was on hand to represent the Hollywood Ten at a mass meeting scheduled by the Communist-run Civil Rights Congress to protest the treatment of "political prisoners" (including the eleven Communist leaders). Then the Korean war started. With the flick of a handbill, the Civil Rights Congress switched the meeting to a "Hands Off Korea" rally. Nobody seemed to mind.

Ring sat on the platform as Paul Robeson denounced the U.S.'s "wicked and shameful policy" and Gus Hall, national secretary of the Communist Party, accused the U.S. of making "undeclared shooting war against all the peoples of Asia." To the 9,000 "peace partisans," Ring cried: "For a mere screenwriter to be imprisoned for his beliefs elevates him . . . to a fraternity which includes Socrates . . . St. Paul . . . John Donne . . . Thomas Paine."

Next day, Ring journeyed to Washington. There, in Federal District Court, he was fined \$1,000 and sentenced to one year in jail. He had become a member of a grubby fraternity which included not Socrates and St. Paul, but Eugene Dennis and Howard Fast.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Pike & Pique

The other Atomic Energy Commissioners were astonished when they heard the rumor. Iowa's Senator Bourke B. Hickenlooper, the erratic sparkplug of last summer's investigation of AEC's "incredible mismanagement," was threatening to hold up the renomination of AEC's acting chairman, a white-shocked, plain-talking New England Republican named Sumner Pike. Apparently, Hickenlooper's pique at former Chairman David Lilienthal extended also to Pike, as the last member of the original Lilienthal commission.

Princeton Physicist Henry D. Smyth (rhymes with blithe), author of the Smyth Report and now an AEC Commissioner, hustled up to the Capitol to explain that chairmanless AEC was already having trouble enough trying to plan an H-bomb. Pike's rejection would leave the five-man commission shy two men—and, Smyth argued, make it doubly difficult to find replacements. "There is no doubt in my mind of Mr. Pike's intelligence, integrity,

and complete devotion to the national welfare," said Smyth. In the strange world of the atom, Pike—a retired Manhattan mining and utilities financier—had shown "a remarkable capacity to grasp the scientific and technical features," added Smyth.* His two fellow commissioners backed him up.

The Senate committee summoned Pike himself, cleared reporters out of the room, then left Pike sitting in silence without asking him a single question or telling him why they objected to him. When he left, they turned him down 5-4, with Colorado's Democrat Ed Johnson joining the four



SUMNER PIKE
No questions asked.

Republicans on the committee (Hickenlooper, Millikin, Knowland and Bricker) in voting no.

Their explanations were vague. Hickenlooper mumbled that Pike was a "square peg in a round hole," added later that Pike had always been opposed to the H-bomb. "I don't know what their gripe is," Pike declared. "Whatever the reason was, it wasn't stated either directly or by innuendo." Last year, because "we didn't have the dope in front of us as to what we would be getting for what we were spending," he had been doubtful about the H-bomb, he added. But "as the facts came in, my attitude did change." One guess on the turndown was that Pike, a liberal Republican, had piqued the Senators in a speech last summer when he suggested that political patronage sometimes influenced their dealings with AEC. He had also made a wry comment last May after Ed Johnson's blurring, on a television quiz show, of the first authoritative public reference to hydrogen bomb plans.

* For further Smyth opinions, see SCIENCE.

Administration leaders announced that they would take Pike's nomination to the Senate floor, hoping that the Senate would reverse its own committee—something that happens only rarely.

MANNERS & MORALS

Sue Thy Neighbor

Once Mrs. Alice Fox and Mrs. Katherine Rollo were friendly next-door neighbors, but the friendship didn't last. They started a spite quarrel for reasons that their neighbors in the Long Hill housing development in Waterbury, Conn. never did get clear. The showdown came when Mrs. Fox ran outside to tell Mrs. Rollo a thing or two and, to punctuate her lecture, kicked her in the stomach.

With the air of a woman who felt it was worth it, 32-year-old Alice Fox paid a \$25 fine in Waterbury police court for breaching the peace. But she wasn't to get off that easily. Katherine Rollo, who had to spend six days in the hospital from the kicking, filed a civil damages suit and won a \$1,200 judgment from her neighbor. She refused to accept payment of \$2 a week: she wasn't going to wait any 11½ years to collect, she said.

Out of Connecticut's colonial past, Mrs. Rollo and her lawyers extracted a Dickensian statute known as the Body Execution Law. Under that law, she had Mrs. Fox locked up in New Haven County jail to serve one day for every unpaid dollar of the judgment; she had to pay \$10 a week to the county for the prisoner's room & board. Mrs. Rollo was losing money on it, but that didn't stop her. She wasn't moved by the sight of Mrs. Fox's husband trying to take care of the Foxes' three young children; in fact, every time she saw a member of the Fox family, she would break into *The Prisoner's Song*.

After Mrs. Fox had been in jail for 47 days of what might have become a 1,200-day term, she took advantage of an old Connecticut law herself. She took the Poor Debtor's Oath, under which a person swearing to less than \$17 in assets may escape jail for unpaid judgments. This week Alice Fox returned to her family and her old neighborhood. What did she think of Neighbor Rollo now? "I will not mention her name!"

CALIFORNIA

"How Many Say Amen?"

Big, fat-faced C. Thomas Patten was an evangelist in fancy maroon shirts. He wore cowboy hats with brims that were wide, and cowboy boots with toes that were narrow, and his congregation couldn't refuse him a thing. When he asked for money, they gave him money—for a choir loft that went up & down like the stage at Radio City Music Hall, for an electric Escalator that lifted worshippers up to a raised altar. These wonders never appeared, but in seven years in Oakland,

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Calif. Tom acquired nine cars, 46 suits, 200 pairs of boots and a cabin cruiser. He called himself "God's businessman of the hour" (TIME, March 20).

For four months an Oakland jury listened as disillusioned disciples told of C. (for Cash, he explains unabashedly) Thomas Patten's talents. There was a caterer who said he had given Patten \$10,000 ("I never had but a few dollars to give my wife"), a \$35-a-week charwoman and her husband who had handed over \$2,800.

Tom hired three high-priced lawyers to defend him, and, out on bail, exhorted his followers anew. "When you get your eyes off Jesus, you'll always go down. How many say amen?" shouted Tom. "Amen," screamed the congregation. Student evangelists from his three schools, flashing their bright gold-and-navy sweaters with the big block Ps, passed the collection plate. Weekdays, between sessions in the dingy classrooms over a downtown furniture store, they picketed the courthouse noisily.

Then, in the middle of the long trial, big Tom suffered a heart attack. He listened to closing arguments from a stretcher, picking his nose moodily and getting an occasional shot of morphine from a hovering nurse. Last week an ambulance rushed Tom, resplendent in yellow silk pajamas, from an Oakland hospital to the courtroom to hear the jury's verdict. It found him guilty of stealing \$14,750 from his followers (maximum penalty: 50 years). Said Tom Patten, flat on his back but still cocky: "There'll be a battle royal before they get me behind bars."

IDAHO

The Case of the \$12 Sheep

As workers of Idaho's rich Camas Prairie soil, four strapping young bucks from Indian reservations had the time, the money, and the inclination to go off on a hard-drinking tear every now & again although federal law prohibits sale of liquor to Indians. One night last October, roaring drunk, the four got caught up in the wheeze and clang of Idaho's legal machinery and almost mangled by it.

Cops arresting them for disturbing the peace heard a thumping in their car trunk, found a live sheep there. Under a law passed in 1864, animal thieving in Idaho is still grand larceny, so the Indians were hauled off to district court in Moscow. There, Prosecutor J. Morey O'Donnell put their worries too quickly to rest. They were lucky in having the most lenient judge in the state, said O'Donnell—and if they pleaded guilty, he certainly wouldn't hang them.*

What the four semi-literate and be-

wildered Indians didn't know was that even if they weren't hanged, they could get 14 years apiece for taking a \$12 sheep, and that, after pleading guilty, is what they got.

When the story got out, there was a hue & cry about "white man's justice." Novelist Oliver (*Laughing Boy*) LaFarge and his Association on American Indian Affairs appealed the case to Idaho's Supreme Court on the ground that the defendants were "not competent" to plead guilty without lawyers. Last week the court voided District Judge Albert Morgan's sentence, ordered a new trial. But perhaps the case would be dropped. The people of Idaho, thought Prosecutor O'Donnell (as surprised as anyone at the severity of the sentence), "don't want these Indians prosecuted any further."

LABOR

Truce

On the West Coast, the aircraft carrier *Philippine Sea*, getting ready for Pacific duty, needed five motor-driven centrifugal pumps from New Jersey's strikebound Ingersoll-Rand Co. At noon one day last week, the Navy asked management and the union whether they couldn't get together long enough to deliver the pumps.

They could; by 4:30 that afternoon, the pumps were assembled, en route to the carrier. Then work halted again, and United Electrical Workers went back to their picket lines.

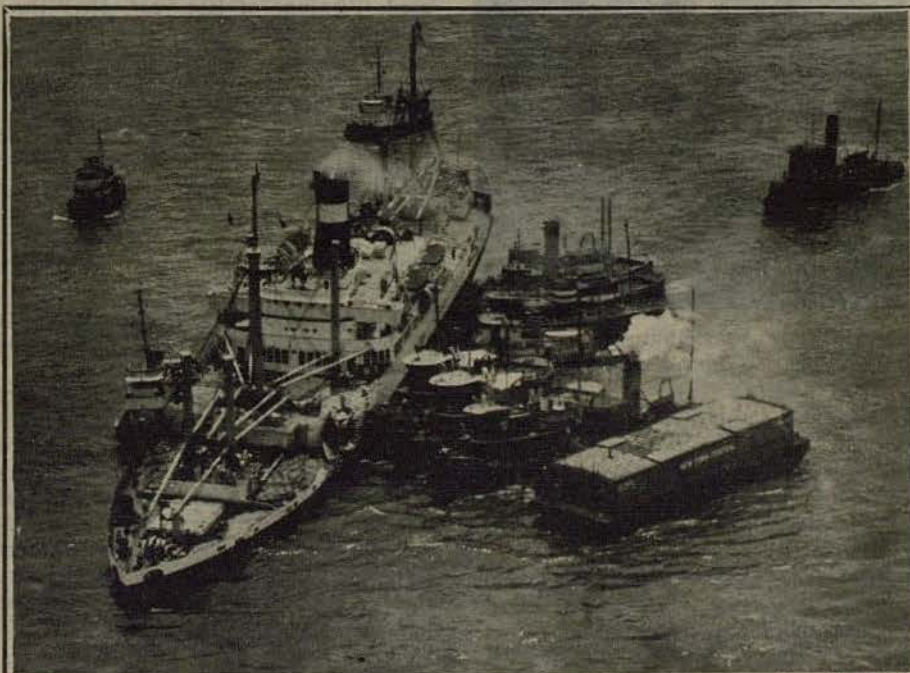
INDIANS

Sky Father's Little Helper

Since mid-February, there had been no rain. The jerky rhythms of the medicine men may have charmed the tourists, but they failed to move the Sky Father. It was costing the Navajos \$25,000 a month to haul in enough water to save their 150,000 grazing sheep.

Last week in Arizona, Navajo chiefs, with the help of interpreters, held a powwow with Pilot C. S. Barnes, a onetime Army colonel now prospering in the rainmaking business. It was hard going, because there are no Navajo words for Barnes's way of producing rain. Talking Navajo, however, was a mere concession to ceremony: ten of the twelve Indians on the tribal council are college educated.

After four hours, a chief spoke up. "Well, Barnes, goddammit," he said, "it looks like you've got just what us birds up here need." For \$10,000 Barnes agreed to spray the clouds, with silver-iodide particles for three months.



Associated Press

END OF A CRUISE

An hour before this picture was taken, the confetti-speckled, 9,644-ton liner *Excalibur*, carrying 114 vacationers and 130 crewmen, steamed down New York Harbor, bound for a leisurely cruise to Marseille, Naples, Alexandria, Beirut, Piraeus, Leghorn and Genoa. Thirty-five minutes after leaving her Jersey City dock, the *Excalibur* collided with the Danish cargo ship *Colombia* in the Narrows below Manhattan. The liner, gashed from its deck to below the water line, was ignominiously tugged to the mud flats off Brooklyn, and its unhappy passengers wound up (via harbor tug) back in Jersey City. The *Colombia* got its bow bashed in, and fire broke out in its paint locker. Nobody was seriously hurt, but an investigation was started to find out how such a daylight collision could have come about. One theory: faulty steering apparatus on the freighter *Colombia*.

* In Idaho the law requires the judge to give maximum sentences; the State Board of Correction decides the amount of time to be served, usually much less.

FOREIGN NEWS

FRANCE

Mollifier

The man with the almost unpronounceable name was back. Henri Queuille, the mousy little onetime doctor who, as Premier for 13 months (1948-49), had made a name for himself as a mollifier of warring factions, was again the head of a French government.

The Socialists had capriciously wrecked Georges Bidault's government (TIME, July 3). A few hours later, war broke out in Korea and France found itself vitally in need of a Foreign Minister with full credentials. The Socialists would have liked to play hard-to-get a while longer,



AGIP—Black Star
PREMIER QUEUILLE
Out of a capricious wreck.

but they realized they would look like Neronian fiddlers if they prolonged the crisis in Paris. They would not accept Queuille's proposed "union coalition" of center parties, but they agreed not to oppose him.

Radical Socialist Queuille wound up with a strong team. He kept his Interior Ministry post and put M. Bidault in as Vice Premier. Able Robert Schuman stayed on as Foreign Minister, to work on his pool plan for West European coal and steel. The new cabinet included an important new post, which was filled by Paul Reynaud: Minister of State for the Associated States of the French Union and for the Far East. Maurice Petsche was again appointed Finance Minister and Rene Mayer stayed on as the Minister of Justice.

Premier Queuille's first act was to endorse U.S. action in Korea. "We are setting to work," said he, "as men of good will who are thinking only of France."

SWEDEN

The Way of a Viking

A thousand years ago the Vikings of Scandinavia sailed and rowed their great open boats across the seas to Normandy, Iceland, Ireland and America with no protection but that of a huge dragon's head prow. There were no insurance companies then to tell the Vikings that their ships were poor risks, no spoilsports to cry "careful!"

When stocky, blue-eyed Sten Schröder was 24, he saw a real Viking ship in a museum in Bygdöy; from that moment Sten knew what course he must sail. Last year, when Sten was a 37-year-old lamp factory worker in Stockholm, he saw his chance. A big sports exposition was to be held in Stockholm's deer park and the committee wanted to build a gondola to take visitors round the lake. Sten went to the committee meeting, pleaded history's cause and sold them on the idea of a Viking craft instead. The committee granted him 5,000 kronor (\$1,000), and he went to work.

Friends pitched in to help Sten chop down sturdy pines. A maritime museum director offered to research the design and an artist went to work carving a dragon's head. By June of last year, after three months' work, Sten's craft, the *Lusty Snake*, was ready for its maiden voyage—a trip to Tullgarn Castle to congratulate King Gustaf V on his 91st birthday.

That, however, was just a shakedown cruise. This year Sten had hoped to sail to the U.S.,* but he found it hard to raise the money. He settled for Rotterdam. Three weeks ago, with a crew of 15 stalwart young Swedish tram conductors, miners, plumbers, bakers and clerks to man the oars, the 80-foot *Lusty Snake* set off across the Baltic for the Kiel Canal.

The seamen of Ystad and Trälleborg shook their heads as the frail craft headed southwest. "They'll never clear a storm," they murmured. Eight days later the *Lusty Snake* passed through the Kiel Canal into the North Sea. Young Navigator Börje Persson, 26, who had just got his master's papers and quit his job on a trawler to join the voyagers, set the course for Rotterdam.

* In 1893 a Viking craft, built along the lines of Leif Ericsson's 10th Century vessel, sailed from Norway to New York en route to Chicago's World's Fair. Her welcome to the U.S. was so lavishly staged by the Norwegian Society of Brooklyn that six of her crew, including Captain Magnus Andersson, ended up in Brooklyn's Butler Street police court charged with being drunk and disorderly. The presiding magistrate, James M. Tighe, who happened to be president of Brooklyn's own Celtic Varuna Boat Club, was not impressed with the difficulties of the Norsemen's voyage. "A boat like that," he said, "will float like a chip on the water and never go down. I myself would be ready any day to make one of a crew to row her back to Norway."

Last week high winds lashed at the sandbanks along the German coast. The winds brought bits of planking from the *Lusty Snake* and the drowned bodies of Sten Schröder, Viking, and one of his crew. No survivors have been found.

IRAN

Next Target?

At what soft spot would the probing finger of Communist aggression aim its next jab? Western observers have long feared that one of the likeliest targets would be Russia's neighbor, Iran, a backward land perched precariously on the U.S.S.R.'s Middle-Eastern doorstep. Iran



N. R. Farbman—LIFE
AMBASSADOR GRADY
Into an economic swamp.

has been wallowing in an economic and political swamp for decades. A well-nigh endless series of footling governments has done little to help her out of it.

Last week Iran got another new Premier and cabinet. Premier Ali Razmara has a reputation for honesty and selfless service rare among Iranian politicians. As chief of staff for the last five years, he got along on three hours' sleep a night, worked from 5 a.m. till late at night, snapping his wiry body about with energy enough to whip new nerve and discipline into Iran's army.

As Premier and Defense Minister, Razmara will continue to supervise the fighting trim of Iran's troops. To help him solve some of Iran's other pressing problems, the U.S. last week sent to Teheran a new ambassador, Henry F. Grady, who learned a lot about rehabilitating distressed nations during his years (1948-50) as ambassador to Greece during the civil war in that country.

THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

United Front

The Americas lined up solidly behind anti-Communist action in the Far East. In Washington last week, the Council of the Organization of American States, representing the hemisphere's 21 republics, formally pledged "firmest support" for the U.N. stand against the Korean invasion and affirmed "continental solidarity" with U.S. armed measures.

Many Latin American governments responded to President Harry Truman's first statement on Korea by offering their cooperation. Argentina's Juan Perón rose to the occasion by calling on the Chamber of Deputies to complete the long-delayed ratification of the 1947 Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance. The pact was swiftly approved, 88 to 9.

CANADA

Here & Beyond

A controversy, more sociological than theological, has disturbed the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec. The dispute springs from a historical process—the fact that the province is steadily becoming less rural and pastoral, more urban and industrialized.

How shall the church adapt its leadership to the changing society? One faction, led by Laval University's dean of social sciences, the Very Rev. Georges-Henri ("Jolly Monk") Lévesque, argues for a militant championship of the working class; this faction has promoted cooperatives and Catholic trade unions. An opposing group, supported by Quebec's Premier Maurice Duplessis, believes that the rural parish society must be strengthened and that the church must stay aloof from class antagonisms, though it should fight for social justice.

These clashing points of view were summed up by an impartial churchman: "It is a question of emphasis. One faction says that we must teach people how to say their prayers, but we must also see that they have good working conditions and have a just deal. The other faction says that if you emphasize the working conditions and the just deal too much, you're tackling a problem which will never be entirely solved, and people may forget how to say their prayers. If you fight Communism, which talks about a heaven on earth, just by saying you can provide better toilets than the Communists, you're conceding the Communists' premise; and you're forgetting the essential point of Catholicism, which is, that although we may try to improve this life, we must also remember that there is a life beyond."

Into the Open. Last week *Maclean's* magazine, in an article by Ottawa Editor Blair Fraser, brought the argument into the open. Author Fraser gave unstinted support to the Lévesque faction and be-



Roger Bedard

FATHER LÉVESQUE
Will Catholics forget . . .

labored the opposing group. "The Duplessis government," he charged, "has used every kind of pressure on Laval University to fire [Lévesque]; ultra-conservatives in the Quebec clergy have twice carried their war against him to the Vatican itself . . ." To force the issue at Laval, continued Fraser, Duplessis had withheld half of a provincial \$4,000,000 grant.

"Why this concentrated assault? And why should it come just now?" asked Fraser. His answer: it was partly retaliation for last year's prolonged strike at Asbestos, Que., in which certain clerics



Capital Press Service

PREMIER DUPLESSIS
... how to say their prayers?

defied the Duplessis government and supported labor. "Leader in this pro-labor, anti-Duplessis swing was Msgr. Joseph Charbonneau, Archbishop of Montreal, [who] last winter was summarily dismissed. Ostensibly he retired 'for reasons of health.' . . . Against Lévesque [and his followers] are all the men who want Quebec to stay exactly as it is, or still better, as it was 50 years ago; for him, the men who believe change is imminent and overdue."

Counterattack. Church leaders were not pleased over the belligerent and partisan *Maclean's* article. In Ottawa, Apostolic Delegate Msgr. Ildebrando Antoniutti said Fraser was "badly informed," his article "evidently tendentious." Archbishop Paul-Emile Léger, who had been trying to pour oil over the controversial waters after the resignation of Msgr. Charbonneau, was rumored to be "unhappy."

This week the *Ensign*, Canada's national Catholic weekly newspaper, took a strong view of the Fraser article:

"This type of writing can most charitably be explained by reference to the hot weather. It appears as a great discovery for some non-Catholics when they hear of the existence of varying opinions amongst Catholics on many problems outside of faith and morals. Blinded by ignorance, sometimes innocent, they believe that all Catholics neither think nor discuss, but that they merely obey a dictatorial and usually arbitrary 'party line.' When they hear of discussions they see in it almost a rebellion, and then give their imagination free reign of misinterpretation . . ."

High Bid

Queen Mary's million-stitch needlepoint rug, after three months of exhibition in the U.S. and Canada, was sold last week to the highest bidder: Canada's Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, which offered 100,000 Canadian dollars.

In London, "Queen Mary's Contribution to the Dollar Drive Committee," under the chairmanship of the Marchioness of Reading, announced that seven bids had been considered (four from the U.S., three from Canada). All but the successful bidders' names and offers were withheld. It was said that some bids were a bit on the frivolous side; one woman asked if the carpet could be sent to her on approval.

Proud I.O.D.E. officers said they would display the rug on a cross-Canada tour to help raise the purchase price, then present it to the National Gallery in Ottawa for permanent hanging. At London's Marlborough House, pleased Queen Mary asked a lady in waiting: "How much is \$100,000 in sterling?"* The royal needleworker will turn the money over to the national exchequer as her contribution to Britain's dollar drive.

* £32,500.

PEOPLE

Inside Sources

"When I finish a book," said Pulitzer Prizewinning Novelist **Robert Penn Warren** (*All the King's Men*) "I feel as I imagine a parachute jumper must feel when he first bails out. He doesn't know for sure that the damned thing is going to open." Did he land safely with his newly published *World Enough and Time*? "Yes . . . You always think the last book best."

The war in Korea reminded Princeton University officials that Korea's President **Dr. Syngman Rhee** had earned his doctorate there 40 years ago by submitting a thesis entitled: "Neutrality as Influenced by the United States."

"We were one of those couples everyone worried about when we were married," Actress **Helen Hayes** confided to Hearst Reporter Inez Robb last week, 22 years after her one & only marriage. "They thought of [Playwright **Charles MacArthur**] as a fantastic, wild creature and of me as little miss mouse, and they said it would never do."

On a visit to his old boyhood haunts in Port Arthur, Ont., Irish emotions welled up in the 66-year-old father of the documentary film, **Robert (Nanook of the North) Flaherty**: "It's very sad for me; most of my pals are gone, we're in another age." Also back in his hometown (Aspen, Colo.), shock-headed *New Yorker* Editor **Harold Ross** said that he hoped to clear up a mystery: "My mother always told me that [I was born] on the day Grover Cleveland was elected. But I've never been able to figure out why they'd have an election on a Sunday."

When an American asked him where he had picked up his English, Argentina's Dictator **Juan Perón** explained: "I put

English records on the gramophone in the mornings while I shave."

Novelist **Erskine (Tobacco Road) Caldwell** admitted that he uses up more typewriter ribbon as he grows older, and that he sometimes sits at the typewriter and stares at it for three days without writing a word: "For the past two years I've been doing the same things in the same manner. I'm afraid I'm in a rut."

Roses All the Way

Trumpeter **Louis ("Satchmo") Armstrong**, who was born on July 4 just 50 years ago, got posies and presents from well-wishers all over the world. The jazz magazine *Down Beat* glowed with testimonials to the great man's greatness. Old



Associated Press
MRS. ALBEN BARKLEY
First.

Friend **Tallulah Bankhead** compared him to Charlie Chaplin and Mozart. The State Department thanked him for recordings which the Voice of America beamed to every part of the globe. Satchmo was particularly cheery because he had just learned that he did not have ulcers; all he needed was to stay off his favorite food, red beans & rice. "They X-rayed me every way but running," he said, "then the doc told me I'm straight—that's my best birthday present."

To the bedside of Britain's No. 1 sufferer from hemorrhoids, **Ernie Bevin**, came two young Swiss trade unionists bearing a gift from their fellow workers back home: a handsome gold watch alleged to be "one of the nearest things to perpetual motion ever invented."

Cinemactress **Jane Wyman**, who just won Britain's annual Picturegoer's award



Associated Press
HELEN HAYES & HUSBAND (IN 1932)
One & only.

for her performance of a deaf-mute in *Johnny Belinda*, told readers of *Cosmopolitan* magazine that women talk too much: "A girl does not lose dignity by silence. She loses it by talking for the obvious purpose of just saying something."

All In a Day's Work

At her first ship-christening, pretty **Mrs. Alben Barkley** smashed the bottle against the new luxury liner *President Jackson* with a right good will, grimaced good-naturedly as the champagne showered over her pale blue dress (see cut).

In Tokyo, a statue of the late **Field Marshal Masatake Terauchi**, Japanese Prime Minister in World War I, was torn down to make way for three naked women in bronze symbolizing Love, Intelligence and Will Power.

Princess Ileana, sister of Rumania's ex-King Carol, was being treated for arthritis in Boston. She was also hawking her mother's crown, a silver *kokoshnik* (tiara) set with seven sapphires.

Silent Movie Vamp **Gloria Swanson**, 51, making a Hollywood comeback in Paramount's forthcoming *Sunset Boulevard*, revealed that she is also having a go at the literary life. Still at work on a book about "glamour over 40" for Prentice-Hall, she has agreed to write her autobiography for Doubleday.

New York's **Hamilton Fish**, noted before Pearl Harbor as one of Congress' loudest isolationists, announced his candidacy for the Republican senatorial nomination this fall.

Word got around that **Eleanor Roosevelt** had taken on yet another chore: come August, she will be the narrator for Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf* to the kids at the Berkshire Festival. Meanwhile, landing in London after a tour of the Continent, she planted a warm buss on the cheek of her hostess, the Dowager Marchioness of Reading (see cut).



Associated Press
ELEANOR ROOSEVELT & FRIEND
Yet another.

MEDICINE

Back in Practice

In Candia, N.H., Dr. Hermann Sander was practicing medicine again. Although acquitted of the mercy killing of his cancer-ridden patient, Mrs. Abbie Borroto, his license had been revoked by the New Hampshire Board of Registration in Medicine (TIME, May 1). Within ten minutes after the board reinstated him last week, he got his first call, from a patient complaining of a sore arm.

Little Accident

Late last summer 16-month-old Joan Anderson of Washington, D.C. came down with nephrosis, a sometimes fatal kidney disease which doctors don't know much about. One thing the medical men do know about the disease: if a nephrotic catches measles, the patient often improves (why measles sometimes acts as an antidote is another thing the doctors don't know).

Pediatrician Herbert Glick decided last February that the best thing to do with Joan was have her catch the measles. He took her to visit a measly six-year-old, and the children played together for an hour. But stubborn nature refused to take its course, and Joan missed the measles. In

March, under careful medical supervision, Joan was exposed to a second measles case. Once again, nothing happened.

Several weeks ago, when Dr. Glick was casting about for other ways of treating Joan's nephrosis, Joan's cousin, four-year-old Kenneth Anderson, came over for a visit. A few days later Kenneth was in bed with the measles. Soon after, the welcome rash appeared on Joan's arm.

Doctors at War

More than 10,000 U.S. doctors left their practices in the hands of partners or friends last week and went to San Francisco. There the American Medical Association was holding its 99th annual convention. Notable absentee: Dr. Morris Fishbein, who was eased out of his job as the A.M.A.'s spokesman last December. As one veteran remarked of this Fishbeinless gathering: "It's running smoothly, effectively and efficiently—but good heavens, it's dull."

The A.M.A.'s principal concern was socialized medicine. Instead of letting its incoming president, Louisville's Dr. Elmer Lee Henderson (elected at last year's convention), deliver his inaugural address to a few hundred delegates, the A.M.A. spent



Bob Lackenbach—Col-Pictures

PRESIDENT HENDERSON

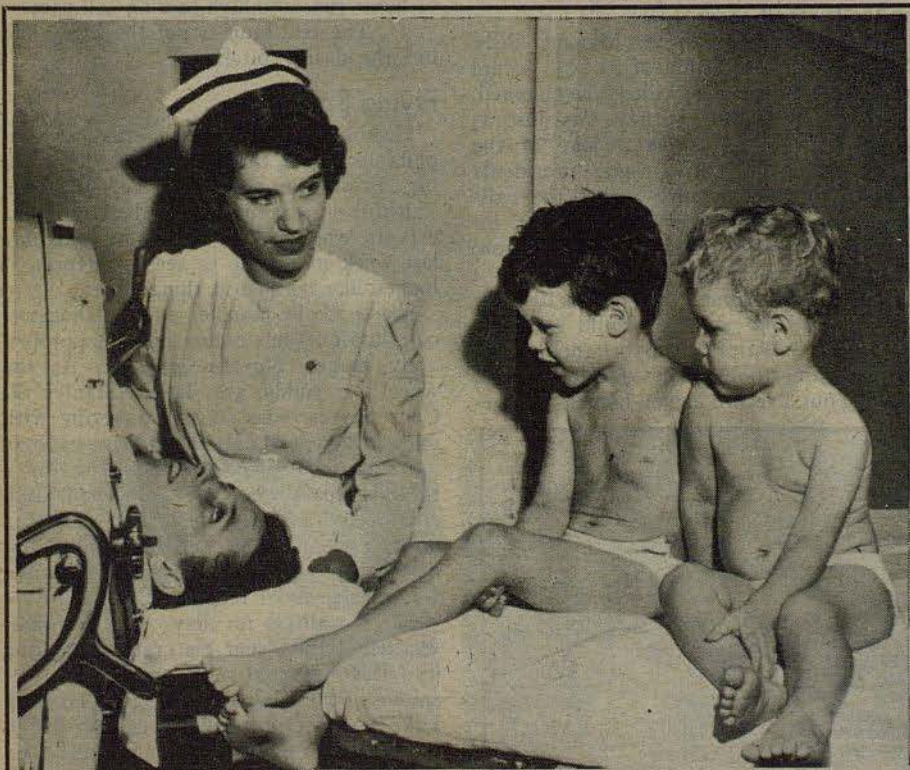
Doctors are national affairs.

\$16,500 to broadcast his speech over two national networks. Said Dr. Henderson: "Our affairs are no longer just medical affairs. They have become of compelling concern to all the people."

The Real Objective. Wisely suspecting that the U.S. people are more concerned with their own health and well-being than with technicalities of medical practice, Dr. Henderson broadened the front of A.M.A.'s war against the Truman-Ewing plan for national health insurance (TIME, Feb. 20). He lashed out against "little men whose lust for power is far out of proportion to their intellectual capacity . . . or their political honesty . . . It is not just 'socialized medicine' which they seek . . . Their real objective is to strip the American people of self-determination and self-government, and make this a socialist state in the pathetic pattern of the socially and economically bankrupt nations of Europe, which we, the American people, are seeking to rescue from poverty and oppression."

The Doubtful Future. San Francisco's Dr. John Wesley Cline, 52, the A.M.A.'s new president-elect, who will take office next June, was already in the thick of the fight. Said he: "The future of medicine in this country might well hinge upon the outcome of the congressional elections in November [when the A.M.A. will be spending \$1,100,000 in press and radio advertising to combat Government health plans and boost private plans]. This is in no sense a partisan appeal. There are splendid incumbents and candidates in both parties, and there are socializers and apologists for statism in both parties." Surgeon Cline is a Republican.

Hedging its political bets, the A.M.A.'s high command chose as vice president General Practitioner Rufus Benjamin Robins. A Democratic National Committeeman from Arkansas, Dr. Robins also opposes the Truman-Ewing health plan.



Associated Press

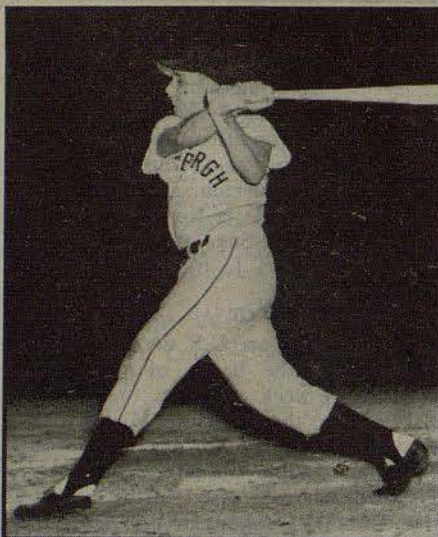
THREE OUT OF FIVE

These two youngsters—Mike, 4, and Pat, 2—are visiting their mother, Mrs. Patricia McGrew, 23 (in iron lung), at Dallas' Parkland Hospital, where all three were under treatment last week for polio. In June young Pat came down with a sore throat and fever which penicillin didn't help. About a week later Mike complained of feeling poorly, and his mother developed aches in her head, neck and back. The doctor's diagnosis: the mother had bulbar polio, the boys less severe spinal polio. Apparently the disease missed six-month-old David and his father, who likes to call his three young sons "tough Irishmen." By last week Pat and Mike had made enough progress to start treatments of baths and packs.

SPORT



Associated Press
DETROIT'S HOUTTEMAN



Vincent Gonzales—Philadelphia Bulletin
PITTSBURGH'S KINER

Benzedrine again?

The Other Foot

In Chicago, the Giants of the Negro American League announced that they were signing on a new outfielder and new pitcher recruited from a local high school. Both were white teen-agers, the first in the league's 17-year history. Said League President J. B. Martin: "These boys were taken on their merits as ballplayers."

Dead or Alive

When the rattle of base hits had subsided and the debating societies finally departed from the mound, the Boston Red Sox and Philadelphia Athletics dragged wearily off to Shibe Park's dressing rooms. In the nine-inning game, nine pitchers had given up 21 walks, 34 hits had ripped across the field; 36 runners had crossed the plate—a new American League record.

By last week such scoring sprees were beginning to look like the rule rather than

the exception. The Red Sox had already set a modern high-scoring mark (29 runs against St. Louis). The Cleveland Indians tied another record by scoring 14 runs in one inning. From owners, players, managers and coaches came an old, familiar cry: someone had been putting benzedrine in the baseball again.

Atomic Secrets. Braves Manager Billy Southworth was certain of it. "I'm afraid someone's going to get killed," he gloomed. Yankee Coach Bill Dickey was just as convinced: "It's making a joke of the game." Though both league presidents and the company which makes the balls denied any skulduggery, one player insisted: "The atom bomb secrets were sold to Spalding, not the Russians."

Those who blamed the rabbit ball for 1950's batting splurge could produce plenty of statistics to support their stand. In one game the Yankees and Tigers had banged out a record eleven homers. Home-

run production, in fact, was up 27% over last year. Boston's Ted Williams had already hit 24, Cleveland's Al Rosen 25, and the Pirates' Ralph Kiner 20. But although most pitchers were beginning to seem lucky if they lasted through the seventh-inning stretch, there was more than a suspicion that the ball alone was not responsible.

There were still a few stalwarts who seemed to have no complaints. Detroit's Art Houtteman, Cleveland's Bob Lemon, and the Braves' Johnny Sain had already won ten games each. Rookie Bob Miller had won seven straight for the front-running Phillies. The Giants' Larry Jansen had pitched 30 consecutive scoreless innings before he finally allowed a run.

Six-Way Race. As the major leagues headed into the Fourth of July weekend, it was that kind of pitching, not the hitting, that made the difference. With only two reliable starters (Preacher Roe and Don Newcombe), the favored Dodgers were wallowing along in a tight six-way race. In the American League, the Detroit Tigers had jumped into a commanding lead over the favored Red Sox, whose hitting could not match the Tigers' pitching.

Wrapping up the major leagues at the midseason mark, and taking a hefty clout at the rabbit-ball fanciers, New York *Herald Tribune* Columnist Red Smith had a ready explanation for the 1950 rash of home runs and high-scoring ball games: "... The real fault is not the lively ball but the deadly pitching."

Flying Saucer

Head-on, the thing suggested an amphibious flying saucer with rudder trouble. From the rear it looked like Old Faithful on a rampage. To the motorboat experts who got up at 6 a.m. one day last week in Seattle to see it perform, it looked like the fastest thing afloat.

The 4,200-lb. monster was a mahogany-oak-duraluminum racing hull, inappropriately named *Slo-Mo-Shun IV*. At the wheel was ruddy, grey-haired Stanley St. Clair Sayres, who started tinkering with outboard motorboats twelve years ago, switched to airplanes, and switched back to speedboats when his wife made him give up flying. With the help of a Boeing aircraft engineer, he had built his flounder-shaped hydroplane to crack the world's speedboat record.

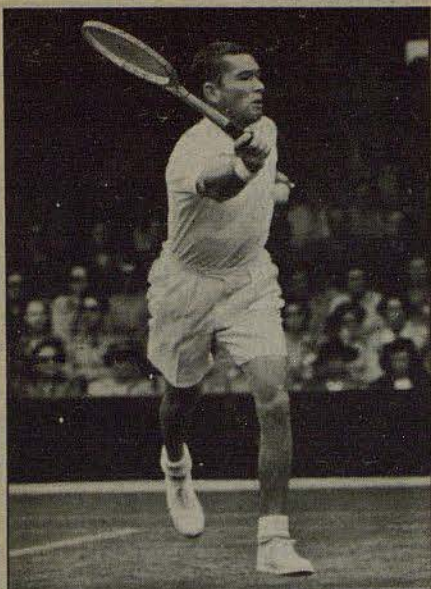
After waiting for days for the right weather, Sayres sent his craft thundering into the measured mile, trailing a 20-ft. spume 200 yards behind. A 4-in. chop on Lake Washington provided enough lift to send the two-ton craft clipping along on her two 8-in.-square planing surfaces. Offset rudders above & below water held her squarely on course.

On the south-north run, her Allison aircraft engine sent *Slo-Mo-Shun* screaming through the mile in 21.98 seconds. The return trip was less than a second slower. The combination gave Sayres an average speed of 160.32 m.p.h., 18.58 m.p.h. faster than the old mark, set by Sir Malcolm Campbell's *Blue Bird II* in 1939.

Already looking for a more fitting name



Seattle Post-Intelligencer—International
SLO-MO-SHUN IV & DRIVER SAYRES
Better than Blue Bird.



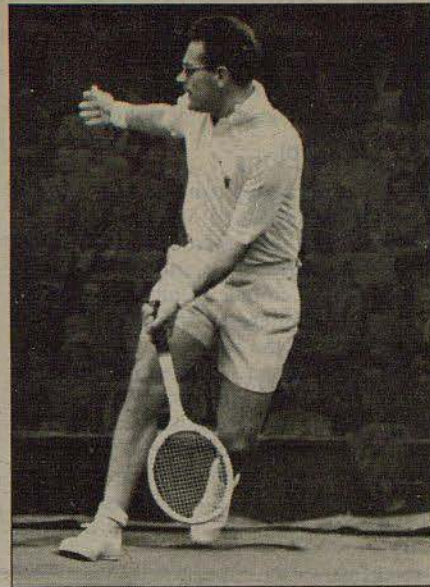
TALBERT

International



STURGESS

International



DROBNY

Combine

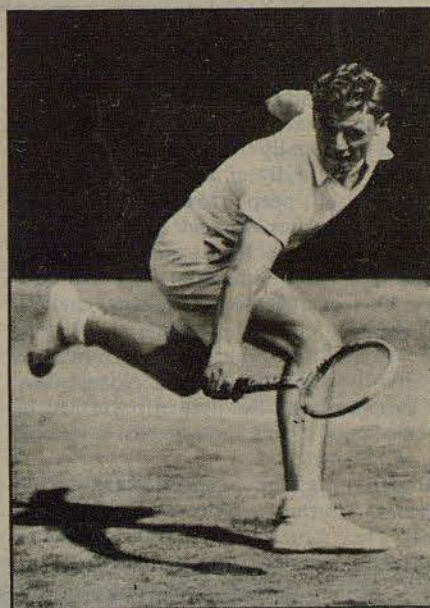
THE MISSING X

"Great tennis players have one indefinable quality in common," said U.S. Tennistar Bill Talbert. "I call it 'x.' I haven't got it myself. But Budge had it. Vines had it. And so did Perry and the other greats." Whatever "x" is, the quality was sadly lacking at Wimbledon last week, as the All-England tennis championships got under way.

Of the men, only Australian Champion Frank Sedgman, 22, seeded No. 1 among Wimbledon's contenders, seems likely ever to reach the stature of a Budge or a Vines. Sedgman plays today's "big" game of constant attack. Best of the Americans (in the absence of Ted Schroeder, who is too busy with his refrigeration business to defend his title this year) is Billy Talbert himself, past his prime at 31 and a diabetic. Third and fourth seeded are Jaroslav Drobný, the self-exiled Czech with a singing serve which subsides to a whisper in an endurance match, and South African Eric Sturgess, a solid, stolid player of the old base-line school.

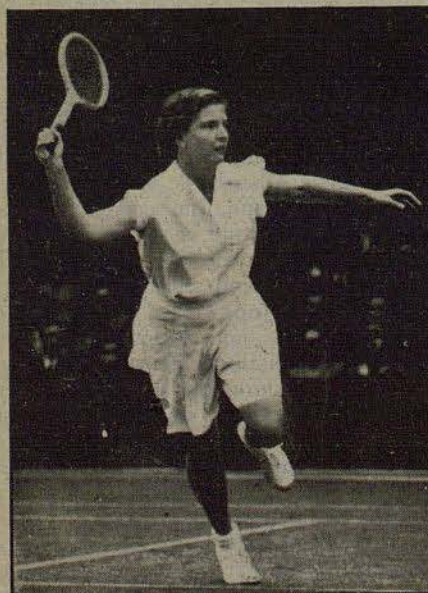
Women's tennis for the past four years has been dominated by Louise Brough, Wimbledon champion in 1949, and Margaret Osborne Du Pont, neither of whom has ever shown the verve of Pauline Betz or the grace of Alice Marble. Doris Hart, ranked third, has an outside chance of breaking up the Brough-Du Pont monopoly this year. No one expected as much of bouncing Gussie Moran, pressagent product of a tennis era in which mediocrity is often confused with talent.

On the basis of the early rounds at Wimbledon last week, what tennis badly needs these days is a few up & coming youngsters equipped with the missing "x."



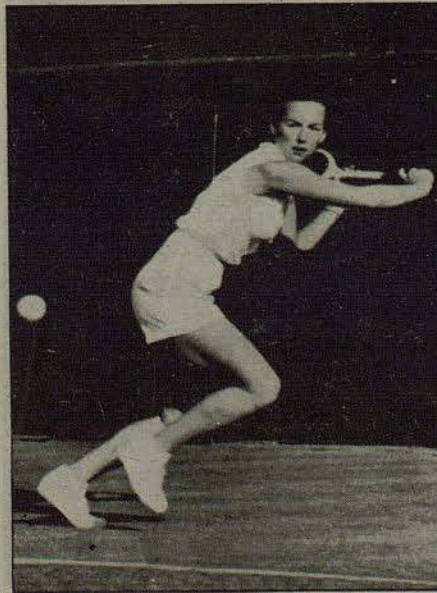
Associated Press

SEDGMAN



DU PONT

Acme



MORAN

Acme



Reuterphoto—Graphic House

BROUGH

for his new world champion (current choice: *Miss Seattle*), Driver Sayres expects to set his next record at the Gold Cup races in Detroit later this month. Says Sayres: "The boat was not extended."

Change of Plans

One by one the big names were knocked off—Sam Snead, Lloyd Mangrum, Jimmy Demaret. By the final round of the Professional Golfers' Association tournament at the Scioto course (Columbus, Ohio) last week, the interest focused on two little-known pros who never made much of a splash in the circuit. Both were "teaching pros" who made their money coaching Sunday golfers on their home courses.

Over the last 36 holes Henry Williams Jr., 33-year-old Pennsylvanian, faded back into obscurity. But his opponent, a balding, 36-year-old Virginian named

Chandler Harper, jumped off to a fast three-hole lead, helped on by an unerring putter made from a Scottish blacksmith's model. He never lost his advantage, elosed out the match four up on the 33rd green.

Harper's victory made him the oldest golfer ever to win the title. It also put him right up with the year's big money winners. The P.G.A. victory was worth \$3,500. It was matched by another \$3,500 from his clubmakers, and he will get \$250 "appearance" money for every tournament he enters this year, \$500 for every exhibition.

Canny Chandler Harper, who expected to go home after being eliminated in an early round, changed his plans abruptly. With a \$250 guarantee on top of whatever else he might win, he hustled on to Detroit, where the Motor City Open tournament was just getting under way.

THE THEATER

New Musical in Manhattan

Michael Todd's *Peep Show* is one of those torrid salutes to sex that are considered especially well suited to hot weather. Naturally, it tends to differ from anyone else's peep show, for in recent years nobody has equaled Producer Mike Todd at making burlesque resplendent, respectable and remunerative on Broadway. Of legs and the girl he sings, believing that for many a customer the lure of the female form outranks anything devisable by the human brain. Nonetheless, in show business the human brain can be a help; and *Peep Show* needs a terrible lot of helping.

Its girls are many, and often truly magnificent, whether in fine feathers or bare flesh. They strut and prance and gorgeously fill the stage, bringing the breath of life

to tired businessmen—and God knows what to such as are not tired. Otherwise, *Peep Show's* cupboard is almost as bare as its chorines. The skits, which Bobby Clark staged but did not act in, are mostly ancient and frightful. The one exception: an almost hilarious take-off on *The Cocktail Party*. Only a little less crushing than the sketches are the more monumental of the spectacles. One of these dramatizes a song called *Blue Night* by a songwriter called Bhumbol in the program but "Your Majesty" in Siam, where he is the newly crowned, 22-year-old King.

The songs lack color, too. The only real support accorded the female form comes from Irene Sharaff, who has clothed it (when it is clothed at all) sumptuously, from two brilliant jugglers named Peiro, and from "Peanuts" Mann banging the daylight out of a drum.



PEEP SHOW'S PLOT
The cupboard is bare too.

Bob Galby

RELIGION

Will Civilization Survive?

"Some people will think I'm a Bolshevik; others will think I'm anti-capitalist. But I'm anti-socialist too." The Rev. Dr. Vigo Auguste Demant, 56, Canon of Christ Church in Oxford, thus predicted the public reaction to his series of eight 40-minute lectures over the BBC's uncompromisingly highbrow Third Program. Last week, as the series ended, Canon Demant had made such a hit that the BBC was planning to put him on its middlebrow Home Service next fall.

What Canon Demant had said over the air he had already said to students at Oxford University, where last year he became Regius Professor of Moral and Pastoral Theology. Calling his treatise *Religion and the Decline of Capitalism*, anti-capitalist, anti-socialist Demant set out to diagnose the basic troubles of the time.

No Apron Strings. The essence of capitalism, says Demant, is "the predominance of market relationships over the greater part of the social field." The free market of capitalism pinned a "For Sale" sign on more & more aspects of human life, he feels; the process reached a "climax of social destructiveness when the three foundations of society, which are not by their nature commodities, [were] treated as if they were—namely, labor, land and money."

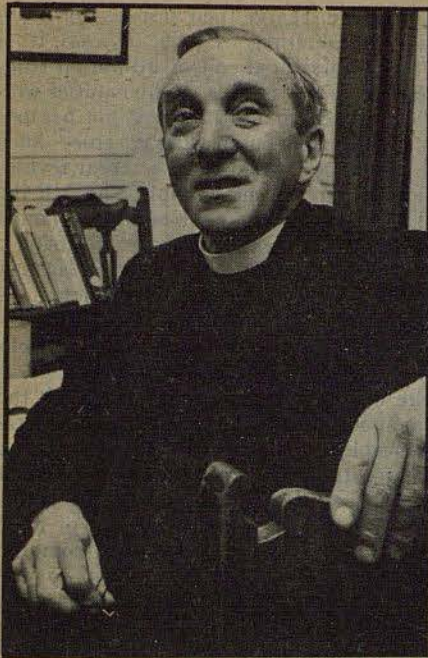
In reaction against such social destructiveness, says Demant, the modern world is turning from capitalism toward various kinds of collectivism. In its religious implications, this reaction is as fatal as the disease it would cure.

Capitalism, according to Demant, had a kind of theology all its own. "Capitalism was part of the whole movement known as liberalism . . . It was this liberalism which dispensed with 'the sacred' as a real element in existence and gave the 'secular' all the religious valuations previously accorded to the divine realm . . ."

Capitalism, substituting contracts for the natural ties that had linked people together in church-centered communities, rose triumphant on the wave of "freedom . . . from the apron strings of Mother Theology." Though it was destructive, says Demant, capitalism seemed to be successful for a century or so, because it was still riding upon an earlier period's religious structure and sense of community.

No Other Hope? The "state principle" which more & more societies are substituting for capitalism, Demant believes, is doomed to failure; the healing of society must take place on a level far deeper than either socialist politics or capitalist economics. Rivalry between capitalism and collectivism "is bound to be a kind of war of the pseudo-religions."

How, then, will society be saved? Says Demant: "We may say that one condition of the survival of a civilization is that men shall not believe only in that. Civilization begins to decay when men will not



CANON DEMANT
What strengthens man?

Larry Burrows

admit the possibility of its death . . . If they have no other hope or stay when a culture crumbles, every move to restore it seems but to hasten the crumbling . . .

"The question true leadership should be asking is: Does this or that development strengthen man where he is, or does it just make more demands on him while undercutting his point of support? This is primarily the question the Christian mind should always be framing, for it thinks in terms of depth and not of extension—where it has not been seduced by a world demanding moral oil for its creaking machinery." Unless modern man comes to see things in proper dimension—"the dimension in which men are related to God"—then "we shall join up a lot of bankrupt businesses, hoping that the sum will show a credit balance."

Christians in Korea

A few weeks ago, there were 250-odd Protestant and 35 to 40 Roman Catholic missionaries in Korea. By last week nearly a hundred of the Protestant missionaries had been evacuated to Japan. In Manhattan, an emergency meeting of the Korea Committee of the Foreign Missions Conference agreed that most of the Protestant missionaries should wait out the fighting in Japan, that a few volunteers should stay in the field to do what they can for their Korean fellow churchmen.

Korea was once rated one of the most Christianized of Far Eastern lands; in 1914, 1% of the 15,500,000 population were Christians. Since the Japanese occupation and the Russian-U.S. partition, no reliable figures are available. But about the Christians who are left, Dr. Rowland M. Cross, secretary for the Far East for the Foreign Missions Conference, has no doubts. Said he: "The Korean Christians are the stuff that martyrs are made of, and we expect them to hold fast."

Myzterious Martha

The first U.S. dance company to hit Paris since the war had been greeted by a very small *Allô*. The French like ballet but they like it classical; and the Ruth Page-Bentley Stone Ballet Company's big number, *Frankie and Johnny*, was just raw American barbarism to the French audience (*TIME*, May 22). As the first shock wore off, the audiences and critics became more tolerant but hardly less puzzled. Last week a second wave of U.S. dancers reached Paris.

When the curtain went up in the same Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, remnants of the Parisian elite, teen-aged American fans, and unwashed philosophers from St.-Germain-des-Prés saw a dark-eyed, intense little dancer in a clinging, stone-colored gown standing starkly alone. It was barefoot Modernist Martha Graham, on her first excursion abroad with her own company.

Twisting and turning, she took her audience with her on her *Errand into the Maze*, the soul's fight against fear. After that one, Martha took seven curtain calls. But as she proceeded with her company into other labyrinthine concepts, such as *Eye of Anguish* and *Cave of the Heart*, the applause dwindled. At the finale, most of the bravos came from U.S. fans.

In the lobby afterwards, owlish Alexander Volinine, Pavlova's partner for 13 years, muttered: "Verry myzterious." A pallid Parisian hostess shuddered: "It's like looking into the souls of horrid people—the ones one walks away from." Wrote *Combat's* critic: "Martha, by her continuous internal tension, as in a trance, is able to communicate all the scale of human sentiments." *Le Monde* found that

"those naked feet lifted, brandished menacingly . . . end by being an obsession."

Martha Graham took this French coolness in her stride. "You see," she said, "it's a universal problem. Some like it; others don't like it; and others are puzzled . . . It's like modern music and art. We have sometimes to wait . . ."

"Not a Penny"

Finland's 84-year-old Jean Sibelius need not worry about dying in the poverty which has closed the eyes of many another famed composer.* Since the turn of the century, the Finnish government has guaranteed his board & keep. But this week Composer Sibelius let it be known (through Music Critic Olin Downes of the *New York Times*) that he has received "not a penny" in royalties from the U.S., a country whose performances of his music should have made him rich.

Some of Sibelius' troubles arose from the fact that, like Mozart and Schubert before him, he was "wholly uninitiated in the mysteries of finance." As a young man, he had sold the rights to his popular *Valse Triste*, which made his publishers a fortune, for "2,000 marks [about \$400] and a box of cigars." But the main difficulty seemed to be that Sibelius' publishers had never copyrighted many of his works in the U.S., had not kept copyrights in force on much of the rest.

Wrote indignant Critic Downes: "If the technicalities of . . . law divert profits from the works of genius into other pockets, surely it is high time to do something about correcting such abuses."

* Most recent: Hungarian Bela Bartok, who died broke in Manhattan in 1945, was buried by ASCAP.



DANCER GRAHAM
Those menacingly brandished feet . . .

Philippe Halsman

New Opening

One more university in the border states* opened its gates to Negroes last week. Following the U.S. Supreme Court ruling that the University of Texas must admit Negro students because equal facilities did not exist elsewhere in the state (TIME, June 12), a Missouri circuit court ordered the University of Missouri to do the same. Next day, three Negroes, who had been trying to enter the university since last January, promptly announced that they were signing up.

Father & Son

For 28 years, the U.S. has had a high old time sneering at George Babbitt—the bumptious bandersnatch businessman cartooned into being by Sinclair Lewis. He

hair stuff as culture." Young Gaylord just as smugly pretends to revel in art and culture, thinks "nothing more wonderful than defying middle-class conventions." And his wife "can't stand those barbaric middle-class businessmen . . .

"Where Babbitt Senior would have used a lithograph of Whistler's *Mother* to cover up that hole in the wallpaper, Babbitt Junior would, of course, use a Picasso." Where the older Babbitt hashed over baseball and real-estate prices at his Booster Club luncheons, the new Babbitt talks knowingly ("knowing" is the word") about *The New Yorker*, sex and existentialism in an "adequate little French restaurant in the East Fifties." Where the old Babbitt merely hated art, the new Babbitt "hugs it to death."

Indeed, says Poet Viereck, "the essence

can best discharge their responsibilities to future generations by swinging away from "the short-sighted cult of utilitarian studies" and back towards the humanities with their "reverence for integrity, not because it's fashionable but because it's true." Such a reverence "would work a moral revolution deeper and more helpful than all the shallow artistic and political and economic revolts of our panting apostles of progress. It would be a moral revolution against that inner smirk which prefers cleverness to wisdom."

Says Viereck: "We don't need a 'century of the common man'; we have it already, and it has only produced the commonest man, the impersonal and irresponsible and uprooted mass-man . . . The century of the common man means a century of sterile and tyrannic philistinism, whether it be a philistinism of right or of left, of Colonel Blimp or of Comrade Blimp. A century that returns to the humanist ideal of the individual man must hold equally aloof from George Babbitt and Gaylord Babbitt."

More & More

U.S. schools, cried the National Education Association last week, are like the old woman who lived in a shoe: they have so many children (25 million) they don't know what to do. The cause, said N.E.A., is not simply the swelling birthrate. Just as important is the fact that Americans have been moving around so much—sweeping westward (two out of three Westerners are newcomers), streaming into cities and suburbs where overcrowded schools are not yet ready to take them (and leaving empty schoolhouses behind them).

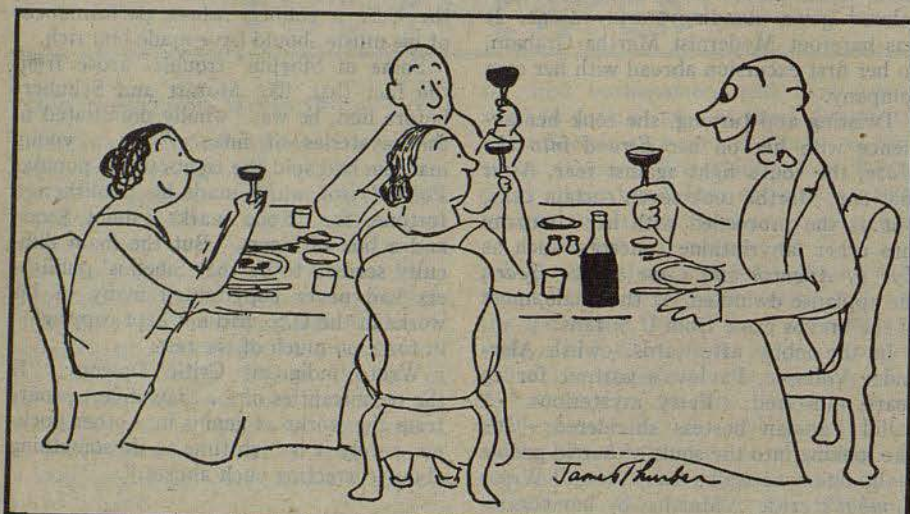
In addition, N.E.A. pointed out, the number of 14- and 15-year-olds who are leaving school before graduating to go to work has dropped from 31% in 1900 to less than 5% in 1950. In the same period the school year has been lengthened from 99 to 152 days, and the proportion of grade-school students who go on to high school has almost tripled. N.E.A.'s only recommendation: build more schools.

Something for the Girls

"If we just had five boys," sighed an official of one small Midwestern girls' school, "everyone would want to come here." Without the boys, more than one women's college in the Midwest is finding it harder than ever to keep enrollments up: too many girls want to go to coed colleges.

Last week little Frances Shimer College (enrollment: 120) in Mount Carroll, Ill. took a drastic step. Installing as its new president Aaron J. Brumbaugh, 60, one-time dean of students at the University of Chicago, it streamlined its curriculum (already modeled on Chicago's general education program) and announced that it will also take in boys.

To attract eligible males, Shimer plans to expand its athletic program, turn over one of its dormitories to the boys, and drop the "Frances" from its name.



From *The New Yorker* by permission © 1937 James Thurber
"It's a naive domestic Burgundy without any breeding, but I think you'll be amused by its presumption."

was the all-American philistine of the '20s. The '30s and '40s tried to kill him with scorn. But he was a tough old party, and now, it appears, he has a son & heir following firmly in his daddy's footsteps. In the current *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, Poet-Historian Peter Viereck introduces "Gaylord" Babbitt, † old George's son.

Poet Viereck first noticed how common the new Babbitt had become when he returned to teach history at Harvard after World War II. "Philistinism," he realized, "had acquired a new content, a new set of conditioned reflexes. It was still mongering clichés, but the clichés had changed . . . The main activity of the new-style philistine has become the facile game of philistine-baiting . . ."

Whistler v. Picasso. "Perhaps," says Viereck, "every 20 years, the eternal Babbitt dons a new name and a new mask." Old George Babbitt would speak smugly of "boosting and flag-waving and hating slackers and reds, and hating such long-

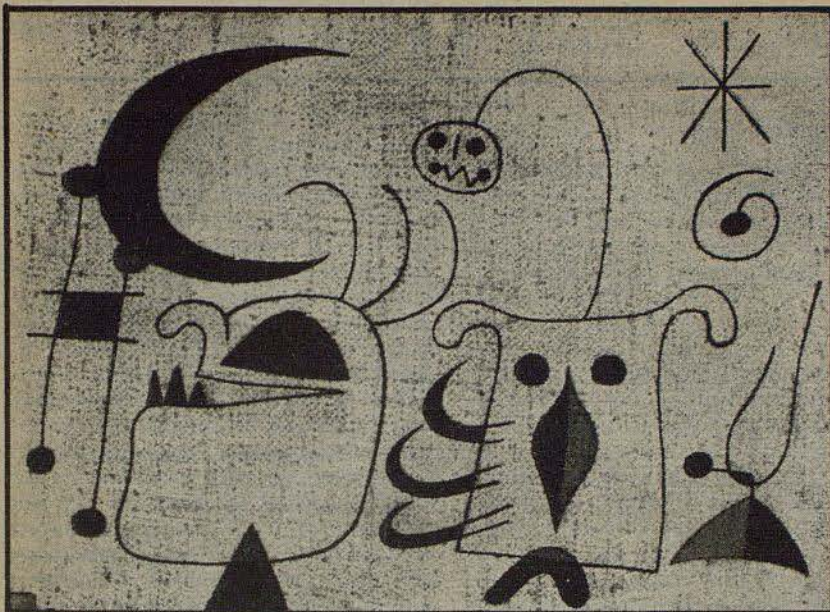
of all Babbitt, senior or junior, is stereotypes . . . You can always spot [the new Babbitt] by the phrases he uses, by his enlightened, forward-looking attitude toward everything, in life or art or politics; and even more by his awareness of how enlightened and forward-looking he is and by the satisfaction that such awareness gives him . . ." But "nobody laughs at Babbitt Junior's ideas. That's because they're always so liberal and *avant-garde*."

Two Plus Two. "The resulting situation is not funny," says Viereck. "It is a serious, perhaps tragic, problem. Society is in a bad way when people say two and two are five because it sounds more daring than to say two and two are four. Society is in a bad way when too many people reject every ancient truth and tradition in ethics and politics and art because thereby they can show off better at cocktail parties. Civilization is an infinitely fragile bundle of accumulated habits and restraints. The necessary conservative function of any generation is not just to enjoy itself but to pass on this bundle in good condition to the next generation . . ."

Poet Viereck thinks that U.S. educators

* Others: University of Louisville, University of Oklahoma and University of Arkansas.

† Not to be confused with Harvard's late, famed humanist, Irving Babbitt.



Galerie Maeght

MIRÓ'S "WOMAN & BIRD" & "PERSONAGE"
The catalogue told which was which.

Boiling Internally

The exhibition at Paris' Maeght Gallery last week was the kind that provokes many a parent to exclaim: "My kid could do better than that!"

Some of the pictures (with titles like *The Red Sun Is Gnawing at the Spider*) looked like the absent-minded doodles of a preoccupied businessman. They were crammed with little stars, half moons, circles, eyes, teeth and amorphic blobs loosely knit together with wandering black lines. There were also sculptures and such: highly polished pear-sized bronzes and "objects" made of bricks, rusty wire and old bones. All these things were produced by Joan Miró, a Spanish-born painter-sculptor who has long been a fashionable exponent of all that is doodliest in modern art (TIME, May 26, 1947).

Even for Miró, the "objects" were peculiar. One of them was a brick surmounted by a rusty brown sardine can and topped off with a pebble carved in the shape of a face. Miró called that one *Woman*. Some of the sculptures were almost as baffling. They were about evenly divided between people and birds; the catalogue told which was which.

But Paris sophisticates were delighted with the show. Orson Welles, Painter Georges Braque and Poet Paul Eluard were all on hand at the opening. Another poet, Jacques Prévert, had written a catalogue foreword which described Miró as "a smiling innocent gardener who strolls about in the garden of his dreams among the wild flowers of Multicolorado." It was a strange country, but Miró's multicolored Multicolorado did exert a cloudy charm on sympathetic visitors—just as children's paintings often do.

Joán Miró himself, little, chubby and dapper, sports monogrammed shirts and a calm, businesslike air. "I lead a very regular, normal life," he told a reporter, "I work every day from 6 a.m. to nightfall. At noon, before lunch, I take half an

hour's physical exercise." After a reflective pause he added: "Outwardly I am perfectly calm, but internally I'm boiling!"

Miró shuttles between two studios, a small one in Paris' Rue de Téhéran and a big one in Barcelona. At week's end he dashed back to Spain to continue work on an 18-by-7-ft. mural for Harvard University's new graduate center. The mural, he says hopefully, "will enable me to establish close contact with the students, the young men of tomorrow. It is better to influence the young generation than to try to convert stubborn old men . . ."

Will the Harvard mural turn out as abstract as his other works? "I have never," Joán Miró indignantly replies, "painted an abstract thing in all my life!"



SIENESE TAVOLETTA
The fancy books told who paid what.

Esthetic Bureaucrats

To 20th Century taxpayers, one of the world's least esthetic individuals is the faceless Moloch known to them only by his title, the Collector of Internal Revenue. But officials in the art-loving, 13th Century Italian republic of Siena were tax collectors of a different sort. When the *camarlingo* (chamberlain) completed his six months' term, he had his parchment records bound between two wooden panels, and commissioned some of the republic's most eminent artists to decorate the covers with tempera paintings. In Florence's Strozzi Gallery last week, some examples of such fancied-up account books were on public display for the first time.

More than a hundred of these *tavolette* had been recovered from Siena's archives. Many of them were portraits of the *camarlinghi* themselves seated stiffly at broad desks with their secretaries. But later samples included fragments of the brilliantly colored, elaborately detailed painting of Siena's prime: virgins with patterned golden haloes, battle scenes, street scenes. Among the anonymous panels on exhibit, experts thought they could distinguish the work of such important Sieneze artists as Taddeo di Bartolo, Stefano di Giovanni Sassetta and Ambroio Lorenzetti.

By last week the show had made such a hit with Italian critics and gallerygoers that museums in five other European countries had already asked to have a look at it when the panels go on tour next month.

Sympathetic Seat

The molded plywood chair that California's Charles Eames helped to design ten years ago is a sort of model T in modern furniture. Some 60,000 of the spindly, plain but surprisingly comfortable chairs have been sold, and today they can be found under the rumps of connoisseurs



Leo Trachtenberg
EAMES CHAIR (1950)
A splint fathered it.

across the nation. Last week Designer Eames had tooled up a brand-new \$175,000 factory, was turning out the first 3,000 models of his 1950 line.

Composed of a single plastic and Fiberglass shell mounted on legs, the new chair is more roomy, stable and luxurious, but just as simple as its predecessor. Pictures of the chair were being reproduced in dozens of newspapers and magazines, and an enthusiastic *House Beautiful* editor rhapsodically described it as "the sitting sensation of modern design."

A tweedy, pipe-smoking, 43-year-old who still looks rather like a college boy, Eames designs other things besides chairs. He works with three admiring young assistants in a studio littered with kites, machine tools, Indian relics, driftwood and desert plants, all of which help give him ideas for new designs. At one time or another, Eames has tackled everything from movie sets to a molded plywood splint used by the Navy during the war ("A forerunner of the furniture," says Eames, "because it supported the body and was sympathetic to it").

He also designed his own slick steel and glass Pacific Palisades house, where he lives with his artist-wife, boasts that they "have not been to a cocktail party in four years." For recreation, they go camping in the Mojave Desert, and fill their house as well as the workshop with everything from Chinese fans and Indian blankets to tumbleweeds and bits of machinery. Pointing to the jumble, Eames says: "We want to help people enjoy the richness of simple stuff."

Eames is pleased, but still not entirely satisfied with his new chair. It will sell for \$28 and he wishes he could design just as good a chair for less. "The objective," he says solemnly, "is the simple thing of getting the most of the best to the greatest number of people for the least." He hopes to do the same thing with other furniture and even houses.

Drawing the Line

The day after the North Korean Reds invaded South Korea (TIME, July 3), Editor Wesley Izzard of the Amarillo, Texas *Globe & News* (circ. 60,079) jeered at the Truman Administration for its indecisive policy in the Far East. Wrote Izzard: "Will we go to war over Korea? Not now. Maybe later—many years from now. You see, Russia plans her moves knowing [that we will merely] issue protests and adopt resolutions [while] the Reds will move right along . . ." But the next day, when President Truman ordered U.S. military aid to the South Koreans, astonished Editor Izzard stood up and cheered: "Today we are proud to be an American. At last the United States has come to an abrupt halt on the long road from Yalta to Korea . . ."

The Amarillo *Globe's* overnight switch was duplicated by many another U.S. newspaper last week. From New York to Los Angeles, there had not been such an impressive near-unanimity of editorial reaction since Pearl Harbor. Editorialized the Fair Dealing Nashville *Tennessean*: "... face the issue now . . ." Agreed the Republican Portland *Oregonian*: "... no choice in honor or in duty . . ."

Strange Bedfellows. Politics, as usual, made some strange bedfellows. Almost the only all-out opposition to the President's action came from the Communist and the extreme isolationist press. Manhattan's Communist *Daily Worker* and its West Coast echo, the *People's World*, attacked the "U.S. military and diplomatic establishments" for "starting" the war. The *Worker*, parroting broadcasts from Moscow, blandly stated that the South Koreans had done the attacking instead of the other way around, headlined: **RIGHTIST ATTACK REPELLED IN KOREA.**

Colonel Bertie McCormick's Chicago *Tribune* sounded so much like the Communist press that the Washington *Post* lamented that people might soon label it "the prairie edition of *Pravda*." Cried the *Trib*: "Mr. Truman's statement on Korea is an illegal declaration of war . . ." But the New York *Compass*, which has often walked the Communist line, this time jumped off. It blamed the Reds and got a characteristic reward from its former friends: *Compass* Columnist I. F. Stone was accused of "slimy Titoism."

Extra, Extra. All over, newspaper circulations soared. In Dallas, the *Times-Herald* (circ. 140,534) doubled its street sales in one afternoon. Portland's *Oregon Journal* (circ. 190,844) put out a daily extra, increased its sales by 35,000 copies for the week. (The *Journal's* copy desk also invented a more convenient headline word to describe the North Korean Communists: KO-REDS.) Though newspapers quickly took on their old wartime look with Page One photos of General MacArthur, B-29s and tanks, and the first casualty lists, most of the U.S. press fol-

lowed Harry Truman's advice: "Don't make it alarmist."

There were exceptions; Hearst's tabloid Boston *Daily Record*, New England's biggest (circ. 383,574), shouted: **EXTRA. RUSSIANS IN TANKS INVADING SO. KOREA.** Hearst's New York *Journal-American* ran an equally inaccurate scare head (**RUSSIANS JOIN FIGHT**). On the other hand, many a paper ran optimistic "reliable reports" that also turned out to be untrue.

First Blood. For some of these early inaccuracies and confusions, the newspapers could be excused: when war came to Korea, there was only a corporal's guard of correspondents on hand. The first man with news of the North Korean attack was Jack James of the United Press, whose flash from Seoul reached Washington shortly after 9 p.m. on a sweltering Saturday night—more than 20 minutes before the coded cable from U.S. Ambassador John Muccio.

Shortly after the fighting began, a handful of correspondents, already in the Far East, flew to Korea. One of these was the New York *Herald Tribune's* Marguerite Higgins, only woman correspondent on the spot. Winsome, blonde Reporter Higgins, a World War II correspondent, filed a series of stories that the *Trib* splashed across Page One. The Chicago *Daily News's* Keyes Beech sent back a good dramatic account ("I have a feeling that I have just witnessed the beginning of World War III . . ."). So did the Chicago *Tribune's* Walter Simmons, who was in Seoul when the fighting started and was billed inaccurately by the *Trib* as "the only correspondent at the front."

Newsmen were also among the first U.S. casualties. Burton Crane of the New York



N. Y. *Herald Tribune*
CORRESPONDENT HIGGINS
Only a few got there first.



DAILY WORKER'S PAGE ONE: JUNE 26
Colonel McCormick came through too.

Times and Frank Gibney of TIME* were riding in a jeep when a bridge they were about to cross was blown up. They were cut about the face and head.

The same day, General MacArthur flew to Korea (see WAR IN ASIA), taking along four correspondents—the Associated Press's Russell Brines, the United Press's Earnest Hoberecht, International News Service's Howard Handleman, and Australian Newsman Roy MacArtney. In the *Bataan*, when it flew back to Tokyo with MacArthur, was LIFE's Photographer David Duncan, who took with him the first complete picture coverage of the war. (His photographs appear in this week's LIFE and TIME.)

Second Thoughts. As U.S. newspapers and magazines rushed reinforcements to Korea, the Department of Defense explained that it could give only tentative accreditation; the final O.K. rested with MacArthur. At week's end, news dispatches, all of which had to go out by a single Army telephone from South Korea to Tokyo, were being "surveyed" (i.e., censored) for security.

To keep the Washington press corps abreast of events, top Army, Navy and Air Force officers began daily briefing sessions in the Pentagon. It was also a way of telling the Russians what was what. When Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson and Washington newsmen were discussing the U.S. decision to draw a defense line in front of Formosa, Japan and the Philippines, Johnson looked around and asked: "Is the Tass man here?" Mikhail ("Mike") Fedorov of Russia's Tass news agency quickly turned and walked away, shaking his lowered head in evident embarrassment. "He heard what you said," a newsman told the Secretary. Replied Johnson: "That's all right. I wanted him to hear that we had drawn the line. That's what we want them to know."

* For Gibney's report, see WAR IN ASIA.

Old Doc Gubbins

Nat Gubbins is a deceptively shy, pink-faced man who has a definitely tough sense of humor; he is Britain's most popular Sunday columnist. Every week he defends his title in Lord Beaverbrook's *Sunday Express*. Last week Columnist Gubbins paid his respects to the doctors who write medical advice for newspapers:

"Among the many doctor columnists now writing for the newspapers, who is the public's favorite?"

"Why, the old original Dr. Gubbins, ace quack of Fleet Street. Here are two of his replies to readers with just enough strength to hold a pen.

"I wake in the morning with pains in the back. I go to bed with pains in the stomach. All day long I have pains in the chest. When I eat anything I come out in a rash. When I don't I feel sick. What can you do for me?"

"If I were a vet I would suggest you ought to be destroyed. As it is, I can only suggest that you climb Nelson's Monument and jump into Trafalgar Square. That is, if your back doesn't hurt too much.

"Every time I think of the boy I love I have a fit of sneezing, although I never have a cold. What shall I do, doctor?"

"Although this is hardly a doctor's problem, I offer this advice for what it's worth.

"You can either stop thinking of the boy you love or stuff your nostrils with blotting paper.

"If you sneeze, then you will either kill his love by shooting wads of blotting paper at him or, if the paper stands the strain, air pressure inside your head will blow your brains out.

"Perhaps this might be the best end to a romance which would never last beyond an unusual honeymoon."

Project X

When bakers in Portland, Ore. went on strike last week, some housewives baked their own loaves. The Associated Press quoted one housewife as saying: "My bumpy, sagging loaves looked like three middle-aged matrons who'd lost their corsets." The *New York Times*, which runs plenty of corset ads but believes that some expressions are not fit to print in its news columns, carefully deleted the words "who'd lost their corsets."

"Nice Idea, Gents"

In the first six months of 1950, more than 2,000 newspaper employees lost their jobs as the result of staff cuts, newspaper mergers and failures. Meanwhile the number of monopoly newspaper towns increased. Alarmed at this trend, the American Newspaper Guild last week voted to go into the newspaper business itself to provide jobs and competition.

The annual convention of the 24,766-member Guild, meeting in Washington, D.C., did not decide where the union would publish its first general newspaper. But the delegates appropriated \$50,000 for "Project X," and set up a committee to see where the paper—or papers—should be started.

SCIENCE

Freedom Is Necessary

In his hot seat on the Atomic Energy Commission, Dr. Henry DeWolf Smyth (author of the famed Smyth Report) has found time for reflection. He concludes in the current *American Scientist* that "in the world of today, science and freedom are necessary to each other."

Every year, says Dr. Smyth, practical technology becomes more dependent upon theoretical science. It is dangerous, he explains, to concentrate on sciences which seem to lead toward immediate practical goals: "Evidence shows that the value of science to technology comes from totally unexpected quarters and that the only safe objective to set up for science is the one which it has already set up for itself: an increased understanding of the laws of nature."

Dr. Smyth believes that Nazi contempt for intellectual freedom strangled German science and through it German technology. He suspects that Russian dogmatism will do the same. "Some of the things," he warns, "that happened in Germany and are happening in Russia could happen here . . . We are in a dilemma that . . . can be simply stated by the questions: How much should we talk? or, How much talk should be permitted?"

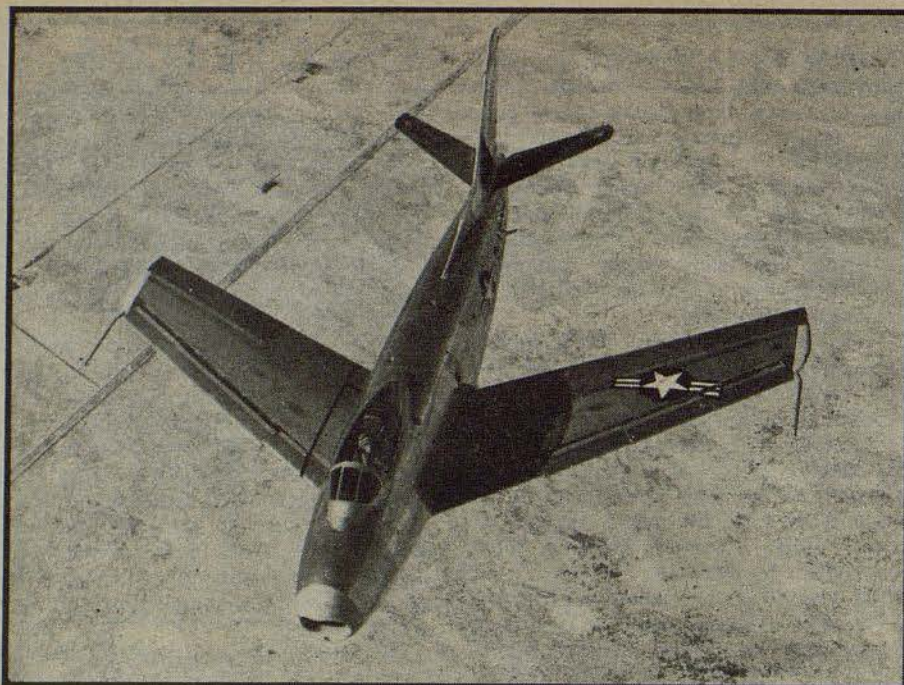
"As a member of the Atomic Energy Commission, I am daily confronted by this dilemma . . . The best thing we can do is to balance the advantages of revealing information to our own people against the dangers of giving that information to a potential enemy . . .

"I am concerned by the extraordinary exaggeration given to the importance of secrecy in the public mind. We must not



Robert W. Kelley—LIFE

AEC's SMYTH
Daily, a dilemma.



F-86

Dayton found out what the bangs were about.

accept the false notion that the safety of the country depends on espionage laws, loyalty oaths, and FBI investigations . . . I assure you that these measures are evil and enervating, for they are against the traditions of both science and of the free society in which we live. Let us keep these police measures to a minimum and not allow panic or politics to extend them to areas where they are not needed."

Zone of Quiet

People who were in or near Dayton last April were jolted by loud, explosion-like blasts striking down out of an innocent-looking sky. Most everybody suspected the Air Force, whose nearby Wright-Patterson Field is constantly testing peculiar and violent aircraft. But the Air Force admitted nothing.

Last week Daytonians had another sky-side bombardment. This time they got an explanation; the Air Force had done it on purpose. Before a distinguished audience of scientists and Air Force brass, two test pilots, Captain John C. Newman and Lieut. Harold Collins, climbed their F-86 jet fighters to 43,000 ft. and dived them vertically downward. Pushed by their jets and pulled by gravity, the fighters soon passed the speed of sound. Shock waves trailed in spreading "Vs" from the leading edges of their wings.

At 28,000 ft., the planes pulled out of their dives. The shock waves, increased in force by the turning maneuver, continued straight down to the ground and were heard as explosive bangs. Colonel Franklin Paul, chief of the Air Matériel Command's Flight Test Division, explained that a speedboat making a sharp turn does somewhat the same thing. Its normal bow wave, increased by the pressure of the turn, grows into a foaming comber.

The Air Force did not reveal the top speed of the diving jets, but it must have

exceeded the speed of sound (670 m.p.h. at high altitude) by a wide margin. Some air-wise observers privately calculated that the fighters might have been diving at 1,300 m.p.h. when they made their sudden pull-outs.

Pilots Newman and Collins needed no instruments, they said, to tell them at what point their diving fighters had passed the speed of sound. When that time came their cockpits grew quiet; the normal noise of flight abruptly died away. Down they dived in unearthly silence, leaving sound behind, until the slowing effect of the turns brought them back into the sound-filled world.

Crystal Memory

Computing machines are getting brainier and brainier. Latest and brainiest is SEAC (Standards Eastern Automatic Computer), built in Washington by the National Bureau of Standards.

SEAC is completely electronic, with no mechanical parts. Instead of the thousands of expensive and bulky vacuum tubes that serve as "brain cells" in other large computers, SEAC does most of its thinking with 12,800 germanium crystal diodes—modern descendants of the "crystals" in oldtime radios. The diodes are small, trouble-free and quick, allowing the electric pulses of the machine's thinking processes to circulate at the rate of one million per second.

SEAC's most advanced feature is its fast and capacious "memory," as valuable to a calculating machine as to a human brain. Earlier computers stored their recollections (numbers that they might need later) on punched cards, tapes or magnetized surfaces. It took a considerable time to recall them and put them to use. SEAC does its remembering with long tubes filled with mercury. Sound waves coded to represent numbers shoot through

the tubes. When they reach the far end, electric repeaters bat them back again. The numbers echo back & forth in the mercury until they are needed in the machine's computations. Then they can be "brought to mind" in 168 millionths of a second.

Other figures are stored in "Williams memory tubes" (rather like television tubes) in the form of electrified dots on the tubes' faces. These memories can be recalled in twelve millionths of a second.

SEAC was sponsored by the Office of the Comptroller of the Air Force and will devote much of its thinking time to dealing with the fog of figures stirred up by modern systems of military logistics. If, in World War III, advanced U.S. air bases get the proper fuel, spare parts, ammunition, etc., at the right time, the pilots can thank SEAC.

Hot Fence

The slimy, unattractive sea lamprey, which spends its life gnawing holes in fish, has practically conquered the Great Lakes. Since the first invasion of lampreys by way of the Welland Canal (TIME, June 16, 1947), they have almost wiped out the lake trout and are now going after the whitefish. The loss in trout alone, according to the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service, is costing fishermen some \$3,200,000 a year, and the lampreys have only begun.

Last week came the first good news for fishermen, the first bad news for lampreys. The Cook Electrical Co. of Chicago announced that it had developed for the Government a lamprey-killing electric fence which works fine on laboratory lampreys and shows promise of killing them in the wild.

The approved way to attack a pest is to study its life cycle in hope of finding a weak spot. Observers noted that the lamprey, an eel-like creature about two feet long, reaches maturity in the Lakes and then migrates up the rivers to spawn. The young are fragile larvae that spend three years burrowing in the river mud. Then they develop into "neophytes" and start down the rivers to their hunting grounds in the Lakes.

Starting too soon may be a mistake that will cost the lampreys their conquest of the Great Lakes. In April, when the young lampreys are on the move, the water is still so cold that no baby fish are abroad. The observant Cook Co. designed an electrified fence to throw across the rivers. Neophyte lampreys passing between its meshes are electrocuted. If the fence is taken away before the water gets warm, baby fish are unharmed.

Killing the neophytes headed for the Lakes might eventually wipe out the lampreys, but Cook is also trying to figure out a way of dealing with adult lampreys headed upstream to spawn. The trouble is, lampreys move upstream at the same time as valuable spawning fish. The Cook people are looking for something that will annoy and delay lampreys. If the lampreys could be made to hang back, they could be safely electrocuted after the fish had passed by.

BUSINESS & FINANCE

GOVERNMENT

\$2 Billion Down

As the Government's fiscal year ended last week, Secretary of the Treasury John W. Snyder eked out a note of cheer for taxpayers: the federal deficit at the end of the fiscal year on June 30 was about \$3.5 billion, instead of the \$5.5 billion he predicted six months ago.

WALL STREET

The Bears of War

In the Communist credo, Wall Street provokes war because it is good for business. In the Wall Street credo, war is bad for business and for the stock market. Last week, the credo of Wall Street once more proved true. The fighting in Korea caused the worst week's break in the market in more than a decade.

In the first day's trading after the Korean fighting began, the Dow-Jones industrial average tumbled 10 points (TIME, July 3). Next morning, it looked for a time as if the worst was over. Stocks started recovering at the opening bell and by noon were up as much as three points. Then came the news that President Truman had ordered U.S. intervention in Korea, and a huge wave of selling swamped the market. Big & little traders, amateurs and professionals, scrambled to unload.

Chopped Chips. Down went the blue chips. Chrysler fell $7\frac{3}{4}$ points to 68, A. T. & T. $7\frac{1}{4}$ to 148. General Motors $6\frac{1}{2}$ to 85, U.S. Steel 3 points to 31. The Dow-Jones average dropped a frightening 8 points, to 206.33, scaring even those calm investors who had piled up paper profits during the bull market into selling and taking what profit remained.

Suddenly, in mid-afternoon, a surge of buying began, simply because the stock prices began to look like bargains. By day's end the market had recovered almost all of its losses. Far into the night clerks totted up the day's transactions of 4,860,000 shares, the greatest since Sept. 5, 1939. The number of individual issues traded (1,260 out of nearly 1,500 listed) broke all records. The market kept rising the next day, but it was still so nervous that any wisp of news set it churning. On Thursday a new wave of selling started, and by day's end the industrial average was down another 7.96 points to 206.72.

But next day, the big investment trusts began to buy. The market climbed to 209.08, and some traders thought the war hysteria had finally spent its force. At the start of this week, trading was light. Down some 19 points from the bull market high, the market had lost in one week all the progress it had made in five months. An estimated \$8 billion in paper values had been wiped out.

Scared Bulls. The market had cracked because investors well knew that business, under wartime excess-profits taxes, could

not maintain its current peacetime profits. For example, General Motors, which is earning at the rate of \$20 a share this year, earned a maximum of only \$3.68 during World War II. Studebaker, earning at the rate of \$12 a share, had a wartime peak of \$1.74. U.S. Steel, now earning at the rate of \$6.56, earned only \$5.29 in its best World War II year. The facts were that the blue-chip companies, whose stocks had led the bull market's rise, stood to make much less during a war. And in a new war, excess-profits taxes, renegotiation and tight controls might even squeeze down the profits of marginal and inefficient companies, war babies and the plane companies, which stand the best chance to profit in a war.

The market had risen steadily for a year and, traditionally, such a rise usually has a reaction that knocks the industrial average down as much as one-third of the gain. This was just about what last week's loss amounted to. Thus, barring too much bad news, many traders thought that the market would now find a firm footing around the current level. But whether it would start up again depended less upon earnings and economic facts than upon the psychological building up of confidence again in the bull market.

STATE OF BUSINESS

Fiction & Fact

Hot on the heels of the Korean outbreak, a scary rumor ran through the Midwest: the giant International Harvester Co. was switching to war production. A Kansas dealer said he had it straight from the home office, and help-

fully passed the news on to a reporter. Not till after the story was printed did the facts come out: Harvester had signed a contract for some Army trucks, all right. But the order had been forthcoming for months.

Other jittery rumors that Cadillac, Packard and other automakers were switching to tanks were also flatly denied in Detroit and Washington. While the National Security Resources Board had long since prepared industrial-mobilization plans calling for an excess profits tax, allocation of materials and manpower and other stringent controls (see WAR IN ASIA), NSRB saw no reason to take the plans out of mothballs last week. NSRB had issued "phantom" orders for \$900 million worth of machine tools months ago, with instructions to manufacturers to lock them up in company safes until they got wires to put them into effect; the orders were still locked up tight. Most industrialists, like the great body of U.S. citizens, took the Korean war news calmly.

No Slack. Not so calm, however, were the traders in the nation's futures markets, who saw higher prices ahead. For two straight days on Manhattan's Commodity Exchange, the price of rubber soared the permissible daily limit of 2¢ a lb. Though Washington officials denied any plans to speed up buying for the Government stockpile (now only about 40% complete), commodity men did not believe them: up also went the futures prices of grains, copper, lead, tin and zinc. In five days, the Dow-Jones index of all futures prices rose 3.95 points to 150.48, highest close since July 30, 1948.

If the Korean war would cause heavier



NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE (AFTER THE KOREAN INVASION)
Down went G.M., down went Steel...

Associated Press

defense spending—and there seemed little doubt that it would—the big question was: How much more spending could an uncontrolled economy stand without serious inflation? There was now little overall slack in the economy. The Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial production for June was estimated to be equal to the record peacetime high. Steelmakers had been operating at better than 100% of their theoretical capacity for eleven straight weeks—and had not yet caught up with demand. Automakers and many another consumer-goods manufacturer were running months behind in their deliveries—thanks partially, in some cases, to jittery new orders resulting from the Korean war. Employment reached 61,482,000 in June, said the Census Bureau, within a shade of the 1948 high, and was still rising. With unemployment close to a bottom of 3,384,000 (v. 8,300,000 in June of 1940), there was no big jobless pool to draw from for new armament orders.

Plenty of Capacity. Any immediate and sizable arms increase might start pinching present civilian production, if only to the extent of voluntary allocation of such materials as steel. On the other hand, many a businessman thought that the current production rate would have tapered off towards year's end anyway, leaving enough slack to take up any moderate increase in arms orders. Despite some possible pinches here & there, the economy was far better able to take on new loads than it had ever been. Since World War II's end, U.S. industry had spent a thumping \$80 billion on expansion, almost as much as was spent from 1941 through 1945.

The steel industry had raised its annual capacity to 99.3 million tons (v. 81.6 million in 1940); by year's end it will have added still another 2,000,000 tons. Electric power capacity was 50% more than in 1940; aluminum production was up more than 100%. The oil industry, throttled down to 5,200,000 barrels a day, had plenty of slack; so did the textile industry.

The greatest worrying aloud about vital industrial materials was over rubber. To make up for the shortage in natural rubber the Government was already producing about 35,000 tons of synthetic rubber a month in its plants. But Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.'s Chairman P. W. Litchfield last week said that the U.S. should reopen its other synthetic-rubber plants, boost production to 50,000 tons a month, and build up a stockpile of at least 200,000 tons. Warned Litchfield: "With no stockpile of synthetic rubber, our national security is placed in greater statistical jeopardy than just prior to Pearl Harbor."

BANKING

Counterattack

In its antitrust suit against Transamerica Corp., world's biggest bank holding company, the Federal Reserve Board found the going rough. After 107 days of hearings it was still taking testimony trying to prove its case. Last week Trans-



J. R. Eyerman—Life

MARIO GIANNINI

An injunction did not stop him.

america President Sam H. Husbands, one-time RFC director, and Lawrence Mario Giannini, the frail, shrewd president of the Bank of America, got together on a deal that did not make FRB's job any easier.

FRB's key charge was that Transamerica has a banking monopoly in California and four other western states because it has a controlling interest in 46 banks, including the giant Bank of America, which it controlled through a 22.8% stock interest (reduced to 11.1% late last year). Last week Transamerica tried to take much of the steam out of FRB's case by selling 22 of its banks to the Bank of America for \$18 million, thus cutting its holdings in California to only four banks.



HARRY HOUGHTON

The bottom: 3:30 p.m.

Angrily, FRB went to the U.S. circuit court of appeals in San Francisco and got an injunction to block the sale on grounds, as the court put it, that Transamerica might be "contriving . . . to circumvent the proceedings" before FRB. But that did not stop Mario Giannini. He proceeded to move into his new banks, emblazoning the name Bank of America on all 22 front windows. Furthermore, he said that the sale had been approved by Comptroller of the Currency Preston Delano. The court has no right to forbid a purchase after it has been made, Mario said, and the "transaction is an accomplished fact by operation of law."

But the law didn't see it that way. The circuit court ordered Giannini and Husbands to appear this week to show cause why they should not be held in civil and criminal contempt. It looked as if Transamerica's efforts to wriggle out of its anti-trust troubles might have entangled it more deeply than ever.

AGRICULTURE

Up on the Farm

President Truman last week signed a bill allowing the Commodity Credit Corp. an extra \$2 billion for crop supports. The CCC had run through most of its previous \$4,750,000,000 allotment. With many support prices likely to be higher than last year, the total amount tied up by Government purchases and loans under the support program is expected to hit a whopping \$6 billion by the end of this year.

SHOW BUSINESS

Muzak Hath Charms

In a Washington beauty parlor last week, a customer under a drier relieved the boredom by listening to the *Third Man Theme* through earphones. In Boston, a dentist drilled away at a patient who was listening to Brahms's popular lullaby. In New York City, a plastic surgeon about to operate clapped earphones on the patient, then used his scalpel while the patient listened to the tune. *Lovely to Look At*. In Baltimore's Johns Hopkins Hospital, an expectant mother was prepared for delivery of her baby while the strains of Victor Herbert's *Toyland* came through speakers concealed in the labor-room walls.

All these far-flung musical notes last week were piping a merry jingle of dollars into the Manhattan headquarters of Muzak Corp., which grossed \$5,000,000 in 1949 by providing "wired music" to 10,000 customers in 150 cities, not only in the U.S. but also in Mexico, Canada and Puerto Rico. Last week Muzak, which now pipes its music over telephone wires, was tuning up a new project. It was starting large-scale production of tape recordings so that it could put music into airplanes and other places with no phone connections.

Sharps & Flats. Like the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, Muzak is another of the profitable enterprises of shrewd ex-Manhattan Ad Man William B. (Benton & Bowles)

Benton, 50, now Democratic Senator from Connecticut. He bought the seven-year-old Muzak company in 1941, after a succession of owners had lost millions trying to make a go of it. To run Muzak, Benton hired handsome, go-getting Harry E. Houghton, another ex-adman, and he turned the trick by convincing industrialists that music improves workers' morale and efficiency. Houghton quadrupled the number of Muzak's customers, brought it from a near loss to a tidy but unreported profit. Muzak provides hardly any direct service to the customer. Instead, it sells the Muzak concession to individuals in different cities and takes a 10% share of their gross from charges of \$35 a month and up for the service.

What Houghton does provide is a library of more than 6,000 recordings, produced at Muzak's own \$1,000,000 plant in Elizabethtown, Ky. With these, Muzak maps out for its local "franchisers" complete daily, weekly and monthly programs tailored to the needs of individual customers.

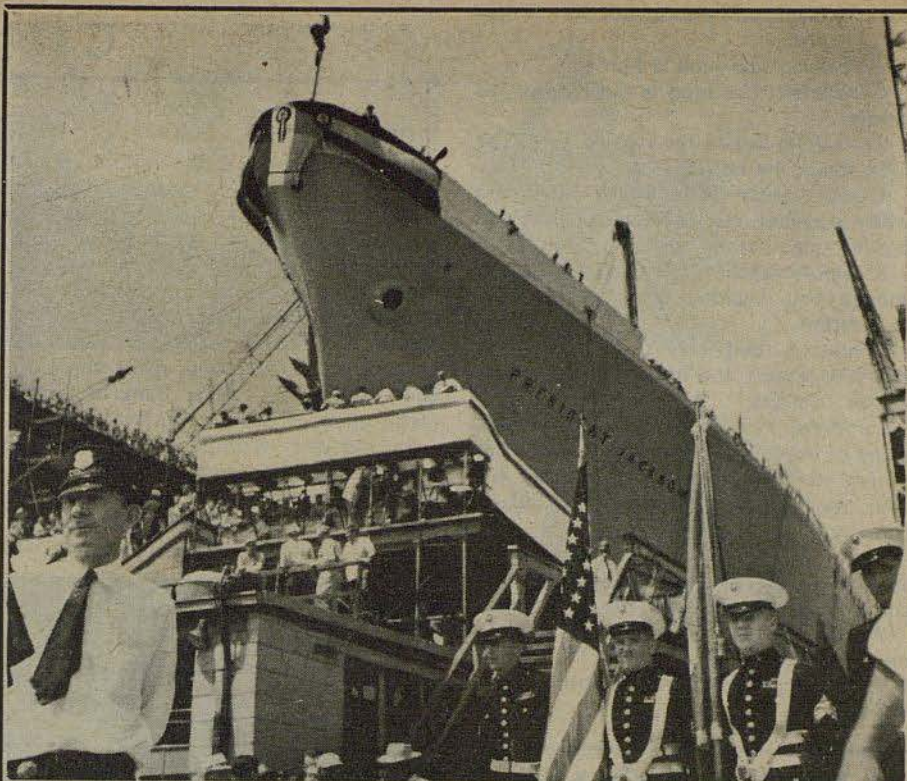
Peaks & Valleys. All Muzak's industrial customers (General Electric, Ford Motor Co., Socony-Vacuum Oil Co., etc.) use it for the same purpose: to ease the tedium of workers performing endlessly repetitive operations. "It keeps me from getting nervous," said an assembler in the Chicago Hallicrafters' plant last week. "And it makes the fellow next to me more cheerful." In Manhattan's Federal Reserve Bank, where 300 girls sort out and count as much as \$25 million in paper money every day, the officers have found that Muzak lightens their spirits and lessens their fatigue.

To help his franchisers sell the service, Muzak's Houghton has set up elaborate research studies which show, among other things, that the average worker is at a "low energy period" between 10:30 and 11:30 a.m., picks up just before & after lunch, then hits the all-day low around 3:30 p.m. Muzak's programs (70% popular music, 20% classical & semi-classical, 10% novelty) are planned so as to give the worker zippier music (more wind and brass) at the low periods, soft music (strings and saxes) at the higher peaks. But Muzak is rarely loud enough to be distracting. As one Muzak man put it: "We spend thousands of dollars to make music not to be heard. We call it flat music."

FASHION

Switcheroo

Europe has grown used to having the U.S. copy its fashions. But Manhattan's Henry Rosenfeld, the shopgirl's Jacques Fath, last week turned the tables. He signed a deal with Count Aldo Borletti, Italian clothing manufacturer and owner of a 50-store department-store chain, to sell him 500 models a year to copy. Borletti, who figured he could sell \$2,000,000 a year of Rosenfeld styles the first year, agreed to pay Rosenfeld some \$50,000 for copying rights, plus royalties up to 10% on all dresses sold.



Steve Pierce—Transatlantic

THE NEXT PRESIDENT

American President Lines launched this sleek 19,600-ton, 536-foot passenger-cargo liner, the S.S. *President Jackson*, in Camden, N.J. last week. Built at a cost of \$13 million, the *Jackson* does 19 knots, is the first of three new round-the-world liners which American President will have in service by May 1951. The *Jackson*, which has pastel-tinted interiors designed by Raymond Loewy, air-conditioned staterooms and an outdoor swimming pool, can carry 204 passengers, all first class. Fare for the 100-day globe-girdling cruise: \$3,400 to \$8,000.

FISCAL

The Waiting Game

With all the haste of a man handling a hot potato, the House of Representatives passed a new tax bill last week, tossed it to the Senate to cool off. In the face of the war in Korea, the House approved a \$1 billion cut in excise taxes on such items as train fares, movie admissions, luggage, jewelry and furs. And though President Truman had promised to veto any bill that did not balance these cuts with increases somewhere else, the House failed by a slim \$12 million to make up the difference. To get new revenue, the House voted to:

¶ Raise an additional \$433 million by rejiggering corporate income-tax rates. The new schedule would put a 21% rate on the first \$25,000 of income, and 41% on everything above that figure, instead of 38% above \$50,000 as at present. The net result would be higher taxes for concerns making over \$167,000; lower taxes for those making between \$5,000 and \$167,000, and no change for those earning under \$5,000.

¶ Impose a 10% withholding tax on dividends, to catch an estimated \$150 million lost in taxes through failure of stockholders to report all their dividends.

¶ Wipe out tax exemptions on unrelated profit-making enterprises run by colleges, unions and tax-free organizations such as

Royal (Textron) Little's "charitable" foundations (TIME, Feb. 28, 1949).

¶ Impose straight corporate and individual income taxes on "collapsible corporations," such as those formed in Hollywood which dissolve after making only one picture, thus pay only a 25% capital-gains tax rather than the higher income tax.

Whether the Senate would pass the bill without changes—or at all—was questionable. At week's end, Georgia's Senator Walter F. George and his Finance Committee were planning to move slowly, waiting to see what happened in Korea. Said George last week: "If there is going to be another vast armaments program . . . it would not be propitious to be reducing taxes when you might have to turn right around and add new taxes to support the military program."

ADVERTISING

One Man's Poison Ivy

"We love the country, of course," said Macy's, Manhattan's biggest department store, in a holiday ad this week. "The air is so fresh, the grass is so green, the animals are so audible. But . . . Does the country love us?" Pausing to "survey the blandishments that have lured many a New Yorker away from the safe familiarity of asphalt pavements and carbon monoxide," Macy's offered its own glossary of

country terms and phrases for New Yorkers. Excerpts:

Barbecue: The food is burned.

Clambake: The food is buried, but it's burned.

Let's-draw-lots-to-see-who-cooks: The food should be buried.

Casual clothes: What you're stuck with when everyone else is wearing silver fox jackets over bathing suits.

Mosquito repellent: If you were hungry enough you wouldn't pay any attention to it either.

Picnic: A temporary claim staked out near the largest and hungriest ant colony within 15 miles.

Children: Persons who never have anything of importance to communicate when you're stopping at a service station, but who wait until you're on the Pulaski Skyway.

Keep Out, No Trespassing, Beware of the Dog: "Oh, Joe, we simply must have some of those flowers for the apartment."

Declaration of Independence: Your decision to stay home with the TV set, the tall, tinkling glass and your faithful electric fan.

MILESTONES

Died. Dixon Wecter, 44, research director of California's Huntington Library, author of *The Saga of American Society*, *When Johnny Comes Marching Home* and other scholarly studies of U.S. history and folkways; of a heart attack; in Sacramento.

Died. Eliel Saarinen, 76, Finnish-born architect, longtime President of the Cranbrook Academy of Art; in Bloomfield Hills, Mich. A painter in his youth, Saarinen won his first success with the elegantly simple Finnish Pavilion at the Paris Exposition of 1900, later designed the Helsinki railroad station and Finland's National Museum. An old friend of Frank Lloyd Wright and functionalism, Saarinen emigrated to the U.S. in 1923, designed (with his son) the Tanglewood, Mass. music center and the Des Moines Fine Arts Center, worked unceasingly on his far-seeing city planning schemes.

Died. Metropolitan Theophilus (Fedor Pashkovsky), 76, Russian-born primate of the Russian Orthodox Greek Catholic Church of North America; in San Francisco. Admitting his church's spiritual dependence on the patriarchate of Moscow, he firmly denied Patriarch Alexei's claims to administrative control.

Died. Dr. Albert Ashton Berg, 77, surgeon and bibliophile, onetime (1946-48) president of the International College of Surgeons; in Manhattan. As a surgeon, Berg pioneered in the radical treatment of stomach and duodenal ulcers (cutting out a large part of the stomach). As a bibliophile, he assembled a treasure in books and manuscripts, donated it to the New York Public Library.

CINEMA

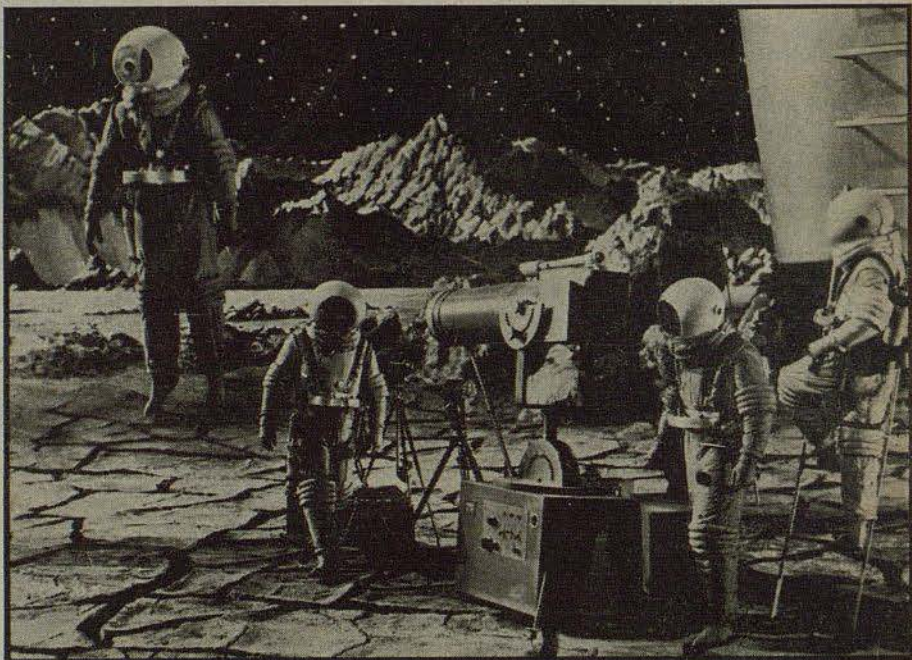
Inducement

To millions of West German moviegoers, life in the U.S. must seem rugged, if not downright hazardous. Of some 78 feature-length Hollywood films scheduled for release in occupied Germany this year, over half are westerns and thrillers. Last week, Washington announced a \$2,500,000 deal to give the Germans some "essentially accurate information about the U.S." and enough high-caliber films to "reflect credit upon the culture of the U.S."

In contracts with nine major studios and independent producers, ECA promised to sponsor (as an addition to the regular Hollywood supply of six-guns and sin) 72 carefully selected pictures. The

ernment fails to foresee the trip's military importance. Happily, the script draws the line at romance in the rocket or on the moon, but it does go in for some unrelieved comic relief by a lowbrow crew member from Brooklyn.

Destination Moon uses expert technical tricks to picture the oddities of travel beyond the earth's atmosphere and gravity. Its four lunar explorers—a physicist (Warner Anderson), an industrialist (John Archer), a retired general (Tom Powers) and a dimwit radio operator (Dick Westson)—float weirdly around the inside of the rocket until they put on magnetized boots. Then they can walk on the walls. When a radar antenna jams, they go out on the hull in pressurized monkey suits to



LUNAR EXPLORERS
The fact is better than the fiction.

Government agreed to guarantee, on each movie, the conversion of shipping and supply costs and up to \$25,000 in earnings from blocked Deutsche marks into dollars. Sample ECA-picked films: *The Heiress*, *The Informer*, *The Hasty Heart*, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*.

The New Pictures

Destination Moon (George Pal; Eagle Lion Classics) proves that, in Hollywood, the sky's no longer the limit. The picture speculates entertainingly in Technicolor on what may happen when man takes his first 240,000-mile flight by rocket to the moon. For a piece of science fiction, it has a surprising amount of respect for scientific fact.

What the movie mainly lacks is enough respect for fiction. It is more convincing after it gets into outer space than during its earth-bound prelude, when a group of U.S. industrialists feel compelled to sponsor the lunar expedition because the Gov-

ernment fails to foresee the trip's military importance. Happily, the script draws the line at romance in the rocket or on the moon, but it does go in for some unrelieved comic relief by a lowbrow crew member from Brooklyn.

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The Next Voice You Hear (M-G-M) belongs to God, broadcasting on the radio (all networks and local stations) to an errant world. The Voice's effect on an average U.S. family makes an inspirational little fable, shrewdly manipulated to warm moviegoers' hearts. Almost sure to receive both cheers and sneers, the picture fully merits neither. Simple-minded, ploddingly



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earnest, sometimes awkward and dull, it is less intriguing than its idea. Yet it is also more wary of the subject's pitfalls than might be expected.

Produced by M-G-M Production Chief Dore Schary,* the film begins by picturing the petty domestic frictions and foibles of Joe Smith (James Whitmore), a California aircraft worker, his pregnant wife (Nancy Davis) and their ten-year-old son (Gary Gray). Joe is sympathetic but short-tempered; he chafes at routine, hates his foreman (Art Smith), grimaces at his wife's box lunches, fumes at his stalling jalopy. One evening, in the Smith living room, the Voice breaks into a radio program to say: "This is God. I will be with you for the next few days." The rest of the world's radio listeners hear it, too, each in his own language.

On succeeding evenings, the Voice is heard again at the same hour. It speculates on the need for 40 days & nights of rain—and a token cloudburst follows. It chides unbelievers and laggards: "Create for yourselves the miracles of kindness and goodness and peace. You are like children going to school. You have forgotten some of your lessons. I ask you to do your homework for tomorrow."

Skeptical and annoyed at first, Joe grows panicky, goes off on a binge, almost succumbs to "the voice of evil," personified in a badly played scene by a talkative bar fly. He comes home drunk and shocks his son into running away. But after remorse sets in, he regains his son and his faith in time for a happy ending: with the family wreathed in a glow of good will as the second baby arrives, and the world's churches filled to overflowing, the Voice is still.

Many of the film's good points are curiously bound up with its faults. By some elaborately contrived plotting, the Charles Schnee script has taste enough never to allow the voice of God to be heard on the sound track (though it cannot avoid letting the actors quote Him at second hand). It also sensibly refrains from letting the radio pronouncements touch off a spree of miracles. While trying to pave the way to heaven with good, nonsectarian intentions, it winds up as a naive theological hodgepodge, finally flattens its concept of God into a fuzzy, sentimental pantheism.

Other mortal weaknesses: some of the picture's homely details of lower middle-class life are theatrical and patronizing; William Wellman's uneven direction is inclined to be sticky; Actor Whitmore mars an otherwise good performance with a few grotesque excesses. As unmixed blessings, *Next Voice* offers a fine, attractive piece of well-balanced acting by Nancy Davis and the most refreshingly frank, unaffected view of pregnancy yet shown by Hollywood. Vulnerable as it is, the movie is largely successful, on its own terms: a low common denominator of emotional appeal.

* On a low-budget (\$475,000), short (14 days) shooting schedule that almost passes for a miracle itself at a studio traditionally geared to costly, time-consuming, star-studded production.

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MISCELLANY

Rare Air. In Choisy-le-Roi, France, Maurice Fonctionnaz, charged with stealing a horse, explained to the court that he had only done it to help his whooping cough and asthma: "On a horse I'm a little higher than usual, and that lets me breathe."

Wolf's Clothing. In Milwaukee, Arthur M. Sells, voted "Second Biggest Wolf" by his Princeton class ('50), sheepishly revealed that he was already married.

Blind Alley. In Memphis, Mrs. Mildred E. Jennings, seeking a second divorce from Floyd T. Jennings, declared that she had remarried him in 1949 "solely for the purpose of preventing him from annoying" her.

One Foot in Heaven. In Las Vegas, Nev., Henry Albert Beebe, arrested for illegal possession of four boxes of morphine syringes, told police he was trying to sell the stuff to pay his tuition through Bible school.

Clean Sweep. In London, thieves broke into the Avenue Hotel, made off with 4,800 cigarettes, 140 bottles of liquor, a radio set, the watchdog.

Due Caution. In Dansville, N.Y., a classified advertisement appeared in the *Dansville Breeze*: WANTED—Farmer, age 38, wishes to meet woman around 30 who owns a tractor. Please enclose picture of tractor.

Instrument of Fate. In Paris, Fortune-teller Juliette Pialat, jailed for hitting her husband on the head with a club, explained: "I had read in the cards that my husband would suffer a heavy blow."

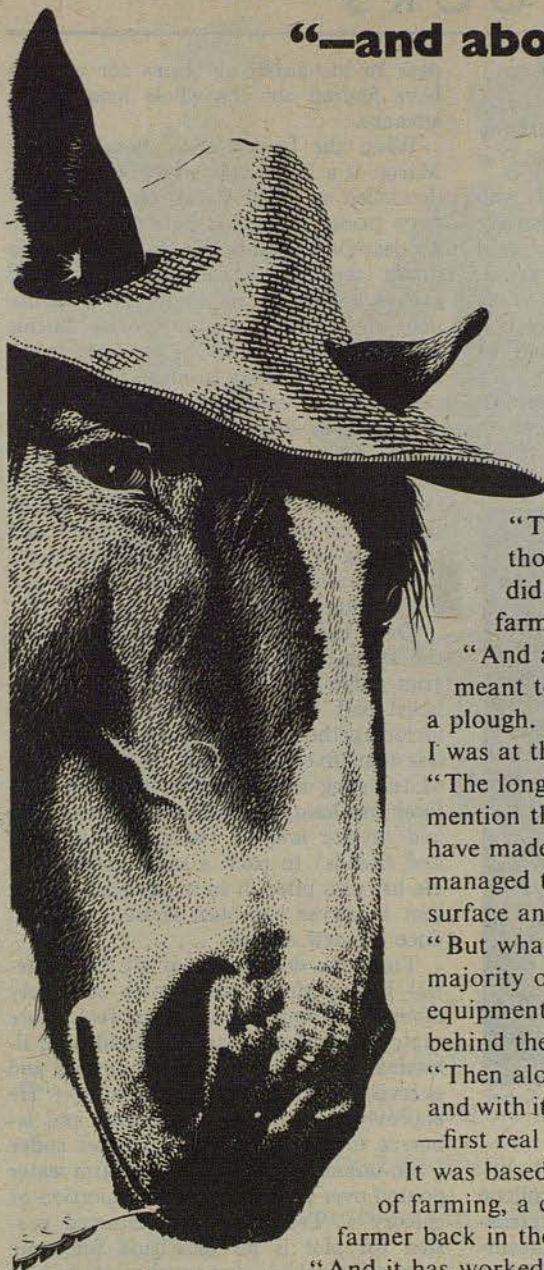
Constitutionalist. In Buffalo, Democratic County Clerk Steven Pankow explained why he had bought \$125 worth of tickets for the Erie County Republican Committee's yearly outing: "I believe in the two-party system."

No Change of Pace. In Seattle, Mrs. Maureen A. McGuire was granted a divorce after she complained that her husband had "made life unbearable" by continually psychoanalyzing her.

Voice of the People. In Atlanta, Paul Lee Miller, booked for impersonating an officer, told police that he felt entitled to wear a badge because he was once "almost elected sheriff" in Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Segregation. In Milwaukee, Manager Arnold Brumm of the Ritz theater announced that on Monday evenings, to be known henceforth as "Dignity Nights," people who insist on eating peanuts, popcorn or candy during the show will be asked to sit in a special section.

"—and about time, too!"



"The way things were going, I never thought it would happen. But it did—I've actually been retired from farm work.

"And about time, too! I was never meant to drag some farmer along behind a plough. Poor fellow, he was as tired as I was at the end of a day in the fields.

"The long hours and hard work—not to mention the times I went lame!—might have made some sense if we'd ever managed to do more than just scratch the surface and grow a little food.

"But what could you expect when the majority of the world's farmers were using equipment that was hundreds of years behind the times? Yes, hundreds of years. "Then along came the Ferguson System and with it my—and my four-legged cousins'—first real hope of getting out of harness.

It was based on a completely new conception of farming, a conception that would put the farmer back in the running.

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"Be seeing you some time, I expect."



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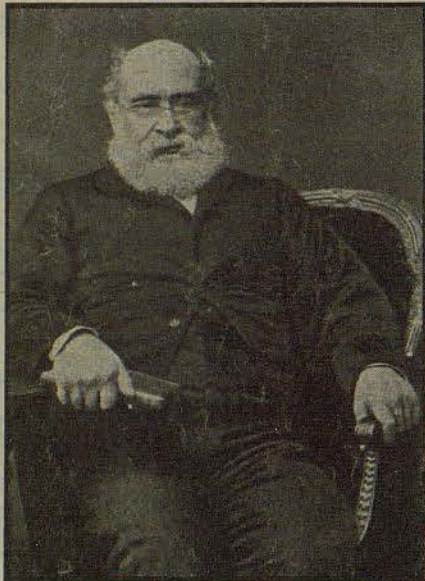
Ferguson tractors are manufactured by The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., for Harry Ferguson Ltd., Coventry, England.

Wheels Within Wheels

ORLEY FARM (729 pp.)—Anthony Trollope—Knopf (\$5).

"Most of those among my friends who . . . are competent to form an opinion say that this is the best I have written," said Anthony Trollope of his eleventh novel. "The plot is probably the best I have ever made . . . I do not know that there is a dull page in the book. I am fond of *Orley Farm*."

Publisher Knopf has been fond enough himself of *Orley Farm* to put it first on the list of Trollope's works with which he plans to continue the current Trollope



ANTHONY TROLLOPE
Before breakfast . . .

revival. Readers should not, as Trollope himself warned them, get the impression that *Orley Farm* is all about "cream-cheeses, pigs with small bones, wheat sown in drills, or artificial manure." As roomy as a barracks, as thickly populated as a small village, *Orley Farm* is one of the least bucolic, least loose-jointed of all his placid, jog-trotting accounts of life in the quiet Victorian countryside.

In an Old Trunk. As a rule Trollope wrote his novels as lustily and naturally as he hunted a fox—plunging ahead full tilt, changing course where & when he or his quarry pleased, never knowing nor caring what insurmountable fence or un-jumpable ditch might pop up in the next chapter. Inspiration, he was always the first to insist, had nothing to do with it. He got up every morning at 5:30 and wrote with calm assurance until breakfast, after which he took up his duties as a hard-working civil servant in the Post Office. When he had written enough for one book, he simply wrapped up the loose ends as best he could, reached for another sheet of paper and began the next. But in *Orley Farm*, the plot of which was so

dear to his heart, he seems for once to have figured out the whole long run in advance.

When the book begins, heroine Lady Mason is a loved and lovely widow, long domiciled at Orley Farm. Over 20 years have passed since her aged husband, on his deathbed, bequeathed the farm to their infant son. Or so the legal world had always believed—and would have continued to believe, had not young Lucius Mason, on taking over the old farm at the age of 22, brusquely brought to an end a certain Mr. Dockwrath's tenancy of two of the Orley fields.

Mr. Dockwrath was a sly, vindictive man. He was also a shrewd country lawyer. When he was kicked out of Orley he retorted by digging into an old trunk and producing a couple of legal documents that threatened ruin to Lady Mason and her impetuous son.

Over Lukewarm Water. By the time the white-faced widow is haled before a grim judge and jury, Author Trollope has haled half of England into his novel—including the principals and extras in no less than five love affairs, a motley crew of traveling salesmen, the members of a local fox hunt, enough learned barristers and shyster lawyers (with their families and friends) to pack a small courthouse. He has also piled in so much legal lumber that a lawyer has been chosen to introduce the new edition.

Trollope's dovetailing of all this material into a single major plot of slowly mounting drama is an awesome feat. More typically Trollopians are his incidental, illuminating comments on the normal and everyday: on a country squire ("He endeavored to enable his tenants and laborers to live"); of British hotel coffee ("An unlimited supply of lukewarm water poured over an infinitesimal proportion of chicory"). Trollope's unaccustomed passion for plot is no substitute for more such salty asides, dry touches of humor, and lore of human kind.

A Prisoner Rescued

POEMS BY CHRISTOPHER SMART (326 pp.)—Edited, with an Introduction & Notes, by Robert Brittain—Princeton University—(\$4).

When Poet Robert Browning stumbled across a devotional poem entitled *A Song to David*, by one Christopher Smart (1722-1771), he was both awed and delighted. Poet Smart's *Song* was a haunting combination of the lyrical and the intellectual, clothed in words that threw fresh lights and colors upon many a common thing:

Where rain in clasping boughs inclos'd,
And vines with oranges dispos'd,
Embow'r the social laugh . . .
The nectarine his strong tint imbibes,
And apples of ten thousand tribes,
And quick peculiar quince.

But when Browning began eagerly to search for further masterpieces by Christopher Smart, he could find nothing but a dull collection of odes and occasional pieces. Browning did discover, however, that poor Poet Smart had been confined in an asylum just before *A Song to David* was first published—which prompted Browning to the romantic conclusion that Smart had been no better than a hack while he had his wits; that when he lost them his dormant genius had burst into bloom.

Editor Robert Brittain, a longtime Smart addict, does his best to destroy this theory by presenting a selection of Smart's poems, most of which Browning never read. His volume shows that *A Song to David* was not Smart's only masterpiece; but it also shows that the sufferings Smart experienced because of his fits of



Pembroke College Library
CHRISTOPHER SMART
Before bedlam . . .

madness gave his best work a peculiar profundity.

"Pray Without Ceasing." Smart was driven to distraction by overwork and financial worries as early as his Cambridge days, and tried to earn money from his writing. In one play, noted a contemporary, "He acts five Parts himself, & is only sorry, he can't do all the rest. he has also advertised a Collection of Odes; & [as] for his Vanity & Faculty of Lyeing, they are come to their full Maturity, all this . . . must come to a Jayl, or Bedlam."

That cruel prophecy soon came true. Smart found a job with a bookseller who waxed rich on the profits he made from concoctions such as "Dr. Hooper's Female Pills." Smart became his hack, churning out for him a flow of trite but salable verse and prose. Then Smart's high-strung system collapsed. He took to interpreting literally Christ's "injunction to pray without ceasing"—and pray Smart did, whenever he was moved to do so, whether in public places or in the small hours of the morning, summoning those near him to do likewise.

The next few years Smart spent in

confinement, where he wrote *Rejoice in the Lamb*, praising the Lord in a loosestrung jumble of beauty and innocent absurdity:

For flowers are peculiarly the poetry of Christ . . .

For the harp rhimes are sing ring, string & the like.

For the cymbal rhimes are bell well toll-soul & the like . . .

For beat heat, weep peep & care of the pipe.

For every word has its marrow in the English tongue for order and for delight.

Madness & Marrow. Poet Smart's contemporaries found more madness than marrow in his passionate and personal use of the English tongue. Dropped by many of his friends, ignored by the reading public, Smart died on parole from a debtors' prison.

It is Editor Brittain's hope that today's readers will give poor Smart "his rightful place in the front rank of English devotional lyricists." At any rate, Brittain's efforts may rescue Smart from his long imprisonment in a literary footnote. He was put there by his onetime friend Dr. Samuel Johnson, who once declared: "I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it."

Smooth But Not Velvet

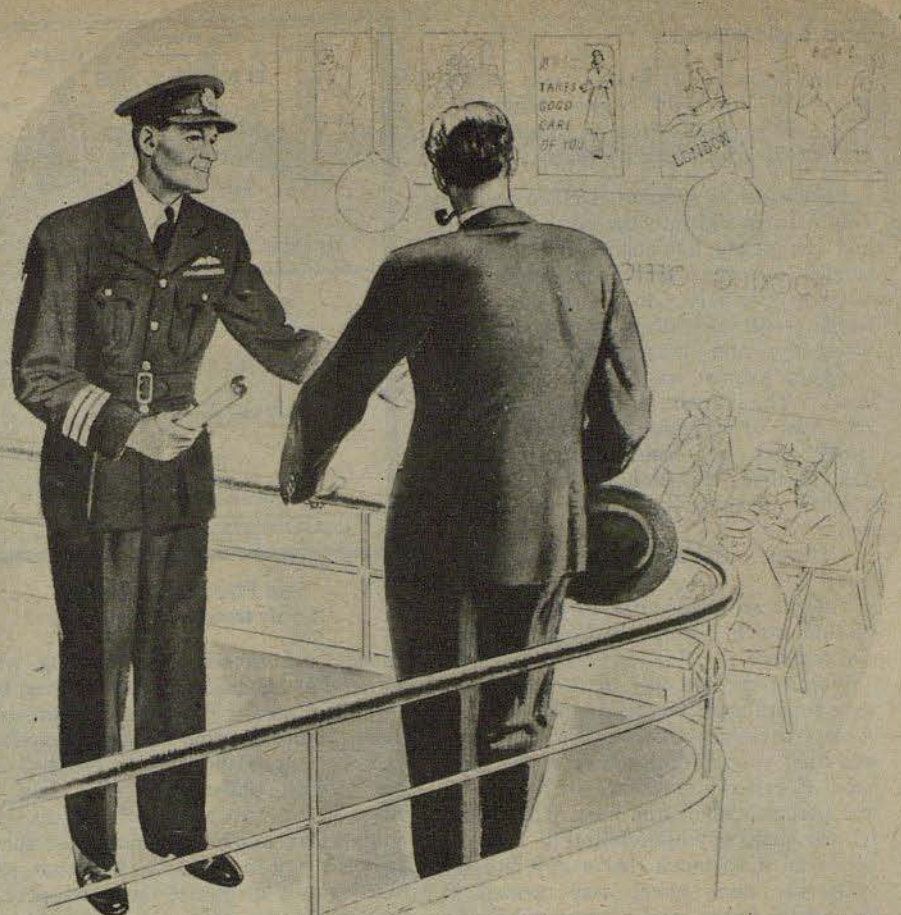
THE SMALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT (232 pp.)—*Timothy Angus Jones*—Houghton Mifflin (\$2.75).

Her name was Ekaterina and she was a real princess. Her husband, of course, was a real prince; his name was Nicolas. They lived at the Ritz in Paris with Ekaterina's father, an old expatriate king, and they had nothing to do but rock around all night in Montmartre nightclubs and drink buckets of champagne, because the old king still got about \$3,000,000 a year from the old country. When Ekaterina and Nicolas took a shine to 20-year-old Barnaby Surrey, he thought it too wonderful to be true.

What a few months of dusk-to-dawn boozing with his jaded, royal pals did to Barnaby is the story of this first novel about high life in postwar Paris. F. Scott Fitzgerald could have done wonders with these rootless idlers. So could the Hemingway of *The Sun Also Rises*. But Barnaby just falls in & out of love a couple of times and eventually concludes that "things happen as they happen, and it is a waste of time to vex ourselves with what they are and why they come."

Young (26) Author Timothy Angus Jones is the son of Sir Roderick Jones, onetime chairman of Reuters news agency. His tightly written novel is smooth, and credible. But his mother, Enid (*National Velvet*) Bagnold, could teach him a thing or two about storytelling.

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The Yellowbacks

THE HOUSE OF BEADLE AND ADAMS AND ITS DIME AND NICKEL NOVELS (2 vols., 919 pp.)—*Albert Johannsen—University of Oklahoma* (\$20).

"Noiseless as spectres, Delano and the two maidens slid into the [ruffians' den]; and the young lieutenant . . . instantly singled out the chief from among his sleeping comrades, and with one fierce thrust, sent his cutlass directly through his body, and with such force, that the keen weapon was deeply sunk in the floor." The climax of *The Signal; or, The King of the Blue Isle*, by E. Curtiss Hine, was at hand. When Delano had finished his bloody work, "three hundred corpses lay strewn about the room."

"Huzza! Huzza!" cried he. "We're free!"

"Words are inadequate to describe the rapture which swelled the bosoms of the two maidens . . ."

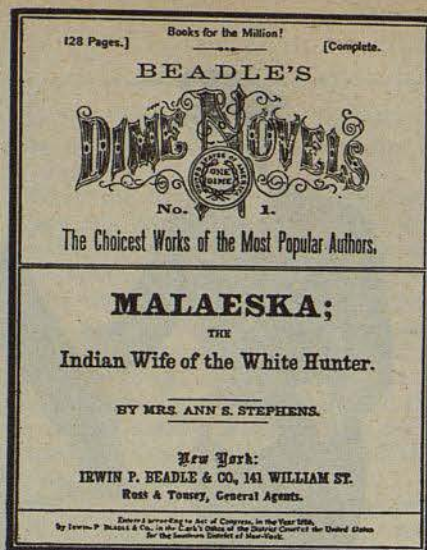
Words were not only inadequate; they were superfluous. The reader of such gory classics a century ago knew exactly how well-bred young heroines felt in the presence of general mayhem—so long as it was perpetrated by the hero. The reader felt the same way himself and he loved it. He loved it so much that a new literary form, the dime novel, was created in his mental image, and a great publishing industry was built to produce it. At the head of the industry during the early years stood the house of Beadle and Adams. The history of that house and its publications is the year's choicest chunk of off-beat Americana, a huge, cheerful corpse from the literary morgue.

Trademark of Infamy. The first dime novel that really cost a dime was published by Beadle in 1860. *Malaeska; The Indian Wife of the White Hunter* came out in the yellowback that was to become the trademark of infamy to U.S. parents. A few months later came Edward S. Ellis' *Seth Jones; or, the Captives of the Frontier* which sold like dollar bills, 40,000 copies in the first few weeks.

The flood was on. In the next few decades, Beadle's authors hacked out thousands of dime novels (priced anywhere from 5¢ to 50¢), countless short stories, and even some poems of a sort.

The Strenuous Life. Despite the low rates, dime novels were written by some prominent pens. Buffalo Bill Cody was a contributor; Louisa May Alcott sold some dime novels to Beadle rivals. All sorts and kinds helped to fill the yellowbacks: an Iowa farmer, a temperance lecturer, an actress, a Philadelphia physician, a second cousin of Ralph Waldo Emerson, a parson's daughter.

The most fabulous of them all was Ned Buntline (Colonel E. Z. C. Judson), who led a life as strenuous as his fiction. He killed his man in a pistol duel in Nashville, Tenn., was mobbed by his victim's



THE FIRST DIME NOVEL
Words were inadequate . . .

friends and saved from lynching when a friend of his cut the rope. He lived to a sinful old age (65), a hulking, white-mustached figure of some 200 lbs., immensely vain (at times sporting 20 medals) and prodigiously philandering (he had six wives in all, two at once in 1871). Ned wrote more words than most men speak, 10,000 a day in one six-day stretch, once blurting out an entire three-act play in four hours.

Vice & Virtue. Like Ned Buntline, most of the bestselling dime novelists could write as easily as they could breathe, and few of them had any compunctions about cribbing from each other, or even repeating their own works time after time. Some were so lost to literary shame that they wrote their stories to fit old illustrations, thereby saving publishers the price of new ones.

Their prose showed the effects of their hell-for-leather pace; so did their supreme disregard for facts. Edward L. Wheeler,



NICKEL NOVELETTE
... but gushed from all kinds of pens.

the creator of the legendary Deadwood Dick, had never been west of Pennsylvania, and he juggled western geography and topography with wild abandon.

Yet in one sense the crudities of the dime novel were not vices but byproducts of their one great virtue. It was the first time any sizable body of U.S. writers had stopped laboring European themes, and started working native material. Because the dime novelists got plenty of slag out of the way, later writers could dig into the true metal of the American novel.

RECENT & READABLE

Follow Me Down, by Shelby Foote. How a God-fearing Mississippi farmer is seized by temptation and driven to murder; a taut little novel of crime & passion (TIME, July 3).

America Begins, edited by Richard M. Dorson. A selection from the diaries, memoirs, histories and letters of early American settlers provides some bright footnotes to the U.S. story (TIME, July 3).

World Enough and Time, by Robert Penn Warren. Political intrigue, murder and a good man's struggles of conscience in early 19th Century Kentucky; a rich, uneven historical novel by the author of *All the King's Men* (TIME, June 26).

There'll Always Be a Draynefleete, by Osbert Lancaster. A witty satire on the British way of life as seen through the architectural history of an imaginary country town (TIME, June 26).

The Green Huntsman, by Henri Beyle (Stendhal). Book One of Stendhal's unfinished "third masterpiece"; a pen-point dissection of life in a French garrison town of the 1830s, published in English for the first time (TIME, June 26).

John Adams and the American Revolution, by Catherine Drinker Bowen. A brisk retossing of the salad days of the commonsensical second President of the U.S., which turns up a personality much crisper than most historians have allowed him (TIME, June 19).

The Encounter, by Crawford Power. Crime & punishment in a rag-tag underworld teaches proud Father Cawder that "it's no part of a priest's business to pass on people like a judge"; an unsentimental first novel on a Graham Greene-ish theme (TIME, June 12).

The Yankee Exodus, by Stewart H. Holbrook. How and why generations of 19th Century New Englanders took the trail West; a well-documented retracing by a Vermonter whose own family stayed home (TIME, June 12).

Eleanor of Aquitaine and the Four Kings, by Amy Kelly. A handsome, beguiling biography of the greatest dynast of her day, who married two kings, bore two more (TIME, June 12).

Captain Sam Grant, by Lloyd Lewis. A rich reconstruction of Ulysses Grant's early years, in a biography that strips much of the stiffness and stuffiness from his legend (TIME, May 29).

D. H. Lawrence: Portrait of a Genius But . . ., by Richard Aldington. A lively life of the icon-smashing author of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (TIME, May 29).



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