OCTOBER 16, 1950

ATLANTIC EDITION

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Boris Chaliapin

KOREA'S SYNGMAN RHEE

"We have not despaired; we must not be disappointed."

(War in Asia)

VOL. LVI NO. 16

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

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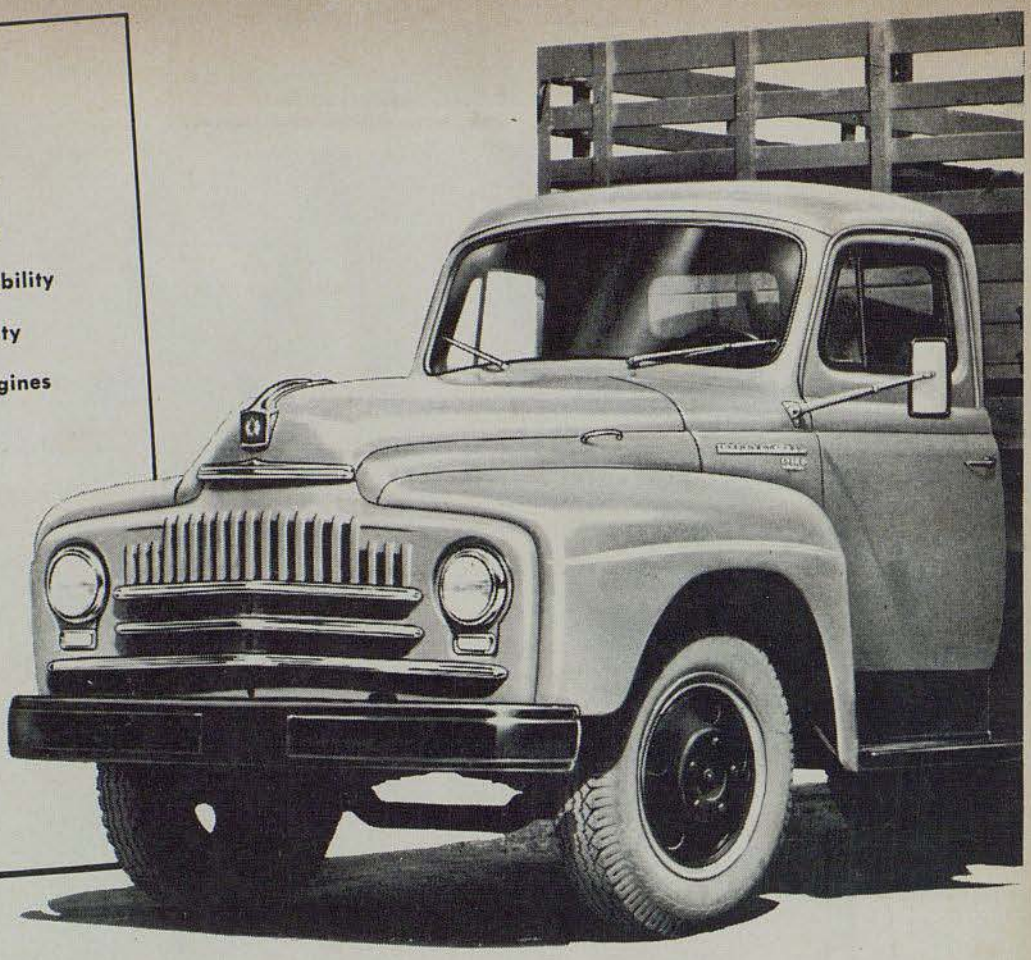

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LETTERS

"Against the Darkening Sky"

Sir:

I have read scores of great historians whose descriptive passages will live forever as truth and literature, but never have I read anything more vividly beautiful than Frank Gibney's description of the taking of Wolmi Island [TIME, Sept. 25], beginning with "Inchon blazed against the darkening sky . . ."

WILLIAM E. SAWYER

Winchester, Ky.

Sir:

Bouquets to you and your reporters, Frank Gibney and James Bell, for their stories of the assault waves on Wolmi and Inchon. Man, that's reporting!

EVERETT E. JENNINGS JR.

Silver Creek, N.Y.

Sir:

I could hardly read the stories by Carl Mydans, Frank Gibney and James Bell . . . because a film kept forming over my eyes.

It takes real guts to do a job like that. There ought to be some kind of a special Congressional Medal for these Korean correspondents.

R. FULLERTON PLACE

St. Louis

Scully's Saucers

Sir:

I read with great interest your Sept. 25 review of Frank Scully's new book on Flying Saucers . . .

In talking to the principals involved in Scully's book I am immediately impressed by their sincerity. There is not the slightest hint of "kidding." . . .

Although I admit to amateurhood in the realm of physics . . . I feel you should not state quite so emphatically that "magnetic waves do not exist." Why, the pages of history are literally strewn with statements by great scientists out of the past who proclaimed in their day that the various forces that operate our present marvels simply "do not exist." . . .

ROBERT G. PIKE

La Canada, Calif.

Sir:

I subscribe to TIME because the reporting is accurate, and the criticism both logical and discriminating. [Now] TIME has done the impossible; it has surpassed itself.

I had read a condensation of Author Scully's hogwash on the so-called "flying saucers" in [another] magazine . . . I was thoroughly convinced at that time of the scientific unsoundness of his writing . . . Every person of intelligence should be indignant at the thought of anyone deliberately promoting national hysteria, based on the hallucinations of people who will swallow any fantasy thinly veiled in pseudo-scientific jargon.

TIME's review should serve as a dash of cold water . . . Let us hope that . . . Scully will return to the realm of the bedroom, with whose intricacies he is undoubtedly more familiar.

My hat is off to you.

CHARLES M. CLEMENSEN

San Pedro, Calif.

Sir:

TIME . . . deals rather facetiously with the subject of flying saucers, pooh-poohing all factual data which has made headlines previously. If the saucer operation is a military secret, why say anything about it? . . .

Scientifically, there is a related economy of energy to aerodynamics involved in the

saucer; I refer you to the item on pages 413-414 of *Astronomy and Cosmogony* (the Cambridge University Press 1929) by Sir James Jeans. It might just be that the "disc" became so shaped only after rotating at a highly excessive speed, which you will find will occur to any oblate spheroid when a critical speed of rotation is reached.

Be that as it may, you should not print anything on the subject unless and until you are positive. (In my book we may have some public announcement on this by the end of the year from the authorities.)

ANNA M. STAUB

Ridley Park, Pa.

New Parlour Game

Sir:

You always present the news from Great Britain in a fair and impartial manner. However, occasionally an important item is overlooked . . .

A new parlour game is sweeping England . . . It is called "Monotony" and is appropriate to our times. It appears to be based on Monopoly, a game [in] which . . . each player's object was to acquire the private ownership of . . . house property, and so forth. In Monotony the aim is to nationalise everything.

The game can be played by candlelight in an empty coal cellar, a padded cell, or other convenient room, and the apparatus can easily be improvised. At the outset, whoever can place the largest number of square pegs in round holes becomes the "Government." Then cards are dealt around. Each player in turn presents his card, which is marked "Coal," "Gas," "Transport," "Steel," or the name of some other industry. Then the "Government" player presents his trump card, "Nationalisation," and takes his opponents' cards, handing them scraps of paper of dubious value in return.

Oddly enough, the "Government" almost always wins. Indeed, it is impossible for him to lose unless his stock of paper becomes exhausted. When this happens, he declares a state of emergency, blows out the candle, and goes to bed.

HUGH MORRISON

London

Photographic Symbol

Sir:

The photographed depiction in the flesh of "Labor and Management in Accord" (TIME, Sept. 25) is a most outstanding and convincing symbol of our democracy in action and should awaken and arouse the Communist-minded everywhere to the realization that right here, under our evolutionary processes, you see Karl Marx's ultimate objective (for the masses) in actual practice and unobscured by any Iron Curtain.

L. H. ROTH

Montgomery, Ala.

"Anyone Who Drinks Beer . . ."

Sir:

Was amused at your footnote on Mrs. Agnes Denmanson of Seattle who in 1933 was quoted as saying "Anyone who drinks beer would commit murder."

I happen to be Mrs. Denmanson. Was city editor of the now extinct Seattle *Star* at the time. Few controversial letters were arriving for the "From Our Readers" column, and one of our many successive editors asked me to whip out a few phony letters to bring in replies from readers.

The Denmanson correspondence to the *Star* followed, and brought in hundreds of letters from irate beer drinkers . . . The general pattern had the mythical subscriber writing she had seen a man enter a bar and stagger out after one beer. Each letter ended "Anyone who drinks beer would commit murder. Mr. Denmanson agrees with me. Mrs. Agnes Denmanson, Rt. 1, Seattle."

Subscribers who took the hook usually gave our phantom prohibitionist hell, then said they were sorry for her poor hen-pecked husband. Occasionally someone would write in to agree with Mrs. D.

The series ended in about a year after some brewer saw one of the letters and complained to the advertising department.

STUART WHITEHOUSE

Seattle

Commitment on Truth

Sir:

The very mode of expression of the unnamed spokesman for the American Psychological Association who views as "dismal the acceptance of a teaching position which is open only to those who are able to deny that they are traitors to the U.S. [TIME, Sept. 18] bespeaks the smug sort of pseudo-intellectual among whom radicalism is considered fashionable.

An admitted principle of Communism is that the only valid basis of choice between a lie and a truth is their comparative utility to the speaker . . . The productive, taxpaying owners of such institutions as the University of California might have a definite commitment as to the extent to which they may expect truth to prevail among the teachers of their children.

JAMES W. GUERIN

Menlo Park, Calif.

Profits & Prophets

Sir:

Mr. R. F. West's concern with the religious illiteracy of college students who spell "prophet" as "profit" (TIME, Sept. 25) brings to mind a private collection of schoolboy howlers shown me by a friend who was tutoring a freshman economics class at the University of Toronto two years ago. On an examination, one of his students wrote to the effect that "depressions are caused when the prophets are not so good." . . . It may be simply that the student had a deeper insight into the mysteries of our economic system than many experts on the subject . . .

D. L. BENNETT

Toronto

Storybook Marine

Sir:

"The Marine Corps is my religion, suh!" This quotation was recalled to my mind upon reading Correspondent Bell's Sept. 25 story about Captain Sam Jaskilka . . . It was made by Sam several years ago in answer to the query put to him by a Navy chaplain who had been his roommate aboard a carrier in the Pacific for an 18-month tour during the last war. He was provoked with Sam for [not attending] church services* . . . and the answer describes just about perfectly a marine, who, in my opinion, is an outstanding example of what the Marine Corps strives to turn out in the way of a fighting man . . .

If there ever was a storybook marine, both in appearance and action, old "Dynamite" is the boy . . . He is a great natural leader and athlete, with a devotion to duty seldom surpassed . . .

Sam would be the first to loudly deny it, but may I be so bold as to hazard a prediction: if the next 20 years don't find Sam Jaskilka at the top rung of the Marine Corps ladder, then he will be close [to it].

LOUIS J. PAPAS
Lieutenant, U.S.N.

Olathe, Kans.

* Captain Jaskilka began going to church again two years ago.

TIME
October 16, 1950

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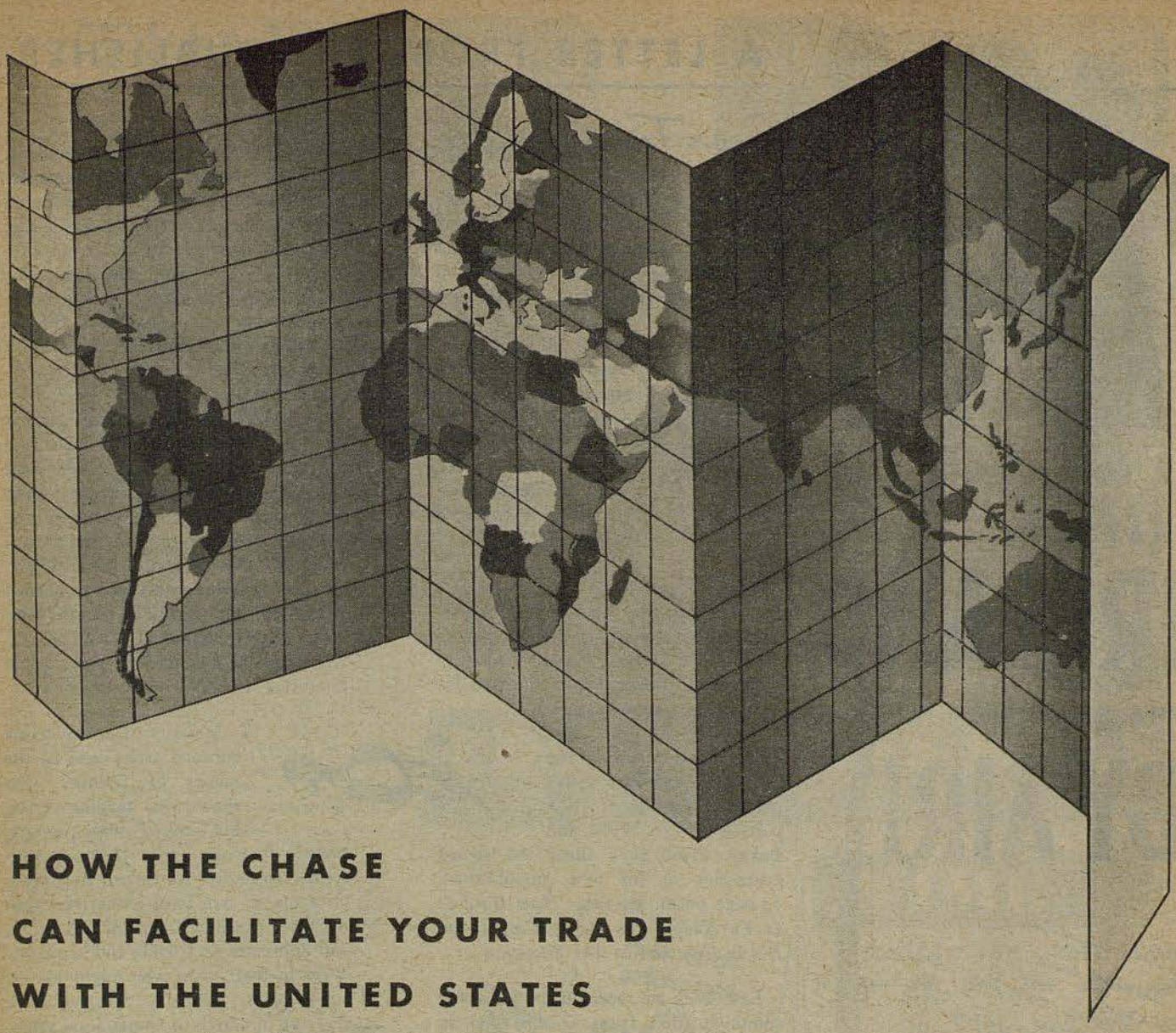

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

When Jeff Wylie, head of our Boston bureau, first called on Robert Frost at his Vermont home to tell him that TIME was going to do a cover on him, Frost replied: "If it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well." He thereupon invited Wylie to stay as long as necessary to get the story. Wylie stayed a week, while Frost poured forth his ideas, interspersed with bits of autobiography.

Wylie found Frost "truly fascinating, and the most charming conversationalist—I should say monologuist—I have ever known." Later, TIME staff writer A.T. Baker joined the two for an evening's conversation, during which Frost and Baker spent much of the time quoting other men's poetry to each other. As a parting gift to Wylie and Baker, Frost gave them the signed typescript of his new, unpublished, 14-page poem. Its title: *How Hard It Is To Keep From Being King When It's In You And In The Situation.*

• • •

Last week we received the following communication from a subscriber in Illinois:

"Next week I will receive my 1,000th copy of TIME. I have sworn 999 times never to read TIME again. But each time it appears in the mail box I get nosey to know what's going on in Asia, who the best ten Senators are, etc. As usual next month we'll subscribe again. If you ever stop piquing me, I'll know I'm washed up."

• • •

A few days after the Korean war began TIME correspondent Frank Gibney flew into Kimpo airdrome from Japan in time to report the evacuation and fall of Seoul. After Kimpo had been secured by the marines, Gibney returned there by air. He wrote:

"The last time I had seen Kimpo the broad parking space in front of the administration building had been jammed with bright new American cars. U.S. State Department civilians, who were being evacuated to Japan by air, had left them there. I remembered trying to start one of these cars, a big, substantial-looking Buick, as we prepared to go into Seoul that night. The Buick's keys were gone. I was not a good enough mechanic to start the car by crossing the ignition wires, so I drove into town in another vehicle.

"Now the once immaculate parking place was covered with fox holes and the pup tents of the marines, who were heating their morning rations over small wood fires. There was only one link left with the past. Driven into a corner of the lot, gutted and tireless, its once shiny hood and fenders burned a dull red, was the Buick. It still bore its diplomatic license plate: CDA 253. Evidently the communists weren't able to start it, either."

• • •

Readers of our overseas editions often send us the names of friends "who should be reading TIME, but aren't," with the suggestion that we invite them to subscribe. Recently, we turned the tables on some of our Latin American subscribers by asking them for the names and addresses of friends and acquaintances in their areas who might like to subscribe to TIME. To date, we have received hundreds of names from them. Said subscribers in Belize, British Honduras: "The first two names on the enclosed list are of people who usually swipe my copy of TIME before I have half read it. I would therefore be very happy to see them have their own." And a Ricran, Peru reader wrote: "Since my first reading of TIME in 1929 I have missed very few issues. To a great many people of my generation, TIME has become a way of life."

• • •

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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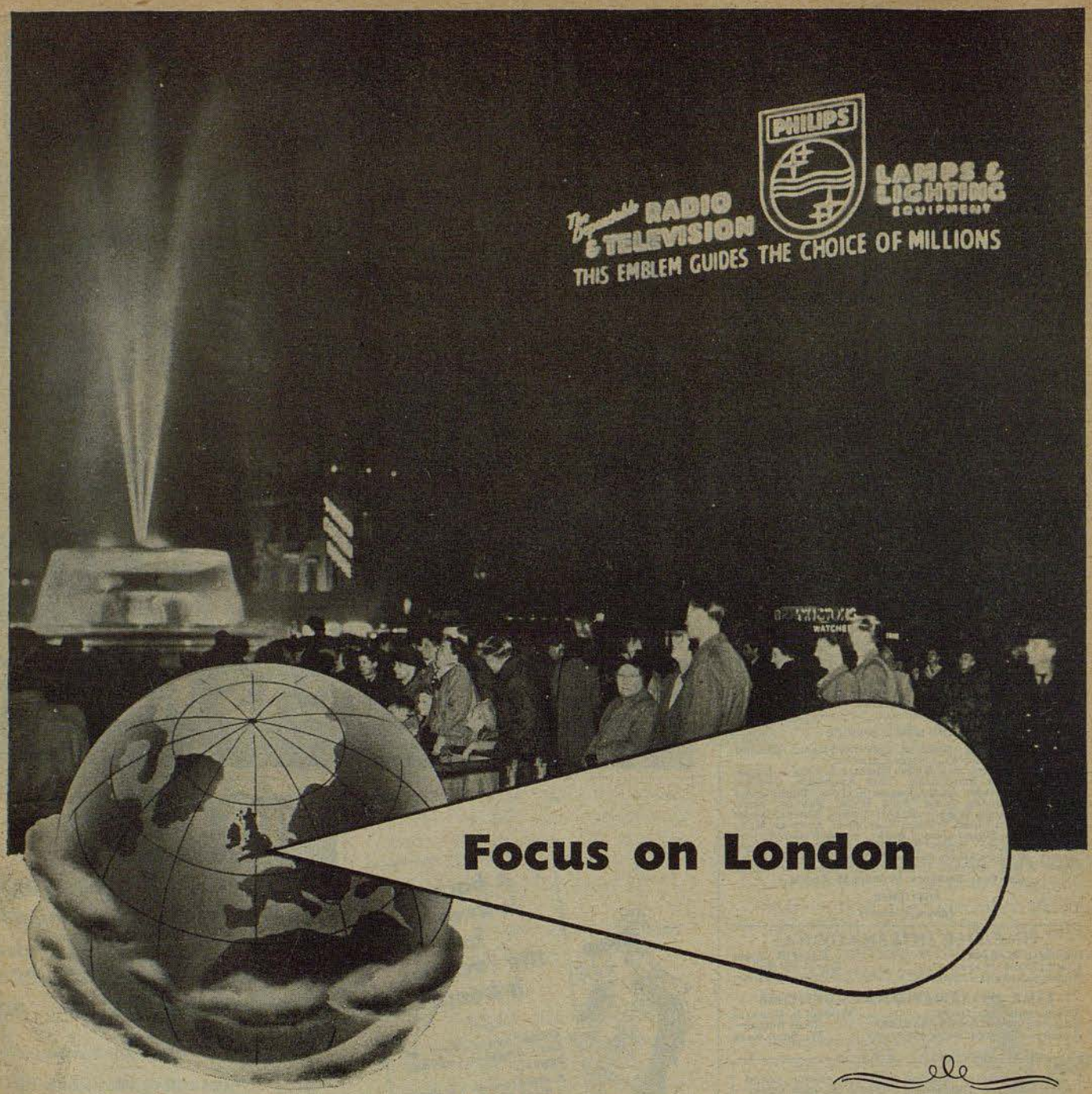

THE scene is London — Trafalgar Square with the fountains playing, the lights of the Strand in the background and, very appropriately, the Philips emblem an important part of the picture. We might, however, equally well have illustrated Paris, Amsterdam, Milan, Buenos Aires or any other great city — for Philips have full-scale factories, research laboratories and sales organizations in almost every part of the world. Philips is the name you can trust in all matters electrical. Look for it wherever you go.

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Vol. LVI No. 16

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

October 16, 1950

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Generation in Uniform

The draft was in trouble, and tough-talking Director Lewis B. Hershey was fed up. If the nation was going to have the expanded defense establishment that it needed, somebody's mother's son was going to have to serve in it.

General Hershey was tired of objections, foot dragging, and comfortable talk of deferments. It seemed, he said bitterly last week, that "everyone has the idea no one can make a contribution unless the country can use him in his own peculiar profession, trade, or specialty." Snorted Hershey: "I haven't seen a draft questionnaire yet in which the guy said he shot people for a living."

"Never Enough." As boss of Selective Service, Hershey was charged with providing manpower for a 3,000,000-man defense establishment from a theoretical 8,300,000-man pool of 18-to-26 year olds. But a tenderhearted Congress, a solicitous Administration and local draft boards had provided deferment for a round 80% of the manpower pool—as veterans, as husbands and fathers, as farmers, as medical students, as scientists and apprentice scientists. "Sure, we don't have enough scientists," snapped Hershey. "We've never had enough—but we've never had enough fighting men either." As a beginning, Hershey wanted to draft veterans ("Those veterans still within the draft age couldn't have seen much service," he noted) and young married men without children.

Hershey was facing an uncompromising set of facts. Once they reached the 3,000,000-man level the armed forces would need 750,000 men a year to stay there. Every year, only 1,100,000 turn 18, and 30% of them are predictably physically unfit. Left to the draft: an annual crop of approximately 800,000 boys from which to raise the 750,000 needed.

In such a brutal squeeze, what boys are to be deferred to continue their education? Last week a group of top educators and professional men, appointed by Hershey to make a two-year study, uncovered their answer: defer the bright boys. The plan had Hershey's firm endorsement.

Study or Serve. Under the plan, every student in the U.S. would take an aptitude test. In practice, if a high-school student scored in the upper 25%, he would get deferment and qualify to go on to college. To avoid favoring the sons of the well-to-do, the educators recommended that federal scholarships be provided for poor boys who qualified. In college, the student would have to keep his grades high each year, or the draft would get him.

Leonard McCombe—LIFE

LEWIS HERSHEY
He was fed up.

Hershey's educators wanted to make sure that not only scientists and technicians, but the best qualified students in the humanities were spared, on the ground that a healthy society needed them too. But there was a catch. If a bright boy wanted to stay deferred after college, he must work at the calling for which he trained, in a job that is "essential to the national health, safety, or interest."

The problem was one that the U.S. had never had to face before: how to keep up a big standing army for a crisis that had no predictable end. Said Lewis Hershey: "Whatever we do, we will not escape being unjust. There is no justice in taking the boys between 18 and 25 to save the nation. That is just necessity."

U.S. WAR CASUALTIES

As of September 29, U.S. casualties in Korea totaled 20,756 men, making the "police action" a costlier war than the American Revolution, the War of 1812, the Mexican War or the Spanish American War. The Defense Department's breakdown:

DEAD	2,954
WOUNDED	13,659
MISSING	4,143

Total casualties by services: Army, 19,290; Marines, 1,237; Air Force, 140; Navy, 89.

ARMED FORCES

After Korea

With the present holes in Hershey's draft dragnet, the armed forces had little hope of reaching the 3,000,000 men the President had ordered the Joint Chiefs of Staff to have under arms by next June. When the Korean war began, there were 1,400,000 men & women in the armed forces. Since then, 400,000 draftees, reserves and guardsmen have been called up. But General Omar Bradley estimated that the services would fall short of the June goal by about 10%. Pentagon pessimists thought it would be twice that.

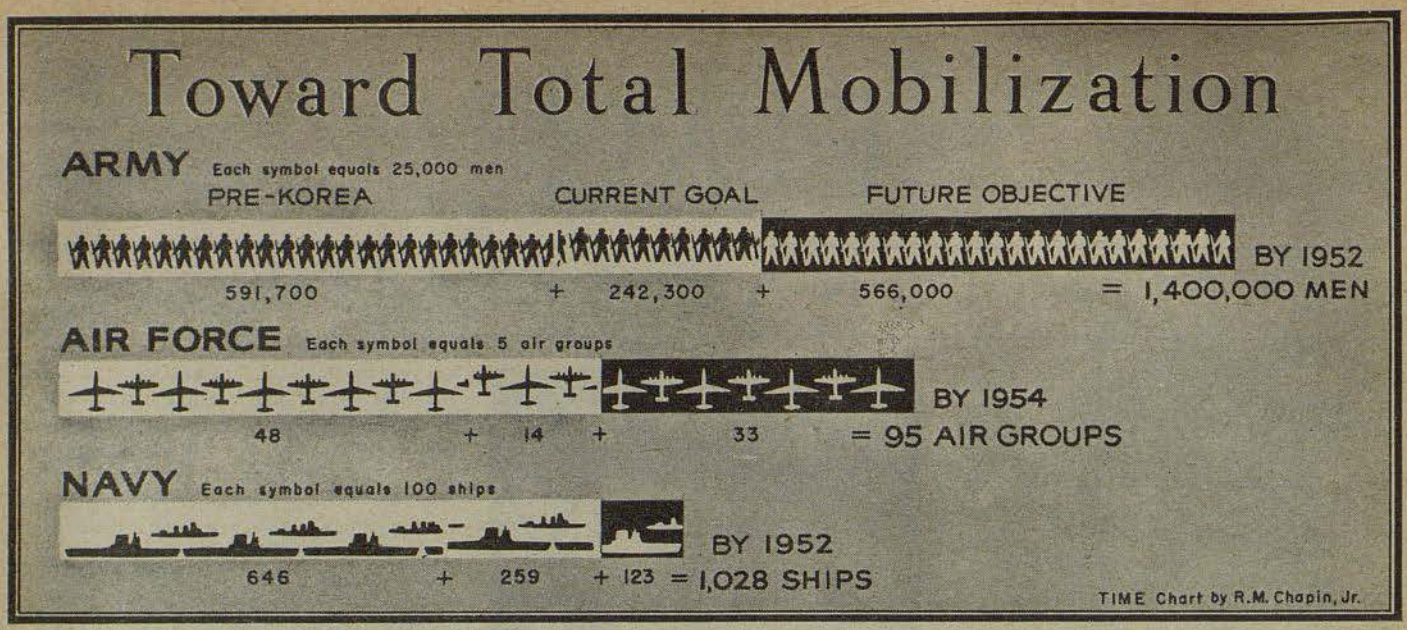
Pessimist or optimist, nobody was talking of cutting back in a post-Korea letdown. Nothing that they saw beyond Korea had changed, and neither had their plans nor the urgency of rearmament. Phase by phase (*see chart*), here is how U.S. preparedness would probably look:

Army: By next June, up from present eleven regular divisions to twelve, plus six regimental combat teams and four full-strength National Guard divisions. The Army had about 591,700 men when the Korean campaign started. Chief of Staff Joe Collins talks of building up to 18 divisions and 1,400,000 men by 1952. Men can be trained 50% faster than they can be provided with modern tanks, self-propelled artillery and radar fire directors. Another Army division will likely be sent to Germany by Christmas; if all goes well, it will probably be a division released from Korea. (Actually, all the Army's better-trained troops are now committed in Korea, including elements of the 82nd Airborne, and the few armored units.)

Navy: By next June, 500,000 men and more than 900 ships, including ten large carriers, two battleships (the *Missouri*, now in service, and the *New Jersey*, now being demothballed), 15 cruisers, 200 destroyers, 75 submarines.

Air Force: From 48 groups and 411,000 men, the pre-Korea strength, to around 60 groups with 568,000 men by June. Distant goal: 95 groups.

Marines: From 74,000 men pre-Korea to 166,000 by June. To be in operation by



June: two full-strength divisions, one brigade and 18 air squadrons.

What military leaders feared most was a post-Korean public clamor to release reservists now in the services, and to taper off on the draft. They were dead against such ideas. Another question that worried them (but not nearly so much): How long can you keep a big armed force up to snuff if nothing happens?

THE PRESIDENCY

The Letter

All week long the President was out of sight, out of the headlines, and at sea. He spent the week enjoying a quiet, aimless cruise on Chesapeake Bay on the yacht *Williamsburg*. But out of the past came another one of his unguarded, pop-off letters to put him back on Page One.

The furor caused by Harry Truman's letter denouncing the Marine Corps "propaganda machine that is almost equal to Stalin's" (TIME, Sept. 18) reminded a Colorado Democratic state senator that he had gotten a provocative response last year to a letter he had written to the President. State Senator Neal Bishop, knowing full well Harry Truman's dislike of John L. Lewis, had facetiously suggested putting up Mr. Lewis for Ambassador to Russia. The President's reply: "I've already appointed a good man to that post, and for your information I wouldn't appoint John L. Lewis dogcatcher . . ."

John L. Lewis was naturally not amused. To his cronies he has often spoken of the way he would outsmart Russian diplomats, if he had the chance. Big John cleared his throat and got off a letter to State Senator Bishop:

"Naturally, the first duty of the Bureau of the Dog, if staffed by the undersigned, would be to . . . impound the sad dogs, the intellectual poodle dogs and the pusillanimous pups which now infest our State Department . . . The President could ill afford to have more brains in the Dog Department than in the Department of State and, from this standpoint, his remarks to you are eminently justified."

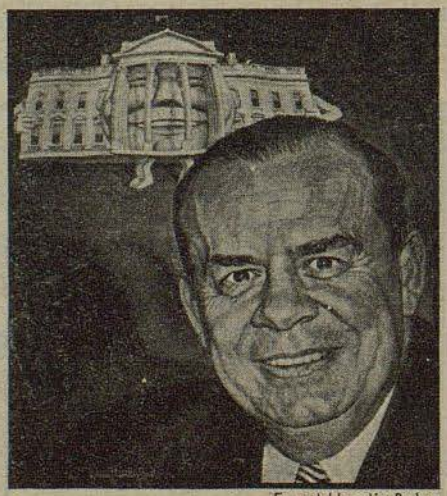
HISTORICAL NOTES

Rumps Together, Horns Out

For 18 years, roly-poly George E. Allen bobbed around Washington like a pneumatic rubber horse; everybody liked to ride him and he was always good for a horse laugh. Then he disappeared from the public gaze. George was back tending to his well-paying private affairs which have made him a millionaire.

This week the fun-loving George appeared again. He peeped out from what he jocularly calls his autobiography, entitled *Presidents Who Have Known Me* (Simon & Schuster; $3). In it he had collected all his old jokes, set down glimpses of the well-known figures who laughed at him and with him as he floated in & out of Government bureaus, the White House and smoke-filled rooms. Beyond that, George records some of the political sights which he descried from the tops and troughs of his small waves. In his modest way he makes a contribution to U.S. political history.

"You Can't Beat the Horses." In 1933, "everybody who hadn't been anybody," the buoyant George writes, "was going into Government." George had drifted from a law practice in Okolona, Miss. into the hotel business, and had wound up in Washington. Like most of his friends, in 1929 he had gone broke ($500,000 in the red). But he liked Washington and he made a lot of friends. Franklin Roosevelt did not know him "from George Spelvin," but the President appointed him one of the three District Commissioners of Washington, D.C.



Ernest Hamlin Baker

GEORGE ALLEN

"I must have been off my rocker."

They were grim days, but for Commissioner Allen full of exhilarating experiences. He recalls some of them. Harry Hopkins made him the District of Columbia's Relief Administrator. George played golf with Harry, who was a hopeless duffer, and spotted Hopkins two strokes a hole "for an additional million dollars for District relief projects." George Allen got his million, kindness of U.S. taxpayers.

Some of it he spent to put unemployed newsmen to work computing the percentage of favorites who had won over the past 20 years at reputable race tracks. "They found that 33% of the favorites had won but not with any consistency," George reports. "You can't beat the horses." (He has never quit trying, however.) He admits the research might seem a "horrible" boondoggle to some, but the problem "was to save human beings from feeling useless."

"Such a Pipsqueak As I." As George tells it, his biggest splash in the news was the result of his doing a favor for a friend. After he quit the commissionership in 1938 and went to work recouping his fortune in private business, he continued to serve as unsalaried waterboy, choreboy and funnyman, first to Franklin Roosevelt, then to Harry Truman. In 1946 Truman asked him to serve on the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. "I must have been off my rocker," George recalls. "I should have said, 'Why pick on me? Let's load this onto one of our enemies.'" Instead George Allen took the RFC appointment.

He tells with happy candor the story of the resultant uproar. The few supporters "who thought I wasn't so bad" were

"drowned out by the chorus of dismay . . . Just how such a pipsqueak as I turned out to be could also become a major scandal was one of the incongruities of the episode." The other incongruity was a Senate committee going into stitches over George's testimony and ending up by confirming him. He quit after one unspectacular year in RFC, and settled down again to his private enterprises.* Says George modestly: "My record . . . was the record of a man who had no qualifications for the job except the political patronage of Truman."

"Reign of Terror." He had no malice —or at least he admits none now. In all his years around Washington, apparently the only person he disliked was Columnist Drew Pearson. "The punishment for noncooperation with Pearson can be quite terrible, as many public officials have found"—among them, he records, the late Secretary of Defense James Forrestal. George thinks the Pearson "reign of terror now one of the least inspiring aspects of the Washington spectacle."

The man he most respected: Franklin Roosevelt, "although I had to learn to like him as one learns to like olives." And "The fact remains that he laughed only perfunctorily at my jokes." Roosevelt, furthermore, made George the butt of F.D.R.'s own sometimes broad practical jokes, which George also never quite got over. Once in 1937, to a crowd of folks gathered around the Roosevelt train in Sparks, Nev., Roosevelt suddenly introduced George as a district judge. Before George knew it he was thrust out before 10,000 people to make a stammering speech. As the train pulled out of Sparks, "Roosevelt laughed harder than I have ever heard him before."

"Cynical Middle Age." Sometimes during those years, George, the pneumatic horse, let out some air, submerged, and took a look at life below the surface. Swimming around, he came upon some of the more curious aspects of U.S. politics. Allen discovered some corruption, but, he wrote, "the fortunate thing for America is that under our system nobody ever achieves absolute power and that we therefore do not become absolutely corrupt . . . I am a little ashamed to confess that petty corruption doesn't shock me very much, because in my cynical middle age I have come to think of it as inevitable."

He found Washington lobbyists to be "precisely as effective as the number of votes they can deliver . . . Labor's lobby is today the most effective in the capital." Politicians will sometimes "go along with policies they don't believe in personally for votes, but almost never for any other kind of gain." George thought Arizona's ex-Senator Henry Ashurst, one of Congress' greatest orators, summed it up. After making an impressive fight for a cause he sincerely believed in, Ashurst abruptly switched. Said a colleague: "Thank God, Henry, you have seen the light." Said Ashurst: "Oh, no . . . I felt the heat." Says George: "People who think the mighty in Washington can be persuaded by, or corrupted, if you will, by anything less than votes just don't understand what it's all about."

"My Bulging Waistline." The other thing to understand about U.S. politics, says Author Allen, is political loyalty, which is "a special kind of virtue . . . In a field of activity where the outs are forever on the hunt for some way of getting in, the ins must herd together for mutual protection, rumps together and horns presented to the would-be intruders."

Faithful Democrat Allen himself provides a case in point. He is an almost

Thomas McAvoy—LIFE

ALAN VALENTINE

Precarious was the word for it.

reverent admirer of Dwight Eisenhower who, George declares, refused the Republican nomination because "he didn't think it would be wise of the American people to pick as President a man they knew only as a military leader." If the Republican Party had gotten Ike, George avows, it "would have had a candidate worthy of its Abraham Lincoln tradition." Would George have voted for him? Not on your life. George Allen is first and last a party man. Politics are politics. At all costs, the herd must be saved: rumps together, horns out.

TAXES

Don't Look Now, But . . .

No matter how well braced he was for the new defense program, John Citizen was going to be hard put not to emit at least one wild and profane cry when he got the word. Best Washington guess at the next national budget: approximately $73 billion, or $20 billion more than this year.

Government tax experts, mulling how to keep on a pay-as-you-go basis, guessed that at best only $3 to $5 billion more can be raised by an excess-profits tax. Raising the 45% corporate-profits tax to 55% could squeeze out another $4 billion. Where to find the remaining $11 billion? Nowhere but in the pockets of individual citizens.

The new interim tax law which raises income taxes an average of 17%, effective Oct. 1, will gather only about $2.7 billion extra over twelve months' time. Another raise next year, if twice as stiff, would probably bring in added taxes at the rate of no more than $6 billion a year. That would leave $5 billion to be gathered from broadened excise taxes, or from a federal sales tax—all of which would result in the highest levies in U.S. history. Congress might not stand for that, might decide instead to go deeper into debt (national debt today: $256 billion). While kicking in the highest taxes since V-J day, U.S. citizens would thus still have to watch the national debt (and their long-term liability for taxes) rise . . . and rise . . . and rise.

THE ADMINISTRATION

For an Old Rugby Player

Harry Truman picked a mild-appearing man last week for what might well turn out to be one of the nation's roughest, toughest jobs: bossing the new Economic Stabilization Agency. The precarious honor went to meteoric Alan Valentine, who quit the presidency of the University of Rochester last June chiefly because he was not sure (at 49) that he had made the right choice of a career.

Behind Valentine was a life spent in universities, with some side trips into politics and into the business world. A Quaker, born in Glen Cove, N.Y., he went to Swarthmore where he played three years of varsity football, went to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar and played on and coached the American 1924 Olympic champion Rugby team. He returned to teach English at Swarthmore, became Master of Pierson College at Yale, a professor of history and chairman of admissions, and finally at 34, president of richly endowed Rochester. Married, he has three children. Husky, handsome and emphatic, he became the lion of ladies' discussion groups, an inveterate speaker at Commencement Days.

A pre-World War II isolationist while president at Rochester, he sent scholarly messages to Congressmen opposing any change in the Neutrality Act, opposing Lend-Lease as the road to certain U.S. involvement in the conflict. In 1940, he headed the Democrats-for-Willkie group. He became a director of a number of top-flight U.S. corporations, *e.g.*, Freeport Sulphur Co., Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway Co., Bausch & Lomb Optical Co. In 1948, he served for a year as chief of

* Among them: Occidental Life Insurance Co., Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co., Avco Manufacturing Corp., Philadelphia Co., Standard Gas & Electric, Duquesne Light Co., ACF-Brill Motors, Steep Rock Iron Mines, Ltd., Republic Steel Corp., Washington's Carlton and Wardman Park hotels.

the ECA mission to The Netherlands and was made a Grand Officer of the Order of Orange-Nassau by Queen Juliana.

Harry Truman did not reach into a hat for him, nor did he grab him from Bill Boyle's ever-ready list of faithful party hacks. Dr. Valentine for years has been the great & good friend of NSRB Chairman W. Stuart Symington (*see below*), who recommended him for the job. Valentine will operate under Coordinator Symington in the new, complex machinery being set up to run the nation's rearmament effort. Valentine's job: plan price and wage policies, and in the end, when he and the President think it is necessary, clamp on controls. Under Valentine will be directors of wage stabilization and price controls—precarious posts still to be filled.

Acme

MAYOR ROBINSON & NSRB CHAIRMAN SYMINGTON
How much is "some equipment"?

CIVILIAN DEFENSE

Barely Time to Duck

A lot of anxious and perplexed U.S. citizens trooped to Washington last week. They were civilian defense directors of many states, mayors representing some 60 million Americans, leaders of women's groups. They had been summoned to the capital to discuss plans for civilian defense if their communities should be hit by atom bombs. They were met by NSRB Chairman W. Stuart Symington and his brother-in-law, James J. Wadsworth, who is acting federal director of civilian defense.

Symington confronted them with a long, worried face. He had experienced part of the London blitz, he said, but he had never lost confidence even then that the Allies would eventually win. Now he felt no such confidence. The U.S., he told his visitors, "is in far greater danger than at any time in its history." Russia could deliver the atom bomb "anywhere in this country," and the U.S. might lose a World War III. Said Symington: "Whether we could get up and fight back depends on whether we have civilian defense."

His visitors did not need to be told that. They wanted Symington and Wadsworth to tell them what the Federal Government was going to do about it.

The cities did not know where to start, said San Francisco's Mayor Elmer Robinson. Robinson said that the local officials first had to know how much money Washington was going to put up for medical supplies, fire-fighting equipment, bomb shelters, etc. Certainly the Federal Government was obligated to share in the protection of industrial centers that are supplying the U.S. with its armaments. What did NSRB mean, Robinson wanted to know, when it said the Government would supply "some equipment"? That was up to Congress to decide in January, Symington replied unhappily.

All in all, the mayors and civilian defense leaders went back home knowing little more than before. They carried away one facetious suggestion from Toledo's Mayor Michael DiSalle on how to protect some, but not all, cities from attack. Places like Toledo, he gagged, might erect large neon signs on its buildings pointing the way to Cleveland and Detroit.

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The Air Force last week gave some answers of its own to questions of civilian defense:

¶ Blackouts will not be used so extensively as in World War II because radar can spot a target in the darkness.

¶ The Air Force had decided to drop the preliminary "blue" air raid warning signal, use only the "red" signal (which means duck, the attack is imminent). Reason: the speed of modern bombers. Once bombers were sighted there would be no time for preliminaries, barely time to duck.

COMMAND

The Big Job

The Joint Chiefs of Staff argued a thorny question. Should the U.S. furnish a commander for Western Europe's combined defense forces, who would in effect be simply a chief of staff? Or should American participation be made as dramatic as possible by accepting both authority and responsibility immediately, and sending a universally respected Supreme Commander? The argument was still to be resolved this week but there was every indication that the second course would be taken and that General Ike Eisenhower would be offered the Big Job.

OPINION

The Other Direction

Last August, Owen (*Ordeal by Slander*) Lattimore declared that the U.S. should approve the seating of the Chinese Communists in U.N. In a speech in Chicago last week, Lattimore said: "If I were in the U.N. today I would vote against admitting Communist China."

More surprisng, the onetime consultant on Far East affairs seemed to have turned his back on the State Department. Truman's foreign policy, Lattimore said, is in "disgraceful chaos," and under the control of "a weird crew of ex-isolationists, ex-Communists, pro-Nazi propagandists, fanatics and cranks working inside and outside of Congress."

HOUSING

Personal Matter?

Just to make sure that no Democrat walked off with the national capital while Congress was in recess, the Republicans had left a man behind to guard the place. Last week it was Senator John Bricker's turn to man the fort. With not much else to do, Acting Captain of the Guard Bricker gave reporters some of his ideas. One of them was that Bricker thought Congress might have to extend rent controls. Coming from Bricker, that was news. It was he who led the stubborn fight last summer against rent controls, but last week he had a personal reason for reconsideration. The day he made his pronouncement, the Mayflower Hotel—where Senator Bricker lives most of the year—announced that it had boosted rentals as much as 25%.

IMMIGRATION

Not So Fast

Garry Davis would have to wait a while to become an American again. The young ex-bomber pilot who cast off his citizenship in 1948 to become a "citizen of the world" got a chill welcome home from the Government. Davis, who re-entered the U.S. last April under the French quota as "a stateless person," will be treated like any other alien married to an American, the Justice Department said—meaning that he will have to wait two years before he can get his citizenship.

POLITICAL NOTES

Meet the People

Sirens screaming and horn ablare,
Benton & Bowles are riding the air.
Tinsel and paint and a jester's cap,
Tinkling bells and a moit of pap,
Under our elms and over our maples
Selling themselves as they sold their staples.

In this querulous doggerel, a disgruntled voter in the Hartford *Courant* last week recorded her opinion of the noisiest off-year campaign in Connecticut history. Benton & Bowles, formerly of the advertising firm of the same name, were Governor Chester Bowles and William Benton, whom he had appointed to the U.S. Senate. Chester Bowles, a man whose left-of-Truman policies inspire a little of the same devotion in his supporters and rage in his opponents that Franklin D. Roosevelt did, wanted to be governor for four more years. Benton, trying to keep his Senate seat (which he has held for ten months) was running for office for the first time, with the best huckstering tricks conceived by the sincere-tie set.

Cold Air. "The problem is to project yourself as a person," explained dynamic Bill Benton, who owns Muzak, runs the *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* and as an Assistant Secretary of State once directed the *Voice of America.* He hired a helicopter, plastered a big sign on it: "Here's Bill Benton," and went hopping about the state like a man on an aerial pogo stick. A leather-chair type glad-hander, he strove for the common touch. At country fairs, he handed out windshield stickers and buttons, told the crowd: "I will say for you ladies that I've had an experience such as you may understand. Men's trousers weren't made to be worn in helicopters—the cold air goes right up them."

Benton's one-minute radio spots were pre-evaluated for crowd appeal, his comic strip ads pretested for reader interest. He set up street-corner booths, stocked them with pretty girls, ran off five one-minute movies showing Benton the homebody (his wife showing off his scrapbook), Benton the internationalist (his trip inspecting ECA's Italian projects, aimed at the state's 239,000 Italians), Benton the statesman (flashes of Marshall, Eisenhower and Baruch endorsing his "Marshall Plan of Ideas").

Dishes & Stymies. His G.O.P. opponent, also a wealthy amateur in national politics, matched him trick for trick. A partner in the Wall Street firm of Brown Brothers, Harriman, tall, ruggedly handsome Prescott Bush had 15-minute TV spots, five-minute TV spots, and one-minute TV spots. A Yaleman (Skull & Bones), director of more than half a dozen corporations, and a sportsman (as onetime U.S. Golf Association president, he is generally credited with leading the campaign for the abolition of the stymie), Bush felt his problem, too, was to meet the people. He had himself photographed shaking hands with dishwashers and machine-shop foremen, a maneuver he brought off with the hearty air of the big boss at the annual company outing, made up for his rival's helicopter by singing second bass in a quartet with three Yale undergraduates at major public appearances. They sang the *Whiffenpoof Song,* though some of his backers thought he should shush his Yale connections. He pronounced Bowles (Yale '24) the philosopher of leftism, Senator Brien McMahon (Yale LL.B. '27) the spokesman, and Benton (Yale '21) the captive, announced that his campaign was based on "Korea, Communism, confusion and corruption."

Einar G. Chindmark

BENTON & HELICOPTER
The cold air blew up his trousers.

Einar G. Chindmark

BUSH & VOTER
The stymie was abolished.

Though "Philosopher" Bowles had not begun to campaign in earnest, for two turbulent years he had kept himself on the state's front pages by his horrendous battles with the Republican House. Bowles boasts a record of low-rent houses built, schools expanded, a bipartisan plan for reorganization of the state's government. He had tried to raise minimum wages, and extend unemployment benefits; labor outfits were solidly for him. His rival, Congressman John Davis Lodge of the Boston Lodges, talked about the Administration's "sad story of blunders," looked handsome for the news cameras (he was once a movie actor, supporting, among others, Shirley Temple), and addressed meetings in Italian while his Italian wife, a former professional dancer, performed a tarantella.

No Red Wagons. All this gallimaufry seemed to embarrass Senator Brien McMahon, a traditional-type politician. As chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, McMahon had taken on the mantle of an atomic statesman, and he kept it wrapped determinedly about him. He paid no attention to his Republican opponent, ex-Congressman Joseph Talbot of Naugatuck (Yale LL.B. '25), another old school politico who was picked partly because he was, like McMahon, a Roman Catholic. Big and old-shoe friendly, Talbot toured the state in a blue-and-yellow sound truck emblazoned: "No red on my bandwagon," and accused Democrats of being naive about Communists.

Not since 1934 had the Democrats won an off-year election in Connecticut. Even in presidential 1948, Bowles had won election by a bare 2,200 votes, while Truman lost the state. Before the tide turned in Korea, Republicans had hoped to pick up one and possibly both Senate seats. Now nobody was making any predictions: it was that close.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Through the Iron Curtain

North Carolina's husky, handsome, 54-year-old Congressman Thurmond Chatham is a man who likes people, parties, a well-bottomed drink—and doing what he pleases. He surprised his Yale classmates by passing up officer training courses, enlisting as a seaman in the Navy in World War I. He startled fellow businessmen by expanding instead of contracting the family business (Chatham blankets) during the Depression, a gamble which eventually made him a millionaire. During World War II he wangled a demotion—from commander to lieutenant commander—to get into combat on a cruiser in the Southwest Pacific.

Glad Shouts. Last week in Germany, Congressman Chatham fell into an adventure which left even his oldest acquaintances breathing a little heavily. One night, as he was seated with a glass of something warming in a West Berlin nightclub, he was spotted by a Russian whom he had known in Washington during World War II. The two men greeted each other with glad shouts, talked for hours, finally went to the Russian's flat in East Berlin. How, asked the Russian, would the Congressman like to go for a drive in the morning? The Congressman would.

When dawn broke, as Chatham told the story, all sorts of things happened. The Russian hustled into a Red army uniform, set forth with the Congressman to a Soviet car pool, and got a jeep. Having passed through the Iron Curtain, they drove on & on, mile after mile into Soviet Germany. Brushing past guards, explaining that his companion was an important representative of a satellite nation, the Russian took the Congressman to a newly built airfield, where he proudly pointed out a line of swept-wing jet planes of late design. Then he drove on to an armored infantry compound where he waved a hand at about 20 new, turretless, heavily gunned Russian tanks which appeared to stand no more than three feet off the ground. Chatham, entering into the spirit of the occasion, gravely got out his camera and took photographs of the Soviet weapons—which he later sent on to Washington.

Big Bluff. Wasn't he worried that the Russian might be pulling a trick on him? Said Congressman Chatham: "My Russian friend loves America. He wants me to help him get to the U.S., where he would like to settle down on a farm." For four years before Korea, his friend told him, Russia had been pulling the biggest bluff in history. In Korea, the Russian officer said, the U.S.S.R. had lost not only face, but great stores of military equipment which it had hoped to use again in Indo-China and Siam. The Kremlin had also made some very bad mistakes in Europe. "Every one-legged German," said the Russian lugubriously, "would carry a gun against us now."

It was late afternoon before the two friends got back to West Berlin. Gratefully, Congressman Chatham asked if he could do a favor in return. "Yes," said the Russian, "take me to a PX." There Chatham loaded his companion down with nylon stockings, cigarettes, three cans of chocolate sirup, three pounds of U.S. coffee and 15 candy bars, and bade him goodbye.

Associated Press

CONGRESSMAN CHATHAM
In return, a favor.

Dear Joe

To Harold Stassen, who had chatted with Joe Stalin in the Kremlin back in 1947, it seemed a good time for another talk. He sent the Soviet embassy in Washington a letter to be delivered to the Russian dictator. It began: "It is now three and one half years since I talked with you . . . I write to you . . . in the interest of world peace and the progress of mankind."

Associated Press

HAROLD STASSEN
In effect, join the club.

With this, Stassen gave Stalin the back of his hand for several long paragraphs, making it clear that Stassen had been right and the Premier dead wrong on a variety of subjects which they had discussed in the Kremlin. He recalled that Stalin had announced that the U.S.S.R. wanted world peace. "I find it impossible," he wrote, "to reconcile that statement with the North Korean aggression . . ."

He warned the Soviet Premier that the U.S. was not to be fooled with, that it could carry on a long rearmament program without economic collapse, that U.S. Communists could not undermine its strength, and that U.S. youth—no matter how much they hated war—would not back out of a fight.

Having thus fortified himself against any charge that he was aiding a phony Russian peace offensive, Stassen softened his tone. Stalin, in effect, was urged to change his spots, lay down his gun, wipe the frown off his face, join the club and quit causing trouble in the U.N. Stassen guaranteed that the U.S. would not attack him without provocation. "If you doubt any of the things I say to you," he added, "I believe I can prove each point through . . . further conferences."

The State Department quickly announced that Stassen, president of the University of Pennsylvania and a private citizen, was acting strictly on his own. But if he wanted a passport, he might have one.

PENSIONS

Up

Nearly 3,000,000 people who drew old-age or survivor pensions under federal Social Security last week got a raise—their first since 1939. The raise looked big—it averaged 77%—but actually it did little more than cover the rise in the cost of living (73.4%) since 1939. Monthly checks will now average $46 a person.

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For 7,000 retired employees of General Electric, who also draw company pensions, there was added good news. G.E. voluntarily increased pension payments by about $24 to $49 a month.

SEQUELS

Whatever Happened to . . . ?

¶ Big, goateed Angus Ward, the man who spent a year of harassment and humiliation confined to the U.S. consulate general in Mukden by Chinese Communists, was assigned a new post by the State Department—in Nairobi, Kenya, on Africa's east coast. It was a job which seemed to have nothing to do with Communism or the Far East—the specialties on which he had concentrated in 25 years of foreign service at consulates in Mukden, Tientsin and Vladivostok. Outspoken Careerman Ward was outspokenly disgruntled. He had not even been officially informed of his appointment, he grumbled. "For all I

know," he said "I might be going as first chauffeur or telephone operator." Actually, he would be consul general.

¶ John S. Service, who was accused of passing out confidential State Department information to the party-line *Amerasia* magazine in 1945 (a jury refused to indict him), got his seventh loyalty clearance, this time by the State Department's Loyalty Security Board, headed by Republican Conrad E. Snow. On his way to India last spring, Service was summoned home from Japan after Wisconsin's Senator Joseph McCarthy had called him "a bad security risk" whose "Communist affiliations are well-known." The board's findings, said a spokesman, had been held up while it investigated "a rumor from the Far East." The rumor, he said, had been "found baseless."

ALABAMA

The First

A 40-year-old bus driver last week got a $500 fine and six months in jail for an attempted flogging of a white man during a Ku Klux Klan ruckus in Alabama's coal-mining Jefferson County two summers ago. He was the first ever so convicted in Alabama's history.

NEW MEXICO

A Matter of Principle

In Santa Fe one fine autumn day, the wind tore away the canvas covering a 2-by-4-ft. bas-relief on the wall of an annex to New Mexico's Capitol. The bas-relief looked sullen, weary and very nude and it shocked a passing citizen. At once he told his Baptist minister, who in turn marched off to protest to 65-year-old Governor Thomas J. Mabry that the sculptured figure's reclining position was "extremely suggestive."

The governor could not quite see what the fuss was about. He was "no longer intrigued by the sight of an undressed woman," he said somewhat irrelevantly, and furthermore a magazine called *Finlandia Pictorial*, then & there on his desk, showed all sorts of public nude statues in Finland. "We all know," said he, "that the Finns are a moral people." But Tom Mabry, a Democrat, was up for re-election, and arranged to hear both sides: the artists, and three churchmen, led by the head of the local Ministerial Alliance, a Protestant group.

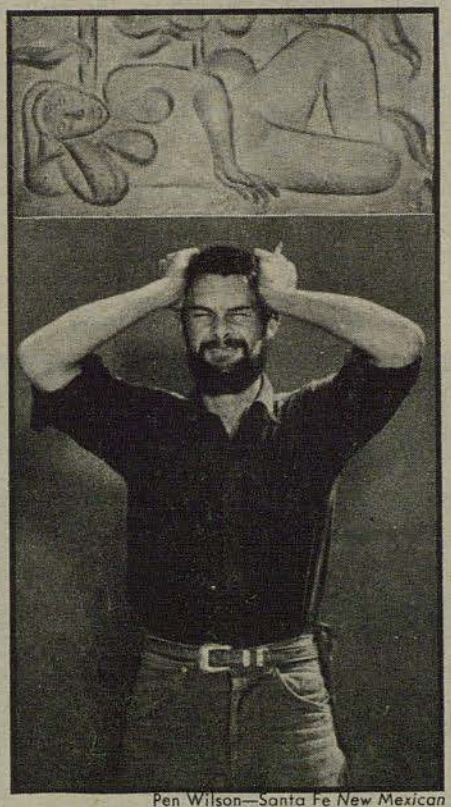
The sculptor, William Longley, bearded and 27, insisted that his bas-relief—which the newspapers nicknamed "Miss Fertility"—was wholly without sex appeal. His supporters cited the nudes in Rome's Sistine Chapel. "Evil be to him," said one, "who evil thinketh." "I can show you things in the Bible," said famed Artist John Sloan to the protesting churchmen, "that would make this look like lemonade." No artist, he said, would find the sculpture pornographic.

"There are other people in the state besides artists," countered a churchman. Then, said Sloan, "it's up to us to educate these people." "It's up to me," replied the churchman coldly "to educate you."

"It would be cowardly," said the governor, "to take this [statue] down simply to appease certain people. If we start censorship, who will do the censoring?" Then, still thinking of November, he passed the buck to the building's architect, who had the nude taken down.

At week's end, a Committee for the Preservation of Cultural Freedom was trying to get it put back up. Their grounds: the architect hadn't the authority to take the nude down, since it was a public work; since the taxpayers paid for it, they had a say in its disposal.

The issue no longer was whether the nude was artistically good, or morally bad (a good many citizens seemed to think it was neither). The issue now, trumpeted



Pen Wilson—Santa Fe New Mexican

SCULPTOR LONGLEY & BAS-RELIEF
In election year, both sides.

the committee, was censorship. One J. Robert Jones, a letter-to-the-editor writer, summed it up: "I am a citizen of New Mexico, a taxpayer and property owner," wrote Mr. Jones, "and I think that the work in question looks like hell. But principles are principles."

CALIFORNIA

Progress

"Hot-rod" racing, like drugstores, drive-ins, funerals and mysticism, had reached a peak of development in Los Angeles that was unequaled anywhere else. In fact, Los Angeles cops, in their standard patrol cars, had lost all hope of catching up with the young hot rodders who steamed happily at 90 m.p.h. or better across open fields and along express boulevards. Last week the cops put into service four souped-up 1950 Fords decked out in the standard black & white police paint job, but fitted with souped-up 110-h.p. hot-rod engines. "It gives these smart alecks a shock when we pull alongside and tell them to pull over," crowed one cop after a successful chase. "They wonder where the hell we came from."

MANNERS & MORALS

Away From It All

Manhattan's Hayden Planetarium was really only kidding. It wanted to show the public what was known about journeys into space; trips to the moon were no longer comic-book fantasies, said the planetarium, but a definite possibility—perhaps before the century is out. Tongue in cheek, the planetarium began taking reservations and faithfully promised to turn them over to the first interplanetary travel agency, when & if.

Applicants were to "check tour desired" —in the order of their distance: the moon (240,000 miles, 9½ hours); Venus, Mars, Jupiter, or Saturn (790 million miles, 1,333 days). The planetarium's "Passenger Briefing" warned that the moon is no such warm romantic place as it might seem over Miami, but rather a chill, arid spot, covered with a layer of dustlike pumice several feet thick, where conversation would be impossible, climate problematical, and locomotion difficult. While working up to a speed of 3,621 m.p.h., those with high blood pressure might suffer momentary blackouts.

By last week, the planetarium had received more than 18,000 reservations and requests for information. A man from Munich, Germany wanted to build a hotel on the moon, and a bellhop from Marion, Ohio a skating rink on Venus. A New York fur broker asked about trapping rights; a radio cowboy saw a chance "to get in on the ground floor of radio business on Venus."

Sixth graders from a school in Santa Ana, envisioning an extension of Californianism, were "interested in opening a concession on the moon to supply hot dogs, Cokes, etc., to tourists." A Catholic missionary from West Pakistan, who had heard there is no water on the moon, proposed to carry some with him for baptizing the newborn he would meet. An uncelestial Cuban reserved seats for himself and two women "because if we might settle somewhere, it is better for the passengers to be mixed."

Interested by the volume of response, a psychologist made a study of some of the reservations. A few were patently gags, he decided, but most came from people who seemed to be tired of it all and thought the chance of escaping this sorry earth was no joke at all. A woman from Massachusetts was typical. "It would be heaven to get away from this busy earth," she wrote. "I honestly wish God would let me get away . . . and just go somewhere where it's nice and peaceful, good, safe, and secure."

U.N. AT WAR

For a Free Korea

The U.N. General Assembly last week overwhelmingly approved the British resolution (backed by the U.S.) for a free, united Korea, with 47 nations voting for it, eight abstaining and only the five Russian bloc countries against it. The resolution recommends "that all appropriate steps be taken to ensure conditions of stability throughout Korea," thereby implicitly instructing U.N. forces to cross the 38th parallel.

The resolution also calls for 1) free U.N.-supervised elections and establishment of a democratic regime for all Korea; 2) a seven-nation U.N. commission to help set up the new government and help rehabilitate Korea; 3) speedy relief for the war-torn country.

STRATEGY

Last Phase

The stage was set for the final battle in the "police action" in Korea. This week General Douglas MacArthur broadcast his second ultimatum to the North Koreans: "I, as the United Nations Commander in Chief, for the last time call upon you and the forces under your command, in whatever part of Korea situated, forthwith to lay down your arms and cease hostilities." MacArthur was ready to hit the Communists above the 38th parallel with another coordinated air-sea-ground offensive.

The brilliant landing at Inchon had been executed while the enemy still held the initiative and numerical superiority in manpower. This time the odds would be overwhelmingly on the U.N. side.

Outclassed. The Communists were in precipitate flight to a new, hastily organized defensive position stretching from the peninsula's west coast near Pyongyang, the North Korean capital, to Wonsan, traffic junction and port on the eastern shore. They were heavily outclassed in equipment. The advantage of numbers had passed to the U.N. forces.

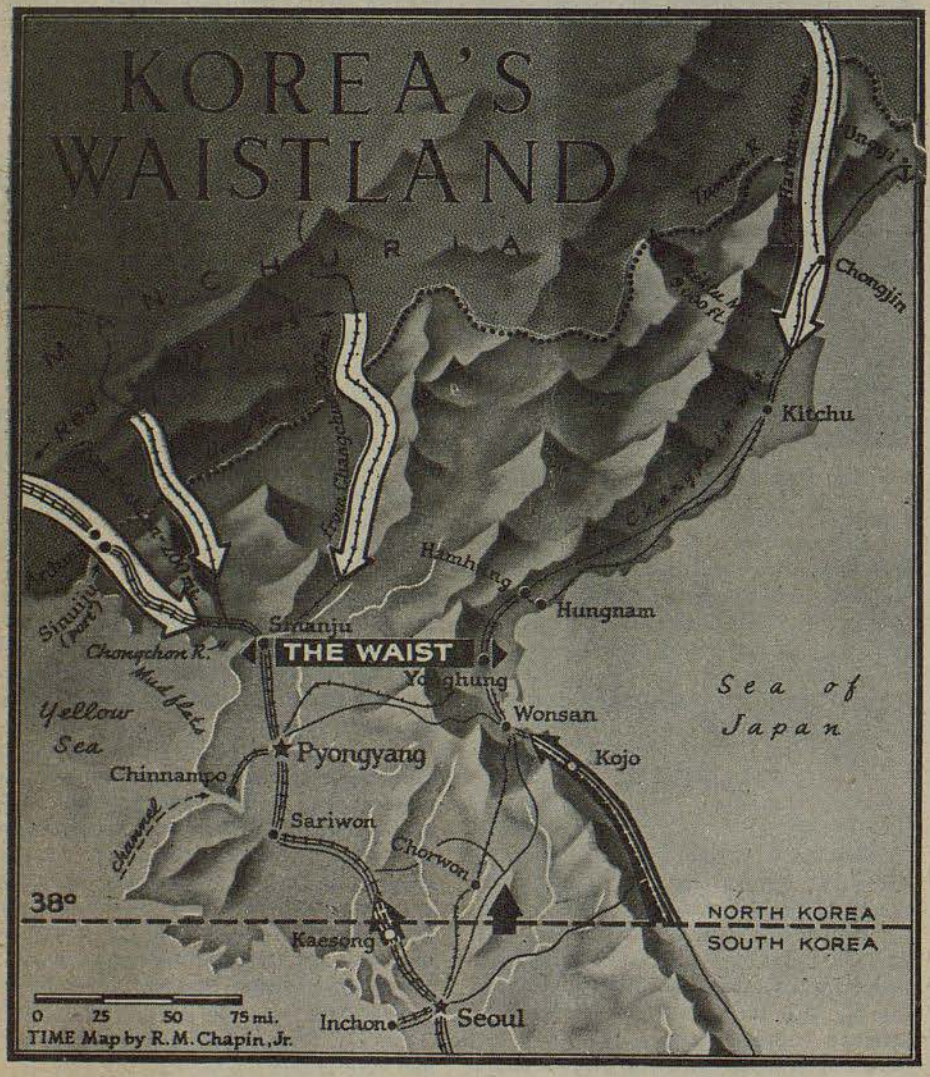
MacArthur had seven U.S. divisions* and two U.S. regimental combat teams (about 125,000 men), six South Korean divisions (about 60,000 men), one Australian and two British battalions (about 3,000 men). The Eighth Army was battle-hardened and victory-flushed, had unchallenged air support. For amphibious operations it had an equally unchallenged Navy: six aircraft carriers, the U.S. battleship *Missouri,* six cruisers, hundreds of destroyers, landing craft and other vessels.

The North Koreans had lost all but remnants of 13 divisions below the 38th parallel. They had suffered scores of thousands killed and wounded. Some 50,000 North Koreans were P.W.s. Almost all their tanks and trucks committed in the southern fighting had been knocked out or abandoned. They had no air cover. Their naval defense was limited to a few patrol boats and the sowing of Russian-made mines (*see below*). To man their defenses above the 38th parallel they had two reserve divisions, the remnants from the south and a batch of new, poorly trained recruits, a force totaling about 200,000.

Outflanked. For supplies the Communists depended largely on road communications extending 100 to 300 miles from the Manchurian and Siberian borders. U.N. air power harassed and hampered these lines. They could be cut at a critical point by a U.N. landing above or below the mudflats (*see map*) on the west coast opposite Pyongyang. Once MacArthur's men were ashore again, the U.N. would have another anvil on which the hammer of troops advancing from the south could crush the enemy's last organized forces and thus pound out the final victory.

Only a Chinese Communist or Russian army marching to the aid of the Korean comrades could possibly stave off a swift defeat for the Red aggressors. But more & more such intervention seemed unlikely. The time for it would have been a month ago when a relatively minor effort might have pushed U.N. forces into a Dunkirk on their southern beachhead. Now, for a change, not the free world but the enemy had acted too little and too late.

* Last week the famed 3rd U.S. Infantry Division, under Major General Robert H. Soule, arrived in the Korean theater. In World War II, it made four amphibious landings (North Africa, Sicily, Anzio, France), took more casualties (34,224) than any other infantry division, was one of the war's most decorated outfits.



BATTLE OF KOREA

Across the Parallel

An enemy answer to Douglas MacArthur's call for surrender was quickly spotted by a U.N. plane. Winging far up North Korea, a U.S. 5th Air Force fighter-bomber, on a night intruder mission, saw vehicles rolling down from the Manchurian border. They moved in widely spaced clusters, strung over 100 miles of road. Clearly, with supplies from the Chinese and Russian comrades over the border, the enemy was feverishly building up a defense 80 miles north of the 38th parallel.

By next dawn a big U.N. aerial hunt was underway. Superforts, Shooting Stars and Mustangs scourged the highways coming down from the north to Pyongyang on the west and Wonsan on the east coast of the peninsula. The enemy's vehicles moved

warily by night, were pulled off the roads and skillfully camouflaged during the day. North of Pyongyang, U.N. planes claimed the destruction in one 24-hour period of 85 trucks carrying tanks and artillery. Rockets and napalm bombs hit supply dumps, barracks and training camps in the North Korean defense line.

Toward Pyongyang. On the ground, U.N. divisions regrouped for the imminent push across North Korea. MacArthur blacked out news of the whereabouts of certain U.S. units; everyone guessed that some were being readied for another amphibious flanking assault along the west coast of Korea. Efficient, sharp-spoken Major General Edward M. Almond, as MacArthur's chief of staff, had planned the Inchon landing and then led the X Corps ashore to capture Seoul. It seemed a likely bet that Ed Almond and his seasoned men would figure in the next big action.

By week's end the crack U.S. 1st Cavalry Division had crossed the Imjin River, driven back remnants of the enemy's 9th and 18th Divisions, seized Kaesong, last South Korean city held by the Reds. This week the 1st Cavalry pushed across the parallel in force. They were on the main railway and road to Pyongyang.

On the American right flank, four South Korean divisions were well across the parallel, moving up in a looping front from the center of the peninsula to their farthest penetration on the east coast.

Toward Wonsan. Along the east coast road, where harvest-golden paddy fields came down to the sand dunes off the Sea of Japan, the South Korean 3rd Division this week reached Wonsan, where they encountered their first stiff resistance after a march of 100 miles in seven days from the 38th parallel.

Towns and villages along the route greeted them with evergreen arches of welcome. Old men puffed long pipes and watched. But young men of military age were noticeably absent. They had been drafted by the Communists for a stand at Wonsan and Pyongyang.

Acme

GENERAL ALMOND & STAFF
In a blackout, a likely bet.

WAR AT SEA

Death for the *Magpie*

Before she became a minesweeper, the U.S.S. *Magpie* worked in the California fishing fleet as a dragger or purse seiner, and she was known as the *City of San Pedro*. In 1936 the Navy bought her and 20 sister boats, gave them each a 3-in. gun, gear to catch something more deadly than tuna, and names from the birds, such as *Bunting*, *Crossbill*, *Crow*, *Puffin* and *Heath Hen*. They all had wooden hulls, so thin that a dummy torpedo dropped in practice from a plane once sank one. Still, the *Magpie* and her sisters, not without casualties, served in World War II, sweeping up enemy mines off Palau, Okinawa, the Philippines and Normandy.

Last week, while clearing the waters off the east Korean shore, the *Magpie's* wooden hull bumped a floating mine. The explosion sent her to the bottom, with 21 of her crew, including her commander Lieut. (j.g.) Warren Roy Person; only twelve survivors were picked up.

The *Magpie* was the third U.S. warship hit by floating mines off Korea. The destroyers *Brush* and *Mansfield* had suffered eleven dead, three missing, 17 wounded, but managed to limp back to port. In Washington, Chief of Naval Operations Admiral Forrest P. Sherman said the mines were Russian-made, "only recently from the warehouse," probably set adrift in Korean rivers. More than 65 have been swept up so far. They are illegal under The Hague Convention of 1907, which forbids unmoored mines. Russia, however, had never signed the convention.

MEN AT WAR

Story of a Helicopter

In the Korean war, U.S. helicopters with their big whirring rotors hover over the rugged battlefields, bringing supplies to cut-off units or rescuing the wounded from isolated spots that could not have been reached any other way. One of the men flying the 'copters is Lieut. (j.g.) Charles Jones, a 28-year-old Kansan. Not long ago Lieut. Jones took off from the cruiser *Rochester* to find and rescue a Corsair fighter pilot who had been shot down over North Korea. The Navy does not consider it safe to use helicopters for night flying and Jones knew it would be dark before he could get back, but he volunteered to go on the mission anyway.

Just before sunset, Jones and his crewman, Marine Corporal Larry Whittall, spotted the downed fighter pilot. He had moved into an abandoned foxhole on top of a hill; U.S. fighter planes overhead were firing at swarms of Reds who were trying to get at him. Just as Jones was about to lower his helicopter for a landing, he ran into Red fire. "Guys were running out of a house taking pot shots at us," Jones recalls.

Jones pulled back but decided to go in for a second try, hoping to lift the pilot out of his foxhole with a sling. "I was hovering over the pilot with the hoist sling down," Jones reported later, "but he gave me a frantic wave-off, as small arms fire opened up all around us . . . I heard bullets hitting the helicopter and gas fumes began to fill the cockpit . . . I think he knew that he was done for and didn't want us to get it too. He just wouldn't take the sling . . ."

Finally, his rear gas tank hit and his controls damaged, Jones gave up. On the way back, Corporal Whittall had to lie on the floor of the cockpit, holding one of the controls in place with a knife. Jones knew he could not make it back to the *Rochester*, brought his craft down on the Han River in territory then still held by the Reds. Jones and Whittall took to their rubber life raft and reached an island in the river. As soon as the moon came up, they were rescued—by a helicopter.

WAR CRIMES

On a Large Scale

The war was only a fortnight old when the bodies of seven U.S. soldiers captured by the North Koreans were found, shot in the head and with their hands tied behind them. After that, U.N. troops had no illusion about the kind of enemy they were fighting, but no one was quite prepared for the grisly picture of systematic Communist atrocity revealed last week in South Korea.

Recapturing Taejon, the 24th Division found the bodies of 40 American soldiers

thrown into long trenches in the Taejon prison yard. There was one survivor, Sergeant Carey H. Weiner of Hickman Mills, Mo. Wounded only in the hand, he had feigned death, lain in the trench for two days. Weiner said that before pulling out of Taejon the Communists tied the prisoners together, pushed them into the trenches and shot them as they crouched against the sides. The Communists then shoveled dirt on the bodies. As the Taejon area was searched, the bodies of 5,000 or 6,000 Koreans were found.

In Seoul, the bodies of 35 men, women & children were found on the boulder-strewn side of Songbok hill where they had been shot down by Communist police. Mayor K. B. Lee of Seoul said that the dead had been relatives of members of the national police force who escaped in the early stages of the invasion. Other Seoul witnesses described how 2,000 young men, said to be members of an anti-Communist organization, had been lined up along the banks of the Han River and machine-gunned.

Little by little the picture was enlarged. At Wonju 1,000 to 2,000 had been killed, including five U.S. officers, at Suchon 280, at Mokpo 500, at Yangpyong 700, at Chongju 2,400, at Yosu 200.

Everywhere the pattern was the same: these were not chance killings but deliberate, premeditated executions of political prisoners, relatives of South Korean soldiers and suspected anti-Communists. Said the United Nations Commission on Korea in a report to Secretary General Trygve Lie: "The commission condemns the complete disregard by the North Korean authorities of civilized standards of behavior as well as of the principle of the Geneva Conventions." At week's end a conservative estimate of the number of civilians killed by the retreating Reds was 25,000.

THE ALLIES

Father of His Country?

(See Cover)

After three months as a refugee in his own country, Syngman Rhee, President of the Republic of Korea, had come home to Seoul. He found his official residence littered with the midden of the routed Communist army, including back copies of the Soviet newspaper *Izvestia*. When the litter had been cleared away, a close inspection of the presidential mansion showed that the Russian civilians billeted there during the Communist occupation had left behind all of Rhee's most valuable and showy possessions. Mrs. Rhee had not fared so well; the Russians, headed north into the winter, had made off with her warmest clothes, including her winter underwear.

Almost as though the war had never been, Syngman Rhee's days last week had returned to their orderly pattern. Up each morning at 6:30, he puttered briefly in his garden before eating a Western-style breakfast—coffee, fruit juice, cereal and eggs. Rhee's guests were offered cigars (Phillies) or Korean cigarettes. Rhee himself seldom smoked, explaining that cigars made him sick; he only smokes them in the privacy of a bathroom. A visitor who had American candy to present was sure of warm thanks. Toward the end of a day, Rhee was visibly weary. The night would not greatly restore him; he has insomnia.

Carl Mydans—LIFE

SYNGMAN RHEE & WIFE
Russian trade: Izvestia for underwear.

On the tired shoulders of Syngman Rhee rests the hope of a revived and unified Korea. Rhee's strongly anti-Soviet stand had made him a natural propaganda target for the Cominform. Agitation against him had become strong in liberal and labor circles, particularly in France, Australia, Great Britain and India. In the U.S. he had been subjected to the same kind of smear campaign that had turned many an honest but unsuspecting man away from China's Chiang Kai-shek. It was true that Syngman Rhee was arbitrary and that he sometimes ran roughshod over the civil rights of his opponents. But he was also 1) a thoroughgoing anti-Communist, 2) Korea's most respected figure, and 3) Korea's fairly elected President and the only man who would stand a chance of being elected to that office again if another vote were taken today. No matter what their opinion of his manners & methods, the U.S. and other U.N. members would have to work with Syngman Rhee.

A Shovel & a Broom. Last week the citizens of Seoul, like their President, were busy appraising the damage, restoring things to their familiar order. Amid the honking, clattering confusion of U.S. jeeps, tanks and trucks, numberless Korean labor gangs placidly sorted out useful items from the rubble of war, hauled away debris on little sledges fashioned from sandbags abandoned by the retreating Reds. In front of the U.S. embassy, beggar children pestered G.I.s for candy and adults approached U.S. officers with a hopeful plea: "I speak little English, want job with Americans. Interpreter, please. No broom, no shovel." Most of the would-be interpreters got jobs as "engineers," a title which seemed to remove the sting from the fact that they usually got both a shovel and a broom and instructions to go to work on Seoul's rubble. Busiest of all was the jam-packed black-market district where Koreans with enough won dickered energetically for soap, fur coats, G.I. pork & beans, streptomycin. The Communists had made a successful effort to stamp out the black market, but in so doing had stamped out the white market, too.

Seoul still had a long way to go before its revival was complete. More than 60% of the city had been destroyed and housing was desperately scarce. There was no water in the mains. There was no electric power. Trolleys stood idle on their tracks. In the railroad yards lay hundreds of bombed and burnt-out freight cars.

Most of Korea shared Seoul's troubles. The former Pusan bridgehead, which had a peacetime population of 4,000,000, last week was supporting an additional 2,000,000 refugees, all dependent on the state and the U.S. Army for food, clothing and shelter. In North Korea, as the war rolled toward the Manchurian border, the Republic would be saddled with the unwholesome works of bulky, red-faced General Terenty Shtykov, the U.S.S.R.'s proconsul, and fat, sleepy-eyed Kim Il Sung, the Korean Communist chieftain. The land the Communists had confiscated for "distribution to the peasants" and the industries they had nationalized would raise endless questions of ownership and compensation. The punishment or re-indoctrination of Communist leaders would demand much time and effort, although Rhee had announced a policy of no vengeance against North Korean soldiers.

A Gentleman & a Scholar. Half a dozen agencies, both U.S. and U.N., were prepared to help Korea. ECA was already

taking a survey to determine how its funds could best be used for reconstruction. But in the eyes of Koreans, the first responsibility for solving their problems lay squarely upon slight, white-haired Syngman Rhee (rhymes with bee). Under circumstances that his scholar ancestors could not have imagined, Rhee was following an old family tradition.

For the Korean aristocracy into which Rhee was born 75 years ago it was an immutable law that a gentleman should be a scholar and that scholars should govern the people. Rhee's father, a descendant of the Yi family* which ruled Korea from 1392 to 1910, saw to it that his son got a Korean gentleman's education in the Chinese language and Confucian classics. Rhee took to the traditional learning eagerly (he still writes classical Chinese poetry). He placed first in the Korean national examinations where young scholars won admittance to the bureaucracy.

Despite his scholastic success, Rhee did not enter the government immediately. By this time (1895), Korea, though still independent, was under heavy pressure from both the Russian and Japanese empires. Shrewdly concluding that a Western education and knowledge of English would be useful to a future Korean official, Rhee became a student at Pai Chai College, a Methodist mission school in Seoul. At Pai Chai he was exposed not only to English but to Christianity and Western political thought.

Privy Council & Prison. All three influences took hold. Rhee joined the Independence Club, a nationalist organization which demanded reform of the Korean monarchy and a constitutional government. He also helped found Korea's first daily newspaper, which fought bitterly against the growth of Japanese influence in Korea. Hoping to draw the fangs of the Independence Club, the bedeviled Korean Emperor Kojong appointed Rhee to the Privy Council, clapped 17 more of the club's leaders into prison. (Rhee later got them released.) In 1897 Rhee overstepped the bounds permitted a Privy Councilor by leading a student demonstration against the government. He was promptly clapped into jail himself.

In prison Rhee got the treatment considered fitting for top-rank political offenders. He was subjected to daily torture —finger mashing, beating with three-cornered rods, burning of oil paper around the arms. He wore a 20-lb. weight around his neck, was kept handcuffed and locked in stocks.

After six months he was sentenced to life imprisonment and that improved his lot considerably. The torture stopped. He was transferred to another prison, found that he could smuggle out editorials for his newspaper. In the long prison years he also wrote *The Spirit of Independence*, a book which seized the imagination of Korean patriots, helped establish Rhee as spiritual leader of the nationalist movement. By this time Rhee had become a Methodist—like China's Chiang Kai-shek.

* Rhee's Korean name is Yi Sung-man. Transliterated into English, the Chinese character for Rhee's family name is commonly written "Yi" by Chinese and Koreans, "Ri" by Japanese. Like many Koreans, Rhee Westernized his name for convenience in dealing with Westerners.

Alfred Eisenstaedt—Pix

KIM KOO

Beside the body, an explanatory note.

Harvard & Hunting Dogs. In 1904, after Rhee had been behind bars for seven years, the Russo-Japanese War began and in the confusion which gripped Korea a nationalist group temporarily seized control of the Korean government. Rhee was released from prison, headed for the U.S. as a special envoy of the new government. He tried to persuade President Theodore Roosevelt that Korea should not be handed over to Japan in the Russo-Japanese peace conference which Roosevelt had arranged. Roosevelt, Rhee remembers, "received me cordially" at Oyster Bay; but Rhee's request to attend the peace conference was refused. In the Treaty of Portsmouth, victorious Japan won a virtual protectorate over Korea.

East-West Photographic Agency

KIM IL SUNG

Over the land, endless questions.

After his mission failed, Rhee stayed in the U.S., went on with his Western education. He got an A.B. from George Washington University and an M.A. from Harvard, then went to Princeton to get his Ph.D. When the dean of Princeton's Graduate School questioned his academic qualifications, Rhee stated that he had studied Latin for one year, which seemed to him to be enough, asked to be excused from the usually required study of German and Greek. Wrote Rhee with ill-concealed annoyance, "Beside my own tongue, in which I am known to be a good writer . . . I have a knowledge of Chinese literature, classics, history, philosophy and religion . . . Japanese, English and French are also to be counted as my foreign languages." Rhee was admitted, earned his degree with a thesis on "Neutrality as Influenced by the United States."

In 1910, the year that Japan deposed the Korean Emperor and openly annexed his kingdom, Syngman Rhee returned to Korea as a Y.M.C.A. worker, doing a bit of political agitation on the side. The Japanese, who distrusted all Christians, were doubly distrustful of Syngman Rhee. They assigned as his permanent shadow a police agent named Yoon Piung-hi, one of the most notorious of the "hunting dogs," *i.e.*, Koreans in the Japanese secret service. A specialist in a kind of primitive psychological warfare, Yoon Piung-hi assiduously spread rumors about Rhee. On one occasion Rhee spent the night away from home, sleeping in a small room he had rented at the Y.M.C.A. "The next morning," Rhee relates, "my father came to the [Y.M.C.A.] building with tears in his eyes and asked everybody he met, 'Do you know what happened to my son? They have tortured him and broken his legs. Yoon Piung-hi told me.' "

Yoon Piung-hi's activities made it clear that it was only a matter of time before the Japanese would decide to imprison Rhee, perhaps to dispose of him permanently. In 1912, with the help of missionary friends, Rhee got permission to leave Korea for six months. He sailed for Hawaii, settled down as a leader of the territory's small Korean colony.

Confucianism & a Coffin. Though gone from Korea, Rhee was not forgotten. Many years later he wrote, "Raised in a Confucian family, I was naturally a man of peace." With the coming of World War I, Rhee's Confucian pacifism, reinforced by Christianity, led him to subscribe wholeheartedly to Woodrow Wilson's idealistic visions of a world without violence. Rhee became convinced that a passive uprising in Korea would win his people recognition both from America and from the League of Nations. In 1919 resistance leaders who had remained in Korea met secretly in Seoul to plot a revolt. Swayed by second-hand reports of Rhee's views, the con-

spirators distributed to every village in Korea a copy of a Korean Declaration of Independence and a set of orders:

"Whatever you do

"Do not insult the Japanese

"Do not throw stones

"Do not hit with your fists

"For these are the acts of barbarians."

On March 1, 1919, people gathered throughout Korea to hear the Declaration of Independence read, to wave their forbidden Korean flags and to shout *"Mansei."* Then they were supposed to disperse quietly and go home. In many places they never got a chance to disperse quietly. Japanese troops charged into crowds, shooting, swinging swords and mutilating their victims with firemen's hooks. In the bloody week of Japanese "mopping up" operations, it was estimated that 200,000 Koreans had been arrested, 7,000 killed.

The "Passive Revolution" earned Koreans little foreign sympathy; but it strengthened the determination of Korean patriots. Late in 1919 independence leaders from Korea and from Korean communities in exile gathered in Shanghai. Rhee, who feared that Chinese police might collar him to earn the $300,000 price placed by the Japanese on his head, was smuggled into Shanghai's International Settlement in a coffin. There he helped establish the Provisional Government of the Republic of Korea, became its first President.

Conferences & Croquet. In the next 20 years Syngman Rhee's life fell into the dreary, frustrating round of most exiled politicians. He attended international conferences vainly trying to win recognition for Korea. (The U.S. Government blocked his attendance at Versailles Treaty meetings and at later disarmament conferences, because his presence might have embarrassed the Japanese.) He quarreled with other exiled Korean politicians. (Rhee was for continued passive resistance; other leaders favored violent action.) By World War II, the Provisional Government was almost defunct and Rhee turned over the Korean central agency in China to Kim Koo, Korea's master political assassin.*

In 1934 Rhee married Franziska Donner, an Austrian whom he had met while attending a League of Nations meeting in Geneva. Twenty years younger than Rhee, Franziska was attractive and chirrupy. She managed efficiently her impractical husband's finances. Said Rhee in 1941, "When I married a foreign lady, my family was very displeased, but they found out it was a perfect marriage." At parties, however, Rhee has been heard to tell Mrs. Rhee, "Now hush. You have talked enough."

In 1939 Rhee and Franziska moved to Washington, where Rhee acted as U.S. representative of the Provisional Government and arbiter of all Korean activities in the U.S. They lived simply, bought a twelve-room stucco house on 16th Street only after advisers suggested that it would be a good idea to have a reasonably impressive establishment. Rhee, who drank no Western liquors and smoked only an occasional cigarette, avoided Washington's cocktail party set. Most of his time was spent in attempts to interest the State Department in the Provisional Government and Korean independence. Even after World War II began, the U.S. remained stonily indifferent. When Rhee mailed his credentials to the State Department shortly after Pearl Harbor, he was asked to come and take them away again.

William Gray

GENERAL SHTYKOV
Unwholesome words.

While he lived in Washington, Rhee spent most of his leisure time outdoors. He took great pleasure in mowing his lawn, spent many a Sunday afternoon in a rented rowboat fishing the Potomac. Aside from an occasional game of tennis with his wife, his only active sport was croquet, also a favorite game of former Secretary of State Cordell Hull, who had so stubbornly ignored the claims of Rhee's government. One afternoon in 1943 Rhee interrupted a croquet game with some friends to tune in a broadcast of the Cairo Conference communiqué. He listened quietly to the communiqué, in which a promise that "Korea shall become free" was marred, he felt, by the weasel words "in due course." Said Rhee to his host when the broadcast was over: "What a pity I have not been playing croquet with Cordell Hull."

U.S. indifference changed Rhee's character, left him bitter and disillusioned. Convinced that most of the world was hostile to his cause, he fell back upon a small circle of friends and advisers. Chief among them was Washington Lawyer John W. Staggers, who had for many years acted as an agent of the Korean government. Staggers handled Rhee's income, which consisted largely of contributions from Koreans in the U.S. When the contributions were small, many Washingtonians believe, Staggers added to them from his own pocket.

Bitterness & the Boy Scouts. By the end of World War II, Syngman Rhee had little left of the pacifist idealism which had motivated him in 1919, had acquired a bitter and intimate understanding of the Korean proverb "When whales fight, the shrimp are eaten." Bypassing the Secretary of State, he persuaded the War Department to return him to liberated Korea simply "as a private person." General John Hodge, who commanded U.S. occupation forces, saw in Rhee a possible rallying point, a focus which might bring order out of South Korea's chaos. When Hodge led Rhee onto a platform in Seoul, 50,000 Koreans burst into tears and cheers at the sight of their legendary leader.

In the next few months Rhee proved far more of a catalyst than Hodge had bargained for, and not at all what the general had wanted. At the time of Rhee's return, 205 Korean political parties were registered with U.S. Military Government. Among them were the Forlorn Hope Society, the Supporters' Union for All Korean Political Actors, the Getting Ready Committee for the Return of the Provisional Korean Government and the Korean National Youth Movement, which called itself "the new Boy Scouts." ("The new Boy Scouts" soon had to be curbed as a menace to law & order.)

Because most Koreans despise political parties, Rhee refused to become affiliated with any group, although the National Party follows his guidance and supports his policies. But he stubbornly insisted on two points: 1) Korea must be independent, *i.e.*, free of both Russian and U.S. interference; 2) Korea must be united, *i.e.*, the North Korean Communists must be thrown out and the whole country united behind Syngman Rhee. Rhee's obdurate stand in effect divided South Koreans into two parties, one made up of people who agreed with Syngman Rhee, the other of people who, along with General Hodge and the U.S. State Department, hoped that Korea could be united by a compromise with the Communists.

* Kim Koo first won the favorable attention of the Korean public in 1899, when he strangled a Japanese captain. Beside the captain's body Kim left a note setting forth his name, address and the reason for the murder. (The captain had engineered the murder of a Korean queen.) The authorities threw Kim into jail, but in 1901 he escaped, disguised as a Buddhist priest. In 1917 Kim decided that periodic prison stretches were interfering with his efficiency as an assassin, transferred his base of operations to Shanghai. There he organized a bombing which killed a Japanese general, mutilated a Japanese admiral and blew a leg off Mamoru Shigemitsu, who later signed Japan's World War II surrender aboard the *Missouri*. This made Kim a topflight Korean hero, a position which he reinforced by marrying the daughter of An Chung-kuen, another Korean hero who had assassinated Prince Ito, Japan's first constitutional Premier. In 1949 a young Korean army officer, who suspected that Kim had ordered the murder of one of his relatives, assassinated Korea's master terrorist.

It soon became clear that no compromise was possible. With Rhee's agreement, both the U.S. and U.N. urged that North Korea take part in a nationwide general election. North Korea's Communist leaders refused. Fearing the results of a free election, they turned the 38th parallel into an impassable frontier, thereby economically crippling both halves of Korea.

In 1948 South Korea finally went ahead without the north, held an honest, carefully supervised election under U.N. sponsorship. (On the basis of the relative populations of North and South Korea, it was decided to leave 100 of the 310 seats in the National Assembly vacant—to be filled by North Korean representatives if Korea should be unified.) In the elections a majority of South Koreans voted their support of Syngman Rhee. The Republic of Korea was established and Rhee became its first President.

Woodpiles & War. Almost at once the new President ran into trouble. There were murmurs carefully heated up by the Communists that his 35-year exile had made him a foreigner. Some of his opponents said that he thought in English, not Korean. Others seized on the fact that he wore Korean clothes only for public appearances, preferred to wear Western clothes at home. Audiences at public affairs were irritated by the invariable presence of Rhee's Austrian wife, who speaks only halting Korean. Said one left-winger: "He may be the father of our country, but she can never be its mother."

More serious were Rhee's troubles with the National Assembly. When the Assembly refused to appropriate funds for some of Rhee's government projects, the President lambasted them with a vigor that outdid Truman's gibes at the 80th Congress. Then Rhee unconstitutionally appropriated the funds by executive order. "Why should there be anything between a President and his people," he trumpeted. Occasionally during a conference with rebellious assemblymen, rising anger would drive Rhee out of the presidential mansion to a handy woodpile. Only after he had chopped the woodpile down to size would Rhee come back to the conference, his equanimity temporarily restored.

Some observers believe that the prestige of Rhee's government sank in the months before the North Korean invasion. They cite the result of last May's U.N.-observed election, which had filled the National Assembly with an assortment of independents, many of whom were hostile to Rhee. Both in Korea and abroad, Rhee's opponents called him a lame-duck President, declared that his government was discredited. Other observers believe that Rhee's government was just beginning to hit its stride last June and that the Reds attacked when they did because they could not afford to tolerate the example of an effective, popular anti-Communist government in Asia.

Under the test of war, the Rhee government showed surprising strength. Many of Rhee's cabinet members displayed administrative talent of a high order. Outstanding among them was Defense Minister Shin Sung Mo, who likes to be called "Captain," a rank he held in the British merchant marine during World War II. ("It's the title I worked hardest to earn.") It was Shin Sung Mo who masterminded the rapid reorganization of the R.O.K. army after its staggering initial defeats. Outstanding, too, was another Shin. Though not a Rhee supporter, able, eloquent Shin Ikhui, Speaker of the National Assembly, worked closely with the cabinet, helped make the Assembly a wartime asset.

The wartime conduct of the South Korean people as well as of their leaders reflected favorably on Rhee's government. The R.O.K. army, which suffered few desertions, proved itself the most determined and effective of Asia's anti-Communist armies. And, contrary to all expectations, there was little true guerrilla activity in South Korea. There were innumerable attacks by North Korean irregular troops, but few proved instances of South Korean peasants or workers attacking U.N. forces.

To Syngman Rhee the North Korean invasion was both a vindication and an opportunity. In his eyes the war justified the uncompromising anti-Communist stand which had earned him so many enemies. And the war offered a chance to unify Korea. Rhee was determined that when the war was won, North Korea would be absorbed by the Republic. "We have not despaired," Rhee said recently. "We must not be disappointed."

For 55 years, Rhee had been running for the job of "father of his country." Last week, old, tired, crabbed, but still determined and still a symbol of Korean independence, he was closer to it than ever before.

Acme

KOREANS CHEERING U.N. TROOPS
Hopeful pleas.

DANGER ZONES

150,000 Big Noses

When the first Russians entered China long ago, the button-nosed Chinese dubbed them *ta pi-tze*, or Big Noses. Last week, a count of the Big Noses in Red China totaled more than 150,000 soldiers and civilians.

The Russian advance into China takes this pattern:

¶ In the Port Arthur-Dairen area of Manchuria, where Yalta's secret deal gave Joseph Stalin a naval base and port privileges, the Russians have their 39th army (two infantry, one armored, one artillery, one antiaircraft and two "aviation" divisions), numbering 60,000.

¶ Along Manchuria's railways, linking Port Arthur with Mukden, Vladivostok and Manchouli, are another 50,000 Russians. These may be railroad guards rather than organized combat troops.

¶ A conglomerate Russian-led army of Chinese, Mongolians, Koreans and Japanese is posted along the north Manchurian frontier. Numbers and organization unknown, they form a reservoir of indoctrinated troops who can be used in their native lands whenever necessary.

¶ Russian air force units, of major strength, are centered in Manchuria's Tsitsihar-Harbin area. They help train Chinese airmen.

¶ Russian advisers flooded into China after the Nationalist breakdown in 1949. Their activities touch practically all phases of Chinese life. They number about 42,000, of whom 19,000 are civilian technicians while 23,000 serve with the Chinese Red armed forces.

The Russian advisers "live as the Chinese do," reports say. The result, so far: no visible strain or dissension between the Russian and Chinese comrades.

GREAT BRITAIN

Middle-Aged Party

A half century ago, under flickering gaslight in London's Memorial Hall, a group of cloth-capped proletarians and tweed-bearing intellectuals founded the organization that was soon called the British Labor Party. At the next general elections the party boasted two Members of Parliament: Keir Hardie, a Scottish miner, and Richard Bell, a railwayman. Both would have looked out of place at the party's 49th annual conference in Margate last week. Klieg lights poured down on Prime Minister Attlee, six Cabinet Ministers and hundreds of well-dressed Labor Members of Parliament. Among them: seven noble Lords, including a film magnate, and a few millionaires. They crowded the American bar of Margate's Grand Hotel.

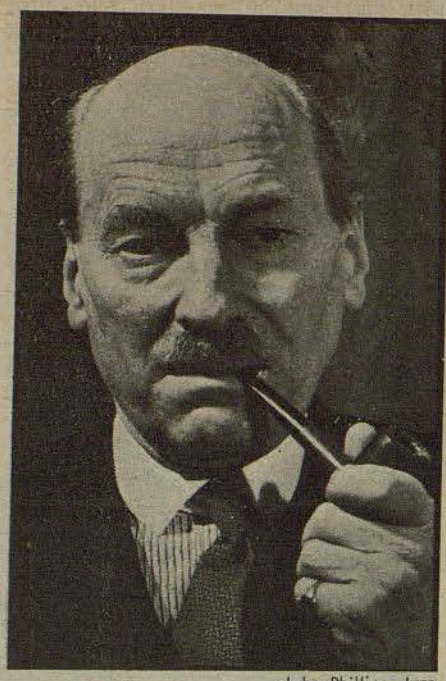
Middle age had transformed many of the party's principles as well as its appearance. Keir Hardie, for example, had been an uncompromising pacifist. His cause was carried on at Margate by Hardie's son-in-law Emrys Hughes, who bitterly cried: "They have made a hell upon earth in Korea and they call it collective security." Other speakers acknowledged the old pacifist tradition, but the party's new attitude to war was clearly stated by Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin. Fresh from the New York Foreign Ministers' conference, Bevin urged collective security and alignment with the U.S.

Bevin began his speech in the quavering tones of a sick man. He paused to swallow a pill. Suddenly he cried: "No one here would stand more insults, more abuse, than I have from Molotov and Vishinsky." The conference roared its understanding. Bevin raised his hand high and yelled: "I do not believe the United States will ever be aggressors . . . I want to nail that lie. It is sent out by Russia to try to blind the people of the world, to throw mud . . ." The conference cheered.

Five years of power and responsibility had made Labor's leaders cautious on the once-beloved doctrine of nationalization. At Margate last week a proposal to nationalize the building industry made even the leftists of the Labor Party wince. Health Minister Aneurin ("Nye") Bevan said: "What you are really saying is 'let's nationalize every industry in Great Britain.'" Cried a voice: "Why not?"

Bevan, once as extreme an advocate of complete nationalization as the party had, wearily swept back his thatch of hair (a well-trimmed thatch these days to match his well-tailored suit). Said he: "In the ensuing dislocation there would not be many houses going up. Good heavens! Think of the price of compensation—even down to the jobbing builder in every village!"

The Bevan faction of the Labor Party, which has been pressing for an early election, was mildly rebuked by Prime Minister Attlee in his address to the conference. Attlee reaffirmed the government's determination to carry out Socialist policy with a "small but solid" majority. Polls taken throughout the country showed little change in popular opinion since the February election. Attlee had little hope of substantially increasing his majority and the Conservatives had little confidence that they could upset Labor. The word around Margate was that the election would be "soon, but not yet." Meanwhile, a middle-aged, well-tailored Labor Party would proceed with caution.



John Phillips—LIFE

PRIME MINISTER ATTLEE
"Why not?"

Mark Kaufman—LIFE

HEALTH MINISTER BEVAN
"Good heavens! Think of the price . . ."

Making History

Under Britain's newest social scheme, 12 million lower-income Britons became eligible last week for free or cut-rate legal aid.

A pamphlet put out by the British Law Society explained: "If your means are small and you have reasonable grounds for taking, defending, or being a party to proceedings in the High Court of Justice or Court of Appeal, you can have the free services of a solicitor and, where necessary, of a barrister.* If your means are moderate, you can have such services in return for a contribution assessed according to your ability to pay."

The new Legal Aid & Advice Act defines persons of "small" means as those with disposable incomes (after taxes, etc.) of not more than £156 a year, "moderate" disposable income as not more than £420 a year. The new act will cost the government at least £1,000,000 a year. Divorce cases are included in the scope of the new law. Some critics of the plan fear that Britain's divorce rate, which rose from less than two per 10,000 population in 1939 to 13 per 10,000 in 1947,† will zoom still higher.

The first case under the new act came up last week in London's musty Strand Law Courts. British War Bride Violet Benner sued for a divorce from ex-G.I. Wilbert Roy Benner of Austin, Texas. The judge, noting that Mrs. Benner was getting free legal aid, said to her counsel: "You are making history." Reminding the judge that his client had gotten a cut rate under the act, Wilbert Benner's counsel added: "I think we both are."

Citizen Fixit on Sark

Until last week, the tiny (pop. 570) Channel Island of Sark had held only one general election in the 385 years since Queen Elizabeth granted it to Helier de Carteret, Seigneur of St. Ouen in Jersey. Sark's affairs have been administered by a hereditary seigneur and a Chief Pleas (parliament) composed of hereditary landholders. Sark's one gesture toward democracy came in 1922 when the island government took the drastic step of adding twelve elected deputies to its 34-man parliament. Once elected, the new deputies settled into their seats and Sark settled happily back into its old peaceful ways.

Then Henry Head came to the island. Henry was a bustling, 5 ft. 6 in. insurance salesman from nearby Guernsey. Three years ago he married a Sark woman of property. In feudal Sark, her properties and duties automatically became his, and Henry found himself a member of Sark's

* A solicitor gives legal advice and may represent his client in lower courts. Barristers are trial lawyers, and only barristers may argue in appellate courts.

† U.S. rate: 33 per 10,000 population in 1947.

parliament. At first he refused to take his seat. "Sark," he said churlishly, "has done without me for 500 years. It can do without me now." Then, finding himself stuck with the job, he plunged deep into Sarkese law. He soon discovered among other things that the very parliament in which he sat was illegally constituted: a law passed in 1925 requiring that all elected members of parliament be ratepayers had never been approved by Britain's Privy Council and hence was invalid. Henry got Sark's parliament, Britain's Privy Council and the hereditary Dame of Sark to call another election.

Last week, at Henry's insistence, Sark trooped to the polls for the second election in its history. Henry himself had whipped up a New Brigade Party, consisting largely of his wife and various employees at the local Stock's Hotel, to oppose the old-guard deputies. "It's a disgrace, a perfect disgrace," muttered one oldtimer, "holding the island up to ridicule." In the local greystone schoolhouse (which doubles as the parliament chamber), he and 190-odd other voters of Sark soon made their indignation evident on the ballot. Not one of Henry Head's New Brigade Party was elected.

Next morning the new parliament convened and with almost unanimous voice appointed meddlesome Henry Head a constable of Sark—a gesture of pure revenge, since Sark's two constables are unpaid and may not resign or refuse their jobs under severe penalty of law. Said Henry Head: "I object."

ITALY

"Too Damn Cautious"

Italy is an ally of the U.S. in the Atlantic Pact. How effective an ally was a question raised sharply in Rome last week. ECA officials, who under their breath had long been criticizing the Italian government's economic policies, finally said out loud what it was that bothered them.

Too Much Medicine? To combat disastrous postwar inflation, Premier Alcide de Gasperi's government three years ago had launched Italy on a course of courageous fiscal austerity. The government tried to spend as little as possible on public works, clamped severe restrictions on bank credit. These measures worked to stop inflation, stiffened the spine of the lira. But Italy, the ECA men say, has had an overdose of its fiscal medicine.

In their opinion, the Italian government is too preoccupied with keeping the lira stable, is not doing enough for a vigorous expansion of industries. Businessmen find it hard, if not impossible, to get capital for expansion; the credit shortage is part of the reason why Italian industry, despite great progress, is still not producing enough (the mechanical industries now operate at only 60% of capacity). ECA officials were worried about Italy's 1,800,000 unemployed. Above all, they were afraid that Italian industry in its present condition would not be able to do an adequate job of defense production necessary under the Atlantic Pact rearmament program.

ECA, which usually sternly preaches that countries must live within their means, kept telling the Italian government that it was not living up to its means. ECA officials advised the government to relax credit to give industry a badly needed impetus, expend more ECA counterpart funds on public works to reduce unemployment. The government for the most part ignored these suggestions. Last week, New York *Times* Correspondent Arnaldo Cortesi summed up ECA's complaints in a dispatch to his newspaper. When the Italian press picked up the story, Italy's able ECA Chief Leon Dayton, former president of a Portland, Ore. super market, held a press conference in which he called the Italian government policy "too damn cautious."

Seduction? At this point, Premier de Gasperi hit the ceiling. "Not only Mr. Dayton but ECA is *persona non grata*," he cried. Italy's Minister of the Treasury Giuseppe Pella, a former economics professor, stood indignantly on the seemingly solid ground of fiscal rectitude, creating the unusual impression that the U.S. was trying to seduce a thrifty government into leading a dissolute economic life.

After U.S. Ambassador James Dunn managed to soothe De Gasperi, Dayton published a conciliatory letter which patted the government on the back, but added: "More could have been done, more can be done, and more will be done . . ."

Associated Press

BURMA SURGEON

The pale man with the umbrella is famed Medical Missionary Gordon S. ("Burma Surgeon") Seagrave, who goes on trial for treason this week before a Burmese court on charges of having helped the Karen rebels. This picture, the first glimpse his countrymen have had of Dr. Seagrave since his arrest last summer, was shot as the ailing prisoner was being taken from Rangoon's Central Prison to a private house for medical treatment. Seagrave, whom the Burmese government has again & again praised for his devoted lifelong fight against disease in the country, still feels friendly toward Burma despite the current unpleasantness. He has announced that if he is acquitted he does not want to leave Burma, would rather return to his jungle hospital at Nanhkam, North Burma.

YUGOSLAVIA

Belt Tightener

Because of a drought, crops failed in Yugoslavia this year. Corn, the main harvest, was only half that of last year; wheat was down 30%, potatoes 70%. Total loss: 4,000,000 tons of foodstuffs and animal fodder. A winter famine would cut the capacity of Marshal Tito's independent Communist government to resist Stalinist aggression.

Tito would like about $50 million worth of food on U.S. credit, but Washington has been cold to the suggestion. Negotiations with the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Commodity Credit Corp. for the purchase of surplus food have come to nothing.

Last week Tito was tightening the Yugoslav belt. The third of the population which carries ration cards had its bread cut by 10%. The quotas of grain which each peasant community is required to sell to the government were sliced by an overall 43%. Reported U.S. Ambassador George V. Allen to Washington: "There will be serious starvation."

HUNGARY

Hurrah for Stalin!

Telephone operators at the Budapest exchange were instructed last week to answer calls with: *"Eljen Sztalin, kivel chajt beszelni?* [Hurrah for Stalin, to whom do you wish to speak?]"

FRANCE

Lost or Found

"Yes, my friend, it is too true," confided the mysterious, grey-bearded hitchhiker aboard Huckleberry Finn's raft, "your eyes is lookin' at the very moment on the pore disappeared Daughin, Looy the Seventeen, son of Looy the Sixteen and Marry Antonette . . . You see before you, in blue jeans and misery, the wanderin', exiled trampled-on, and sufferin' rightful King of France."

This grisly old con-man of Mark Twain's imagining was soon proved a fraud and ended his brief reign riding out of a Mississippi River town on a rail. But the real-life claims of another pretender to the same identity were still in dispute last week. When he first arrived in Paris

Culver

TWAIN'S DAUPHIN (LEFT) & FRIEND*
The mole was pigeon-shaped.

on May 26, 1833, he was a balding watchmaker with a thick mustache and a fringe of chin whiskers. His passport identified him as Karl Wilhelm Naundorff of Weimar but the passport, its bearer promptly explained in almost incomprehensible French, was merely a blind; Karl Naundorff was in reality Louis, son of the guillotined Louis XVI, and the rightful King of France.

The Shoemaker's Wife. Paris was used to such claims; the fate of the young Dauphin had long been shrouded in mystery and rumor. In 1795, the revolutionary government, which held him prisoner, had officially announced his death from scrofula at the age of ten, but the stories of witnesses who claimed to be present at the death varied widely. Some years later a shoemaker's wife, who had been charged with the care of the royal prisoner, swore on her deathbed that young Louis had been spirited away and that another boy had been buried in his grave in the churchyard of Sainte Marguerite.

Naundorff's own early life was as clouded in obscurity as the Dauphin's death. In 1812, he was run out of Berlin for claiming to be King of France. He moved to Spandau and wrote Louis XVI's daughter Maria Thérèse a letter saying, "I am alive, your real brother. Ask me to prove it." Maria, then the Duchess of Angouleme, paid no attention, but others were more sympathetic. The mayor of Spandau believed Naundorff and took him to Brandenburg. There Naundorff was arrested for arson and jailed for counterfeiting, but two years later, on his release, he persuaded the Minister of Justice in nearby Crossen that he was the Dauphin. Eventually Naundorff moved on to Switzerland.

An Angry Rabbit. When at last he arrived in Paris, Naundorff was a down-at-heel beggar. But he found an important champion. The lost Dauphin's old governess had come to scoff at the beggar's claims, but when she saw his prominent front teeth, the triangular vaccination on his arm and the pigeon-shaped mole of Louis Bourbon on Naundorff's thigh, she became convinced that he was the Dauphin. Naundorff even had a scar on his upper lip like that which the imprisoned Dauphin had got from the bite of an angry rabbit; the Dauphin had screamed the era's worst insult, *"aristocrate,"* at the bunny.

With the governess' help, Naundorff enlisted Louis XVI's last Minister of Justice and a former Lord Chamberlain on his side. Then one night in a Paris street, Naundorff was attacked and left bleeding from six knife wounds.

The Bourbon Bomb. The government confiscated 202 documents he was hoarding as evidence of his claim and banished him from France. Naundorff fled to England, sired a son who was registered on the books as Prince of France, and settled down to write his memoirs. While in London the pretender was shot at three times.

Three years later Naundorff was run out of England. He settled in The Netherlands and wangled huge sums of money from the Dutch War Ministry to finance a new explosive, "the Bourbon bomb," on which he was working. In Delft in August 1845, Naundorff fell mysteriously ill. The Dutch King's personal physician attended him, but to no avail. A few days later he died. The death certificate bore the name Charles Louis de Bourbon.

Last week a company of still loyal believers who call themselves the Survivantists gathered around an open grave in a Delft cemetery to exhume the old bones which may or may not be those of an heir to the throne of France. A new examination of Naundorff's remains did nothing to dispel the mystery, but the Survivantists were not discouraged. Next year in the Vatican, on the 100th anniversary of her death, the secret will of Maria Thérèse, Duchess of Angouleme, is to be opened and read. Perhaps, hope the Survivantists, it will contain the final proof that the lost Dauphin of France had been found at last.

* Another pretender, who claimed identity as "the rightful 'Duke of Bridgewater' . . . torn from high estate and degraded to the companionship of felons on a raft."

INDONESIA

Competition for a Witch

On the glamorous island of Bali, evil is personified by Rangda (*see cut*), a loathsome witch with sagging breasts and white, shaggy hair. In recent weeks, Rangda has had some stiff competition: 38 Balinese have been assassinated by roving bands of youths. As a result Bali's music-filled nights have become silent, its festive dancing curtailed.

Balinese had been staunch supporters of Indonesian nationalism, conducted guerrilla war against the Dutch up to the signing of the first U.N.-sponsored Indonesian-Dutch accord in 1948. At that time 800 young Balinese rebels surrendered and the guerrilla war ended on Bali. The Dutch sentenced the guerrillas to criminal terms

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RANGDA
The Sultan promised action.

ranging from ten to 15 years in prison; they were released last year when Indonesia achieved full independence.

Bali was quiet enough until the arrival this summer of two units of Javanese military police. Then the assassinations began. Balinese noticed that the killers often arrived at the scene of their crime in military vehicles, carried out their assassinations with automatic weapons. This indicated that the Javanese military police were egging on the terrorists and supplying them with arms. Most of the victims were suspected of collaboration with the Dutch during and after the postwar rebellion.

Last week the youthful Sultan of Jogjakarta, vice premier of Indonesia's present central government, paid a flying visit to Bali, conferred with local army authorities and civil officials. Said the Sultan: "I promise immediate action."

Rangda's modern disciples might be as hard to catch as Rangda, who has been hiding out on her 10,308-ft. mountain, Gunung Agung, for 1,000 years.

BRAZIL

The Little One

Just at noon on the day after elections, the vote count began in Rio's Hotel dos Estrangeiros. Electoral Board No. 13 opened the first presidential ballots. The judge looked at the first ballot and intoned: "The first vote is for Getulio Vargas." The second, third and fourth ballots were also for Vargas. Not until the fifth ballot did Brigadeiro Eduardo Gomes score. The first vote for Christiano Machado, the government's candidate, was recorded even later.

As the count went on, it became clear that Vargas was running well out in front. In a matter of hours, his supporters were milling through the crowd outside, deliriously yodeling: "*Ja ganhou* [He's already won]!" Others spread the news by gesture, first holding up the little finger (for Vargas, known for years as "The Little One"*), then showing the extended fingers (symbolizing Vargas' next five years as president).

There seemed to be little doubt that Getulio Vargas, 67, who five years ago was turned out of the presidency by the army, after a dictatorial reign of 15 years, was on the way to a smashing comeback. By this week, three out of eight million votes had been counted across the vast republic, and Getulio was running as strong as the Amazon, polling 55% of the vote. He led in all but four states, in rural areas as well as the cities.

Until all the votes were counted, Brazil's political pundits remained understandably quiet. But two facts seemed to be clear already: Vargas had lost none of his appeal to Brazil's working classes, and the country had apparently tired of the vacillating, do-nothing policies of the Dutra government.

If the pundits were mum, so was Senhor Vargas. His only campaign promise had been to turn out the ins. The *gaúchos* of his southern frontier district have a saying: "He can wait like an Indian and plan like a Jesuit." This week Vargas issued no victory cries, no bright new programs. He didn't say a single word. He remained at his bare ranch house at Itu, occasionally went out to putter in his garden.

* Height: 5 ft. 2 in.

Vidarte

GETULIO VARGAS
For five years, five fingers

THE PERÓNS & FRIEND*
For five fishmongers, 30 days.

ARGENTINA

Advice for Housewives

Into the Casa Rosada marched a well-briefed delegation of 300 Buenos Aires housewives. They had come to ask President Perón for "collective action and boycott" against the city's chiseling food merchants who had doubled their grocery bills in the past year. With a courteous bow, the President stepped forward on cue and launched another in the series of government campaigns against Argentina's five-year-old inflation.

He was well aware of the problem, said Perón, and could appreciate the housewives' concern. But he wanted to point out that the housewives themselves were not entirely blameless. On his way to work every morning, he noticed with dismay the amount of garbage piled up on city doorsteps. "Argentines," he said, "throw one and a half million head of cattle into the garbage can every year . . . It is easy to see that the bread and meat thrown away daily in Buenos Aires would easily feed any European city for a week."

Perón's first advice to the women was to stop wasting meat and to use leftovers. When he and Evita first moved into the presidential residence, the President added, "the monthly food bill was 12,000 pesos. Now I barely spend 1,200—including the servants' food." They had done it, he said, by planting a vegetable garden and acquiring some chickens and cows.

But he agreed that the profiteering food sellers should be rooted out and recommended a stern course of direct action. All the buyer had to do was call a policeman and the profiteer would be jailed in the Villa Devoto. Said Perón: "We shall close down for good all shops of all profiteers so that in the future only honest traders will be in business."

Perón had hardly finished speaking when Buenos Aires' attentive police whooped into action. Five fishmongers were fined 5,000 pesos ($352) apiece and whisked off to Villa Devoto for 30 days. Next day, 20 butchers followed them, after shelling out 30,000 pesos each in fines. Miguel Gamboa, director general of prices and supplies, called to his office 800 other butchers and warned that new lists of ceiling prices would be enforced.

Few *porteños* really thought that the new price-control campaign would be any more successful in the long run than its predecessors. Years of cumbersome and inefficient state trade manipulation and *Peronista* economics had put strains on the old prewar price structure which no amount of makeshift shoring up could relieve. But for the time being this week, Buenos Aires merchants were dutifully keeping their eyes on the new price lists and waiting for the heat to die down.

* Center: U.S. Dancer Katherine Dunham, currently touring Latin America.

The Specialist's Eye

Pianist **Artur Rubinstein** conceded that piano playing could be a bore, particularly at parties where the hostess insists on "just an eensy-teensy bit. Oh, it's a pest. I will go to an affair and they will send some bewitching young thing to ask me to play and I'm a beast if I don't."

Robert E. (*Roosevelt and Hopkins*) **Sherwood** was offered 850 cases of unpublished papers and letters of Britain's World War I Prime Minister **David Lloyd George,** forthwith reversed his decision never to write another biography.

For "revealing the finest qualities of a family doctor" on the radio, **Jean** ("Dr. Christian") **Hersholt** was awarded a Certificate for Meritorious Service by the Washington, D.C. Medical Society.

Moscow's *Literary Gazette* labeled **John Dos Passos** a "literary gangster" and **Henry Wallace** "a political businessman." Both were "enemies of humanity."

In San Francisco, Cinemogul **Sam Goldwyn** predicted that television would cut Hollywood movie production by 70%: "Why should people go out to see bad films when they can stay at home and see bad television?"

In Los Angeles, Atomic Energy Commission Chairman **Gordon Evans Dean** assured reporters that the U.S. stock of atom bombs was undoubtedly larger than Russia's but added, "That's not much comfort, because 10, 20 or 30 bombs is far too many for anyone to have."

Shadow & Substance

When Prince **Igor Troubetzkoy** threatened court action to make his wife come home and act like a wife, Dime-Store Heiress **Barbara Hutton** declared that her fourth husband was no bargain either. Said Barbara from Madrid: "He's one of the cheapest men I've ever met in my life. He only married me for my money."

The U.N. General Assembly's Trusteeship Committee was told that the centenarian **Fon of Bikom,** tribal king in the British Cameroons, should be allowed to keep all his wives. Said Awni Khalidy, delegate from Iraq: "We should leave the man alone. It is enough to handle 100 women at one time. May God give him strength in his arduous task."

Voted Grandmother-of-the-Year by the Cambridge (N.Y.) Lions Club, **Grandma Moses,** painter of primitives, grandmother of eleven, great-grandmother of 15, chirped happily: "I'm getting to be as famous as flying saucers."

California's Governor **Earl Warren** signed his state's new loyalty-oath bill, then promptly took the oath himself.

On the eve of a 70-minute speech, India's **Pandit Nehru** dropped into a Lucknow medical laboratory for a lung test, found he was able to inhale 5% more air than normal for a man of his height (5 feet, 6½ inches). Said he: "If I take my breathing exercise for three days I can develop my capacity still more."

N.Y. *Daily Mirror*—International

BARBARA HUTTON
Goodbye.

When he was taken to the hospital with a broken thigh, **George Bernard Shaw** muttered, "If I survive this I will be immortal." After 24 querulous days, he left the hospital last week on a stretcher, hugging two hot-water bottles and snuggled with blankets to the tip of his nose.

In Manhattan, London Hairdresser Raymond boasted that he had recently given the **Duchess of Windsor** a new hairdo that would sweep the country: a design called "the tutored urchin look."

For medal-wearing occasions, new U.S. Ambassador to Mexico **William O'Dwyer** (wartime brigadier general) could sport a new ribbon. The Army had given him the Legion of Merit.

Associated Press

EZZARD CHARLES
Hello.

Doctors at the University Hospital in Utrecht announced that their Very Important Patient, **Prince Bernhard** of The Netherlands, had recovered nicely from a "slight operation."

At a meeting of the Philosophical Society of England, Philosopher **Bertrand Russell** had a thought for his fellow thinkers: "It would be difficult to think of an age when there is so little wisdom. In the present world people are extraordinarily specialized, and one man knows everything about his own job, but nothing about the next . . . Wisdom is quite a different thing than specialized knowledge."

Work & Play

Winston Churchill was off to Denmark to be the palace guest of **King Frederik IX** and **Queen Ingrid,** and pick up an honorary doctorate from the University of Copenhagen.

General Jonathan M. Wainwright dashed off a quick acceptance when the Boar, Bear & Deer Hunters Club of Bradley County, Tenn. invited him to hunt wild pigs in the **Joyce** (*Trees*) **Kilmer** Memorial Forest.

The New York *Herald Tribune* polled a few writers to learn how they were playing, thinking, working. Some findings: **Ernest Hemingway** had cracked his head again, this time on his boat: "I am getting tired of getting hit on the head. There were three bad ones in '44-'45. Two in '43 and the others go back to '18. People think they come from carelessness. But they don't. At least none that I remember did." **James Thurber** estimated "I have four-fifteenths of my life span left . . . Just like you, I expect to be blown up, but hope that I won't be." Historian **Arnold Toynbee** felt that "One of the traps into which modern scholars seem to me to fall is that they spend their working lives preparing for an imaginary last-judgment examination and keep on missing the moments for action." **Thomas B.** (*The Black Rose*) **Costain** admitted being "not as tolerant in my opinions . . . getting a little antisocial as the years roll on." **John Erskine:** ". . . I purposely reveal the plot and title of whatever book I am at work on . . . I know that the human mind is rarely capable of repeating the most familiar story with any accuracy five minutes after it has been told." **Henry** (*Loving*) **Green:** "I write at night and at weekends. I relax with drink and conversation . . . And so I hope to go on till I die, rather sooner now than later."

As a plug for his country's new dollar-earning export, Australia's Governor-General **William J. McKell** packed a crate of 500 fresh orchids, air expressed them to the White House as a gift for **Bess Truman.**

When Cincinnati's home-town boy, World Heavyweight Champ **Ezzard Charles,** 29, returned for a civic welcome, fans and friends were ready with a new crown (*see cut*) of golden chrysanthemums. Said Charles, flashing a white smile, "It's swell to be back and thanks for everything."

London Calling

Two junketing Britons arrived in Manhattan this week to take an intensive look at U.S. radio & TV. As members of Lord Beveridge's ten-man Committee of Enquiry, which will make recommendations on the future course of the British Broadcasting Corp., they have the job, among others, of classifying and analyzing the differences between BBC and U.S. broadcasting.

What the committeemen think about the U.S. brand will finally be incorporated in their report. It may surprise U.S. radiomen who confidently believe that the U.S. leads the world. Justin Miller, president of the U.S. National Association of Broadcasters, has dismissed British and all foreign radio as "dull, lifeless dishwater . . . and great doses of government propaganda."

Compared to U.S. broadcasting, BBC is not so much dull as different—in purpose, outlook and intention. Unlike U.S. radio, which was born into a competitive jungle and just grew into a brassy-voiced maturity, British radio was cradled in monopoly and spoon-fed throughout its formative years by a pious, iron-willed Scot named John Reith. BBC gave its listeners, not what they wanted, but what Director General Reith thought they needed. To use radio just for entertainment, said Reith, would be a "prostitution of its power" and "an insult to the intelligence of the public."

Today, twelve years after Lord Reith's resignation, BBC still tries to broadcast "the best in every department of human knowledge, endeavor and achievement," but it has somewhat relaxed the high, moral tone that accompanied Reith's stewardship. Under its present director general, Sir William Haley, Sundays are no longer given over wholly to the sermons and serious music that drove 60% of British listeners to tune in Radio Luxembourg and Radio Normandie.

Light, Home & Third. A British listener, fiddling with the knobs on his set, can pick up three and sometimes four programs. They come to him, not over competing networks, but on three interrelated radio services called the Light, the Home, and the Third Program. In addition, each of the six regions of Great Britain (the North, Midlands and West of England; Wales, Scotland and Northern Ireland) has a BBC station that broadcasts local shows, news and sporting events or programs in Welsh and Gaelic.

Director General Sir William Haley sees the three basic services as a cultural pyramid up which the listener is led "from good to better." Ideally, listeners begin this cultural mountain climb by tuning into the Light Program. As its name implies, the Light is aimed at the great mass of people who would rather listen to Irving Berlin than Johann Sebastian Bach. Of all British radio, it bears the closest resemblance to U.S. network radio. The Light's *Mrs. Dale's Diary* has some of the flavor and all the popularity of *The Aldrich Family*; *Have a Go!* features a quiz master named Wilfred Pickles who resembles a more genial Groucho Marx; on such comedy shows as *Educating Archie, Ray's a Laugh* and *Take It from Here,* the labored pun flourishes even more richly than in the U.S. (sample: "What are we hunting for?" "Herd of deer, my lord." "'Course I've heard of deer—big things like horses with a hatrack on their foreheads.").

Listeners who have survived the Light can graduate to the Home Service, which tries to steer a middle course between popularity and culture. The Home offers variety shows, symphonies, drama, news and lectures. At the very peak of the pyramid, in an atmosphere too rarified for the average listener, is the Third Program. Its minuscule audience listens to verse dialogues from Walter Savage Landor, talks on the fossil apes in Kenya, and obscure compositions for the viola da gamba and harpsichord.

WILFRED PICKLES & FANS
At the peak of the pyramid, the viola da gamba.

The roles of the three services were indicated, in a recent issue of the *New Statesman and Nation,* by Olga Katzin, who suggested that BBC programing for Doomsday would shape up as follows:

"LIGHT

For Older Children: a new play by Du Garde Peach, 'An Awfully Big Adventure.'

Massed Military Bands will give a Final Fanfare, 'Salute to Empire,' followed by the Last Post.

Mrs. Dale's Diary . . . will be concluded.

HOME

A Choral Half Hour by the BBC Choir will give a new arrangement of *Crossing the Bar, One More River,* and *Heading for the Last Roundup.*

Any Questions? will be replaced by a short sermon by the head of Religious Broadcasts: 'Have You Forgotten Anything?'

The Governor of the Bank of England will . . . discuss how to wind up an estate.

THIRD

The Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition will debate: 'Should We Have Had a Coalition?'

Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch will talk on Modal Music, with Ancient Instruments.

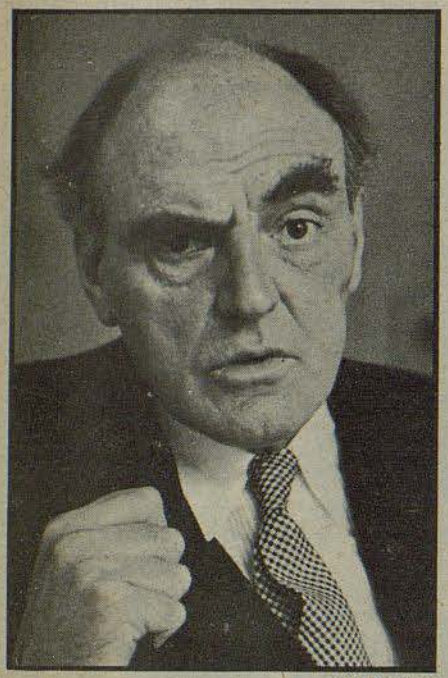
A new selection of Epitaphs from the Esquimaux will be read by Mr. Robert Speight."

Dead Air. Despite its top-lofty position, the Third Program does not stand in complete isolation from the other two services. Third Program shows like *Canterbury Tales* (read in modern English but with interpolations of the original Chaucerian verse) and Cosmologist Fred Hoyle's talks on *The Nature of the Universe* have been popular enough to be re-broadcast on the Home Service. Similarly, outstanding Home shows are often repeated on the Light. But the Third still retains what, for Americans, used to be one of the most trying features of all British radio: long stretches of "dead air." If a program ends two or three minutes before another is scheduled to begin, the Third occasionally treats the listener to what U.S. radiomen regard as a catastrophe: silence.

Under BBC's wing, television got off to a world head start in 1930. But British TV screens went blank during the war and the U.S. has since taken an overwhelming quantitative lead. From its studios in London's Alexandra Palace and Lime Grove, BBC today telecasts over a single channel to Britain's 450,000 TV sets. Each morning there is an hour-long demonstration film so that TV dealers will have something to show prospective

buyers. In the afternoon, there is either a good British or French movie or a women's program containing news of cooking, clothes, music, new books and politics. Creative talent is concentrated in the evening hours when viewers may see ballet, plays of Shakespeare, Shaw or Priestley, or specialized shows like *Matters of Life & Death*, on which outstanding doctors give detailed explanations of modern medical techniques. By 1954, BBC hopes there will be enough TV sets and transmitters (there are now only two) so that TV will be available to 87% of the population.

Old School Tie. Though a monopoly, BBC is neither directly owned nor controlled by the government. It is set up as a public corporation under a Royal Charter that is normally renewable every ten years. The Postmaster General, who controls all of Britain's communications, may prevent anything from being broadcast. But he has never exercised his right of censorship.



Larry Burrows

LORD REITH
Mere entertainment would be an insult.

THE LATE TOMMY HANDLEY
His show "kept Britain alive."

Control of BBC is vested in a seven-man board of governors appointed by the King (actually by the Prime Minister). Even under a Labor government, the board has an old school tie atmosphere that filters down through all echelons. BBCmen work hard and enthusiastically for very little money, and the revenue for their modest salaries comes almost entirely from the listening public. Each Briton pays £1 a year for his radio license fee or £2 for his TV set. Additional income pours in from BBC's impressive list of publications, which accept advertising even though BBC does not. For the year ending March 1950, on an income of £11,031,791, BBC showed a net profit (£1,099,572) for the 18th consecutive year (BBC's extensive overseas broadcasts in 44 languages are paid for by government grant).

In the U.S., new radio shows come on the air and old shows go off largely at the whim of advertisers. BBC has no sponsored shows, but it has *Audience Research*, a comprehensive survey system that dwarfs such U.S. research organizations as Nielsen, Hooper and Pulse. Every day, the *Audience Research* staff interviews a 3,000-man segment of the British public to find out what shows, if any, they listened to. Periodical reports are made on individual shows with listeners specifying what they like and don't like, as well as how they would rate individual performers.

Deep Roots. If the size of the listening audience is a true measure of a radio system's popularity, BBC outranks U.S. radio. Of Britain's 50 million people, 48 million are estimated to listen to BBC every week. Six million listeners (the equivalent of 18 million in the U.S.) heard Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*; more than 7,000,000 listened for eight nights to a series of talks on atomic energy; Comedian Wilfred Pickles has an audience of 12-14 million, relatively far more than that of any U.S. comic.

Equally impressive are the figures for BBC publications. The U.S. has nothing to match BBC's 40-50-page weekly *Radio Times*, a listing of programs and gossip about the stars, whose 8,226,289 circulation makes it the second largest periodical in the world.* Even *The Listener*, another BBC weekly devoted almost entirely to reprints of talks that have been given on the BBC, and mostly on the erudite Third Program, is bought regularly by 150,000 Britons. A typical issue contained articles on *Korea in World Politics, Kant's Influence on Wordsworth and Coleridge, The Music of Egon Wellesz* and *Impressions of Canada*. Among other BBC publications is *BBC Quarterly*, which is so resolutely highbrow that even a BBC official admitted, "Few people read the damned thing."

* The first: Britain's sex- and crime-laden *News of the World* with 8,382,056 readers.

During the war, BBC sank its roots deep in the nation. The famed *Nine O'Clock News*, with its calm, considered announcement of both victories and defeats, was heard in most of Europe as well as in all of Britain. BBC's aplomb was not ruffled even when a delayed-action Nazi bomb plunged into the fourth floor of Broadcasting House during a nine o'clock newscast. Announcer Bruce Belfrage paused; a voice behind him was heard to say, "It's all right," and Belfrage went coolly on with the news.

Another wartime staple was Comedian Tommy Handley, star of ITMA ("It's That Man Again"—TIME, Oct. 22, 1945). Handley's rapid patter of jokes and comment, punctuated by the slammed-door entrances and exits of his large cast, made his show the favorite of the Royal Family as well as of the British public. ITMA was called, perhaps over-enthusiastically, "the only thing that kept Britain alive" during the blitz.

Liven Up. Not all Britons are unreservedly satisfied with BBC. Last month, a mild-looking young woman heaved a brick through a Broadcasting House window, explained: "I felt BBC needed livening up a bit." Many Britons resent BBC's papa-knows-best attitude and dislike its general air of leading benighted listeners by the ear into a cultural promised land. And BBC's hard-working staff and entertainers grumble at their low salaries and would welcome a share in the profits that commercialism would bring.

But for all its stodginess and evangelical atmosphere, BBC seems to satisfy most of its listeners. Last year, when the British Institute of Public Opinion asked if BBC should be replaced by commercial broadcasting, Britons voted 51% for continued BBC monopoly. Sixteen percent had no opinion, and only 33% wanted U.S.-style radio. At the end of this year, when Lord Beveridge's committee presents its recommendations, there is every likelihood that BBC will go on for another ten years very much as it is today.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Oct. 13. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

Football (Sat. 1:45 p.m., Mutual). Army *v.* Michigan.

Showtime U.S.A. (Sun. 7:30 p.m., ABC-TV). Starring Henry Fonda.

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Starring David Niven.

Musical Comedy Time (Mon. 9:30 p.m., NBC-TV). *Whoopee*, starring Nancy Walker.

Billy Rose Show (Tues. 9 p.m., ABC-TV). Guests: Faye Emerson and Burgess Meredith.

Teller of Tales (Wed. 9 p.m., CBS-TV). Somerset Maugham presents *The Creative Impulse*.

Bing Crosby Show (Wed. 9:30 p.m., CBS). Guest Stars: Bob Hope and Judy Garland.

SPORT

End of an Era

When Frank Leahy predicted that his Notre Dame team would drop several games this season, rival coaches laughed hollowly. Since its defeat by the Great Lakes Naval Training Station team in December 1945, Notre Dame had won 36 games, tied two (Army and Southern California), lost none. In its opener this year, Notre Dame won No. 37. It was the most memorable unbeaten streak since Fielding H. ("Hurry Up") Yost's "point-a-minute" Michigan teams took 55, tied one, between 1901 and 1905.*

Last weekend, Notre Dame was a solid 20-point favorite over once-beaten (by Texas, 34-26) Purdue. Coach Leahy recalled that two years before, Notre Dame had barely squeaked by Purdue, 28-27, then croaked his weekly prophecy: "It figures to be a very close game."

Within minutes after the kickoff, it became plain to the 56,748 rabid fans in Notre Dame Stadium that Frank Leahy had finally spoken a mouthful. Purdue Coach Stu Holcomb, onetime assistant to Army's master strategist Red Blaik, had drilled his Boilermakers to peak precision. Behind their own hard-charging line, Purdue's backs ripped a dazed Notre Dame forward wall to shreds. At halftime Purdue led 21-0.

In the third quarter, All-America Quarterback Bob Williams got Notre Dame moving with a short touchdown pass. When Notre Dame made it 21-14, at the start of the fourth period, win No. 38 still looked possible. But Purdue bounced right back with a 56-yard scoring pass. That was the game, 28-14.

Frank Leahy delivered a statesmanlike opinion: "The entire world will be watching how we take adversity. It is a real test of real people to lose like champions."

• • •

Other college gridiron victors last week:

¶ In Norman, Okla., the University of Oklahoma, 34-28, over Texas A. & M., to stretch its victory string, now the longest in the U.S., to 23 games.

¶ In West Point, N.Y., powerhouse Army, 41-7, over Penn State, extending Army's record for unbeaten games to 22.

¶ In East Lansing, Mich., underdog Maryland, 34-7, over Michigan State, which earlier last week had been ranked the No. 2 team in the U.S. (after Notre Dame).

Romp

Philly Manager Eddie Sawyer seemed candidly baffled by the New York Yankees. "They are not a real good ball club," he complained. "I don't think they're any better than we are." Yet, every day out, the Yankees were good enough to take the champions of the National League. After four days of it, the Yankees romped off the field with their 13th World Series.

It was the lowest-scoring series ever played. It was also one of the most colorless.

¶ In the first game, the Phillies' big Righthander Jim Konstanty proved something which, up to that time, hardly anybody but Manager Eddie Sawyer had suspected: Reliefer Konstanty,* who had not started a game in four seasons, could be effective over the full route. He held the Yankees to four hits in eight innings. Unfortunately for Konstanty, Yankee Righthander Vic Raschi held the Phillies to two. Score: 1-0.

¶ In the second game, the Phillies' Robin Roberts and the Yankees' Allie Reynolds went into another pitching duel and at the end of the ninth the score was 1-1. In the tenth, Joe DiMaggio stepped up and demonstrated his old specialty: winning ball games with clutch home runs. Score: 2-1.

¶ In the third game, the Phillies managed to get out in front, 2-1, in the seventh inning, and most of the 64,505 spectators in nominally hostile Yankee Stadium roared hoarse approval of Sawyer's whiz kids. But with two out in the eighth, the Yankees tied things up on an error by Shortstop Granny Hamner, went on to win with more clutch hitting in the ninth. Score: 3-2.

¶ By the fourth game, Philadelphia's youngsters were feeling as baffled as Manager Sawyer. Behind the seven-hit pitching of Rookie Southpaw Whitey Ford,

Associated Press

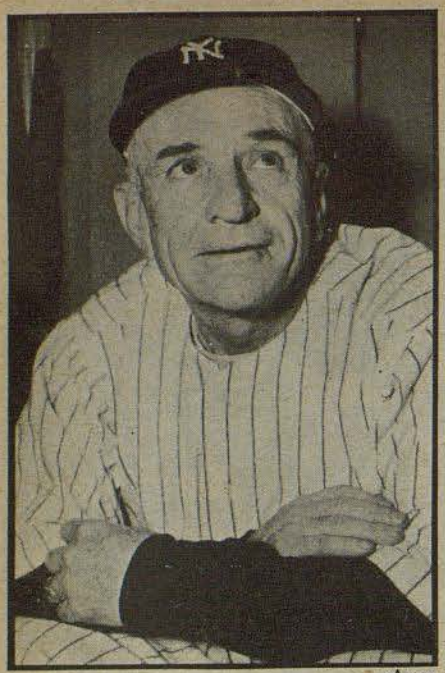
PURDUE CONQUERORS OF NOTRE DAME
After five years, a mouthful.

Acme

YANKEE PITCHERS REYNOLDS, FERRICK, RASCHI, LOPAT & FORD (FRONT)
Every day, good enough.

* Who this season broke a modern record by relieving in 74 games (and was credited with 16 wins, seven losses).

* Though not the longest. Between 1907 and 1917, the University of Washington, playing less formidable schedules, went through 63 games without a defeat.



Acme

MANAGER STENGEL
Everything seemed to work.

the Yanks, never behind, coasted to an easy-breathing victory. Score: 5-2.

For his muff in the third game, Philly Shortstop Hamner, 23, inconsolably told himself he was the series goat. "I've made a lot of errors in my life," he said, "but that one . . ." Actually the series had no goat. It also produced no new towering heroes. The standouts, apart from the pitchers: aging (35) Joe DiMaggio, on his fielding and clutch hitting; quiet, self-effacing Yankee Second Baseman Jerry Coleman, 26, 1949's rookie-of-the-year, who figured in five of his team's six runs in the first three games.

Yankee Manager Casey Stengel came through with as much credit as anybody. Everything he tried seemed to work for him. When it was all over, crease-faced Casey, a good winner, reached out a paw to Eddie Sawyer, who had broken a path for himself to the Yankees' dressing room. "You got a good ball club there," Casey shouted. "You played good ball through the series. You did a great job as manager."

Who Won

¶ In Columbus, Ohio, the Columbus Redbirds, their sixth Junior World Series, over the Baltimore Orioles, four games to one.

¶ At Belmont Park, N.Y., Christopher T. Chenery's big bay three-year-old, Hill Prince, the two-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup, by four lengths over the California champion, Noor, his leading rival for horse-of-the-year honors. The win moved Hill Prince ahead of Noor for top money-winner of the year ($263,715 to date).

¶ In Washington, D.C., the New York Giants, 21-17, over the Washington Redskins, to remain the only undefeated team in the National Football League.

¶ In Detroit, the champion Detroit Red Wings, 7-1, over a team of National Hockey League All Stars, in a warmup for the regular season which begins this week.

Water Over the Dam

As director of health and safety for TVA, Dr. Eugene Lindsay Bishop has the job of keeping down malaria. It is a big job, because the 10,000-mile shore line of TVA's lakes offers the perfect breeding ground for mosquitoes. From the beginning, Dr. Bishop was convinced that the best way to fight mosquitoes was to raise and lower the water level in the reservoirs periodically. The plan worked, hit no snag until World War II's power shortage, when an engineer objected to dumping precious water. The Authority's top brass settled the dispute with one brief order: "Dump water any time Bishop tells you to." A lot of water has gone over the dam since then.

With quiet intensity, Dr. Bishop has been putting health and lives ahead of dollars ever since he got into public health work 34 years ago. Nashville-born and bred (he got his M.D. at Nashville's Vanderbilt University), he rose through the ranks of Tennessee's Department of Public Health to the Commissioner's post in 1924. He had the department running like clockwork when TVA came along and bid for his services.

At one time, TVA had 42,000 men at work, most of them in out-of-the-way construction camps where sanitation and hygiene had to be taught and ruthlessly enforced. Eugene Bishop directed the job, had no epidemics.

This week, for his yeoman work in safeguarding the lives and raising the health standards of both TVA workers and valley dwellers, Dr. Bishop, 64, got a top honor in his profession: a Lasker Award ($1,000 plus a gold copy of the Victory of Samothrace), given annually by the American Public Health Association. Three other Lasker awards went to:

¶ Dr. George Papanicolaou of New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center for achievements in cancer research—the "smear tests" (TIME, Aug. 21).

¶ Dr. George W. Beadle, of California Institute of Technology, for new discoveries in the "genetic control of metabolic processes."

¶ Dr. George K. Strode (as head of the group) for "outstanding achievement in the control of infectious diseases and the education of health personnel throughout the world" by the International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation.

Peak Deferred

Having stuck its neck out once with an over-optimistic estimate of how long the current polio epidemic would rage (TIME, Sept. 4), the U.S. Public Health Service was chary of making predictions. But last week there was sound reason to hope that the epidemic had passed its peak. Even so, it would be the latest peak week in 18 years.

Latest figures showed 1,994 new cases in one week, 8% below the previous week's 2,170. The total for the "disease year" (beginning in mid-March) stood at 20,405, as against 32,204 at the same time last year. Most likely there would be 30,000 cases before 1950 ended, second only to last year's 42,173.

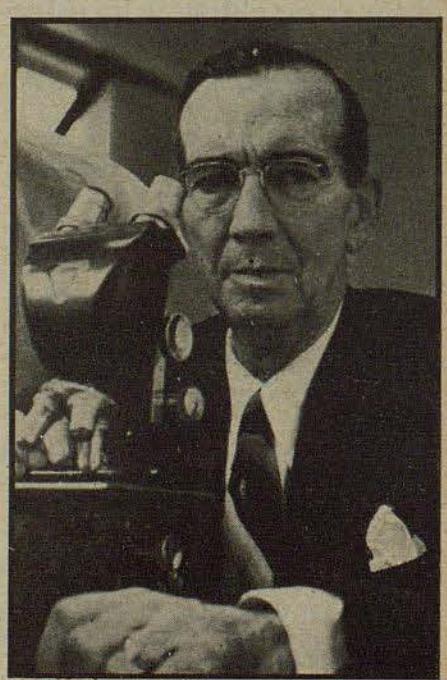
Why polio sometimes persists until late in the year, no one knows. This year's figures were boosted by late outbreaks in northern states.

The Bones of History

For doctors who never tire of arguing about the age and origin of diseases, a Washington orthopedist rattled some old bones last week. Exhibited to the District of Columbia Medical Society was a collection of human bones culled with care from the Smithsonian Institution's vast collection by Orthopedist William J. Tobin. Beside each bone was an X-ray diagnosis of what ailed the long-dead patient.

Most striking was Dr. Tobin's evidence on the disputed question of whether American Indians, long before Columbus launched a transatlantic traffic in diseases, suffered from syphilis and tuberculosis. Two shinbones, found in Arkansas and Illinois, showed changes characteristic of syphilis. Dr. Tobin and Anthropologist T. Dale Stewart, who worked with him, admit the difficulty of dating these bones precisely, but they are sure that no white man had reached the area when these Indians died.

Accurately dated (by tree rings) as undoubtedly pre-Columbian is an Indian pueblo from which the Smithsonian Institution got a diseased vertebra. Dr. Tobin's diagnosis: tuberculosis. Another revealing item (because cancer was, and still is, rare among Indians): a pre-Columbian pelvis which showed that its original owner suffered from a spreading carcinoma of the prostate.



TVA's BISHOP
Ahead of dollars, lives.

"To Cherish & Defend"

One afternoon last week, a solemn procession in academic robes, headed by the mace-bearing chief marshal of Yale University, formed itself on the New Haven campus. The notables of the procession were mostly Yalemen, deans and professors, and Fellows of the Corporation (among them: Secretary of State Dean Acheson, '15, Senator Robert A. Taft, '10, Connecticut's Governor Chester Bowles.

Yale was doing what Yale had done only 15 times before in its 249-year history: inaugurating a president. Yale's 16th: slim, ginger-haired Historian Alfred Whitney Griswold, 43, member of Yale's class of '29, faculty member since he won his Ph.D. in 1933, professor of history for twelve years before he was selected last February to succeed retiring President Charles Seymour.

With the new president in their midst, the notables marched into the vaulted auditorium of Woolsey Hall and there, as Yalemen had done at the opening of the first college building, they sang an old metrical version of the 65th Psalm ("Thy praise alone, O Lord, doth reign/in Sion Thine own hill . . ."). Then Whitney Griswold, wearing around his neck the "president's collar" of 20 gold & silver links and a pendant medallion with the arms of Elihu Yale, received the charter, the seal, and the keys of the university "to cherish and defend." Finally, in the tradition of his predecessors, he stepped to the lectern to declare his credo.

What must a scholar and his university do "in times like these?" Above all, said President Griswold, they must continue to be what they have been. "I do not know who first questioned the [practical] value of the scholar's life; it may have been one of Socrates' disciples who watched his master drink the hemlock. Surely no calling has been so much questioned—and despaired of—since that memorable event; and just as surely none has contributed so much to western civilization . . . [Yet] to whom else do we pin our hopes of ending our periodic reversions to savagery and putting our engines of destruction to creative use? If the scholars of the past had waited for auspicious times to do their work, I doubt that we should be assembled here today. If they should now wait for total war to produce total peace, I doubt that our successors will be assembled here to mark Yale's 300th anniversary."

The job of the universities has been to bring together "the study of the liberal arts . . . with the pursuit of higher education in special fields . . . Thus they both deepened and broadened the higher learning." In a free society, the deepening and broadening cannot stop, no matter what the times. "These are the things Yale lives and works for, in war and peace," said President Griswold. "They are things to cherish and defend in times of war; to fight for, when there is fighting; and to return to when the fighting is over."

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Other new university inaugurations:

¶ At Chapel Hill, N.C., Gordon Gray, 41, lawyer and onetime Secretary of the Army, as twelfth president of the University of North Carolina.

¶ At State College, Pa., Milton S. Eisenhower, 51, younger brother of Columbia's President Dwight D. Eisenhower,* as eleventh president of Pennsylvania State College.

"The Worst Education of All"

How good are U.S. teachers' colleges? This week, in a special issue devoted exclusively to U.S. education, LIFE gives one man's answer to that question. If it is an answer bound to disturb the teachers' colleges, it is one even more likely to disturb the parents of U.S. schoolchildren.

International

YALE'S GRISWOLD & ACHESON
"No calling has been so much questioned—and despaired of . . ."

The article was written because a young parent who uses the pseudonym John William Sperry† happened to get into casual conversation with an English teacher in a Midwestern town.

Mainly for something to talk about, Sperry spoke of what he had been reading. He mentioned *Harper's Magazine* ("I don't think I know that one," said the teacher), the *Atlantic Monthly* ("I don't think I know that one," she repeated), and several books. As far as Sperry could see, the English teacher didn't do any reading at all. With three children of his own just about ready to enter school, he began to wonder what sort of education teachers get. In the next two years, he visited dozens of teachers' colleges all over the U.S. to see for himself.

"You Can't Expect . . ." Sperry soon learned that the U.S. has about 150 teachers' colleges, some called liberal arts colleges, some normal schools. But one fact stood out about all teacher education: "A great many of the teachers' colleges bring an inferior faculty and an inferior student body together in an inferior physical plant. And what is even more astonishing to me is that most of the people in the field take this for granted. 'Of course you can't *expect* a teachers' college to offer you cultural opportunities that a private liberal arts college can give,' one president of a teachers' college told me . . ."

What sort of "opportunities" do the teachers' colleges give? Sperry gathered examples. At one summer "workshop," he watched 200 teachers spend hours going over a list of 100 obvious phrases and rating the ideas as "quite important," "of average importance," or "not important." For instance, reports Sperry, "the group . . . rated 'To help children with their academic problems' as 'quite important.' When we came to the eighth phrase ('To avoid sarcasm or "talking down" in your relations with children') . . . there was an uneasy silence.

" 'Come on now!' the dean said. 'What does "talking down" mean?' " After several guesses ("Does it mean arguing with the student?" "Telling a pupil his mis-

* Commented West Pointer Eisenhower, with his mind partly on the Army-Penn State football game: "This is a wonderful opportunity and challenge to baby brother. [But] I can't wish Milton too much luck Saturday." For Penn State's fortunes against Army two days later, see SPORT.

† Sperry decided not to sign his real name because he is engaged in "other education projects."

takes?"), the group got the answer, dutifully rated the phrase "quite important."

"Be Attractive." This summer workshop—including its special morale-building song ("We are working in the workshop/ Working all day thru/ Learning all about Democracy/ Education and Science too . . ."}—was not unique in its preoccupations. At another conference, "I saw some 400 poor, tired, middle-aged teachers solemnly conduct a discussion of 'desirable characteristics for a teacher.' They listed, one after the other, all the human virtues and agreed that teachers should have them . . . They [concluded] by taking a formal resolution that 'teachers should be personally attractive . . .'"

That night, after a full day of such accomplishment, there was a big conference dinner. "At the end of the dinner," reports Sperry, "[the teachers] started repeating slogans to each other. It took me a few moments to catch on to what they were doing, but I finally understood: they were reciting slogans in unison. The toastmaster stood up and said, 'This conference here at Bryant Hill has been a rich experience. Yes sir, Bryant Hill, Conference, Rich Experience. Let's all say that together now.' In chorus the audience replied: 'Bryant Hill, Conference, Rich Experience.'"

"You Wouldn't Know . . ." To Sperry, the "rich experiences" of the regular winter term were just as appalling. In one literature class of a New England institution, he found the teacher "a tired woman of about 50, with heavy black eyebrows and a nasal voice . . . For an hour she leafed through a collection of verse and commented on the titles in a dry monotone. She reached the conclusion that John Masefield loved the sea, and said she liked Robert Frost because there was 'none of that falderal about him—you wouldn't know his stuff was poetry if you didn't see it printed with capital letters.'"

Why do professional educators tolerate this sort of thing? To some extent, says Sperry, they have no alternative. Since public-school teachers are wretchedly underpaid, the profession seldom gets the cream of high-school graduates. ("The English don't have a democracy," cried one student teacher in the course of a history class. "They have a king.") The colleges themselves seldom have the money that other institutions have, and their professors—"the men who teach the teachers—rank close to the bottom of the prestige ladder in the academic world." The great universities and the liberal arts colleges consistently ignore their plight: "[They] have little right to criticize teachers colleges for not doing well a job they themselves have hardly done at all."

To Sperry, it is high time that both the public and the liberal arts colleges begin "to contribute more toward the great American goal of public education and help the teachers' colleges more instead of scorning them . . . Somebody better start doing something," says he. "As things stand now, the teachers being trained to instruct your children and mine are getting the worst college education of all."

MUSIC

New *Heldentenor*

Burly Tenor Ramon (Otello) Vinay was in a sweat. A Chilean trained for Italian and French opera, he had worked hard for over a year to huff himself into a German-style *Heldentenor*, and he was all set to sing his first Tristan, with Kirsten Flagstad as Isolde. San Franciscans (and Metropolitan Opera General Manager Rudolf Bing, who sorely needs a successor to Lauritz Melchior) were all set to hear him. But a fortnight ago, with debut day almost at hand, Tenor Vinay was bogged down in Chile. A stubborn Santiago impresario refused to let him leave the country until he fulfilled a delayed engagement. Last week, finally freed by persuasion and compromise, Vinay flew

Acme

VINAY & CEREBROGRAPH
Also, signals on stage.

to San Francisco, took his big step, was cheered by audience and critics.

He had rushed in two days late, hurried through two piano rehearsals and one with orchestra. He was not worried about his own role of Tristan—although he had found Wagnerian themes "strange for the Latin ear." He had helped himself to memorize his role by sleeping with the speaker of a cerebrograph (automatic record player) under his pillow to embed the music in his subconscious. But, not knowing German itself, he expected to have a dreadful time following the other singers and catching his cues. Flagstad ("She was always there prompting me or giving me a signal with her eyes") took care of that.

On the big night, the audience in San Francisco's opera house found huge (6 ft. 2 in., 220 lbs.) and handsome Tenor Vinay visually, if not vocally, a heroic match for Soprano Kirsten Flagstad. Wrote San Francisco *Chronicle* Critic Alfred Frankenstein: "To be sure, [Vinay] did not bring the music all the suppleness and vocal ease one hoped for, but he brought it something else that was almost equally important—a tenderness, lyricism and fragility of expression that were altogether unprecedented. For once, Tristan's ravings in the third act seemed only five times too long instead of ten or twenty or a hundred." Vinay's phrasing, particularly when set off against Flagstad's magnificent subtlety, seemed more memorized than inspired. But that defect might well disappear with time.

At 37, jolly, volatile Ramon Vinay has plenty of time. A onetime baritone who once gave up singing to run a box factory in Mexico (which he still owns), he already holds the title to the role of Otello at the Met and Milan's La Scala. Now, with Melchior gone from the Met, Vinay will have a good chance at the Tristan title too. A "delighted" Rudi Bing thought Vinay was already "one of the best Tristans I've ever heard."

New Records

Mozart: Idomeneo, Rè di Creta (soloists and chorus of the Vienna State Opera, the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, Meinhard von Zallinger conducting; the Haydn Society, 8 sides LP). The 13th of his 22 theater works, *Idomeneo* was Mozart's favorite—if no one else's; it has only had one U.S. production, at the Berkshire Music Center (TIME, Aug. 18, 1947). Although there is much to marvel at, most listeners will find *Idomeneo* loaded with tiresome recitative and lacking in the sparkle of *Don Giovanni* or *The Marriage of Figaro*. Performance and recording: good.

Mozart: Symphony No. 41, K. 551 (the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir Thomas Beecham conducting; Columbia, 1 side LP). Doughty Sir Thomas has never been exactly reticent about his podium prowess with Mozart. Here (and with the "Prague" Symphony on the other side) he makes good his boasts. For beauty of phrasing and tone, this deep and glowing performance of the "Jupiter" is hard to beat. Recording: excellent.

Puccini: Tosca (Love Duet, Act I) (Ljuba Welitch, soprano; Richard Tucker, tenor; the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, Max Rudolf conducting; Columbia, 1 side LP). Some of Puccini's most heart-pulling music, beautifully sung. Although her voice is thinner, the Met's flaming new Tosca, in *Vissi d'Arte*, which completes the side, stands up mighty well with her Golden-Age counterpart, Claudia Muzio.

Strauss: Elektra (Anny Konetzni, soprano; Martha Mödl, contralto; Daniza Ilitsch, soprano; Franz Klarwein, tenor; Hans Braun, baritone, and others; orchestra and chorus of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting; Cetra-Soria, 4 sides LP). This most strident of Strauss's operas is one of New York Philharmonic-Symphony Conductor Mitropoulos' old loves; here, guest-conducting at Florence's 1950 May Festival, he does it up, with competent help, in all its force and fury. Recording: excellent.

ART

LEA'S "BRANDING A CALF"
A cattleman smelled smoke.

Good & Authentic

Texans swarming into Dallas for the State Fair last week found cattle on the walls as well as in the stalls. The Dallas Museum of Fine Arts was featuring a brand-new show of eleven cattle paintings by Texas' Tom Lea, a report-in-oils skillful and observant enough to rival the works of such oldtime Southwesterners as Charles Russell and Frederic Remington.

Lea, 43, a wiry El Pasoan who once went in for portraiture and commercial art, developed his reporter's skill on a rugged assignment. As an artist-correspondent he covered World War II for LIFE, painted the North Atlantic patrol, later moved to the Pacific and landed with the Marines on Peleliu. After the war LIFE commissioned the cattle pictures, last week presented them to the Dallas museum.

A prodigious researcher, Lea had dipped into Mexico to learn about the Spanish origins of U.S. cattle. He came back with some dramatic bullfight sketches and material for a fine first novel, *The Brave Bulls* (TIME, April 25, 1949). Later, he visited Southwestern ranches and Midwestern stock farms, spent a solid week on the killing floor at Swift & Co.'s Chicago stockyards. The resulting pictures struck Texans as not only good but mighty authentic. Looking at a Lea branding scene last week, one grizzled cattleman remarked: "You can smell the smoke from the burned hair."

A hit of the show was the portrait of Oklahoma Governor Roy Turner's great Hereford bull, the late Hazford Rupert 81st, which sired $1,000,000 worth of calves. He was, Lea recalled, "a most distinguished, gentlemanly and cordial old bull. He tipped the scales at 1,850 pounds, liked to have his back scratched, and was gentle as a house dog . . . He stood for his portrait not only with dignity but with the skill of an experienced and much interviewed public figure. He was pleasanter and far more interesting than many human portrait subjects I have had."

Appetite

Washington's National Gallery opened a long-awaited loan show this week: 40 paintings from the collection of Oil Tycoon Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian. Publicity-hating Gulbenkian, one of the richest men in the world (TIME, June 16, 1947 *et seq.*), was not on hand for the festivities; at 84, the Near East genius spends most of his time in his adopted Lisbon.

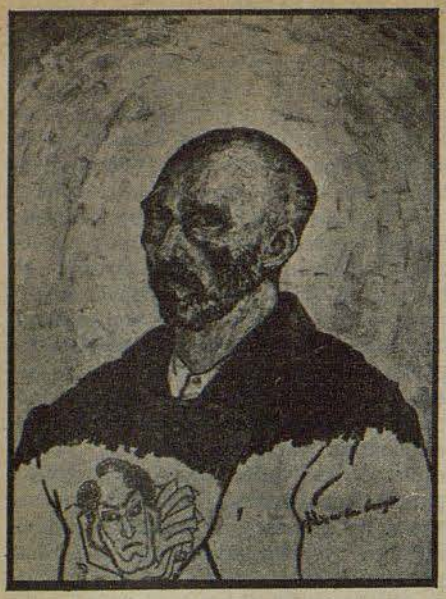
What Washington gallerygoers saw was only a part of Gulbenkian's collection, but it was enough to establish him as one of the most assiduous art buyers of the 20th Century. Among the prize packages in the show at the National were Rubens' luxurious, full-length portrait of *Helena Fourment*, Dierick Bouts's *The Annunciation* and Rembrandt's *Pallas Athena* (for which the artist's adolescent son Titus had posed in a glittering helmet and shield). Gulbenkian had bought all three of them from the famous Hermitage collection of the Russian czars, after persuading the Soviet Union to part with them.

In the catalogue introduction, National Gallery Curator John Walker pointed out that Gulbenkian had picked virtually all his pictures without the assistance of experts, and that he got fine art, anyway. The collection, wrote Walker, reflects "his personality. Gladstone enumerated six qualities which distinguish a collector: 'Appetite, leisure, wealth, knowledge, discrimination, and perseverance.' These qualities Mr. Gulbenkian possesses to a pre-eminent degree. [Fellow financiers] would be surprised to hear him comparing their business dealings to . . . Italian paintings! With tireless patience he has sought beautiful objects; pictures, sculpture, ancient coins, Near Eastern ceramics, manuscripts, eighteenth-century furniture, tapestries . . ."

As a beginning collector years ago, Gulbenkian did not always show classic taste. He fell in love with, and bought, the original of the popular old chromo, *September Morn*, a fact which embarrasses him nowadays. But few experts could criticize the taste, or the diversity, of a collection which included prime examples of Hals, Gainsborough, Degas and Manet. His crystalline views of Venice by Francesco Guardi were matched against a soft, misty one by Corot. He contrasted Stefan Lochner's strict, gothic *Presentation in the Temple* with a tasty chunk of cheesecake by François Boucher, entitled *Cupid and the Graces*. Clearly, Collector Gulbenkian's appetite was wide and deep as his wallet.

National Gallery of Art. Lent by C. S. Gulbenkian, Esq.

BOUTS'S "THE ANNUNCIATION"
A tycoon fell in love.



"STUDY BY CANDLELIGHT"
Peculiar Vs and Ts.

Leave It to the T-Men

The time-honored way of deciding the authenticity of a work of art is to call in a few experts to pass on it. But experts may disagree, as Cinemagnate William Goetz knows all too well. Last week Goetz was the proud possessor of a Van Gogh painting which had been certified not by experts but by detectives—T-men of the U.S. Treasury.

Goetz's Van Gogh, entitled *Study by Candlelight* (TIME, June 6, 1949 *et seq.*), had been bitterly debated by top art experts of both the U.S. and Europe. Some declared it was genuine, others were convinced that it was forged. A jury of specialists appointed by Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum reported that the picture was suspiciously "strident in color, weak in drawing and uncertain in the modeling of the head" (TIME, Dec. 12).

Such sniffs made Owner Goetz cross. He returned it to Europe for further study, then dumped the problem in the Treasury's lap by re-importing the picture and reasserting its genuineness—thus claiming free customs entry for it as an original work of art.

The T-men accepted the challenge and applied fine-comb methods of their own. First they determined that the paint was at least 60 years old. That was a major point for Goetz since it dated the painting from the days when the artist was alive, unknown, and of no interest to fakers or collectors either. Moreover, graphology experts ruled that the writing on the canvas was Van Gogh's—he formed his Vs, Ts and eights in peculiar ways that forgers could easily not have noticed. Finally, the T-men traced a mark of ownership on the back of the picture to an Arles pastor named Salles, who is known to have befriended Van Gogh.

Last week Owner Goetz, vindicated by the T-men, had the picture back in his possession, and back in a place of honor on his library wall in Los Angeles.

RELIGION

Quest

For 2½ years Army Bombardier Louis Zamperini, onetime University of Southern California track star and 1936 Olympic runner, suffered mistreatment in Japanese prisoner of war camps. Armed with a list of his persecutors supplied by the War Crimes Commission, he arrived in Japan last week. But vengeance was not Lou Zamperini's purpose. Converted last year by Evangelist Billy Graham, Zamperini says he hopes that he can find his captors and convert them to Christianity as part of a two-month tour of Japan under the auspices of the International Youth for Christ movement.

"Marxianity"

"The people of the People's Republic of China shall have freedom of . . . religious belief." With these fine words, the Chinese Communist government tried last fall to soothe anxious Christians, inside China and out. For a while, many a Protestant missionary and even some old China hands were hopeful. But it was soon made plain, even to the hopeful Christians who had swallowed the "agrarian reform" line, that Communists in China feel no more kindly toward Christianity than do Communists in the U.S.S.R., Czechoslovakia and Hungary.

Energetic Participation. Peiping radio proclaimed last fortnight that a "reformation of Christianity" is under way in China. A declaration issued in July and signed by 1,527 pastors, students, theologians and church leaders, it announced, had warned that "imperialist" countries would try to use "Christianity to carry out provocative, agitational activities and develop reactionary power." To prevent this, the declaration had recommended that Christian churches should be promptly purged of all "imperialistic influence," deprived of all support from abroad,* subjected to compulsory unification of "various sects" and compulsory indoctrination against "imperialism, feudalism and bureaucratic capitalism."

The Communists' best bellwether for what quipsters call the new "Marxianity" is learned Anglican T. C. Chao, dean of Yenching University's School of Religion, who was elected two years ago as one of the six co-presidents of the World Council of Churches. In a recent circular letter, Dr. Chao and such other Christian venerables as Methodist Bishop Z. T. Kuang (who baptized Chiang Kai-shek 20 years ago) attempted to justify the reform program on the grounds that it enabled the church to "energetically participate in the construction of the new China."

The Real Temptation. The Communists' overt regimentation tactics vary. Sometimes such crushing taxes are levied on church properties that the church is forced to sell or give up its land and buildings. Missionaries are often confined to one spot under virtual house arrest. Chinese clergymen get compulsory indoctrination in the word according to Marx, and are required to report to commissars each week on their study of Communist doctrines and their practice of "self-criticism." Church premises are frequently "borrowed" by government officials for "people's meetings" or "people's theaters" just at the time for church services. Roman Catholics suffer more than Protestants; in some instances, according to report, priests and nuns are being forced to marry.

But strong-arm methods—as many another tyrant has learned—are not always the worst thing a religion has to fear. Warned 16-year-long China Missionary Samuel E. Boyle: "The danger now facing the Chinese churches is not that of physical persecution. The real peril is spiritual—in yielding to the temptation to accept half-slavery."

* Princeton University's Student Christian Association voted last week to continue making a yearly contribution of approximately $1,500 to help pay the salaries of Yenching's British and American professors. Even though some Communist courses are taught there, according to recently returned psychology Professor Randolph C. Sailer, there is still considerable political and religious freedom. "Keeping these contacts alive," he said, "is more important than the *Voice of America* broadcasts."

A Light in the Mountains

Uncle Scott Partin remembers well the first time he saw Parson Frakes. "I had a jug of moonshine in one fence corner," he recalls, "and a shotgun in the other. I had a notion to shoot him. I thought he was a revenuer."

Methodist Parson Hiram Milo Frakes had ridden his pony into the patch of Kentucky wilderness cut off by Big Pine and Little Log Mountains to bring religion and book learning to the dirt-poor, illiterate mountaineers. When Scott Partin

Dmitri Kessel—LIFE
YENCHING'S CHAO
The danger is not physical.

Warner Ogden

HARVE SPARKS & PARSON FRAKES
Uncle Scott had a notion to shoot.

found that out, he gave the parson some land to start building his school and church on. Bill Henderson was another Kentuckian who helped. He chipped in a 65-acre farm because "he'd rather his children would have an education than to have the farm." Before he could see the settlement that Parson Frakes made of his land, Bill Henderson was shot to death in a feud.

Last week, just 25 years after Parson Frakes rode into the Kentucky backwoods not far from Cumberland Gap, the mountaineers gathered at the settlement to celebrate the anniversary. There are now 22 buildings on 750 acres of farm, timber and coal land. The sign over the post office door reads: "U.S. Post Office, Frakes, Ky."

Almost everybody turned out to the oak-covered slope where a semicircle of seats had been set up. White-bearded, 106-year-old Uncle Harve Sparks, who came over from Bean Fork Hollow, sang a tune in his squeaky voice when the parson introduced him. Tall Scott Partin himself was on hand to reminisce about the old feuding days: "There would be mountain prejudices and it would spread . . . You'd have to go in shootin' and come out loadin' a gun."

In the little white church with knotty pine paneling, ruddy, bald-domed Parson Frakes, now 62, got up to preach one of his last sermons as head of the settlement school, from which he is retiring to devote more time to the Methodist Home Board of Missions:

"Outside is a sign, 'What Hath God Wrought?' It is to remind you what God hath wrought. Friends everywhere have helped. They felt we were building a Christian citizenship here in the hills. A Middlesboro [Ky.] Jew gave a substantial check. Catholics in Middlesboro and Pineville have helped.

"There are no finer people than these in the mountains. I know, because I have lived with them."

"A Notable Representation"

By radio telephone from the French Liner *Liberté*, at sea last week, Eugene Meyer's Washington *Post* got an exclusive social tidbit: "Perle Mesta, American minister to Luxembourg and Washington's famous party-giver, starred as a guest at a party . . . She was guest of honor at the captain's table . . . [and] proved that she could 'take' as well as 'give' parties amiably." The *Post's* alert shipboard correspondent went on to prove himself a master of society-page clichés: the passengers, "a notable representation of the diplomatic, political and social élite of two continents," had been "enchanted" with the "charm with which the capital long has been familiar." She was "easily the 'personage' of the voyage." The *Post's* society editor slapped a two-column box around the dispatch and at the bottom ran a rewarding byline for its correspondent: "EUGENE MEYER, *Post* Reporter."

Harper's Century

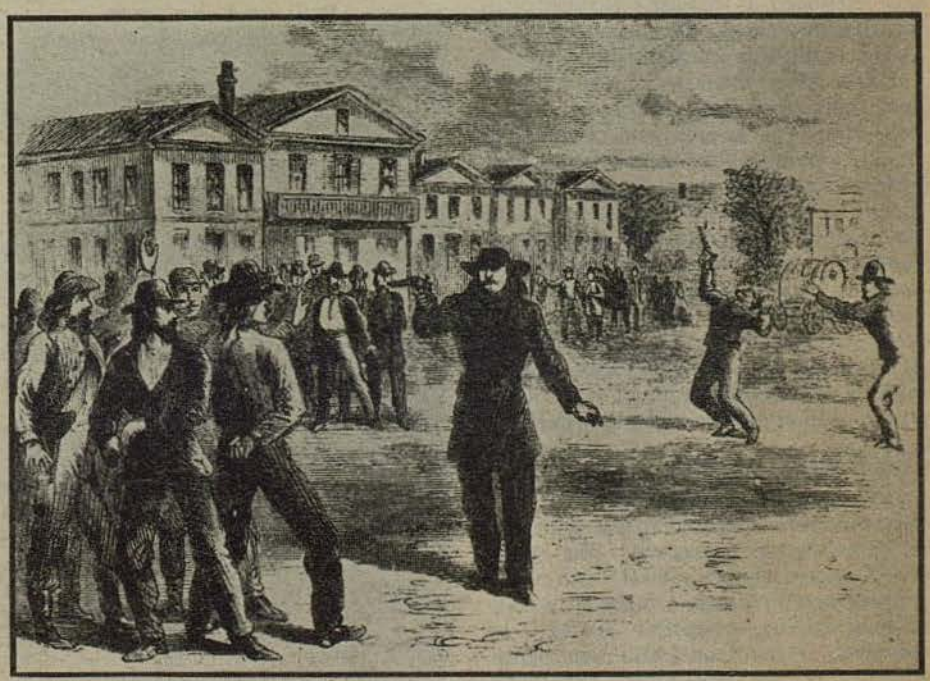
By 1850, New York's Harper brothers—James, John, Joseph Wesley and Fletcher—had made a name for themselves* in the book-publishing business, still had some idle press time on their hands. To keep presses and employees profitably busy they started *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, a sort of undigested *Reader's Digest* of fiction of the day, bought the galley proofs of the current works of Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope and other English greats, and ran them as serials.

* James also went into politics, was mayor from 1844 to 1845, set up New York's first uniformed police force. From the officers' copper buttons came the slang term "cops."

Overnight, *Harper's* became a success. Literary Americans became such fans of the magazine, not only for its fiction but for its factual articles on U.S. life, that Thoreau peevishly asked: "Why should we leave it to Harper & Brothers to select our reading?"

Last week, in a fat, 300-page centennial issue, *Harper's* published a selection of the reading and illustrations that had made it famed. (It also ran some of the early testimonial ads that had helped pay the way, *e.g.*, "Nicholas II, Czar of Russia, rides a Dayton Bicycle.") The idea of the issue, said Editor in Chief Frederick Lewis (*Only Yesterday*) Allen, was "to do an historical survey without making it look like an historical survey." Thanks to a careful culling of yellowed *Harper's* files and a series of essays on the U.S. scene through the century by Bernard De Voto, Gerald Johnson and Eleanor Roosevelt, Editor Allen achieved a nostalgic, perceptive review of the last 100 years that was sometimes as sharp and exciting as a newsreel. He was so well pleased with it that he ran off 75,000 copies more than *Harper's* normal press run of 190,000; the U.S. State Department bought 10,000 for distribution abroad.

Drinking & Gambling. In some respects, the world seemed to have changed little in the last 100 years. Said *Harper's* in 1851: "It is supposed that in case of war Russia is able to send into the field not less than 800,000 men. This immense disposable force, absolutely under the control of the Emperor, renders the power of Russia imminently dangerous to the peace of Europe." At home *Harper's* kept its editorial finger on the pulse of a lively, swiftly changing nation. It reported that in San Francisco in 1855, "the places of universal resort were the Drinking Saloon



KILLER HICKOK TURNS ON CROWD
He never thought much about it.

and Gambling House." *Harper's* interviewed "Wild Bill" Hickok, who was said to have killed at least 20 men in gunfights, and recorded his feelings on such matters: "As ter killing other men, I never thought much about it. The most of the men I have killed it was one or t'other of us, and at such times you don't stop to think, and what's the use after it's all over?"

Harper's occasionally took note of some of the social evils of the growing nation. However, as Editor Allen points out in his review of *Harper's* own century, the magazine then had "the tone of an aristocrat reminding other aristocrats of the regrettable conditions among the unfortunate if picturesque members of the lower orders." Thus an article in 1873, entitled "The Little Laborers of New York City," unemotionally reported that of the 100,000 children working in the factories many were permitted "to take home enough material to do extra work, after the regular ten-hour day, in order to earn more than the standard $3 per week." But *Harper's* could wax indignant about the plight of Vassar girls who had no clothes closets in their dormitory, and for whom Matthew Vassar had prescribed "two nails on the walls of their rooms, one for their school dress and one for their best dress."

Whiz & Whir. *Harper's*, like everyone else, was amazed that in the new Pullman car "you converse as you would in your parlor at home." By 1896, it somewhat sadly admitted that progress and speed were everywhere and "the hum of the trolley is in the air . . . we can only have peace by moving on with the whirring, whizzing world."

But *Harper's* barely kept up with the whizzing journalistic world. In the depression of the 1890s, it almost went under. Only in the nick of time did J. P. Morgan bail it out with fresh funds. In the mid-'20s, the emphasis on illustration and fiction that had won *Harper's* its fame was jettisoned as *Harper's* changed with the changing times. The magazine began to concentrate on current affairs.

Editor Allen, the sixth man to hold the post, thinks that *Harper's* present circulation (159,357) is adequate, though he frankly wishes he "had the wit to get more without doing anything I consider unworthy of the magazine." With or without wit, Editor Allen can still attract top-notch writers for bottom-drawer rates. The probable reason, says Allen, is that "we deliberately edit for a minority of educated . . . people . . . the real leaders of America. We do not [try to] appeal to the millions of people who do not really know how to read or care to make the effort."

The New Freeman

On selected newsstands in New York City this week appeared an old journalistic name on a new magazine. The name: *The Freeman*. Once a radical organ of the left, the new *Freeman*, a fortnightly magazine of opinion, is hopefully aiming to be the voice of the "non-totalitarian right." Founded by the late Albert Jay Nock, author and self-styled radical, the old *Freeman* died in 1924. It was revived as the *New Freeman* in the early '30s by Suzanne LaFollette,* oldtime liberal and *Freeman* editor, author (*Art in America*), and longtime defender of Leon Trotsky in the Trotsky *v.* Stalin fight.

Suzanne LaFollette, now in her 50s and free-lancing, was one of the three journalists who once more revived *The Freeman*. The others: John Chamberlain, 47, author (*The American Stakes*), onetime book reviewer for the New York *Times* and *Harper's* and editorial writer for LIFE until his resignation last week, and Henry Hazlitt, 55, longtime (1934-46) editorial writer for the *Times* and contributing editor of *Newsweek*.

Out Plain Talk. Co-editors Hazlitt, LaFollette and Chamberlain, old friends, have long had the idea for the magazine, but lacked the financial backing. A year

Roy Stevens

SUZANNE LAFOLLETTE
To rescue an old word from misuse.

ago they teamed up with Alfred Kohlberg, a wealthy New York linen importer and stout supporter of Chiang Kai-shek. At the time, Kohlberg was backing the anti-Communist monthly *Plain Talk*.

After hearing the LaFollette-Hazlitt-Chamberlain plan, he decided to fold up faltering *Plain Talk* and transfer the 5,000 unexpired subscriptions to *The Freeman*. He became treasurer and helped to raise $130,000 (of which Kohlberg contributed 10%). Names of other supporters were a resolutely-kept secret.

Something Positive. *The Freeman's* editors plan to break away from the rigidly anti-Communist diet of *Plain Talk*, "go on to something more positive." Says Chamberlain: "The fight [against Communists] has been won domestically . . . You don't have to keep telling people that Communists have techniques of getting into organizations and are pretty good at spying . . . We want to revive the John Stuart Mill concept of liberalism. We feel we're rescuing an old word from misuse." Among those who did their bit to help rescue the old liberalism in the first issue were George Sokolsky, Raymond Moley and John T. Flynn.

Press run for the first issue was 37,000 copies, a deliberate overrun. *The Freeman* hopes the circulation will settle down to 12,000, gradually work up to the break-even point of 35,000. If it takes longer than a year to do so, more cash may be needed. But the editors think the risk of the new magazine worth taking.

* Daughter of former Washington Congressman William L. LaFollette and cousin to Wisconsin's late great Senator Robert M. LaFollette.

Bright Moonshine

On Tokyo's *Asahi*, which likes to call itself the New York *Times* of Japan, 30-year-old Hiroshi Nagaoka was only a police reporter in the bureau at Kobe. But like all reporters everywhere, Nagaoka dreamed of the great beat that would make his name & fame.

One night last week, Nagaoka rushed into the bureau chief's office with exciting news. Ritsu Ito, one of the nine Japanese Communist leaders whom the police have sought for three months, was in hiding near Kobe, reported Nagaoka, and an intermediary had arranged for him to interview Ito. At 1 a.m. Nagaoka left the *Asahi* bureau by taxi to keep his rendezvous. At 5:30 a.m. he was back in the office and pounding out his story.

After picking up his intermediary, wrote Nagaoka, he drove 20 miles to a spot where two men blindfolded him and led him into a deep pine forest. There the mask was taken off. "The moon was shining bright," reported Nagaoka, "and sitting on a huge rock three feet before me was the man I had come to interview." Not to be fooled, Nagaoka pulled out a photograph of Ito and compared it with the man's face. "Except for the grizzled tired face, the sharp gleaming eyes and the shabby suit," wrote Nagaoka somewhat ambiguously, "the man was undoubtedly Ritsu Ito." But Ito told him precious little in the three-minute interview that followed.

Nevertheless, *Asahi* (circ. 3,610,209) liked the story so well that it gave Nagaoka one of its rare bylines and spread the adventure across Page Two (*Asahi's* top spot for "sensational" news). Not so impressed were Kobe's police. They went over the story again & again with Police Reporter Nagaoka, each time noting discrepancies. Finally, Nagaoka broke down and confessed: the whole story was a hoax.

Never in sober old *Asahi's* 71 years had there been such a damaging blow to its integrity. In a Page One box next day it ran a profuse apology to its readers. Gravely, *Asahi's* board of directors met in emergency session, fired not only Nagaoka but his two superiors in Kobe, as well as the managing editor of *Asahi's* Osaka edition who had relayed the story. Nine other *Asahi* news executives caught blistering reprimands. Said lanky Kanichiro Shinobu, managing editor of the Tokyo edition and one of those reprimanded: "This is very embarrassing."

EARNINGS

Springtime

In 1950's second quarter, the 22 major U.S. manufacturing industries earned $3.2 billion after taxes, 34% more than in the previous quarter and 59% more than in the same period in 1949, the SEC reported last week. Largest increases were in such housing boom products as furniture and fixtures, lumber and wood, stone, clay and glass, and in cars and auto parts. Only decreases: printing and publishing, clothes and finished textiles, textile mill products.

ADVERTISING

"Be Happy . . ."

In the depression '30s, according to a popular bit of advertising folklore, a mysterious stranger walked into the Manhattan office of American Tobacco Co. (Lucky Strike) and held out his hand to an executive. "In my hand," said the stranger, "I have four words written on a piece of paper. They are worth $10,000 to you." The executive looked at the paper and promptly paid $10,000 for the four words. The words: "Be Happy—Go Lucky."

But—still according to the legend—American Tobacco decided that it couldn't use the wonderful slogan after all. The slogan was so obvious that thousands of people would claim they had thought it up and demand payment.

Last week the legend was revived. The reason: Lucky Strike had launched a $10 million ad campaign which, for the first time on a nationwide basis, used the slogan: "Be Happy—Go Lucky!" The reaction was immediate. The company was flooded with letters demanding payment; a few of the writers threatened to sue. But American Tobacco, said Advertising Manager A. R. Stevens, would pay no one. Stevens also tried to lay the fiction, once & for all, with some facts.

There had never been any mysterious stranger and none of the other legends about the slogan were true. Actually, the slogan had been kicking around the company almost since it was founded. "How could we miss it?" asked Stevens. "The phrase is even in the dictionary and at least 80 songs have been written with that title." The slogan was used on place cards called "Happy-Go-Luckies" in the early 1930s and on a few posters in 1937 (*see cut*). But American did not plug it hard, for a reason baffling to non-admen: American simply did not think it was very good. Nevertheless, for years the company has received scores of letters* a month

* According to another legend, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco (Camels) has also been advised by letter writers to use the slogan "In Ancient Times, Camels Carried Wise Men." The ad reader would supposedly supply the converse. The legend among hucksters is that Reynolds has avoided using the first half because it feared American Tobacco would supply the second half in its ads: "In Modern Times, Wise Men Carry Luckies."

LUCKY STRIKE AD (1937)
A legend.

suggesting it. American Tobacco has finally decided to use the "Be Happy—Go Lucky" slogan because it has just the right tone to "catch the cheerful spirit in today's trouble world."

FISCAL

Bucket Brigade

For another three or four weeks at least, Harry Truman and many businessmen can agree on one thing: let's not have any direct price, wage and rationing controls. In the meantime, the big question on the minds of politicians, economists and bankers is: Can credit restrictions and other fiscal controls effectively head off rising prices?

John Zimmerman

FRB's SZYMCZAK
A showdown?

The Federal Reserve Board, and notably Board Member M. S. Szymczak, thinks that indirect controls, if wisely and quickly used, can do the job. Szymczak, long a spokesman for moderation in Government attempts to control the economy, said: "The more we can accomplish by means of monetary, credit and fiscal policies . . . the less need there will be for the authoritarian harness of rationing and other direct controls."

Tightening Up. Last week FRB, which had been tightening up on credit since last summer, thought the time had come to tighten up some more. Bank loans, which expand credit and to some extent feed the fires of inflation, rose $108 million in the New York City area, to an all-time high of $5.7 billion (topping the previous peak of 1948). There was little doubt that loans around the nation were also up.

Since the entire economy has expanded greatly since 1948, the total of bank loans in itself was not too alarming. Furthermore, loans normally rise at this time of the year. But FRB thought that the rate of increase has been too fast (up $4 billion throughout the nation or nearly 10% since the start of the Korean war). To slow the rise, FRB last week was considering an order to boost the total reserve requirements of its member banks closer to the limit under present law, thus reduce the amount of money banks have for lending. If prices continued to go up, FRB was prepared to ask Congress for power to raise reserves still further.

Sabotage. Actually, FRB's efforts so far to fight inflation by restricting credit have been all but sabotaged by John Snyder's Treasury Department. As long ago as August, FRB made its first move to discourage borrowing by boosting the discount rate and dropping its support prices of many U.S. securities, thus pushing up interest rates throughout the U.S. (TIME, Sept. 4). But when the Treasury put on the market a record-breaking ($13.5 billion) issue of short-term notes, it refused to accept the higher rates, insisted instead on its long-standing policy of cheap money.

The result was that by last week, when the Treasury's financing operation ended, FRB had had to absorb most of the new low-interest notes itself, in order to keep an orderly market. By so doing, FRB might well have offset the higher interest rates that it had imposed; in buying most of the Treasury's huge issue, FRB had increased the amount of money available for loans to its member banks. If the banks took advantage of this, commercial loans, in the end, might rise even more. In short, before FRB could make its sensible anti-inflationary policy effective, it had to have a showdown with Snyder.

Meanwhile, FRB got ready to tighten

up further on consumer credit. It thought that Regulation W, which had gone into effect three weeks ago, was too mild. Consumer credit in August had climbed to an alltime peak of $20.9 billion, up $614 million from July.

When compared to the high level of consumer income, credit actually was not quite as high percentagewise (9.5%) as in 1941, when the much smaller $9.8 billion of consumer credit was more than 10% of income. But FRB thought the rate of increase was too fast and should be slowed down.

AVIATION

Wright's Rights

As the two biggest U.S. makers of airplane engines, Pratt & Whitney and Wright Aeronautical have long been stiff competitors. Three years ago, Pratt & Whitney got the jump on Wright in the jet engine field by getting the U.S. license to produce the Rolls Royce "Nene" jet. The Nene, and P. & W. refinements of it, now power several models of U.S. fighters and bombers. On the other hand, Wright has not yet produced a jet engine on its assembly line.

Last week Wright got a jet engine of its own, also from Britain. For a price around "several millions," Wright bought the U.S. rights to the powerful new Sapphire engine of Britain's Armstrong Siddeley Motors, Ltd.

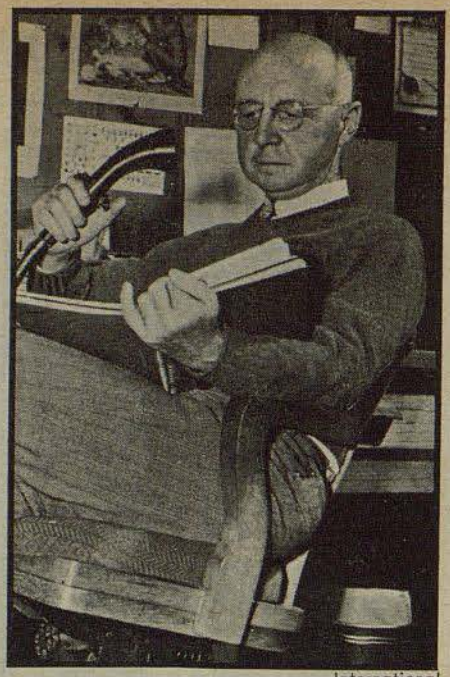
The Sapphire seemed to be a prize. Shown publicly only last month, it has a thrust of 7,200 lbs., or 1,000 lbs. more than Pratt & Whitney's improved Nene. Britain's Gloster Meteor 8 fighter, powered by two Sapphires, reportedly can climb from take-off to 40,000 ft. in four minutes. Wright also was licensed to build Armstrong Siddeley's best turboprop engines, the "Python," the "Mamba" and the "Double Mamba." In addition, the two companies agreed to "exchange knowledge" on research, technical information and products for seven years.

The deal was one more indication that the U.S. was still far behind the British in the jet engine field. For U.S. engine builders, the only consolation was that by exchanging U.S. production know-how for the advanced designs of British engines, there was a good chance that both nations would be able to keep ahead of the rest of the world.

FOOD

Cold Proposition

On a winter day in Labrador some 30 years ago, a fur trader named Clarence Birdseye caught a fish, watched it freeze instantly in the 50° below zero temperature. Days later, he dropped the fish into a pail of water to thaw it out, was amazed to see the fish flip its tail and swim about. Birdseye decided that he had "unlocked one of nature's secrets"—and also hit upon a new way to preserve food. When he returned to civilization (*i.e.*, his home in Gloucester, Mass.), he developed a mechanical quick-freezing process and



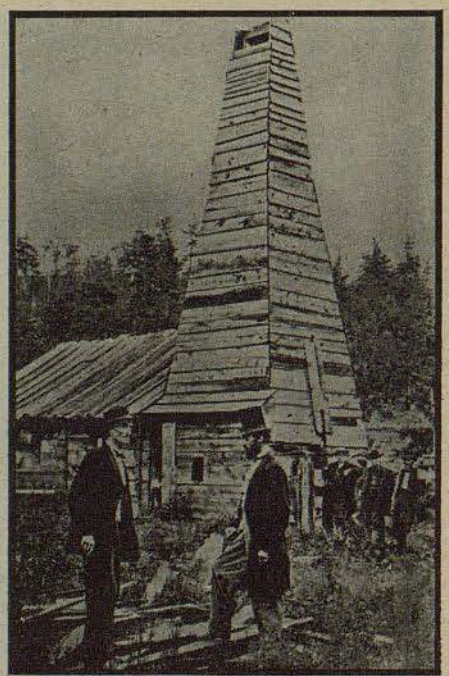
International

CLARENCE BIRDSEYE
He unlocked a secret.

thereby laid the foundation of the frozen-food industry. (In 1929 Birdseye and his associates sold out for $22 million to the Postum Co., Inc., which changed its name to General Foods Corp.*)

The industry spawned by Clarence Birdseye's durable fish today is a baby whale in the U.S. economy; its gross last year was $700 million. Thanks to its early start, General Foods' Birds Eye-Snider division forms the biggest segment of the industry. Its 50-odd frozen foods this year will account for a sizable chunk of General Foods' estimated $500 million gross sales. Last week, to help it stay ahead, Birds Eye-Snider brought out the first frozen tomato-juice concentrate, hopes to have another bestseller.

* Birdseye went right on inventing, now holds more than 250 U.S. and foreign patents on food freezing, incandescent lighting, infrared heat, etc. Now 63, he is president of Dehydration, Inc.



The Bettman Archive

DRAKE (BEARD) & FIRST OIL WELL
He found a capital.

Early Frost. But Birds Eye has plenty of competition. There are 1,050 smaller companies whose 500-odd products include frozen clam chowder, gefüllte fish, ready-to-bake biscuits, strawberry shortcake, Chinese egg rolls, cheese blintzes, chicken pie, bullhead fillets, partridge, Australian rabbit, buffalo meat and mallard duck. But the biggest sellers are still staples of the U.S. kitchen, vegetables, fruits and juices.

The youthful industry has had its share of growing pains. After World War II, the business was invaded by scores of shoestring operators who tried to make a quick cleanup, flooded the market with tasteless, badly packed products and scared off so many consumers that sales slumped 20%. In 1947, more than 200 firms went bankrupt. But last year the industry hit its stride. More than 20% of all U.S. poultry (200 million lbs.) came to dinner by way of the freezer. All told, the industry sold 1,130 million lbs. of frozen foods and twelve million gallons of juice concentrate. And it changed the nation's cooking and eating habits: many families which once used canned goods all through the winter now eat fresh food out of the freezer. One cook, before accepting a job, asked: "Does madam peel or does madam Birds Eye?"

The industry's biggest growth came from the sensational success of frozen orange juice, which also bailed out many a floundering Florida citrus grower. Four years ago, Florida had such a glut of oranges that prices tumbled to as little as 65¢ a box. In 1949-50, as frozen-food packers put up 21 million gallons of concentrated orange juice, the demand for oranges outran supply and prices rose to $3.50 a box.

Late Thaw. California orange growers are still out in the cold, because their production costs are too high to compete. But California lemon growers, who raise half the world's supply (lemons don't grow well in Florida), have started to cash in. This year the industry froze 2,000,000 gallons of lemon juice, expects to put up 10 million gallons next year.

In spite of their locker-bulging growth, frozen-food companies still have plenty of room in which to expand. Only 13.4% of U.S. families now drink frozen orange juice regularly; frozen vegetables amount to only a fraction of the total market. Optimistic frozen-food men think that if grocers would increase their freezer space they could "just about kill the fresh vegetable market."

OIL

"A Real Sentimental Loss"

On a summer day in 1859, a blacksmith galloped into tiny Titusville, Pa. on a mule and shouted electrifying news: "Struck oil! Struck oil!" The blacksmith was W. H. ("Uncle Billy") Smith, who had

helped "Colonel"* Edwin L. Drake drill the nation's first commercial oil well, thus launch the U.S. petroleum industry. As the news spread, Titusville mushroomed into a city of 9,046 and became the U.S. oil capital. So sure were Pennsylvania oilmen that the state had been endowed with a unique gift of nature that they had a saying: "I'll drink every drop of oil found west of the Ohio River."

But soon richer fields were found in the West, and as the Pennsylvania reserves became depleted (the state, once first, has slipped to twelfth place among oil producers) Titusville's eleven refineries gradually dwindled to one. Last week the Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., which bought Titusville's last refinery from Cities Service Co. only a few months ago, had sorry news for oldtime roughnecks. It announced that its antiquated (built in the 1880s) refinery, which employs 70 people and has a capacity of 2,500 barrels a day, will be closed down and dismantled next month. Sighed one longtime Titusvillager: "A real sentimental loss."

COTTON

Turnabout

Washington, which arbitrarily cut cotton acreage 20% only a year ago, abruptly changed its policy. Secretary of Agriculture Charles Brannan, who had once loudly pleaded with farmers to stop raising cotton and diversify their crops, last week asked them to increase cotton production as much as possible. To help them out, Brannan took off all planting and marketing controls on cotton—which was already selling at its highest price in 30 years.

The turnabout was caused by an impending worldwide cotton shortage—and the leanest U.S. cotton crop in four years. Bugs, bad weather and the cut in acreage allotments under the support program had slashed the U.S. crop this year to an estimated 9,869,000 bales from 16,128,000 bales in 1949. Brannan hoped that production could be stepped up again to 16 million bales in 1951. But wiping out controls removed only one obstacle; there were plenty more.

Biggest was the labor shortage. Southern farm labor has been steadily streaming north to Chicago and Detroit for factory jobs. Most farmers cannot harvest even a normal crop without the help of out-of-area labor, much less the 11 million additional acres they will have to plant to reach Brannan's goal.

Even if farmers think they can solve their labor problem by importing migrant workers from Mexico (a process tangled in red tape) and by mechanization, many of them may still be reluctant to expand cotton acreage. Before they plow up their pastures and go back to the feast & famine dangers of cotton, farmers will want assurance that it will pay in the long run, that quotas won't be clamped on again next year. Warned the Atlanta *Constitution:* "[Farmers] would do well to think . . . carefully before giving up in favor of the lure of quick cotton profits. For big profits, even at 41-cent cotton, may turn out to be a mirage for many."

Brannan might also have difficulty getting farmers to appreciate the shortage. He is still collecting fines (more than $500,000 to date) from farmers who exceeded their 1950 marketing quotas. Brannan argued that if fines are suspended now, farmers who had stayed within their limits would be penalized, while those who went over their legal quotas would profit.

* A title whimsically bestowed by Drake's Connecticut sponsor to impress Titusville yokels with the importance of his work. Actually, the only uniform that Drake ever wore was as a conductor on the New York, New Haven Railroad.

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MECHANICAL ELEPHANT & FRIENDS
The bacon & eggs market was invaded.

James Coyne

ABRAHAM SONNABEND
This time, no loopholes.

Faced by all these obstacles, the Government moved last week to protect dwindling U.S. cotton reserves—estimated to be only 500,000 bales more than domestic and foreign demand—until next year's crop is in. The Government will require licenses for all exports, except to Canada, will allow none for shipments behind the Iron Curtain.

FOREIGN TRADE

Kipper Caper

At a festive breakfast for 80 in London's Claridge's Hotel last week, Sir Frederick Bell, chairman of Britain's Herring Industry Board, rose to speak. "With all the fine food they have in America," said Sir Frederick, "the one thing they lack is a fine Scottish kipper." The guests agreed. They had just eaten 160 fine Scottish kippers to celebrate the shipping of 4,000,000 cellophane-wrapped, frozen kippers to New York, in the first big postwar invasion of the bacon & eggs (and dollar) market by the trade.

Kippers were not the only out-of-the-way item that Britain was exporting to the U.S. in her increasingly successful search for dollars. Others included rubber life-size king cobras for theatrical and carnival use, orchids, carillon bells and radioactive isotopes.

Most eye-catching export: life-size mechanical elephants, made by a Maxted, Essex company. They wave their trunks, flap their ears, have a carrying capacity of ten adults or 16 children and get 15 miles on the gallon. Five have been ordered by U.S. showmen. Price: $3,200 apiece.

REAL ESTATE

Saturday's Child

When Ohio Realtor John W. Galbreath offered to buy six buildings in Cleveland's downtown Terminal Tower Group for $7,800,000 last spring, Railroader Robert R. Young, who owned the majority of the stock, thought the deal was solid. But when the time came to pass the cash, Galbreath wanted to change the sale conditions. Twice Bob Young granted extensions; twice Galbreath asked for new terms, and the contract grew to 100 pages.

Last week, after Galbreath had presented his latest conditions, Bob Young, who likes his deals simple, had had enough. Young announced he was selling the buildings to someone else for $200,000 more.

The new buyers included Hotelman Abraham Sonnabend, who operates Boston's Shelton, Puritan and Somerset, Chicago's Edgewater Beach, and three other hotels. Also in the group: the Sixty Trust, one of the maze of tax-free trusts set up by Royal Little of Textron, Inc.

The new buyers plan to hold the Terminal buildings, which were built in the '20s by the empire-building Van Sweringen brothers for $100 million, as a long-term investment. Some day, they may construct the three additional buildings which were in the original plan. This time Bob Young left no loopholes: he collected part of the purchase money last week, set a deadline of 30 days for the rest.

Divorced. Alvin C. Eurich, 48, president of New York's big, growing, two-year-old State University (TIME, Sept. 11); by Alice Albert Eurich, fortyish; after 24 years of marriage, no children; in Reno.

Died. Clifton Alexander Woodrum, 63, longtime (1923-45) U.S. Representative from Virginia; of a heart ailment; in Washington. Though he went along with most of the New Deal, Woodrum was a leader of the Democratic Party's conservative wing, spoke up sternly now & then against freehanded Administration spending. In 1939 Washington newsmen voted him one of the ten ablest Representatives.

Died. Dudley Field Malone, 68, who made news all through the '20s as a big-time lawyer in Manhattan and Paris, a friend of celebrities, a mixer-in-politics and a taker-up-of-causes (feminism, persecuted Reds, Tennessee Darwinian John T. Scopes); of a heart ailment; in Culver City, Calif. Seldom in the limelight since the early '30s, Malone became a Hollywood lawyer, played Winston Churchill in the 1943 movie *Mission to Moscow* ("All lawyers and politicians are actors at heart").

Died. Mrs. Frederick Ambrose Clark, seventyish, stable owner (Algasir, Tea-Maker), wife of the wealthy dean of New York State's horsy set, aunt of the polo-playing Bostwick brothers; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Willis Haviland Carrier, 73, "founder of the air-conditioning industry," first president (1915-31) of Carrier Corp., later board chairman; in Manhattan. Mechanical Engineer Carrier's "Rational Psychometric Formulae" (1911) provided a scientific basis for designing air-conditioning equipment, took the industry out of its cut-and-try infancy.

Died. Curtis Boyd Johnson, 74, since 1916 publisher and principal owner of the Charlotte *Observer,* which he made the biggest daily (circ. 135,000) in the Carolinas; in Charlotte, N.C.

Died. Edward Childs Carpenter, 77, playwright and novelist, author of such popular comedies of incident as 1915's *The Cinderella Man,* 1920's *Bab,* 1928's *The Bachelor Father;* in Torrington, Conn.

Died. Harry Lowe Crosby, 79, father of Crooner Bing and Bandleader Bob; in North Hollywood, Calif.

Died. John Francis ("Honey Fitz") Fitzgerald, 87, oldtime "Young Napoleon" of Boston ward politics whose shrewd common touch and honeyed rendition of *Sweet Adeline* made him one of Boston's most influential Irish Democrats, got him elected U.S. Representative for three terms (1895-1901), mayor for two (1906-07; 1910-14); in Boston.

Box Office

The five films U.S. moviegoers paid the most money to see in September, according to a *Variety* poll of 25 key cities:

1) *The Black Rose* (20th Century-Fox)
2) *Sunset Boulevard* (Paramount)
3) *Summer Stock* (M-G-M)
4) *Fancy Pants* (Paramount)
5) *My Blue Heaven* (20th Century-Fox)

Curious Native Customs

After a year's safari into darkest Hollywood, Anthropologist Hortense Powdermaker has emerged with a published account of her findings, *Hollywood, The Dream Factory* (Little, Brown; $3.50). On the basis of previous research among backward Melanesian natives, Dr. Powdermaker concluded that the denizens of Hollywood are even more primitive, more superstitious, more beset by anxieties than Stone Age tribesmen.

U.S. Marine Corps

MELANESIAN NATIVES
Hollywood is more primitive.

She was surprised to discover that the movie people generally lived, not on palatial estates, but in tidy suburbs resembling Baltimore's Roland Park and Cleveland's Shaker Heights. They proved excellent interviewees because "the level of frustration was high, and frustrated people love to talk." The anonymous case histories indicate that Hollywoodians are frustrated because 1) they make more money than other people in the U.S., and 2) are constantly worried about being fired.

Suicide & Sex. Most of Hollywood's taboos center around the self-imposed Industry Production Code. Just as Melanesians have elaborate taboos against incest (punishable by death), so does Hollywood have an equally important taboo against "any reference to the biological nature of man or other animals." Violators are not killed, but are refused the Code's seal of approval, "a form of business suicide." Moviemakers continually revolve in a vicious circle with the Code office minutely censoring "dialogue for suggestions of sex while the studios continue to accent the sexiness of their stars."

Dr. Powdermaker also explodes the myth that "a young actress can get ahead by sleeping with the right men." The trouble with this formula, she says, is that Hollywood sexual behavior "is so often limited to the instinctual biological act" that the man the young girl "thinks she is using for her own purposes is frequently through with her after the episode."

Men, Women & Actors. Of all the frustrated groups in Hollywood—executives, producers, directors, writers—the class Anthropologist Powdermaker seems to feel most sympathy for is the actors. Their fellow workers regard them with "pitying condescension . . . contempt, hostility and hatred." Says she: "No one respects them. The cliché that there are three kinds of people—men, women and actors—is heard over and over again."

Among other Hollywood phenomena, Dr. Powdermaker found strong elements of totalitarianism: "the concept of people as property and as objects to be manipulated, highly concentrated and personalized power for power's sake; an amorality, and an atmosphere of breaks, continuous anxiety and crises . . ." The end result is "business inefficiency, deep frustration . . . and a high number of unentertaining second- and third-rate movies."

Hamlet to the General

After two years of showings at advanced prices ($.90 to $2.40), Sir Laurence Olivier's Academy Awardwinning *Hamlet* last week went into U.S. neighborhood movie houses at popular prices.

The film that the experts had at first called "too arty" had already been seen by millions of moviegoers in 2,000 big-city and small-town theaters, had returned a $2,500,000 net profit on a gross of $5,500,000.

New Picture

All About Eve (20th Century-Fox), a needle-sharp study of bitchery in the Broadway theater, is Producer Darryl F. Zanuck's major bid for 1950 Oscars. Zanuck, usually a ruthless cutter, thinks well enough of the picture to let it run 2 hours and 18 minutes. His company echoes his high opinion by releasing the movie on unprecedented terms: no latecomers are to be admitted to its scheduled (but continuous) performances.

Scripted and directed by Joseph L. (*A Letter to Three Wives*) Mankiewicz, *All About Eve* is probably Hollywood's closest original approach to the bite, sheen and wisdom of high comedy. It crackles with smart, smarting dialogue. Sometimes at too earnest length, but mostly with wit and always with insight, it jabs at the quirks and follies of show business and

acting. With all these merits, plus a full-blooded story, the picture is absorbing enough to ride over an occasional lag, satisfying enough to redeem a contrived epilogue.

The movie shows the swift rise of young Broadway Actress Eve Harrington (Anne Baxter) from a stagestruck unknown to an adulated star. She is seen first at her most triumphant moment, as the theater's elite prepare to honor her with their highest prize for acting. Then, in flashbacks introduced with narration by three different characters, the story of Eve's success proves her less a Cinderella than a Lady Macbeth.

Though the narrators' hints alert the audience to distrust Eve, the early sequences make her wholly sympathetic. She seems "a lamb loose in our big stone jungle," humble, gracious, utterly devoted to the tempestuous big star (Bette Davis) who adopts her us a secretary-handmaiden. Subtly at first, then with fine crescendo effect, Mankiewicz reveals her as an ambitious fanatic who stops at nothing—deceit, betrayal, assignation, blackmail—to knife her way to the top.

The two main victims of Eve's rise are just as keenly drawn. Her benefactress, written and played with some recognizable traces of Tallulah Bankhead, is volatile, egocentric and uninhibited, a great stage personality whose bitter anxiety over encroaching middle age blights both her career and her love affair with a younger director (Gary Merrill). Eve's original well-meaning sponsor (Celeste Holm) is a hapless show-business phenomenon: as the non-professional wife of a successful playwright (Hugh Marlowe), she feels pangs of insecurity at having her husband dangled constantly before beautiful, designing females of the theater.

Actress Davis, who submits to deliberately harsh lighting, unflattering camera angles and messy make-up, gives the picture's showiest role what may well be the best performance of her career. A thoroughly convincing theatrical first lady given to spats, rages and drunken maunderings, she commands sympathy and even admiration for a character whom the audience is prepared to hate. The sensitively modulated playing of Anne Baxter, one of Hollywood's most versatile performers, makes Eve everything she should be, counts heavily in the movie's effectiveness.

The picture is less fortunate in its leading male characters, except for the drama critic, played to cruel perfection by George Sanders. Mankiewicz has plastered him with several labels that suggest Drama Critic George Jean Nathan (*e.g.*, fur collar, cigarette holder, lordly disdain for Hollywood), but Nathan is named in the dialogue to keep the similarity purely coincidental. The role is a witheringly vicious portrait of a clever snob, fully as poisonous as Eve and even deadlier.

Whether or not it lives up to Producer Zanuck's award-winning hopes, *All About Eve* should please moviegoers who value the kind of grownup, pithy entertainment all too seldom found in U.S. films.

BOOKS

Connecticut Gamut

BLANDINGS' WAY (314 pp.)—*Eric Hodgins—Simon & Schuster* ($3).

Mr. Blandings had at last finished building his Connecticut dream house. As he commuted between his country acres and his Madison Avenue office, Blandings got to thinking that it wasn't really enough just to own a house. A man ought to pull his weight in the community. What happened to fiction's famous flannel-brained Manhattan adman in the social & political briers of rural New England is the lightsome burden of *Blandings' Way*, FORTUNE Editor Eric Hodgins' sequel to *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House*.

The second book of Blandings is not so homely-timely as the first, but it will probably have just as big a popular success; it is a Book-of-the-Month Club pick for October, and contains almost as many situations for Cary Grant and Myrna Loy as *Dream House* did.

The first thing Blandings did as a Community-Conscious Citizen was to take a wild rush into local politics. He tripped at the first step, and fell into a seat on the school board. Then somebody shoved a failing small-town newspaper into his arms, and lit out for the Coast. Blandings rashly began a flaming editorial crusade for oleomargarine in the heart of the Connecticut dairy country.

"Communist! Crackpot!" howled his political opponents, and Blandings was on the run. He ran the gamut of local political pitfalls before he was through, and landed in most of the social & economic ones too. At last, weary and harried but doing his best to look like Moses leading his people through the Wilderness, Blandings sold his dream house and brought his family back to a Manhattan apartment. "Just think," his wife sighed happily. "Out of a side bedroom window you can catch a little glimpse of Central Park."

The Substance of Life

A FEARFUL JOY (343 pp.)—*Joyce Cary—Harper* ($3).

The best of the living English novelists (E. M. Forster, Graham Greene, Elizabeth Bowen, Henry Green) write with intelligence, wit and moral purpose. They are deeply concerned with the world and its fate. But they can seldom dig into the insides of ordinary human experience, reveling in its meat and marrow, the way the old boys did. By comparison with the comic expansiveness of a Dickens or the moody intensity of a Hardy, they seem merely to be giving life a quick, light-fingered skim.

There is one exception: 61-year-old Joyce Cary, an immensely fertile and gifted English writer whose juicy novels are beginning to win the applause they deserve. While Cary's subject is 20th Century life, his work carries the rich old tone

Steinmetz

ERIC HODGINS
Social and political briers.

of the 18th Century English novel: the satiric shrewdness of a Fielding, the burly gusto of a Smollett, the finely cut detail of a Defoe. To undernourished imaginations, Cary offers a fat literary pudding, steaming with the odors of traditional England.

Of the slices of Cary's pudding that have been served in the U.S. since 1936, the best have been his trilogy novels, *Herself Surprised, To Be a Pilgrim* and *The Horse's Mouth* (TIME, Sept. 20, 1948 *et seq.*). In these books Cary shows himself a master of the novelist's true business: creating characters who stick in the memory. No one who has once met that latter-day Moll Flanders, Sara Monday, and that loudmouthed old horsethief and painter, Gulley Jimson, is likely to forget them.

Brian Seed

JOYCE CARY
Texture and grain.

Unworried Tabitha. Cary's new novel, *A Fearful Joy*, is centered about another of his extravagant characters: Tabitha Baskett, a woman with an easygoing moral sense, but with enough common sense to know that the best thing to do with life is to live it. *A Fearful Joy* is not topflight Cary; sometimes it reads like a fast imitation of his best writing. But there is still a rich ration of fun in it, and the old Cary feel for the texture and grain of people.

Tabitha first appears as a young girl in a small English town, orphaned and stuck with a dull, painfully married elder brother. Thirsty for adventure, she runs off with Bonser, a jovial fast-talking bounder who peddles worthless shares in country pubs. Bonser juggles her on his knee and cuddles her in bed, but he runs out when her money does.

To support Bonser's baby, Tabitha becomes the mistress of an art-mad millionaire. Soon Tabitha is reigning as queen of the millionaire's crazy bohemian circle, passing esthetic judgments with unworried ignorance and editing a highbrow magazine.

This wild burlesque of English literary life is the best thing in *A Fearful Joy*. Cary trots out a weird but wholly likable crew of eccentrics and fakes: the rich "angel" who is afraid of being taken in and afraid of being left out; the lazy sponger with an uncanny eye for the latest thing in letters who privately believes that modern writing is "so rotten that it may be good, in a rotten way"; the scraggly poet with "a thin virgin beard" who preaches that "the true decadent has no modesty."

Once the literary racket collapses, Tabitha turns, in not nearly so lively a set of chapters, to new worlds. She marries a wealthy ironmaster, gets religion, tries to enliven her flat-spirited son, and finally finds her warmest happiness with Bonser —old, bruised and irresponsible, but still her own fearful joy.

Undaunted Author. Much of the sense of abundant reality and deep experience in Cary's novels comes from the vivacity of his own life. He was born in northern Ireland of an aristocratic English family, studied art in Paris and later went to Oxford. Then he went off "to live and see life" (as a cook with a Red Cross outfit) in the Balkan War of 1912-13. During the first World War, he fought against German colonial troops in Africa, suffered a head wound which has resulted in intermittent insomnia—a spur to sitting up late writing novels.

Since 1920, he has lived in Oxford because "the intellectual sincerity of this place is pretty high . . . Living among philosophers has kept me from turning out a lot of tripe."

In one respect Cary has been luckier than a lot of his contemporaries. Blessed with a private income, he could write away, and postpone publication, until he

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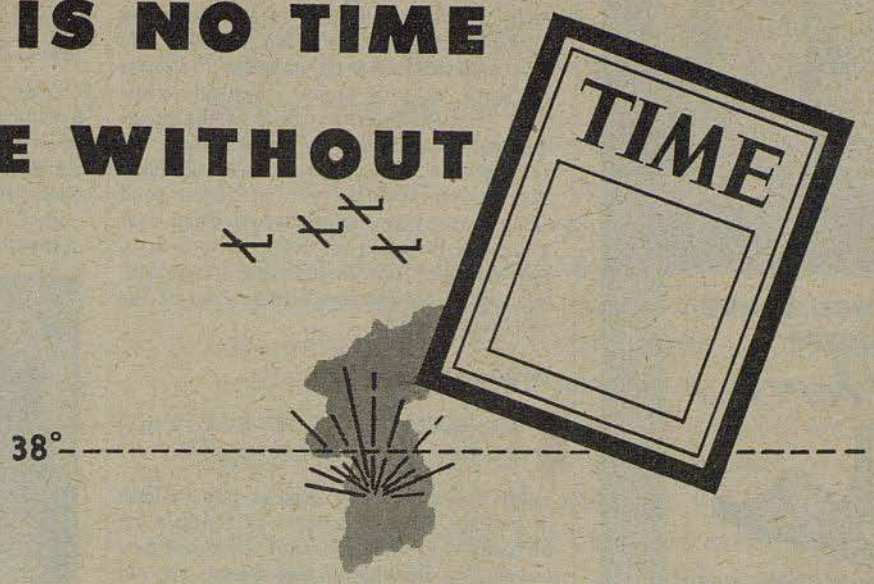

In troubled times like these, with actual war aflame in the Pacific and a feeling of imminence current everywhere else, every thinking man wants a reliable—and continuing—report of the news that is important to him.

He wants reports from the battlefields, of course, but he also wants a comprehensive account of all the other important fronts: the economic, the political, the ideological. He wants whatever is needed for complete understanding and for help in judging how events may touch his own country, his own fortunes.

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was completely satisfied with his work. He started half a dozen novels, one of them 750,000 words long, finished three, discarded all of them. Finally, in 1932, after "three years of frightful agony," he published his first book, *Aissa Saved*. Critics compared him to Conrad and Tolstoy, but it sold less than 1,000 copies.

Since *Aissa*, Cary has plugged away with ferocious energy, often beginning work at 4 or 5 a.m., revising endlessly. He is now at work on a novel called *Prisoners of Grace*, a story about a radical politician, "a spellbinder, an artist of the imagination." Undaunted by his 61 years, he has outlines of 30 more novels sketched out for him for the next 20 years, good news to a growing audience of Cary fans who have found in his work neither fatuous optimism nor fashionable pessimism, but a rich, old-fashioned recreation of the substance of life.

Wolves in Firelight

THE TROUBLE OF ONE HOUSE (314 pp.) —*Brendan Gill—Doubleday* ($3).

Love & death, the hero and the villain of biology, have also been starred in a lot of badly overwritten fiction. In a new first novel, *The Trouble of One House*, the old antagonists are presented with exact good taste. In Novelist Brendan Gill, moreover, readers are presented with a fine new ironist.

Love, says Ironist Gill, is not just the sweet mystery of life; it is a tremendous natural force that can shatter people who resist it. And people who truly know how to love can be dreadful nuisances in a world of people who do not.

Elizabeth Rowan knew how to love. She loved everyone simply for what he was: her husband for a cold, frightened man who dared not risk feeling much for anyone, her sister for a soul-sick shrew who could not control her bad feeling for everyone, her priest for a muddled half-innocent who did not yet know what he really felt about anything except religion. Almost all the people Elizabeth knew dreaded her love as much as they wanted it. Her husband once stormed at her: "I know there are times when it's worse than hating to love as you do—times when you're like a growth running wild, eating us, like a sponge swallowing us up, making us yours."

When Elizabeth died of cancer, all the people she loved rushed at her as much for vengeance as for grief, almost like wolves into the circle of a dying fire that had drawn them yet filled them with fear. In a fitful half-light of awareness, the characters of Brendan Gill's soft-moving, almost plotless novel rip tooth & nail at the memory of Elizabeth—at each other for possession of it, and finally each at himself in remorse for the dried smallness of his own loveless heart.

For the last 14 years Brendan Gill has been writing for *The New Yorker*, contributing deft stories and profiles, well-considered book reviews, and items for "The Talk of the Town" section. At 36, he is starting later than a lot of this year's first novelists, but evidently not because he has wasted time. In *The Trouble of One House*, his storytelling method, an indirect, impressionistic one with something of the quality of Virginia Woolf's, takes him precisely where he wants to go.

Subservience in the Desert

THE WISDOM OF THE SANDS (350 pp.) —*Antoine de Saint-Exupéry—Harcourt, Brace* ($4).

The best writing to be found in the five-inch shelf of flying literature was done by French Airman Antoine de Saint-Exupéry (*Night Flight, Wind, Sand and Stars, Flight to Arras*). He was that rare 20th Century blend, a courageous man of action whose deepest values were spiritual. On his long air-mail flights over desert and ocean, and on military missions over doomed France in 1940, his brooding imagination conceived a vision of life in which God, soul and the brotherhood of man shone through and outweighed all commonplace striving.

Disraeli

AIRMAN SAINT-EXUPÉRY
A partial blueprint.

In 1944 he disappeared without trace during a P-38 reconnaissance flight to Southern France. He was 44. In a letter found later among his papers, he had written: "I hate this century with all my heart."

"He Who Questions . . ." Airman Saint-Exupéry left behind him an unpublished testament. Now ably translated into English by British Francophile Stuart Gilbert, *The Wisdom of the Sands* can be read as a partial blueprint of the moral and ethical world Saint-Ex envisioned. As with most such plottings of mystical patterns, it is a hard one to follow, in this century or any other. In *Wisdom*, Saint-Ex imagines himself as a desert prince sharing his accumulated wisdom with his subjects (he loved the Sahara and the tradition-ruled life of its people). He is a benevolent despot, brave, warlike, just

and unsentimental, the kind of man with whom T. E. Lawrence would have been proud to share a tent.

Prince X (in the book he is nameless) delivers his credo in a singing, quasi-biblical monologue. He warns his tribe against becoming "sedentaries" and cherishing worldly goods, cautions them that man's spirit, not logic and reason, must govern their lives. So far, Prince X sounds almost like a Christian. He is not; he is a Nietzschean. He disdains pity and charity, preaches the importance of the here & now and a disregard for the future. His rule is absolute and his subjects may not question him: "He who questions is seeking, primarily, the abyss."

Parched Heaven. A traditionalist, Prince X does not like the new, either in poetry or in political organization. His followers must be valorous but subservient, and he has little use for democracy: "Freedom leads to equality, and equality to stagnation—which is death . . . The multitude is never free . . ." The happiest men are to be found in "deserts, monasteries." It soon becomes apparent, in fact, that Saint-Ex wanted the passion for God and love to flourish in a social framework which would shortly make violent rebels of most men of spirit.

Like many another sensitive man, Saint-Ex had become sick of the human greed and selfishness he saw about him. He affirmed that men can be better than they are, and like many another perfectionist, sought a moral and spiritual climate where goodness could flourish. Halfway through this century which he hated, most men can share Saint-Ex's yearning toward God. It is not likely that they would accept life in his parched heaven.

Of Wealth & Power

THE BARONS (579 pp.)—*Charles Wertenbaker—Random House* ($3.50).

The Barons are a clannish French family that fled the French Revolution, settled in Delaware, and rose to great wealth and power from a small gunpowder mill on Rising Sun Creek, near the small town of Susquehanna. "Neither the setting nor any of the characters ever existed," says an author's note at the beginning of this novel. But that will prevent few readers from noting a more than surface resemblance between the Barons and the Du Ponts, another clannish French family that fled the French Revolution, settled in Delaware, and rose to great wealth and power from a small powder mill on Brandywine Creek, near Wilmington.

Balance for Baron. At the opening of the novel in 1906, the older Barons are tired of carrying on the business and the company is about to be sold to a competitor. Impetuous young Stuart Baron, who has been managing the mills, maneuvers the elder clansmen into agreeing to sell to the highest bidder, then makes the highest bid himself. The elders agree to the coup, provided he will take two cousins into the business as balance wheels. The three of them—headstrong Stuart, flam-

boyant Raoul, a promoter and organizer, and cautious David, a slick man with figures—proceed to gobble small powder companies by the dozens and build Baron into a giant U.S. powder trust.

An incident no less dramatic actually happened in Wilmington in 1902. In that instance it was headstrong young Alfred Irénée du Pont who proposed to buy the company, and Cousins Thomas Coleman, the promoter, and Pierre Samuel, the financial brain—still, at 80, a member of Du Pont's finance committee—who joined him to build the business and to expand it into the fields of peace. Shortly before World War I, E. I. du Pont de Nemours, like Baron, was found in violation of the antitrust laws and split into three separate companies. The parallels go deeper. *The Barons* is largely the story of Stuart. His divorce, which rocked Susquehanna society, his long and tragic attempt to marry his third cousin, Philippa, his law suit and feud with his family over disposal of Raoul's 40,000 shares of Baron common that forced him out of the company, all find their counterparts in Wilmington fact or legend.

NOVELIST WERTENBAKER
A provincial feel.

Pending Balzac. Whether the fictional Barons catch the flavor and character of the Du Ponts is another question. Many attempts have been made to mine the raw drama of America's industrial titans. So far, these tremendous themes are still awaiting a Balzac. Author Wertenbaker, sometime resident of Delaware, longtime member of the editorial staffs of TIME and FORTUNE who now writes novels in the south of France, knows his milieu. He has a long memory for the provincial feel, the sights, sounds, and faded scandals of the Delaware country. If there is a bit too much historical lumber and corn in *The Barons,* he has managed to infuse enough animal vigor into his story to make it absorbing and as close to Balzac as any modern author may get.

MISCELLANY

Cold Comfort. In Rochester, George R. Schiemer of the State Frozen Food Locker Association cheerfully announced that "one of the safest places to be in the event of an atomic explosion" is in a frozen-food locker.

Artful Lodger. In Knoxville, Tenn., Landlady Lettie Rogers charged in a lawsuit that Roomer Comer Bailey was 244 weeks behind in his rent.

Prepared. In Los Angeles, police nabbed Herbert W. Stusse on suspicion of stealing the live chicken he was carrying under his jacket, found in his pockets 1) a hatchet, 2) salt & pepper shakers.

The Face Is Familiar. In Cincinnati, Edgar Fred Whitaker, wanted on charges of robbery and jailbreaking, was nabbed by FBI agents as he stood in the Federal Building looking at his own picture among the "Wanted" posters.

Norther. In El Paso, Police Chief W. C. Woolverton sighed and announced that he was adding policemen to the force: "Cooler weather always brings more crime. People seem to eat more, wear more and steal more."

Through the Rye. In Youngstown, Ohio, Judge Frank P. Anzellotti dismissed a drunkenness charge against George Shirley when Shirley proved himself sober enough to spell the name of his home town, nearby Punxsutawney, Pa. In Bloomfield Hills, Mich., the charge against Abdulla ben Brahim was reduced from drunken driving to reckless driving when Abdulla proved his sobriety by walking around the police station on his hands.

The Straight Dope. In Seattle, federal narcotics agents nabbed a suspect, found that the stuff he had been peddling as heroin was really talcum powder, charged him with grand larceny.

Now You See It . . . In St. Charles, Ill., two of the 30 inmates of Illinois State Training School for Boys who were taken out to see an eclipse of the moon took advantage of the darkness, crawled over a fence and ran away.

Direct Approach. In Knoxville, Tenn., a man arrested for loitering in a bank lobby and sticking his hand through a teller's window told police: "Everybody else has money, I might as well get some."

Public Enemies. In Denver, two youths who snatched a purse containing 20¢ were run down in a six-block chase by 23 policemen, ten private citizens.

Warm Regards. In Chicago, William Ward admitted setting fire to an apartment house, explained that he had done it in the hope of seeing his estranged girl friend as she ran out of the building.

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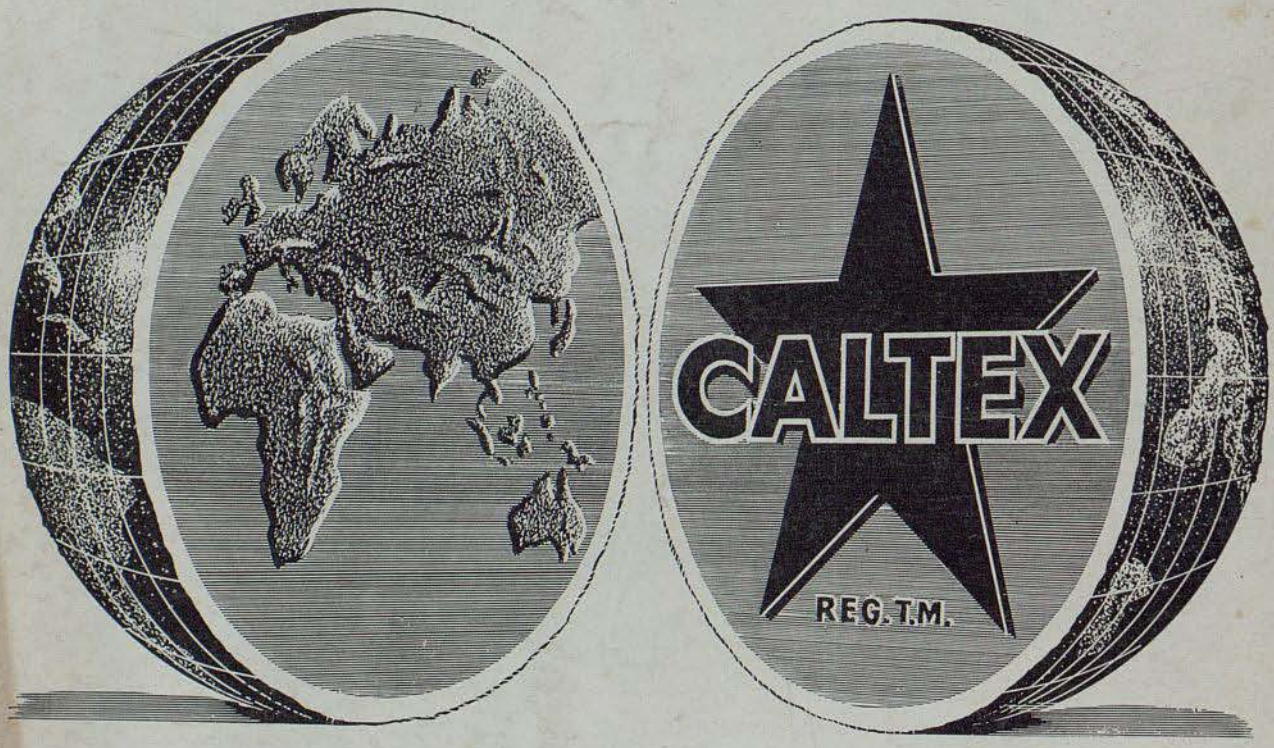

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