DECEMBER 11, 1950

ATLANTIC EDITION

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

RED CHINA'S MAO

New war, old warlord.

(War in Asia)

VOL. LVI NO. 24

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

AUSTRIA	5 schilling	FRANCE	80 francs	IRELAND	1/6	SOUTH AFRICA	1/9
BELGIUM	14 francs	GERMANY	1 deutschmark	ISRAEL	120 prutot	SPAIN	5 pesetas
BRITISH ISLES	1/6	GREECE	3000 drachmai	ITALY	175 lire	SWEDEN	1:10 krona
BRITISH POSSESSIONS	1/9	HASHEMITE JORDAN	120 mils	LEBANON & SYRIA	100 piastres	SWITZERLAND	1 franc 25 centimes
DENMARK	1:50 kroner	IRAN	18 Rials	NETHERLANDS	80 cent	TURKEY	85 kurus
EGYPT	9 piastres	IRAQ	100 fils	NORWAY	1:50 kroner		
FINLAND	50 finmarks						

Stripping output INCREASED, costs LOWERED

at English Chalk Mine

At Swanscombe in Kent County, England, 110 ft. (33 m.) of sandy clay is being stripped in order to reach extensive deposits of chalk. A rubber-tired earthmoving scraper is removing the top 50 ft. (15 m.) of overburden and large power shovels are digging out the bottom 60 ft. (18 m.).

Until a year ago, Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers, Ltd. of Swanscombe handled the preliminary stripping with a fleet of track-type tractors pulling 12-yd. (9 m^3) scrapers. Despite 24 hour-a-day operation with these units, production was not enough to meet current mill requirements. Also, because of the great depth of overburden involved, any reduction in the high stripping costs that could be made would be very desirable.

After careful investigation of new equipment available, the Company, in September 1949, brought in one of the LeTourneau electric-control B Tournapulls with 30 cu. yd. (22 m^3) capacity scraper. It was soon evident that this self-propelled, rubber-tired earthmover, working only 2 shifts, could replace 3 crawler-scraper units, working 3 shifts. For that reason, 2 Tournapull operators permanently took over the work of the 12-man tractor crew.

In 12 months of continuous operation since then, the Tournapull has loaded, hauled and dumped 500,000 long tons of overburden so that there now is a sufficient supply of chalk on hand for 2½ years of mining. Before the Tournapull was placed on the project, reserves never exceeded a two weeks' supply, according to Works Manager Beal.

In 4500 hours, 99% efficient

During this entire period — 4500 working hours, in all — the big Tournapull was idle for repairs for only 24 hours. Even though the material was often water-soaked (average weight, 3000 lbs. per cu. yd., or 1040 kg/m^3), the machine is still using its original scraper control cables. Total cost of overburden removed (including wages, fuel, lubrication, and repair parts) has been reduced to only 1.24d per ton.

Consider what similar savings of manpower and machine units, plus a similar increase in production, could mean on your job. Your LeTourneau Distributor will be glad to study your earthmoving problems and suggest a modernization program where economies can be made that will be profitable to you. Call or write today.

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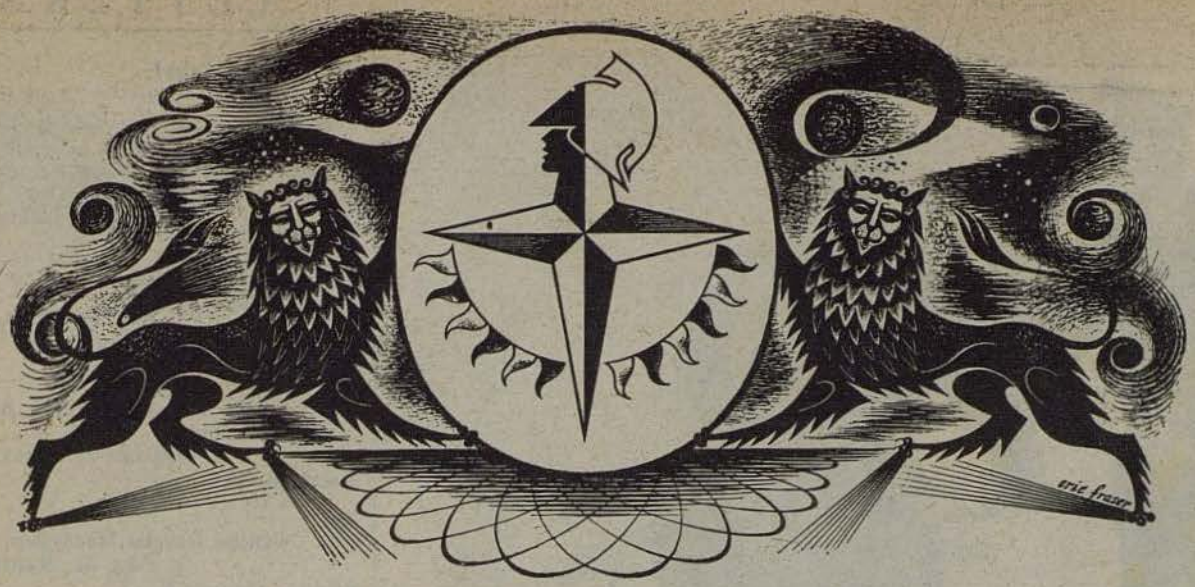
MAKES 11 TRIPS PER HOUR

Checked recently on hauls of ½-mi. (805 m.) one-way, the high-speed Tournapull was carrying heaped loads of pusher-loaded sand and clay each trip, and making 11 trips per hour. Cycle time averaged 5.3 minutes.

DRIVES THROUGH LONDON TRAFFIC

To reach the open mine pit at Swanscombe, the Tournapull drove 35 miles (56 km.) through southern London from Staines, Middlesex. Top travel speed was 19 m.p.h. (30.5 k.p.h.).



FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN 1951

MAY 3—SEPTEMBER 30

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO Britain surprised the world by staging the first of all Great Exhibitions, housed in a vast palace of glass, the famous ' Crystal Palace '.

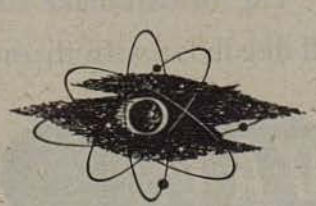
The Festival of Britain will mark the centenary of this event; but it is not just another Great Exhibition, nor is it a gathering dedicated to the Arts alone. It is a national Festival the like of which has never yet been attempted.

Britain's contribution to Civilisation will be the theme underlying the Festival of 1951. The story of that contribution, measured in terms of Science, Invention, Industry and Culture, will be told in Exhibitions in London, Glasgow and Belfast, and Festivals of the Arts in twenty-three famous towns throughout England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland.

At a time when the peoples of many nations live behind a veil of secrecy and suspicion, Britain will open her doorways wide. Visitors will have an opportunity as never before to get to know the work of her technicians, architects, craftsmen, painters, composers and dramatists; to see how her people live and work and use their leisure, and to enjoy the experience with them.

From the Exhibitions and Arts Festivals in the great cities to the traditional country ceremonies in the villages, for five packed months the whole nation will be on show.

BRITAIN AT HOME TO THE WORLD



IF YOU WOULD LIKE FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE FESTIVAL PROGRAMME ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

LETTERS

Man of the Year?

Sir:

Praise the Lord; you have lately "passed up" the ammunition twice in praise of poets —Robert Frost and Christopher Fry. Why not name one as Man of the Year?

FRED K. BREWSTER

St. Louis

Sir:

George Bernard Shaw . . .

W. G. PRIEST

Putney, London, England

Sir:

. . . Taft—nominations closed by voters November 7, 1950.

WALTER H. WILLIAMS

Rockford, Ill.

Sir:

. . . General Douglas MacArthur.

ARA M. BABIKIAN

Beirut, Lebanon

Sir:

That ardent disciple of nonpartisanship, who has made it work for the second most populous state in the Union . . . Governor Earl Warren of California . . .

J. L. ROSENBERG

Sacramento, Calif.

"I Was One of the Twenty"

Sir:

"Helicopters . . . brought out 20 of the most seriously wounded" [from the North Korean town of Unsan—TIME, Nov. 13]. I was one of the twenty.

From the moment I regained my senses after being wounded (for the second time in Korea) until I read your article, slowly and painstakingly with the one eye I now have left, I prayed for news of my outfit . . .

Every day, lying in the hospital, we listened to the radio; each day those who could see scanned the papers; daily we stopped visitors . . . No one, civil or army, could or would tell us . . .

All of us here are most thankful to TIME for the first news of our outfit.

I was one of an advance patrol which advanced past Yong-Sung-Dong to draw the first fire from the Chinese. Our thanks to TIME for courageously and truthfully telling our story to us and to the world.

GEOGRE A. HAVEN

Tokyo Army Hospital
Tokyo, Japan

Post (Election) Script

Sir:

The best post-election crack we've heard, out here, came from a onetime Democrat who said: "Well, us Democrats took a hell of a beating, didn't we—thank God!"

CHET SCHWARZKOPF

Eureka, Calif.

Fryed

Sir:

. . . Your Nov. 20 review of Christopher Fry's *The Lady's Not for Burning* . . . was the most vigorous, compelling and superbly interesting review I've ever read . . .

KATHRYN ALBERTSON

Westminster, Md.

Sir:

TIME's Christopher Fry cover story is extravagant and outrageous. The praise that is heaped upon the exuberance of the Fry metaphor is all out of proportion to the

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"It was the Best of Times..."

... it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way—" —"A TALE OF TWO CITIES"

THAT was yesterday, and today, and tomorrow—

Dickens wrote it in 1859 to describe the year 1775—but you and I read it and say, "Here is today!"

All periods, to all except the professional historians, are periods of apparent confusion and contradiction.

Over 25 years ago, TIME was invented to do something about this confusion. TIME was invented because there was too much news for busy, intelligent men and women to review and understand.

TIME was invented because people like you were asking:

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dubious merit of the tawdry and self-conscious Shakespearianism of *The Lady's Not for Burning*.

But far more mischievous is the enthusiastic reception which greets this . . . verse drama [that is] "not to be dredged for large meanings." If modern drama . . . is to have any permanent significance, it must be as drama of ideas. Comparing the vacuity of Fry with the tight little sermons of T.S. Eliot is the height of impudence . . .

ALAN R. TRUSTMAN
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

. . . Fry is an answer to the need of our time for a dispersal of darkness, for help in the recovery of the gift of laughter, poise and self-control.

BENJAMIN H. KIZER
Spokane, Wash.

Sir:

Christopher Fry is surely on the right track in de-emphasizing the realism of the modern theater. Humor often strikes closer to the core of human problems than melodrama . . .

May I add . . . that if "The Lady's Not for Burning," she's indeed "For Frying" in Mr. Fry's "Spry" and palatable concoction of poetic wit.

SIDNEY KOEKIN
Kansas City, Mo.

Luscious Strings (Cont'd)

Sir:

RE YOUR NOV. 27 LETTER FROM READER LEWIS WILLIAMS CONCERNING YOUR NOV. 6 REVIEW OF BEECHAM'S RENDITION MOZART: YOUR MUSIC CRITIC'S DEFINITIONS OF DIFFERENCE IN PLAYING BRITISH, FRENCH AND U.S. ORCHESTRAS ABSOLUTELY CORRECT. HAVING CONDUCTED MAJOR EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN ORCHESTRAS, I SHOULD KNOW. YOU CAN SAVE THE SOUNDPROOFING OF THAT WEST-NORTHWEST OFFICE.

DANIELE AMFITHEATROF
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Starred

Sir:

In your Nov. 20 issue, I feel that you have reached a new high in interesting and informative articles for one issue.

The cover story on Christopher Fry enticed while the Science article on the universe, "According to Hoyle," stimulated and excited the imagination . . . Never before have the complicated and profound theories of the universe been explained in such simple, understandable English . . .

Your Science writer has hit the jackpot—something like a supernova. I only hope he doesn't cool down again.

JEANNE AITCHISON
Chicago

E for Effort

Sir:

Re your article, "Chaos, Damn It!" [TIME, Nov. 20] . . .

Every other country represented at the international art exhibit in Venice had a pleasing group of material. The U.S. had a skimpy showing, most of which was by this man Jackson Pollock . . .

My European friends, who saw the exposition, had the impression that this is the type of work that finds popular approval in the U.S. . . .

IRENE KATZ
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sir:

Thanks for printing Italian Critic Alfieri's comments on Jackson Pollock. If Alfred Barr's selections didn't convince most Euro-

peans who saw the U.S. exhibit that artistic quality and taste were at a low ebb in the U.S., then, at least, he deserves an E for effort. After I saw that gratuitous insult to U.S. art I knew what [the Communist newspaper] *L'Unità* meant about degenerate American culture—and where it could get some excellent samples of it.

CHARLES O'REILLY

Notre Dame, Ind.

SIR:

NO CHAOS DAMN IT. DAMNED BUSY PAINTING AS YOU CAN SEE BY MY SHOW COMING UP NOV. 28. I'VE NEVER BEEN TO EUROPE. THINK YOU LEFT OUT MOST EXCITING PART OF MR. ALFIERI'S PIECE.

JACKSON POLLOCK

East Hampton, N.Y.

¶ The most exciting part of Critic Alfieri's remarks, at least for Artist Pollock may well have been the obvious conclusion that he "sits at the extreme apex of the most advanced and unprejudiced avant-garde of modern art."—ED.

Man or Dog?

Sir:

Though by no means a rabid TIME fan, I feel that TIME deserves an orchid for the Nov. 20 article, "Man or Dog?". To deny the medical profession the use of experimental animals (which, as the article pointed out, were doomed to be gassed anyway) is to deny man (and the animals he takes to a veterinarian) any hope of very great medical [advances] . . .

CHARLES HOLEMAN JR.

Seattle

Sir:

. . . The article really startled me. I didn't realize what a large proportion of the population of this country is feeble-minded. To think that there are 38,445 people in the city of Baltimore alone who put dogs ahead of people! . . .

MRS. GORDON R. CONDIT

Crossett, Ark.

Sir:

Thank you so much for your article, "Man or Dog?".

I am one of those monsters who would sacrifice his dog in place of his child.

HENRY W. BECK

Gray, Me.

Sir:

Just a pat on the back for your fine article on the successful contest with the anti-vivisectionists! Years ago, when I was connected with the Hooper Foundation of California, my colleagues and I had to waste many hours out of every year fighting these half crazy people . . .

What cheers me particularly is that the anti-vivisectionists got licked in Los Angeles. If we can lick them there, we can lick them anywhere!

I've spent 17 years of my life in laboratories, and at no time have I seen any cruelty to animals carried out there . . .

WALTER ALVAREZ

Mayo Clinic
Rochester, Minn.

Sir:

We have a solution for the anti-vivisectionist problem which is a variation of their own proposal to use waterfront bums, etc., for experiments: Begin with the anti-vivisectionists . . .

C. L. TUCKER
H. P. PENNER

Cambridge, Mass.

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

Despite the Iron Curtain and the familiar Soviet passion for secrecy in its affairs, a good deal of news can be gotten out of Russia. But it takes digging. That is why TIME has a "Russian Desk," whose three members spend their time winnowing facts from the Russian chaff. The *Background for War* story in TIME'S Nov. 27 issue was another step in this direction.

When Peter Ehlers, *Foreign News* writer and head of the Russian Desk, was asked last July to prepare this major study of the Russian economy, he turned first to TIME'S own extensive files on the subject. They are the repository of every hard fact that Ehlers and his associates, Mark Vishniak and Vera Kovarsky, have been able to glean from their painstaking weekly analysis of Soviet publications, official reports, government directives and statistics, from our correspondents and other sources.

As the laborious job of constructing a picture of Russia's present strength slowly took shape, our Washington bureau went to work. TIME reporters spent hours with Government economists, intelligence analysts, Russian experts in the Commerce, Agriculture and State Departments. Other important bits of information were added by independent scholars at the Russian Research centers at Columbia, Harvard and Stanford universities.

The Russian Desk's endless reading of Soviet publications often seems a waste of time. Newspapers like *Izvestia*, the official government daily, and *Pravda*, the Communist Central Committee's daily, offer more propaganda than enlightenment. Economic publications like *Planned Economy*, monthlies like *Soviet State and Law*, periodicals like *Culture and Life* and the *Literary Gazette* are more likely to run a Stalin homily than information useful to foreigners. But patience is usually rewarded. Vishniak, for instance, noted one day that *Pravda* had expanded from four pages to six. The extra two pages, he soon found out, were devoted to a learned controversy over a system of philology founded by the late Nikolai Marr, who advocated one universal language, not necessarily Russian, for World Communism. From long experience Vishniak sat back to see which way the Marxian doctrinal ax would fall. His vigilance was rewarded by an 8,000-word blockbuster in *Pravda* from Stalin himself, demolishing the "false" foundations of the Marr theory and setting everybody straight. It also made a story for TIME'S July 3 issue—and another example of the editors' continuing attempt to convey the ways of the Soviet to TIME'S readers.

The Russian Desk also has a special reference library—starting with a complete set of the *Great Soviet Encyclopedia*, whose 65 volumes were removed from Russia by one of our former Moscow bureau chiefs. The first of these useful volumes was printed in 1926, the last in 1947, and complete sets in U.S. private hands are rare. They are especially handy for documenting Soviet life and thought. Even the personal fortunes of the Russian editors of the first volume are instructive: all but one have died, been killed, imprisoned or have disappeared.

These hazards of Soviet life are familiar to our Russian Desk. Although Ehlers was graduated from Princeton in 1931 with a physics degree, he decided not to pursue the subject ("It's too lonesome a job"). Instead, he became a reporter for the Philadelphia *Record*. During his 15 years as a newspaperman, he specialized in economics, labor and world communism. He came to TIME two years ago from the New York *Herald Tribune*. Vishniak was born and educated in Moscow, where he became a law professor at the Moscow Pedagogical Institute. After the Bolshevik revolution he fled to France and, from 1920 to 1940, taught international law and edited a Russian-language quarterly in Paris. Miss Kovarsky, who was born in Russia and educated in France, was assistant economics editor for a French news agency. She came to the U.S. after the Nazi invasion of France.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

TIME

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Vol. LVI No. 24

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

December 11, 1950

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Defeat

The U.S. and its allies stood at the abyss of disaster. The Chinese Communists, pouring across the Manchurian border in vast formations, had smashed the U.N. army, this week were clawing forward to pursue and destroy its still-organized fragments. Caught in the desperate retreat were 140,000 American troops, the flower of the U.S. Army—almost the whole effective Army the U.S. had. With them, fighting to establish a defensive position, were 20,000 British, Turkish and other allies, some 100,000 South Korean soldiers.

It was defeat—the worst defeat the U.S. had ever suffered. Even though the U.N. forces might still have the luck, skill and power to slow the Communist drive and withdraw in good order from the devastated peninsula, it was a defeat that could not be redressed in Korea. If this defeat were allowed to stand, it would mean the loss of Asia to Communism. If it were allowed to stand, no Asian could evermore put any stock in the promise that had given him hope against Communism—the promise that the U.S. and its allies would come to his help. And no European would be able to believe, with any firmness, that the U.S. was the bulwark against Communism that it professed to be before the disaster in Korea.

The Alternative. Until the statesmen acted, the preservation of the U.N. forces in Korea—such as could still be preserved—was the problem of the generals and of their battered, much-enduring regulars. And the only way the statesmen could save them would be through a plea for an armistice, or acceptance of a deal with the Communists. By any such deal, Communism would emerge triumphant.

The alternative was war—that is, a recognition of the terrible fact that the U.S. and Communist China were already in a state of war. That would mean, inescapably, a campaign against the mainland of China by sea and air (*see* INTERNATIONAL).

To discuss other possible, hoped-for alternatives, Britain's Prime Minister Clement Attlee arrived in Washington this week, after a conference with France's Premier René Pleven. Attlee came to argue for some sort of deal with the Communists, a prospect that still seemed to Europeans to have some meaning.

Associated Press

TRUMAN & ATTLEE
War or a deal?

Atomic Horrors. If the reported view of top U.S. military men should prevail, and the U.S. (with, as it hoped, the full support of the U.N.) should launch a sea and air blockade against Communist China, that war would have to be pursued in the full knowledge that it might go on for years, however it might be shortened by the help of anti-Communist forces inside and outside China. The war would have to be begun in the knowledge that Russia might come in too, which would lead to the atomic horrors of World War III.

U.S. WAR CASUALTIES

The Defense Department last week reported 1,032 more U.S. casualties in Korea, including 314 dead and 172 missing in action. In the first 22 weeks of war, the U.S. has lost a total of 31,028 men, roughly the equivalent of a city the size of Boise, Idaho. These casualties were only the beginning; the awful reckoning of the Chinese breakthrough was still to be counted. Totals so far:

DEAD	5,307
WOUNDED	21,114
MISSING	4,607

Total casualties by services: Army, 26,627; Marine Corps, 3,829; Navy, 328; Air Force, 244.

The Face of Mars

The nation received the fearful news from Korea with a strange-seeming calmness—the kind of confused, fearful, half-disbelieving matter-of-factness with which many a man has reacted on learning that he has cancer or tuberculosis. The news of Pearl Harbor, nine years ago to the month, had pealed out like a fire bell. But the numbing facts of the defeat in Korea seeped into the national consciousness slowly out of a jumble of headlines, bulletins and communiqués; days passed before its enormity finally became plain.

On the surface the U.S. went on about its business almost exactly as if the smothering hordes of Chinese Communists had remained massed, placid and inscrutable, behind the Yalu River. The season's last football games drew cheering crowds; the opulent department stores and streets were filled with millions going through the usual rites of Christmas shopping.

"It Looks Bad." But as it became apparent that 140,000 U.S. troops had met crushing defeat and perhaps faced annihilation, the disaster and its implications became the subject of endless shocked conversations. Some of them were almost monosyllabic: men meeting on the street sometimes simply stared at each other and then voiced the week's most oft-repeated phrase—"It looks bad." This silence marked many men who had fought in

World War II. Said a Purple Heart veteran in Des Moines: "I quit turning on my radio—I don't want to hear the news." Through all the talk there were overtones not of fear but of futility.

Across the nation there were some who cried, "What were we doing in Korea in the first place?"—even though on second thought they well knew and had approved the answer. There was a discernible restiveness about the United Nations (would it "tie our hands"?), against Britain and France ("for trying to run out on us"). Three Cabots, a Coolidge and a Lowell joined in a group telegram to Truman and Acheson asking arbitration and concessions to the Communists. There were peeved cracks about MacArthur's misconstrued "home by Christmas" remarks—the familiar fate of a general in a jam and a public caught by surprise. There was outspoken criticism of the Administration. Said an Iowa filling-station operator: "They piddled around and piddled around. I wonder what the hell they were thinking about?"

The Real Villain. But, mostly, men & women wasted little breath over bygones: millions sadly accepted the probability that war of some kind, perhaps even World War III, had already begun and that their world might be sacrificed to it, and tried to understand what might have to be done. Russia—apparently in all U.S. minds—was the real villain, the real and terrible foe. Said Detroit Salesman Zacharias Cosmas: "Hit the main Bolsheviks. The tail won't bite if you hit the head." Said New Orleans Policeman Ernest F. Curtis: "We should declare war on Russia officially and then drop all the A-bombs we can on her." But most people didn't talk that way.

In Atlanta, Dr. Louie D. Newton, pastor of the city's largest church, said: "In my 31 years as a pastor, today's congregation was by far the most sober and serious that I have ever seen." The gloom, the doubts, the confusion, the feeling of helplessness to reverse the disaster in Korea could be misinterpreted; there was no panic, and though there was a desperate scurrying for any possible hopeful solution, there was little talk of appeasement. The way ahead would be hard, and everybody knew it. It had to be traveled, and the nation knew that, too.

After the Shock

Roused by the news from Korea, the Administration:

¶ Accused Communist China of "aggression, outright and naked," but was prepared later to call it simply "intervention" for United Nations purposes (*see* INTERNATIONAL).

¶ Dispatched grim-faced General J. Lawton Collins, Army Chief of Staff, posthaste for Japan and Korea to see MacArthur.

¶ Indicated that general wage and price controls would be put into effect. Treasury Secretary John Snyder said they would be necessary "to avoid damaging inflation."

¶ Asked Congress, in a special presidential message, to vote nearly $18 billion more "with the utmost speed" to carry on the fight in Korea and to prepare U.S. forces for possible action anywhere else in the world. The request was designed to raise the armed forces to 2,771,121 men by next June, including 1,264,900 in the Army which had only 593,000 men when the Korean war began. Since then 130,000 reserves have been called to active duty, 100,800 men have been drafted, 50,000 National Guardsmen have been federalized, about 62,800 men have volunteered. Last week the Army issued a call for 50,000 draftees in February.

¶ Got itself a price stabilizer and a civilian defense administrator (*see below*).

¶ Invoked the McCarran Act to screen diplomatic staffs and U.N. delegations entering the U.S. Hereafter, diplomatic aides may be questioned and barred by immigration officials if there is evidence of activity endangering national security.

¶ Reduced the intelligence requirements for the Navy and Air Force to get more men in.

¶ Ordered at long last strict controls on all goods destined for Red China, Hong Kong or Macao. Secretary of Commerce Charles Sawyer also controlled war-potential goods passing through U.S. ports en route to Russia and satellites.

Associated Press

MARSHALL & ACHESON AT WHITE HOUSE
After the show of shows, a one-word message.

THE PRESIDENCY

Four to Go

An old nursery rhyme summed up the order of Harry Truman's working schedule for the week.

One for the Money . . . The first thing Mr. Truman did on the morning of Douglas MacArthur's urgent message was to put in a call for his National Security Council. It decided on little more than a blitz review of the defense budget and a proposed increase of some $4 billion to make a total of $17.9 billion (*see below*).

Two for the Show . . . Then the President turned his attention to making a show of unconcerned business & pleasure as usual. At lunch time, he hustled six blocks downtown to the massive Department of Justice building to attend a celebration of Attorney General Howard McGrath's 47th birthday and 21st wedding anniversary. That night he kept a date with his old Secretary of Agriculture, New Mexico's Senator Clint Anderson, to play the piano at a private little party at the elegantly inconspicuous 1925 F Street Club.

But the show of shows was the pilgrimage of the 193-man presidential party—Cabinet members, old congressional friends and reporters—to the Army-Navy football game in Philadelphia. (Defense Secretary George Marshall and Joint Staff Chiefs Bradley, Sherman and Vandenberg went up on their own. "Missing it," explained Sherman, "might have caused more of a flurry than going.") A special pilot engine, tugging three cars full of Secret Service agents and railroad detectives, pulled out five minutes ahead of the presidential special to scout out possible sabotage along the 133-mile run.

The special had just pulled safely on to a siding beside Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium when the cops clapped two bystanders in jail because one said to the other: "If I had a gun, I could have bumped him off." (Later, they were released when they explained they were just saying how easy it would be to outsmart the Secret Service.) While the President relaxed in his steam-heated box during the game (*see* SPORT), a special patrol of Air Force F-51s kept watch overhead, once zipped past a hovering

light plane to warn it away from the big bowl.

Three to Make Ready. The first hint of tough action against the Chinese came during Harry Truman's jampacked press conference at midweek. The President began by reading a prepared statement. It condemned the Communists and warned that the U.N. forces might suffer reverses, but "have no intention of abandoning their mission in Korea."

A reporter picked up a presidential remark that every weapon the U.S. had would be made available to General MacArthur: "Mr. President," he declared, "you said that means every weapon that we have. Does that mean that there is active consideration of the use of the atomic bomb?"

There has always been, the President replied. He didn't want to see it used, he said as he sadly shook his head. It is a terrible weapon; it should not be used on innocent men, women & children who have nothing to do with this military aggression. That, he said, was what happened when the bomb was used.

Another reporter wanted to be certain he had heard right. "Did I understand you to say that the use of the atomic bomb is under active consideration?" It has always been, Mr. Truman said: it is one of our weapons.

Four to Go. The State Department, in a matter of minutes, began quaking at such boldness. When the shock waves hit Western Europe, newspapers blazed with headlines. Did this mean that Douglas MacArthur could drop the atomic bomb whenever he felt like it? No, no, no, said the White House in a formal statement three hours later. Under the law, only the President may authorize use of the bomb, and "no such authorization has been given."

But Britain's Prime Minister Clement Attlee could still feel the ground shaking. He swiftly took the pulse of his cabinet and his opposition, and decided to hustle off to Washington for a personal conference with the President. From the U.S. embassy in London came an urgent query: Could Clem Attlee fly over? Secretary of State Acheson got on the private wire to the White House. Fifteen minutes later he cabled back one urgent word: "Agree."

Harry Truman, his pearl grey Stetson conspicuous among the diplomatic Homburgs, was on hand at Washington's National Airport 22 minutes before Attlee arrived. A freezing wind whipped at the heavy, dark blue presidential overcoat. "This is London weather," he commented to Dean Acheson. "He ought to feel at home." Mr. Truman had a cheery greeting for India's Madame Ambassador Pandit, but turned away to talk football to the security guard.

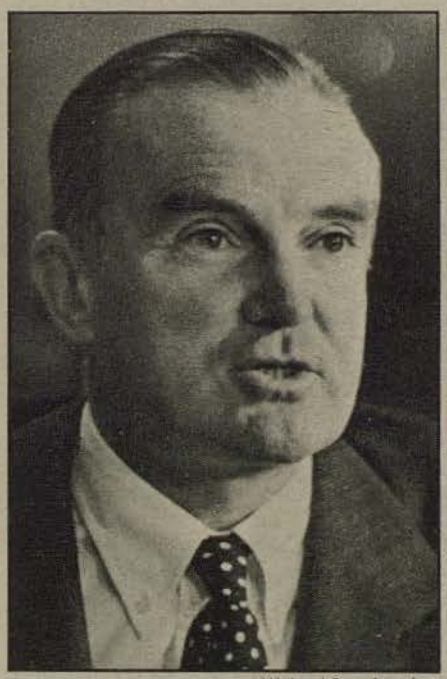
Finally Attlee's Boeing Stratocruiser set down gently on the runway. The door opened; Attlee plunged down the steps to give Harry Truman's hand a vigorous shake. Later that day, across a long table in the White House cabinet room, they began their crucial conferences.

NATIONAL DEFENSE

Black & White

The Army duty officer at the Pentagon routed General Lightnin' Joe Collins out of bed at 5:30 one morning last week to read him the first 'pink secret dispatch about the Chinese counter-offensive. Collins rubbed his eyes and dialed General Omar Bradley, asleep in House No. 1 at Fort Myer, Va. All that day the Pentagon's brass-level was gloomy with misgivings. Next morning the whole thing exploded when Douglas MacArthur defined "the entirely new war."

The hard, shocking fact they faced was that the U.S. was out of combat-ready reserve strength. Only the 82nd Airborne Division was still left at home



Michael Rougier—LIFE

STUART SYMINGTON
Light grey to dark grey.

and at the ready. Behind them in the Army's production line was an assortment of National Guard (four divisions and spare parts) and marine outfits still in training, and the newly formed Regular 4th Division which would not be set until late spring. Equally as serious, U.S. industry had not been ordered into even a creeping mobilization. "We are moving," Mobilization Overseer Stuart Symington testified last week before the Senate Banking Committee, "from a light grey state of mobilization to dark grey."

Do Not Disturb. This sounded like murky talk to a nation whose arms crisis had been as clear as black & white since last June. Symington, testifying before a Senate committee the day after MacArthur's communiqué, said that "we ought to try and give present controls more chance and get a little clearer view of exactly what it is that the Defense Department wants before we, you might say, strait-jacket the economy." Essentially, the Administration had been more worried about keeping the $226 billion economy unruffled than about U.S. defenses. For example, instead of pressing the button on the much-talked-about "phantom orders"—which were supposed to put machine-tool factories to work on $750 million worth of war business almost overnight—Harry Truman's planners had been following the policy of gentling defense orders into the works so as not to disturb civilian production too much (*see* BUSINESS). Businessmen had asked to be told what to do and had gotten no satisfactory answers.

Partly the trouble was that the Pentagon (although it had been surveying the problem for more than a year) couldn't decide what it needed. The armed forces were burdened with an outsize crop of curbstone economists and amateur publicists who liked to talk about "what the economy will stand" and "what public opinion will approve," without knowing any of the answers. In doing so, they had been diverted from their prime function of telling the country what it needed to survive. Right after Korea, pound-foolish Louis Johnson had repentantly told the Joint Chiefs to shoot the works. Then George Marshall, taking over in September in the optimistic days of the Korean war, had ordered a careful re-sighting on all grand plans. The re-sighting held things up even more, but, the nation could only hope, made possible a more sensible program when the nation began to mobilize in earnest.

Manpower Dribble. The flow of men into the armed forces had been cut to a slow dribble. The 70,000 draft call for November had been followed by 40,000 for December and the same for January (in its peak month in 1942, the Army had drafted 450,000 men). The cutback, the Army explained, was caused by a shortage of trained instructors. It takes 14 weeks to give a soldier basic training; nowadays he must be taught, says the Army, about 25% more than soldiers of World War II, and trained to use not two weapons, as before, but eight.*

Harvard's President James Bryant Conant this week faced squarely the critical long-range problem of finding soldier material. He urged two-year service for "every young man" when he reaches 18 or graduates from high school. "I say 'every young man' advisedly," he wrote in *Look*. "The able-bodied are to serve in the armed forces; those physically unfit to serve in other capacities at the same pay, which should not be high. There should be no deferments for college students or anyone else."

This, he admitted, would play hob with the nation's educational institutions. "But I, for one," said Scientist Conant, "have with much reluctance come to the conclusion that such sacrifices are demanded by the extreme peril which the free world now faces."

* The eight: Rifle, Browning automatic rifle, .30 caliber light and heavy machine gun, .50 caliber machine gun, mortar, rocket launcher and recoilless rifle.

THE CONGRESS

The Greeks Had a Word

Congress was like the chorus in a Greek tragedy, standing just offstage as the crisis unfolded, wringing its hands and chanting its comments.

The week began with a minor uproar. Central figure: Texas' Tom Connally snorting at Republican critics of Administration foreign policy. "All this talk about 'bipartisanship' and 'You've got to consult the Republicans'—to hell with all that! It's got to be an American policy." The words of the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee were still echoing around Capitol Hill when the Korean news hit.

For a few hours politics and recriminations were forgotten. Democrats and Republicans drew together in a kind of stunned silence to listen to the latest news and the latest grim briefing on the situation from Deputy Secretary of Defense Robert Lovett, Lieut. General Alfred Gruenther, the Army's chief planner.

Chorus. Then the chorus of the country's legislators swelled out. Just as many U.S. citizens had, some Senators cried out for the President to authorize MacArthur to use the atomic bomb. There was no harmony of suggestions. Congressmen reflected all the different doubts, all the practical difficulties that such a decision would involve.

Republicans lifted their voices with renewed vigor against Secretary Acheson. Wisconsin's Joe McCarthy sounded a new dramatic note. The President should sanction the use of Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist troops in Korea, he cried, or Congress should "immediately impeach" Harry Truman.

Onstage. In such aimless chantings Congress did not get much work done. Dixiecrats successfully carried off a filibuster which killed the Alaska and Hawaii statehood bills for this session. The bills had been at the top of Mr. Truman's legislative list for the lame-duck session.

But this week the congressional chorus began to march on the stage to take an active part in the show. From the House Ways & Means Committee came the Administration's excess-profits bill, voted out over the fruitless protests of Republican members, economists and businessmen (*see* BUSINESS). But in the atmosphere of crisis, Administration leaders predicted that they would drive it through to early passage.

With a good deal more unanimity, Congress also got ready to pass the President's request for an additional $17.9 billion for arms. Congress, as it long had been, was ready to do whatever was necessary to give the U.S. the military sinews it needed.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Jobs Filled

At last Harry Truman found two men to fill top wartime administrative jobs that had gone begging for months:

¶ Michael V. DiSalle, 42, yam-shaped Democratic mayor of Toledo, was named to the $16,000-a-year, trouble-laden post of price stabilizer. No businessman, Lawyer DiSalle had made a good record as chairman of Toledo's Labor-Management-Citizens Committee (The Toledo Plan) that has minimized the city's labor trouble for five years; he had the endorsement of Toledo's industrialists and the good will of labor leaders for the price-stabilizing job.

¶ Millard F. Caldwell Jr., 53, prosperous lawyer and a highly regarded former governor of Florida, was named civilian defense administrator at $17,500 a year. Washington has no charms for him: he resigned his seat in Congress in 1940 and left the capital after his only son was killed there by a hit-run driver. He was taking the civilian defense job (which does not require Senate confirmation) as a patriotic duty.

THE ECONOMY

Hit the Ceiling

Tucked away in the second-floor recesses of the great, grey Department of Labor in Washington sits a little-known but influential man: Ewan Clague, commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics. It is he, knee-deep in charts and statistics, who figures out how high the cost of living has gone. Last week he reported that his sensitive consumer price index (based on 200-odd household commodities) had advanced sharply (.6%) since Sept. 15 to an alltime high ceiling of 174.8%. (The base figure of 100% is based on living costs in 1939.) It would be considerably higher, he added, if his figures accurately measured rent costs. And, said Statistician Clague, there is no end in sight.

To most people who are salaried or paid by the hour, and to housewives stretching the family budget by buying cheap cabbage instead of costly spinach, the steady rise in living costs meant a steady drop in real earnings. But a million wage earners in the mass-production industries—including some 600,000 United Automobile Workers—have their pay hitched to Clague's index and ride up with it. For them, Clague's figures meant a 3¢-an-hour pay raise which would cost employers $17 million. Thus the Government, by noting the actuality of inflation, automatically increased it ("built-in inflation," economists call it).

Clague's figures had a further effect: they took the fight out of the steel industry. Steel bowed to the C.I.O.'s Phil Murray and granted his near-million United Steelworkers an average 16¢-an-hour wage increase. Steel then promptly raised its prices 5½%. A fifth round in steel, however, should not set off another round for everybody; all basic industries, except steel and John Lewis' coal diggers, had already got a raise since the Korean war began. Before Ewan Clague's cost-of-living index inched up again, there was a good chance that some kind of wage and price controls would be clamped on. When that happened, the brief, happy, between-wars interlude of freedom in the market place will be gone.

COMMUNISTS

Beat Me Again, Massa

Ever since the Communists kicked him out of the party as a deviationist, Earl Browder has worn the wistful air of a man denied even the chance to do penance for his sins. During the trial of eleven top U.S. Communists last year, he cried: "I'm the one who should be on trial. I was the original conspirator." But nobody in the U.S. paid any attention to him. The Russians—who had left him dangling on their

Associated Press

MICHAEL DISALLE
On the record.

Associated Press

MILLARD CALDWELL
In line of duty.

payroll as a publisher's representative—roused only long enough to yawn and take his job away from him.

But last week the onetime U.S. Communist chieftain seemed happy again. When he heard that a bench warrant had been issued in Washington for his arrest on a charge of contempt of Congress, he paid his own way to the capital to surrender to authorities. He refused to post $1,500 bail—he was, he said, too broke to do so. Couldn't his friends raise the money? Fifty-nine-year-old Earl Browder smiled, puffed contentedly at his pipe, and said he had no intention of asking anyone for help.

Asked his present ideological beliefs, he said, humbly, that he was "a student of Marxism." As he was led off to jail with the look of the martyr on his face, none of the comrades was around to note it.

THE CAPITAL

Last Laugh

Washington cocktail-bibbers set out for the four-story, grey stone Yugoslav embassy in delighted throngs one night last week to attend a party celebrating the sixth year of Tito's rule. It seemed certain to produce gossip. If Tito provided the sumptuous buffet usual at such affairs, the guests could not only eat well, but make ironic asides about the Yugoslav famine. If the table was bare, they could at least have the spartan pleasure of watching high U.S. officials—who had accepted in droves—struggling to be polite while hungry.

By 6:30 the sidewalk before the embassy was jammed. It stayed jammed for some time. Instead of hiring the usual caterer's flunkies to take care of coat-checking, the Yugoslavs had stationed embassy clerks and embassy children—many of whom spoke English imperfectly—to preside over this area of hospitality. Slightly alarmed, the hungry and thirsty pressed resolutely upstairs, had their hands vigorously pumped by hefty, dark-haired Ambassador Vladimir Popovich, and headed for what was indubitably a bar.

In the initial stages of the party it dispensed Scotch, but this ran out quickly; leaving Martinis, slivowitz (plum brandy) and orange juice. The flow of these potions, however, was reduced to a mere dribble: the amateur bartenders ran out of glasses. The guests wheeled hungrily toward the buffet. There was no trace of the usual turkeys, Virginia hams, salmon and *pâtés* which capital partygoers consider their legitimate reward—only fresh-cheeked girls circulating with trays of snippets of homemade sandwiches and tiny pastries.

Denied both food and the delights of sniping at the host, the gossip-hungry craned for a glance at a famous man enduring austerity. But except for a few Latin American and Asian diplomats and a scattering of military men, there was none to be seen—the star guests had all accepted invitations with alacrity (thus getting their names in the Washington society pages and serving notice that they thought Tito was on the right track), but had been unavoidably detained at the last minute.

The guests and gate crashers departed early and quietly, leaving the field to Ambassador Popovich—who had not only dramatized his country's difficulties, but had also, if he felt that way, gotten the last laugh on the capital's name-dropping and tale-telling set.

Detroit *Times*—International

LESTER MESSENGILL & PARENTS
Nobody told the judges.

MANNERS & MORALS

Grand-Prize Baby

When Detroit's Junior Board of Commerce began a citywide "better baby" contest two months ago, a 32-year-old Negro foundry worker named George Messengill decided that opportunity was knocking—the big prize was a four-year college scholarship. His wife Claire, a comely, red-haired white woman, agreed that it would be a wonderful chance for their 2½-year-old boy, Lester. Since the winning baby's popularity was to be decided by the sales of admission tickets, George began a one-man ticket-selling campaign.

Last week, sitting in a crowd of 3,500 who had gathered to hear the outcome of the contest, George and Claire Messengill had their reward.

Little Lester, who had passed the "health & beauty" aspects of the contest earlier with flying colors (on the basis of doctors' measurements), was named Detroit's "grand-prize baby"—winner over 5,244 other Detroit children.

Claire Messengill rose and led the baby down the aisle. Husband George followed her. Until then, those in charge of the contest had had no intimation that the winner was the child of an interracial marriage. Fearing trouble, one of the judges hastily called, "Only one parent on the stage, please!" Otherwise, the discovery made no difference to the judge. Lester got his scholarship, a crown, a big silver cup, and a trip to Jim Crow Miami for the whole family. Said father George Messengill proudly: "The selection of Lester will go a long way to solving the racial problem."

THE ATOM

The Displaced

Barnwell District, Aiken Town,
O Lord, in mercy do look down,
The land is poor, the people too,
If they don't steal, what will they do?
—Sharecropper's lament

Poverty is an old story among the sandhills and pine barrens in South Carolina's Barnwell County. For more than a hundred years, small farmers have scratched a poor living out of sandy soil, have watched spring droughts brown their corn and boll weevils eat their cotton. But never before had people felt as beset and unwanted as they did last week.

In all of the Savannah River Valley, there was not a pine bark fish stew or a fat porker barbecue. Work had come to a standstill and people gathered in small hushed groups to discuss the stunning news: their homes, farms and small towns would be wiped out to make way for the Government's $260 million hydrogen-bomb project.

About 8,000 people, most of whose lives were deeply rooted in the region, including the entire towns of Ellenton (pop. 900), Dunbarton (pop. 250), Snelling (pop. 800), and Jackson (pop. 100), learned that they had to move from a 375-square-mile area in which the plant would be located. E.I. du Pont de

Nemours & Co. planned to have an 8,000-man construction crew in the area early next year; some families would have to move within 60 days, all had to be gone in 18 months.

On the outskirts of the project, towns and cities like Aiken, S.C. and Augusta, Ga. set to counting the blessings that would flow when upwards of 25,000 employees went to work at the giant H-bomb plant. Aiken, which has a population of 7,000 and has been a resort for the wealthy since the 1880s, expected to zoom to a bustling town of 12,000, and already last week, real-estate prices had started to spiral. At Augusta, Ga. (pop. 70,000), the chamber of commerce predicted that the general influx of population and prosperity would be equivalent to moving 100 large industries into the region.

Inside the area, however, sharecroppers and small farmers expressed only bewilderment and sadness. Most hoped to get jobs in the new plant, but even if they did, they knew that things would never be quite the same.

In Ellenton, soft-spoken Mike Cassels, whose general store is the hub of social life in the community, closed his store one night last week, walked across the railroad tracks to the house he has lived in for 58 years. There he mused, "Makes you kind of jittery. It's kind of hard to think . . . We've got to decide where to go . . . It's like having a death in the family, going to the funeral, then returning home and realizing the emptiness of the house."

POLITICAL NOTES

Fight Postponed

Having fallen flat on his face last Nov. 7 when he failed to produce enough Chicago votes to re-elect Scott Lucas to the United States Senate, egg-bald, ulcer-plagued little Jake Arvey made good his threat to resign as boss of the Cook County Democratic organization. He did it, he said, "for reasons of health." To make him feel better, Democratic leaders promised him the job of Illinois National Committeeman, which has been vacant since Boss Ed Kelly died.

Who would now be boss in Chicago? The machine professionals wanted a benign-looking, dependable party wheelhorse named Joe Gill. Illinois' Senator Paul Douglas, chief federal patronage dispenser since Scott Lucas' defeat, wanted energetic young County Clerk Richard Daley, who also had the backing of Governor Adlai Stevenson. That equivocating enigma, Chicago's Mayor Martin Kennelly, wanting to get re-elected in April, and needing the old guard's machine support, took a position in between. Result: a compromise, with Gill as interim chairman until the mayoralty election, and Daley as vice chairman. The solution merely postponed the real fight. Said Paul Douglas, quoting from Cardinal Newman's famed hymn: "I do not ask to see the distant scene; one step enough for me."

THE DRAFT

Like Father . . .

An old familiar name cropped up last week in an old familiar situation: draft-dodging. In Manhattan, spindly, goggle-eyed Alfred Bergdoll, the eldest son of the No. 1 U.S. draft-dodger in World War I, was arrested for evading the draft just as his father was 30 years before.

Meek young Alfred, though, seemed to lack some of his father's high talent for making trouble. The father, refusing to report for induction in 1917, successfully eluded the Army until 1920, when he was discovered crouched in a window seat at his mother's mansion. Grover Cleveland Bergdoll (so named, his mother snappishly explained, because President "Cleveland was a draft-dodger . . . and I expect my Grover to be one of the Presidents of the United States"*) was sentenced to five years in prison. He promptly persuaded a gullible major to let him out to pick up $150,000 cached in the Maryland hills. Since Bergdoll was heir to a brewery fortune, the Army believed his story. En route, he got free of his guards, fled into a waiting limousine, led the Army a dizzy chase across the U.S. to freedom in Europe, taunting his pursuers with picture postcards along the way. An unhappy exile, the senior Bergdoll voluntarily returned home from Germany in 1939 because he wanted "to bring [my] children up in the United States," penitently served a four-year prison term.

Acme

ALFRED BERGDOLL
Postcards were old-fashioned.

Son Alfred, when ordered to report for a pre-induction physical, had replied with fine family spirit: "Herewith is the order and other paraphernalia I received today. I will NOT report for physical examination on Monday, nor on any other day, either." Then, after his outburst, he waited for the FBI in his dingy flat.

For following in his father's muddy footsteps, 23-year-old Alfred Bergdoll faces a maximum penalty of $10,000 fine and five years in prison.

* President Cleveland, as a young man in Civil War days, paid a substitute $300 to serve in the Union Army for him, a practice which was then legal.

ARMED FORCES

The Weed

The scuttlebutt around Boston's sprawling Navy Yard was too hot to ignore. For a price, went the rumors, a sailor could get a peek at secret examination questions, latch on to a promotion, or wangle a cushy desk job instead of sea duty. The commandant of the First Naval District started an investigation.

Last week the Navy announced that it had caught its man. Lieut. William G. Bigony, 31, Enlisted Personnel District Officer and a member of the main examining board, admitted taking bribes up to $100 to help six enlisted men get transfers and promotions. Court-martialed for conduct unbecoming an officer, Lieut. Bigony, a mustang who had worked his way up from the ranks in 13 years of spotless service, faced up to 18 years in prison, dishonorable discharge, and forfeiture of pay. Sighed a Navy officer: "This sort of thing happens all the time . . . we just do our best to weed it out."

Panic Under Fire

One day last July, Lieut. Leon A. Gilbert, Negro company commander in the U.S. 25th Division, dug in on a hillside position near Sangju with orders to hold at all costs. From three sides, wave upon wave of enemy fire from mortars and whinnying burp guns splattered and rolled over his position. Two hours later, Lieut. Gilbert and 15 of his men were found wandering aimlessly 1,200 yards to the rear. Ordered to move up, he refused, mumbled that he had been ambushed and cut off, and that he had a wife and children to consider.

His court martial for "misbehavior before the enemy" was swift and crushing. After a three-day trial at a command post 200 yards behind the front lines, Leon Gilbert became the first U.S. soldier in Korea sentenced to die for panicking under fire.

When the Army's Judicial Council in Washington upheld the conviction, Lieut. Gilbert planned an appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court. His trial had not been unfair, just incomplete. Important defense witnesses had not been permitted to leave their foxholes to testify. His eight judges, all white, had disregarded the report from three Army doctors, one a psychiatrist, who found him suffering from acute battle fatigue and "unable to adhere to the right" (Gilbert had collapsed in Italy as a combat officer during World War II, had been reassigned to rear-area duty). Most important, Gilbert felt that he had been tried illegally under Article of War No. 75, which provides for the death penalty only

"if committed in time of war." Congress, by joint resolution in 1947, officially ended World War II so far as a number of statutes, including Article 75, were concerned. Since the U.S. was not officially at war in Korea, Gilbert's lawyer argued, the prisoner should not be sentenced under this Article.

Last week President Truman, following long-established precedent,* commuted the sentence to 20 years at hard labor and dishonorable discharge. Said Lieut. Gilbert, still hoping to appeal: "It was very good to know that I am not going to be executed, but 20 years is a long time to be guilty. I was a very sick man that day."

AMERICANA

These Changing Times

¶ Old-fashioned carols rolled forth as usual, but in some parts of the U.S. the age seemed to be catching up to Santa Claus. Dallas' big A. Harris & Co. department store had converted roly-poly Santa into a tall, flat-flanked cowboy, who rode in a buckboard instead of a sleigh, wore a bright red shirt and long white beard but no other traditional trappings. In Pekin, Ill., when a more conventional Santa came wheeling through town in a parade, he was ignominiously snowballed by teen-agers.

¶ A warning that U.S. culture is in danger of becoming completely feminine was sounded by Dr. Kenneth C. M. Sills, president of Bowdoin College. With more & more young men ending up in military service instead of college, Dr. Sills direly predicted that "man will be very largely for defense only if we don't watch out."

¶ In a Chelsea, Mass. court, a lawyer argued that his bookmaker client was helping to save the U.S. from Communism by contributing "to the equalization of the democratic way of life by letting poor people place small bets."

SEQUELS

Working on the Railroad

Patrons of the nation's most ill-run railroad got encouraging news last week. Major General William H. Draper Jr., onetime (1947-49) Under Secretary of the Army, was expected to be appointed sole trustee of the bankrupt Long Island Rail Road, which in the past nine months, in two accidents, has killed 110 passengers.

Draper, 56, amateur magician and Wall Street investment banker, doesn't know how to run a railroad, but he does know how to run a business (he is vice president of Dillon, Read & Co., was General Clay's economic expert in Germany).

Any improvements Draper might make would be welcomed by case-hardened daily commuters—300,000 of them scattered from Montauk to Manhattan. But some of the jostled and jaded, who have been through Long Island "reorganizations" before, reserved judgment when they heard that Draper might keep resigned Trustee David Smucker as operating manager. Smucker became operating head of the Long Island in 1949, was on the job at the time of both wrecks.

Lofman—Pix

MANHATTAN'S DRAPER
Judgment was reserved.

GAMBLING

Fiorida Songbird

George Petemezas seemed to be a young man with promise. Born in Pittsburgh of Greek parents, dark-eyed, natty George joined the Army before Pearl Harbor, served honorably as an OSS agent in Yugoslavia.

But after the war, things didn't break too well for him—until he finally landed a job as a cop in Miami Beach. It seemed to be a job exactly suited for George's sharp-witted, broad-shouldered talents. After two years, he went up in the world, became a deputy sheriff and a right-hand man to the sheriff of Dade County (Miami).

Associated Press

MIAMI'S PETEMEZAS
Names were sprinkled in.

Call Me Patton. George soon became a familiar figure in Miami's upholstered nightclubs and casinos. He changed his name to Patton, although he was known around town as "George the Greek." Despite his new-found affluence, nobody bothered to invite George when the Kefauver crime investigating committee visited Miami last spring. But when the Dade County grand jury met, George was on hand. Nobody really expected a smart boy like George to talk; it was a matter of routine. But for some reason, George entered the grand jury room and began to sing. Before he was through, he had given 49 pages of fact-jammed testimony, which was sizzling enough to help indict nine Miami police officers, to put every top-flight gambler out of business and, temporarily, at least, close Dade County's Gold Coast gambling casinos. After he finished testifying, George was hustled out of town.

Last week George appeared before the Kefauver committee in Washington and for an hour and 55 minutes repeated his story coolly, if not enthusiastically. He told how as a patrolman he and his buddies had shaken down nightclubs and gin mills for allowing them to stay open after hours. Now & then, he sprinkled in a big name or two. At one point he recalled hearing that a wealthy oilman named Sinclair (presumably Harry Sinclair of Teapot Dome notoriety) had lost $800,000 in two nights at the Golden Shores gambling club, and had later settled the debt for $500,000.

Close Friends. George had another startling story to tell. One Leon Bishop, a gambler, had told George that he was sent by Florida's handsome Governor Fuller Warren to Hialeah to take over crap games, roulette wheels and all gambling except horse racing. George said that Bishop walked in last December when Policeman George was helping to raid a gambling joint in Hialeah. Bishop went to the telephone. Five minutes later, George related, he was called to the telephone himself and told by another gambler to "get the hell out of there" because Leon Bishop was a close friend of the governor. Governor Warren denied George Petemezas' whole story.

In the last nine months he was with the sheriff's office, George told the committee, he was a collector for a group of deputies and received $800 weekly to be split up. He said that $300 of the money came from the S & G Syndicate, $300 from the swank Sunny Isles Casino and $200 from the operation of *bolita*, the Cuban numbers game. Occasional raids were made on these establishments, but only after the management had been tipped off first. In the period, George estimated he took in about $50,000 and kept $15,000 for his own cut.

* No soldier was shot for refusing to obey an order in World War II, though 142 were executed for other crimes.

THE NATIONS

The Alternatives

The U.N. disaster in Korea faced the free world with a dreadful set of choices (*see* WAR IN ASIA). What were the policy alternatives open to the U.S. and its allies?

Course No. 1. They could conclude that there was no more chance of avoiding or postponing World War III. They could begin dropping atomic bombs on the center of World Communist aggression—Russia—and take the feeble measures now available to minimize Russian retaliation. There is little chance that such measures could 1) stave off Russian atomic bombing of the U.S., perhaps of Britain, 2) defend Europe against Russian conquest, or 3) protect any part of the Asian mainland. Very long range, however, there was a chance that the U.S. and its allies could win such a war.

At Lake Success and in the capitals of the free world there was very little support, civilian or military, for Course No. 1.

Course No. 2. The U.S. and its allies could "ignore" Russia, open a full-scale atomic war on China. This had all the disadvantages of Course No. 1, without its advantages. There are few, if any, targets in China on which it would be worth while to use an atomic bomb. The dispersed Chinese army cannot be gravely damaged by atomic bombing.

This course had a little public support, but none among responsible officials.

Three other courses had stronger support than 1 or 2:

Course No. 3. Save the U.N. forces in Korea by asking for an armistice and paying the Communist price. The lowest price that the U.N. could get for an armistice would be something like this: 1) Korea under a U.N. occupation without U.S. or Chinese troops; 2) admission of Communist China to U.N.; and 3) abandonment of Formosa to the Chinese Communists. This price was higher than it seemed. Reason: the moral defeat involved would prove to Asiatic and European nations that the U.S. and the U.N. could not make good on their promises of protection against Red aggression. This would deepen the defeatist tendencies of anti-Communists in Asia and Europe. It would "buy time" and save an army, but it would greatly lessen the chances of ever effectively using the time or the army.

Another difficulty with the effort to get this "low price" was that the Chinese Communists had, in effect, already rejected it. Even before their victory in Korea, the Chinese Reds had scornfully kicked aside British and other feelers for such a deal.

The highest price to be paid in Course No. 3 would include all of the low-price items, plus withdrawal of Western troops from Japan and Western Germany—in short, less a Munich, more an Appomattox.

Under the most extreme circumstances of Choice 3, both Japan and Germany would soon be added to the Communist orbit. The people of both are strongly anti-Communist, but they are even more strongly determined not to be on the losing side of another war. Without Western help they will not stand up to Communist pressure. A Red Japan removes all hope of U.S. defense of the Western Pacific. A Red Germany removes all hope of thwarting Red domination of Western Europe.

The U.S. and its allies can probably save the troops in Korea if they are willing to pay this price.

Acme

SCHUMAN & PLEVEN
Urgent.

Course No. 4. The U.S. and its allies, asking for no armistice, can extricate as many of their troops as possible from Korea, bring them home, let the rest of Asia fall to Red power. They can then concentrate on trying to defend a Europe whose reliance on U.S. and U.N. protection would have been damaged or destroyed by the calamity in Asia. Building of a defense for Europe has been lagging badly because of defeatism, neutralism, and the lack of a vigorous U.S. policy. Under Course No. 4 all of these dragging factors will probably increase.

Course No. 5. The U.S. and its allies can withdraw to Japan whatever they can save from Korea, and continue to fight a declared or undeclared war against Communist China. To do so, the U.S. would concentrate on using its predominant air and sea power to blockade China's vulnerable coastline, chop up its railroads and industries. China's Red bosses, whose power over the people is none too secure, will dread a long war with the U.S., fought on terms which the U.S. is able to dictate.

This course logically includes the following steps: 1) full support of Chiang Kai-shek and any other anti-Communist forces that are in China or that can be gotten into China; 2) the moral and material mobilization of Japan; 3) the military, political and economic strengthening of other non-Communist countries in Asia; 4) a rapid stepping-up of the defense of Europe.

This course requires a complete reversal of past & present U.S. State Department policy. Without a very strong U.S. policy, U.N. probably will not go along with Course No. 5. There is even a chance that opposition by U.N. members will be used to cloak a lack of determination in the U.S. State Department.

If, however, the U.S. is committed wholeheartedly to Course No. 5, the vast majority of U.N. nations will probably go along, because they have no chance whatever to defend themselves against Communist aggression unless they have U.S. help. Determination of basic anti-Communist policy is not and cannot be a question of achieving agreement between the anti-Communist allies. It is a question of U.S. decision, made with a decent regard for the opinions of its allies, but made essentially by the U.S., which alone has the power to make the alliance a reality.

Course No. 6. Some of the five courses above can be partly combined and modified—and a sixth course is always possible. This is to continue the policy of drift, of blind stumbling from crisis to crisis, of leaving the initiative (the choice of time, place and weapons) always in the hands of the enemy.

Of Course No. 6, recent history has provided the evaluation: it can lead only to World War III and to Communist victory therein.

An Airplane Named Cathay

At an airfield outside London last week a British Overseas Airways Stratocruiser stood waiting, bathed in floodlights. Prime Minister Clement Attlee, wearing a sprig of white heather in his lapel, told newsmen that he was "soberly optimistic" about the prospects of his forthcoming meeting with President Truman. Then the airplane, which bore the name *Cathay*, took off for Washington, carrying Attlee toward a conference which he hoped would prevent a war with Communist China. With him, the plane carried the hopes & fears of most of Western Europe.

Within hours after President Truman's first statement on possible use of the atom bomb (*see* NATIONAL AFFAIRS), the press, public and politicians of all Europe suddenly awoke to the possibility that World War III might be upon them. In Britain the reaction was especially strong.

In the years 1939-41 many an American had accused the British of trying to drag the U.S. into war. Now, naturally enough, some Britons had the same feeling about the U.S. It was not accurate to call the British reaction "hysterical," although that was a favorite (and inaccurate) British word for Americans. Intelligent Britons feared that the U.S. would get bogged down in a war with Communist China and be unable to defend Europe.

This was the view of nearly all British leaders, Tory, Liberal or Socialist. It was the view that French Premier René Pleven and Foreign Minister Robert Schuman had urged upon Attlee shortly before Attlee left for Washington. And it was the view that Attlee was urging upon Harry Truman in Washington this week.

Responsible Britons, however, were also aware that the U.S. must decide the issue on a worldwide, not merely an Atlantic, basis. Few British leaders would deny that the final decision was up to the U.S. Said Winston Churchill last week: "When your friend and ally is bearing almost the whole weight, it is natural that he will have the control." Said Attlee on his arrival in Washington: "Trouble always brings us closer together."

Gerd Baatz

SCHUMACHER
Violent.

UNITED NATIONS

Taking Stock

Last week members of the U.N. Security Council bowed to the intransigence of Red China's General Wu Hsiu-chuan (*see* WAR IN ASIA) and wound up their discussion of the Korean and Formosan questions. Fatalistically, the representatives of the free world heard Russia's Jacob Malik veto a resolution ordering Communist China to end her intervention in Korea.

Now the way was open to take the problem of Chinese aggression into the veto-free U.N. General Assembly. To find out what the U.S would ask of the Assembly, U.S. Delegate Warren Austin hurried to Washington, spent two hours taking stock with Dean Acheson. This week Austin joined with delegates of five other powers to ask that the Assembly take up the question of "Intervention of the Central People's Government of the People's Republic of China in Korea."

The key word was "intervention." Those who still hope to appease Red China want to use the word "intervention," and those who favor trying to punish China for what it is doing in Korea want to use the word "aggression," as correctly describing China's action.

U.S. hesitation to demand clear-cut action from the U.N. stemmed partly from fears that: 1) the General Assembly would refuse to pass a strong resolution against Red China, or 2) many nations would abstain from voting on a strong resolution, thereby making it nearly meaningless even if passed. At Lake Success and in Washington, U.S. diplomats were busily polling and exploring other nations' views. As the week ended, the U.S. had not worked out a clear-cut view of its own.

This week U.N. Secretary General Trygve Lie decided to hold a small dinner party. On the guest list were General Wu and U.N. delegates from Britain, Sweden, Israel and Pakistan. The process of conciliation had not yet gone so far that anyone quite dared to ask a U.S. representative to break bread with General Wu.

WESTERN EUROPE

Fruits of Delay

Last September the Foreign Ministers of the Atlantic pact powers met in Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria for the first time since the start of the Korean war. The world waited for their obvious move: a ringing announcement of a program for Western Europe's defense. It did not come.

Reports from the conference said that brilliant U.S. Secretary of State Dean Acheson had never been more brilliant. He did not, however, persuade the French to give up their opposition to arming Western Germany. At no point did the U.S. publicly and with finality tell the French what sensible French politicians would have liked to hear: the U.S. was not going to embark on a pointless effort to rearm Western Europe unless the French agreed that the Germans be allowed to have their own defenses against the U.S.S.R.

Associated Press

ADENAUER
Agreeable.

After the Waldorf meeting adjourned, with all sense of urgency and unity and purpose fizzled out of it, negotiations continued on the detailed conditions on which the French would accept German rearmament. This week brought announcement from Britain that the French had agreed to a compromise. At last the construction of a unified defense of Europe under a U.S. commander could begin.

But the unnecessary delay had brought other results. The French aroused German resentment and tossed the rearmament issue into German politics. Socialist Leader Kurt Schumacher took a strong stand against rearmament unless the Western powers recognized German "equality" with the other Western nations. Schumacher violently attacked Chancellor Konrad Adenauer for agreeing to the West's conditions. Schumacher's followers went further than he and fought election campaigns with demagogic anti-armament slogans. The Socialists in the last three weeks have made significant election gains in Hesse, Wurttemberg-Baden and even Bavaria.*

The German anti-armament feeling has weakened Western Europe's unity and will to resist Communism at the very moment of the gravest postwar world crisis.

* Berlin's municipal elections this week showed an opposite trend: the Socialists lost ground; the Christian Democratic Union gained. Berliners agreed with staunch Socialist Mayor Ernst Reuter: they would fight the Reds whether they got Allied arms or not.

STRATEGY

Old Ways of War

Last week the conservative military textbooks, the old ways of war, caught up with the U.S. and with a daring champion of new ways of war, Douglas MacArthur. He had beaten the textbooks again & again; last week they beat him.

His defeat contained many of the elements of his great September victory. Then he was holding the Pusan perimeter with a force that was numerically inferior to the enemy. When talk of an impending offensive began to buzz around, military analysts called it rash. They said that MacArthur did not have nearly as many men as he needed.

According to the textbooks that was correct. MacArthur, however, relying on the combination of sea-air-ground power (as he had in scores of battles from New Guinea to Luzon) confounded the conservatives with the brilliant Inchon landing, the capture of Seoul and the consequent collapse of the North Korean army.

In North Korea, he tried what he called a "massive compression envelopment" against greatly superior forces. He undoubtedly underestimated the size and the quality of the Chinese troops. Their lack of tanks, artillery and transport looked like fatal weakness to exponents of current U.S. military doctrines. Specifically, MacArthur overestimated the effect of his air power on the Chinese troops.

The enveloped Chinese broke through the envelopment. Their thrust was so wide, deep and strong that his inadequate reserves (grouped around the 1st Cavalry Division) could not check it. MacArthur's center was gone and the Reds lapped around the two inside flanks of his divided army, pushing both wings back toward the sea.

His forces on the west began pulling back early, but on the east, four days seem to have elapsed between the Red breakthrough and the order to the X Corps (7th and 3rd Divisions and the marines) to try to fight their way to the coast. At week's end, it seemed doubtful that the U.N. forces could get out of Korea without a very severe mauling.

The bold new ways of war had given the U.S. so many victories that they could not be abandoned because of one defeat, however calamitous. But the new ways of war were not infallible, would not always be a substitute for massed, trained manpower.

"Where Hath It Slept?"

Whenever there is a failure of information about the enemy the more literate military men, outside of G-2s, bitterly quote a passage from Shakespeare. The passage was going around Korea and Tokyo last week.

KING JOHN: How goes all in France?

MESSENGER: From France to England. Never such a power for any foreign preparation was levied in the body of a land. The copy of your speed is learn'd by them; for when you should be told they do prepare, the tidings comes that they are all arrived.

KING JOHN: O, where hath our intelligence been drunk? Where hath it slept?

The gibe was justified. MacArthur's intelligence, headed by Major General Charles A. Willoughby, had not been either drunk or asleep; nevertheless it had failed to find out what it should have found out about the enemy.

It did know (and so did all the world) that the Chinese Communists had been strengthening their forces on the Manchurian-Korean border ever since the beginning of the Korean war. Nobody knew, and MacArthur's intelligence could not be blamed for not knowing, what the Chinese Communists intended to do with these forces. A reasonable argument was that if the Chinese had intended to come in, the best time was last July when they and the North Koreans could easily have pushed the U.N. forces off the peninsula at little cost to the Chinese. That was the consensus at Washington and Lake Success as well as in Tokyo.

Where MacArthur's intelligence failed, however, was in not estimating correctly the number of Chinese that had crossed the Yalu, the fighting quality and discipline of the Chinese troops, and the heavy concentration at a point in their line against which MacArthur put his weakest forces, the Korean II Corps.

These failures led some observers last week to conclude that a failure of intelligence lost the battle of North Korea. Their argument was that if MacArthur had known what was in front of him he would not have attacked, and if he had not attacked he would not have been beaten.

This line of reasoning is not supported by the course of the battle itself. It is now abundantly clear that the Chinese Communists had enough power across the Yalu to beat MacArthur whether he had attacked or not and no matter how he disposed his forces. The essential fact is that the U.N. forces had taken from the Chinese the beating that the Chinese have had the power to administer in any week since the U.N. forces first went into Korea. All the Security Council members who voted for the U.N. police action knew at the time that they could not mobilize a force in Korea that could stand up against the Chinese Red army.

The failure of intelligence was real, blameworthy—but not crucial. What was crucial was that Communists in Asia control a far bigger army than the U.N.

Associated Press

GENERAL MACARTHUR

The textbooks were not always wrong.

COMMAND

On the Griddle

The crushing Chinese counter-offensive in Korea had put General MacArthur on the griddle at home and in Europe. In Washington, carefully anonymous military officials who love to chuck harpoons at MacArthur leaked reports that he had defied Administration suggestions that he halt his troops well short of the Korean-Manchurian border. Nervous European politicians charged bitterly that MacArthur wanted to plunge the U.S. and her allies into a major Asiatic war which would leave Europe undefended. MacArthur promptly struck back at his critics through the press. In a statement solicited by the New York *Times's* Arthur Krock, MacArthur denied that he had received suggestions from "any authoritative source" to halt his troops south of the Manchurian border. In answer to questions from Hugh Baillie, president of the United Press, the general accused European leaders of "short-sighted" preoccupation with the safety of Europe alone.

Even more strongly, MacArthur disputed charges that his "end-the-war" offensive had been ill-advised strategically. The U.N. assaults, he maintained, had not motivated the all-out intervention of the Chinese Communist army. He made the obvious point that intervention on such a scale required elaborate preparation, and consequently must have been decreed by Mao Tse-tung's government long ago.

The effectiveness of the U.N. air force had been severely limited by the fact that, like U.N. ground and naval forces, it was forbidden to strike at the enemy's main Manchurian bases—"an enormous handicap unprecedented in military history." But the real reason for the U.N.'s reverses, said MacArthur, was sheer weight of numbers. "As far as I can see," said MacArthur, "no strategical or tactical mistakes were made of any basic proportion."

BATTLE OF KOREA

After the Breakthrough

"Last night about eleven o'clock," said a U.S. major, "my George [G] Company was hit from three sides, the left, right and front, by about three companies of Chinese. One of my patrols picked the first ones up about 150 yards out. The Chinese charged in and overwhelmed us with a real mass attack. About three out of every ten of them were loaded with automatic weapons of some sort—Tommy guns, burp guns or automatic carbines. Others carried .25-caliber Jap rifles. They were all loaded down with grenades."

The major and his battalion pulled back to the Chongchon River, but found the crossing point covered by Communists firing 3.5-in. bazookas (apparently captured American weapons) with great accuracy. G.I.s trying to cross on flak wagons and other vehicles were mowed down. Many wounded had to be left behind.

This small, terrible episode was like many others, all week long, all along the "fluid" Korean front. But all the episodes added up still could not tell the whole story of the Allied disaster, which was more than a loss of men, material and territory (*see above*). No one publicly guessed at U.S. casualty figures but one officer said they would be "shockers" when revealed.

Gum in the Fire Hose. Early last week there was still hope—among Tokyo optimists, at least—that Douglas MacArthur's abortive "end-the-war" offensive had only "temporarily" been halted, that a major enemy breakthrough could be prevented. The 1st Cavalry Division, aided by British and Turks, was rushed to plug the enormous gap in the Tokchon sector where the R.O.K. II Corps had been shattered. It was like trying to plug a fire hose with a wad of chewing gum. The cavalrymen were beaten back 30 miles to Sinchang, then lost the town and fell back still farther.

This week there was no sign of where or how the enemy onrush could be stopped.

As Chinese hordes poured around the Eighth Army's open right flank, the 24th, 2nd and 25th Divisions fell back to the Chongchon and began crossing at Sinanju (*see map*), where a valuable airfield was lost, Anju and Kunu farther upriver. It was obvious that General Walker would have to keep his whole Eighth Army moving south if it was not to be trapped or rolled up from the flank.

The Kunu crossing, farthest inland and closest to the breakthrough zone, was the toughest. A 2nd Division regiment, commanded by Colonel Paul Freeman of Roanoke, Va., fought a rearguard action at Kunu to save as much as possible of an eight-mile vehicle train. Said the colonel: "We will go down the road on trucks, if we can. Otherwise we will destroy the trucks and go over the mountains, shooting backward every step of the way. We've gone through miracle after miracle, and we need one more."

The bulk of the 2nd got across at Kunu, as did the bulk of the other divisions at the other crossings, and the bridges were blown. Tokyo called the Chongchon withdrawal a "masterpiece."

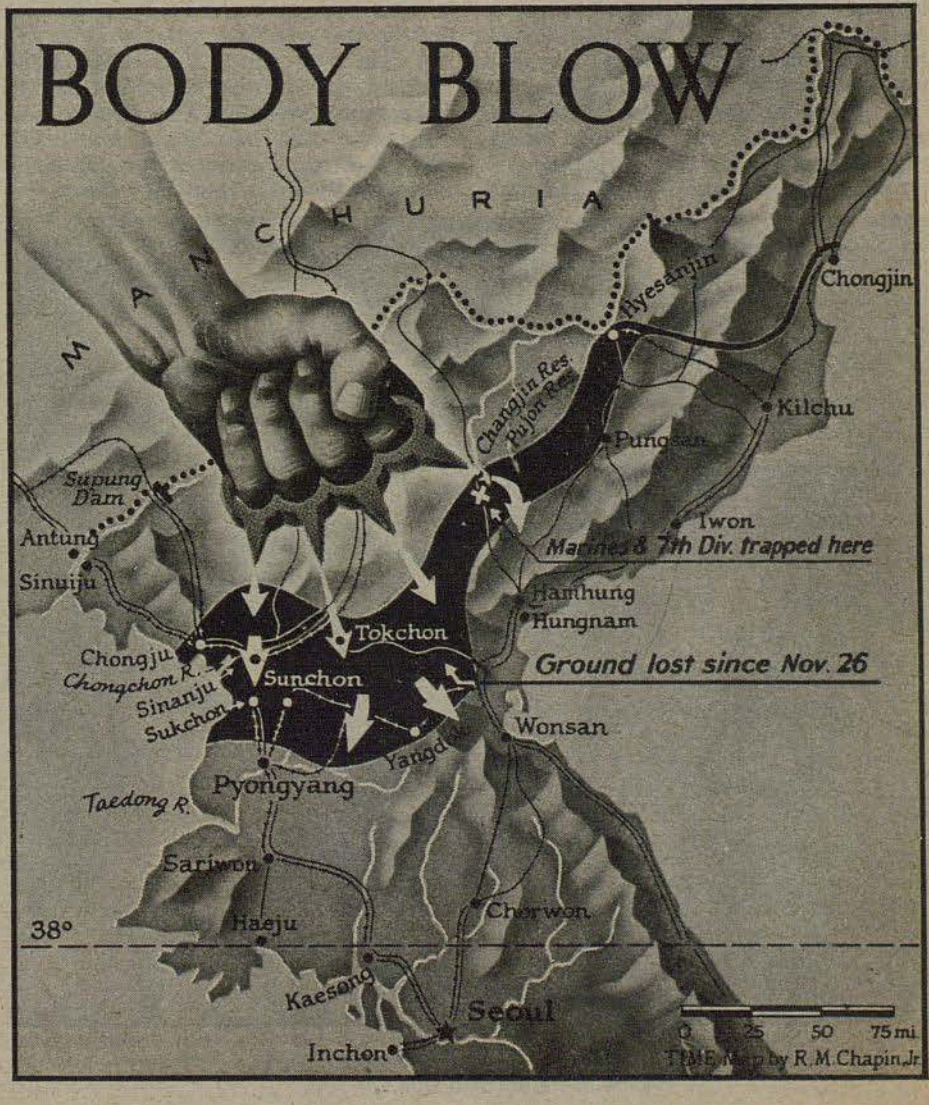
Iron Ring. The Communist drive down the center of Korea's waist broke all contact between the Eighth Army and General Almond's X Corps, sprawled out over northeastern Korea. At the Changjin reservoir, Major General Oliver Prince Smith's 1st Marine Division had made a vain try to cut in behind the Chinese attacking the Eighth. Now Smith's men found themselves attacked by ten Communist divisions, which threw an iron ring around the reservoir, around the marines, and around most of the 7th Infantry Division. The fighting men in this trap were supplied by airdrop, at first from lumbering C-119s of the Combat Cargo Command, then by C-47s which landed—despite Chinese antiaircraft hidden in the neighboring hills—on a bumpy, makeshift field and took out wounded.

The three marine regiments, which had been in separated positions around the reservoir, finally fought their way through to junction in Hagaru, to the south, after running into bloody ambushes along the roads. The Communists fired on them comfortably at steep grades and hairpin turns, where the marines' vehicles slowed to a crawl. A dreadful indication of the casualties in this sector was that 1,200 wounded were flown out in the first two days.

Dire Peril. Advance elements of the Army's 7th Division, which two weeks ago had stood gloriously on the Yalu River, were hastily called back to the south, but it was doubtful whether they would make it. Other elements of the 7th began fighting southwest from Hagaru, to open a road to the sea—and possible evacuation—at Hamhung-Hungnam, toward which the marines too were headed.

But the Communists were forging a larger trap. They also were driving in force for Hamhung, and for Wonsan 50 miles to the south. There was nothing in front of them except the X Corps' 3rd Division, part of which opposed the Communist advance at Huksu. The 3rd Division was not enough to put up a defense on a wide front. If, as seemed likely and imminent, the Communists reached a long stretch on the Sea of Japan, the entire X Corps would be in dire peril of destruction.

Evacuation. Meanwhile, the U.N. command gave up all hope of maintaining a sea-to-sea line above Pyongyang. A tentative 40-mile defense arc around the North Korean capital had been estab-



lished, but with the right flank still dangling and Mao's men still swarming around it, there was no means of holding it. The Chinese were bringing up tanks and artillery (lacking in the first days of the offensive); they were driving Koreans out of their homes to the roads, to impede Allied movements and screen their own advance. The Allies began to evacuate Pyongyang (*see below*), ably screened on the north by the British 29th Brigade. This week all Eighth Army divisions completed their withdrawal from the city.

Doomed City

There were 300,000 people in Pyongyang (an equal number had gone north with the Communists in October). When it became known last week that the Allies would not defend the city, refugees began streaming south. To prevent them from blocking troop movements on the roads, the Allies barred two Army bridges across the Taedong River. But some refugees climbed down a levee in the shadow of a quiet Buddhist temple, and crawled across a shattered old vehicular bridge. Others waded across. They were pitiful reflections of defeat—wretched, fear-stricken and numbed with cold.

Dull explosions rocked the city as Allied commanders blew up ammunition and supply dumps. There was no panic or looting, but some underground terrorists were already active. They distributed leaflets urging the underground to sabotage the Allies in every possible way.

The U.S. planned to take out some 1,500 civil officials, clergymen and others who had actively aided MacArthur's forces, to save them from Communist vengeance. In the city hall, Lee Keun Tae, wispy chief of the administration section, already had his overcoat on. Where were his men? "All gone," Lee said. He himself was planning to go all the way to Seoul, taking his wife and seven children. How would they go? "Probably walk," said Lee. A man in a black overcoat with a mink collar joined the conversation. But another man came in, whispered "The car is ready," and the man in the mink collar left immediately.

In an inner office of the city hall, Lieut. Colonel John Joseph Livingston of Alexandria, Va., deputy chief of the U.S. Army's civil assistance team, sat wearing a sheepskin vest with a pistol strapped around his chest. His telephone rang. He sent an officer down for the mayor. The mayor had gone home. "Get somebody else, then," Livingston said. The officer went down and came back again. "There's nobody, Colonel. Only one man, and I don't even think he works here. I think he's a social friend of somebody in the office and maybe he doesn't even know that his friends have gone."

"You know," said Livingston, "these government teams are set up for when you're moving forward. When you're moving back it's a different color. We're staying till the last troops leave, all right. But for a job like this, what you need is a good battalion of military police to control the city."

A light snow fell on Pyongyang, drifting down past boarded shop fronts on the city's main street. The Communists had once named this thoroughfare for Stalin, and now, after an absence of 40-odd days, they would probably so name it again.

Associated Press

RETREATING U.N. TROOPS
One more miracle was needed.

THE ALLIES

Why Withdraw?

Red Chinese soldiers attacking a ridge line near Waewon last week were shocked to come face to face with swarthy, fiercely mustachioed Turks howling down upon them with bayonets fixed. In this and other Turkish bayonet charges some 200 Chinese were killed, and soon stories of the Turks were spreading like a tonic along the U.N. line.

The Turkish brigade (5,000 men) is led by Brigadier General Tahsin Yazici, who likes to twit British war correspondents with such remarks as, "Yes, I remember your General Townshend well. We took him prisoner at Kut-el-Amara [in 1916]." Last week Yazici's smart, tightly disciplined Turks were thrown in to hold the line the ROKs abandoned east of Kaechon. Estimated Turkish casualties at week's end: 500. A U.S. doctor said it seemed that a Turk waited until he had at least three wounds before he reported to the medics.

After 48 hours of concentrated action on the shoulder of the Red Chinese wedge the Turks were short of food and ammunition, fighting with knives and fists, hurling stones at endless waves of Chinese attackers. Yet U. S. tanks that went forward to rescue trapped Turkish units found the Turks preparing to attack. Ordered to pull back from positions where they were surrounded by the swarming Chinese, the Turkish commander replied in amazement, "Withdraw? Why withdraw? We are killing lots of them."

When, at last, the tired, bedraggled brigade did fight its way clear, the Turks marched 50 miles down the road to Pyongyang, carrying their wounded on their backs, pointing in disgust at the direction they were headed, and repeating over & over again: "The general's orders . . . the general's orders . . ."

The U.S. had spent over $200 million in military aid to Turkey on the assumption that the Turk was a good soldier, who would defend his country if neighbor Russia attacked it. The Turks in Korea proved the assumption well justified.

Hard Guys & Softies?

It was a black week for the tired soldiers of Syngman Rhee's Republic of Korea. The heart to fight Chinese Communists seemed to have gone out of them.

The once elite R.O.K. army's II Corps (R.O.K. 6th, 7th and 8th Divisions) on the Tokchon-Yongdong-Okchon line disintegrated under the first Chinese attack. R.O.K. troops threw away their weapons and ran; some fled 20 miles southward in the first 24 hours of the attack.

Said a U.S. colonel: "The enemy has made hard guys out of his Koreans. We've made softies out of ours." Said a U.S. correspondent: "We have so over-armed, over-equipped and over-coddled the South Koreans that now they wouldn't think of going into battle without fur-lined parkas, prophylactic kits and the latest edition of supercomics."

THE ENEMY

The Road to Paris

(See Cover)

Lenin wrote: "The road to Paris lies through Peking." The man who took that road for Bolshevism was China's Red Boss Mao Tse-tung. Four years ago Mao squatted in a cave in northwest China's Yenan wilderness. Last week he lived in a Peking palace and he stood, by able and accurate proxy, at Lake Success defying and denouncing the United Nations. His armies were giving the most powerful nation on earth the worst beating in its military history. The proud and ancient chancelleries of Europe quavered at his name and shrank from his power. Washington was paralyzed by the blow he had delivered and by the prospect of world revolution and disintegration that lay ahead.

Wu's Knees. In two awful hours of rasping vituperation at Lake Success, Mao's proxy, an unknown general named Wu Hsiu-chuan, had torn away all (or almost all) of the free world's illusions about Mao and Chinese Communism. The Mao presented there by his scar-faced servant Wu was none of the men painted by the soft China hands of American "liberalism."

This Mao who spoke with Wu's harsh voice was not an "agrarian reformer" (as the U.S. State Department had called him), nor a "town-meeting democrat" (as Owen Lattimore had called him), nor a Tito faithless to Moscow (as London and Washington had hoped). The Mao who spoke through Wu was China's most successful warlord since Kublai Khan. He laid down the terms for all Asia's subjugation. Upon that, Mao's senior partner, Stalin, prepared to build for the enslavement of the West. Together, Stalin and Mao had traveled more than halfway on the road that leads from Moscow to Paris, via Peking.

Modern history has no more dramatic scene than Wu's speech at Lake Success. The world heard only by dim and dignified hearsay of Hitler raging at statesmen who came to Berchtesgaden; it saw only the absurd arrested motion of Hitler's triumphant jig in the Forest of Compiègne. Millions by television and radio saw & heard Wu spew forth Communism's unappeasable hatred, cloaked in Communism's lies and muscled by Communism's paranoid vocabulary of denunciation.

U.S. Delegate to the U.N. Warren Austin had asked Wu to explain why Communist China had invaded Korea, just as the U.N. police action there was on the eve of success. Said Austin: "Will there be peace or war in Asia? The world awaits anxiously the answer."

While Austin talked, Wu had sat tense as a coiled spring. In appearance, the Wu at whom the statesmen and television viewers stared for an answer bore no resemblance to his master in Peking. Where Mao is fat, moon-faced, stooped and aging (at 57), Wu is well-knit, slant-headed and fortyish. Wu's hands were clasped in the lap of a cheap black suit. As many Orientals do, he betrayed his tension by nervous knee-knocking. When he rose, Austin quickly had his answer: Wu offered war or surrender. Not his knees, but a large part of the free world's were knocking before he finished.

Associated Press

Wu
Like a coiled spring.

Wu's Speech. The U.S., he said, is the historical foe of China: "The American imperialists have always been the cunning aggressor . . . never . . . the friends of the Chinese people . . . The Open Door was in fact an aggressive policy aimed at sharing the spoils with other imperialists."*

The U.S., he said, has instigated the war in Korea to cover up its invasion of Formosa and to further "its fanatical design of dominating Asia and the world." Screamed Wu: "Who has shattered security in the Pacific? Have Chinese armed forces invaded Hawaii, or have U.S. armed forces invaded . . . Korea and Formosa? . . . The real intention of the U.S., as MacArthur has confessed, is . . . to dominate every Asiatic port from Vladivostok to Singapore."

The U.S., he said, has gulled the 52 nations sharing in the police action in Korea. Shrilled Wu to the 52, in a patent move to splinter the already divided U.N. majority: "Do not be taken in by the U.S., do not pull the chestnuts out of the fire for the U.S.—because . . . you must bear the consequences of your actions."

The U.S., he said, follows in the footsteps of Japan and is using Japan for the enslavement of Asia. In contrast, Russia's conduct is "righteous."

The Chinese people, he said, have arisen. "The Chinese people, who victoriously overthrew the rule on China's mainland of Japanese imperialism, and of American imperialism and its lackey Chiang Kai-shek, will certainly succeed in driving out the United States aggressors and recover Taiwan [Formosa] and all other territories that belong to China . . . As a result of the victories of the great Socialist October Revolution of the Soviet Union, of the anti-Fascist second World War, and of the great revolution of the Chinese people, all the oppressed nations and people of the East have awakened and organized themselves.

"Regardless of the savagery and cruelty of the American imperialist aggressors, the hard struggling people of Japan, the victoriously advancing people of Viet Nam, the heroically resisting people of Korea, the people of the Philippines who have never laid down their arms, and all the oppressed nations and peoples of the East will certainly unite in close solidarity. Yielding neither to the enticements nor to the threats of American imperialism, they will fight dauntlessly on to win the final victory in their struggle for national independence."

To Kiss a Buzz Saw. Throughout, Wu never recognized the fact that the forces in Korea under attack by his master were United Nations forces. In fact, Wu demanded that the U.N. apply "severe sanctions" against the U.S. for sending troops to Korea. He demanded that U.N. force an American "withdrawal" from Korea and Formosa* (*i.e.*, turn both over to the Reds). Whether the U.N. did so or not, militant Red China, leading all Asia, would chase off "U.S. aggressors."

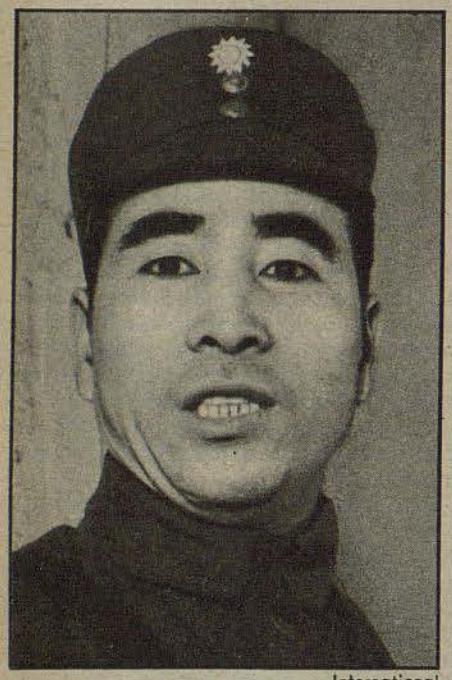
As the Chinese Red envoy barked on, the U.S.'s Austin sat, large and unhappy in a rumpled brown suit, wearing his translation phones like a crown of thorns. Britain's Sir Gladwyn Jebb listened with the urbane equanimity a Foreign Office man must pull on along with his drawers and socks while dressing each morning. Secre-

* Such American liberals as Owen Lattimore and Harvard's Professor John Fairbank have impugned the motives of the U.S. Open Door policy, by which Secretary of State John Hay in 1899 protected China from a growing web of foreign "concessions"; Hay insisted that China have a right to trade with all nations. In spite of this policy, U.S. investment in China was never large. It reached $122 million in 1937, about a quarter of the U.S. investment in Mexico, and much of the U.S. China investment was in hospitals and schools. Ironically, many U.S. traders in China falsely denounced by the Communists as the mainspring of "U.S. imperialism," joined with the liberals and the Communists in tearing down Chiang Kai-shek. Few of the U.S. China traders ever had any drive toward imperialism or any sense of the real nonimperialist meaning of the Open Door policy, as explained by the late Henry Cabot Lodge. Said he, prophetically: "We only ask that we be admitted to this great market [China] upon the same terms as the rest of the world. But within a few years, we have seen Russia closing in upon the Chinese empire. If she succeeds, we will not only be excluded from these markets, but we shall stand face to face with a power controlling an extent of territory and a mass of population the like of which the world has never seen. In the presence of such a colossus of despotism and military socialism, the welfare of every free people is in danger." Lodge said this in 1899, long before the military socialism of the czars had degenerated into the military socialism of the Bolsheviks.

* Total U.S. military and civilian government employees now in Formosa: 44.

tary General Trygve Lie, a ponderous, uncomfortable figure in blue, his hand plunged deep inside his coat, seemed a Falstaff, cast, under protest, as Napoleon. Yugoslavia's Ales Bebler, presiding, wore a sleepy, slit-eyed look of boredom. Nationalist China's T. F. Tsiang sat with the uninterested look of one who had known all along what was coming, and finally appeared to be dozing. All except Tsiang had held such high hopes of Wu's visit to Lake Success. They would make a deal with Mao's agent. They would reassure him about the West's intentions. They would disabuse him of the Moscow propaganda line.

Wu's words, however, left no basis for hope that Mao could be dealt with, reassured or weaned away from Moscow. To think of appeasing the master of the rasping, threatening Wu was to think of kissing a buzz saw. What stood revealed after two hours at Lake Success was naked military force.



International

LIN PIAO
Virginal caution.

The Hunter. To Wu's climactic moment at Lake Success, to the triumphant onrush of the Chinese Red army in Korea, the master in Peking had long dedicated himself. In a quarter-century of conspiracy and armed aggression against his own people, Mao Tse-tung has never lost his vision of the Chinese Communist movement as a prelude and vital part of the greater international Communist drive for world rule.

Ten years ago, in *The New Democracy*, using the jargon of the comrades, Mao wrote: "The world now lives in an era of revolution and war, a new era, where capitalism is definitely dying and socialism is beginning to flourish. In the international environment of the middle of the 20th Century, there are only two ways open to all decent people in the colonies and semi-colonies. They must either go over to the side of the imperialist front or take part in the world revolution. They must choose between these two. There is no other way."

Last year Mao said it again, even more distinctly: "We belong to the anti-imperialist front headed by the U.S.S.R., and we can only look for genuine friendly aid from that front and not from the imperialist front . . . We also oppose the illusion of a third road . . . In the world without exception one either leans to the side of imperialism or the side of socialism. Neutrality is a camouflage." He flavored his pronouncement with a Chinese metaphor: "You have to choose between killing the tiger or being eaten by it."

Last week the world could see that Red China, with Red Russia, had gone ahunting after the tiger of freedom. And Mao had even voiced his scorn for the quarry —"a paper tiger."

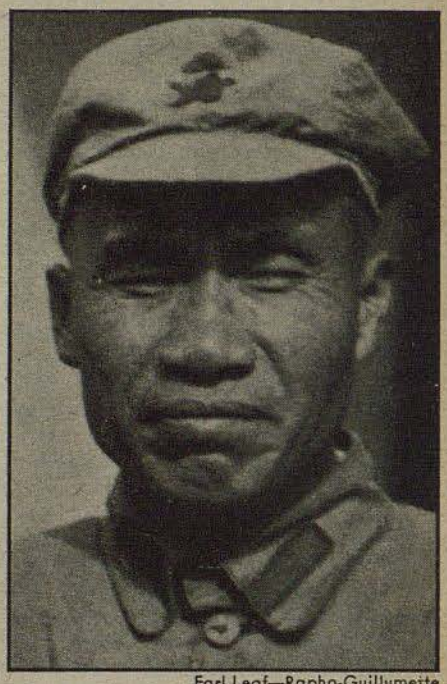
The Weapon. A hunter needs a weapon. The formidable one that Mao bore, the Chinese Red army, had been forged with Russian connivance in a manner that the West did not yet widely comprehend.

"One historical fact differentiates the Chinese Communist Party from Communist movements in any other country outside of Soviet Russia, a fact essential to a clear understanding of what has been happening in China during the last quarter of a century," wrote Dr. Hu Shih, China's foremost scholar and onetime ambassador to the U.S. "The Chinese Communist Party, partly by design and partly by extraordinary circumstances, has possessed a formidable army of its own almost from the very early years of its founding. This unique feature has been the most important source of its strength, which Stalin, the masterful strategist of world Communism, has been able to nurture, support, and in the course of 25 years develop into a most powerful instrumentality for subjugating China and thereby dominating the whole Asiatic continent."

Stalin himself, in a telegram sent through the Comintern in 1926, ordered the Chinese Communist Party to raise its own army (20,000 tested comrades to lead 50,000 armed peasants). At that time the Reds were still accepted in the Kuomintang (Nationalist) revolution, which Chiang Kai-shek had led up from the south to subjugate the warlords and unify the nation. A Red army had already been urged by Mao, then one of the Communist Party's lesser figures and often berated by his less realistic comrades as a starry-eyed opportunist dreaming of "romantic Soviet republics in the mountainous wilderness." The Stalin-Mao decision to form an army, was, in effect, an undeclared war on Chiang Kai-shek and the Nationalist regime. Chiang hit back hard, sent his Soviet Russian advisers packing, dispersed the Comintern agents, forced Mao into the "mountainous wilderness" of inland China.

While Chiang fought the northern warlords, Mao became a warlord in his own right. On Chingkan Shan, celebrated bandit mountain lair, he joined forces with the local outlaws, soon merged them in his new Red army.* It was a guerrilla force, highly mobile, terroristic, levying an ever-expanding countryside for recruits and supplies, fighting not for the ordinary warlord's booty but for a Red revolution within the Nationalist revolution.

Through Defeat. All of Mao's cunning in guerrilla tactics could not save the first Chinese Red army. By 1930 it had grown to 60,000 men. Then Chiang, advised by a German, General Alexander von Falkenhausen, closed in with overwhelming numbers. Five years of dark and bloody Nationalist "annihilation" campaigns against the Reds finally drove Mao's remnant into the retreat now famous as the Long March, an epic ordeal of one year and 6,000 miles. Less than 20,000 Red army survivors reached their chosen base around Yenan, in remote northwest China, as near as practical to Stalin's Russia.



Earl Leaf—Rapho-Guillumette

CHU TEH
Rabbit-like speed.

As Chiang slowly moved toward Mao's hideout, Stalin moved to Mao's rescue. The new Comintern slogan was "united front" against the mounting fascist threat of Japan. It was successful. Chiang's campaign against the Communists was deflected and dissipated into resistance against a more powerful aggressor. The Chinese Red army was saved. It proceeded to expand spectacularly. During the eight years of the Japanese war, following Mao's directive "90% against the Kuomintang, 10% against the Japanese," it grew from

* But Mao never fought as the other warlords fought. Though they all double-crossed and intrigued, they also observed certain amenities. They disliked to take each other prisoner, settled battles with silver bullets (*i.e.*, cash bribes), often left one city gate open for retreat when they had surrounded a rival, even provided transport for the defeated general's belongings (they hoped for a return of the courtesy in reversed circumstances), considered it boorish to attack in bad weather. Mao fought for keeps.

25,000 to 910,000 men, claimed control of 50 million people.

Though skillfully led and well-indoctrinated, it was still a guerrilla force, unable to face the Japanese or the Nationalists in open battle. The change-over to a regular army with decisive striking power needed Stalin's helping hand. Once more it was given, in Manchuria during the Russian occupation between August 1945 and April 1946.

In those nine months, large contingents of Mao's men trekked from below the Great Wall into the Russian-held northeast, were equipped with Japanese arms, retrained and sent out again. Within three years, not without heavy casualties of their own (1,600,000 killed, wounded and missing, according to their own estimate) and greater losses to the Chinese Nationalists (8,070,000, boasted Ambassador Wu last week before the U.N.), they won the China mainland.

To Victory. Military power, embodied in China's Red army, has been Mao's special creation, his fierce pride & joy. The strategy and tactics of guerrilla war have absorbed a good deal of his scholarly study. His trusty Commander in Chief Chu Teh and his brilliant field generals Lin Piao, Chen Yi and Liu Po-cheng have been the fighting brawn directed by his own bookwise brain.

For his guerrillas, Mao years ago reminted some good advice originally coined by Sun Tzu, China's 5th Century B.C. Clausewitz: "When the enemy advances, we retreat. When he escapes, we harass. When he retreats, we pursue. When he is tired, we attack." For comrades everywhere he wrote a military treatise, *Strategic Problems* (published in Yenan in 1941), that probably ranks as a classic on irregular warfare. Its precepts boldly give directions for destroying "an enemy 20 times our number."

Mao's most vivid literary images are devoted to the military art. "Guerrillas," he once wrote, "should be as cautious as virgins and as quick as rabbits . . . [They] are like innumerable gnats which, by biting a giant in front & rear, ultimately exhaust him." He exulted in armed struggle: "A Communist war which lasts ten years may be surprising to other countries, but for us this is only the preface . . . Historical experience is written in blood and iron." No warlord has left a more gory trail of death than Mao, not since the mad General Chang Hsien-chung, who slaughtered 30 million in Szechuan during the Ming Dynasty and left an engraving in stone which read:

Heaven created ten thousand things for the use of man.
Man has not one thing to present to Heaven.
Kill. Kill. Kill. Kill. Kill. Kill. Kill.

The Chinese are not a militaristic people and not many Chinese poets sing the glory and grandeur of war. Mao is one of those who does. Most of his verse has not been publicly printed, but in the three poems known to the West, he plucks harshly the blood & iron string. Sample lines:

We shall not be heroes unless we reach the Great Wall . . .
In the Red army nobody is frightened by the rigors of the Long March.
The thousand mountain peaks and the ten thousand rivers fail to intimidate us . . .
Genghis Khan was favored by Heaven in his generation,
Yet he could only shoot arrows at eagles on the wing.

Sovfoto

RED CHINESE TANKERS
"When he retreats, we attack."

Not Appeased. By June 1950 Mao, too, was ready to hunt an eagle.

The U.S. had pulled out of Korea and had washed its hands of Formosa, where Chiang Kai-shek's diehard Nationalists prepared their last stand. Mao's army, harassed by Chiang's naval & air blockade, stood poised for an invasion. Then Stalin's North Koreans moved across the 38th parallel. In a dramatic turnabout of policy, the American eagle soared from its lackadaisical perch.

Harry Truman proclaimed that security in the Pacific meant no aggression in Korea. Truman also said: "I have directed the Seventh Fleet to prevent any attack on Formosa." From where Mao sat, this might mean that the whole U.S. policy had suddenly and rashly changed. It might mean that the U.S. would not only try to defend Korea, but would also make the Communists pay for aggression in Korea by protecting their intended victims in Formosa. Mao sat quietly waiting to see if the U.S. would in fact try to regain the initiative in Asia.

He soon saw that the eagle, though roused, was still a muddled bird. Truman's action on Formosa did not mean all that it could have meant. The U.S. still had had no change of heart toward the Chinese Nationalists; it would still refuse to cooperate with the only Asiatic force that had steadfastly recognized and resisted the predatory league of Mao & Stalin. Washington obviously persevered in the opinion that Secretary Dean Acheson expressed last January: "No one in his right mind . . . suggests that . . . the Nationalist government fell because it was confronted by overwhelming military force . . . Chiang Kai-shek's armies melted away . . . the Chinese people in their misery . . . completely withdrew their support from this government . . ."

While the Seventh Fleet steamed toward the Formosa Straits, Washington ordered Chiang Kai-shek to stop his air and water raids which were playing havoc with Communist shipping. Later, it brusquely turned down Chiang's offer to send 33,000 troops to Korea, where they might have come in handy last week. Washington's policy was directed by the fear that any action strengthening Chiang would bring the Chinese Communists into the Korean war and by the belief that appeasing Mao would keep them out.

When Douglas MacArthur went to Formosa in August, the dismay of the U.S. State Department was audible all the way to Mao's palace. When MacArthur decided to warn publicly against the loss of Formosa, against "those who in the past propagandized . . . defeatism and appeasement in the Pacific," he was silenced by presidential command. By last week the net result of the U.S. action on Formosa had been to suspend the Nationalist sea-air blockade and thereby to open the ports of Red China for copper, oil and armaments from the West.

Mao was not appeased. He struck on Oct. 26, and when the U.N., the U.S. and the British tried further appeasement, Mao flung back taunts and prepared for his great effort.

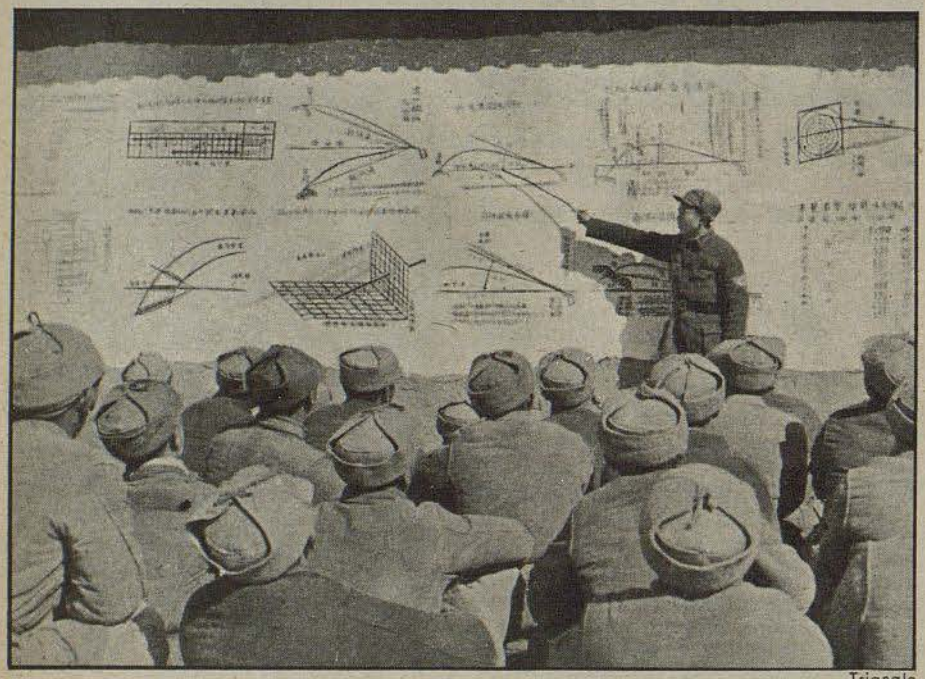
Mao's army has the immediate advan-

tage of numbers. In the year since the conquest of China, Mao has built up his forces steadily. They are 2,500,000 strong, divided into four huge field armies. Their rigidly enforced discipline is the marvel of China. They are intensively trained by vigilant officers, intensively indoctrinated by even more vigilant political commissars. The best is Lin Piao's army; it overran Manchuria and North China, now leads the assault in Korea.

The Army Comes First. Stalin has supplied Mao with arms as well as thousands of Russian advisers. The Chinese Red air force counts some 500 planes, including MIG-15 Soviet jet fighters. Behind the Chinese horde stands the full military, diplomatic and propaganda might of Russia. Red Russia and Red China are formally allied by treaties signed in Moscow last February by Mao and Stalin. Their actual bonds are closer: identity of aim and lifelong Communist discipline.

As has always been the case with Mao's brand of Communist warlordism, other parts of his program have lagged far behind the growth of military strength. Most of Mao's social and economic promises to China's people have been put aside. Although many Western observers expected a rise in living standards to follow the end of the civil war, the opposite has happened. Living standards in most of China have fallen since Mao took over, largely because of the disruption and liquidation of the merchant (distributor) class. Railroads and other public services are much more efficiently managed than during the civil war. Inflation has been checked, largely because taxes are more ruthlessly collected. Official bribery has undoubtedly decreased (because Communists are by nature more susceptible to the corruption of power than to corruption by money). No significant systematic land reform has taken place. There have been some paper land-reform measures, plus a sort of reform by political boodle, *i.e.*, some supporters of the Reds have grabbed property owned by enemies of the Reds. The Communist propaganda hold on the lower and middle schools is increasingly effective. Many of the people are bitterly disillusioned with Communism, but they have no program for resisting or combatting it.

Peking admits that 400,000 armed "bandits" (*i.e.*, Nationalist or other anti-Communist guerrillas) are still fighting the Red rule. Formosa's Nationalists claim that the armed resisters number well above a million. But this popular force is not yet effectively organized. The U.S. shows no present intention of encouraging or using the anti-Communists of Formosa or the mainland to undermine Mao in his own backyard. This in spite of estimates that, with a little help from outside, the anti-Communist Chinese could pin down half the Chinese Red army.



Triangle

CHINESE COMMUNIST MILITARY CLASS
Gnat bites for a giant.

"Go On Advancing!" Like many a dictator before him, Mao tries to divert the minds of his people from his unkept promises by emphasizing "foreign encirclement." His press keeps up a din for the conquest of Formosa and Tibet.

Radio Peking last week blared the order of the Red day, exhorted Mao's men on: "The imperialist armies under command of MacArthur await their fate of being totally crushed . . . The entire people of Korea, of China, of Asia and the whole world are watching your glorious struggle with unbounded respect.

"Advance boldly, advance and go on advancing! Strike down . . . and continue to strike down! We say again: Strike!"

That was loud talk, but as Mao's troops were proving in Korea, it was not empty talk. It was a set of directions for the road to Paris—and beyond.

BATTLE OF INDO-CHINA

Chosen Instrument

Said French High Commissioner Léon Pignon in Saigon last week: "What is happening in Korea is of far more importance to the situation in Indo-China than what is happening in Indo-China." Even while the Americans were winning in Korea and it was widely assumed that the Communist Chinese would not dare tangle with the U.S., the West's chances of holding Indo-China seemed dubious (TIME, Nov. 27). Last week, after the shattering news from Korea, French authorities ordered the evacuation of all French women & children from gravely threatened Hanoi and the Red River delta. It would take something of a miracle to save Indo-China now.

Too Late for Miracles. Neither the French nor their chosen native instrument, Bao Dai, showed any signs last week of being able to work miracles. Chief of State Bao Dai recently flew to Hanoi, supposedly to bolster the people's morale in the face of an expected Communist offensive. Bao Dai arrived in his C-45, which also carried a Scotty named Bubi, two bottles of King George Scotch, two guitars, three tennis rackets, 16 pieces of miscellaneous baggage and a cute, redheaded airline hostess named Esther. Wearing his inevitable dark glasses and a natty grey flannel suit, Bao Dai drove along roads lined with French Tommy-gunners facing the long grass where Communist snipers might be hiding.

Reported TIME Correspondent Eric Gibbs: "Bao Dai has great intelligence and charm and the pneumatic resilience of a heavy-duty tire. Some critics seem to assume that all would be well if only Bao Dai looked less like an amiable playboy and made more earnest speeches to rouse the people against Communism. But if Bao Dai were Peter the Hermit himself, I doubt that he could launch such a crusade. The key issue is a matter of principle, not of personality. To any Vietnamese who thinks about anything beyond his paddy field, national independence is the one dominant thought. And the bulk of Vietnamese still regard Bao Dai as a French stooge who cannot give them independence."

No Real Independence. At Hanoi last week, Bao Dai colorlessly delivered a colorless speech stressing independence and announcing the formation of three new Vietnamese divisions. Meanwhile, the French and the Vietnamese, after months of haggling, had reached an agreement that as of January 1951 the Vietnamese would run their own treasury and their own customs service. But the French still lacked the will or the imagination to grant the Vietnamese anything that looked to them like real independence.

High Commissioner Pignon last week called for all Western powers to organize a united front against the Reds in Southeast Asia. It was a little late in the day. Plainly, the Chinese Reds could take Indo-China, the gateway to Southeast Asia, any time they chose.

Footloose

Retired with farewell salutes this week after 36 years of service: the Navy's most decorated (Medal of Honor, D.S.C., five Silver Stars, three Purple Hearts, etc.) medic, Rear Admiral **Joel Thompson Boone,** 61, medical adviser to Presidents **Harding, Coolidge** and **Hoover.** Retired after 40 years: Lieut. General **Clarence R. Huebner,** 62, blunt commander of the 1st Division, former commanding general, U.S. Army in Europe, who started his Army career as a private. The Air Force granted a retirement request from Major General **Orvil A. Anderson,** 55, relieved as commandant of the Air War College, after an interview in which he proposed a strike-first policy to "break up Russia's five A-bomb nests in a week."

After two months of relaxing at private and public parties, it was back to work again for Madam Minister **Perle Mesta,** who sailed off to Luxembourg with 1,500 pairs of woolen mittens and other Christmas gifts for orphans.

The Secret Service in Washington let it be known that Vice President **Alben Barkley** no longer travels about alone. He has agreed to have four bodyguards "if they keep out of sight." Another new Secret Service customer: Secretary of State **Dean Acheson.**

For his first visit out of his country since its founding, Israel's Prime Minister **David Ben-Gurion,** who is also a Greek scholar, bought plane tickets for a short rest in Greece and a look at some archeological diggings.

Getting an early start, U.N.'s **Dr. Ralph J. Bunche** boarded a plane for Stockholm, where he will pick up his Nobel Peace Prize next week.

Photographer **Edward Steichen,** 71, veteran of two wars, was off on a 30-day camera-clicking tour of duty with the Navy in the Pacific.

International

ANDRÉ GIDE
On red velvet, after 36 years.

Fancy Free

When reporters asked for a comment on his chat with President Truman, **Myron C. Taylor,** former White House envoy to the Vatican, commented: In these days, "there is altogether too much talk about everything."

In Baltimore, Poet **Robert Frost** was asked why he liked to write eclogues, said: "Well, I guess I write 'em same as I chew tobacco, because the women can't do it."

To a meeting of the Royal Anthropological Institute in London, **Julian** (*On Living in a Revolution*) **Huxley** gave his view of man's dilemma: "To all people at some time, and to many people much of the time, the world is an unpleasant and even horrible place, and life a trial and even a misery. Little wonder that many ideologies, religious or otherwise, are concerned with providing escapes from the unpleasant reality."

Filed for probate last week: the will of Missouri-born Writer **Agnes Smedley,** workhorse propagandist for the Chinese Communists. She had ordered that her ashes "be laid to rest" in Communist China, that her U.S. Government bonds and royalties from published works go to General Chu Teh, commander of Red China's armies.

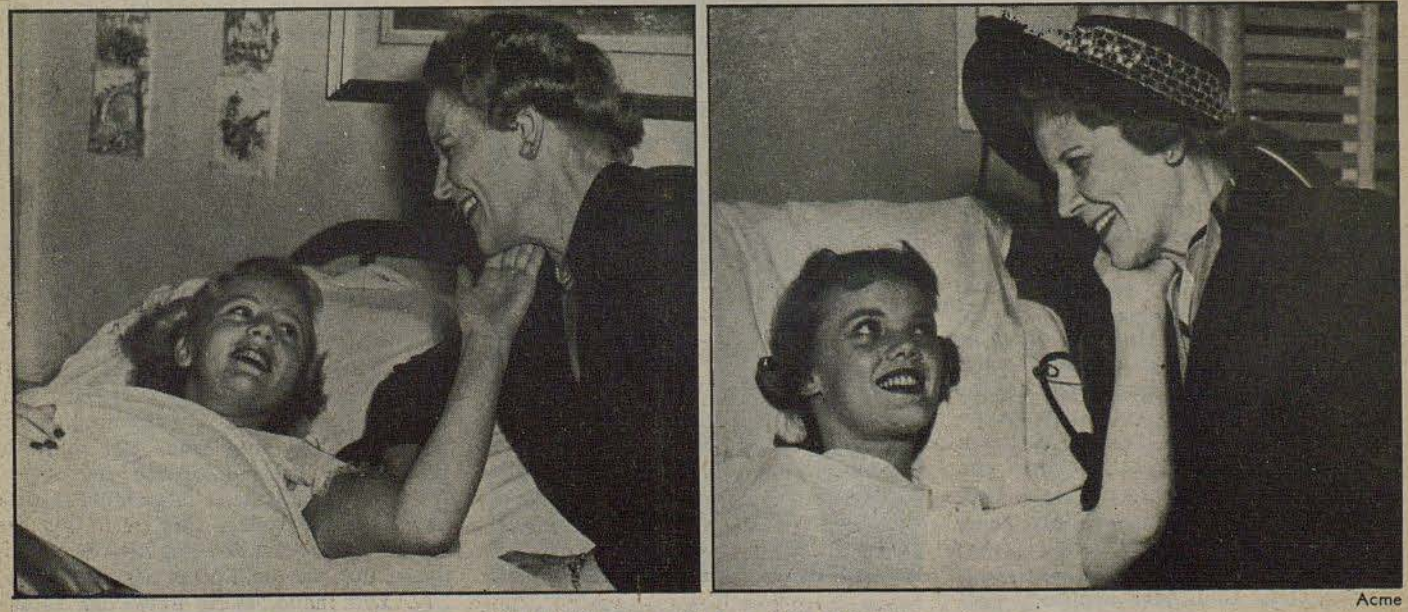
In Paris, Littérateur **André** (*The Counterfeiters*) **Gide,** 81, motored to the *Comédie Française* to sit in a red velvet seat and mastermind every rehearsal of the first stage adaptation of one of his novels, *Lafcadio's Adventures,* written 36 years ago. A satire about a motiveless murder, the play is due to open next week.

Entrances & Exits

Out of the hospital and home for convalescence came two daughters of California's Governor **Earl Warren.** Nina ("Honey Bear"), 17, had had a bout with polio, but her doctor predicted that she would be hale & hearty after a year and a half of treatment. Dorothy, 19, faced at least a week more in bed after cracking some ribs and puncturing a lung in an auto accident.

When **Cole Porter's** new musical, *Out of this World,* opened in Boston, orders went out to tidy up the lyrics and dress up the cast, particularly Venus, who wore only four white doves. The producers agreed, grumbling: "We regret that the Boston censor has found reason to be shocked by the authentic Greek bacchanalian atmosphere."

In London, old Storyteller **Somerset Maugham,** 76, took a realistic backward look: "I am very glad to be old because I know that we had a better life before 1914 than we have ever had since. When I look at my grandchildren, I anxiously wonder what sort of life lies before them."



Acme

NINA & DOROTHY WARREN WITH MOTHER
A year and a half to go, and a quiet week.

EDUCATION

"Not Uninhibited"

Enforcement of New York State's Feinberg law (TIME, April 11, 1949 *et seq.*), held up for more than a year by challenges in the lower courts, got a green light last week from the state's top court. Said New York's court of appeals, in unanimously upholding the law's barring of schoolteachers who belong to organizations listed by the state Board of Regents as subversive: "Public employment as a teacher is not an uninhibited privilege." Opponents of the law (including a teacher-union local and the Communist Party) planned final appeals to the U.S. Supreme Court.

Forget It?

Soon after Marjorie McGill entered high school, she began to call on her father for help with homework problems. Occasionally, father & daughter struggled until 2 a.m. over the stuff, sometimes didn't get through all Marjorie's assignments even then. As a teacher himself (at the John Adams High School in Queens, N.Y.), father James V. McGill began to wonder: Was all this travail really necessary?

Teacher McGill persuaded four of his colleagues in the social sciences to join him in an experiment. He picked 185 pairs of students, each pair closely matched in ability. To one group the teachers gave the usual homework assignments, to the other, none at all. Last week in *High Points*, official magazine of New York City public high-school teachers, McGill made his report.

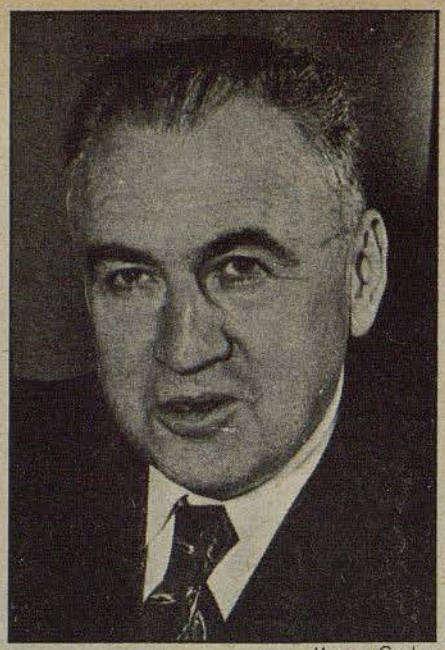
The homework group had the edge in economics, but the non-homework group (possibly less bleary-eyed) scored slightly better in comprehensive tests of "social-studies abilities." In American history the two groups were even. In all tests, score differences were so small that McGill could only draw one conclusion: in the social sciences, at least, high-school homework neither helps nor hinders very much, merely takes up time. McGill's advice to his colleagues on homework: forget it.

In a Silent World

Every year, as their otherwise normal children emerge from babyhood, thousands of parents ask themselves the question: "Why is my child so inattentive?" Often there are other signs: the child does not learn to talk as other children do; he eats and breathes noisily; when he cries out, his voice has an unnatural sound. As many parents soon learn, these are the symptoms of the child who cannot hear.

In the U.S. today there are between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 U.S. children who are either partially or totally deaf. How can their parents teach and help them? In a new book, *Your Deaf Child* (Charles C. Thomas; $2.50), Helmer Myklebust, Northwestern University audiology professor, gives some primer-clear answers.

Leave a Light. First of all, says Myklebust, parents must find out just what sort of deafness their child has. A few "deaf" children actually have perfect hearing, but because of psychological tensions, choose neither to speak nor to hear. Some children—the aphasiacs—can hear, but because of injury to the brain, can make no sense from the sounds about them and gradually come to ignore sound entirely. Other children can hear a few sounds, but not those in the range of ordinary speech. Still others hear nothing at all.



Maurey Garber

TEACHER MCGILL
From matched pairs, one conclusion.

The silent world in which the deaf child lives is not easy for parents to understand. If the child loses his hearing at two or three, he will suddenly feel cut off. "Often he cries easily," says Professor Myklebust, "and tries in other ways to show you that he feels lonely and sad . . . Remember that when the lights are turned out at night he has no contact with you." Hearing nothing, and seeing nothing as well, he will be afraid. "During this time that he is learning to live without sound it is wise to use a night light."

Arthur Shay

PROFESSOR MYKLEBUST & FRIEND
First, "mmm-mmm" or "bu-bu-bu."

If the child is born deaf, he is at first better off. Later, however, he lives a life of terrifying confusion. Usually, he hears no explanation for sudden and unexpected events, never hears the thousands of words that tie daily happenings together. Gradually, he begins to learn that he is different from other people. He notices how easily his brothers & sisters make their own wants known. He begins desperately to want to hear, not because he misses the sounds he has never known, but because he is jealous.

The Best Thing. Faced with their child's deafness, says Professor Myklebust, some parents become overprotective, allow the child to play tyrant, fail to prepare him for the problems ahead. Other parents take the opposite extreme; they make no allowances for the child, confront his handicap with open hostility. Still other parents weep in front of the child, drag him to specialist after specialist for further treatment.

The best thing for parents to do, says Author Myklebust, is to treat the child as normally as possible, keeping his life and discipline consistent, helping him at all times to communicate. If he has lost his hearing after having learned to talk, he should be persuaded to talk constantly, learning to control his voice even though he cannot hear it. If he cannot talk but has some hearing left, the parent can buy hearing aids and auditory training units which will help teach the child what sort of sounds exist and what they mean. Even if the child has no hearing at all, he can still be taught to "feel" sound, learning first to pronounce "mmm-mmm" or "bu-bu-bu," and later whole words, by the vibrations in his throat.

The Hardest Thing. Whatever methods parents use, says Myklebust, they must talk constantly to their child, using facial expressions and gestures to get across their meaning. Gradually, the child will learn to read speech. He must not be forced too hard, and parents must not be overconcerned if he stands two or three grades behind in school.

To Myklebust, there is an "art of being deaf"—the art of getting along with hearing people. Perhaps the hardest thing the parent must do is to teach the child that "he will be discriminated against . . . Deaf people have been refused the rental of a farm, a house, or an apartment because the landlord himself considered them inferior and incapable . . . Some employers have said that they could not employ deaf people because hearing employees resented the fact that a deaf person could do the work as well as they . . .

"Part of the 'art of being deaf' is to be aware that the public has these feelings . . . Your child, as he grows up, must learn to understand hearing people . . . [and] he must help them to understand."

RELIGION

National Council

When the work was completed, church leaders described it as "one of the most historic events in American Christianity." For four days last week 600 delegates and 3,000 observers had threaded their way to & from Cleveland's Public Auditorium through shoulder-high embankments of leftover snow, to found a new organization that will represent non-Roman Catholic Christianity as it has never been represented before in the U.S.

Pooled Ideas. The new organization is called the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. Nine years in the making, it is a merger of the most important Protestant and Eastern Orthodox agencies in the U.S. One of them, the Federal Council of Churches, was itself a federation of 27 religious bodies with 29 million members; the seven others were interdenominational agencies organized for specific purposes. Their names: the International Council of Religious Education, the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, the Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada, the Home Missions Council of North America, the Protestant Council of Higher Education, the United Stewardship Council and the United Council of Church Women.

Purpose of the new overall body is to pool the best ideas and techniques each group has to offer, and to confront the world with an immensely more powerful united voice. The combination will also save money. By 1952 the Council's budget is expected to amount to less than the previous combined budgets of the constituent agencies.

The National Council's work will be divided into four major fields—Education, Life & Work (to deal with such problems as race relations and economic injustice), Home Missions and Foreign Missions. Through these divisions the council's impact will be felt in 150,000 Protestant and Orthodox member churches (the two large U.S. denominations to remain outside are the Southern Baptist Convention and the Missouri Synod of the Lutheran Church).

Effective Procedures. The council's first president: handsome, 60-year-old Bishop Henry Knox Sherrill, Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, to which post he was elected in 1947—one of the yougest men ever so honored. A longtime leader of the ecumenical movement in the U.S., Brooklyn-born Yaleman Sherrill seemed a natural choice to head the new super-agency. Vice presidents at large: Mildred McAfee Horton, World War II commander of the WAVES, onetime (1936-49) president of Wellesley College; Abbie Clement Jackson, executive secretary of the African Episcopal Zion Church Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Society; Dr. McGruder Ellis Sadler, president of Texas Christian University; and the University of Pennsylvania's President Harold Stassen. Treasurer: General Electric's President Charles E. Wilson. As operating head, with the title of general secretary, the delegates elected Dr. Samuel McCrea Cavert, who has held the same job at the Federal Council of Churches since 1921.

To U.N.'s Secretary General Trygve Lie, during U.N.'s most nerve-racked week, the delegates wired their belief that "war is not inevitable," adding that the council was praying that the U.N. "may find just and effective procedures for containing and resolving the conflict in Korea."

Laboratory

The little white frame Congregational church at Staffordville, Conn. (pop. 1,000) is the only Protestant church in town. Most of its 75 members—Italians, Poles, Czechs and some Yankees—work in the nearby button and belt factories.

Associated Press

BISHOP SHERRILL
Beyond the snow, four divisions.

This week almost all of them, including the postmaster and factory officials, turned out to hear their new pastor preach his first sermon. The Rev. Roland T. Heacock, 56, Connecticut-born graduate of Yale Divinity School ('24) and World War II Army chaplain, was looking forward enthusiastically to his new post. "The whole country is interested in better race relations," he said. "We have a wonderful opportunity here to be a laboratory." Dr. Heacock was deeply aware, of course, that there are not many other churches like Staffordville's, with a white congregation and a Negro minister.

The Sales Approach

Until a couple of months ago, tall, sandy-mustached Willard A. Pleuthner was only a vice president of a big Manhattan advertising agency (Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn Inc.). Last week dazed Adman Pleuthner was trying to adjust himself to the fact that he had suddenly become an important layman-consultant to the country's Protestant churches.

Every day letters stream into his office on Madison Avenue posing all kinds of church problems. In his spare time he is making radio, TV and church appearances to discuss religious affairs. On Sunday of this week, Episcopalian Pleuthner preached a sermon at All Saints' Episcopal Church in Harrison, N.Y. and a few days later was scheduled to appear on the Tex and Jinx show. Reason for Adman Pleuthner's new role: his current book, *Building Up Your Congregation* (Wilcox & Follett; $2.50).

Dangerous Dignity. Like many another churchgoing businessman, Bill Pleuthner was surprised by the promotional ignorance of ministers and church boards, whose efforts to get religion across to the laymen often seemed to him pitifully unskilled. But instead of just grousing about it and staying away from church, Pleuthner wrote a book.

Building Up Your Congregation warns its readers of "the dangerous dignity of church boards." The board members of churches, he says, "seem to forget that according to the New Testament, thousands of followers were attracted to Christ by what would today be considered undignified miracles—undignified acts of healing. Can you imagine the average church board being asked to approve such miracles as the turning of water into wine, or feeding the multitude on two fishes and five loaves of bread?" One of the chief weaknesses of church boards, according to Adman Pleuthner, is that they have too many bankers, lawyers, doctors and retired businessmen and too few "sales managers, advertising men, and active business executives on the way up the ladder of success." What's wrong with the bankers and lawyers? They "achieved success by having people come to them for help and not by going out and selling their services to people who needed them."

Turning his back on "dangerous dignity," Pleuthner urges churches to approach the spreading of the Gospel with the same combination of hardheadedness and imagination that B.B.D. & O. uses to spread the word about Swan Soap and Blackstone Cigars. Goals for regular, continued growth in membership should be set; the neighborhood should be carefully surveyed by questionnaire and canvasser to determine age and income groups, interests, reasons for coming to church and for staying away. Then ingenuity should be applied to give a fillip to the old, familiar routines.

Good Promotion. One of the most practical methods, suggests Pleuthner, is to glamorize the regular Sunday services between the great church festivals of Christmas and Easter by dedicating them to special groups and purposes. Examples: Founders' Day Sunday ("Why not honor those families that founded your church?"); Good Neighbor Sunday (special letters of invitation from the minister to all members of the neighborhood); Medical Sunday ("Reserve the front pews for families of doctors or nurses"); Flower Sunday ("when due tribute is paid to

God for His gift of flowers to our world").

These special Sunday services, writes Pleuthner, are "like business promotions." They have "a specific and understandable appeal to definite groups of prospects . . . prospective churchgoers . . . No involved explanations are necessary."

Churches should settle upon a basic theme and plug it wherever possible. Example: "Churchgoing Families Are Happier Families." Pleuthner's book is filled with small hints to ministers, *e.g.*, put church bulletin boards at right angles rather than parallel to the street to assure greater readership; end up sermons with "what-to-do-about-it" suggestions.

Both Pleuthner and his publishers are surprised by the book's success. A first edition of 9,600 was sold out nine weeks after publication and a second printing of 5,000 is now on the way. One Episcopal bishop has sent a copy to each of the 55 ministers in his diocese as a Christmas present; the Pulpit Book Club reports it has had the largest sale of any of its selections in years. But Bill Pleuthner, who is turning all profits over to charity, modestly disclaims the credit. Says he: "It's being promoted by the Man Upstairs."

Carthusian Solitude

When he was only 13, Thomas Verner Moore knew what he wanted to be—a hermit. The son of a Louisville insurance man, young Tom Moore had had his imagination fired by a book on the so-called Desert Fathers of the Church who retired from the world in the 3rd and 4th Centuries to devote their lives to silent contemplation of God. But Thomas Moore lived a busy life far from the desert; he grew up to be a priest and a physician, prior of a Benedictine monastery, founder of a psychiatric clinic for children, and finally head of the department of psychology and psychiatry at Washington's Catholic University of America.

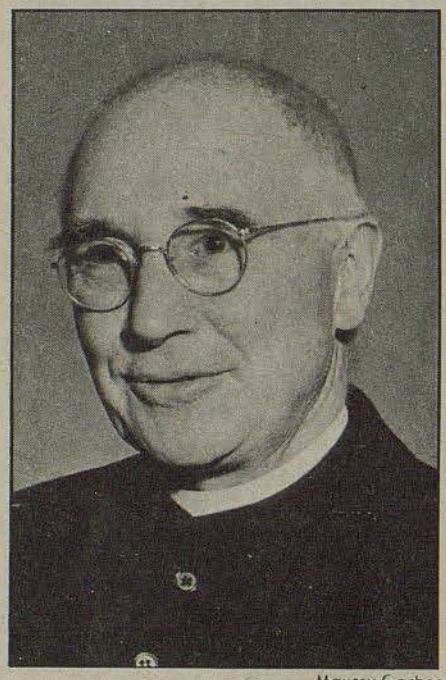
He retired in 1947, and set out at once to fulfill his early ambition. That year, Father Thomas Moore, almost 70, was accepted as a novice at the Carthusian Monastery of Miraflores in Spain. This week, after three contemplative years, he was busy in the U.S. on a mission to establish the first house of his order in the Western Hemisphere.

14 Hours a Day. The Carthusian Order, founded at the end of the 11th Century, is considered one of the strictest in the Roman Catholic Church. Unlike the Trappists, who live and work together in silence, the Carthusians spend most of their time in complete solitude. Carthusian monasteries, which the British call "charter houses," are constructed around a cloister, on which opens each monk's individual house with his private walled garden. The houses are small but include a room for eating, a room for sleeping, a study and a chapel. Each monk has a wood-working shop in which he may spend a recommended half-hour of diversion each day working with his hands.

Each monk devotes as much as 14 hours of each day to prayer, including the daily Mass and the offices, some of which he sings with his brother monks in the monastery chapel. Each sleeps some seven hours—half in the evening and half in the early morning. The two daily meals, silently delivered to each house by a lay brother, make a frugal diet: rice or beans, eggs or fish, fruit, bread and water or wine is the main meal. From September to Easter the second meal consists only of bread and water.

"We all lose weight on our diet," says Father Moore cheerfully. "I've lost about 15 pounds since my Benedictine days. But we couldn't be healthier. Pope Leo XIII once ordered a less rigorous regime, but a Carthusian delegation, all 80 to 90 years old: changed his mind. If the delegation lived so long, the life couldn't be too hard, he decided."

Young Man. The Carthusian Order now has about 750 members in its 26 houses in Europe. Their best known product is the heady liqueur, Chartreuse, which they have made since the 17th Century from a secret formula. But the real Carthusian preoccupation is prayer. Pope Pius XI said of the Carthusians that their special duty is, like Moses in the fight between the Israelites and the Amalekites, to be on the mountain praying while the battle is being fought out below.



Maurey Garber

FATHER MOORE
Below the mountain, the battle.

Jolly, pink-cheeked Father Moore estimates that he will need at least a million dollars, perhaps two, to get the order established in the U.S., though once it is set up, a small endowment will maintain it. He has already received letters from dozens of applicants and two offers of land—in Vermont and California. Raising the money and getting things started may take some time and energy, but spry septuagenarian Moore has both. When he applied for admission to Miraflores, he carefully neglected to mention his age. Said the prior when he saw the novice: "Why, you are a young man."

THE PRESS

Twelve Long Years

When the adless *Reader's Digest* (U.S. circ. over 8,000,000) started its international editions in 1938, Editor DeWitt Wallace soon hit a snag. At 25¢, the world's biggest magazine was too expensive for the mass of readers in most foreign countries. Beginning with the Spanish-language edition in 1940, Wallace cut the price and began carrying advertising in his international editions. Circulation and advertising rose steadily, but so did production costs, and the 24 foreign editions in eleven languages, with a circulation of 6,300,000, continued in the red. Last week, on the tenth anniversary of the Spanish edition, the *Digest* had something to celebrate. After twelve years of losses, it expects to break even this year on its international operations.

Vendors & Censors

As the Voice of Moscow in the U.S., New York's Communist *Daily Worker* (circ. 23,400) has caused many an anti-Communist American to wonder if it is entitled to all the privileges of a free press. Last week the executive board of New York's Newsdealers Association, whose members run the city's newsstands, decided that the *Worker* was not. The board voted to bar the *Worker* from newsstands and asked the association's members to approve the proposal.

The *Worker* was quick to scream "freedom of the press," and it got quick support from solidly capitalistic and bitterly anti-Red sources. Said Scripps-Howard's *World-Telegram & Sun:* "We know how the newsdealers feel . . . However, there are authorities properly empowered to discipline traitors and silence their publications. It certainly is not for the newsdealers to set themselves up as censors." The New York *Daily News* agreed and added: "The *Worker* is one source from which Americans can learn plenty about their Communist enemies. We hope . . . that the ratty little hate-sheet will continue to be available . . . to the handful of people who ever want to buy it."

All this (plus a court restraining order obtained by the *Worker*) gave the Newsdealers Association pause. It decided to poll all New York newsdealers, both in & out of the association, before it acted.

No Flair

When *Flair* magazine came out last winter, it inspired a host of wisecracks and a clutch of *New Yorker* cartoons about the hole in its cover, the chopped-up pages and accordion inserts that unfold for a foot or more. But *Flair's* stories on such things as Americans in Paris, fox hunting, and how the Duchess of Windsor decorates her house failed to stir up the same interest among readers or advertisers. Publisher Gardner (*Look*, *Quick*) Cowles and his wife, *Flair* Editor Fleur Cowles, who had dreamed two months ago of boosting their circulation

guarantee from 200,000 to 250,000, got the realities of the situation as the real figures came in. In October and November, said Cowles, 30% of the magazines sent to newsstands were returned.

This week *Flair's* 100 staffers got the bad news: with its next (January) issue, *Flair* will fold. Twenty-four of the employees (including Editor Fleur) will be absorbed into other Cowles publications; the rest will be discharged. The reason for *Flair's* demise, said Mike Cowles, was that paper was too expensive and hard to get. And if *Flair* tried to expand, he said, it might have been hit all the harder by possible paper rationing next year.

But journalists (no doubt including Mike Cowles) knew the real trouble: in striving valiantly for the unusual, *Flair* had had too little old-fashioned journalistic flair itself. In the trade the gossip was that *Flair* had lost upwards of $1,000,000.

No More Elastic

After over 4½ years of writing his breezy, brassy column, Billy Rose this week called it quits. In his farewell, Rose wrote: "I may feel differently about it one of these days, but as of this writing—propped up in bed and with a magnum of morphine sloshing around in my veins—I've about made up my mind to stop." Rose underwent an operation recently, and "I found that, for the first time in my 51 Novembers, I wasn't snapping back the way I should—that the ever lovin' elastic wasn't there any more . . . Three weeks after the patch-up job, I've still got a headful of fog and a skinful of ache."

Rose hated to give up columning and said so. One reason was that the column that started as a paid ad in the New York *Daily News* (TIME, June 24, 1946) had spread into 400 daily and 2,000 weekly newspapers and was netting Rose about $3,500 a week. Another reason was "an old show-off like me doesn't like to leave the stage with that big an audience in the house." But the tough little showman, who has been sandwiching his writing in between running his nightclub and theater, finally learned what every good columnist knows: that turning out a column three times a week is close to a full-time job. Concluded Rose: "And now, as the sun sinks in the West and the nurse shoves a thermometer in my face, I reluctantly say farewell to the lovely land of green eyeshades and printer's ink. It's been a real nice clambake and—who knows—maybe we'll bump into each other again."

Werner Wolff—Black Star

FLEUR COWLES

The inserts folded, so did the dream.

Daily Express, London

GILES'S YANK IN ENGLAND

"No wonder your country's on the way out—1950 and still using oars."

Bulls' Eyes for Grandma

"Son of a Newmarket racing family. Keeps horses himself. Breeds pigs. Born while parents were staying within one mile of Bow Bells, making him officially a cockney* . . . Calls all policemen and editors 'Sir.' Avoids all children under the age of 30."

Thus pale, frail, one-eyed Carl Giles, 36, famed cartoonist for Lord Beaverbrook's London *Daily Express* (circ. 4,222,000) describes himself in a book of his cartoons just published by the *Express*. But most Fleet-Streeters—and *Express* readers—would describe Giles more simply as, next to David Low, the best cartoonist in Britain. Even Americans, often baffled by British humor, think Giles is funny, and his cartoons now appear in 22 Canadian and eight U.S. newspapers.

Rare Boys. Giles likes to say that the only art training he ever got was in scrawling naughty words on automobiles in the London working-class suburb of Islington, where he grew up. (His "racing family" refers to his father's occupation as a jockey.) At 14, he got a job sharpening pencils and carrying tea to movie-cartoon animators in Alexander Korda's film company, got his bosses to let him trace some of the smaller details in the thousands of drawings that go to make up a sequence. He taught himself drawing so well that in 1937 *Reynolds News* gave him a job as a cartoonist. His work caught the eye of the Beaver, who took him over in 1943. Overnight, Giles won a huge following in wartime Britain, notably American soldiers, who liked his good-humored pot shots at their habits. At a time when Americans were monopolizing London taxis, Giles cartooned an American plane which had just crashed into a German house. Its crew, standing a few feet away, was shouting: "Taxi!" Another showed G.I.s hauling away Big Ben's clock on an Army truck while a grinning cockney remarked: "Rare boys for souvenirs, these Americans." Two years ago, on his first visit to the U.S., Giles took playful pokes at everything from reservation Indians to U.S. bad manners. ("The guy is nuts. Says thank you!") He also has fun with Americans abroad (*see cut*).

A Proper Importance. Although Giles now makes enough money to indulge his passion for cars (he lost the sight of his right eye in a motor accident) and to live on a prosperous farm in Suffolk, he has not forgotten his working-class origins. Londoners like best his stock characters, such as cockneys, hard-boiled moppets (one proudly reported that he had not only spotted spring's first cuckoo, but shot it with his air rifle) and the Giles "family." This includes beefy, solid Dad and Mum, a scrawny pig-tailed schoolgirl, two older homely sisters, a horrid, runty little boy and stumpy, grumpy Grandma who smells of camphorated oil and dotes on "bulls' eyes" (a peppermint candy).

His ugly working-class characters combine good nature, impudence and long-suffering patience with a proper English sense of a citizen's importance. Example: a squat cockney in a cap, a runny-nosed brat dangling from his shoulder, strides past a cluster of bristling generals to inspect a parade-dress line of soldiers. Giles's caption: "His argument is that as a taxpayer he has as much right to inspect things as anybody else."

* By definition, anyone born within the sound of the bells of Bow Church.

Clockwork

Appropriately for the Christmas season, a Manhattan gallery was showing some of the most elaborate grownups' toys ever made: automatons produced largely in the 18th Century by Swiss and British craftsmen. There was a gold caterpillar that, when wound, inched along a tabletop in a pretty fair imitation of nature. A gold mouse, ridged with pearls, scurried, stopped, spun and darted about as if in real fright. An emerald-green frog jumped and croaked.

Eighteenth Century automatons were born of the realization that clockwork is a power source that can be used for more than just telling time. Such triumphs of ingenuity as Venice's famed Clock Tower, where the hours are struck by a pair of huge mechanical Moors, could be, and were, imitated in watches and snuff boxes made for the dandies of the day. Casanova thought himself half naked without several such showpieces about him.

Those who traveled less than Casanova embellished their drawing rooms with fragile fancies: a clock mounted on a chariot drawn along the mantelpiece by galloping gilt horses, or a monkey with a lorgnette in one hand and a tiny cigar in the other, smoking with bestial relish, or a dueling pistol which, with a pull of the trigger, released a tiny singing bird.

Last week's show was made up of collectors' items and almost none of it was intended for the Christmas trade. This, in a way, was a pity. Shoppers working their way down Fifth Avenue from the gallery could hardly hope to find baubles so fine, even at Tiffany's or Cartier's.

The State of Painting

Artists and critics alike have long accused Manhattan's mighty Metropolitan Museum of slighting contemporary U.S. art. This week the Met atoned for its former coolness with a show that surveyed the field exhaustively, and exhaustingly as well. No less than 6,248 painters had submitted works for the exhibition. To get the widest possible spread of work and judgment, the Met had appointed regional juries in Dallas, Santa Barbara, Richmond, Chicago and Manhattan. The regional juries rejected all but 761; then a national jury cut the total down to 307—more than enough to constitute a full report on the state of the nation's art.

Warm Milk. Room One contained four paintings for which the Met had awarded $8,500 in prizes. The awards were all safe as warm milk; granted to men who had won many prizes before, they ran the gamut from watered-down abstractionism to souped-up realism. *Basket Bouquet*, an impeccable and wholly uninspiring arrangement of lilac smudges by Cape Cod Abstractionist Karl Knaths, took first prize. It looked rather like a flat but tasteful Victorian sampler, translated into the smeary medium of oils. California's Rico Lebrun came in second with *Centurion's Horse*, a chalky, Picassoid nag, understandably hanging its head in a canvas as dark and narrow as a hall closet.

Third prize went to Manhattan's Yasuo Kuniyoshi, whose works sometimes have the taste and balance of good Oriental art. His shrill, finicky *Fish Kite* did not. Joseph Hirsch's fourth-prizewinning view of *Nine Men* in a men's-room mirror was as skillfully done as anything in the show, and as dour. Hirsch had caught the cold light reflected from glass and white tiling, dramatically illuminated the begrimed and weary workmen cleaning up in its glare.

The Met-appointed juries were on the conservative side, a fact which had led 28 advance-guard abstractionists to boycott the show (TIME, June 5). Possibly to rebut the allegation that they were just old fuddy-duddies, the jurors toppled over backward, chose whole roomfuls of alfalfa-dry, determinedly subjectless and mostly meritless efforts by the Academy of the Left. The leavening in their dull, predictable company was provided by a few comparatively young and little-known painters with a sense of self. Honolulu's Ben Norris translated mountains into a jagged, energetic shorthand that almost soared. Boston's Lawrence Kupferman reduced a tide-pool to a rich swirling pattern that looked like yellow marble.

Taylor & Dull

SMOKING MONKEY
No need for Casanova to feel naked.

Warm Ashes. If the abstractionists were mostly dry, the more traditional painters were soggy. Even the much-admired ones often succeeded by mere competence. Henry Koerner's blend of banality and obscurity, *Fire on the Beach*, was an ashen canvas warmed by brilliant drawing alone. John Koch's *The Monument* was obvious in content and cottony in color, but it had a complexity and depth of composition that few moderns could bring off. Isabel Bishop's *Nude Bending* (one of the show's few nudes) was so dimly painted it looked like a fading wraith, but its every line and highlight was placed precisely right.

Some of the nation's best artists, among them Max Weber, Georgia O'Keeffe, Franklin Watkins and Alexander Brook, were not in the show at all. Others were represented badly. Edward Hopper, who finds it almost impossible to paint a dull picture, contributed an old one instead. His *Night Conference*, like Hirsch's *Nine Men*, was a standout at last year's Carnegie exhibition and also at the Met. Andrew Wyeth, generally the realest of the young realists, sent a vapid study of a curiously costumed boy on a bicycle adorned with a red, white & blue racoon tail. He called it *Young America*. Philip Evergood, who is as much concerned with social propaganda as he is with exercising his prodigious talent, showed a grim glance at Harlem entitled *Sunny Side of the Street*. It was cluttered as all get-out, but as usual with Evergood, every detail was drawn with character and spirit.

Warm Embrace. The only topnotch painter shown at peak performance was Buffalo's Charles Burchfield, who had somehow managed to slip a watercolor into an exhibition of oils. His *Dark Ravine* was menacing as an abyss by Fuseli, but richer, and lacking all pretension.

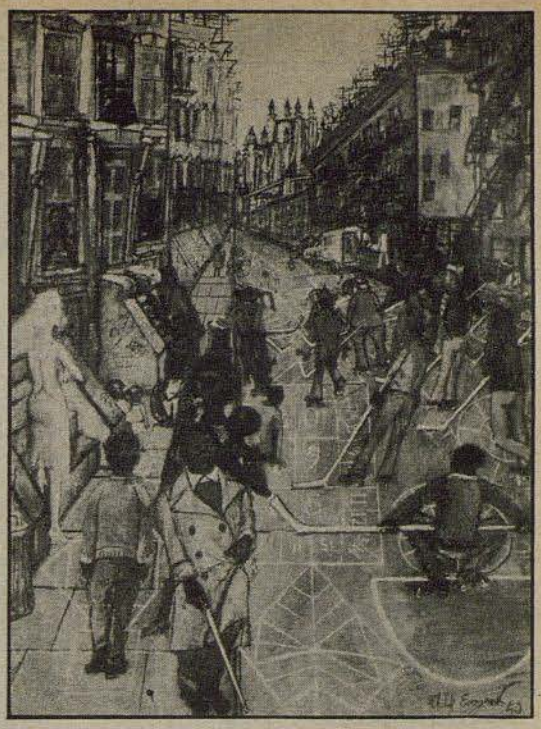
In staging its survey, the Met had honored U.S. painting with a warm and far-too-inclusive embrace. Like the Pepsi-Cola roundups of yesteryear, which were similarly selected, it proved only the obvious point that the U.S. boasts a score of brilliant painters and a mass of mediocre ones. This conclusion was not at all depressing—because it holds true for every nation and for every field of art—but the show was.

New Order in Meissen

Ever since the early 18th Century the East German cathedral town of Meissen (pop. 48,000) has been famed for fine china. Little damaged during World War II, it went on, under the Russian thumb, producing traditional luxury ware, even though a single Meissen cup cost upwards of 50 East marks—more than the average weekly salary of an East German workman. Last week Meissen was busy reorienting itself to the new order in East Germany. In place of its world-famed baroque "Red Dragon," "Green Ivy" and "Onion" (blue & white) patterns, it was setting out to shift "without artistic loss . . . to the sound, lively and folk-based realism of our time." Among the approved new themes: "work, sports and reconstruction." But Meissen may also continue to make an occasional fancy item for export purposes, such as the elaborate porcelain group entitled *Victory of the People* that it recently forwarded to the Kremlin.

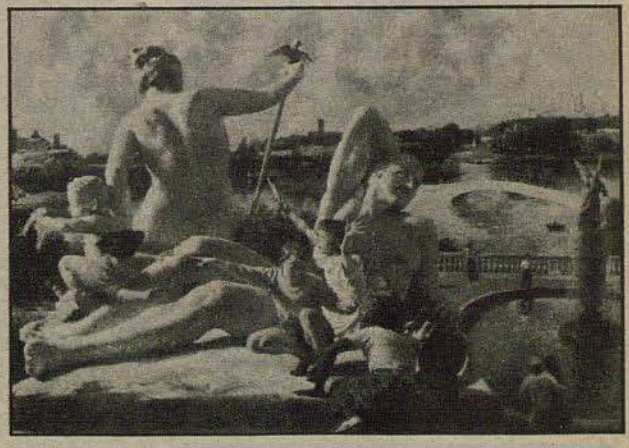
METROPOLITAN ROUNDUP

KNATH'S "BASKET BOUQUET"

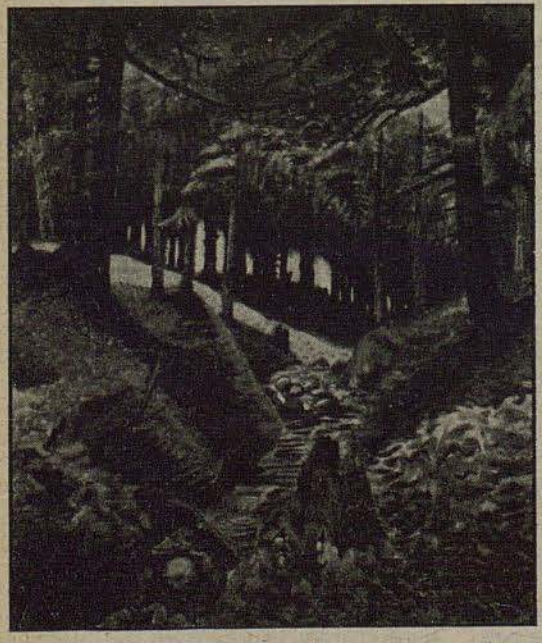


EVERGOOD'S "SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET"

HIRSCH'S "NINE MEN"



KOCH'S "THE MONUMENT"



BURCHFIELD'S "DARK RAVINE"

"American Painting Today—1950" exhibition, Metropolitan Museum of Art

KOERNER'S "FIRE ON THE BEACH"

SCIENCE

War Hero

Dr. Eugene Gardner, a brilliant young nuclear physicist, was working in 1942 at Berkeley, Calif. with the Manhattan (atom bomb) Project. His secret work required him to drill a hole in an electrode made of beryllium oxide. Out of the hole a fine dust rose, and 29-year-old Gardner inhaled it. He did not know, nor did anyone know at the time, that the beryllium in the dust was a slow, implacable poison.

All through the critical years of the bomb project, Gardner worked at Oak Ridge and Los Alamos. As one colleague put it, his brain was "one of the nation's great natural resources." When he returned to Berkeley in 1945, his disease was well advanced. He complained of fatigue and shortness of breath. X-ray examination of his chest showed fibrosis in both lungs. But no one could tell the cause; no treatment did any good. He had hardly enough strength for laboratory desk work.

But his scientist's brain was as good as ever. In 1948 he became nationally known as co-discoverer (with Dr. Giulio Lattes) of the man-made meson, a basic atomic particle produced by the 184-inch cyclotron at the University of California (TIME, March 15, 1948). About the same time his disease was finally diagnosed correctly as berylliosis (beryllium poisoning).

Fame does not cure berylliosis. Tuberculosis attacked Dr. Gardner's poisoned lungs. He spent most of his time in Vallejo Community Hospital, often under an oxygen tent. Even when feeling his best, he was forbidden by the doctors to lift his newborn daughter Claire, now two years old. But he kept a microscope near his bed and worked on his meson research whenever he had enough strength. During his final hours under an oxygen tent, knowing that death would no longer be denied, he worked with pencil and notebook, painfully gleaning his brain while he still had time for last bits of knowledge to pass along to the living. Last week at Vallejo, his work all but done, Dr. Gardner laid down his notebook and died.

N. R. Farbman—LIFE

PHYSICIST EUGENE GARDNER
Fame does not cure berylliosis.

Waves from Space

One of astronomy's deepest mysteries is the "radio star," an object in space that "shines" with radio waves instead of with visible light. The first radio stars were discovered only about two years ago, but already more than 100 have been plotted on the sky maps. They occupy positions which do not correspond to any visible stars. Astronomers do not know what they are or how they send out their waves.

In last week's *Nature* magazine, R. Hanbury Brown and C. Hazard of Britain's University of Manchester announced that they had detected radio stars in M. 31, the great spiral nebula in Andromeda, 750,000 light-years from the earth. They did the job with the largest radio telescope (a trellis-like "dish" of wires) at Jodrell Bank Experimental Station south of Manchester. Normally this telescope points upward, receiving radio waves from a narrow "beam" directly overhead. If the mast at the center is swung 14° to one side, the telescope points, in effect, toward the Andromeda nebula.

Extra-sensitive equipment was necessary, and the radio astronomers had to wait for still, rainless nights, though radio reception from the stars is not ordinarily affected by the weather. Six times they allowed the rotation of the earth to sweep the telescope past the nebula. Each time they moved the mast slightly to cover a different strip of sky. In the four middle sweeps they found what they were looking for: low peaks in the curves representing radio energy reaching the telescope. Careful analysis of the curves showed that the waves must have come from an oval object like the Andromeda nebula seen with visible light.

To check their results, the astronomers calculated how much radio energy is sent out by the Milky Way galaxy, another vast swirl of billions of stars, of which the sun is a part. Then they calculated what this radio source would look like to their radio telescope if it were as far away as the Andromeda nebula. The calculations showed that it would look much the same. This went far to prove what astronomers had long suspected: the Milky Way galaxy is a "twin" of M. 31.

The radio waves from Andromeda proved also that radio stars are not peculiar to the "local" galaxy, *i.e.*, the Milky Way. They are probably common in all the galaxies scattered through the depths of space. Dr. A. C. B. Lovell, head of Jodrell Bank, suspects that they are just as numerous as the visible stars. They may be stars being formed, he speculates, out of interstellar gas. They may be dying stars (black dwarfs) too cool to shed visible light. Or they may be something new and still undreamed of by astronomers.

The Bettmann Archive

ST. PATRICK
For a symbol, a dome.

Stars Over Ireland

About 450 A.D. St. Patrick made his headquarters at Armagh, near Belfast in Northern Ireland, where King Daire of Airgialla gave him the ground for a church and a monastery. Armagh is still the ecclesiastical capital of Ireland, with a Protestant and a Roman Catholic cathedral. Both Northern and Southern Irishmen think of it as a symbol of their golden age 1,500 years ago when Ireland was a small bright spot in a Europe plunging down to darkness. The two hostile factions of modern Ireland hold little else in common.

Last week a project was announced that would add to Armagh's value as a symbol of peace in Ireland. The governments of both the North and the South were backing a planetarium at the ancient See of St. Patrick. His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. D'Alton, Archbishop of Armagh and Catholic Primate of Ireland, and His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Gregg, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of the Church of Ireland, have given the project their blessings. Ex-Prime Minister Eamon de Valera, now Chancellor of Ireland's National University, is on the planetarium board. Half of the cost ($200,000) will be raised by popular subscription in Ireland. The rest, it is hoped, will come from Irish well-wishers, of whatever political complexion, in the U.S.

Dr. E.M. Lindsay, director of Armagh Observatory (founded 1790), has faith in the planetarium as a peacemaker. Under its domed ceiling, he said, both Northerners and Southerners can enjoy St. Patrick's stars, and through them learn to know the real stars, which are common to all Ireland.

Mazurka for Manhattan

George Balanchine (real name: Georgi Melitonovitch Balanchivadze) can probably lay as good a claim as any artist living to the title of master of arts. He does not paint, but he does just about everything else in topflight form.

In his teens in his native Russia, he was a fine classical dancer. By the time he left Russia in 1924 as a member of the touring "Soviet State Dancers"* and joined Diaghilev's Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo in Paris, he was just as good a dancer of character roles. At 20, he became Diaghilev's ballet master.

A Broken Knee. Balanchine is also a first-class musician. Although he never performs in public, his friend Igor Stravinsky insists that his piano playing is of "concert" caliber; on occasion, he has taken baton in hand, conducted the New York City Ballet orchestra in ballet performances. At 46, a U.S. resident for 17 years and a citizen for twelve, he is also, beyond doubt, the finest living choreographer. No one today can equal the lyric grace of his inventions, the cool classicism of his abstract designs. Totting up all of his various qualities, the *Nation's* exacting B. H. Haggin goes so far as to call him "the greatest living creative artist."

Last week Choreographer Balanchine got back to the first order of his artistry: for the first time since he broke his knee on a Paris stage more than 20 years ago, he danced in public. His worshipful City Center audience, the most faithful and fervent in Manhattan, could hardly get enough of him.

With time & money to do only three fresh works for his fast-developing young company this season (he did five last year, plus one for Britain's Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet), Balanchine made one of them a sure-fire novelty. He decided to introduce his fans to the music of one of his favorite composers, Glinka ("the Verdi of Russia," says Balanchine), and one of his favorite dances, the fiery mazurka. Who could set its style better than Balanchine himself?

For the Public. After 20 years, he still had "enough muscles." Explains Balanchine: "I cannot sit in a chair and design ballets. I use my body a lot showing the dancers steps." In rehearsal, nonetheless, he found that though he was still long on muscles, he was a bit short on wind. In *Mazurka,* "all the time you run like mad."

So far as his audience was concerned on opening night, Balanchine could have stood stock-still in his red Boyar costume and brought the house down. But he didn't. Taking their turns at the swooping, heel-clicking runs with *Mazurka's* three other couples, Balanchine and his partner, Vida Brown, were the most spirited of the lot—even though he stood by between runs frankly panting. When the three-minute dance was over, City Center theater rocked with cries of "encore" and "Balanchine." Said Balanchine, who will dance the part once more this week: "You have to do little novelties for the public once in a while."

* Two of them: Dancer-Actress Tamara Geva, who became his first wife; Ballerina Alexandra Danilova, who became his second. Subsequent wives: Berlin-born Dancer Vera Zorina, from whom he was divorced in 1946, Oklahoma-born Ballerina Maria Tallchief, part Osage Indian, from whom he separated last month.

Wide World

BALANCHINE & PARTNER
Long on muscles, short on wind.

Two-Beat at Tiffany's

Los Angeles jazz fans, eager for more of the blast and blare of *Memphis Blues* and *Black and Blue,* peered through the haze of a nightclub called Tiffany's one night last week at a sight seldom seen in such society. Fat old Clarinetist Darnell Howard had laid down his licorice stick, was making his way to the stand with a big white cake decked with three blue candles. He set the cake down, beckoned to a little cornetist with a droopy leprechaun face, bade him stand up and take a big bow. Francis ("Muggsy") Spanier, whom some Dixieland experts consider the best white jazz cornetist in the business,* grinned sheepishly. It had been just 30 years since Muggsy Spanier first split the smoky air of a dive in his native Chicago with a broad burst of brass.

With his fans† giving him a special anniversary hand, Muggsy and his new Dixieland band were celebrating the best way they knew how: rocking off chorus after chorus of *High Society* and *Jazz Me Blues,* right from the heart. Like many another veteran of the Chicago Dixieland era of jazz, Muggsy was riding the crest of a new wave of the old jazz.

* And, after Louis Armstrong, second best alive.

† One new fan: British Ballerina Moira (*Red Shoes*) Shearer, who after listening to a frantic chorus, asked Muggsy: "Tell me, do you find ballet dull?"

Murray Garrett—Graphic House

MUGGSY SPANIER
The more stuffing, the sweeter the music.

Sweetening. Muggsy well remembers the old wave. He had learned his broad, lazy, middle-register style as a scrawny kid, sitting on the curb outside Chicago's Pekin Café, listening chin-in-hand to the stream of notes pouring from the golden horns of Joe ("King") Oliver and Louis ("Satchmo") Armstrong. He got his first job at 14, blew his head off from 8:30 at night to 4:30 in the morning for $25 a week.

In the heyday of Dixieland and Prohibition, Chicago Gangster Dion O'Banion, the sparetime florist, used to stuff dollar bills in the bell of Muggsy's horn while he was playing. ("The more he stuffed, the sweeter the music got.") Like many another jazzbo, Muggsy drifted out of jazz into the bigger money. There were eight years with Ted Lewis' band—until "I just got tired of playing *When My Baby Smiles at Me.*" As with many another jazzbo, there were spectacular years with John Barleycorn, until Muggsy wound up "dying" of a perforated ulcer in New Orleans' Touro Infirmary. Saved by an emergency operation and convalescing, he composed his jazz classic, *Relaxin' at the Touro.* He also learned that "you can't play and drink. You can't drink and sell pencils, as a matter of fact—they fall out of your hand, don't they?"

Filling. Since those days, except for one brief (1939-40) episode when he had his own Ragtime Band and made some famous collector's items for the Bluebird label, Muggsy has been passing most of his working time as an unspectacular, if solid, fixture in Chicago and Manhattan jazz joints. Now, at 44, and playing as

well as ever, he had suddenly become one of the rages of the West Coast. With his new hand-picked, six-piece combo, Muggsy filled San Francisco's Hangover Club last month, is doing equally well at Tiffany's.

Says Muggsy, who is inclined to believe that Dixieland's future stretches ahead as far as the nation's: "We just play the way we feel. We're playing American music and Americans like it."

New Pop Records

Tin Pan Alley's merry little elves of music, the tunesmiths and the record makers, have tied on their long white whiskers. Last week record counters were loaded as usual with Christmas productions for every age, taste and temper. There were *The Man with the Bag, Christmas in Killarney, Christmas in My Heart, Christmas in Heaven, Christmas Alone, Santa Send Someone to Me, When It's Christmas on the Range, Blue Christmas* (Billy Eckstine), etc., as well as the perennial *White Christmas*. One to avoid: *Boogie Woogie Santa Claus*. A good one, particularly for youngsters: *The Twelve Days of Christmas* (Tom Glazer; Young People's Records, LP). For large & small Jimmy Durante admirers, there was *Christmas Comes But Once a Year*, with *Frosty the Snow Man* on the other side (M-G-M). For croon fans who can't get along for a day without their favorite, there was even *A Crosby Christmas* (the Crosby Family; Decca). None of the latest Christmas crop threatened to put *Silent Night, Holy Night* out of business.

Other new records:

Jazz: Volumes I & II (Folkways Records; 4 sides LP). An interesting anthology, compiled mostly from old records, which traces the long journey of jazz, both hot and blue, from contemporary (*i.e.*, U.S.) origins. It includes such rare and worthwhile items as the Negro sermon (with accompanying chanting) *Dry Bones*; the wordless wonders of *Dark Was the Night*, intoned by "spiritual" singer Blind Willie Johnson; *Black Snake Moan*, moaned by Blind Lemon Jefferson (Lead Belly's teacher); performances by such favorites as Bessie Smith, King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton, Jimmy Yancey and Louis Armstrong.

You're Just in Love, one of the most ingratiating of Irving Berlin's *Call Me Madam* (TIME, Oct. 23) tunes. Perry Como (Victor) does it justice.

Tennessee Waltz, a lilting oldtimer, which has whirled its way right to the top of the hit parade, chiefly through the smooth efforts of Patti Page (Mercury), who is also high on the list with *All My Love*.

Ink Spots (Decca; 2 sides LP). Good for a mellow and nostalgic 20 minutes with oldies such as *If I Didn't Care, Maybe, I'll Never Smile Again, Until the Real Thing Comes Along*.

Stan Kenton Presents (Capitol; 6 sides 45 r.p.m.). A collection of Progressive Musicman Kenton's "sound concoctions" (TIME, Feb. 13), some more noisy and pretentious than others.

RADIO & TV

One-Man Show

Jimmy Durante proved last week that the success of his first TV show was no accident. Returning for the second of his monthly appearances on *Four Star Revue* (Wed. 8 p.m., NBC-TV), he again effortlessly balanced 60 minutes of solid fun on his expressive shoulders and never once bobbled the load.

Though long a popular draw in theater and nightclubs, Durante was never a top smash in either radio or movies (*see* CINEMA). It now seems clear that TV was invented, in part at least, as a frame for his special talents. The dynamic Durante personality, a sort of mixture of W. C. Fields and Donald Duck, triumphs over old routines and standard jokes. In an

Jack Zwillinger

HELEN TRAUBEL & JIMMY DURANTE
He folds 'em in half.

opera cloak and top hat, he achieves a Chaplinesque dignity as he insists that *Tannhäuser* is by Puccini, and in his shocked horror at an ill-bred friend who, says Durante in moral indignation, "always behaved like a gentleman when we roomed together at Harvard."

Timeless Buffoon Durante had a superb foil in the Metropolitan Opera's strapping Wagnerian Soprano, Helen Traubel. From his first baffled exclamation at seeing her in Brünnhilde's armor ("Holy smoke, she's been drafted!"), through a passage from *Die Walküre* (in which Durante was a voiceless, baffled Siegmund), to his piteous attempts to pin a corsage on her coat of mail, Durante brilliantly played the role of a frustrated longhair.

At frequent and happy intervals, he bursts from these poses into wild assaults on the earthbound sanity of his viewers. He restlessly roams the stage and studio audience, leaps from piano stool to microphone and back, urgently seizes and spurns his fellow actors, addresses furious asides to his network, his sponsor (Motorola) and other comics. He hymned his nose's birthday ("It was the first time in history that a nose outweighed the child!"); sang (with Stooge Candy Candido) an appealing duet called *The Pussy Cat Song*; displayed an entertaining low comedy that is as innocent as it is rare on TV—bending a tall girl backward in his arms, little Durante observes: "When my women are too tall, I fold 'em in half."

Almost every other comic has nervously surrounded himself with elaborate props for his entry into television. Jimmy Durante brought only his nose, his piano, his rasp-voiced songs and patter, and sat down like an old friend in the televiewer's living room.

Spell It Out

An unpretentious show called *Fireside Theater* (Tues. 9 p.m., NBC-TV) last week had shot to second place in TV popularity ratings. Having distanced such formidable rivals as *Toast of the Town* and Arthur Godfrey, it is now hot on the heels of TV's perennial leader, Milton Berle.

To Eastern TV men, *Fireside's* surge has caused some alarm: it strikes directly at their ambition to make New York the television center of the U.S. by concentrating on "live" shows. Not only is *Fireside* produced in Hollywood, but it is done on film and costs less than such $20,000-and-up New York productions as *Philco Playhouse, Robert Montgomery Presents* and *Ford Theater*. *Fireside* actors are relatively unknown and scripts are picked impartially from obscure free-lance writers and the classics. Producer Brewster Morgan and German-born Director Frank (*Maedchen in Uniform*) Wisbar will try almost anything. They have retold the plot of Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* in 30 minutes and a modern setting, and turned Thomas Hardy's *The Three Strangers* into a western.

Convinced of the basic advantages of film ("Live TV depends on actors adlibbing in front of a live camera"), Producer Morgan started *Fireside Theater* in 1949, from the start had a sponsor (Ivory Soap, Duz, Crisco). Originally, each show consisted of two separate, 15-minute playlets, but this technique had a serious drawback: "People who didn't like the first show sometimes switched before the second one came on."

Morgan bends every effort to keep the televiewer's hand away from the knob. Inheriting a large audience from the Berle show, which precedes his own, Morgan tries to keep it by spelling out the plot quickly and in big, block letters. "We've even had to tack things up on the wall so people can see plainly what we're talking about from start to finish," he admits. Every scene moves the plot forward, with little time frittered away on character and atmosphere. "It's not that we're so damned much better than the others," says Morgan, explaining *Fireside's* success. "It's just that we've tried to find a sound TV technique for telling a picture short story."

Associated Press

NAVY'S ZASTROW BARGING THROUGH CENTER FOR FIRST TOUCHDOWN AGAINST ARMY
A fantastic conviction.

SPORT

The Annapolis Story

West Point has a sober, rational and perfectionist approach to football. Says one of several slogans on Army's dressing-room wall: "There is no substitute for work." Navy's slogan last week was simpler: "Beat Army!" By doing just that, Navy managed the upset of the year.

From the opening kickoff, the Middies behaved as if they had completely forgotten their own miserable season (won 2, lost 6), Army's 28-game unbeaten streak and the fact that they were 20-point underdogs in the betting odds. In the first half, a team that had been flubbing assignments all year held Army to exactly three yards by rushing. When Army took to the air, Navy defensemen swarmed over the receivers; before the afternoon was over they reached up and snatched three passes out of the confident reach of Army Left End Dan Foldberg, team captain and All-American (*see below*). The Navy offense, led by Quarterback Robert ("Zug") Zastrow, began to roll up first downs.

Sputter & Stall. It took a while for the crowd of 101,000 in Philadelphia Municipal Stadium (and for millions of TV and radio fans) to realize that a fired-up Navy team was playing with the fantastic conviction that it could actually beat Army. But the crowd began to get Navy's idea early in the second quarter. After recovering an Army fumble, the Middies ground out 33 yards in four plays, with Zastrow barging the last seven through a barn-door hole in the Army line for a touchdown (*see cut*).

Army roared back upfield with the following kickoff, only to sputter and stall again as Navy stopped the Cadet runners dead in their tracks. In the closing minutes of the half, Navy went 63 yards for touchdown No. 2, with Zastrow heaving a looping 30-yard pass to End Jim Baldinger, who clawed it away from an Army man in the end zone.

Everybody had the idea by now. Whooping and howling, the Middie cheering section hoisted a banner large enough to be read by the Cadet corps across the field. In exultant paraphrase of the title of a current movie, *The West Point Story*, the banner read: NOW PLAYING—THE ANNAPOLIS STORY.

"We've Got It." Very impressive, conceded the skeptics, but could Navy hold off an infuriated Army in the second half? Six times in the second half the Army crashed its way into scoring territory, once got as far as the three-yard line, but Navy held. Once Army downed Zug Zastrow behind his own goal for a two-point safety. But that was all. At game's end, there was Navy's fantastic notion right on the scoreboard: Navy 14, Army 2.

In the dressing room after the game, battered Navy players howled, chanted, hugged each other. It was a great day for the Navy. It was also a great day for round-faced Eddie Erdelatz, 37, coaching his first year at Annapolis. Said Eddie: "I've said all along, and still say, that the great thing is spirit, and we've got it."

• • •

Other football winners last week:
¶ Oklahoma over Oklahoma A & M, 41-14, its 31st victory in a row, to join Princeton as one of the two top unbeaten, untied teams of the season and fortify the Sooners' claim to No. 1 U.S. honors. ¶ Texas Christian over Southern Methodist, 27-13, to hand All-American Kyle Rote & Co. their fourth loss in five games. ¶ Southern California over Notre Dame, 9-7, leaving the Irish with four victories, four defeats and a tie, worst Notre Dame season in 17 years.

Associated Press

COACH ERDELATZ & FRIENDS
A simple slogan.

Who's Who

Two-platoon football, with its shuttle-relays of offensive and defensive teams, keeps fans frantically pawing their programs to find out who's who. This year the All-America pickers, too, suffered from the confusion. If a man played solely on offense—and never made a tackle all season—could he still be an All-American?

Pickers for the Associated Press, International News Service and *Look* sidestepped by naming offensive and defensive All-Americas; the United Press and *Collier's* bucked straight ahead and picked a single, old-fashioned eleven. By this week, 43 players had been named to somebody or other's All-America. Only four—Ohio State Halfback Vic Janowicz, Oklahoma Tackle Jim Weatherall, Texas Guard Bud McFadin and Army End Dan Foldberg—made everybody's first-string.

Nearest thing to a who's who consensus:

	Wt.	Ht.	
(*E*) Dan Foldberg	185	6'1"	Army
(*T*) Jim Weatherall	220	6 4	Oklahoma
(*G*) Bud McFadin	245	6 3	Texas
(*C*) Redmond Finney	192	6 0	Princeton
(*G*) Les Richter	220	6 2	California
(*T*) Bob Gain	230	6 3	Kentucky
(*E*) Bill McColl	217	6 4	Stanford
(*B*) Bob Williams	185	6 1	Notre Dame
(*B*) Vic Janowicz	186	5 9	Ohio State
(*B*) Kyle Rote	195	6 0	S.M.U.
(*B*) Ev Grandelius	195	6 0	Mich. State

No Secret Weapon

Aureomycin attacks some virus-like organisms, and some common colds are caused by a virus. So, in a rigidly controlled test, the medical staff of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point tried the golden antibiotic on 154 cadets with colds. At the same time, they gave harmless yellow capsules to 155 other grey-uniformed snifflers. In the *New England Journal of Medicine* the medics had to admit defeat: aureomycin is just one more thing that doesn't cure a cold.

Say, Doc . . .

Do people judge a doctor by whether or not he is a good listener? "In his history-taking," says *New York Medicine*, "a physician finds the patient eager to relate his symptoms with exhausting attention to detail and trivia . . . It is understandable why doctors become impatient with their patients . . . But becoming impatient and showing impatience are vastly different things . . . Our graces may be many, our ideals high, our errors not too many; but . . . we must learn [that] much of the art of medicine resolves itself into the art of listening."

Office Delivery

When it comes to delivering babies, many a doctor in a sparsely settled section of the U.S. finds himself between the devil and the deep blue hills. Some patients have so little cash income that if the doctor sends them to a hospital, there is nothing left to pay him. On the other hand, the thought of kitchen-table deliveries fills him with horror.

In the current *General Practice*, Dr. David G. Miller and his wife, Registered Nurse Blanche Miller, describe some of their experiences in the 1930s around Morgantown, Ky. (pop. 859): "Long trips over poor or nonexistent roads, often time after time when the labor was long; the long hours spent in a lamplit home, with a flickering log fire that barely warmed our shins and left our backs freezing . . . often we had been forced to change the mother's gown and bed and to improvise diapers, bands and clothing for the baby who had already been greased . . . We had even cooked and served meals . . ."

More Cleanliness. Much of the doctor's and nurse's time spent this way could far better have been spent on other patients, the Millers contend. And there was the matter of personal cleanliness: "We wished to avoid the constant and real threat of bedbugs, fleas and other insect pests which we had brought home . . ."

The Millers found a way to get around the disadvantages of both home and hospital deliveries. They got the idea after a few women had come to the office so far advanced in labor that they had to be delivered there as emergency cases, then sent to relatives. Why not make this a regular practice in cases where no complications could be foreseen?

Dr. Miller and his wife fixed up two rooms in their offices, one as a labor room, the other for the actual delivery. Patients were encouraged to go to the office as soon as definite labor began. The doctor thus had a chance to examine them and keep tabs on their progress far more easily than he could have elsewhere; he was left free to see other patients most of the time, and often he could get four to six hours' sleep in his own bed, instead of having to catch catnaps in odd corners.

More Confidence. Patients feel more confident under their system, the Millers report, because they know that emergency equipment and other doctors are at hand if needed. The doctor feels more confident, too, because "most obstetric errors are caused by haste on the part of the attending physician. Usually this haste is the result of anxiety to return home to bed or a desire to rush back to an office full of patients."

Only two hours (on an average) after an office delivery, mother & child are sent home in an ambulance. After 50 such cases, with no maternal or infant deaths and few complications, the Millers are confident that office deliveries are often just what the country doctor should order.

Lin Caufield

THE MILLERS & PATIENT
Between the devil and the deep blue hills.

Uneasy Marriage

Britain's National Health Service, begun in July 1948, was supposed to do what a vast majority of the British medical profession wanted done: provide medical care for the nation as a whole.* The doctors differed with the government on many aspects (*e.g.*, the voluminous paper work and bureaucratic controls), but by & large they tried to make a go of it. Last week the British Medical Association declared bluntly that the overall plan wasn't working. Said the lead editorial in the Association's *British Medical Journal*: the N.H.S. is headed for bankruptcy.

"We are, as a profession, facing the bankruptcy of a policy, a policy based on the decisions of the coalition government during a war for survival and put into execution by a Minister of Health [Aneurin Bevan] who could not resist the temptation to behave like a Fairy Godmother to an impoverished nation . . .

". . . The uneasy marriage between the medical profession and the state is now undergoing the strains of an unbalanced domestic economy. The N.H.S., if it is not to fail completely in its aims, will, we are convinced, have to undergo successive modifications . . . The public has run riot in the chemist's shop—at what a cost it is only just beginning to discover. The shocking waste of public money over the inessentials of medicine has left little over for what is more urgently needed . . .

"It is difficult to see how the N.H.S. can be put on a sound footing and the full resources of modern medicine be at the disposal of the public without considerable readjustment of its economy. The medical profession is discontented and disillusioned not because of payment, or lack of it, for this or that, but because it sees postponed indefinitely the opportunities for improving the medical care of the people."

The B.M.A. was unhappy because the government did not get enough health centers operating, with doctors practicing in groups, and it also wanted more pay and more hospital privileges for general practitioners. It urged a nominal charge (as little as 70¢ a week) for board & lodging in hospitals, and a token fee of 28¢ towards the cost of each X-ray film and each pair of spectacles.

* In line with the 1942 recommendations of the famed Beveridge Report, which urged all-around social security for Britons from the cradle to the grave.

STATE OF BUSINESS

Little—and Late

How is U.S. rearmament going?

From worried U.S. industrialists who have the big job of rearming the nation, came the shocking answer: not very well. In fact, big-scale arms production has not even started. With the threat of global war deepening by the hour, the bitter truth is that the U.S. right now—after five months of a shooting war—is producing fewer weapons than it was when the Japs struck Pearl Harbor.

Many industrialists have no war orders at all. Many others, months after getting "letters of intent" of war contracts to come, still have no blueprints nor contracts needed to start production. Almost unanimously, businessmen agree that the trouble lies with the inability of the armed services to make up their minds what arms they want and how many.

The U.S. got a false sense of furious activity when Congress, after the start of the Korean war, appropriated $11.6 billion extra for defense and the Defense Department announced that it was "obligating" the money for guns, tanks and planes. By last week, it had obligated an estimated half of the $30 billion appropriated for arms this fiscal year. But the catch lies in the fact that "obligation" without blueprints and contracts is meaningless as far as adding to the supply of weapons is concerned. Such a small part of the huge emergency appropriations has actually been spent that the Treasury, which is engaged in deficit financing, has run a smaller deficit during the last five months than it did in the same months last year.

In & Out. To date, $1 billion has been obligated for tanks and automotive equipment. Some $400 million has been obligated for electronics, but Admiral and Zenith, two of the largest television manufacturers, have no war orders. One manufacturer, who took over a huge war-surplus plant on a rush war job of the highest urgency, had to wait two months for the blueprints of the weapon he was to make.

New England, which turned out almost 10% of all U.S. World War II production, so far has about $1 billion in war contracts—only 3% of the money Congress voted. General Motors, which turned out one-tenth of all U.S. war goods last time and was working on $1.2 billion of orders at the time of Pearl Harbor, had less than $750 million worth last week.

Even in the aircraft industry, which got the biggest share ($5 billion) of the obligations so far, the step-up in production has been hardly noticeable. The industry is still awaiting the word on what types of planes will be ordered. Despite the flood of pictures of production lines (*see cut*), the lines are the same ones in operation before Korea—and they are not moving much faster. Even if the industry meets the Defense Department's goal of a rate of 6,000 planes a year by the end of 1951, it will still only match the production rate of 1940, a year before Pearl Harbor. The big hitch: a constant change in specifications.

Upside Down. Many of the changes reflect the military's praiseworthy desire to have the latest models before freezing production on a mass basis. But production men know that models have to be frozen sometime or rearmament will never get rolling. And there is always a "lead time" of months between the time orders are placed and plants are ready for production. Most businessmen maintain that the U.S. is even now not in the lead-time period, simply because the orders have not been placed.

Last week, Washington's war planners were talking a lot tougher, *e.g.*, by mid-1951 automobile production might be cut back as much as 50%, television production as much if not more. But the Washington planners were still putting the cart before the horse.

Even in a state of full mobilization there is little sense in cutting back civilian production until actual war orders are issued. Premature cutbacks will merely cause layoffs and the closing of plants and in the end, U.S. production will be hurt more than helped. Once war orders go out in big enough volume, civilian production will be cut back automatically and the weapons will begin to pour out.

International

B-47 Jet Bomber Assembly Line
By next year, the 1940 aircraft production rate.

Big Bite

The National Production Authority, which for some time has been nibbling at the civilian use of various scarce materials, last week took the biggest bite yet. It ordered a 15% cut in non-defense copper for the first two months of 1951, and a 20% cut for March. Automen said the cut would mean a 10% slash in auto production in next year's first quarter because there was no practical substitute for copper in auto radiators.

NPA also slashed the civilian use of zinc by 20% and nickel by 35% for the first quarter of next year, and chopped in half this month's civilian allotment of cobalt, taking it away from the television manufacturers and giving it to the jet-engine and steel makers.

Even without the cobalt cut, TV men were having their troubles. Because of shortages of copper wire, condensers and other parts, many of them sliced production last week anywhere from 10% to 40%, and expected output to fall 50% by next spring. With costs rising, TV sets were expected to cost from 10% to 25% more by then.

But there were prospects of easing the shortage of aluminum. The Aluminum Corp. of America, Reynolds Metals and Henry Kaiser announced that they would expand their capacity by 320,000 tons, raising the aluminum industry's overall capacity by more than 50%. However, the new plants would not be in operation for another two years or more.

PERSONNEL

No. 3 Man?

The top brass of General Motors Corp. this week heard advance news of a shuffling of their ranks. Executive Vice President Marvin E. Coyle, who started with G.M. as a secretary 39 years ago, will retire Jan. 1. Into Coyle's shoes as head of body fabrication, car assembly and accessory production will step short, dark and chunky Louis Cliff Goad, 49. It looked as if Goad was becoming the No. 3 man

in the world's biggest manufacturing corporation. Ranking him will be President Charles E. Wilson and Harlow H. Curtice, the top executive vice president of the corporation and heir to Wilson's job when he retires.

A University of Illinois engineering graduate, Goad was hired by Charlie Wilson for G.M.'s Delco-Remy (electrical) division, worked up to boss of Fisher Body and Buick-Oldsmobile-Pontiac assembly plants. During World War II he headed G.M.'s Eastern Aircraft Division, whose plants at Linden and Trenton, N.J. were the only U.S. auto factories to convert to the production of complete airplanes (Grumman fighters and torpedo bombers).

Also moved up in the shuffle was Jack Gordon, former boss of the Cadillac division, which had a big hand in G.M.'s tank production during World War II. As a vice president and director, Gordon will assume Goad's previous duties. It looked as if G.M. was building up a strong top team to handle heavy war orders, when & if they come.

Emil Reynolds

CLIFF GOAD
A strong team, when and if.

TAXES

"Pig in a Poke"

After three weeks of public and private wrangling, the House Ways & Means Committee this week sent its excess-profits tax bill to the floor. The bill was not quite what the Administration wanted. It would raise somewhere between $3 billion and $3.4 billion at current tax receipts, as against the $4 billion asked by Treasury Secretary John Snyder. It called for a levy of 75% on all earnings above 85% of a company's average profits during its three best years between 1946 and 1949. The tax would be retroactive to July 1, 1950. No more than 67% of a corporation's earnings would have to be paid in normal and excess-profits taxes *v.* 80% during World War II.

Though Republicans still called the measure "a pig in a poke" and "as imperfect as a bill can possibly be," the turn of events in Korea had improved its chances of passing. The House was almost sure to approve. Even the Senate, which has been dead set against an excess-profits tax in this session, might put a tax of some sort through by Christmas.

TEXTILES

Enter Dynel

"Dynel will be to wool what nylon is to silk." With this glowing sendoff Joseph G. Davidson, president of the Chemicals Division of Union Carbide & Carbon Corp., last week showed off blankets, socks, draperies, knit goods and imitation fur made of the newest synthetic creation of Union Carbide (manufacturers of Bakelite, Prestone, Vinylite).

Made from natural gas, salt and air, dynel can be dyed, woven with other fabrics or used alone. Davidson says it is washable, mothproof, almost shrinkproof, and resistant to strong chemicals. At $1.25 a. lb., manufacturers may find dynel a cheap substitute for wool, which, for similar use, sells at $2.15 to $3.50 a lb. Since dynel orders already far outstrip the company's annual production of 2,000,000 lbs., work was started last week to double the output. If dynel catches on, Union Carbide hopes to expand to as much as 40 million lbs. a year.

PRODUCTION

Half a Trillion?

Leon Keyserling, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, likes to dream big. A year ago, he thought the U.S. would soon have a gross national product of $300 billion. With that goal already in sight (TIME, Dec. 4), Keyserling last week started dreaming again. Said he: under the stimulus of war spending, the gross national product should rise to $500 billion by 1955.

ARMAMENTS

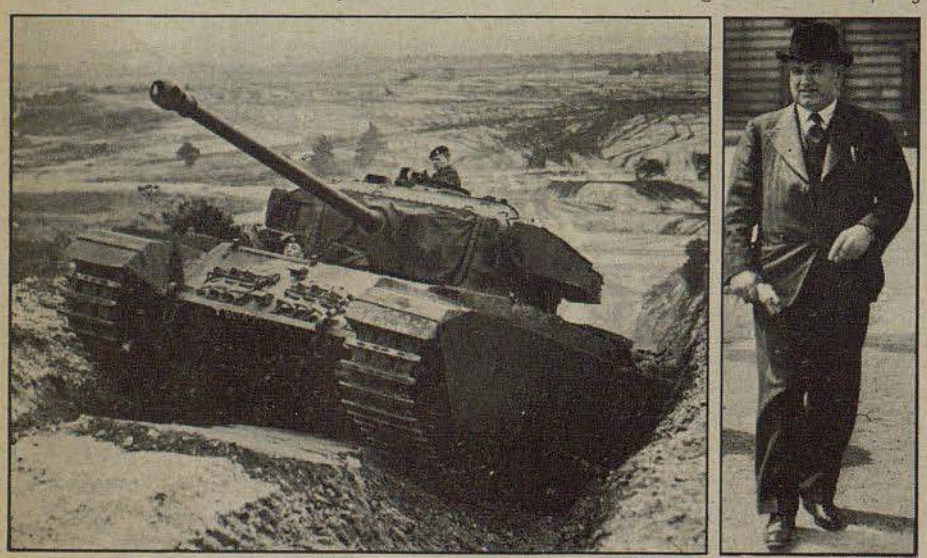
Lord Mechanic

When Ernest Walter Hives was made chairman of the board of Rolls-Royce Ltd. last month, it was a fine compliment to his engineering skill. It was the first time a man who had come up from the ranks had sat in a chair heretofore reserved for eminent public figures. Last week, just before the retreat in Korea, Lord Hives was paid the kind of compliment he likes even better. The British Commonwealth 29th Brigade went into action with what some experts call the West's best heavy tank, the low-slung, 52-ton Centurion. It is powered by a 635-h.p. Rolls-Royce Meteor engine that Hives helped develop.

At 64, the new chairman of Rolls-Royce, who became a baron seven months ago, still considers himself "only a mechanic." When he came to Rolls 42 years ago, fresh from secondary school and an apprenticeship in a machine shop, Hives was put to work at a bench in the Rolls plant. He showed such a talent for engineering that he quickly climbed the ladder to become head of Rolls's auto and air experimental station, later chief experimental engineer. Always one for seeing projects through from drafting board to trial run, Hives tested new engines by driving them in racing cars. During World War II, as Rolls's managing director, he supervised the design and production of the famed Merlin engine that powered Mustang, Hurricane and Spitfire fighter planes.

With his hands full of plane engine production, Hives got an urgent request from Minister of Supply Lord Beaverbrook: Would Rolls make a new high-powered tank engine? Hives said no. When the Beaver persisted, Hives said yes, if the government would give him a credit of £1,000,000 and let him strictly alone. Hives adapted the Merlin for tanks, made it the forerunner of the power plant in the Centurion.

Last week Hives put his hand to another new project. He reopened Rolls's huge



Combine

CENTURION TANK & ROLLS-ROYCE'S HIVES
Well, yes—if the government would leave him alone.

Glasgow plant to mass-produce the new Avon jet engine (7,500-lb. thrust), successor to the Derwent and Nene (TIME, Oct. 16). The engines made there will go into the sleek Canberra twin-engine bomber, now being built in England for the R.A.F. and a bright possibility for the U.S. Air Force.

AUTOS

Way Out

Automobile dealers whose sales had been crimped by credit controls last week discovered a way to loosen the clamp. Under the six-year-old G.I. bill they found that veterans who use cars in their business can buy them with Government-guaranteed loans, with up to two years to repay. Dealers who hadn't known or cared about the law before began offering "eligible veterans" new cars for as little as $257 down and $45 a month, about two-thirds the payments required under credit-controlling Regulation W.

SHOW BUSINESS

Very Bad

Cinemagnate Charles Skouras, whose chain of 500 theaters has been hard hit by television, last week let out a frightened yelp: "Our New York business has been very bad, our Chicago business has been very bad and our business in Southern California has been very bad. Attendance is off everywhere from 10% to 15% in television areas, [while] business is off only 2% to 4% in areas without television." His conclusion: theaters should "combine a good feature picture and television entertainment."

WALL STREET

"Just Lead Me Along . . ."

In an oak-paneled courtroom in Manhattan's Federal Court House last week, Judge Harold R. Medina peered down from his bench at an array of more than 30 lawyers. Pleasantly, he advised them: "Just lead me along like a child and explain to me how it works."

Judge Medina, who had found out at the trial of the eleven Reds how the Communist Party works, this time faced a problem just as complex. He was sitting in judgment (without a jury) on the Government's long-awaited antitrust suit against 17 of the nation's top investment banking houses* and the Investment Bankers Association. It was the biggest trial in Wall Street's history. For three years the Government had rummaged through more than 10,000 documents, now planned to use 4,000 of them to support its chief charge that the defendants had monopolized the underwriting and sale of $42.5 billion in security issues from 1935 through 1949.

"I Don't Get That." In his opening address, portly, plodding Henry V. (for Vincent) Stebbins, special assistant to the U.S. Attorney General, did his best to lead Medina through the intricacies of the Government's case. But over & over again came the patient complaints from the bench: "I don't get that," "I must be kind of stupid," "I don't understand."

The defendants, said Stebbins, had operated a monopoly on new stock and bond issues by various methods, including 1) placing representatives on boards of directors who then threw the business of the companies their way; 2) pushing through unnecessary mergers of companies in order to cash in on the distribution of new issues; 3) arbitrarily allotting the business of certain companies to certain investment bankers.

N. Y. *Daily Mirror*—International

JUDGE MEDINA

Is it wrong to keep the same doctor?

If large insurance companies or big underwriters outside the 17 threatened serious competition, said Stebbins, they were cut in on the business. But if a "little fellow" tried to join the group, he was ignored. The result, said Stebbins, was that the same investment bankers always got the business of the same corporations.

Judge Medina pounced on that. What was wrong, asked he, with the same firms getting the same business? Don't many people keep the same doctor for years because he is a good doctor?

"I Don't See How . . ." The Government further objected to the way the defendants set the price of new securities: fixing the price at which they bought the securities from the issuer, and then setting a non-competitive price at which they sold them to other dealers and investors. As far as Stebbins could see, the investment bankers couldn't lose. Snapped Medina: "I don't see how else [they] could do it. [They] certainly would not . . . make a deal in which [they were] sure to lose money."

When Stebbins tried to make something of the fact that the defendants had fought against the SEC campaign to sell railroad and public utility securities at competitive bidding (TIME, March 25, 1940 *et seq.*) rather than at negotiated sale, Medina broke in sharply. What was wrong with that? he asked. What Stebbins was saying, said Medina, was that if you don't agree with the Government you ought "to keep your mouths shut . . . It seems to me . . . we are right on the brink of some form of totalitarianism."

What Judge Medina was plainly trying to do was not to prejudge the trial but to brush away any unimportant side issues and get down to the basic fact: Could the Government prove some sort of arrangement by which competition was unlawfully eliminated?

This week the defense will have its say in its opening statement, after which the Government will start introducing evidence. When it finishes in about two months, there will be a two-month recess for the defense to prepare its case. Generally, the defense will deny any conspiracy, with the claim that the risky nature of its business requires close cooperation on each securities issue. In all, the trial is expected to run for a year or more. But whatever the outcome, the whole matter has become somewhat academic, simply because investment bankers no longer handle the bulk of new securities. In recent years the power has been shifting more & more to insurance companies and other big investors (*see below*).

• • •

In Hollywood, Fla. last week, at its annual convention, the Investment Bankers Association hoped that it had scored two points for its side. I.B.A. elected Yaleman Laurence M. Marks, 58, a partner in one of Manhattan's smaller underwriting firms, Laurence M. Marks & Co., as president, carefully filled up most of the slate with bankers from other small houses not numbered among the antitrust defendants.

The bankers also reported that far from having a monopoly in the distribution of new securities, they were rapidly losing out to others. Out of the $14.8 billion in new industrial securities in the past six years, $8 billion had been bought by insurance companies and other institutional investors, instead of being sold through investment bankers. Of the $1.3 billion in new industrial stocks & bonds issued in the first nine months of this year, investment bankers handled only $502 million.

GOVERNMENT

No, But . . .

Only a month after paying off the last of a $123 million RFC loan on his Fontana steel mill, Industrialist Henry Kaiser was back hat in hand last week knocking on RFC's door. This time he wanted $38 million for his auto company, Kaiser-Frazer, which already owes RFC $43 million. K-F President Edgar Kaiser explained that the company needs the mon-

* Morgan Stanley & Co.; Eastman, Dillon & Co.; Dillon, Read & Co., Inc.; Stone & Webster Securities Corp.; Smith, Barney & Co.; Kuhn, Loeb & Co.; Union Securities Corp.; Harriman Ripley & Co., Inc.; Harris, Hall & Co. (Inc.); Drexel & Co.; White, Weld & Co.; Blyth & Co., Inc.; the First Boston Corp.; Glore, Forgan & Co.; Goldman, Sachs & Co.; Lehman Brothers; Kidder, Peabody & Co.

ey to tide it over until it can sell its backlog of 18,000 cars. He said that the Government's credit restrictions had slowed up its sales so much that K-F had to cut production from 1,600 to 800 cars a day, would soon have to drop to 600. RFC offered Henry $25 million, and asked for stringent collateral. Henry, who hopes that defense orders will soon bail his company out, decided to mull it over.

• • •

To build a turnpike from Oklahoma City to Tulsa, the Oklahoma Turnpike Authority asked RFC for a $30 million loan. RFC advised the Authority to see if it could borrow the money from private sources. Last week the Authority closed a deal with a group of New York bond houses for a $32 million loan at 3.6% interest, $128,000 a year less in interest than RFC's 4%. Cheerily, the Authority wired RFC Chairman W. E. Harber: "Do you need any money? We have plenty."

MILESTONES

Died. Walter Herschel Beech, 59, aircraft tycoon; of a heart attack; in Wichita, Kans. After serving as an Army pilot in World War I, Beech barnstormed the country as a stunt and race pilot, in 1932 formed Beech Aircraft Corp., which specialized in small private craft, lost money until World War II, when he piled up a fortune making training planes and airplane parts for the U.S. Government.

Died. John Douglas MacGregor, 74, who as vice president and general manager of Pan American-Grace Airways established (1929) the first air route connecting North and South America; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. Louis Leon Ludlow, 77, onetime Washington correspondent (several Indianapolis papers, the Columbus, Ohio *Dispatch*) who became a Congressman himself (a Democrat from Indiana) after 27 years of reporting on Congress, held the job for 20 years; after long illness; in Washington. A militant pacifist and isolationist, Ludlow believed that war could be prevented by taking away Congress' power to declare it, in 1938 almost got through a measure (the Ludlow amendment) that would permit a declaration of war only if the voters approved it in a referendum. Franklin Roosevelt intervened and the bill missed enactment in the House by 21 votes.

Died. The Rev. Dr. Charles Reynolds Brown, 88, Congregational clergyman, longtime dean of Yale's famed Divinity School (1911-28), author of 35 books on religion; in New Haven, Conn.

Died. Robert Latou Dickinson, 89, gynecologist and sexologist, a founder of the American College of Surgeons, president of the Euthanasia Society of America, pioneer advocate of birth control and mercy killing; in Amherst, Mass.

CINEMA

Box Office

November's box-office favorites in 22 key U.S. cities as reported this week by *Variety*:

1) *King Solomon's Mines* (M-G-M)
2) *All About Eve* (20th Century-Fox)
3) *Rio Grande* (Republic)
4) *American Guerrilla in the Philippines* (20th Century-Fox)
5) *Breakthrough* (Warner)

The New Pictures

Kim (M-G-M), a lushly Technicolored version of the Rudyard Kipling adventure novel, will tempt small boys to trade in their Hopalong Cassidy duds for a turban, a walnut-stained complexion and a British Secret Service mission in the Empire's wild East of 1885. Like *Treasure Island's* Jim Hawkins, Kipling's spunky little hero reigns in a world of outsmarted adults. More than that, Kim (ably played by Dean Stockwell) comes equipped with swashbuckling dash, a guttersnipe's invective and a taste for fine cigars.

Kipling's red-blooded hokum comes to the screen almost intact, lacks nothing for juvenile excitement except possibly a lancer charge or two. As Mahbub Ali, the Red Beard, Errol Flynn dallies with some dusky harem girls, but the script steers mercifully clear of a love story, and even Flynn takes a back seat to the boy. Kim is still the India-born British orphan who has grown up as a sun-bleached native urchin in the clutter of Lahore. His best friends: a wandering Tibetan lama (Paul Lukas) and Horse Trader Flynn, who doubles as a spy. Recognized by the British, who pack him off to a pukka school, Kim plays hooky, picks up some tutoring in espionage and pits his wits against the Russians who are stirring up trouble on the other side of the Khyber Pass.

Most of *Kim's* backgrounds (and some of its action) were filmed in India, and M-G-M technicians have done an expert job of blending the studio scenes into the location footage. While the screen overflows with exotic local color, the soundtrack matches its extravagance with Kipling's quaint version of the Indian idiom. Even grownups who are dragged off to see *Kim* are likely to have no regrets.

Rio Grande (Argosy; Republic) continues the descent of Director John Ford into his latter-day role as scourge of the redskin and glorifier of the U.S. Cavalry. The Rover-boy characters, the conflict of love *v.* duty, the boisterous comic relief, the cavalry charges and screeching Indian raids are all here, set against the well-photographed buttes and plains of what used to be God's country before Ford took it over.

The story may be a vacuum, but Ford's accountants know that it sucks in quick box-office receipts (*see above*), especially when John Wayne plays the leathery colonel and Maureen O'Hara is his estranged (but not for long) lady. Ford's thoroughgoing craftsmanship, especially in his cleanly planned battle sequences, often invigorates *Rio Grande*. But it no longer quite makes up for his shoddy taste in material, nor can it satisfy moviegoers who remember him as the director of *The Informer* and *The Grapes of Wrath*.

The Milkman (Universal-International) is a cheerful little musicomedy without enough ingenuity to support its good intentions. It has a droll notion of treating milkmen as an elite corps with

ERROL FLYNN & DEAN STOCKWELL
The adults are outsmarted.

Look up at night in the Place de Brouckère, Brussels, and you cannot fail to see the Philips name shining out, a vivid reminder to all who pass.

As in Brussels, so throughout the world, the name Philips has become a symbol of leadership in all things electrical. This is in no small measure due to the fact that in almost every part of the world there are full-scale Philips factories, and sales organisations. Philips are, therefore, able to offer a service that is beyond comparison.

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H.F. GENERATORS · WELDING MACHINES
FLUORESCENT LAMPS · AMPLIFIERS
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pride, traditions and loyalties roughly approximating those of the U.S. Military Academy. Jimmy Durante cuts a fine figure of a milkman's milkman, and Recruit Donald O'Connor burns to win the right to take his girl strolling down Buttermilk Lane (the dairy's Flirtation Walk).

Wholly unpretentious, the movie goes in & out of its four musical numbers without labored cues or excuses, relies on bouncy tunes and the simple showmanship of Durante and O'Connor instead of costly production routines. The plot is

DURANTE & O'CONNOR
Down Buttermilk Lane.

nonsense, and *The Milkman's* four scripters have tried to use it wherever possible as a springboard for visual comedy in the silent-movie tradition. Unfortunately, the effort too often is no more inventive than the second-rate dialogue that overburdens Comedian Durante. The picture brightens considerably whenever the sight gags pay off, *e.g.*, Durante cooking the breakfast eggs, toast and coffee on an electric blanket.

Breakthrough (Warner) travels with a rifle platoon of the 1st Infantry Division into the Normandy invasion, the hedgerow fighting and the Saint-Lô battle that launched the Allied blitz through France. From *Twelve O'Clock High* it borrows the problem of the commander who cracks under the strain of identifying himself with his men; from *Battleground*, the familiar roster of civilian-soldier types; from *Sands of Iwo Jima*, the technique of intercutting its scenes liberally with real combat footage and battering its sound track with thunderous explosions.

The scent of grease paint proves much stronger than the smell of cordite. All the fog of war cannot hide the writing and acting shortcomings in the characters of the picture's command-weary captain (David Brian) and his young platoon leader (John Agar). Unlike *Battleground*, which it most resembles, *Breakthrough*

makes no bones about recruiting its soldiers from Central Casting and assigning them to spell the carnage with a few vaudeville turns. One infantryman is a vaudevillian who does imitations of movie stars; another is a musclebound health faddist whose casual rejection of a man-eating mademoiselle's advances comes straight out of *Li'l Abner*.

While feigning a respectable amount of civilized horror at the exigencies of battle, *Breakthrough* romanticizes the hell out of war. On the level of a shoot-'em-up action film with some coincidental resemblance to the events it pretends to depict, it is a well-staged, workmanlike job. As any kind of memorial to the men who died in its newsreel clips, it is a great deal less.

Three Husbands (United Artists) stencils itself hopefully on 1949's successful *A Letter to Three Wives*. Based on a story by Novelist Vera Caspary, who worked on the plot for *Three Wives*, the picture gives three men (Howard da Silva, Shepperd Strudwick, Robert Karnes) reason to suspect their wives (Eve Arden, Ruth Warrick, Vanessa Brown) of infidelity, then sits back to watch them squirm.

Like its predecessor, *Three Husbands* tells its story in episodic flashbacks, straightens out its tangled problems with a surprise twist—which comes now as not much of a surprise. The movie suffers not only from familiarity but from lack of the characterization, humorous bite and thoughtful undertones that lifted the earlier film out of the ruck.

By reworking most of the old jokes on cuckoldry and keeping the slapstick busy, the picture provides some mild amusement. Its single innovation proves its saving grace: the pivotal character who causes all the trouble is no disembodied voice this time but a quite fleshly rogue, played with jaunty elegance by Britain's Actor-Playwright Emlyn (*Night Must Fall*) Williams.

Current & Choice

Cyrano de Bergerac. José Ferrer in an able cinemadaptation that magnifies the faults of the Rostand classic without dimming its virtues (Time, Nov. 20).

Mad Wednesday. An uneven but often funny comedy, written and directed by Preston Sturges and starring Harold Lloyd (Time, Nov. 20).

King Solomon's Mines. Darkest Africa in brightest Technicolor reduces the hokum of H. Rider Haggard's plot to a minor hardship; with Deborah Kerr and Stewart Granger (Time, Nov. 20).

Trio. Somerset Maugham escorts three more of his short stories to the screen; with Jean Simmons, James Hayter, Nigel Patrick (Time, Oct. 30).

All About Eve. Scripter-Director Joseph L. Mankiewicz's witty examination of some quirks and foibles of the Broadway theater; with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter and George Sanders (Time, Oct. 16).

State Secret. Chills and Chuckles in a British chase-melodrama set behind the Iron Curtain; with Douglas Fairbanks Jr. (Time, Oct. 9).

Touched with Fire

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY (2 vols., 1,201 pp.)—*Edited by Henry Steele Commager—Bobbs-Merrill* ($12).

When they were unraveling the old myths and weaving their own, the men to whom all cats and causes are grey worked out a version of the American Civil War. Regional economic rivalry, they said, had been heated up by New England abolitionists and dream-wrapped Southern devotees of Sir Walter Scott; the unnecessary struggle that resulted eventually ended, as it had to do, with victory for the side with the most iron foundries; it was rather a pity that the names of two such broad-minded individuals as Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee ever got mixed up in this intolerant and partisan affair.

This and kindred myths (at their height in the 1930s) have now begun to fray because they run counter to the American experience of the last nine years. Henry Steele Commager's book may help to finish the job, and to put the Civil War back where it belongs—in the center of the American story. With the war left out, the American character is incomprehensible, and dangerously so. In 1861 and in 1950, the American represented himself (and believed himself) as despising politics and loving comfort above all men. Yet the American has always been deeply political, a man with a burning concern as to who may tell whom to do what.

In two world wars, the U.S. bears a measure of guilt in not making this concern clear to those who were to become her enemies. One of the friends of the U.S. understood without being told. Commager, in his introduction, repeats a Winston Churchill story: the day of Pearl Harbor, some Britons doubted that the easygoing U.S. had the will and stamina to fight as it would have to fight. Says Churchill: "But I had studied the American Civil War, fought out to the last desperate inch . . . I went to bed and slept the sleep of the saved and thankful."

"It Wasn't Funny Then." Historian Commager notes that the men who fought the Civil War "knew what they were fighting for, as well as men ever know this." *The Blue and the Gray* offers strong supporting evidence. For this is not Commager's story, but the war "as told by participants" in letters, diaries and memoirs, adroitly knit into a coherent narrative.

They were excellent eyewitnesses, the men & women of that generation. Canoneer Augustus Buell, himself a memorable witness of Gettysburg, pays a tribute to the reportorial ability of his fellow soldiers: "The men in our Army were in the habit of observing things . . . even in matters of military knowledge far beyond their sphere or control."

The soldiers were not the only sharp observers. Mrs. Mary A. Ward of Rome, Ga., telling what it was like to be waiting for the Yankees, gets the anxiety across without theatrics. "Hams would be jerked out of the smoke-house, and holes would be dug and everything thrown in pell mell. Then we would begin to imagine that because we knew where those things were, the first Yankee that appeared would know, too, and often we would go and take them all up from there and dig another hole and put them in that; so that our yards began to look like graveyards. It is very funny to think of now, but it wasn't funny then . . ."

Anna Dickinson describes the anti-draft riots in New York, and reserves her finest indignation for Governor Seymour, who responded to the rioting by promising to try to have the Federal draft law repealed. Says she: "His allies in newspaper offices attempted to throw the blame upon the loyal press and portion of the community. This was but a repetition of the cry raised by traitors in arms that the government, struggling for life in their deadly hold, was responsible for the war: 'If thou wouldst but consent to be murdered peaceably, there could be no strife.'"

"The Snowy Heights." From the vast material available, Commager could easily have told the war in the words of private citizens and private soldiers. He has, however, turned his back upon the inverse snobbery which minimizes the part of generals and politicians in great struggles. Sherman's letter to the leading citizens of Atlanta, explaining why their city had to be evacuated, is as good an essay on war as was ever written "in haste." The Olympian Lee seems far more human for his letter to Jeff Davis advising what 1950 would call a shrewd propaganda line: Lee urged Davis not to disillusion those Northern members of the peace party who thought they could have both peace and the Union.

Commager's Civil War—the participants' Civil War—is no blind grappling of unwary hosts, but a highly purposive endeavor, enlightened on both sides by respect for principle, or what Commager calls "character." He quotes a veteran of the 20th Massachusetts, the younger Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Through our great good fortune, in our youth our hearts were touched with fire. It was given us to learn at the outset that life is a profound and passionate thing. While we are permitted to scorn nothing but indifference, and do not pretend to undervalue the worldly rewards of ambition, we have seen with our own eyes, beyond and above the gold fields, the snowy heights of honor, and it is for us to bear the report to those who come after us."

The Bettmann Archive

CIVIL WAR DRAFT RIOTS IN NEW YORK
Who may tell whom to do what?

Fact of Life

JOY STREET (490 pp.)—*Frances Parkinson Keyes—Julian Messner* ($3).

"When the final chapter of *Joy Street* was dispatched," writes Frances Parkinson Keyes in the foreword to her new novel, ". . . I was too completely exhausted to feel the slightest elation . . . I could not believe the ordeal was over; it had become one of those nightmares which apparently has no end, but goes on and on . . ."

Rare is the author who makes an accurate appraisal of personal work, even by accident, but then Novelist Keyes is something of a phenomenon. The happy quip in the publishing world is that she learned to type on a cash register, that hardly anybody can match her at striking the $3 key. With her last ten novels (including *The River Road, Came a Cavalier, Dinner at Antoine's*), Novelist Keyes has rung up sales of more than 5,000,000 copies, and with her latest she is going to play again the kind of fiscal jingle bells that publishers

love to hear at Christmas time. As with previous Keyes bell-ringers, *Joy Street* is packed with optimism, local atmosphere and an overflowing cast of zestful types.

"Not Just a Lady." The story of *Joy Street* travels up & down the street of that name, a famous one in Boston, in a narrative streetcar named Desire, or Social Betterment, or Motherhood, or Good Business, God Bless America—the name changes so often that a passenger is never quite sure. On Joy Street's fashionable Beacon Hill rise lives Emily Field, a young society woman with "charm and vivacity enough to hold her own at a Hasty Pudding Club dance or a Beck [an uppercrust Harvard dormitory] spread." Woe is Emily; these enviable talents are spent on a proper Bostonian whom she married "to be peaceful and pleasant and safe." Poor Roger, she loves him dearly but he is always catching colds and nodding agreement and failing to get her with child.

Graphic House

NOVELIST KEYES
To the bittersweet end.

Then one day Emily meets one of Roger's law associates, a dark, magnetic Jew who kisses her fiercely before a roaring fire. "You're a woman," he mutters thickly, "and not just a lady." So Emily finds "a man who would have been . . . a master as well as a mate . . . a man whose seed would have been as fruitful as his sovereignty was supreme, who would have begotten a son in the first consummation of union"—if she had given him the chance.

Not Just Boston. But Emily is faithful to Roger to the bittersweet end—as, with a faint smile and a last little bronchitic *râle*, he takes his departure for the family vault. Before he is quite cold in it, Emily is seized in the brawny arms of a lace-curtain Irishman and "kissed . . . as she had never been kissed before."

If Novelist Keyes intended this embrace to signify a reconciliation of Boston's warring classes—indeed, there is internal evidence that she meant it to be a kiss of

world peace—no reader of good will can object. Even the sourbellies will have to admit that such an author is a fact of U.S. life as primary and unalterable as the soda-fountain whipped-cream gun.

Politician into President

F.D.R.: His Personal Letters, Vols. III & IV (1,615 pp.)—*Edited by Elliott Roosevelt—Duell, Sloan & Pearce* ($10).

"Be very certain," wrote F.D.R. to his friend and counselor, Louis McHenry Howe, in November 1928, "that the 'A' letter goes to the successful candidates and the 'B' letter to the defeated candidates." Just elected governor of New York, Roosevelt was already patching and extending his fences. The bulk of the letters he wrote during the next few years show a man glad-handing his political allies, shrewdly holding the lid over his political boom lest it explode prematurely, and generally behaving the way a governor does when he wants to become President.

Very little in the first hundred pages of this final batch of F.D.R.'s letters (Vols. III & IV cover the years from 1928 to 1945) would lead anyone to suspect that he would soon become one of the most daring and controversial political leaders of his time. But after he took office as President, the letters have a more thoughtful tone; they are dominated by a grave anxiety over the future of the country and by an almost imperious energy in behalf of the program by which Roosevelt proposed to save it.

In November 1934, he wrote to Newton D. Baker, a rival for the Democratic nomination two years before: "One of my principal tasks is to prevent bankers and businessmen from committing suicide!" Somewhat earlier he had written a friend: "There is no question in my mind that it is time for the country to become fairly radical for at least one generation. History shows that where this occurs occasionally, nations are saved from revolutions."

"Old Friend, Good Shot." During these years everything seems to have struck his attention, as if he were delighting in the many facets of policy and power suddenly available to him. He teased Jim Farley about an NRA stamp showing a stringy girl with big feet ("If recovery is dependent on women like that I am agin recovery"), exchanged notes with Virginia's Carter Glass on U.S. fiscal policy, rather fatuously wrote (in 1933) to U.S. Ambassador Breckinridge Long in Rome that he was "deeply impressed" by Mussolini's intention "to prevent general European trouble," and, with a cheerful egalitarian touch, recommended Ambassador Robert Bingham to Britain's King George V as "an old friend of mine and . . . like you, a good shot."

The letters in these years lack the personal touches found in those of the younger F.D.R. Nonetheless, there are occasional notes to his "Dearest Mama," reassuring her that "it was only a 2 day cold in the nose." And to his wife ("Dearest Babs") he found time to send a teasing letter declaring that, after worrying all week whether she wanted "undies, dresses, hats, shoes, sheets, towels, rouge, soup plates, candy, flowers, lamps, laxation pills, whisky, beer, etchings or caviar" for their wedding anniversary, "I GIVE IT UP."

New Friend, No Worry. With U.S. entry into the war, F.D.R.'s letters reflected his preoccupation with military victory. They range from a 1942 proposal to Admiral Harold R. Stark that naval planners use more ingenuity in thinking of ways to immobilize the Italian fleet ("I can't believe that we must always use the classical offensive against an enemy who seems never to have heard of it") to an attempt to elaborate on his unfortunately uttered "unconditional surrender" by referring to Grant's magnanimous treatment of the defeated Lee.

He seemed fully confident that he and Stalin understood each other. As early as 1941 he wrote to Admiral William D. Leahy: "I do not think we need worry about any possibility of Russian domination" in Europe. He wrote Pope Pius XII: "I believe there is a real possibility that Russia may as a result of the present conflict recognize freedom of religion in Russia . . ."

Indispensable though they will be to historians, F.D.R.'s letters hardly make popular reading in bulk. Lacking the literary quality and range of Churchill's wartime writings, they succeed only intermittently in suggesting why Roosevelt was such a dynamic wartime leader or why he captured the love and affection of so many millions of Americans and their Allies. His gifts were essentially for aural relations. On the platform, on the radio and in the newsreels, his qualities got across in a manner only faintly suggested by the plain, black & white written word.

Composite Sermon (II)

What Would Jesus Do? (286 pp.)—*Glenn Clark—Macalester Park* ($2.25).

Many a Christian has teased his conscience with the question: What would happen if Christians guided their day-to-day lives by continually asking themselves, "What would Jesus do?" In Topeka, Kans. in 1896, Congregational Minister Charles Sheldon wrote a novel in which, for a year, various members of the congregation of a Midwest church tried to do just that. Author Sheldon's conclusions: the Christ-conscious turn-of-the-century man would lend a helping hand to the poor, campaign against the consumption of alcohol and tobacco, remain staunchly pacifist at whatever cost. Sheldon's *In His Steps* was stuffy in style, contrived in plot, and contained some of the most ludicrous dialogue ever written. But it went to the hearts of thousands. Within a few months it had sold more than 100,000 copies, has since become the alltime fiction bestseller (estimates as high as 30 million copies).

"Ever since *In His Steps* appeared," writes Glenn (*How to Find Health Through Prayer*) Clark, "I have dreamed of writing a sequel to it." *What Would*

Jesus Do? is Author Clark's dream come true—a dedicated, step-by-step retracing of Author Sheldon's bestseller in terms of the post-World War II U.S. Like its predecessor, it is a composite sermon preached by its cast of characters, many of whom are the children or grandchildren of the characters in *In His Steps.* Urged by their minister (grandson of Author Sheldon's minister) to emulate Christ, they react to the atomic age much as their grandparents reacted to the times of Grover Cleveland. The local department-store owner builds prayer rooms for his customers and employees and sets up a profit-sharing plan. The newspaper publisher devotes his editorial page to the pacifist point of view. ("The world would have actually been better off if our nation had stayed out of both wars entirely.") The town's aging millionaire attacks greed and monopoly as the roots of all modern evil.

What Would Jesus Do? is more a revelation of nostalgia for a simpler world than an actual coming to grips with the contemporary Christian's problems. But even readers who agree with Author Clark's oversimplified concept of the Christian's duty may find some of his situations too embarrassingly cozy to stomach. Example: the preacher-hero's pep talk to a college assembly. Jesus, he assures, "is in your backfield—the greatest triple threat player the world has ever known . . . He could plunge, pass and punt, that is preach, pray and penetrate to the very heart of God . . . Yes, in the final minutes of the game, beaten back to His goal-line, this great Champion . . . sent the ball spiralling far into the opponents' territory [and] the stone was rolled away . . ."

Recent & Readable

The Hinge of Fate, by Winston S. Churchill. Volume IV of Churchill's World War II memoirs; Singapore to Tunisia in another incomparable Churchillian account (Time, Dec. 4).

Classics and Commercials, by Edmund Wilson. Selected pieces by the contemporary dean of U.S. highbrow literary critics (Time, Nov. 20).

The Disenchanted, by Budd Schulberg. The last chapters in the decline & fall of a novelist who had been the Jazz Age's darling; a novel largely and candidly modeled on the life of F. Scott Fitzgerald (Time, Nov. 13).

Shooting an Elephant, by George Orwell. Reminiscences and reflections on literature and life by the author of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (Time, Nov. 13).

Boswell's London Journal, by James Boswell. Volume I (44 more to come) of the lately discovered papers of 18th Century Scotsman Boswell, who may yet be remembered as much for his candid journal as for his famed biography of Dr. Johnson (Time, Nov. 13).

The Twenty-Fifth Hour, by Virgil Gheorghiu. A concentration-camp novel which has become Europe's bestseller (Time, Nov. 6).

Life's Picture History of World War II. A vivid assembly of World War II's actions, scenes and faces (Time, Oct. 23).

MISCELLANY

Compensation. Near Long Beach, Calif., Harold Hartigan went duck hunting in Anaheim Slough, bagged a sea bass stranded by the tide; Don Jasiewicz went fishing for sea bass, snagged a duck that tried to snatch his bait.

Hint. In Auburn, Me., Mrs. Grace Pipe, asking for a divorce, stated that her husband made a coffin for her, kept it handy in the house.

Reunion. In El Paso, while Samuel Jiminez was in the County Juvenile Home visiting a friend who was doing time for stealing a bicycle, the supervisor of the home checked Jiminez's bike, found it also was stolen, had him locked up.

Man's World. In Manhattan, David Hertzson, 37, won the Borden Home Economics Scholarship over 39 female classmates. In Alfred, N.Y., young Donald Burrows topped 37 female entrants for the State Technical Institute's apple pie championship.

Illustrated Lecture. In Green Bay, Wis., while Juvenile Court Judge Donald W. Gleason was telling members of the Norwood School P. T. A. about juvenile delinquency, juvenile delinquents removed gas caps from the cars outside, including that of Judge Gleason's.

Without Prejudice. In Auburn, Calif., Robert Brumfield Jr., after robbing some of his fellow inmates in the Placer County jail, took the sheriff's overcoat and .38-cal. pistol, got into the deputy sheriff's pickup truck and drove away.

Art Is Long. In Merion township, Pa., John Dopp McGhee explained to cops how he happened to be in a parked car on a lonely road at night with a trumpet, a pistol, a rifle and cartridges: the firearms were to ward off anyone who might molest him while he played his trumpet.

Small World. In Houston, Mike N. Ramirez and Gilberto deHoyes were charged with theft when the man they asked to help them start their car discovered it was his own.

Completely Furnished. In New Delhi, the *Times of India* ran a want ad from an apartment-seeker: "European business man seeks acquaintance of attractive widow or divorcée occupying own flat. Object matrimony. Please send full particulars of flat."

Test Case. In Merced, Calif., after due investigation, the cause of the fire that broke out in Mater Misericordiae Hospital was found to be the pipe wrench left lying on electric wires by workmen who had installed the hospital's automatic fire sprinkling system.

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