

FIFTEEN CENTS

DECEMBER 7, 1942

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Artzybarhelt

ADMIRAL KING, U.S.N.

Dec. 7 . . . Java Sea . . . Coral Sea . . . Midway . . . The Solomons . . . Dec. 7.

(World Battlefronts)



NEW — SENSATIONALLY DIFFERENT PEN AND PENCIL SET!



New gift magic for Christmas! Handsome Parker "51" pen and pencil set. Colors: India Black, Cordovan Brown, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray. With sterling silver caps, \$17.50; gold caps, \$22.50.

Gift with a "lift"

for fighting spirits!

For your favorite patriot—in khaki, blue, or business suit—here is the perfect remembrance! This is the first Christmas the Parker "51" pen and pencil set has been generally available.

Every glinting surface of the "51" pen is a caress to a man's pride. But more important, this pen promises a boost to fighting spirits. It brings a new ease to writing those morale-building letters between home and the front.

Touch that exclusive "torpedo point" to paper and it starts quick as a whippet. Satin couldn't be smoother. "This Parker '51' is positively glib," you'll say.

A blotter? It's needless. For this pen alone uses magical new Parker "51" ink, which dries as you write! Yet the Parker "51" can be used with any ink if you so desire—but you won't "so desire."

The new Parker "51" pencil matches the pen in beauty. It writes a firm, thin line. Leads are double

length, half normal thickness. Like the "51" pen, it reflects the same high skill and ingenuity with which Parker is today producing important war equipment.

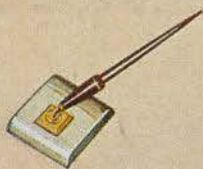
See the Parker "51" pen and pencil sets now. Prices: \$17.50 and \$22.50. "51" pens only: \$12.50 and \$15.00. Famous Parker Vacumatic pens as low as \$8.75 and \$5.00.

GUARANTEED BY LIFE CONTRACT! Parker's Blue Diamond on the pen is our contract unconditionally guaranteeing service for the owner's life, without cost other than 35¢ charge for postage, insurance, and handling, if pen is not intentionally damaged and is returned complete to The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin

PARKER "51"

COPR. 1942, THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

Parker complete desk sets are available for the price of the pens alone. Smooth-gliding Parker points always start in a split second... are protected against dryness by special construction.



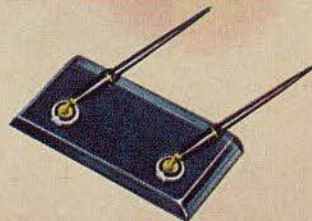
KB—Vacumatic Desk Pen and base of select Pedrara onyx. Rounded edges. $3\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ in. Price: \$8.75



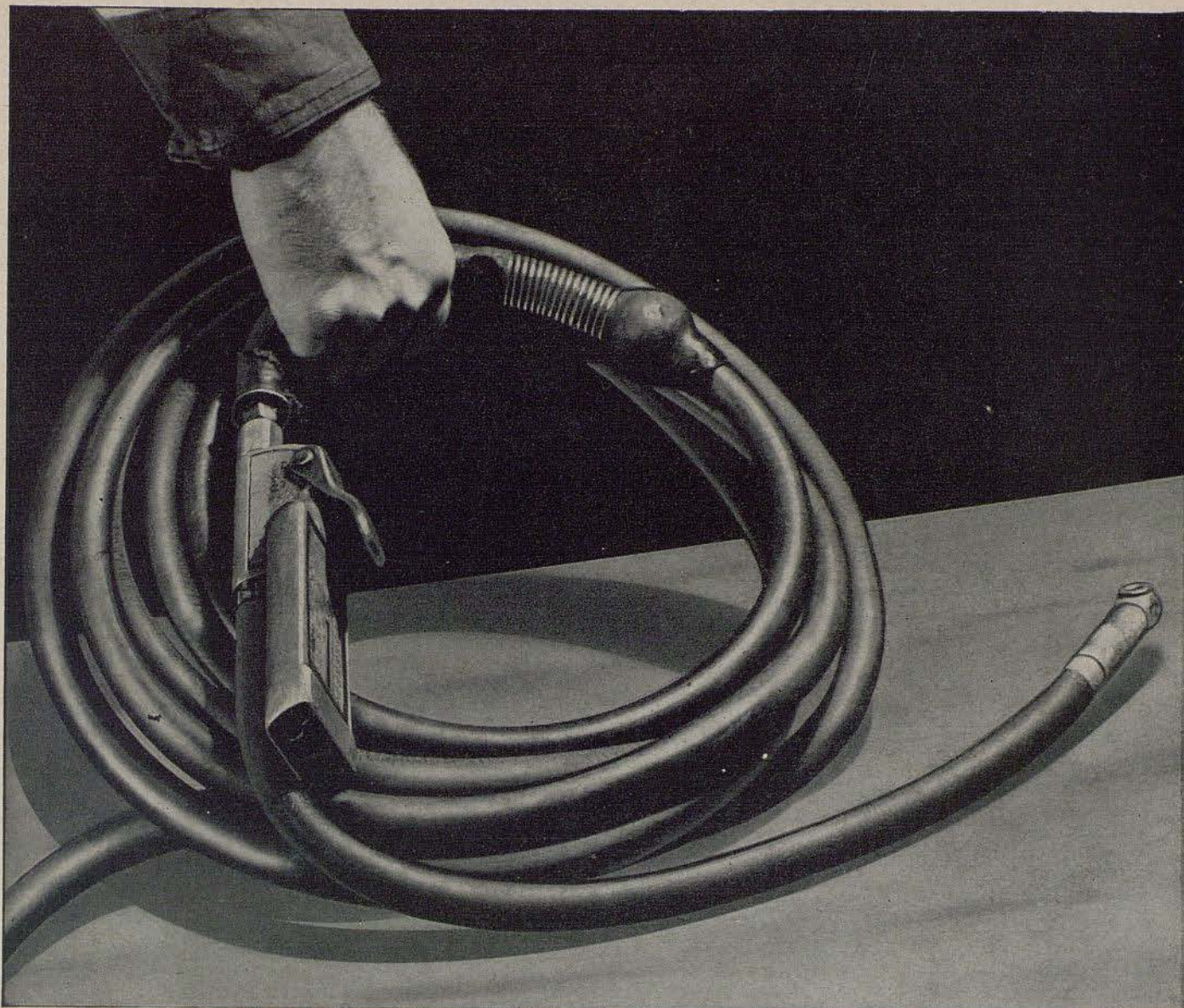
IA—Parker "51" Desk Pen and brown onyx base. Gold-plated ornament. $3\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ in. Price: \$12.50



IY—Parker "51" Desk Pen. Beige glass base. Cordovan brown plastic ornament. $3\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$ in. Price: \$12.50



HHR—Two Parker "51" Pens and base of Blue Cedar glass. Black plastic ornaments. 5×10 in. Price: \$25.00



He Found \$1000 in an Air Hose

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich leadership in truck tires

TRUCK tires were wearing out and blowing out long before their time. Hours and days were lost due to road delays. Tire repairs were costly. Precious rubber was being wasted. Truck owners did their best to correct this situation, but still found tire life too short.

B. F. Goodrich recognized this problem. Drawing on the experience of many years in handling completely the tire maintenance for large bus fleets, the company announced the B. F. Goodrich Tire Conservation Service for fleet operators. This is a comprehensive, point-by-point program under which factory-trained engineers take over the complete supervision of tire care.

Some of the country's largest fleet owners signed up for this low-cost plan immediately. B. F. Goodrich engineers found ways to cut costs over-

night. Improper inflation was a source of trouble in many fleets. In one case where this condition was particularly bad, our engineer set up proper schedules, quickly corrected the errors, and reported, "We found \$1000 in the air hose."

And here's what the operators said: "We believe we will show a 25% saving." "It saves far more than it costs." "The number of failures has been reduced over 60%." "We have had only one failure in 149,863 miles."

With results like that it's no wonder that thousands of trucks are now being handled under this plan. For this is not just another tire conservation program, good as they are. This program, based on putting tire maintenance in

the hands of trained tire engineers, is the first of its kind to be offered by any rubber company—another example of the leadership which has made B. F. Goodrich "First in Rubber". If you would like details of this scientific tire conservation plan, write

Tire Conservation Dept., The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.





... don't disturb urgent radio communication!

"KEEP 'EM HEARING!" is the new, vital slogan of the war. For today's battles are sprawling battles of movement, *directed by Radio*. Headquarter commands by radio must be heard clearly, easily, without fail.

But can they be heard in the midst of swarms of electrically-controlled vehicles? Isn't radio reception blurred by static interference caused by generators, motors, and high tension ignition on the vehicles themselves? The answer *was*—Yes. But now it is No—**emphatically NO!**

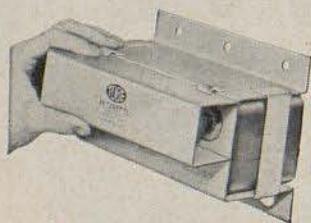
Man Made Static Beaten On All Fronts

Tobe Filterettes are ingenious, compact units incorpo-

rated in the vehicle's ignition system. They *blot up* interference, absorb "self-made" static. Result:—noise-free radio operation!

Tobe Helps to "Keep 'Em Hearing!"

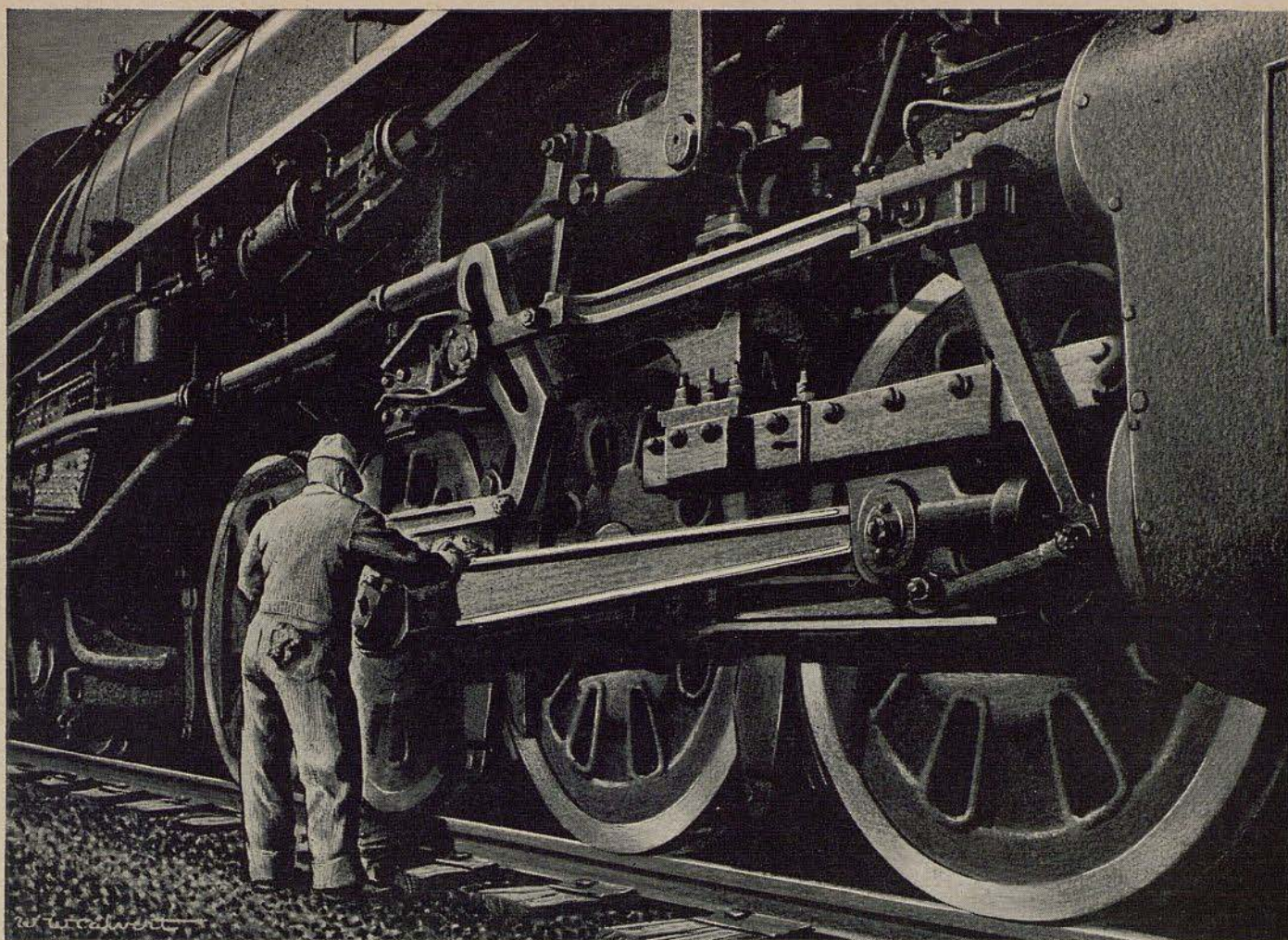
Command Cars (as illustrated), Jeeps, Tanks, Half-Tracks, Weapons Carriers and many other U. S. Army vehicles are now Tobe-equipped. And so are many proud vessels of the Navy and Coast Guard. When Peace is won, Tobe will "keep 'em hearing" at home, in pleasure cars and aboard boats. Again you'll say, "No Noise Please! Thanks to Tobe Filterettes!"



THE COMPACT, EFFICIENT TOBE FILTERETTE

Every Tobe Filterette is individually designed for a specific need. Furthermore, its effective operation is assured by the Tobe Capacitor—famous for unusually long life under all conditions. The quality of this condenser is a direct result of *persistence* in research, *soundness* in engineering design, *perfection* in production—*plus* 15 years of condenser experience. For all electrical and electronic applications, be sure to insist on the Tobe Capacitor—accepted by industry as the capacitor of the future.





A SOLDIER WITH A 5000-TON PACK

Giant locomotives—modern soldiers of the rails—are hauling mile-long trains of guns, tanks, and other vital war material. Every day, 6,000 carloads of war equipment go to Army camps and government jobs alone... 1,600,000 tons of coal are hauled... 800,000 barrels of oil a day are delivered to the Eastern seaboard... thousands of troops are moved—all by the railroads.

All railroaders know that the power and speed of modern locomotives are big factors in the world's biggest transportation job. Baldwin steam, electric, and diesel-electric locomotives are helping the railroads establish their new high-speed, heavy-tonnage records.

Baldwin is serving the nation in other fields by building hydraulic presses for forming the metal for ships and planes, machines and instruments for test-

ing airplane parts, turbines for power dams, propellers and forgings for ships.

Today, the engineering and manufacturing skill Baldwin has gained in building these products and many more for a vast cross-section of American industry, is devoted to the rapid production of the things needed by America at War, whether they be machines for other vital industries, or tanks, guns, gun mounts and other materiel for our Army and Navy.




BALDWIN

The Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania:
Locomotive & Ordnance Division; Baldwin Southwark Division;
Cramp Brass & Iron Foundries Division; Standard Steel Works
Division; Baldwin De La Vergne Sales Corp.; The Whitcomb
Locomotive Co.; The Pelton Water Wheel Co.; The Midvale Co.

Baldwin serves the Nation which the Railroads helped to build



"Look, Bob—an Elgin from the folks!"

 In islands of the Pacific . . . in Africa . . . on ships at sea . . . this will be a "box-from-home" Christmas for many a fighting Yank.

Call it tradition, if you wish. Call it sentiment. But if the gifts you have sent include a handsome Elgin watch, then it's bound to be a real American Christmas!

Yes, for the member of your family doing a job on the fighting front or home front, an Elgin is the perfect remembrance.

Of course, fewer of these watches are available this year, due to Elgin's war effort. Long before Pearl Harbor even, the government requested Elgin

to produce special military devices and precision instruments. These are Elgin's first concern. Planes, tanks and guns must be equipped.

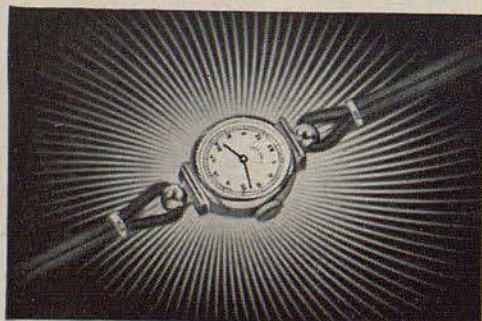
However, each one of the Elgins your jeweler is offering is star-timed and true to the famous Elgin standard of dependability. Each is produced by Elgin's unique partnership of fourth-generation American craftsmen and scientists.

You will also be interested in your jeweler's many other fine gifts of quality, including exquisite precious and semi-precious stones and silverware. *A gift means so much when it comes from your jeweler's.*



(Top) *Elgin Service Watch*—one of many types of watches and precision devices made by Elgin for the armed forces exclusively.

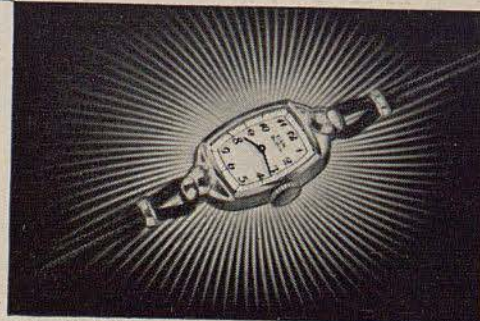
(Bottom) *Lord Elgin*, 14K natural gold filled.



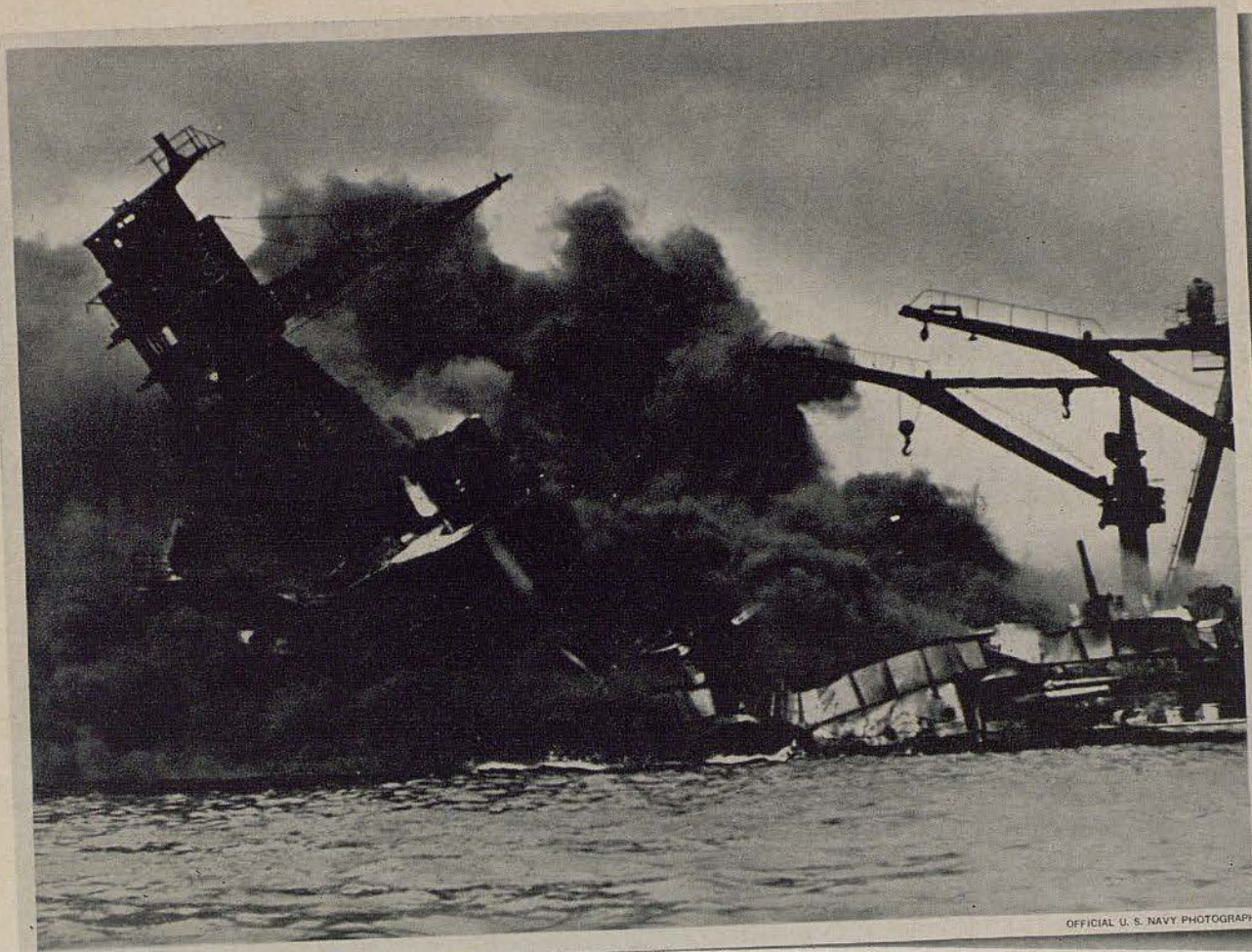
Brilliant Lady Elgin. 14K rosé gold filled.

 **ELGIN** 

Since 1865 a great American gift tradition



Beautiful Elgin De Luxe. Star-timed for accuracy.



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

MORE DISASTROUS THAN PEARL HARBOR... OUR DEFEAT BY THE 7th COLUMN

Just one year ago, the Mikado's murderers swooped treacherously from the blue Hawaiian skies ... turned the blue Pacific red with American blood ... plunged a peaceful nation into war.

And words could not express our fury.

Today that fury burns with deeper fierceness. Americans everywhere are grimly re-dedicating themselves to total sacrifice for total war. In the air, on land, at sea — in factories and on farms — the mighty power that is America is rising irresistibly to crush the dictators.

Our Worst Defeat

But there is one thing that has delayed victory and hampered our all-out war effort. In this first year of war, when America desperately needed every man, every machine and every ounce of material, we were guilty of a shameful waste. We suffered a more disastrous defeat than Pearl Harbor.

In one year of war, we lost a *half*

billion man-days of work through accidents suffered by workers in their homes, on the highway and where they worked, according to an estimate made by the National Safety Council.

Do you know what that means to our war production? It means that we were deprived of more than a million and a half workers *for a full year*. It means we sacrificed — by our own carelessness — man power which *could* have built 10 battleships, 50 destroyers, 10,000 heavy bombers, 20,000 fighter planes and 50,000 light tanks.

We must stop this inexcusable waste *now*. We must declare ruthless war against carelessness wherever it is found. Carelessness is America's 7th Column. It is our most destructive enemy on the home front and it must be smashed throughout America.

Three Rules for Defeat

Live *Safely*, for it is in our homes that

the 7th Column strikes hardest. Last year, home accidents killed 31,500 Americans and injured 4,650,000 more.

Drive *Safely*. Every man, woman or child injured today on the highway weakens the strength and morale of the nation. Every car wrecked is one more drain on our reserve pool of rubber, steel and transportation.

Work *Safely*. Think of yourself as a soldier in the production army, and *don't get hurt*. Guard against carelessness in yourself as well as others.

Smash the 7th COLUMN

To give you the facts about accidents and fires and to help you avoid them, Liberty Mutual Insurance Company has prepared a special wartime booklet. Write today for your free copy. Ask for the booklet, "Smash the 7th Column ... and Help Win the War." Address: Liberty Mutual, 175 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass.

★ Live, Drive, Work Safely ... "Smash the 7th Column" ... Help Win the War ★

FOR WARTIME CONSERVATION

**STOP
THOSE
LEAKS**

... IN THE GARDEN ...

STOP SPRINKLING YOURSELF, TOO - GET A NEW KIRK HILL **STA-IN** WASHER - ITS OVAL SHAPE HOLDS IT TIGHT - PREVENTS LEAKS AND LOSS... SAVES PLENTY ON THE WATER BILL... YOUR DISPOSITION, TOO!

... AT THE SINK ...

STOP THAT COSTLY DRIP-DRIP-DRIP OF THE HOT WATER FAUCET. THOUSANDS ARE SAVING UP TO 16% ON THEIR FUEL BILLS BY ASKING FOR TOUGH, LONG-LASTING KIRK HILL **PIGNOSE** WASHERS BY NAME.

... IN THE BATHROOM ...

STOP EXPENSIVE WATER SEEPAGE AND ANNOYING NOISE BY EQUIPPING YOUR TOILET TANK WITH A DURABLE KIRK HILL **PIGNOSE** TANK BALL. DESIGNED AND BUILT TO KEEP YOUR PLUMBING RUNNING SMOOTHER..... LONGER!

KIRK HILL
RUBBER PRODUCTS
LOS ANGELES • PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO • DALLAS

LETTERS

The Business of Killing

Sirs:

Lieut. General McNair's words* (TIME, Nov. 23) certainly hit the nail on the head. . . . The best way to attain the kind of world we are fighting for is to take up killing as a national pastime rather than just a nasty but necessary business.

In the biological world we find the first necessity is to develop an unalterable hate for guinea pigs, rabbits, and other animals which it is our business to kill.

PHILIP B. LORENZ

Biology Dept.
Princeton, N.J.

Sirs:

In regard to the speech of Lieut. General Lesley J. McNair . . . every Christian man and woman in our country ought to recognize that a man who holds such bloodthirsty and unchristian ideas is not morally fit to be a leader of American soldiers. We ought all, as I have, write to President Roosevelt requesting his immediate removal. . . .

ARLAN BAILLIE
Minister

Mount Vernon Church
Boston

British Candor

Sirs:

I guess I'm still an Anglophile but, like millions of others, my conscience cries out at the British lack of candor.

Will someone tell me just what Churchill means? In the Atlantic Charter he said ". . . they respect the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live; and they wish to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them."

Last week he told Parliament, "We mean to hold our own. I have not become the King's first minister in order to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire."

Well, where does this leave India?

MAC F. CAHAL

Chicago

► Reader Cahal does not note the so-called "Churchill clause" of the Atlantic Charter, the phrase "with due respect for their existing obligations," which substantially modifies "the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live. . . ." Mr. Churchill evidently considers India "an existing obligation."—Ed.

Hollywood Notes

Sirs:

. . . It is, I suppose, your privilege to state that "wits" report the "Gentleman" was to be dropped from the title of the picture *Gentleman Jim* but you have done so at your own risk and prejudice. It is definitely *not* your privilege to say that I quit work at my studio. Such a statement reflects most seriously on my professional integrity and has done me great harm in the motion-picture industry and elsewhere. Nor, despite whatever pipe dream gave you the notion, was any plumber blown through my cellar door. Your most

* Said General McNair: "We must hate with every fiber. . . . We must lust for battle; our object in life must be to kill; we must scheme and plan night and day to kill. There need be no pangs of conscience, for our enemies have lighted the way to faster, surer, crueller killing. . . ."

—Ed.

TIME, December 7, 1942

Anniversary

December 7th
1941

— anniversary of a Sunday's quiet dawn, and what came after. Recalling *not the bombs*, for their smoke has long since blown away. *Not the scars* in Hawaii's hillsides, for ginger lilies covered the scars long ago, and flower scents blow sweet in city streets where bombs fell. Anniversary *not of bombs and scars*. It's for bigger things which came after, that the Nation will always "Remember Pearl Harbor!"

— that date saw 130 million Americans come together as one! That date made clear that we must fight for our rights, if we are to have any rights left. On that date was born one united resolve, *to win the war for these rights at all costs*.

— since then, we've seen teeming cities of armed men rising out of fields. We've seen industry of peace turned into industry of war, seaports seething with troops and war's endless baggage, and a *peaceful Nation become a fighting Nation*.

— on that day of treachery, the LURLINE, eastbound out of Honolulu, was near the center of the gathering storm. This fact was prophetic of her destiny for the duration, and the destiny of her sister liners, MARIPOSA, MONTEREY, and MATSONIA, and of MATSON's armada of freighters. From that day to this, these ships and their crews have been in the thick of it, and they will be, until Pearl Harbor has been satisfactorily *remembered*.

— the day which proclaimed a new bond, made sacred by American blood, binding Hawaii close to the heart of the Nation.

— anniversary then, *not of disaster, but of dedication!* Dedication of every American, man and woman, and every American thing, to our Country's ideals, and to the preservation of these ideals. Remembering all these things, now, through victory, and beyond, the Nation will always "Remember Pearl Harbor!"

Matson Line

TO *Hawaii* · NEW ZEALAND · AUSTRALIA VIA SAMOA · FIJI



It's like going to college AGAIN

★ A MESSAGE TO MEN NOW IN COLLEGE

Of course, you men in college are in mental turmoil. Your minds are naturally in a whirl. Should you join up now? Or would you be more valuable as a fighter if you get more training at school? We can't advise you. It is a distinctly personal problem.

Here at Alcoa we have a double problem, too. We continue to devote our energies to producing every possible pound of Aluminum Alloys to provide fighting equipment. But also, here and there, we are edging in an extra hour of thinking about what this world in general, and we in particular, can do to provide jobs for our fighters when they come home.

Imagineering is the word we use to describe this planning-ahead. It means dreaming of a future, and then having nerve enough to do something about making those dreams come true.

Doing Imagineering, as we do here at Alcoa, is kind of like going to college again. We have the routine jobs of production which, like your problems and reports, must make two and two equal four. Then there's the daydreaming. In your spot, it may earn you only a verbal crack on the knuckles. But, in industry, it's *expected* of every one of us. It has helped make our industry tick; it is making the wheels turn faster now; it promises even greater studies for Aluminum in the future.

Out of enough of that dreaming, that Imagineering, will come the peacetime prosperity which means jobs for all of us. Aluminum Company of America, 1971 Gulf Building, Pittsburgh.

A PARENTHETICAL ASIDE: FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

ALCOA ALUMINUM



• This message is printed by Aluminum Company of America to help people to understand *what we do* and *what sort of men* make aluminum grow in usefulness.

vicious slur was that "even escape into the anonymity of the Army is impossible—Flynn has 'athlete's heart.'". . . My record for "escaping" is in the Army files. . . .

ERROL FLYNN

Hollywood

► Let Reader Flynn, who has had plenty of troubles, not read sneers into TIME's account of them. TIME's story did not reflect on his professional integrity; it intended to reflect sympathetically on the perils of an actor's life, from which even escape into anonymity of the Army is impossible. (TIME still understands that he is classed 4-F.) Nor did TIME invent the story of a plumber being blown through his cellar door, which came from press dispatches.—Ed.

Plantation Plaint

Sirs:

Why is somebody always butting into somebody else's business?

I refer to . . . Senator Alben Barkley and . . . Senator Pepper and their Communistic New York City fellow travelers' efforts to unconstitutionally set up voting requirements for eight of our States. . . .

The privilege of suffrage carries with it responsibilities, and no one interested enough to vote minds registering or minds paying a poll tax of \$1 per year for that privilege.

In point of fact, if the poll tax was higher, we would get better government, less demagoguery, and not so many moronic buffoons in the Congress. . . .

Real American citizens endorse and encourage that courageous band of Senators in their filibuster fight to save our Republican form of Government, and bitterly resent such traitors to Democracy as Senators Barkley, Pepper, and their Communistic colleagues. They are the real impiders.

NELSON TRIMBLE LEVINGS

Levingshire Plantation
Moorhead, Miss.

► To vote in Mississippi, a citizen must have paid his poll taxes for two years preceding the election. The poll tax is a \$2 flat rate, but since municipal poll taxes may be added to the basic rate, the maximum rate is \$6. Mississippi's 1940 population: 2,183,796 persons. In 1940 only 175,824 Mississippians voted. Senator Theodore ("The Man") Bilbo's total vote in 1940: 143,341. He was elected by about one-fifteenth of the State's population, presumably including Reader Levings.—Ed.

The Hopes of France

Sirs:

TIME's account [Nov. 16] of Secretary Hull's fully justified policy with Vichy leads us to hope:

1) That Admiral Darlan will be used by the State Department temporarily and only because of his possible influence on the older generals, admirals and officers. . . .

2) That the State Department will not shelve General de Gaulle, nor forget that he alone was the nucleus of French resistance, the organizer of the Fighting French Army and the man who turned over to the Allied nations the major part of the French colonial empire.

3) That our Washington officials are informed that over 95% of the entire French population are anxiously awaiting the opportunity to help the final push following the opening of the second front. . . .

4) That all these elements hate and despise



P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N.J.



How American it is... to want something better!

TASTES VARY. All of us like the right to choose exactly what we want to eat or drink. You'd think, therefore, that in choosing a moderate beverage such as ale, there'd be much difference of opinion.

But there's another thing about Americans—their constant hunt for something better. And because this ale lives up so literally to the "Purity," "Body," and "Flavor," inscribed upon its three-ring trade mark, it has come to be..

America's largest selling Ale





PLASTIC *Eyes of the Air!*

Control panels in modern airplanes include a bewildering array of instruments, knobs and switches. Designers, consequently, are giving close study to simplification and, particularly, control identifications.

Ethocel, a Dow ethylcellulose plastic, is being used for this purpose. Knobs of different colors catch the eye quickly and identify the controls. Choice of Ethocel was indicated by its toughness, low moisture absorption, and especially by its exceptional stability and impact strength under temperature extremes. Dow plastics—Ethocel, Styron and saran—have proved their usefulness in war-time equipment.

THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY
MIDLAND, MICHIGAN

New York • St. Louis • Chicago • San Francisco • Los Angeles
Seattle • Houston

Ethocel and Styron are registered Trade Marks



PLASTICS

*Styron •
Saran • Ethocel
Ethocel Sheeting*

PRODUCTS OF CHEMICAL PROGRESS

Darlan . . . and will never accept to serve under him. . . .

5) That America cannot ignore French sentiments, nor disregard the recent past of a man whose every action and word has aimed to defeat the cause of the United Nations.

The above remarks are those of a man who returned three months ago from France via Morocco, after a close and firsthand analysis of events and people in Vichy France since the armistice.

C. P. MERRY

San Francisco

First Spanner

Sirs:

You say (TIME, Nov. 16) that General Doolittle "was first to span the continent in a single day." Is that statement correct? . . . I rely on memory alone; but it has been my understanding that about 20 years ago the feat credited to General Doolittle was accomplished by Earl Maughan. . . . Let credit be awarded to the one who earned it.

HENRY FARMER

Springfield, Mass.

► TIME correctly awarded credit: Lieut. (now Major General) Doolittle flew across the U.S. from Jacksonville, Fla. to San Diego, Calif., with one stop to refuel at Kelly Field, Tex., in 21 hours, 19 minutes, on Sept. 5, 1922. Lieut. (now Colonel) Russell Lowell Maughan made his dawn-to-dusk flight from New York to San Francisco in 21 hours, 48½ minutes on June 23, 1924. —ED.

The Breed of Generals

Sirs:

In TIME, Nov. 23, p. 32, col. 3, you print, "... their precious rubber boat capsized. Cried one: 'Damn the generals, save the boat.'"

In Carl Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years*, Vol. 2, p. 38, one may read: "A young brigadier with a small cavalry troop strayed into Confederate lines in Virginia and was captured. Receiving the report, Lincoln said he was sorry to lose the horses. 'I can make a better brigadier any day, but those horses cost the government \$125 a head.'"

Apparently the breed of general officer has been improved in the intervening years. . . .

WILLIAM ROY BEGG

Yonkers, N.Y.

Man of the Year

Sirs:

For Man of the Year—Draja Mihailovich, leader of the Yugoslav *Chetniks*! . . .

Politically and spiritually, his contribution to civilization in 1942 has been priceless.

In that dark corner of the Balkans, surrounded by vulture-like Hungary; by corrupt and degenerate Rumania; by venal Bulgaria and the contemptible Italian Black-shirts, he has kept liberty's torch flaring in the murderous Nazi night like a beacon on the Adriatic.

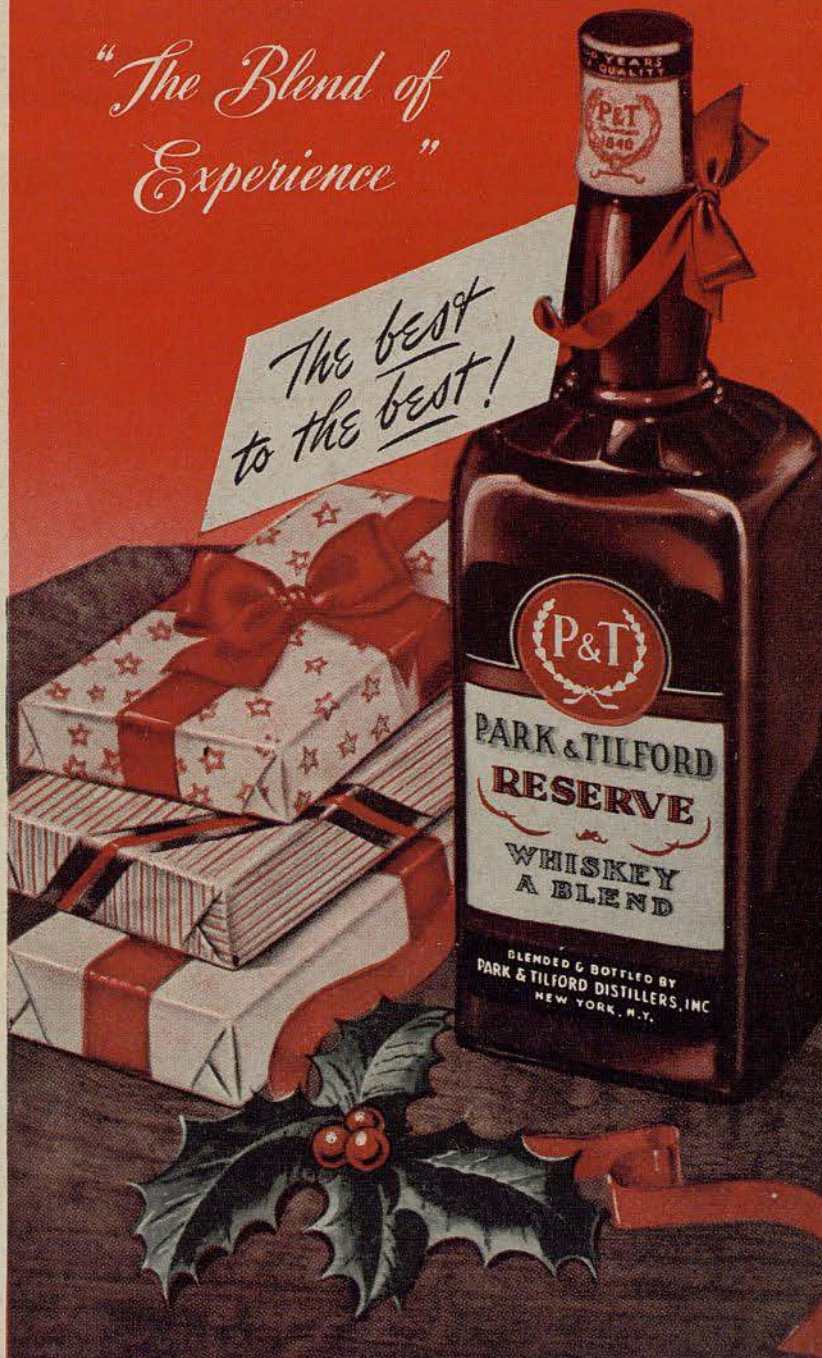
History has already marked him for all time among the great fighters for liberty. Wallace and Bruce from the Scottish moors; Alfred of England; Garibaldi, Bolivar, Kosciuszko, Washington (just try to find one German among them from the days of the Teutoburg barbarians to the Burning of the Books!)—all the great Liberators salute him. Our own "Swamp Fox" Marion of the Revolution would have delighted in this peerless guerrilla. Among the great mountain fighters for human dignity and freedom he has held the pass as surely as Leonidas did at Thermopylae. . . .

But if by such a recognition you run any chance whatsoever of anglicizing and softening him, withhold the award! The *Chetnik's* knife must remain keen and the *Chetnik's*

PARK & TILFORD RESERVE

*"The Blend of
Experience"*

*The best
to the best!*



A Gift in finest taste
*—because it is the finest-tasting
Whiskey of its type in America!*

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF

On a Sunday morning twelve months ago, America got out of bed and yawned and breakfasted, went to church and read the funnies or took a walk with the kids. We were a big, sleepy, good-natured people who only half believed that such things as war existed.

A few hours later we were awake. The thing that made us awake was treacherous and brutal, but the shock of it was as bracing as an icy shower. We knew, at last, where we stood and what we had to do.

THAT WAS A YEAR AGO...

You have a broad idea of what the nation has accomplished in this first year of war. We now report to you on what the men of one company have done and are doing.

Long before last December, "Caterpillar" Diesel Tractors and Motor Graders, Engines and Electric Sets were busy on what was then called "defense" work. With the country's entry into war, "Caterpillar" production was turned wholly to war purposes, and our plants, already on three shifts a day, stepped up their output. Additional space was built. More workers were trained.

Throughout this crucial year, one hundred per cent of this increased "Caterpillar" production has been going into the war effort—the vast majority of it directly to our *combat forces* and our fighting allies.

"Caterpillar" Diesel equipment is clearing beach-heads for attack troops, hauling big guns, building and repairing landing fields, powering naval craft and generating current for lights and communications.

Here at home, thousands of older "Caterpillar" machines have been performing nobly. With heavier loads and longer hours a necessity—they have stood up under grueling punishment. In industry, construction, mines, lumber camps and on farms, "Caterpillar" Diesels are making a mighty contribution to the war effort.

They're no orphans—these tough, veteran machines. They are under able and expert guardianship. Back of their record of performance stand the "Caterpillar" dealers who have met the challenge of this emergency with energy and courage, and have shouldered full responsibility for keeping "Caterpillar" Diesel equipment doing its sturdy best.

With a large supply of replacement parts, and with complete service facilities available night and day, "Caterpillar" dealers everywhere are pledged to keep "Caterpillar" Diesel Tractors, Graders, Engines and Electric Sets delivering all of the long life and rugged dependability that are built into them.

CATERPILLAR DIESEL

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO., PEORIA, ILLINOIS

TO WIN THE WAR: WORK—FIGHT—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS!

arm like steel, when the day of reckoning comes with the unspeakable Nazi. . . .

DAVID S. LEVY

Salt Lake City

Sirs:

. . . I urge the candidacy of Draja Mihailovich, because:

- 1) No other man has accomplished as much in 1942 for the Allied cause or for any one nation, *as an individual*.
- 2) His army is his own creation.
- 3) His army's exploits are his own.
- 4) He took to the field minus any promises from any Allied nation.
- 5) He has pinned down a sizable Axis force.
- 6) He is an effective symbol of the Allied cause.
- 7) He sets an example for guerrillas in other conquered countries—when opportunity permits them to operate.
- 8) His success develops double importance with our own forces now gathering to strike through the Balkans. (His troops one day will become an arm of an Allied nutcracker.)

G. S. YORKE

Los Angeles

Sirs:

. . . A man, who, in my humble opinion, will go down in the annals of historic achievement as one of the most remarkable characters, and perhaps one of the greatest patriots of Allied Nations embroiled in World War II. I refer to General Draja Mihailovich, Minister of War to the Yugoslav Government-in-Exile. . . . This little man with an iron will whose unsung praises will one day be heralded to a people victoriously released from the yoke of our common enemy. . . .

E. H. KEATE

Indianapolis

Sirs:

Greatness in a man is too often measured by the amount of publicity he received. Many a man has had to wait until the hand of death opened the eyes of the world to the greatness of him who had passed. . . .

I would like to present for your consideration as *TIME's* Man of the Year . . . the one-man *Blitzkrieg* of Yugoslavia, General Draja Mihailovich.

Here is a man who doesn't know the definition of the word "defeat." . . .

A man, too—mark you—from whom much will be heard during and after the final victorious peace!

I salute the glorious *Chetniks!*—and give you their supreme commander, Generalissimo Draja Mihailovich!

ALBERT E. FOWLER

Newburyport, Mass.

Sirs:

I offer the one man who really stands out in this warring world: General Draja Mihailovich, who in his own way is raising more hell with Hitler than all the rest of us put together. . . .

Not only as a fighting man, but as a symbol of smoldering, starving Europe, General Mihailovich alone deserves the title.

TED SMILEY

Jacksonville

Sirs:

. . . Draja Mihailovich as the Man of the Year. . . . Every citizen of freedom-loving countries throughout the world should literally take off their hats to him. . . .

BERNIE HEAD

Tampa

Sirs:

. . . General Draja Mihailovich . . . whose feats fire the imagination as did Lawrence of Arabia in World War I.

HARRY REMINGTON

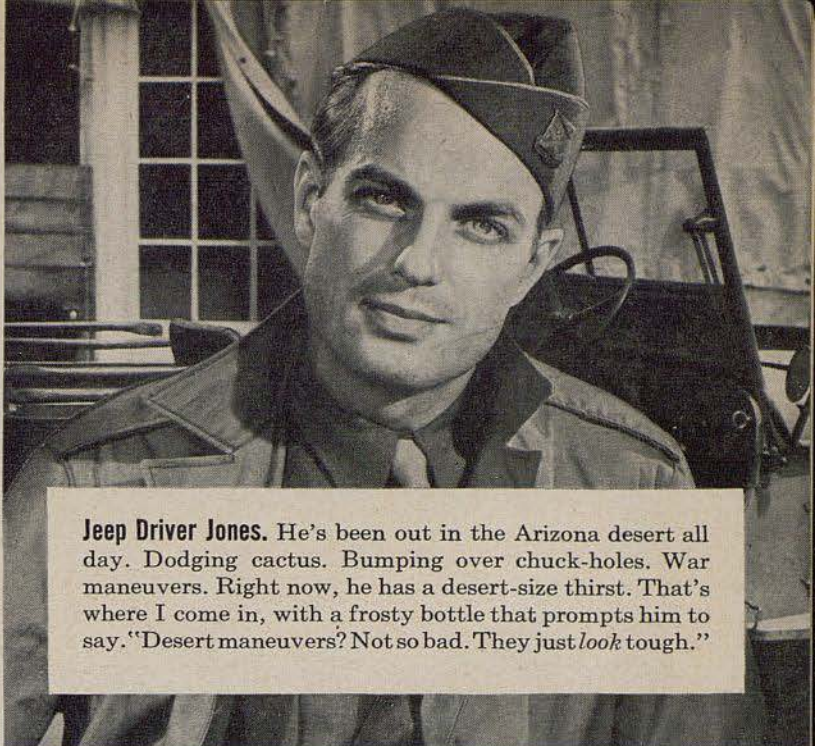
Chicago

TIME, December 7, 1942



ROYAL CROWN COLA TALKING:

"MEET FOUR BUDDIES OF MINE"



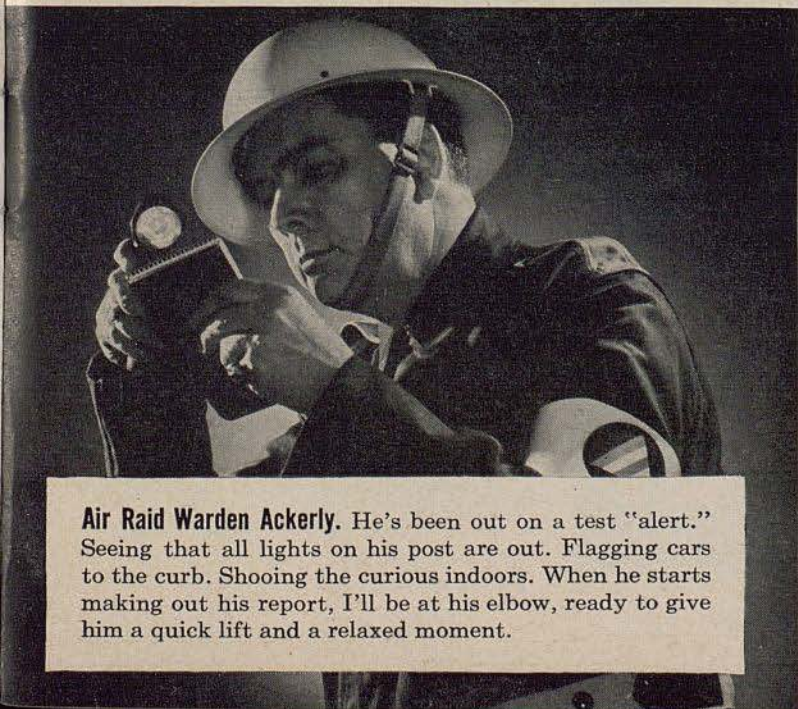
Jeep Driver Jones. He's been out in the Arizona desert all day. Dodging cactus. Bumping over chuck-holes. War maneuvers. Right now, he has a desert-size thirst. That's where I come in, with a frosty bottle that prompts him to say. "Desert maneuvers? Not so bad. They just *look* tough."



Boy Scout Britt. He's been rounding up scrap all afternoon. Tugging old radiators, hunks of iron and cobwebbed steel and rubber out to the pushcart he made himself. Tired? Who wouldn't be? But when he gets home and grabs me out of the icebox, watch his freckled grin.



"Lightning" Mulligan. That's what the boys call her. She solders the maze of wires in a Flying Fortress as swiftly and neatly as she used to find books in the library she ran. It's close, precise work. When her time-out comes, I'm glad to be there with a frosty "quick-up" that gives her a new start.



Air Raid Warden Ackerly. He's been out on a test "alert." Seeing that all lights on his post are out. Flagging cars to the curb. Shooing the curious indoors. When he starts making out his report, I'll be at his elbow, ready to give him a quick lift and a relaxed moment.

FOUR FRIENDS . . . of a 5¢ soft drink. Four out of the millions every day who have that shrewd American understanding of how a relaxed moment makes working and fighting easier.

I'm keeping my quality *up*. I can't let my buddies *down*. As a result, there's less of me to go around. So occasionally if you can't get me, remember I've got to be made *right* to taste *best*. And every time you do find me, you can be sure I'm still the cola that's best by taste-test.



TAKE TIME OUT FOR A "QUICK-UP" WITH

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Best by Taste-Test!

BUY MORE U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS TODAY

LADIES PREFER PIPES IF...



...if your tobacco meets the INDOOR TEST

What a difference, mister! So aromatic the ladies *cheer*!

And mild? Just compare it to the finest custom blend! Smooth. Sweet-smoking. Bite-free. Moreover—it doesn't lose its flavor.

BOND STREET contains a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in any popular priced mixture. It leaves no stale pipe odors in the room. Make this Indoor Test today... and see!

15¢
POCKET TIN

Most discriminating pipe smokers stay with BOND STREET "forever after"—once they try it. It's *that* good! Economical, too. 15¢ for large pocket tin. Pouch, 10¢.



BOND STREET

PIPE TOBACCO

A product of PHILIP MORRIS

Sirs:
... Draja Mihailovich...
WALLY ALLEN
Pittsburgh

Sirs:
One vote for Draja Mihailovich...
NED ALVORD
Rock Island, Ill.

Sirs:
... General Draja Mihailovich...
SPENCE PIERCE
Atlanta

Sirs:
... Draja Mihailovich...
Z. M. HARRIS
New York City

Sirs:
May I request you select Westbrook Pegler as your Man of the Year... His clear thinking and his old-fashioned Americanism and patriotism make him the greatest force for good in the country today.
KENNETH T. HOWE
Boston

Sirs:
... For his colossal courage, I nominate Westbrook Pegler...
RAY W. IRVIN
Gates Mills, Ohio

Sirs:
... Consider Westbrook Pegler...
KENNETH W. AKERS
Cleveland

Sirs:
STALIN...
ERNEST DUDLEY CHASE
Boston

Sirs:
... Joseph Stalin of Russia...
JAMES J. BAHR
Wilmington, N.C.

Sirs:
... A Russian soldier...
F. J. CRUMLEY
Amarillo, Tex.

Sirs:
I wish to nominate for Man of the Year the Russian people...
MARGARET W. NASH
Wilmington, N.C.

Sirs:
Is any one more worthy... than Ivan Ivanovich?
MRS. ARTHUR R. BAER
Chicago

Sirs:
Re TIME's Man of the Year—by all odds Marshal Timoshenko.
STAFF SERGEANT MELVIN SCHIFTER
New Orleans

Sirs:
... I renominate Wendell Willkie, who, by free speech ("I say what I damn please"), has catapulted the complacent United Nations out of their deep, defensive sleep and started offensives throughout the world...
HAROLD BAXTER
Los Angeles

Sirs:
My nomination for Man of the Year: The U.S. fighting men of World War II.
BARRY WOOD
New York City

► Nominations are open.—Ed.

TIME, December 7, 1942



**MY EYES
ARE OK!**

**O YEAH?
THAT'S WHAT
I THOUGHT!**

MIRACLES OF PROTECTION have been devised by safety engineers for workers in war plants.

Straps snatch careless hands from under plunging punches. Electric eyes stop huge presses instantly if operators move into danger.

Dangling sleeves, neckties and hair, rings and bracelets, are forbidden. Safety comes first.

But no safety rules and devices can completely protect you if your eyesight is not good.

Faulty eyes lie to you, betray you. Some of them misjudge distance. Some blur nearby objects. Some see double.

All of them tire, jitter and fail when forced to concentrate hour after hour.

Then, swift as a striking snake, comes personal tragedy—and another casualty to weaken the United Nations' army of production.

Are your eyes OK? How do you know? Have you

had them examined lately? If not, by all means do so at once. Eye neglect is foolish at any time. In this hour of national peril it is worse than foolish. It is as much a betrayal of your country as going to sleep on sentry duty.

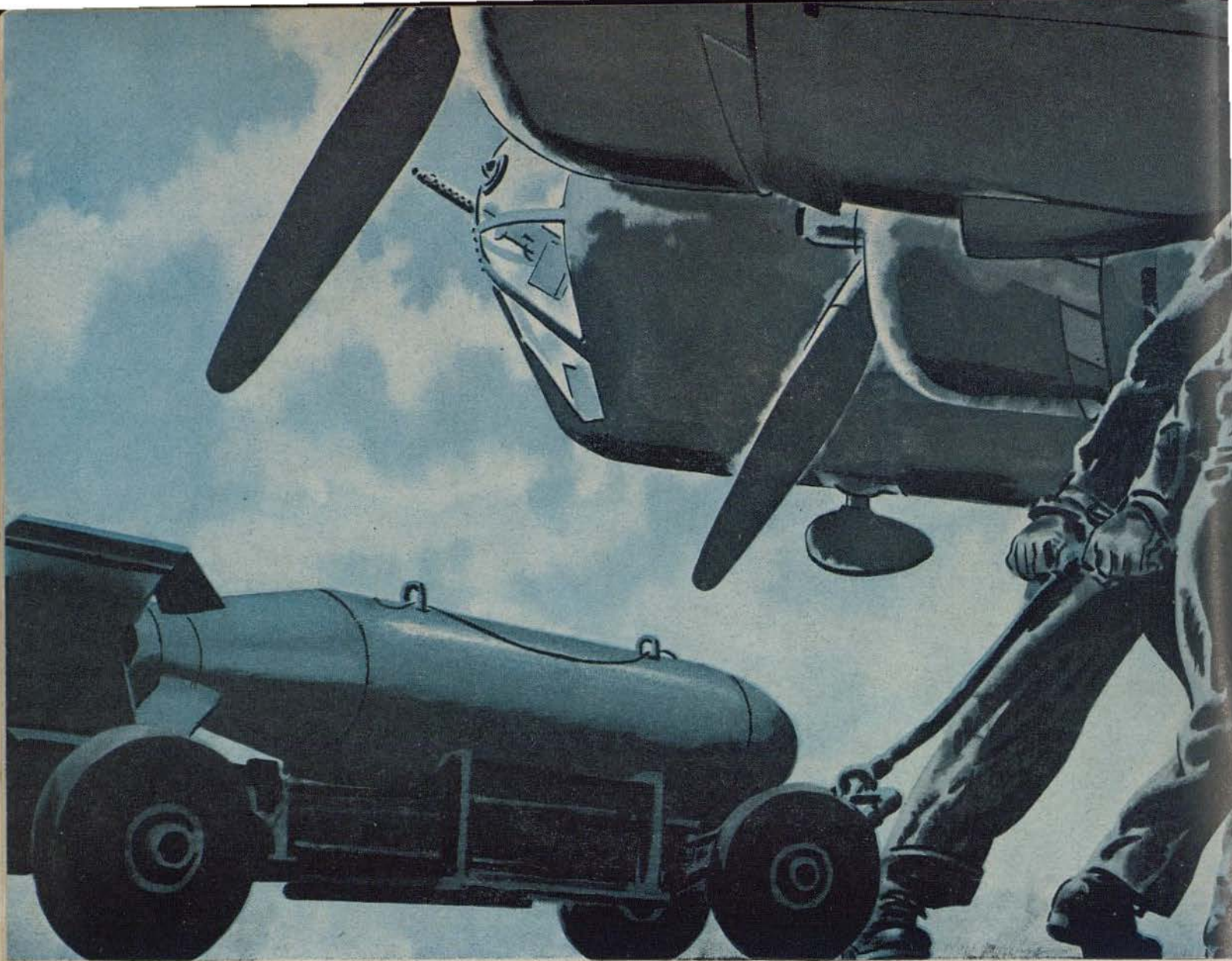
See to your eyes. Get the best professional service possible... a trustworthy examination and the highest technical fitting skill to protect the only pair of eyes you will ever have.

Tune up your vision for victory.

VISION FOR VICTORY



Better Vision Institute, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York



Instrument of Instruction

A PRACTICE BOMB looks and acts just like the real thing until it reaches its destination. Then it goes up in a comparatively harmless puff of black smoke by which observers can check the accuracy of the "shot."

The practice bomb's interior is mostly sand, plus a five-pound charge of black powder, but it has to be as carefully made for Army use as if it were meant for the grim business of bombing the Axis.

When a bombardier draws a bead on a practice target and hits or misses it, he needs to know that the same bomb, packed with 100 pounds of "earthquake," would have landed on precisely the same spot.

Thanks to Rheem's careful methods of manufacture,

practice bombs are serving to develop remarkable skill in our bombardiers and to demonstrate the uncanny precision of our secret bombsights.

For Today . . . Rheem's manufacture of practice bombs, of real depth bombs and of parts for real aerial bombs is a logical extension of the company's other wartime production—including many types of steel drums, barrels, boxes, and other containers; shells and shell casings, Liberty ships, and airplane sub-assemblies.

For a New Tomorrow . . . Rheem's skill in the manufacture of sheet-metal containers, a special objective of Rheem research, engineering and production in peace as in war, is also shown in the production of water heaters, tanks and other appliances of home utility. Out of Rheem's war experiences will come even finer products for the homes of the new America, post-war.



RHEEM MANUFACTURING COMPANY

13 Factories in the United States . . . 2 in Australia • Research and engineering on both coasts • Executive and Sales offices: Rockefeller Center, New York City
Normandy Building, Washington, D. C. • Richmond, Calif.





How Social Security Benefits

MAY AFFECT YOUR LIFE INSURANCE PLANNING



ARE YOU ENROLLED under the Federal Social Security Act and eligible for future benefits?

If so—have you considered those benefits in planning the best way to have your life insurance money paid to your beneficiary?

Here in general is what the present law provides if, when you die or retire, you have qualified for Social Security benefits:

... Should you die leaving young dependent children, each child will receive a monthly income until reaching 16, or 18 if in school. As long as this income is being paid, your widow will receive an additional income while unmarried.

... Should you die leaving a widow under 65, but no dependent children, she will be paid a lump sum at the time of your death.

... In either case, your widow, if she remains unmarried, will receive a monthly income beginning at the age of 65, and continuing as long as she lives.

... If you yourself live to 65, and retire, you will receive a monthly income as long as you live. In that case, your wife will also receive a life income, starting when she reaches 65.

Here are three ways Social Security benefits might influence your decision on how to leave your insurance to your beneficiary:



1. If you have young children, your wife at your death may receive a monthly income from Social Security until the youngest child is 18. You will want to consider this income if you plan to have your insurance money paid her in regular installments, for it will help you determine the most effective amount and starting date for the installments, and how long they should continue.



2. If your children are already grown, remember that at your death your wife will receive no *monthly income* benefits from Social Security until she reaches 65. At that time, she'll begin to receive a monthly income for the rest of her life. Therefore, you might want to fill in that gap by arranging to have all or most of your insurance paid to her as income to last until she reaches 65.



3. If you live to sixty-five and no longer need as much life insurance protection, you can have the values of your policies paid to you. This money, plus your Social Security benefits and any investments, may enable you to retire.

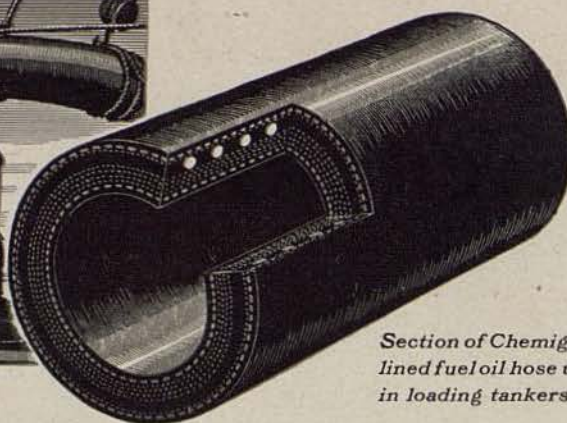
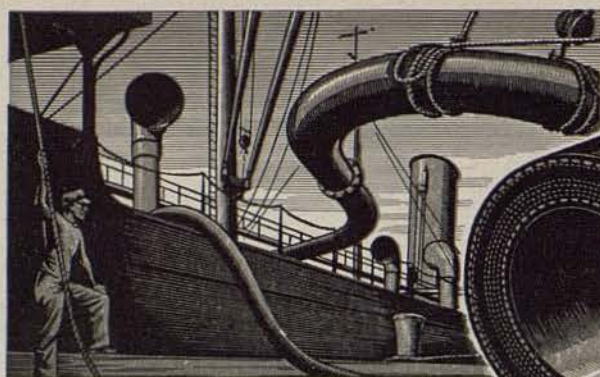
If you would like to know more about how your life insurance can be tied in with your Social Security benefits, see your Prudential agent.

The **PRUDENTIAL**
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



ARE WE HELPING YOU? This is another in our series of advertisements—"What Every Man Should Know About Life Insurance." This series is intended to give you the kind of *practical* information on life insurance that will be of real benefit to you and your family.

We hope these advertisements will help you understand life insurance better and give you a deeper appreciation of your agent's services. Your comments will be welcomed.



Section of Chemigum-lined fuel oil hose used in loading tankers

No, America was not asleep on SYNTHETIC RUBBER

It seems to be a somewhat common impression that up to Pearl Harbor synthetic rubber manufacture was a Nazi-controlled monopoly; that America was asleep to its possibilities until our natural rubber sources were lost.

The truth is, as early as 1927 Goodyear chemists had developed a synthetic very similar to natural rubber in structure and properties. This process was patented in both the United States and Great Britain.

Nearly two years before the war began in Europe we had advanced the art of synthesizing rubber to the point where tires made with our product, now called Chemigum, actually outwore those made with the best natural rubber. But the high cost of producing Chemigum at that time made the price of these tires prohibitive.

Nevertheless, Goodyear proceeded to build America's first complete plant for producing synthetic rubber of this type, and began the commercial manufacture of Chemigum for certain industrial uses where its impermeability to solvents

makes it vastly superior to natural rubber.

Since 1938 we have made large quantities of fuel oil and gasoline hose, pipe line connections, gaskets, printers' rollers and press blankets with Chemigum. In 1940 we added bullet-puncture-sealing linings for gasoline tanks and numerous other items for war-planes.

When America went to war our entire facilities were immediately devoted to producing for our armed forces many needs that had previously been built with natural rubber. Large new plants since built as part of the government's war program are now providing synthetic rubber in a steadily increasing quantity for a wide variety of military uses.

This rapid wartime expansion is bringing about new low-cost methods of producing synthetic rubber which, combined with our twenty years' experience in developing synthetics, assures America

of high-quality tires and other rubber goods at reasonable prices—as soon as production capacity exceeds military demands.



THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER
GOODYEAR

Chemigum—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company



CHRISTMAS GIFT ORDER FORM



Special Christmas Rates

ONE SUBSCRIPTION \$5.00

ADDITIONAL EACH \$3.50

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

To answer some of the questions our subscribers have been asking
about how *TIME* gathers, verifies, writes and distributes its news.

Dear Subscriber



The hardest place in the allied world to get back-ground news out of is Russia. Reports of major battles come through all right—but the intimate facts about the Russian worker and about Russia's industrial mobilization have been closely guarded secrets since before Stalin came into power.

Only one American journalist I know of ever set out in overalls to make a life work of getting the truth about what the great Communist experiment is doing to Russian life. His name is John Scott; he is back in this country now as one of the Foreign News editors of *TIME*; and his story is so interesting that I was sure you would like to hear it.

Scott made up his mind to find out the real truth about the Soviets while he was still at the University of Wisconsin. He figured a good factory worker would be a lot more welcome in Russia than another foreign journalist—so after college he went to the General Electric works at Schenectady and earned his certificate as a master electric welder. He took out a union card here, sailed for Russia—and then went to college all over again to learn the language there.

By September 1932 he was ready to tackle his first job—helping to build Siberian Magnitogorsk into a Russian Pittsburgh. He worked three years as a welder, then two years more as a chemist in a coke and chemical by-products plant. He became completely at home among the Russians and married a Russian girl—a teacher of mathematics. Russian is still the language usually spoken in his home in New York—but Mrs. Scott can speak English now and she is mighty glad to be on this side of the Atlantic.

At Magnitogorsk Scott saw factories rise out of the mud—watched a town of 2,000 mushroom into Russia's largest iron and steel stronghold, with an annual production of close to 3,000,000 tons. "Building Magnitogorsk from the ground up caused more casualties than the Battle of the Marne," he says. The story of that

tremendous enterprise and its terrific toll in human lives and effort is in his first book, *Beyond the Urals*.

Scott's second book was published just the other day. Its title is *Duel for Europe*, and it tells the inside story of Soviet policy during the two years before Hitler tore up his pact with Stalin and the Nazis marched into Russia. (The *New York Times* says Scott's unique knowledge of the Russian life and language makes this book "a work of first-rate importance"—and the *New York Herald Tribune* adds that while "ambassadors and military experts had a chance to see one side of the picture, John Scott—working and living with the Russian people—knew more than most of them.")

But Scott is an author second and a newspaperman first. The last three years he was in Russia he worked for the *New York Times*, the sober London *News Chronicle*, the French news agency Havas—worked for them almost too zealously, it seems, because just two weeks before the German invasion he was kicked out of the Soviet Union for telling too much a little too soon. (He tipped the news that all was not well between Hitler and Stalin in a series of articles smuggled across the border by "rabbits"—traveling diplomats who mailed the stories to his newspaper from neutral Stockholm.)

Scott came back home the hard way—via Japan—cabled several stories to *TIME* from Tokyo—went to work for us as soon as he had finished writing his books.

And with the Red Armies looming larger and larger in the news ever since—and the Soviet censors continuing to show foreign news men only the surface of things—our editors are finding John Scott, welder and student, a tremendously valuable co-worker in giving depth and authenticity and human understanding to their stories about the Russian war effort behind the front.

Cordially,

P. I. Prentice

Don't waste PEPSODENT

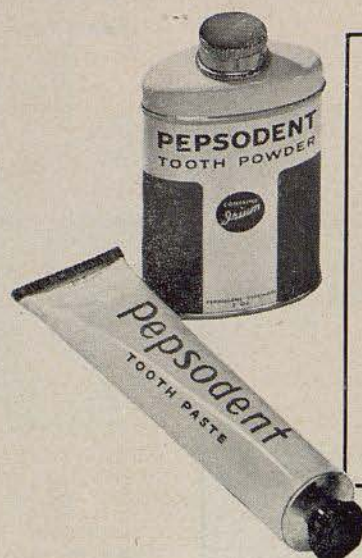
It takes only a little to make
your smile brighter

Nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we make goes to men in uniform...they want it...they deserve it.

At the same time, we are trying to supply the biggest number of civilian customers in Pepsodent history.

But, wartime restrictions limit the amount of Pepsodent we can make.

So... we urge you: Don't waste Pepsodent. Use it sparingly. If you will help save enough for others... there will be enough for you.



Lucky for all...

that dental science knows no more effective, safe ingredients than those which make up Pepsodent's patented formula. That's why Pepsodent is so good, so effective, so safe that only a little is needed to make teeth brighter, make smiles more sparkling.



1. MOISTEN your brush before applying paste. If you apply Pepsodent before wetting brush, it may wash down the drain. Finish brushing before rinsing brush.



2. MEASURE out only as much paste as you need. About three-quarters of an inch is enough. Always squeeze and roll tube evenly from the bottom. Replace cap.



3. POUR Pepsodent Powder into the cupped palm of your hand—enough powder to cover a 5¢ piece is plenty. *Do not* sprinkle it on the brush—this is wasteful.



4. SHOW children how to dab—*not rub*—moist brush in powder to pick it up. Measure out the right amount for small children and teach them the proper way to brush teeth.



5. HANG your tooth brush up to dry after you use it. Bristles will stay firmer and last longer this way. Soggy, worn, wilted tooth brushes are inefficient, wasteful.



6. YOUR DRUGGIST is trying his best to serve everyone. Don't blame him if his Pepsodent stock is low and he has to disappoint you. Try again in a few days.

U. S. AT WAR

THE NATION

Anniversary

It should be observed as a day of silence in remembrance of a day of great infamy.

Thus Franklin Roosevelt, President and Commander in Chief, approached the first anniversary of a Dec. 7 that will live long in American history. Restrained official voices warned the American people not to underestimate the difficulties of the job still ahead. The war was not won. But victory for the United Nations never looked more certain.

Clearly revealed at last were the inadequacies of Axis power. Not so clearly revealed, but beginning to emerge, was the possibility that the major leaders of the United Nations had had a global strategy from the beginning. Columnist Major George Fielding Eliot last week essayed to outline it, concluded that nothing happened by accident, that all had been planned and carried out with "magnificent precision." Reasoned Major Eliot: Last August when Russia was fighting off Germany's renewed attacks and it seemed certain that Japan would seize the chance to invade Russia's Far Eastern provinces, the U.S. went into the Solomons. Japan "fell into the trap" and diverted the troops she needed for a Siberian adventure.

Cause for Exuberance. "Stalingrad continued to hold, and the . . . Germans poured their resources into this bottomless pit. . . ." The Germans meanwhile were encouraged to believe that a Second Front attempt would be made in Western Europe. Then "like a bolt from the blue, Montgomery in Egypt fell on Rommel." Eisenhower landed in North Africa. The Germans turned their panic-stricken faces south, and "instantly destruction fell upon them at Stalingrad."

If Major Eliot's hindsight conclusions were three-quarters correct the people of the U.S., with those of Britain and Russia, had good cause to feel exuberant. Leaders Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin had not failed them. Especially, Franklin Roosevelt had not failed the people of the U.S.

It might or it might not have been as Major Eliot saw it, for all returns were not yet in. But the facts to date were good enough so that Major Eliot could advance as a plausible hypothesis the assertion that Roosevelt II was "one of the greatest war Presidents" of the U.S., a man with a "grasp of total and global strategy." Concluded Major Eliot: "We may likewise face the future under his leadership with a serene confidence in victory to come."



Associated Press

THE WOUNDED RETURN

After one year the strategy was clear, the arsenal mighty.

Almanac

By the time the first wounded came home from North Africa last week, smiling from their cots in the train that took them to Washington's Walter Reed Hospital, almost a year had passed since that calm Sunday afternoon when the Mare Island Navy Yard intercepted the message: *From CINCPAC to all ships present Hawaiian area: Air raid on Pearl Harbor. This is no drill.*

When he heard the news from excited Navy Secretary Frank Knox, all that Franklin Roosevelt could utter was an astonished "No!" In their living rooms, on the golf courses, driving in their cars, tens of thousands of profane Americans said: "Why, the yellow bastards!" Said the Hon. Gerald Prentice Nye, senior U.S. Senator from North Dakota, about to address an America First rally in Pittsburgh: "It sounds terribly fishy to me."

That same day: Maxim Maximovich Litvinoff arrived in Washington by plane to take up his duties as Russian Ambassador; in the indignation over the Jap attack, the ruling of the President's coal arbitration board that all captive coalmine workers must join John Lewis' U.M.W. was lost in the shuffle. Day be-

fore, Frank Knox, in his annual report, rated the U.S. Navy "second to none."

Jan. 2, 1942: Japs occupy Manila and Cavite naval base.

Ten days earlier, Winston Churchill had arrived in Washington with a delegation of 86, including Britain's top military leaders. From Winston Churchill came magnificent rhetoric, not a single hard, military fact. Franklin Roosevelt seemed preoccupied with nonmilitary affairs: he accepted his labor-management board's peace plan (no wartime strikes or lock-outs, all disputes arbitrated, establishment of WLB), reshuffled production under WPB with Donald Nelson in charge.

March 17: General Douglas MacArthur, hero of the delaying action on Bataan, arrives in Australia.

Although the first A.E.F. had landed in Northern Ireland, the eyes of the U.S. people were on the Pacific theater. They learned that a month earlier the Navy had blasted the Marshall and Gilbert Islands. At home they were embroiled in a heated fight over abolition of the 40-hour week. Robert Guthrie, WPB's textile division head, accused \$1-a-year men of preventing total conversion of industry to war, resigned in a huff. (The last car had rolled off Detroit's assembly lines on Jan. 30.)

U.S. AT WAR

In numberless cities, the names of roads and bridges were changed to MacArthur.

Brigadier General Mark Wayne Clark, up from a lieutenant-colonelcy in two years, announced that the Army would train troops in desert warfare somewhere "west of the Colorado River."

April 9: Bataan falls, on the second anniversary of the Nazi invasion of Norway.

On that same day: Commerce Secretary Jesse Jones, riled by a charge in Eugene Meyer's *Washington Post* that he had failed to lay in a sufficient rubber stockpile, punched Mr. Meyer at a Washington party; WPB cut the use of iron and steel in golf clubs 50%; pink-cheeked Gaston Henry-Haye, Ambassador of Vichy France, presented Franklin Roosevelt with a bound volume of the speeches of Marshal Pétain to "enlighten" the President on the "general principles that the Marshal is following."

In a fighting speech in his fighting home State of Texas, House Speaker Sam Rayburn let a secret out of the bag: the U.S. was producing over 3,300 planes a month.

April 18: U.S. flyers, under Brigadier General Jimmy Doolittle, raid Tokyo.

Said General George C. Marshall, U.S. Chief of Staff, on a visit to U.S. troops in Northern Ireland: "We have an Army corps trained now for amphibious operations."

May 4-9: Battle of the Coral Sea.

Same day the battle began, the U.S. people registered for sugar rationing. In The Bronx, a grand jury cleared Democratic National Chairman Ed Flynn of converting WPA labor and materials to his own use; New York's Governor Herbert Lehman announced he would not run again. The President had visits from politicians whose business was not the war.

June 4-6: Battle of Midway.

A major switch in strategy seemed to be forthcoming when WPB stopped construction of new war plants, ordered all raw materials to be used in production.

For the second time in six months, Winston Churchill turned up in Washington. Said a joint U.S.-British announcement: an understanding had been reached on the "urgent tasks of creating a second front in Europe in 1942." The headlines also said: ROMMEL 100 MILES IN EGYPT. The count on U.S. ships sunk by Axis subs at the end of June: 323. The newspapers that told of Jap landings in the Aleutians also carried an announcement from Cordell Hull: the U.S. would resume shipment of food, clothing and fuel oil to French North Africa.

Aug. 10: U.S. Marines had landed on Guadalcanal, Florida, Tulagi. Aug. 19: U.S. Rangers take part in raid on Dieppe.

The temper of U.S. participation in the war was increasing, but from the people and the press came demands for more action abroad (a second front), for sterner measures at home (too much was shelved until after elections). In a historic speech Franklin Roosevelt asked Congress to pass the anti-inflation bill—"or else." While Congress wrangled, he took his two weeks' "secret" trip through the country. On his return, he signed the bill. He also chastised Administration spokesmen who said the U.S. was losing the war.

Although the Jap had been beaten back in attempts to recapture the Solomons, the U.S. losses were heavy, the U.S. position looked desperate. Almost unnoticed, a Republican trend had developed in the country. On election day, Republicans gained 47 seats in the House, 10 in the Senate, many an important Governorship. Franklin Roosevelt seemed unworried.

Nov. 7: U.S. troops land in North Africa; Nov. 13-15: the U.S. Navy sinks 28 Jap ships in the epic Battle of Guadalcanal.

U.S. strategy, which began evolving last Christmas, was decided upon and accepted in principle by Britain and Russia last summer, had now come clear. Clear, too, now was the output achieved by the American arsenal in the first year of war—an output which, although measured in startling

figures (see chart), can be better appreciated by the American people now that its planes and tanks and guns are being used by their sons and brothers. What is more, they know that the arsenal is still growing.

THE PRESIDENCY

Unfinished Business

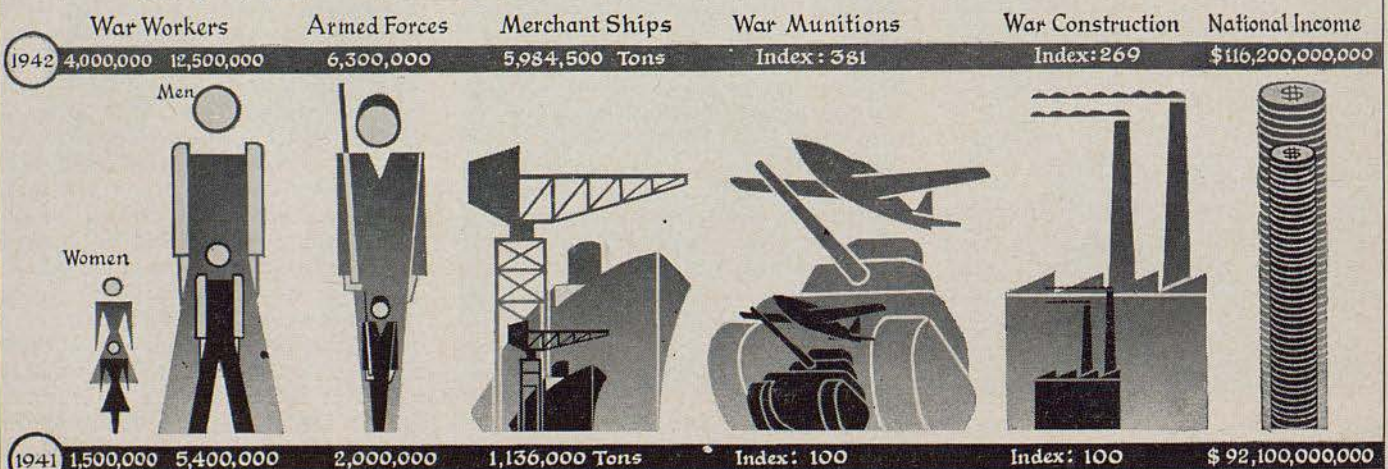
On Franklin Roosevelt's desk, pushed aside during the long weeks of planning the African campaign, lay many an important piece of unfinished domestic business. Last week President Roosevelt studied the problems, called in his advisers, conferred again & again. In Washington, men whose senses are attuned to administrative earthquakes could feel the ground begin to tremble.

Biggest unsolved problem was manpower, growing steadily worse despite dozens of plans, scores of planners, thousands of words of advice, criticism and pious hope before Congressional committees. To the White House went Presidential Adviser Judge Samuel I. Rosenman, whose presence often foreshadows sudden change. To the White House also went Labor's Philip Murray and William Green.

In the President's hands at week's end was the most startling plan yet conceived for shaking up the manpower administration. It called for a Cabinet switch such as Franklin Roosevelt has never made before: Interior Secretary Harold L. Ickes to become Secretary of Labor in full charge of manpower and Selective Service, Manpower Commissioner Paul V. McNutt to move into Ickes' old job in Interior, Labor Secretary Fanny Perkins to be shunted aside as Director of the Federal Security Administration.

There were other new blueprints drawn up: the President could take his choice. Many an uneasy eye watched the White House for hints and signs of what was coming. At a press conference, a newsman asked Paul McNutt if he expected to stay

ONE YEAR'S WAR EFFORT



TIME Chart by James Cuffer

TIME, December 7, 1942

U. S. AT WAR



Myron H. Davis

SAMMY THE ROSE
The blueprints were drawn . . .

manpower director; he answered frankly, "I don't know." Fanny Perkins had not even heard of the proposed shakeup until newsmen told her. A spokesman for Harold Ickes insisted that his boss was perfectly satisfied in Interior.

But changes—big ones—may be on the way. Urging the President to act quickly were five potent Congressional committee heads, New Dealers all, who wanted the whole war organization overhauled and tightened (TIME, Nov. 23). Only four weeks away was the inauguration of a new Congress with only a paper majority for the Democratic Party. Franklin Roosevelt knew, and worked in the knowledge, that unless he overhauled his own war agencies, Congress might do it for him.

Last week the President also:

- Was host to Ecuador's firm, friendly President Carlos Alberto Arroyo del Río, one of the Americas' staunchest Good Neighbors. At the White House President Arroyo was guest at a state dinner, remained overnight, discussed long and earnestly with Franklin Roosevelt the prospects for post-war economic unity in the Western Hemisphere.

- Administered the final, official rebuke to opponents of nationwide gasoline rationing by ordering Rubber Czar William Jeffers and OPAdministrator Leon Henderson to start rationing this week as planned.
- Conferred with some of his Congressional leaders on the molasses-slow progress of the bill he requested for wartime authority to suspend tariff and immigration laws. But at week's end a rebellious Congress still balked at his request.

- Lost an able old White House lieutenant when dour, crafty Charles Michelson, who had taken the skin off scores of Re-

publicans in ten years of speech-ghosting and column writing, decided to retire (at 74) as Democratic publicist.

- Announced that Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, wife of the Chinese Generalissimo, was in the U.S. for medical treatment (of a spinal injury suffered in a 1937 auto accident), would be a guest at the White House afterwards.

End of a Truce

Ever since Wendell Willkie returned from the Far East burning with advice and criticism for the Administration (TIME, Nov. 2), political insiders have known that he and Franklin Delano Roosevelt were at the parting of the ways. Last week the *Christian Science Monitor's* Roscoe Drummond put the open secret into print—with a sage analysis of the causes and likely effects.

Said White House Correspondent Drummond:

"The 75-minute conference which the two had at the White House on the afternoon of Mr. Willkie's return from his trip [helped create] the strain. There were few gentle words spoken during the interview. Mr. Roosevelt was effervescently cordial; Mr. Willkie was deadly serious and set out to tell the President what he considered the truth.

"When at his first press conference after the North African invasion President Roosevelt talked of how he had to sit smilingly and take it on the chin while ignorant outsiders were clamoring for a second front when a second front had already been determined on, correspondents knew that he was not excluding Mr. Willkie from this category of ignorant outsiders. . . .

"It is now evident that, however parallel their purposes [in the field of foreign affairs], they are not going to walk down the same road any longer.

"Before America's entry into the war, this partnership was an invaluable asset. It gave the President strong support when that support was indispensable. . . .

"The severance of that partnership at this time may prove to be as much of an asset as its creation was an asset in 1940. . . . Now that pre-war uncertainties are over, they may well accomplish more in the leadership of the nation as competitors than as allies."

THE ADMINISTRATION

Word War I

Information Director Elmer Davis, who has a purist's regard for history and one of the driest humors in Washington, last week handed his assistants a sly rebuke. Said a Davis memo:

In material issued by OWI, the phrase World War I is not to be used unless referring to the War of the Grand Alliance, nor the phrase World War II unless referring to the War of the Spanish Succession.



International

HAROLD THE ICK
. . . for sudden change.

Only danger was that some literal-minded OWI newcomer might some day refer to the defeat of the French armies at Blenheim by Austria's Prince Eugene, might label it a World War II* development, might thus thoroughly mystify the U.S. public.

Profits and Loss

In 18 months South Portland (Me.) Shipbuilding Corp. built only eight of the 84 Liberty Ships called for by its contract with the U.S. Maritime Commission. This was the worst record anywhere—but South Portland Ship's profits already were nearly 200% and could run up to 2,000% on the investment. Last week the House Merchant Marine Committee told why.

For three months the committee had investigated the plant, organized by William S. ("Pete") Newell, president of Bath Iron Works and good friend of Maritime Commission head Rear Admiral Emory S. Land. Pete Newell and associates had organized the firm with \$250,000 borrowed from Portland banks (the interest to be paid by the Maritime Commission) and up to Oct. 31 had received \$450,000 in fees from the Commission.

But, the committee now reported, "the inevitable conclusion is that South Portland Ship is receiving a fee for the trouble of incorporating a company, choosing a name for that company, holding an occasional directors' meeting and delegating the performance of its contract duties."

Just as bluntly the committee listed other faults and put them right up to Jerry Land. Samples: 1) South Portland Ship's contract for yard facilities has no limit on time, almost none on costs;

* The locutions World War I and World War II originated in the pages of TIME.

U.S. AT WAR

2) the company lacked skilled managers, promoted green laborers to superintendents in five months; 3) because of sloppy records 75 carloads too much lumber were delivered and had to be paid for by the Maritime Commission; 4) as much as \$1,500 a month each was paid for renting cranes, pumps, compressors on a time-used basis but no time record was kept; 5) a



Associated Press
SHIPBUILDER NEWELL

Did the worst record anywhere . . .

director's friend supplied trucks at \$114 a day for work that could have been done with flatcars at 50¢ a day; 6) for a storage area (owned by a subsidiary of the Maine Central R.R., of which Pete Newell is a director) that used to rent for \$15,000 or less a year, South Portland Ship is paying \$36,000 a year.

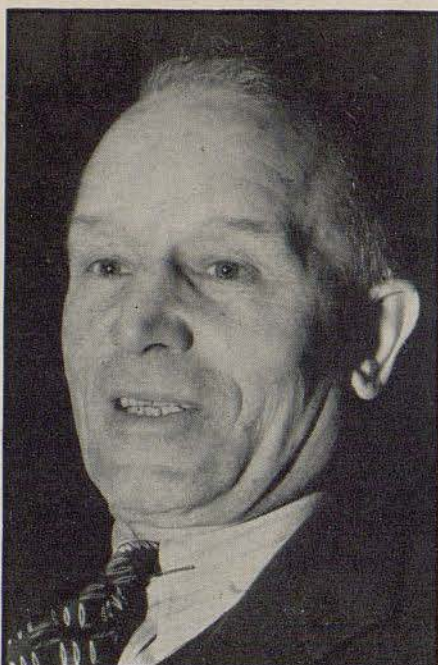
Plus Bonus. The investigating Congressmen got even madder about Maritime Commission's financial arrangements. For building a Liberty ship (average cost \$1,800,000), the standard contractor's fee, covering undefined "overhead," is \$110,000—based on a par building time of 105 days. Days saved can raise the fee to a \$140,000 maximum; days over par can dock it to a minimum of \$60,000. Every item chargeable to the building of a ship the Maritime Commission pays. Thus Pete Newell and associates stand to make more than \$5 million on the 84 ships without putting up a nickel of their own, and despite alleged incompetence, inefficiency and delay.

The Defense. All this, reported the Congressmen, was known to Jerry Land's Maritime Commission, which did no more than plead with South Portland Ship for better performance and belatedly hire a skilled production man to have charge of operations.

To Friend Pete Newell's defense came

Admiral Land, hard-working believer in Navy traditions: Pete knows how to construct destroyers; South Portland is not the only example of bad management in the Liberty ship program; there is too great a dearth of first-class shipbuilders to warrant a drastic step.

Dryly the committee pointed out to Land the hard facts of Newell's record,



Thomas D. McAvoy
SHIPBUYER LAND

. . . warrant a "drastic step"?

recommended: 1) that South Portland Ship's contracts be canceled; 2) the committee investigate other badly managed shipyards. This week both recommendations seemed well along to fulfillment.

POLITICS

Between Rounds

The shouting over the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee quieted to a whisper. The early candidates had been wheeled out and promptly knocked full of holes. Now, in the last few days before meeting in St. Louis to name the chairman, G.O.P. leaders quietly hunted for a compromise candidate who could soothe ruffled tempers and prevent an open fight.

Wendell Willkie had apparently won his battle against the man who once seemed to have the chairmanship in his grasp: Illinois Committeeman Werner Schroeder, darling of the *Chicago Tribune*, of some of the Old Guard, numerous G.O.P. Willkie-haters and a group who merely liked Schroeder's acknowledged skill as a political organizer. Wendell Willkie did not control enough committee votes to beat Schroeder: all he had to fight with were his convictions and his strength as a symbol of G.O.P. progressivism. At week's end, that seemed to have been enough.

Attention now turned to a man who seemed to some Republicans to be heaven-sent as a compromise candidate: onetime Congressman John B. Hollister. Personable, pipe-smoking John Hollister is from Cincinnati, and it is the Midwest's turn for the chairmanship. He is the law partner of Ohio's Senator Robert A. Taft. At the 1940 convention, he captained the Taft-for-President forces, fought Willkie tooth-&-nail. But afterward he became a director of the Associated Willkie Clubs of America, boarded the campaign train as an aide, was with Willkie constantly from early September until election day. Asked by a newsman last week whether he was an Old Guard or Willkie Republican, conciliatory John Hollister replied: "I'm not anybody's man."

Jim Farley Gets to Work

The Democratic Party's James A. Farley, greatest living political tourist, first-named his way up & down the Midwest last week. He turned up in Denver "on business," dropped by Omaha on a "chance visit en route," just happened to hit St. Louis to talk to "old political and personal friends."

These elaborate tongue-in-cheek explanations showed that Jim Farley, who likes straight talk when circumstances permit, was not yet ready to tip his hand for 1944. But they did not obscure the fundamental fact: the fight against a Fourth Term for Franklin Roosevelt, inside the Democratic Party itself, had begun in earnest.

Jim Farley, whose 1940 break with the President is now final and irretrievable, was not riding trains out of love for travel or banquet chicken. In Omaha he conferred with practically every important Nebraska Democrat; at a political dinner he got in a sharp dig at appointment of Republicans to war agency jobs (a sore spot with many a Democratic veteran). In St. Louis he talked to ex-Mayor Bernard F. Dickmann and side-kick Robert Hannegan, whose local machine used to be one of the slickest in the party.

Everywhere he preached his interpretation of the recent election results: "It is quite evident that the American people got a little bit tired of being pushed around. . . . The American people can always be depended upon to do the right thing in the long run and ultimately to use good judgment even if they get off the track at times. Gradually the lunatic fringe is eliminated and mistakes corrected."

To the New Deal's political woes (*TIME*, Nov. 30), Jim Farley's sudden preoccupation with railroad timetables added a ton of new weight. No other Democrat understood so well the hard, patient job of building political fences, brick by brick, name by name, promise by promise. In 1932 and again in 1936, Franklin Roosevelt had learned what it meant to have a faithful Big Jim as advance agent. Now a determined Big Jim was advance agent for the other side.

U. S. AT WAR

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Greatest Opportunity

The President called for his good right arm, and in Washington appeared swart Herbert H. Lehman to start work on the biggest civilian assignment of World War II. No more breathtaking than the title was the job—Director of Foreign Relief & Rehabilitation (TIME, Nov. 30).

Herbert Lehman's mission was to follow up each Allied victory with food, clothing, medicine and more—tools for conquered peoples to build a new life out of Axis desolation. He would use food to relieve the starving, as Herbert Hoover did in World War I. But Lehman also would use it as psychological ammunition to help win the war. To subject nations the world over would go the word that bread and meat were on the way, once the Axis yoke was cast off. His job was not to stop with victory, but to advance behind United Nations troops with blueprints for the economic reconstruction of Europe's some-day-to-be-unshackled millions. Food, clothes and shelter, Lehman knew, would not alone build a lasting peace. Whole societies would have to be put back on their feet as free-functioning economic units.

This was no mere war philanthropy. Liberated North and West Africa are rich in palm oils, some foodstuffs, but short of cloth and other manufactured goods. Here the U.S. may trade resources. Across the Mediterranean, unliberated Italy is hungry, war-weary. Here the promise of food and a peace with security might help open a beach head for Allied occupation. Around the world, as the Axis conquerors are rolled back, the plan is to supply every nation with its needs, toward an economic stability more permanent than the ruins of the peace that followed World War I.

For the moment Lehman's task is to plan in liaison with Army, Navy, State Department, Treasury, Lend-Lease Administration, Board of Economic Warfare, War Shipping Administration and inter-Allied committees now functioning. The world is their workshop—and the U.S. is cast for the dominant post-war role.

Said Herbert Lehman, turned 64, "I consider this the greatest opportunity for service ever offered to me or to any man. . . . I expect to be criticized. . . . Come back and see me a year from today."

WARTIME LIVING

Patterns

New facets in U.S. wartime living:

Only 600,000 Pairs. In putting ceilings (69¢ to \$1.65) on women's silk hose last week, OPA Chief Leon Henderson gave away a secret, started another hoarding rush. On manufacturers' and merchants' shelves only some 600,000 pairs of silk hose are left. Women had thought there were many more.

Help Wanted. To hire scarce women workers before the Christmas buying rush reaches its peak, Chicago mail-order firms, chain department stores and State Street emporiums competed with each other in alluring help wanted ads. Promised in some: daily siestas, convenient transportation, club rooms, discounts on merchandise, library on premises, home atmosphere, air-conditioned offices, low-cost coffee shops.

Let's Ask a Bride. Down to the Washington, D.C. marriage license bureau went WPB's Office of Civilian Supply. Purpose: To use prospective brides and grooms as guinea pigs, find out what kind of furniture they would like to have in their new homes, so future limitation restrictions can be drawn up to meet as many demands as possible of the nation's heaviest furniture buyers.

Whipped Cream. U.S. citizens will get no more sundaes, pies or cakes topped with blobs of whipped cream. To save a billion quarts of milk needed more for butter, cheese and export in dried forms, WPB ordered all sales of heavy cream stopped last week.

Coffee Hijack. A truck carrying 24,056 lb. of A. & P. coffee from a New York warehouse to Philadelphia stores was hijacked and its contents stolen when its driver stopped at a Jersey City bean wagon for a cup of coffee.

MANPOWER

Disorderly Draft

Each in its own way, the nation's 6,443 draft boards are scraping the bottoms of their 1-A barrels. Urgently they are tapping other manpower pools, and the time approaches when no man and his employer can find certainty in being over 40 or a father or one-eyed or a skilled craftsman.

In San Antonio the boards, overworked like many another and far behind their quotas, had to take one-eyed men, illiterates, expectant fathers, 4-F men with curable defects. Only remaining single men were over 45, or were farmers or key war-workers deferred only upon recommendation of hard-boiled reviewing boards. Los Angeles, 50% behind quotas, desperately sent for induction almost everybody who could walk, among them a father of eleven children. Worried to sleeplessness were war plants' personnel managers who had to replace critical workers—in August, September and October, Douglas Aircraft Co. lost 11,000 employes, some of whom took years to develop special skills.

About half of San Francisco's boards expect to draft childless married men in two weeks. Atlanta's boards were inducting married men without children, many another with thick glasses, poor hearing, few fingers. Such men can relieve others for



Acme

SEE HERE, PRIVATE NONESUCH!

This oddly assorted trio shouldered arms together last week at the Army's new Camp McCoy, Wis., which gives special training to recruits who are outsize by military standards. They are Private Clyde L. Crippen of Mounds, Ill. (225 lb.), Marvin DeJonge of Kalamazoo (6 ft. 4) and Bernie Boring of Flint, Mich. (5 ft. 2). In four weeks, by careful slimming or fattening, the camp will fit them and their fellow recruits (some of whom have poor vision or minor physical defects) for combat duty or at least noncombatant Army jobs.

duty and up to 30% of them can be repaired for combat by special medical attention. Examples: at one replacement center 18 one-eyed men are mechanics and clerks; out of a 1-B battalion 10% entered officers training schools for administrative jobs.

In East Point, Ga., four firemen and three city council members were called this week for examinations. Without waiting for teen-agers, Illinois draft officials started working on registrants with collateral dependents and expected to induct childless married men by Dec. 15.

The Army & Navy took one step toward making order: the banning of enlistments by essential employes in aircraft and shipbuilding plants. Draft boards and personnel officers advocated two more steps: 1) a manpower coordinator to end bureaucratic conflicts; 2) a lengthening of industry's work week.

Emperor Haile Selassie had another way in 1935 when Mussolini's troops attacked: "Everyone will now be mobilized, and all boys old enough to carry a spear will be sent to Addis Ababa. Married men will take their wives to carry food and cook. Those without wives will take any women without husbands. Women with small babies need not go. The blind, those who cannot walk or for any reason cannot carry a spear, are exempt. Anyone found at home after receipt of this order will be hanged."

ALIENS

Into the Night

Richard Julius Herman Krebs, alias Richard Anderson, alias Richard Peterson, alias Richard Williams, alias Rudolf Heller, alias Otto Melchior, alias Jan Valtin was born in Germany 37 years ago. Last week the Justice Department ordered him sent back there after the war.

As author of the best-selling *Out of the Night*, which he wrote under the name of Jan Valtin, hulking, gap-toothed Richard Krebs had shocked U.S. readers with his offhand account of a lurid, turbulent life as an agent of both the OGPU and Gestapo. He later admitted he had added the experiences of other men "to make the book as effective as possible," was roundly denounced by Communists as a faker. But his fame was his undoing: he admitted that he had once before been deported by the U.S., that he had committed perjury—both grounds for deportation.

Said the Board of Immigration Appeals: "His life has been so marked with violence, intrigue and treachery that it would be difficult, if not wholly unwarranted, to conclude that his present reliability and good character have been established. . . . It appears that he has been completely untrustworthy and amoral."

Arrested at the snug Connecticut country home which he bought with his literary earnings, Richard Krebs was taken to Ellis Island. Next day his 18-year-old wife began a battle for his freedom.



DEATH AT COCOANUT GROVE
A busboy lit a match.

CATASTROPHE

Boston's Worst

Holy Cross had just beaten Boston College: downtown Boston was full of men & women eager to celebrate or console. Many of them wound up at Cocoanut Grove; they stood crowded around the dimly lighted downstairs bar, filled the tables around the dance floor upstairs. With them mingled the usual Saturday night crowd: soldiers & sailors, a wedding party, a few boys being seen off to Army camps.

At 10 o'clock Bridegroom John O'Neil, who had planned to take his bride to their new apartment at the stroke of the hour, lingered on a little longer. The floor show was about to start. Through the big revolving door, couples moved in & out.

At the downstairs bar, a 16-year-old busboy stood on a bench to replace a light bulb that a prankish customer had removed. He lit a match. It touched one of the artificial palm trees that gave the Cocoanut Grove its atmosphere; a few flames shot up. A girl named Joyce Spector sauntered toward the checkroom because she was worried about her new fur coat.

Panic's Start. Before Joyce Spector reached the cloakroom, the Cocoanut Grove was a screaming shambles. The fire quickly ate away the palm tree, raced along silk draperies, was sucked upstairs through the stairway, leaped along ceiling and wall. The silk hangings, turned to balloons of flame, fell on table and floor.

Men & women fought their way toward the revolving door; the push of bodies jammed it. Near by was another door; it was locked tight. There were other exits, but few Cocoanut Grove patrons knew

about them. The lights went out. There was nothing to see now except flame, smoke and weird moving torches that were men & women with clothing and hair afire.

The 800 Cocoanut Grove patrons pushed and shoved, fell and were trampled. Joyce Spector was knocked under a table, crawled on hands & knees, somehow was pushed through an open doorway into the street. A chorus boy herded a dozen people downstairs into a refrigerator. A few men & women crawled out windows; a few escaped by knocking out a glass brick wall. But most of them, including Bridegroom John O'Neil, were trapped.

Panic's Sequel. Firemen broke down the revolving door, found it blocked by bodies of the dead, six deep. They tried to pull a man out through a side window: his legs were held tight by the mass of struggling people behind him. In an hour the fire was out and firemen began untangling the piles of bodies. One hard bitten fireman went into hysterics when he picked up a body and a foot came off in his hand. They found a girl dead in a telephone booth, a bartender still standing behind his bar.

At hospitals and improvised morgues which were turned into charnel houses for the night, 484 dead were counted; it was the most disastrous U.S. fire since 571 people were killed in Chicago's Iroquois Theater holocaust in 1903. One Boston newspaper ran a two-word banner line: **BUSBOY BLAMED.** But the busboy had not put up the Cocoanut Grove's tinder-box decorations, nor was he responsible for the fact that Boston's laws do not require nightclubs to have fireproof fixtures, sprinkler systems or exit markers.

WORLD BATTLEFRONTS

BATTLE OF RUSSIA

Hitler's Lost Gamble

Hitler had lost the gamble. Instead of consolidating his eastern front he had gambled on the capture of Stalingrad. But Stalingrad had held out and now was striking back at his advanced columns. In the midst of Herr Hitler's frantic preoccupation with Africa the Russian winter offensive had exploded. In the central sector around Rzhev the Russians launched another attack. In both sectors Hitler's troops stumbled backward over the frozen graves of Axis soldiers who had already died in the attempt to conquer Russia.

At Stalingrad. One night a fortnight ago the worn men of Major General Alexander Rodintsev's 13th Guards Division crouched in their holes in the northwest district of Stalingrad and listened to sudden thunderous cannonading. The din was their own artillery.

It was the hour for which the 13th had waited. They were tough, soft-spoken men from Omsk and Barnaul in faraway Siberia. They had arrived in Stalingrad by forced marches—125 miles in one two-day trek—and there in the battered factories had taken up their positions. For six weary weeks, under almost ceaseless shelling and air assaults, hacked at by infantry and tanks, the gaunt 13th had held the ditches, the doorways, the alleys and the gutted buildings. On their holding depended the success of Marshal Timoshenko's strategy.

Southeast of Stalingrad, Timoshenko's forces were moving up. Under cover of sub-freezing nights thousands of Russian soldiers were crossing the icy Volga on ferry boats, fishing boats and rafts, carrying with them the artillery, tanks and

weapons they would need for a massive counter-attack. Behind the bald, rolling Ergeni Hills south of Stalingrad, hidden by mists, they gathered and waited. In the cold dawn of Nov. 20 they attacked.

"The hour of stern, righteous reckoning with the foul enemy, the German Fascist occupants, has struck," said the Order of the Day. "Make the enemy's black blood flow in a river. Comrades, into the attack!"

"The Foul Enemy." In the Ergeni Hills the artillery awakened. That was the long awaited thunder heard by the silent men of the 13th. The cannonading kept up without break for two and a half hours, pouring destruction into the German lines, disrupting communications, softening resistance. Under its cover Russian sappers swept forward to "delouse" German minefields. Over the frozen earth rolled Russian tanks, some of them dragging artillery. Mobile cannon followed, operating in massed groups, blasting holes in German positions that had already been spotted by Russian guerrilla intelligence. Night came and there was no letup.

As the attack started from the south, Soviet troops north of Stalingrad also launched an assault, moving in a great arc toward Serafimovich. Their purpose was to swing west and south, meet the southern columns and close a ring around the Germans (*see map*). From Serafimovich prongs spread out like the curving tines of a peasant's pitchfork. From the southern force, moving along the Stalingrad-Novorossiisk railway, prongs also curved off. One jabbed across the Don, severed the Stalingrad-Rostov railway, cut back east to squeeze Axis troops against Stalingrad. In Stalingrad itself the 13th Division began to bend the stubborn German head backward.

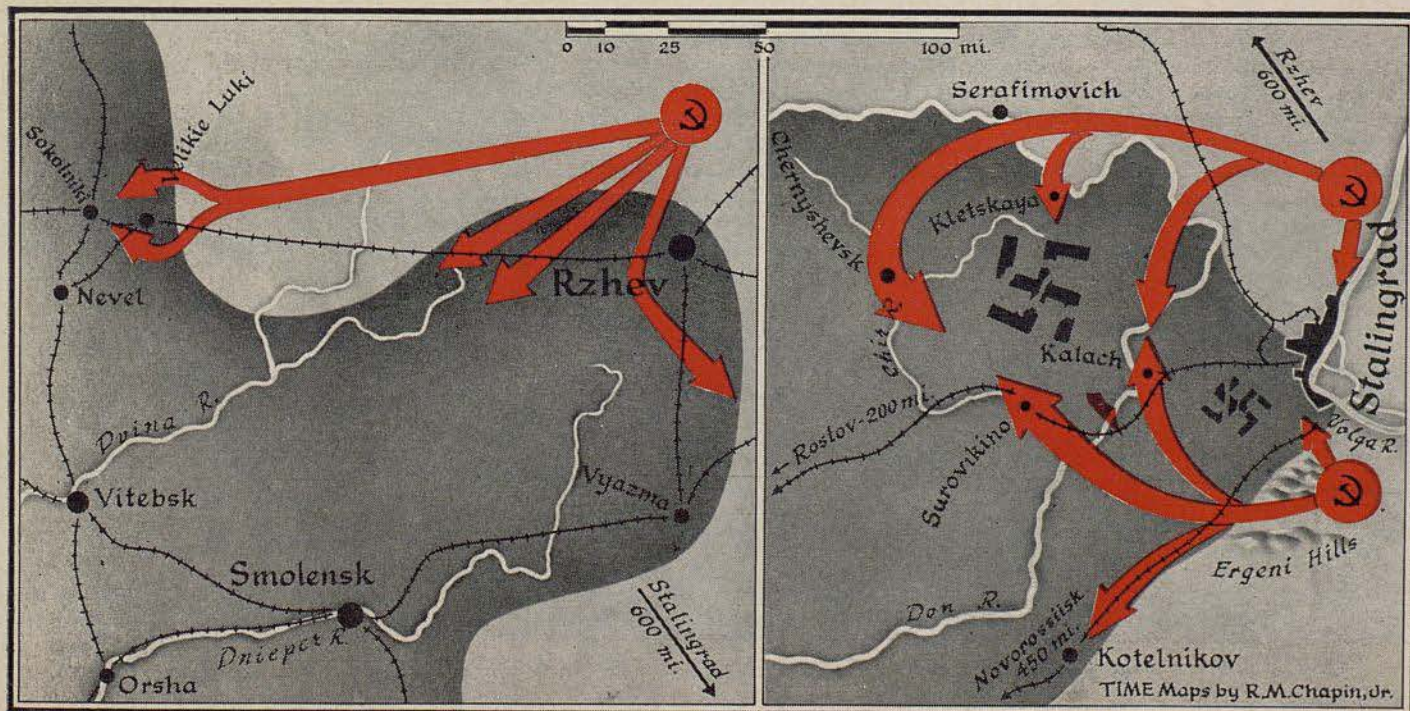
Inside the contracting area the battle became a melee. Distracted Axis troops faced in all directions at once. Panzer divisions dug in, using their tanks as pillboxes. Across the steppes galloped Cossacks in their black capes. Around gutted villages roared Russian tanks, swift motor-borne Siberian infantry.

Drang nach Osten. During last winter's campaign thousands of German soldiers were slain as they edged backward before a battering Russian offense. But few were captured. It was a different story last week.

Axis troops in suddenly hopeless positions gave up. Across the steppes plodded long lines of Axis prisoners hobbling to Russian bases, some to have frozen limbs amputated, stumbling toward the Volga in a *Drang nach Osten* such as *der Führer* never pictured. According to Moscow communiqués, 66,000 were seized in ten days of fighting. Into Russian hands fell quantities of booty: food, clothing, more than 50,000 rifles, 3,935 machine guns, 1,380 tanks.

It was possible that many an Italian and Rumanian and even German soldier had lost his appetite for winter combat. Though Hitler had promised his armies that they would be properly clothed, the bitter northeast winds that drove snow and sand across the endless steppes last week blinded eyes, lashed flesh, cut through coats that were lined with mole and rat skins.

But a more likely explanation for the toll of prisoners was the swiftness of the Russian attack. Hitherto, Russian assaults have been battering operations carried out largely by pedestrian troops. For the first time in the war Timoshenko had mounted an agile, Panzer-type, fast-moving attack that encircled and overwhelmed. The Ger-



mans were apparently surprised as much by this as by the suddenness of the onslaught.

The Germans suffered also from lack of air support. Obviously Hitler had weakened the *Luftwaffe*, which once ruled Russian skies, to bolster the Axis forces in Tunisia. When the fighting began, planes of both sides were grounded in heavy mists. When the mists cleared, German air bases had been captured and many German planes had been destroyed on the ground. Then it was the Red Air Forces' *Stormoviks* which took control of the air.

At Rzhev. Six hundred miles to the north, west of Moscow, the Russians had launched another offense. It began, as the one in Stalingrad began, with an artillery barrage. The Moscow front lay under a white blanket of snow. Cossack cavalrymen wrapped their horses' hoofs in burlap to deaden the sound and get a better footing on hard crust. Artillery was mounted on skis. On their first plunge into the deep and long-held German defenses the Russians reached the village of Velikie Luki, 90 miles from the border of Latvia.

Rzhev, powerful Axis anchor, was bypassed. But the Russians claimed that the line from Rzhev to Vyazma in the south was cut. If that was true, another encirclement was developing which might isolate one of the strongest fortified positions along Germany's whole Russian front.

It had not developed at week's end. The Russians had isolated Velikie Luki; they had broken three rail lines and had put four German infantry divisions and one tank division to rout. But, compared to the Stalingrad offense, the Rzhev action was so far only a knocking against the German dam.

The knocking was full of potentialities. Moscow elatedly declared that it demonstrated the Soviets' ability to launch powerful offensives in two places at once. For Hitler it added complications. His communication lines were already hard-pressed, long-extended. He would not know where the Russians might suddenly con-



ADMIRAL DE LABORDE
Before Nazi eyes his fleet disintegrated.

centrate their strength, where they would strike next.

In the south, his force of 300,000 troops around Stalingrad were in danger of entrapment and annihilation. In the last ten days some 100,000 of his soldiers had been slain. A column that the Russians launched along the Stalingrad-Novorossiisk railroad had traveled 90 miles by week's end, could become a threat to his armies in the northern Caucasus. Those armies had already been pushed back from Ordzhonikidze and the Grozny oilfields. Now they faced the danger of being cut off. A hole anywhere along the front—from the Caucasus to Leningrad—might open the dike to a Red flood.

BATTLE OF FRANCE

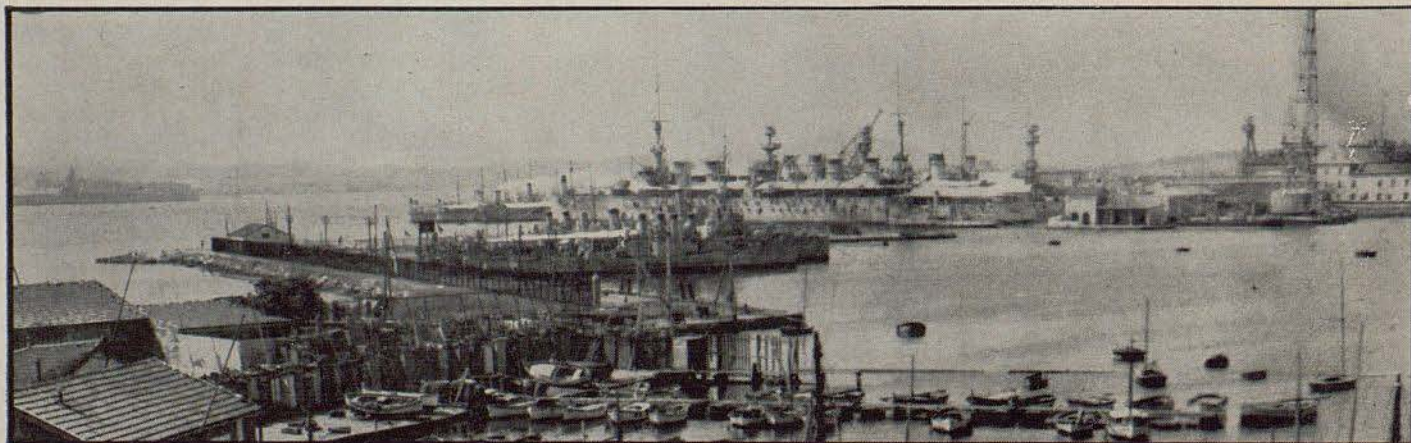
The Execution of Order B

In the early morning hours of Friday, Nov. 27, Marshal Pétain was awakened in Vichy to receive a letter from Adolf Hitler. His eyes still bemused by sleep, the old man read the words that ended his last vain hope of building up a new French state on the terms of the armistice signed at Compiègne. Because of "treachery" on the part of high officers of the French armed forces, the Führer wrote, he had ordered the demobilization of the remaining units of Vichy's Army and Navy. The great naval base of Toulon, last remaining bit of the free zone, was to be occupied, the warships stationed there taken or "annihilated" to prevent their escape to the Allies. Control of all France would pass into the hands of Field Marshal Karl Rudolf Gerd von Rundstedt, Commander of German armed forces in Occupied France and the Low Countries. The letter—many pages long—concluded with the "hope that cooperation thus is initiated from which we expect on France's part nothing but loyalty and understanding for the common destiny of Europe."

In the harbor of Toulon, spread out beneath the dark houses of the sleeping city, 62 vessels of the French Navy—battleships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines and France's only seaplane carrier—were lying quietly at anchor or tied up at their piers, as they had lain for nearly two and a half years since the summer when France fell. At the city's gates soldiers of the French Army stood on guard. To the east, the sky was paling with the first light of dawn.

With shocking surprise, the stillness was shattered. German armored forces and motorized infantry bore down on the town from all sides. Once inside they sped for the harbor. At the Porte de Castigneau, leading to the naval base, there was a brief, sharp skirmish with French soldiers before the entry was forced.

Simultaneously German bombers roared in over the docks, dropped flares, circled to identify the warships' positions. Over the roadstead leading out to sea parachute



TOULON HARBOR IN PEACETIME
France had lost a battle and a fleet, but not the war.

European

WORLD BATTLEFRONTS

mines floated down to block the entrance. Aboard the French vessels, officers and crews sprang to their stations. Searchlights stabbed out, anti-aircraft batteries opened up from the ships and ashore. From the flagship of Vice Admiral Jean de Laborde, commander of the fleet, a signal was given:

"Carry out Order B."

Suicide of a Fleet. The first German armored force, having fought its way into the base, reached Milhaud dock where the battleship *Strasbourg* was lying. As German officers leaped from their cars and ran to the gangplanks, there was a flash and a roar and the great, 26,500-ton ship disintegrated before their eyes.

Roar followed roar from all parts of the harbor as ship after ship exploded. German troops raced for the Vauban Basin where the battleship *Dunkerque* had been tied up for repairs since the British attack on Oran in July 1940. Near by were the cruisers *Algérie*, *Foch* and *Jean de Vienne*; their docks were wrecked with them. Earth and air trembled as the beautiful ships destroyed themselves.

The Germans on the docks watched while some ships which did not blow up immediately were raked with gunfire from other vessels. They saw some which had slipped their moorings make for the harbor entrance; at least one blew up there on the German mines.* In the glare of explosions and searchlights the Germans saw the French masters, at rigid attention on their bridges, saluting the Tricolor as they went down.

Like echoes of the destruction in the harbor, explosions rolled down from the hills. Crews of the coastal batteries were blowing up their guns, destroying their ammunition stores and the concrete artillery emplacements. The great naval arsenal near the harbor mouth blew up before the Germans could reach it. At the docksides and yards smoke billowed from burning fuel stores. When dawn broke, Toulon harbor lay ruined, cluttered with sunken hulks wracked intermittently by dull explosions.

By midmorning it was all over. At 10 o'clock a message arrived in Vichy informing Marshal Pétain that the fleet no longer existed. Occupation of Toulon by the Germans was completed without further incident. Martial law was clamped on the town; the Mayor decreed an 8 o'clock curfew for all public places.

All that day the citizens of Toulon saw their sailors, proud and grim under the bayonets of their captors, being transported through the streets on their way to imprisonment. The Gestapo, which followed the troops in, had long lists of suspects. First to be arrested were all those who had survived the destruction in the

harbor; later many civilians were taken in the Gestapo roundup.

Proud Loss. The self-destruction of the French Fleet on that Friday morning was surpassed only by the German scuttling of the Kaiser's High Sea Fleet in June 1919 at Scapa Flow. Though it did not alter the balance of world naval power, it relieved the Allies finally of the threat that Adolf Hitler might gain the ships—which he unquestionably had attempted to do—and use them in the Battle of the

than the rain in Africa's grey skies were Axis planes that pummeled Anderson's forward columns, pounded his bases at Bougie and Bône, trying to disrupt his communications. Only scraps of information came from General Dwight Eisenhower's headquarters, but it was apparent that the battle of Tunisia so far had been a struggle for control of the air.

In the beginning the Axis had the edge. Hitler had poured in air strength. His African air chief, Air Field Marshal Er-



Associated Press

U.S. TROOPS IN NORTH AFRICA

The nearer they got the hotter the going.

Mediterranean. Since most of the French vessels had reportedly been blown up, there was little chance that the Germans could salvage them for their own use. But it was possible that remaining French units, demobilized since the Armistice at Alexandria and Martinique, might now come to the Allied side, thus increasing Allied naval superiority.

Though they wept for their ships, Frenchmen felt proud. For in its first and last encounter with the Germans, France's Fleet had given meaning to the words of General Charles de Gaulle: "France has lost a battle, but France has not lost the war."

BATTLE OF AFRICA

Toward the Fire

All last week the British First Army, bolstered by U.S. and French units, continued its slow, careful advance. Steadily Lieut. General Kenneth A. N. Anderson's troops edged over the steep ridges of the Atlas Mountains. At week's end they were twelve miles from Tunis. The decisive battle for North Africa was imminent.

Weather had delayed the Allies. Tunisia's brief rainy season had flooded roads, complicated supply problems. But worse

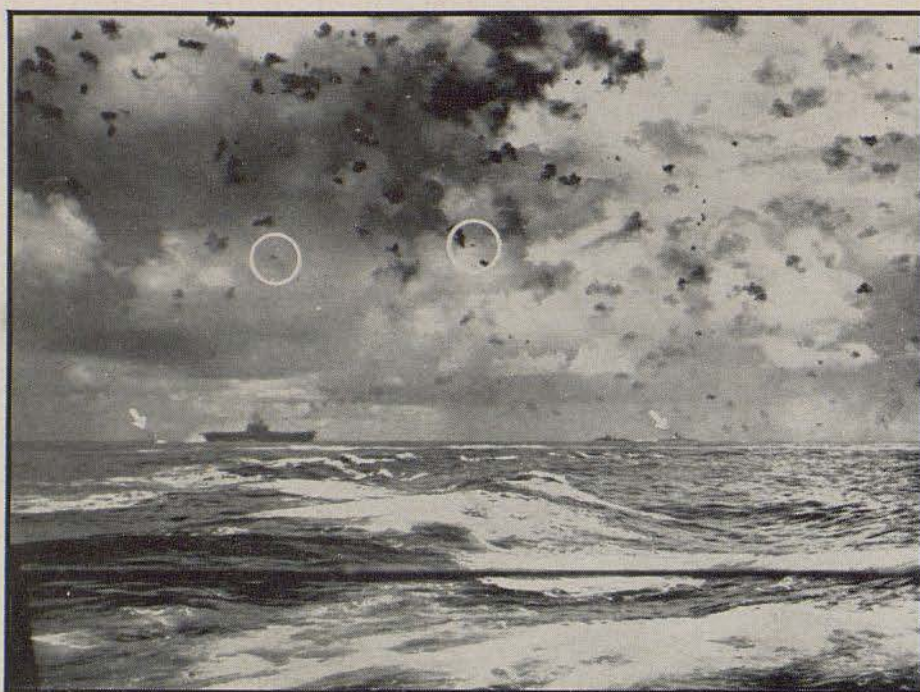
hard Milch, had the advantage of air bases close to the fighting front. Milch's fighters snarled out from Bizerte and Tunis; bombers roared from Sicily and Sardinia and from the little island of Pantelleria in the straits. The farther the First Army advanced, the more vulnerable it became to Milch's stings.

But apparently the scales were being slowly tipped. Algeria-based bombers of Major General Jimmy Doolittle's 12th Air Force blasted Axis fields, crippling Axis fighter operations by bombing their nests. From Libya and from the island of Malta came other Allied bombers. Fighter bases were improvised in the rear of the rolling First Army, and from these, in swelling numbers, Spitfires rose to mix with swooping Axis dive-bombers.

Hitler had capitalized on his temporary advantage to rush more troops to the aid of his Tunisian commander, Major General Walther Nehring. Some of them were transported by huge Ju-52s, which Allied planes chased and harassed. Many of them poured in from ships that made the short dash from Sicily. The British Admiralty announced that British subs sank nine of these vessels: tankers and cargo carriers laden with tanks, guns, matériel. But Axis ships continued to land at Bi-

* Four submarines succeeded in making their way out of Toulon: the 597-ton *Iris* turned up in Barcelona next day, was interned there; the *Casabianca*, of 1,384 tons, the *Marsouin*, of 974 tons, and another as yet unnamed, were reported to have arrived in Algiers.

WORLD BATTLEFRONTS



Official U.S. Navy Photo-Associated Press
JAPS BOMBING U.S. CARRIER (OCT. 26)
The Admiral preferred the whole score.

zerte at the rate of two a day. Estimates were that Nehring's force now numbered between 20,000 and 30,000 men.

Nehring had extended his slender finger-hold down the coast to Sfax and Gabès. But his biggest concentration was inside the ring around Bizerte and Tunis.

Somewhere in Algeria, Ike Eisenhower, Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham and Major General James Doolittle conferred with Sir Arthur William Tedder, R.A.F. chief in the Middle East,* and Major General Lewis Brereton, chief of U.S. Middle East air forces. Tedder and Brereton had flown in from Egypt. The moment Tunis was cleared, the trap would probably be sprung on Rommel.

Against Nehring's ring, Anderson's troops jabbed. Axis air strength delayed but did not stop them as they attacked the outlying bastion of the German lines. When Nehring counter-attacked with tanks they hurled him back. They seized the town of Djedeida, twelve miles from Tunis, and all but isolated that city from Bizerte. Nehring destroyed roads, blew up bridges, dug in for defense. Milch sent his dive-bombers screeching overhead. From Algeria came word that as soon as Doolittle's fighters could spread an umbrella, the First Army would make its final, headlong charge into the fire.

Historical Retreat

Erwin Rommel gained one distinction from the last Libyan campaign. He conducted one of the longest retreats in military history. By last week he had traversed 900 miles from his shattered line at El Alamein.

* Promoted last week to Vice Chief of all of Britain's air forces.

His flight compared with the weary, eight-month-long, 1,500-mile retreat of the "Ten Thousand Greeks" under Xenophon in 401 B.C.; the 1,000-mile retreat of Charles X of Sweden from Yaroslavl to Warsaw in 1656. Rommel had fought a moderately successful rear-guard action, covering his trail with anti-tank guns and mortars. He had also been lucky. Cyrenaica's rainy season had slowed Montgomery's pursuit.

Now the sun was out again. Mudholes were drying up. Allied planes once more were in the air over Rommel's thinning columns, over El Aghéila and over Tripoli. The question still was whether he could organize his haggard, battered *Afrika Korps* for a stand at the El Aghéila bottleneck. Rommel might yet earn even more distinction.

BATTLE OF THE PACIFIC

One Year of War

(See Cover)

The first year was ending, and it had been a Navy year. The tall, taut man who is both Commander in Chief of the U.S. Fleet (COMINCH) and Chief of Naval Operations (OPNAV) let his mind go back to the morning of Pearl Harbor, and observed that the Japanese probably had not expected their attack to be so successful. Said Admiral Ernest Joseph King: "If they had it to do over, I think you would probably find them moving in with a tremendous invasion force such as they brought against us at Midway."

He smiled, and his face for a moment was not wholly bleak.

"Of course," he said, "if we had it to do over, we would do differently too."

Had the Japs, then, lost the war by missing their main chance to seize Pearl Harbor and drive the U.S. from the Pacific on the first Dec. 7? Admiral King answered:

"I'd say they started something at Pearl Harbor that they are not going to finish. We are going to win this war."

The Admiral. When the Japanese bombs and torpedoes shattered the peace and sleep of Pearl Harbor, Admiral King was on the Navy's second ocean, directing the Atlantic Fleet's undeclared war of 1941. In mid-December, when he was summoned to Washington to be COMINCH of all the fleets, "Betty" Stark was doing his limited best as OPNAV. The *Utah* and the *Arizona* gaped from their graves at Oahu, ships slightly more fortunate were being readied for removal and repair, and bombed planes still made ugly piles on the Army fields. The Japs were closing on Manila, hacking away the last Army air forces in the Philippines; MacArthur was looking to Corregidor and Bataan, and Admiral Hart's Asiatic "Fleet" of cruisers and destroyers was on its way to glory and futility in the Indies. Guam had fallen; Wake had a few days of glory left. The Japs were in Malaya, headed for Singapore. The *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse*—pillars of British and U.S. sea power in the western Pacific—were gone. People at home were saying that the whole U.S. fleet was at the bottom of the Pacific, and profane Admiral King was saying to his colleagues at the Navy Department:

"When they get into trouble, they always send for the sons of bitches."

This remark accurately summarized both Admiral King's reputation in the pre-war Navy and the principal reason for his commanding the wartime Navy. Few men in peace or war have known "Rey" King well enough to find the warm self behind his hard, hazel eyes. Well does he know that others in the Navy hold him to be a brutal and forthright man, savage in his judgments and merciless in his expression of them, uncompromising and often extreme in his demands upon his subordinates, a man who can be as forbidding in family crises as he is on a bridge or at a Navy desk.

He takes a certain pride in this reputation. Last year, when he saw a suitably brutal account of himself in print (*TIME*, June 2, 1941), his curses roared through the Navy Building. But officers who knew him smiled at each other. "I think he rather liked it," one of them said.

Commanders, weapons, many of the Navy's pre-war plans and conceptions failed to meet the test of war and had to be changed in the first year. Admiral King and his quality of inward hardness neither failed nor changed. The Navy's judgment of him, of what he could do and of how he would do it, was one judgment that withstood the fires.

The Admiral Speaks. To Admiral

TIME, December 7, 1942

WORLD BATTLEFRONTS

King of "the silent service," loquacity is a vice, and in public he has said very little. The Marshall and Gilbert Island raids had briefly lifted American spirits, Singapore and Java had fallen, Bataan was falling, and Admiral King had become both OPNAV and COMINCH when he said in March: "Our days of victory are in the making."

The battles of the Coral Sea had been fought, the *Lexington* had been lost and Midway had been won at the cost of the *Yorktown* when he told the war class of Annapolis midshipmen in June: "War is force—force to the utmost—force to make the enemy yield to our own will—to yield because their own will to fight is broken. War is men against men—mechanized war is still men against men."

The Navy and the Marines had attacked in the Solomons, and the Navy had tragically lost the first rounds at sea when Admiral King said in Ohio at Lorain (where he was born 64 years ago), and at Cleveland: "It's going to be a long war. We will really hit our stride in about a year's time. . . . Our two-ocean Navy is not yet in service. The smaller ships for it will begin to come into service around Thanksgiving or Christmas. The plain fact is we haven't the tools. Some of our critics would have us do everything everywhere all at once. It can't be done with what we have to work with."

The *Wasp* and a fourth carrier had gone down, but along with its offensive spirit the Navy had regained the seas around the Solomons, and across the world the Atlantic Fleet had assisted in the invasion of North Africa, when Admiral King again broke his rule of silence last week. His remarks were memorable because they were: 1) his first such interview since he took command; 2) the most thorough official review to date of the Navy's strategy, record and policy in the first year of war.

King on Strategy: "When the Japs struck at Pearl Harbor, we were not ready. You might say we were in the process of getting ready. The only thing we had set up in the Pacific was the fleet organization at Pearl Harbor. We had to get more bases, we had to get troops to those bases and to Australia, and we didn't have enough tools for the job. General Marshall was being hamstrung by demands for anti-aircraft batteries at every crossroads and the Lord knows what. Some of that is still going on, and it's got to stop."

To illustrate the degree of unreadiness in the Pacific last December, Admiral King strode to a map in his Washington office and pointed to a position conveniently near but safely out of the combat zones. At this logical point he had to establish a fleet-fueling base after the fighting began ("one of the first things I caused to be done").

After Admiral King was called to Washington last December, but before he publicly took command, the Pacific Fleet got



Official U.S. Navy Photo-Wide World
ATLANTIC CONVOY, U.S. TO AFRICA
The rest will not be easy.

its fundamental orders: "Hold the Hawaiian Islands area on the Midway line at all costs," and "Hold the communications line to the southwest Pacific on the Samoa-Fiji line and extend it to New Caledonia" (see map, p. 32). Said Admiral King last week:

"Those orders still stand. Hawaii is the key to our position in the Pacific and we've got to hold it. The supply line to Australia and the southwest Pacific is only slightly less important."

Establishing and holding these lines was what chiefly occupied the Pacific Fleet in the first months after Pearl Harbor. The Gilbert and Marshall raids, offensive in themselves, were defensive in objective: they smelled out the Japs at a point where they threatened the new supply lines, and possibly averted an effort to break up those lines. Only when the lines were functioning was the Navy ready for even a limited offensive, and then the first offensive moves were partly intended to secure the Navy's southwest Pacific communications.

King on Offensive: Air assaults on the Japs at Tulagi and the Coral Sea battle of planes *v.* ships in May were actually the preludes to the Solomons campaign. But the Navy's air victory (with some Army help) at Midway was the real turning point: "Things began to break for us at Midway. We began to get the edge there. . . . After the Midway action we told ourselves: 'Now is the time to hit the Jap in the southwest Pacific.'"

In June, when the Solomons were finally chosen for the big blow, "we didn't have the resources." But: "We set a date for it to begin. That date was Aug. 1, and they actually got started on Aug. 7."

"We had been getting word of the Jap's activity in the Tulagi area. He'd been there a long while, and when reports came in about that airfield on Guadalcanal it heightened our interest. If our attack had been delayed a week, the Jap would have been able to use that airfield."

"That campaign did two things. It made our own line of communications that much more secure, and it took something away from the Jap that he had had. The virulent, violent reaction was greater than we expected, so our attack must have stung him to the quick."

Admiral King's account seemed to confirm the impression that the Navy had underestimated the requirements of the Solomons campaign (TIME, Oct. 26), and that in this instance the U.S. command's insight into Japanese thinking and strategy had been none too keen. But his recital took nothing from the luster of the Navy-Marine-Army team's recent successes in clearing the Solomons waters of Jap ships and extending the land forces' hold on Guadalcanal.

King on Losses: "We still haven't got enough stuff to be everywhere, but we'll keep a close eye on the Aleutians. No one can say what the Japs planned there, but it has cost them tremendously. The attrition has been very heavy. In the Solomons the Jap's planes have been shot down by the hundreds, his ships have been sunk by the tens, and he's lost men by the hundreds certainly."

Appraising the gains from the Navy's first offensive, Admiral King and other Navy men noticeably do not accent the relative U.S. and Japanese sea losses. One reason probably is that naval officers do for themselves what the Navy seldom



In the Pacific the year's naval actions make a striking pattern. The line through Midway and Samoa to New Caledonia which Admiral King set up—beyond which the Japs "must not pass"—protects that half of the ocean which contains the main

U.S. naval base, Pearl Harbor, the essential U.S. supply routes to the Southwest Pacific, and the Jap's avenues of approach to the U.S. Except for the first attack on Hawaii, all the main actions of the war have been fought at or beyond that line.

does for the public: they add up the total losses in the campaign, and weigh them against the Navy's remaining strength, instead of dwelling upon the results of individual actions.

Admiral King presumably does not forget that in the Coral Sea-Solomons series of actions the Navy has announced loss of three aircraft carriers (not counting one lost at Midway), seven cruisers, 13 destroyers. In the same actions the Navy has claimed the definite sinking of one Japanese carrier, 12 cruisers, one battleship (and possibly another) and 17 destroyers. In the terms of remaining U.S. and Japanese strength—the only terms that count—this balance is favorable to the U.S. in every category except carriers,

but the net effect on Pacific sea power is decidedly less than the bare figures from recent actions indicated.

King on Command: "I have a philosophy that when you have a commander in the field, let him know what you want done and then let him alone. I have two other philosophies. One is: Do the best you can with what you have. The other is: Don't worry about water over the dam."

According to Admiral King, the Coral Sea, Midway and the Solomons prove that the U.S. had what many people thought it still needed: true unity of command. He also said that:

► The broad directives for Pacific campaigns come not only from the Joint Chiefs

of Staff (U.S. Army & Navy), but from the Combined Chiefs of Staff (U.S. and Great Britain).

► General MacArthur had "a clear directive from the Combined Chiefs of Staff," giving him sole authority over all ground, air and naval forces (including the Australian Navy and some remnants of the Dutch Fleet) in the southwest Pacific. It was on orders from the Combined Chiefs of Staff that MacArthur's bombers timed their attacks on the Japs in Rabaul and the upper Solomons with the Navy's offensive ("a very important mission, and one which was planned and approved by the Combined Chiefs of Staff"). For the campaign in the Solomons, General MacArthur was also ordered to turn his Austra-



In the Atlantic, the Navy's biggest job is not to keep one part of the ocean free from incursions of the German fleet, but to protect the areas which it uses most from the guerrilla raids of U-boats. Here it concentrates on protecting its main Atlan-

tic convoy routes—to Britain, Russia, Africa—and keeping safe the coastal route that continues to the Caribbean and South America. When more anti-submarine vessels are available the degree and the extent of the protection will grow.

lian naval forces over to the U.S. Navy.

► "Prior to that action, the Solomons had all been in MacArthur's command, but to make sure that there was no misunderstanding, the line of demarcation was straightened." (The effect of the straightening was to put the area to be invaded solely under Navy command. MacArthur kept the upper Solomons and Rabaul, where the Navy and Army presumably will have to arrange an understanding.)

► Area commanders often have complete freedom of decision. Example: Admiral Nimitz' decision to concentrate his forces for the Battle of Midway, when the Japs might have struck in force elsewhere. ("We knew what Nimitz was doing. He did the right thing, and we let him alone.")

King on Allies. Whether or not Admiral King left any doubt as to the actual unity of U.S. command, he left no doubt at all about the state of the United Nations command or his ideas on the subject. Said he:

"We hear a great deal of clamor from time to time for unity of command. That's a loose term and has come to be widely used by people who don't have the full facts. Actually, many good officers are not qualified or competent to exercise unified command, but we keep on hearing amateurs suggest that some one man be called in to exercise sweeping control over all things military.

"As a matter of fact, political considerations dominate a great many military situ-

ations. In the Combined Chiefs of Staff, we have an agency that represents the President and the Prime Minister. Our own Joint Chiefs of Staff act for the President, but we have not yet had a single matter to take to the President upon which we have not first been able to agree ourselves.

"Because so many other nations are involved in this global war effort of ours, the Combined Chiefs of Staff have many problems in which the final action can only be decided upon by the President and the Prime Minister. If the proposal to substitute a supreme military commander were adopted, the question of what becomes of the President's constitutional position as Commander in Chief is one to

which some thought might be given.”*

Admiral King did not pretend that the “Combined Chiefs of Staff” combine all the United Nations. The fact that the U.S. and Britain dominate the Combined Chiefs of Staff makes military sense to Admiral King. Only the U.S. and Britain have the means to prosecute the global war. Russia is only a partial arsenal. There are more than 30 United Nations. Admiral King is no believer in trying to run a war by a show of hands. Said he last week:

“The way it operates, whenever a nation is directly involved, its representatives are consulted. If we are considering aid for China, the Chinese are called in, given a seat at the table and they get the whole story. Periodically, also, the military representatives of all the United Nations are called in and given the whole story of what’s going on. They are not told what is being planned, however, because when so many people know a thing, inadvertently somebody is liable to give the show away.”

Most people had thought that the plan for invading French Africa was a well-kept secret. Admiral King thought that it was very poorly kept. Nevertheless, he said, “the actual date was known to only about twelve people among ourselves and the British.” Now he must give very serious thought to Europe. Said he: “People talk lightly of our next invading Sicily, Italy, etc. Maybe we can do it, but it’s going to be a sea-borne invasion and it’s not going to be easy.”

King on the Future: Admiral King did not attempt to chart the course of the second year. But he was hopeful; he clearly intended to maintain and step up the Navy’s offensives. At the approach of the second Dec. 7, he still believed what he said early in the first year: “Our days of victory are in the making.”

Slow and Merciless

Allied naval forces last week met a German ship in one of the few surface engagements with the Nazis in this war. The engagement took place, not in the icy waters of the North Atlantic, but west of Australia, probably in the tropical Indian Ocean, where one of the small Allied units under command of General MacArthur caught a ship described only as an “8,000-ton auxiliary.” The Allied guns—probably Australian, perhaps American—opened up, scored a hit. Then the Nazis scuttled the ship. But 78 of them were captured. It was the first time General MacArthur had captured any Germans since 1918.

It was also probably more prisoners than MacArthur’s forces had captured in the entire campaign to blast the Japs out

* Unity of Allied command does not necessarily require a single “supreme military commander,” and it certainly does not mean that such a commander would be supreme over the President, the Prime Minister, China’s Generalissimo, *et al.* He would need only the authority to do for the Allies what the President’s military coordinator, Admiral William D. Leahy, does for the U.S.

of New Guinea. There last week General MacArthur’s Australian and American ground forces moved forward toward the Buna beachhead, yard by yard: the Australians killed 150 Japs in charging one gun position, lost 66 of their own men. The Japanese defenders held an area of only four by ten miles, occupying a position roughly corresponding to that of the U.S. Marines during the worst of Guadalcanal. From concrete strongholds and jungle-covered machine-gun nests the Japs fought with a desperation that precluded capturing prisoners. Besides, Japanese are taught to choose death—even self-inflicted death—rather than surrender.*

Just how important the desperate Japs considered their toe hold on the north coast of New Guinea was indicated by the price they were willing to pay for reinforcements. In ten days MacArthur’s planes sank a cruiser, six destroyers and two landing boats. Some reinforcements did land. The advancing Allies found among their newest slaughter Japanese Marine shock troops with new uniforms and well-filled bellies.

Just how savage the Japs could be in their determination was revealed by the bombing and strafing (with newly arrived planes) of field hospitals which were well marked with several 18-foot red crosses. Marked hospitals are not protected by anti-aircraft, and the strafers flew so low that survivors said they could see the Japs’ faces. Five Americans and 20 Australians, including two doctors, lost their lives. Until the last Jap had been pushed back to the sea, the going would be tough, bloody, merciless.

BATTLE OF ASIA

The Gorge of the Wu-ti Ho

Japan is curled like a cobra at the back door of China. Last week Japan was cobra-quiet, but China and her allies were alert. U.S. and R.A.F. planes harassed the enemy from the air. Brigadier General Claire Chennault’s China-based air forces, in their most destructive raid of the war, blasted Haiphong in Indo-China, destroying shipping and munition dumps. Chennault’s tactics were brilliant. Lightning-like, he struck around the compass. R.A.F. and U.S. pilots from India attacked Jap airdromes in Thailand and Burma. And in Yunnan, China’s southernmost province, the troops of General Chiang Kai-shek waited in the jungles.

Theirs was the strangest battlefield in the world. Six months ago, when the Japs crossed the Salween River on their drive up the Burma Road, crack units of China’s Army rushed in and drove the Japs back across the river, then took up a 200-mile-long position on the Salween’s east bank. In the terrible summer heat and torrential rains of the pestilential country, they settled down to a nightmare existence.

* U.S. forces captured fewer than 100 Japs during the entire Bataan campaign.

Dying Weather. Mountains, mottled green, yellow, red and grey, tower thousands of feet into the air, drop precipitously into the emerald green Salween, called by the natives *Wu-ti Ho*, the River without a Bottom. In the jungles with the Chinese were leopards and tigers, pythons that swallowed whole live hogs, monkeys that stole soldiers’ food, wolves that howled at night and tried to steal dead soldiers. In the river, said the natives, were little fish with hides thicker than leather; bigger, leather-skinned fish whose mouths opened and shut like folding doors. Some of the natives, ceremoniously neutral, stalked the Japanese with poisoned arrows; some hunted the heads of unwary Chinese.

But worst of all was *ta-pai-tzu* (malaria). This was the worst malaria spot in the world. The deadly mosquitoes infested the gorge. Exhausted, underfed and ragged soldiers had neither mosquito nets for protection nor quinine to combat the fever. Casualties from malaria were higher than from combat. Apparently well men trudging along the mountain passes would suddenly flush, complain of the fire in their heads, then die. It was months before adequate quantities of quinine reached them.

The Japanese were better off on their side of the gorge. They had the southern end of the Burma Road, over which they could transport medicine and matériel, move their men back to base hospitals. For the Chinese the section of the Burma Road which they held, winding on north to Chungking, was a broken, impassable trail. They themselves had destroyed it to forestall any further Jap advance.

Fighting Weather. By last week the winter sun was creeping down into the bottom of the gorge. The summer rains were over. Nights brought relief from the terrible, choking heat. It was fighting weather.

Artillery barked more frequently from invisible positions on the mountain sides. Occasionally a machine gun rattled. No soldier or gun was visible, so carefully were positions and emplacements camouflaged. But the noise of firing swelled into a roar, echoing back & forth between the towering mountains. When it died away the Chinese, crouching in their hidden dug-outs, could hear the sound of enemy trucks in the hills beyond rumbling up with fresh supplies. The Chinese who had held the front against *ta-pai-tzu* waited now for the next infestation in the valley of *Wu-ti Ho*.

SKIRMISHES

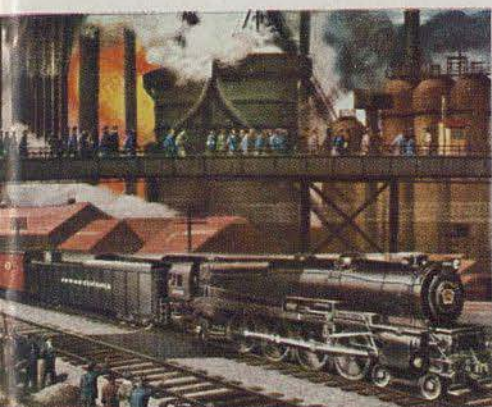
Fall of Réunion

De Gaullist forces landed this week on 970-sq.-mi. Réunion Island, 400 miles east of Madagascar. When Réunion capitulated, the only scrap of the once-great French Empire remaining under Vichy’s control was French Somaliland in east Africa, and that is surrounded by British Somaliland and British-occupied Italian East Africa.



A year ago, when Japan struck at Pearl Harbor, some people had misgivings about the railroads. They knew the railroads had been through twelve tough years . . . that they had about 25 per cent fewer freight cars and locomotives than in 1929. Yet they were being called on to shoulder the weight of the greatest armament program in American history, if not in the world. Now, what does the record show? Briefly summarized, it shows this . . .

Report to the Nation...



Today the railroads are delivering 110,000,000 tons of freight a month, the greatest tonnage in their history—an average of 3,600,000 tons a day—every day. Most of it, materials for war.



To keep industry going at top speed and homes warm and comfortable, the railroads have hauled 1,600,000 tons of coal a day—a greater load even than in busy peacetime days.



Although loaded down with huge war tonnages, the railroads were on the job, as usual, in the harvest fields to move all the grain and agricultural crops offered them for shipment.



Called in to "pinch hit" for oil tankers, railroads are rushing to homes, motorists and industry of the East over 800,000 barrels of petroleum daily—a feat hailed by the government.



Three times as many troops were moved in the first 10 months by train as in the same period of the last war—8,000,000. And this doesn't include soldiers traveling on leave!



Yet despite this unprecedented war load, the railroads continue to serve home needs smoothly and efficiently—they are carrying foods and commodities for all America.

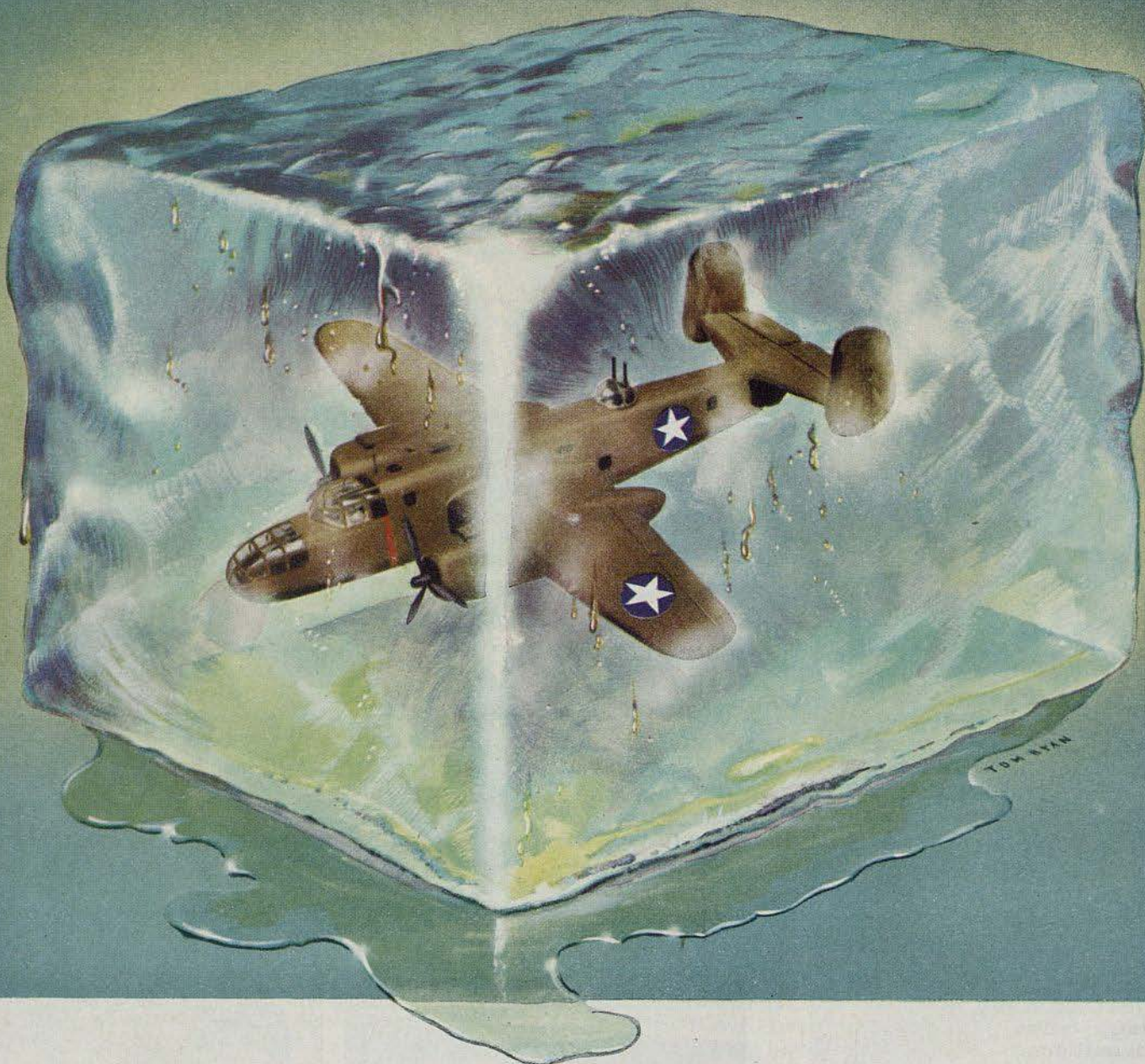
One question still remains unanswered. How could the railroads do so much with so little? In the "lean" years they replaced the old with new . . . larger, more powerful locomotives . . . bigger freight cars . . . revolutionary automatic operating systems . . . modernized

methods on a wide scale. Pennsylvania Railroad alone spent nearly \$670,000,000 in improvements. So, thanks to the courage and vision of railroad management, Uncle Sam had at his command practically a new railroad system when the call came . . . "keep 'em rollin'!"

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Serving the Nation

— BUY UNITED STATES
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



We could have done this a year ago

The calendar says the United States has been at war one year.

But here at North American Aviation we've thrown the calendar away. Today we are building planes that are *years* ahead of the planes we were building in 1941.

Those late-1941 planes of ours were *good*. According to one theory of production we would have been justified in "freezing" the designs we had in production last December 7 and concentrating entirely on turning out those planes. But we don't work that way, nor do the Army and Navy work that way.

We know frozen weapons won't win the war, because the war itself can't be frozen. So we keep our production methods flexible, and whenever battle experience or engineering genius or mechanical skill suggests a change that will improve our planes, we make the change—and look for other improvements.

That's why "North American Sets the Pace"—why our planes are chosen for missions like the first Tokyo raid (B-25 bombers) or to bear the brunt of low-altitude fighting over Europe (P-51 Mustangs).

We are making these better planes so much faster that we

passed our 1942 production quota months ago. But today, as always, the main idea of every North American employee is to make every North American plane the best bomber, fighter or trainer that can possibly be produced *at the moment* it is completed.

You—the taxpayers and Bond-buyers of the nation—pay for the planes we build. Your sons, brothers, sweethearts and husbands fly them. We need no other reason to continue building the best planes that skilled hands and unfrozen brains can build.

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC., Inglewood, California

Plants in California, Kansas, and Texas

MEMBER, AIRCRAFT WAR PRODUCTION COUNCIL, INC.



BOMBERS



FIGHTERS



TRAINERS

BONDS BUY BOMBERS! Buy War Savings Bonds every payday.

Join the Army or Navy Air Force

NORTH AMERICAN

Sets the Pace!

FOREIGN NEWS

FRANCE

Friends of Freedom

General Charles de Gaulle, leader of the Fighting French, is a tall, stern man without the dramatic appeal of Joan of Arc but with all her love for France. Last week it was considered virtually certain that he was coming to Washington. Rebuffed and dismayed by the U.S.'s "temporary arrangement" with Admiral Jean Darlan in North Africa, De Gaulle had a case to plead.

To the Fighting French, Admiral Darlan is a onetime Nazi collaborationist, and therefore a traitor. Lieut. General Dwight D. Eisenhower's decision to recognize him (in order to put a quick end to French resistance in North Africa) is a blow to Fighting French prestige. They also deeply distrust the extent of Darlan's present collaboration with the Allies. But the Fighting French, as Frenchmen, retain their Cartesian logic.

No fair-weather friend of France is President Roosevelt, at the moment a court of high appeal among those seeking French leadership. From Roosevelt, De Gaulle will probably receive the details of the Darlan deal, with assurances that France will not be tossed away to quislings.

To De Gaulle the final smashing of Axis troops in North Africa would sound like the overture to victory. A policy of opportunism has contributed to that goal in Algeria, Morocco and Tunisia. With the French Fleet gone and with Dakar in the Allied sphere, the situation has changed, and with it has changed the position of Collaborationist Darlan. To the Fighting French and to many thoughtful U.S. citizens, a continued policy of opportunism has grave dangers. Two U.S. citizens spoke up last week to say so.

Before 17,000 Canadians who cheered themselves hoarse in Toronto, Wendell Willkie urged forthright discussion of war aims and policies.

"I was a soldier in the last war," said Willkie, "and after that war was over I saw our bright dreams disappear, our stirring slogans become the jests of the cynical, and all because the fighting peoples did not arrive at any common post-war purpose while they fought."

From Pundit Walter Lippmann came another warning of the need for political thinking to meet the problems of Europe. Lippmann recalled that for 20 years Europe has fermented with incipient class warfare. Said he: "We face the tremendous risk that liberation will be followed by civil war, unless we are prepared to choose correctly and swiftly, as territories are liberated, the authority which the great powers will back to restore order and to negotiate the peace. The price of not choosing swiftly, and of not choosing correctly, those who embody the vital purposes of the emancipated peoples, will be the anarchy of civil war."

Last Mile

Seventeen months after the armistice of Compiègne, the leaders of the Third Republic stood in the dock at Riom to answer war-guilt charges dreamed up by Adolf Hitler. Instead they attacked the Vichy regime, praised General Charles de Gaulle. Delicate, scholarly, 70-year-old onetime Premier Léon Blum raised his grey head proudly and accused his accusers of rank mockery. Cried onetime Premier Edouard Daladier: "We shall make it clear where treason lurked and by whom France was betrayed."

These voices of defiance struck sympathetic chords in millions of French hearts. Hitler called the trial off hurriedly. But it was too late. France had awakened, not to collaborate but to resist.

Last week, no longer protected by the shadow of the once-great Code Napoléon, Blum and Daladier were en route to Germany. Paul Reynaud, Georges Mandel and General Gustave Gamelin had already joined General Maxime Weygand in Berlin, where a German "people's court"* awaited them.

Of the leading statesmen of the Third Republic, only solid, 70-year-old Edouard Herriot remained in France. He was too popular to touch yet. On at least one occasion the Fighting French arranged an escape for Herriot, but he refused to leave his country. Said he: "I shall stay and suffer with my people."

* This might well move Moscow to renew demands for the trial of Rudolf Hess.

RUSSIA

Let Us Live!

Red Army soldiers have boots of thick leather, or of greenish-yellow felt, known as *Valenkis*. Last winter those boots saved them from the fate of thousands of German soldiers who froze to death or were crippled by the cold. This winter Russian boots will walk on the faces of thousands of dead Germans.

In Moscow and in the village precincts, Russian civilians do not have boots. During autumn cold snaps, girls in Moscow still wore summer sandals. Scarcely any civilians have rubbers or overshoes. Millions wear homemade quilted shoes.

Russia has learned the true price of total war. This winter Russian civilians will pay, not only in misery, but in death, for the boots of their soldiers, and for tanks and rifles and planes. Some of the hard facts of wartime living in Russia:

Food. Probably 90% of the food consumed in the U.S.S.R. is now rationed. What little is left over from collectivized-farm quotas brings fantastic prices. Eggs, spread like jewels on the counters of Moscow's crowded Central Market, sell at more than \$3 each. Milk has sold at \$5.50 a cupful. A peck of potatoes costs \$10.

Workers in heavy war industries receive ration cards for 1 lb. 9 oz. of bread daily; monthly allotments of 1½ lb. of butter; 4 lb. 7 oz. of meal; 1 lb. 2 oz. of sugar; 4 lb. 14 oz. of meat; 2 lb. 3 oz. of fish; 14 oz. of salt; 1 oz. of tea. Those doing less heavy work, children and dependents



EDOUARD DALADIER & LÉON BLUM
To Berlin and German justice.

European

get roughly two-thirds as much. But ration cards cannot provide food when there is none. Doctors estimate that Russians have lost an average of 15 pounds each during the past year. Although bread lines are never mentioned in the press or photographed, oldsters with chattering teeth form long queues in the city streets. By spring many will have died.*

Consumer Goods. Most retail shops have closed. Those still functioning, like Moscow's five-story Mostorg department store, have little more than rows of empty counters. Housewives can rarely get pots & pans, chinaware, hairpins, combs, brushes, soap. Men cannot buy razor blades, pens or watches.

Probably not one out of 100 civilians has been able to purchase any new clothing during the year. As they have in the past, Russians are putting newspapers under their worn coats in the daytime and between their blankets at night.

Shelter. City rents in Russia do not vary according to neighborhood but according to monthly income. In Moscow a person in the middle-income bracket pays 2½ rubles per square meter of floor space, whether on eight-laned Gorki street or in a converted church, and no one is allowed to occupy over 9 square meters (96 sq. ft.). Since apartments average around 60 square meters of space, single persons and small families have to share apartments with others.

In Moscow, where the population has jumped from one million in 1920 to over four million today, housing conditions are further complicated by the abrupt wartime cessations of badly needed new residential buildings, by poor architectural planning and bad workmanship on some apartments, and by lack of materials to repair bomb-damaged windows and roofs.

Heat. Since most of Russia's remaining coal and oil supplies are needed for industry and the Army, new sources of fuel had to be found for homes, schools and offices. Battalions of women—waitresses, ballerinas, hairdressers—were recruited to work in the forests. They were given two weeks' training in handling axes and saws. In August and September loads of wood began arriving in the cities. It was dumped in huge piles at street intersections. The only transport supplied by the Government was a few tiny handcarts for each neighborhood (home deliveries of laundry, etc., have long been banned). It was up to the civilians, after presenting their fuel-ration cards, to get their meager supplies home. Hauling was done by old women and school children, the only "manpower" available.

Health. Medical services now are reserved primarily for the Army and war workers. Influenza and colds are almost as common as bedbugs and body lice.

Despite privations, most adults look

* Unofficial but reliable Russian sources now admit the death by starvation and disease of 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 in the besieged Leningrad area last winter.

surprisingly healthy. Those suffering the most are the aged. Children show the effect of the lack of fresh vegetables and milk. Even so, streets are full of pregnant women and mothers with babies in their arms. Because of the food shortage, nearly all women breast-feed their babies for a year.

Morale. Twice in the past 20 years (early 1920s, early 1930s) the Russian people have suffered intense privation. In the winter of 1932-33 millions starved in a famine augmented by the Government's policy of exporting foodstuffs in exchange for the machinery and equipment now furnishing the Red Army with the matériel of war. At these times of crisis Russian



SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE
Security from cradle to grave?
(See Column 3)

morale did not break. The people went on working and producing.

For centuries black bread and cabbage have been the staples of the Russians' diet. They have developed immunity to diseases that would wipe out Western peoples under similar circumstances.

The Russians have suffered before, and have survived. They are suffering now, but their will to survive is today stronger than ever before. Last week eloquent Ilya Ehrenbourg, senior Russian war correspondent,* wrote:

"The post-war morning will be beautiful. Russia, her head raised high, strong but peaceful, proud but not haughty, the first to beat the Germans, will free her shoulder from the rifle and say: 'Now let us live!'"

* Three other major correspondents have been killed in action in the past year: Alexander Afinogenov (author of *Distant Point*), Eugene Petrov (co-author of *The Little Golden Calf*) and Alexander Polyakov (author of *Russians Don't Surrender*).

GREAT BRITAIN

Beveridge Proposes

White-thatched, idealistic Sir William Henry Beveridge* is one of those Englishmen who believe that post-war reconstruction must go hand in hand with basic social reforms. This belief, voiced in many public utterances, he bases on a lifetime spent in the study of economics and years of experience with social problems. Contemptuous of crackpot Utopias, he backs his statements up with figures, for which he has an abiding passion.

Since June 1941, when he was appointed chairman of a Parliamentary committee to survey existing schemes of social insurance and allied services, he has put his ideas in a 100,000-word document, which last week was ready to be sprung on England. If preliminary forecasts were correct, it bid fair to be a memorable document.

The Plan. Broadly, Sir William's plan is said to foresee a system of compulsory state insurance covering every man, woman and child in England, regardless of age, income or job, from the cradle to the grave, against almost all forms of personal want or insecurity. The system would be administered by a Minister of Social Security, its details worked out by official experts. Some features:

- ▶ Weekly insurance premiums would approximate five shillings (\$1) per person, to be shared by employers.
- ▶ Sickness benefits, to be paid for an unlimited period, would cover not only the patient's individual needs but also those of his dependents.
- ▶ Around seven shillings sixpence (\$1.50) weekly would be allowed for the upkeep of children.
- ▶ Retirement pensions would be provided for all, beginning for men at 65, for women at 60.
- ▶ Medical service for all citizens would be nationalized and comprehensive, covering hospital, specialist, surgical, prenatal & postnatal and convalescent treatment.
- ▶ Housewives would be recognized officially as performing special services and possessing special needs, which would be covered as would those of any wage earner.

The Cost: an estimated £800,000,000 (\$3,200,000,000) yearly, of which perhaps £300,000,000 would come from contributions, £500,000,000 from the state. (Before the war Britain spent £300,000,000 annually on comparable social services.)

There was little prospect that the Beveridge scheme would be adopted by the present predominantly Conservative Parliament elected in 1935. Sober, competent New York *Times* man Raymond Daniell cabled: "This, it has been predicted, will

* Known hitherto as a confirmed bachelor, studious Sir William last week surprised his friends by announcing his engagement to his Scottish sister-in-law, Mrs. Janet Mair, mother of four children and a grandmother to boot. Said she: "I am radiant." Said he: "My future wife is about my own age (63). She's a very charming person."

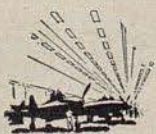
Thirst

ON THE DESERT

First a faint drone. Then a hot night sky suddenly clouded with winged death. The blackout bulbs keep the road below, safely in front of the driver of the jeep, first in the long line snaking forward. The soldier at the wheel feels the moisture creep into his palms. It makes the wheel slippery. He grasps it grimly. Then, after a few moments that seem like a century, the roar fades to a lazy buzz.

"... Like I was sayin' a minute ago," the man at the wheel goes on through dust-parched lips. "The way my ma made root beer was different. You never tasted anything like it. It was like pourin' velvet down your throat."

While back home...



Many a factory making jeeps and other war material is finding the answer to the problem of night production; is getting daytime efficiency from night shifts — with modern industrial lighting.

Today we know how fortunate it was that several years before Hitler marched into Poland—MAZDA research had been developing the fluorescent lamp. Many applications by G-E lighting engineers came in time for growing war production to take quick advantage of its amazing benefits.

G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL  ELECTRIC

TIME, December 7, 1942

This is the G-E MAZDA S-8 lamp used in blackout headlamps. It's only one of over 400 different types of lamps that General Electric makes for war needs.



be the longest step this country has ever been asked to take toward economic reform, and the best political opinion is that it is doomed before [it has] ever seen the light of day, so far as this Parliament is concerned. . . .

"In all this there is being laid the basis for a post-war political struggle, the outcome of which may have as important a bearing on social change in this country as the Battle of Britain had on the military outcome of the war, for, regardless of what their existing leaders wish, the people of this island are beginning to demand in still inchoate form that out of the wreckage the war leaves behind a better world must come into being."

For 1943, A Bold Heart

Over the world's short waves, Winston Churchill gave another of his full-dress oratorical performances, launched the first big broadside in a new war of nerves against Italy.

In his last radio performance, in May, Britain's Prime Minister had done his best to sound resolute in the face of threatened Nazi gas attacks, discouraging war communiqués and mounting hostility at home. Last week his resolution was unbridled, his humility as forthright as a sock on the jaw. For his resolution, he had good reason. November's war had fared well. In Britain a Gallup poll reported that his popularity, sadly sagging in July after the rout at Tobruk, had shot up again. Of those polled, 91% approved of Winston Churchill as Prime Minister.

Spaced by theatrical pauses and wrapped in intonations as rich as plum pudding, the Churchill phrases hailed allied collaboration in Africa, promised it in the Pacific, anticipated it at the peace table. To Benito Mussolini he applied a fresh epithet: "The hyena in his nature broke all bounds of decency."* To "the fair land of Italy" he guaranteed "prolonged, scientific and shattering air attack." To Italians he offered the choice "to say whether they want this terrible thing to happen to their country or not." If not, presumably they could get rid of Il Duce and his works.

While fires from the previous night's four-ton British bombs still seared Turin, Churchill threatened "to bring the weight of war home to the Italian Fascist State in a manner not hitherto dreamed of by its guilty leaders."

Other Churchillisms:

► On Africa: "We intend, and I will go so far as to say we expect, to expel the enemy before long."

► On France: "I agree with General de Gaulle that at last the scales of deception now have fallen from the eyes of the French people. Indeed, it was time."

► On the Pacific: "It may well be that the war in Europe will end before the war in Asia. . . . If events should take such a course, we should, of course, bring all our

* Other Churchillian labels for Il Duce: "jackal," "lackey," "serf," "utensil."

forces to the other side of the world to aid the United States . . . against the aggressions of Japan."

► On the future: "I promise nothing . . . I know of nothing . . . which justifies the hope that the war will not be long or that bitter, bloody years do not lie ahead."

► On the peace: "I should hope . . . that we shall be able to make better solutions . . . than was possible a quarter of a century ago."

► On 1943: "We must brace ourselves to cope with trials and problems. . . . We do so with . . . a bold heart and a good conscience."

SWITZERLAND

Alone, Little & Tough

Bigger nations than Switzerland have been consumed by Nazi fury for fewer sins. Switzerland is democratic; she is "polyglot"; her largest racial group is German. Her culture is incurably liberal and her biggest political party is Social Democratic. She is home and symbol of the world's greatest experiments in the internationalism which the Nazis detest: the League of Nations and the Red Cross. Now, with war in the Mediterranean, Swit-

zerland has automatically become guilty of the cardinal sin: being in Hitler's way.

Though no proposal to alter these circumstances had yet been made by her Axis neighbors, the Swiss last week were worried. German troops, completing the occupation of France, had closed Switzerland's last corridor to the outside world: the land was now an isolated little democratic anomaly deep inside totalitarian Europe. The intensification of German propaganda inside Switzerland led many Swiss to believe that Germany might like to fill the last lacuna in this Pan-Germanic ideal sooner rather than later. German propaganda was attacking Switzerland with a regularity that suggested a conscious campaign. The Swiss Nazi paper *Die Front* was seconding the Wilhelmstrasse's complaints accusing the Government of "terror, suppression, chicanery and injustice."

The Axis had two other pressure weapons. One was economic strangulation. Switzerland's main economic life line, through the Mediterranean and north Italy, had become a very thin thread susceptible to being pinched off at half a dozen points. Her secondary life line, overland from Lisbon through France, could be cut at any moment. Finally, with troops on every frontier, the Germans had the weapon of military invasion.

Less doggedly independent lands would have toppled long ago, but Switzerland's reaction to the new situation was to answer the obvious question before it was asked. Said the democratic *Volksrecht*: "It is of the greatest importance that we leave no doubt in anybody's mind that not even the most hopeless situation will make us capitulate voluntarily, and before we can be commanded we have got to be beaten. . . ." These were no hollow words. Switzerland, too, had some trumps:

► Against propaganda the Swiss have shown the healthy, aloof instincts of a people who have known and loved freedom long.

► Against economic pressure the Swiss know they can cut off supplies of valuable precision instruments which they are making for Germany; they can forbid the Axis use of vital railroads between Germany and Italy.

► Against attack the Swiss have aces to play. They would destroy the three great Alpine tunnels, Lötschberg, St. Gotthard and Simplon. Man for man, Switzerland probably has the second best army in Europe today. Its general staff, under sagacious, diminutive, popular General Henri Guisan (the fourth general in Swiss history),* has built in the Alps a kernel of defense which an army thrice the size of the Swiss Army (600,000 men) might need valuable months to crack. The Swiss Army can be mobilized in half an hour.

With these trumps the Swiss last week continued confidently but soberly to do



A.T.P.-Black Star

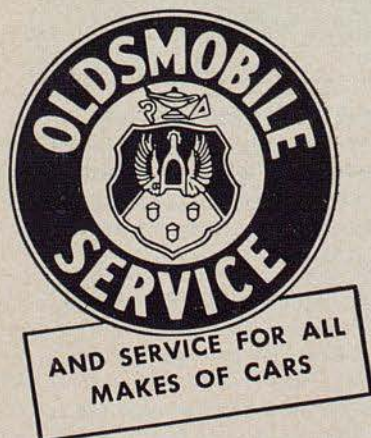
SWITZERLAND'S GENERAL GUISAN
Aces up his sleeve.

* Generals are appointed in Switzerland only in times of emergency. A colonel in the Swiss Army equals a general in other armies.

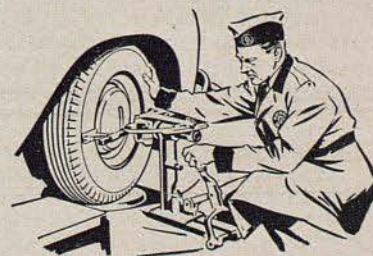
NO MATTER *WHAT MAKE* OF CAR YOU DRIVE !



-AT ANY **OLDSMOBILE DEALER'S !**



YOU DON'T have to own an Oldsmobile to get Oldsmobile quality service. Whether you drive a light roadster, a big sedan, a station wagon or a truck, just bring it in—and we'll be ready to give you real service. Oldsmobile dealers not only offer you the services of expert, experienced mechanics, they also have the very last word in modern machines, tools and equipment. If your car needs a front wheel alignment to save tire wear, for example, Oldsmobile mechanics have the latest scientific equipment to do the job with precision and efficiency. *And remember—even the most skilled mechanic can't perform such a job as wheel alignment without the use of modern equipment.* Entrust your car to Oldsmobile specialists, equipped with *specialized machines* and the "know how" to do the job right. Next year, two years from now, three years from now, you'll be very glad you did!



Save your tires! Five important factors of wheel alignment must be checked and corrected to insure against needless waste of rubber. Your Oldsmobile dealer has the right equipment and the "know how" to do the whole job right!

OLDSMOBILE DEALERS OF AMERICA

★ IN SERVICE FOR THE NATION ★

EYESIGHT

Well done—Well named

Last week, as most weeks of late, raids on the enemy by B-17 Flying Fortresses again made headlines throughout the United Nations. Told and retold were fantastic stories of airfields, factories, gun emplacements, etc., wiped off the map by Fortresses flying so high as to be invisible to ground observers.



DELIVERING THE GOODS
... 200 practice shots apiece.

Needed for such amazingly accurate bombing are: (1) the legendary accuracy of the Norden bombsight, (2) men carefully selected, long-trained. Before going into action, each bombardier has practiced in sighting and releasing a good 200 bombs, from heights up to 35,000 feet. Needed for such fantastically accurate sighting: steel nerves, painstaking training, perfect eyesight.

Seven out of Ten

Fortunately America can supply millions of young men with the required A-1 eyesight. But recent estimates of the Better Vision Institute reveal that of the 7 out of 10 Americans with faulty eyesight, only about half have had it corrected. With the armed forces taking such a large percentage of those with perfect sight, optical attention is indicated for a staggering majority of those left at home.

Needed by millions, in war plants, offices, farms, and homes—complete eye examinations. That goes even for the majority of those already bespectacled. As a leading eye authority last week pointed out, the maximum effort and production needed from everyone to win this war cannot be produced by workers whose efficiency suffers as a result of defective eyesight, known or unknown.

Many who heed this warning may find Soft-Lite Lenses prescribed. Designed for use under modern living and working conditions, Soft-Lite Lenses are slightly flesh-toned to reduce glare, protect eyes from excess light. They provide greater eye comfort, relieve eye strain, boost efficiency. Made by Bausch & Lomb, Soft-Lite Lenses are ground to prescription in bifocal and single-vision forms. Ask about them when you have your eyes examined.

BUY WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY

For Greater Comfort and Better Appearance in Your Glasses

Soft-Lite Lenses

Made by Bausch & Lomb solely for the
Soft-Lite Lens Company, Squibb Building, New York

what no other small nation in Europe could do: run Switzerland as the Swiss thought it should be run. Seven soldiers of the Swiss Army were sentenced to death for treason—first death sentences for military espionage in Swiss history—despite dire warnings from the Swiss Nazi *Die Front* that “first shots can be dangerous.” In Zurich, filmgoers stood and applauded *Mrs. Miniver*, which critics hailed as “a touching document of democratic courage.” Swiss censorship banned Goebbels’ weekly *Das Reich* because it printed a distasteful caricature of President Roosevelt. The *Volksrecht* answered Nazi Press Chief Dietrich’s

SOUTH AMERICA

Uruguay's Choice

In one of the most important elections in their country's history, 860,000 Uruguayans went to the polls this week to decide between democracy and Argentine-backed reactionaries, between neutrality and a pro-United Nations course. Overwhelmingly they chose democracy and the United Nations. As their new President they elected the candidate of President Alfredo Baldomir's Colorado Party, 61-year-old Lawyer Juan José de Amézaga, ex-Ambassador and League of Nations



URUGUAY'S PRESIDENT- (left) & VICE PRESIDENT-ELECT (right)*
The minority's voice became a whisper.

Afi-Black Star

charge that Switzerland was giving up “spiritual neutrality”: “We reject spiritual eunuchry. Away with mental castration which goes by the name of spiritual neutrality! Statesmen of great powers should have learned by now that neither love nor liking can be ordered.”

Maneuverable Largo Caballero

Republican Spain's war Premier, Francisco Largo Caballero, fled his crumbling country in early 1939, took refuge in southern France. With other Loyalist refugees he lived quietly through the war and the collapse of France. Vichy refused to extradite him to Spain. When German troops completed the occupation of France, they rounded up “notorious reds,” and last fortnight it was reported that Largo Caballero had been turned over to Generalissimo Francisco Franco's police for court-martial and probable execution. Largo Caballero had many friends. Telegrams poured into the White House asking President Roosevelt to intercede. The Government of Ecuador made direct representation. Last week official Spanish circles denied that Largo Caballero had been extradited.

For all his 73 years, veteran Socialist Largo Caballero has considerable maneuverability. This week Geneva reported his safe arrival in Switzerland.

delegate. As Vice President: hemisphere-minded Foreign Minister Alberto Guani.

With this triumph over the Fascist-minded National (Blanco) Party, acceptance of a new Constitution drafted by President Baldomir seemed a certainty. It would replace the outworn Constitution promulgated eight years ago after a *coup d'état* by the late President Gabriel Terra, which gave minority parties a disproportionate voice in public affairs.

CHINA

Rice & Salt, Not History

It is related in Chinese folklore that a young peasant girl was asked to carry some wind wrapped in paper and some fire, also wrapped in paper. Her answer was to carry a fan and a lantern.

With the same earthy wisdom the tenth plenary session of the Kuomintang's Central Executive Committee last week attacked China's seemingly impossible problem of inflation and price control. After dozens of schemes were suggested the delegates settled on one: henceforth the general price of all commodities will be in a fixed ratio to the price of salt and rice.

This was a homespun device. It might prove sound. But the fact that this was the

* In the middle: their manager.



A United States Marine dodges swiftly across the battle-scarred slope, takes position behind a shattered wall that commands the enemy gun emplacement across the tiny valley.

A shell explodes in a shower of dirt, two hundred yards away from the enemy gun.

The Marine speaks quietly into the tiny microphone in his hand. "AK9 to BJ. Left four zero. Two hundred short." Miles away, an American artillery officer issues swift commands to his gun crew.

"Mission accomplished!"



Another shell-burst, this time in front of the target. "AK9 to BJ," says the leatherneck. "Left one zero. One hundred short."



The "walkie-talkie" is only one of many Westinghouse electrical products for America's ground forces. In tanks and combat cars—at artillery and anti-aircraft posts and communications centers—in the field and behind the lines, more than a hundred kinds of Westinghouse electrical equipment are in use. Even in base and field hospitals, Westinghouse X-Ray machines and ultra-violet Sterilamps* are helping daily to save the lives of wounded men.

For our ground forces, as well as for our naval and air forces, every ounce of Westinghouse "know-how" is on the job—to provide more and more of the deadliest fighting weapons that skill and ingenuity and hard work can produce.

And then, suddenly, a terrific, ground-shaking explosion across the valley . . . the enemy gun emplacement disappears in a black, billowing geyser of rocks and smoke and rubble. The Marine puts the microphone to his lips.

"AK9 to BJ—Mission accomplished! AK9 to BJ—Mission accomplished!"

Mission accomplished—a direct hit! *Because the miracle of electricity has been put to work again*—in the rugged, compact radio transmitter and receiver that rides comfortably across the devil dog's back. "Walkie-talkie," the Marines call it—a light, completely self-contained unit that allows constant two-way communication with unhampered freedom of movement. On scores of vital assignments, from spotting artillery fire to co-ordinating the movement of advance patrols, the "walkie-talkie" is helping to make American Marines the deadly fighting team that they are.



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only important decision of the Central Executive Committee's tenth annual meeting was a disappointment. To those Chinese who believe that China can become a true democracy, it was a tragedy.

The Party Purpose. As the great Sun Yat-sen defined it, the Kuomintang (Nationalist Party) is the trustee of Chinese sovereignty until the people are educated to conduct their own affairs. China's Government is for all practical purposes a one-party Government, and the Kuomintang is the party.

The party is run by 260 Central Executive Committeemen drawn from war areas, provincial capitals, Government bureaus, from diplomatic posts in Washington and London. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek runs China, but he almost always defers to the party's Executive Committee.

At each annual meeting, the Executive Committee is supposed to carry China one step closer to democracy: to give up some of its power and give the people some new tokens of franchise. In wartime such steps must necessarily be short steps.

The Party's Accomplishment. For a fortnight Chungking squirmed with rumors as party leaders fought out policy.

There were hopes that there would be shifts in personnel within the party or Cabinet or both, which would transfer the Government's center of gravity a foot or two toward the true democrats. But after the session the same group had the same firm grip on the party: Communist-hating War Minister Ho Ying-chin; the Chen brothers, leaders of the notoriously reactionary CC clique; Finance Minister H. H. Kung.

There were hopes that there would be dynamic moves to end once & for all the Kuomintang-Communist schism. The usual statement to the Communists (behave yourselves) was read into the record.

As for the post-war world, China—through its most potent organ, the party—endorsed the program outlined by the Gissimo to the New York *Herald Tribune* forum promising post-war cooperation.

The Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang held the clay of history in its hands last week. It had a chance to start molding China into the beautiful shape which Sun Yat-sen imagined. Instead, it fixed prices against rice and salt.

INTERNATIONAL

Wasp & Wolf

Readers of the serious, scholarly London *Economist* were nonplused. There was always a tinge of abstruse mysticism mixed with high idealism in the speeches of U.S. Vice President Henry Agard Wallace. But what did he mean when he said: "Millions of Americans are now coming to see that if Pan-America and the British Commonwealth are the wasp of the new democracy, then the peoples of Russia and Asia are the wolf?"

Last week other sections of the press gleefully pointed out that the *Economist's* typesetter could not, or would not, tell a wasp from a warp or a wolf from a woof. This helped Britons clear up one mystery in a confused world.

Tenite

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on Army
Jeeps!

TENITE STEERING WHEELS, familiar to millions of American motorists, are now in the hands of Jeep drivers. These wheels were adopted by the Army because of their extreme strength and toughness ... their ability to withstand hard usage and exposure in all climates ... and the high speed with which they can be molded to meet war production schedules.

Bayonet scabbards, pistol grips, parachute lamps, radio controls, bomber visors, ammunition rollers, in addition to more than a hundred other pieces of Tenite equipment, are now used by the armed forces of the Allied Nations. Information as to the availability of Tenite for your wartime products will be given on request. TENNESSEE EASTMAN CORPORATION (Subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company), KINGSPORT, TENNESSEE.

*An
Eastman Plastic*



"Their Sufferings Will Not Have Been in Vain..."

COUNT CARLO SFORZA, former ITALIAN FOREIGN MINISTER

What kind of post-war world are we fighting to create?

Pan American has presented answers to this question by such leaders of thought as Dr. John Dewey, Dr. Hu Shih and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Here Count Carlo Sforza, former Italian Foreign Minister and now leader of the FREE ITALIANS throughout the world, tells you what he sees—for the future.

THESE ARE TIMES when certain problems, once faced, are rapidly solved. During two thousand years, philosophers asserted that slavery was a "law of nature"; and yet more was done towards its abolition in the half-century around the American Civil War than in the whole preceding Christian era.

That is why I declared, in a recent speech at Montevideo, that the first duty of a free Italy will be "ardent support of an organized world with no more place for the anarchical independence of the nationalistic States." I was not surprised when this statement met with cheers from Italians who had assembled to meet me from all parts of Latin America.

What is true for Italy, which has bitterly learned the folly of aggressive wars, is equally true for America. No American should forget that in the coming world even the Ocean will be no more than a big river; and

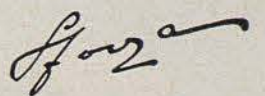
that, if only for that, the era of isolation is gone forever. Those who cannot see this are like certain *dannati* in Dante's *Inferno*—people walking eternally with their heads turned backwards.

The highest duty of the present generation of Americans is to fight in order to make impossible a repetition of the Nazi-Fascist plot against peace. This American duty was foreseen by the Declaration of Independence when it stated in 1776: "...that whenever any form of Government becomes destructive [of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness] it is the right of the People to alter or to abolish it." In Jefferson's mind, "right" meant "duty"!

War always means suffering. But our sufferings in this "toughest of all wars" will not have been in vain since we are beginning to learn:—

- (a) INDIVIDUALLY: that Liberty is a right which must be won anew by the common people in each generation;
- (b) NATIONALLY: that the previous complete independence of Nations must cease. They must submit to a superior international law which will make it impossible for peaceful nations to be again at the mercy of adventurers. Never again must it be possible for a Nation, having first destroyed Freedom at home, to prepare satanic aggression behind its closed frontiers.

We must resolve that frontiers will no longer mean what they meant up until 1939. I foresee a Peace Conference at which we might agree to draw in frontiers very lightly—with a pencil and not in indelible ink.



THE DAY THAT VICTORY is earned by the United Nations, aviation must be ready to demonstrate that it is a great constructive, as well as a great destructive, force.

Air transport travel costs will, we believe, be brought within the reach of common men everywhere.

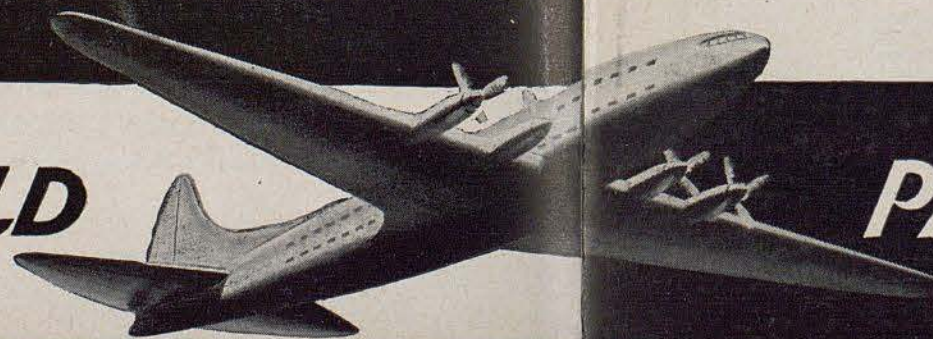
Two weeks' vacation in Italy? Certainly, since Rome will be only 16 hours from New York by air. Round-the-world air cruises in two weeks? Nothing will prevent them when Victory comes except the barriers of habit and disbelief.

When peace comes, Pan American looks forward to playing its part, through technological research as well as with trained personnel and flight equipment, in providing widespread distribution of the world's culture, science and goods.

Today, of course, everything that we can offer—120 million miles of over-ocean flight experience, trained personnel and service to over 60 foreign countries and colonies—is at work for the government and military services of the United States.

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Wings over the WORLD

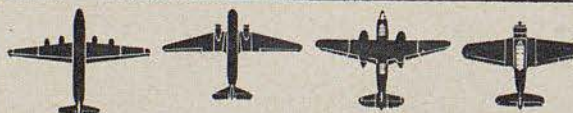


PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS



JOHNNY SKYTROOPER, U.S.A.

LOOK OUT BELOW! Johnny Skytrooper is rough, tough and nasty. Striking behind enemy lines he hits hardest where it hurts the most. Douglas C-53 "Skytrooper" transports carry him swiftly on his mission of destruction; Douglas C-47 "Skytrains" and C-54 "Skymasters" follow through with his supplies. Setting the pace for war transport production, Douglas is proud to provide the equipment for Johnny Skytrooper to "win with wings." Douglas Aircraft Co. Inc., Santa Monica, Calif.



Left to right (1) C-54 "Skymaster" (2) C-47 "Skytrain," C-53 "Skytrooper" (3) A-20 "Boston," A-20 "Havoc" (4) SBD "Dauntless," TBD "Devastator," A-24 "Banshee"

DOUGLAS

MEMBER, AIRCRAFT WAR PRODUCTION COUNCIL, INC.

MEDICINE

Guadalcanal Record

The Russians claim an astounding record for saving the lives of wounded men—only 1.5% exclusive of battle deaths, die of their wounds. Last fortnight Rear Admiral Ross T. McIntire, Navy's Surgeon General, told Northwestern University's medical and dental students about the U.S. record on Guadalcanal. It is even better, though on a smaller scale: less than 1% have died, compared to 7% in World War I. Biggest improvement is in abdominal wounds—5% deaths, compared to World War I's 70 to 80%.

As in Russia, Guadalcanal doctors attack a wounded man's three worst enemies—shock, infection, delay. While still on the field—if possible—a man is treated to stop bleeding and reduce shock. He may get an injection of blood plasma, collected by the Red Cross back home, may take tablets of an infection-preventing sulfa drug which he carries into battle with him. Like many a Russian soldier, the U.S. soldiers are flown to a hospital, but Guadalcanal's hospital is "several hundred miles away" on another island.

Not all credit for recovery from wounds should go to new discoveries. Dr. McIntire reminded the students that "there are certain things which we have learned through the years, and they cannot be by-passed." Most of these are things not to do—the best way to handle a wound is as little as possible, to let nature heal it. Time was when a surgeon's unnecessary probings and meddlings were more lethal to soldiers than swordthrust or gunshot.

Not So Long Ago

Manhattan doctors have seldom had a more instructive account of modern progress in surgery than they got recently in the frank, gay, gossipy reminiscences of one famed surgeon. They got it from dapper, renowned little Dr. John Frederic Erdmann, 78 (who still operates and teaches), who just for fun of it got up at Post-Graduate Hospital and told them about surgery as he has known it.

In Bellevue Hospital's Surgical Clinic in 1884, Dr. Erdmann as a medical student saw "Dr. Alexander Mott, dressed in his Prince Albert coat, the sleeves of the coat turned up to show his white cuffs. He made no attempt to clean his hands as we do today but used just enough water from an old basin to lubricate them. There was no anesthesia. The physiology table used for animal demonstrations was his operating table. Mott would put the scalpel in his mouth and possibly several strands of waxed silk or linen. His sponges were the ordinary reef sponges and these he would rinse in an old japanned basin, changing the water in the basin only when it became too bloody to return the sponges relatively clean. The instruments he used were taken out of a mahogany box, the old Civil War carrying case which is now antique, and when he had finished with them they were wiped off and replaced in the velvet-lined box for the next victim."

Patient, Old Style. Dr. Erdmann merrily recalled the trials of the oldtime patient. When asepsis finally came into fashion washing began in good earnest.



STEICHEN'S PICTURE OF ERDMANN AT WORK
The photographer's assistants had to be blooded.

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CAMELOT famous game especially popular with men and boys, and a great Christmas gift for them. A favorite board game in U. S. Army camps, \$1.25; \$2; \$5; ROOK The "Game of Games," the most popular and largest selling card game, 75 cents. FLINCH a truly great card game which has leaped to immense popularity. New improved pack of 150 cards, 75 cents.

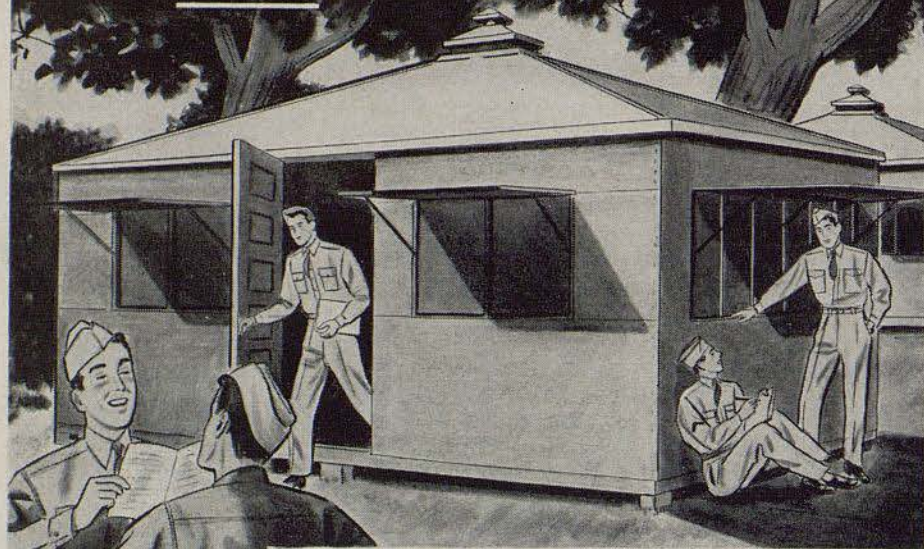
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The Victory Hut, solely produced by Texas Pre-Fabricated House and Tent Co., saves government money because it is **FULLY** Pre-Fabricated, Demountable and Portable—scientifically designed to give the armed services what *they* want through mass production.

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MAKERS OF "VICTORY" HUTS AND "VICTORY" HOMES

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TRADE MARK

The area to be cut was prepared for several days by "scrubbing and wrapping in bichloride solution or carbolic-soaked towels." Later on, the style was to scrub the patient off & on all day with green soap, then soak his skin the evening before the operation with a poultice of the soap. Finally, in the middle of the night, when he might have rested for the ordeal, he was "entertained" by being scrubbed, and the site of the operation was bathed in alcohol and dressed with a wet, sticky poultice to be kept on until the operation. Internal cleanliness was achieved by purging and pre-operative starvation—which had the unfortunate effect of producing painful amounts of gas in the intestinal tract.

After the operation the unlucky patient continued to starve. His room was kept dark, and no one approached the bed except when absolutely necessary for fear of shaking it, causing an artery or vein to become untied—"how, I do not know."

Surgeon, Old Style. From tail coats, surgeons progressed to shirt sleeves and rubber aprons, not to protect the patient but to protect the surgeon's clothes. One man wore longshoreman's boots, another "butcher's boots which he never cleaned." Only by gradual stages was the present top-to-toe sterile white achieved.

Dr. Erdmann gives credit for the invention of rubber gloves to the late Dr. W. S. Halsted of Johns Hopkins, who thought them up to protect the hands of a pretty nurse he later married. The hand-washing then in vogue took the skin off doctors and nurses alike. Bichloride and carbonate of soda were used. "There was no question of the liberation of chlorine, nor was there any question of destruction of hands and laundry nor of the corrosion of plumbing." Surgeons worked in cotton gloves.

There was still superstition in the surgeon's lore. "We were taught that a north-east wind was provocative of erysipelas."

Equipment, Old Style. An operation in those days was often performed in a patient's house. The surgeon sent nurses ahead to prepare a room, the surgeon brought his instruments in a metal case to be sterilized on the stove, the family doctor gave the anesthetic. Dr. Erdmann once removed a large gallstone and an ovarian tumor from a large, 70-year-old woman in her home by the light of kerosene-burning auto lamps.

When Lister's ideas of cleanliness came into vogue, style was to keep everything wet with carbolic. Instrument tables were covered in towels wet with the acid, sponges were kept in it, the room was sprayed with carbolic acid until foggy. In those days catgut came in a five-foot coil to be soaked and sterilized by the doctors and "horsehair was obtained by going out to the ambulance stable and pulling out a handful from the tail of one of the horses."

Anesthetics, Old Style. Anesthesia has progressed from chloroform to cyclopropane and local and spinal anesthesia. Dr. Erdmann remembers giving anesthetics for the afternoon clinics during his internship when "most of our patients were truck drivers, wharfmen and the like with strong whiskey, gin or tobacco breaths. We would clap a boot-leg cone or a lamp-chimney



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Roaring over the steel lifelines of America today... loaded from tender to caboose with the sinews of Victory... are hundreds of these "trains that came from nowhere."

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does every minute saved. Because each 1% gain in the average efficiency of car utilization frees 20,000 freight cars; and every car loaded to capacity keeps precious locomotive power from being wasted on dead weight.

If space permitted, we should like to cite by name the thousands of these patriotic shippers whom we know.

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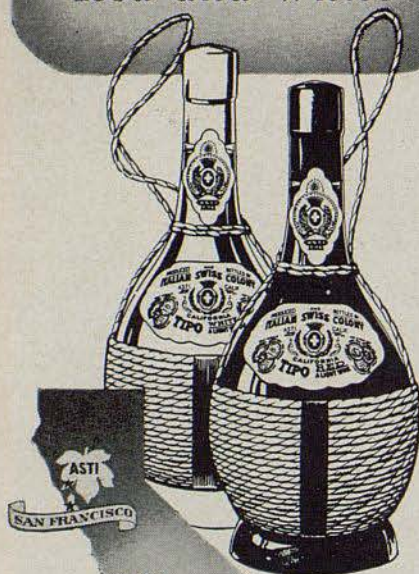


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cone over the face and push the anesthesia until the patient was deep blue. . . .

"Our favorite indoor sports in those days were operating for hernia, breaking legs and thighs for bow legs, knock-knees, tying off hemorrhoids, opening psoas [loin] abscesses, subcutaneously operating for varicose veins, scarifying and chiseling osteomyelitis, traumatic amputations, trephinations [skull operations] for injuries, lifting breasts off for carcinoma and putting up fractures.

"Caesarean sections were done three times during my 18 months in the service with 100% fatality. . . . Thyroid operations were preceded by doses of opium or digitalis or both. In many cases a resection [removal] of the entire gland



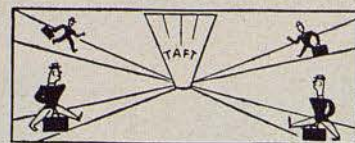
DR. JOHN F. ERDMANN
Grover Cleveland died of something else.

was done. I, personally, plead guilty. . . . The operation was a very easy one—a complete resection of both lobes and isthmus, with the usual speedy outcome—death within 24 hours."

In the summer of 1893, when the country was in the midst of the free silver debate, President Cleveland secretly had a cancer removed from his upper left jaw. Dr. Erdmann went along. "The yacht *Oneida*, owned by the late E. C. Benedict, was anchored off the Battery landing. Under cover of darkness the President went aboard, followed by Dr. Joseph Bryant [the operating surgeon], Major O'Reilly of the Army Medical Corps, a dentist and [three other doctors]. We sailed all night down Long Island Sound, anchored in Plum Gut, and the operation was performed the next morning. It was done in the salon of the yacht, the President sitting upon a chair. . . . On this occasion we put our aprons over our street clothes but we did boil the instruments." Cleveland lived for 15 years, died of something else.

Technique. The man who related this surgical back-fence gossip with such gusto

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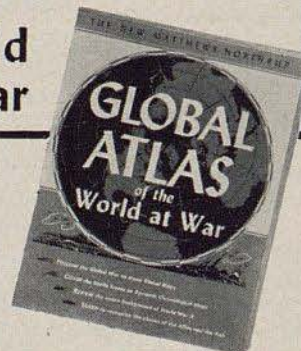
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THE *World*

PUBLISHING COMPANY
2231 West 110th Street Cleveland, Ohio

did his first operation alone—he thinks it was for hernia—on a woman at Blackwell's almshouse (now New York City's Welfare Island). He made his fortune during many years of operating on five or more patients a day, becoming the grand old man of Manhattan surgery. His limousine, with driver and red setter in front, the doctor and his sociable wife in back, is a familiar sight on tree-lined 70th Street where he lives.

He owes his popularity as a surgeon to the so-called Erdmann technique, which is not a technique at all, but an amazing speed in operating attained through practice, great anatomical knowledge and never-ending study. There is no Erdmann operation—the doctor never concentrated exclusively on any one area. He would as soon cut off a leg as go after an appendix, is at home in the skull and the thorax. He teaches surgery, but has never been able to teach the Erdmann technique.

One piece of Erdmannia he did not relate: around 1930 *Vanity Fair* heard of the "technique," readily got permission for famed Photographer Edward Steichen to photograph it in action. Came the day, and Steichen disposed his assistants high in the amphitheater with flash bulbs. The patient, a woman, had hardly arrived on the scene when Erdmann opened up her abdomen from top to bottom with one neat slice. Suddenly, in the rafters, the photographer's assistants lost their lunches and their balances. Steichen gave up for that day. Next time he fortified himself with troops who had been "blooded." After Erdmann's usual greetings to the assembled throng—he always gives a special greeting to the doctor who has referred the patient—he opened the abdomen of the patient, another woman. Then Dr. Erdmann proceeded to probe about in her vitals for a long—in his case a sensationally long—20 minutes. Then he looked up brightly and confessed without embarrassment, "Dammit all, I can't seem to get oriented here." *Vanity Fair* ran a full-page spread.

Nicotine and Babies

Daphnia magna is an almost-microscopic, transparent, fresh-water crustacean that looks something like a very intelligent, infinitesimal shrimp. But for medical researchers *Daphnia* has other charms than looks: under the influence of low concentrations of drugs such as strychnine or nicotine in the water, *Daphnia* swims erratically, does loop-the-loops; as concentrations increase, *Daphnia* gets convulsions, swims on its back, goes into a coma, dies.

Last week Dr. H. Harris Perlman and co-workers of Jewish Hospital in Philadelphia reported in the *A.M.A. Journal* tests with *Daphnia* which showed that smoking does not harm a nursing mother if the mother smoked before her child was born, because 1) the baby apparently cannot get enough nicotine that way to hurt him, 2) before he is born he develops a tolerance for nicotine from the nicotine in his mother's blood. The doctors insist their findings are no argument for prospective mothers to take up smoking.



...and YOU TALK OF "SACRIFICES"!

Maybe you've heard some of them...

The people who complain because they can't always get their brand of coffee—or because the right cut of meat is scarce...

The man who "sacrifices" an extra week's vacation to buy a War Bond or two, and the woman who "gives up" a new hat to put the money into a War Bond.

Next time you hear somebody talk this way, answer like this...

"Sacrifice? Is there *anything* you can do to match the bravery of our fighting men? Is there any 'sacrifice' you can make to equal that of a man who gives his *life*?"

"You don't 'sacrifice' anything when

you buy a War Bond. You get back \$4 for every \$3 you invest. You get absolute *safety*—with the pledge of the world's strongest nation behind you. You get *security* for the future. You *can't* lose!"

To win this war we Americans **MUST** buy War Bonds. We **MUST** give our boys the ships, tanks, guns and planes they need to win. Not just with our "spare" money, but with every dime and dollar we can scrape together.

Let's *forget* the interest, the safety, and the security. **LET'S WIN THIS WAR!**

Every dollar you put into War Bonds is *life insurance* for our boys. **THAT'S** what counts! In the lives of these boys is the salvation of our country.

So don't let anybody talk ever to you again about "sacrifices"!

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THE THEATER

New Plays in Manhattan

The Pirate (by S. N. Behrman; produced by The Playwrights' Company & The Theater Guild) is the season's gayest bore. Everything conceivable has been done to make it seem that Playwright Behrman has really written a play. The sets are charming. The incidental music is lively. The costumes are gorgeous. Above all, Alfred Lunt & Lynn Fontanne—he at



Vandamm

LUNT
He tricks . . .

his most swashbuckling, she at her most mischievous—romp and cavort for all they are worth.

An *opéra bouffe* laid in the West Indies of a century ago, *The Pirate* tells how the young wife of a fat dullard feasts on stories of an amorous pirate named Estramudo. A mountebank comes by, warms to the lady, tries to win her favor by claiming to be Estramudo. (Actually, her own husband is.) These and a lot of other old-fashioned absurdities of plot are blown up with old-fashioned extravagances of diction. Now & then a flash of wit serves for punctuation.

By working overtime, the Lunts manage to scrape off some Behrman rust. They also enliven the evening with a series of vaudeville acts. Actor Lunt dances, does magician's tricks, fakes tightrope walking. Actress Fontanne goes into a trance, does half a strip-tease. Two other characters indulge in a crap game. In view of all this, perhaps a decent script would be an intrusion.

The Great Big Doorstep (adapted by Frances Goodrich & Albert Hackett from the novel by E. P. O'Donnell; produced by Herman Shumlin) is a folk comedy about a ramshackle family of Cajuns in lower Louisiana. Its pleasant sliver of plot concerns their fishing a handsome doorstep out of the Mississippi and then trying to get a house to go with it.

The Great Big Doorstep is good quality but very short weight. Its jokes are funny but few, its characters likable but often dull. Its counterpart is *Tobacco Road*, but *The Great Big Doorstep* is much less racy and much less real. More than a doorstep, it needs some kind of backlog.

Yankee Point (by Gladys Hurlbut; produced by Edward Choate & Marie Louise Elkins) pecks at a dozen aspects of the war without getting its teeth in any of them. Playwright Hurlbut started with a card index instead of an idea. Her little community on the New England coast had to find room for a teen-age war bride, a



FONTANNE
... while she teases.

chin-up war widow, an airplane spotter, a girl confused by pacifist upbringing, a World War I veteran who re-enlists, an old maid who finds a Nazi uniform buried in the dunes, the Nazi spy who buried it. For fear all this might be too meager, Playwright Hurlbut threw in a Nazi air raid.

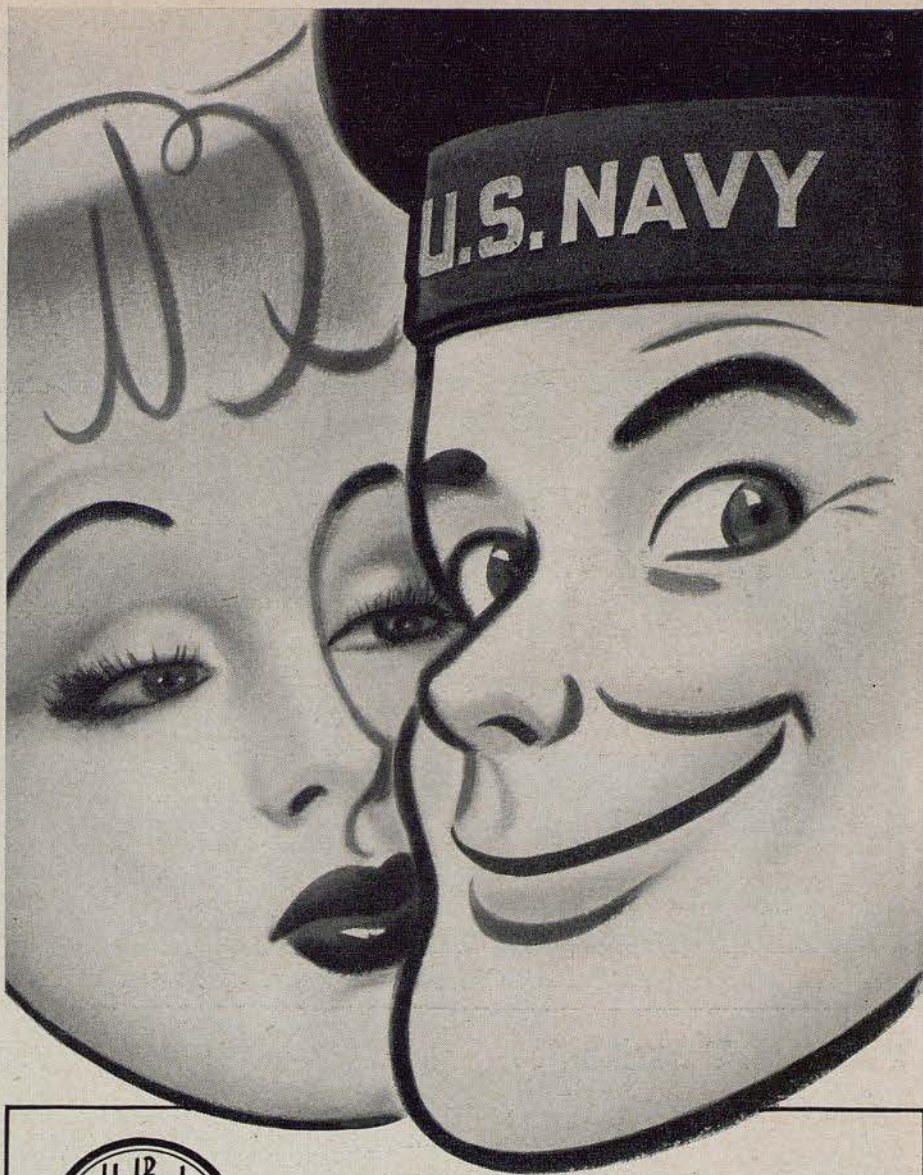
Entertaining in spots, exciting in others, *Yankee Point* as a whole is glib and empty.

Old Play in Manhattan

Counsellor-at-Law (by Elmer Rice; produced by John Golden) brings Paul Muni back to Broadway in the role that eleven years ago made him famous. He is still good in the role, and the play's high-grade hokum is still happily uncontaminated by anything the least bit genuine.

Playwright Rice's portrait of George Simon, an East Side boy who became a spectacular, brilliantly successful trial lawyer, is showy, warm-blooded, diversified. Kindly but tough, Simon is not one—when a forgotten legal indiscretion threatens him with disbarment—to give up without a fight, or to be finicky about weapons.

Around Counsellor Simon flows the colorful traffic of a busy law office—phones and buzzers, motley clients, miscellaneous secretaries, law clerks, switchboard operators, a snooty wife and a doting mother. All this adds so much in the way of atmosphere and excitement that it could hardly be better if it rang true.

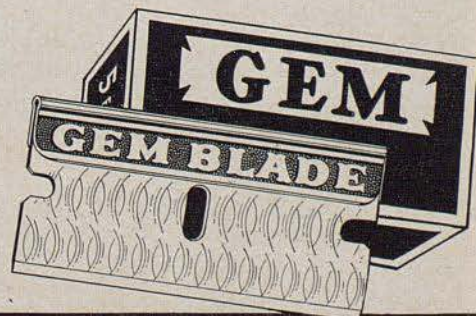


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MILESTONES

Born. To Cinemactress Maureen O'Sullivan, 31, mate of Tarzan on the screen, wife of Lieut. Commander John Farrow of the Royal Canadian Navy off it; a son, 9 lb. 8 oz.; in Hollywood.

Engaged. Actress Ruth Gordon, 46, just before the Washington opening of Tchekov's *Three Sisters*, in which she played the sister-in-law; and Private Garson Kanin, 30, ex-boy-wonder cinedirector; in Washington.

Married. Lieut. (j. g.) Anthony B. Akers, 28, one of the PT-boat expendables of the Bataan campaign; and Jane Pope, 24, daughter of the late Architect John Russell Pope; in Manhattan.

Reported Dead. Josephine Carson Baker Lion (professionally: Josephine Baker), 36, rich-brown torchsinger and scorchdancer, longtime toast of the Paris stage; of a lingering illness; in Casablanca. Her mother was a washwoman in St. Louis, her father a porter. At 18, already a veteran of colored revues, she took her elaborate curves and odd distinctions—uninhibited mobility, a primitive comic sense, a fearless voice—from the U.S. to Paris, shot to quick fame at the *Folies Bergère*, where she danced in a costume consisting of a girdle of bananas. She became as glittery a fixture of the Paris theater as Mistinguett and Chevalier, stayed famous and wealthy through the late '20s and '30s, grew to be a legend—a gay darling who lived in a turreted chateau, surrounded herself with monkeys and birds, kept a perfumed pig, walked abroad with two swans on a leash, and fed on rooster combs and champagne. She became a French citizen in 1937 when she married a wealthy young manufacturer and amateur flyer named Jean Lion—her second husband, first white one. After the master race moved into France she moved to Morocco, and was reported to have died broke.

Died. Peadar Kearney, 58, house painter, lyricist of *The Soldier's Song*, Eire's anthem; in Dublin. The tune was theme song of the 1916 rebellion (in which Kearney fought), was made the Free State anthem in 1932, when the Free State granted Peadar \$2,400. Up to then the song had netted him less than \$800 royalties. Theater orchestras played the anthem after every show till Kearney asked royalties for each performance; then other tunes were found.

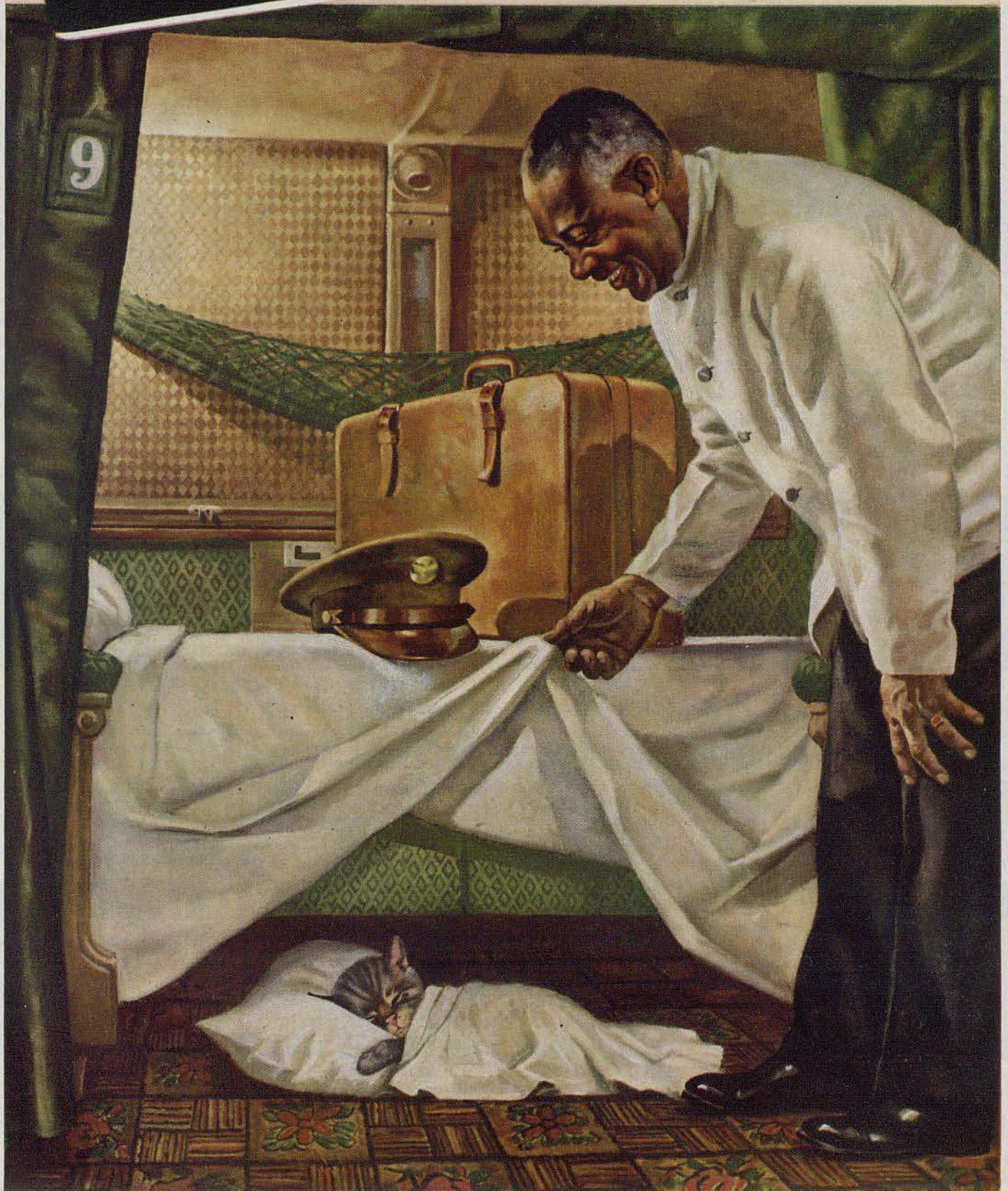
Died. William Stamps Farish, 61, president of Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey; of a heart attack; in Millbrook, N.Y. He was a big, tough but easy-talking Mississippian who had meant to be a lawyer but joined the great oil rush to Texas in 1901, worked as a roustabout, saved his pennies, started buying and selling leases in the oil fields, and ultimately wound up as the biggest power in Standard Oil.

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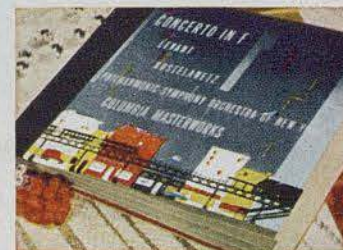


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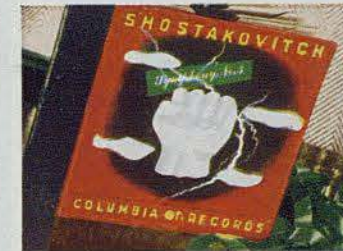


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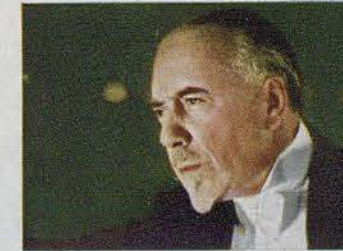


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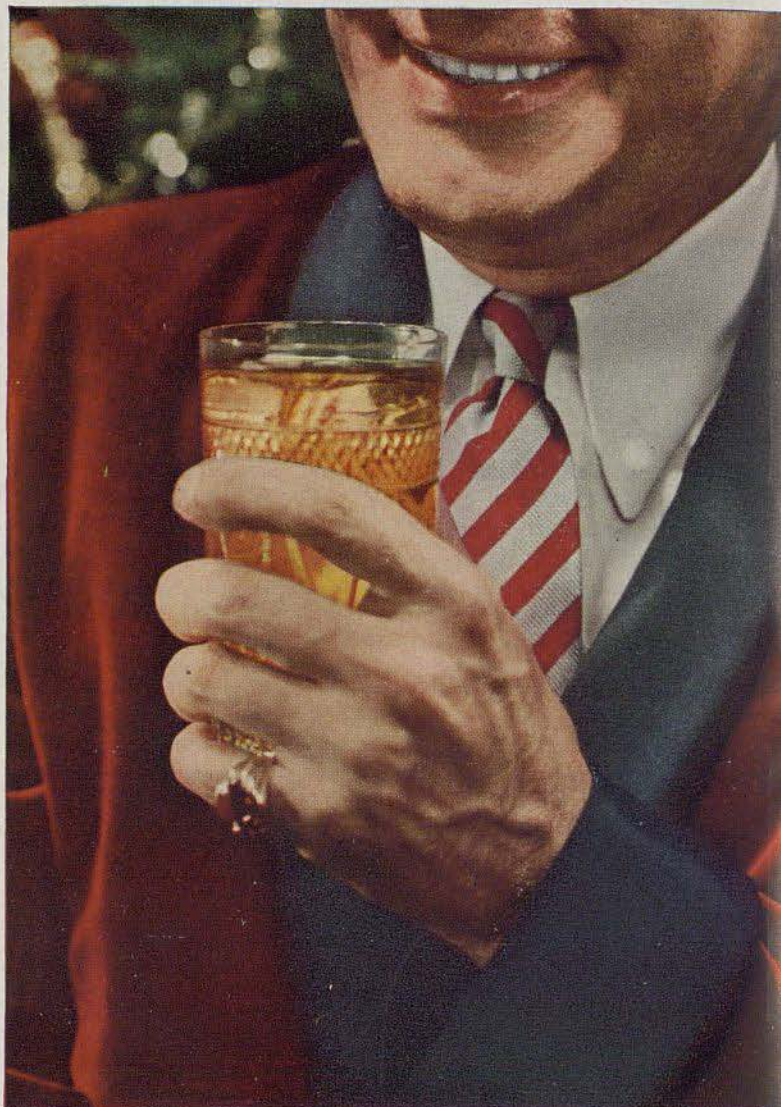
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ART

Mr. Goldberg at Mr. Morgan's

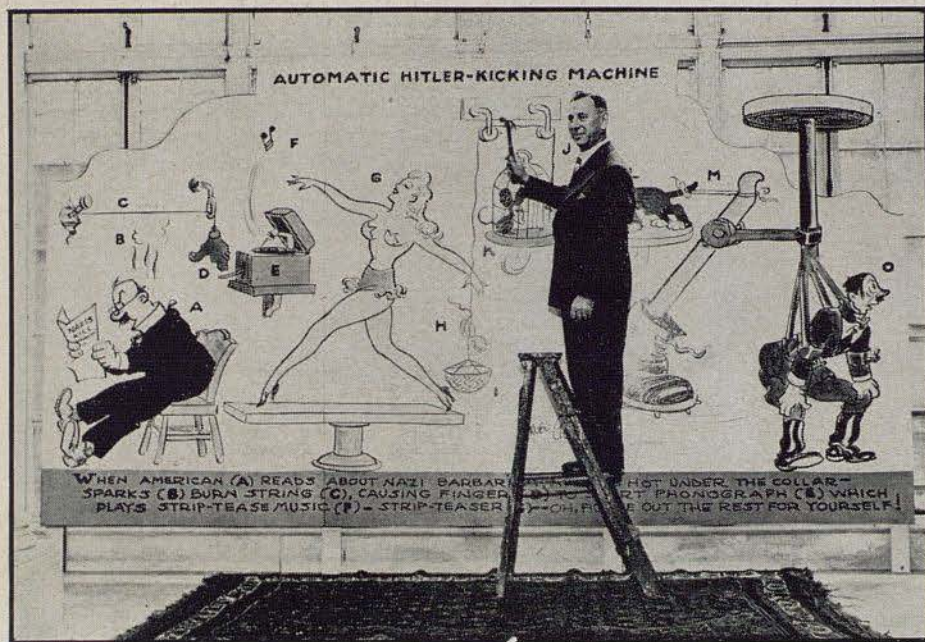
The art study of Cartoonist Reuben Lucius ("Rube") Goldberg ended in 1895 when his teacher, a San Francisco sign painter, fell off a scaffold. But when Rube Goldberg held his first one-man show in Manhattan last week, hundreds rushed to pay him homage.

An especially screwy achievement of Mr. Goldberg was that his exhibition should be held in a midtown brownstone house owned by Banker John Pierpont Morgan. Mr. Goldberg had covered an

ing asked by a bystander if he were hurt. (Answer: "No, I jump off this building every day to limber up for business.")

Foolish Questions started Goldberg toward a 1915 salary of \$25,000 a year. The Hearst syndicate immediately offered him \$50,000. The *Mail* beat this bid and during the next 15 years, from the *Mail* and from syndication, Goldberg earned more than \$1,500,000.

Goldberg's ambition has always been to write, to become the "H. G. Wells of this country." But he was "tickled to death to break the continuity" when the New York



ARTIST GOLDBERG

His career as a sewer designer ended in 1906.

entire Morgan wall with a mural entitled: *Automatic Hitler-Kicking Machine* (see cut).

On hand are many samples of Goldberg's recent serious side: political cartoons he has drawn for the *New York Sun* since 1938. But though some are effective, Goldberg fans spent the most time with such famed Goldbergiana as the Boob McNutt series, Lala Palooza, and Professor Lucifer Gorgonzola Butts, who demonstrates his *Simple Bookmark*, operated by the lifting of reading glasses, which releases a flock of moths who eat a woolen sock which drops a tear-gas bomb, etc.

Cheerful, modest Rube Goldberg, 59, was born in San Francisco, studied mining engineering at the University of California, where "big machines impressed me with their futility," designed sewers and water mains for San Francisco. His career as sewer designer ended in 1906 when the city's great earthquake destroyed its (and his) sewage system.

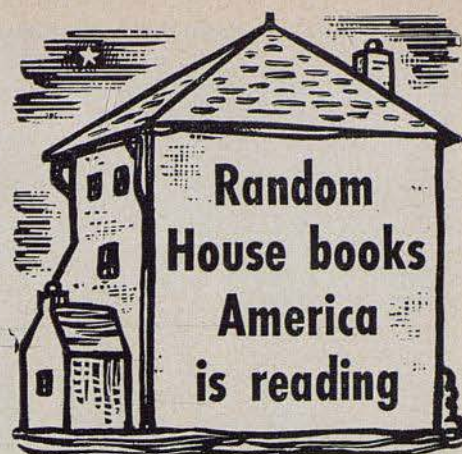
Rube went to New York, got a job illustrating sports for the *Evening Mail*. One day he filled out his space with *Foolish Question No. 1*, showing a man who had fallen from the Flatiron Building be-

Sun hired him in 1938 as its first political cartoonist in 18 years. Said Rube: "I never wanted to be the fellow who got the medal for being the Oldest Employee." Today his hobbies consist of "standing, sitting, breathing." Of his first exhibition he says simply: "Very dignified and well done."

Musicians Are Hung

The "First Annual Exhibition of Art by Musicians" opened last week at Manhattan's Museum of Science and Industry. Master of Ceremonies was Composer Deems Taylor, whose own efforts suggested to observers that he had best leave the silent arts to such an accomplished brushman as Chairman H. S. Maurer (violinist at Radio City Music Hall). Said Taylor at sight of Chairman Maurer's portrait of *Nora*: "My God, the man who did that must be a lousy musician!"

The late George Gershwin was represented by his self-portrait posed before his easel in top hat, white tie and tails. Nathan Milstein, top-rank violinist, revealed himself as a minor master in watercolor. Rumbologist Xavier Cugat sketched himself standing before invisible bongo drums.



SUEZ TO SINGAPORE

By **CECIL BROWN**. The book that blasts the seats from under the Brass Hats. 60th Thousand, \$3.50

THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS

By **ELLIOT PAUL**. "The richest and raciest book of the season. No reader will ever forget it."—*Chicago News*. 180th Thousand, \$2.75

ONLY THE STARS ARE NEUTRAL

By **QUENTIN REYNOLDS**. "If there is anything more exciting in war literature, I haven't found it."—*Cleveland News*. 7th Printing, \$2.50

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The best of the war drawings, and at a special low price. \$2.00

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By **MARITTA WOLFF**. A powerful new novel by the author of *WHISTLE STOP*. Acclaimed by *Sinclair Lewis* and others. \$2.75

RANDOM HOUSE, 20 E. 57 ST., N. Y.

RELIGION

A Child's Forest of Religion

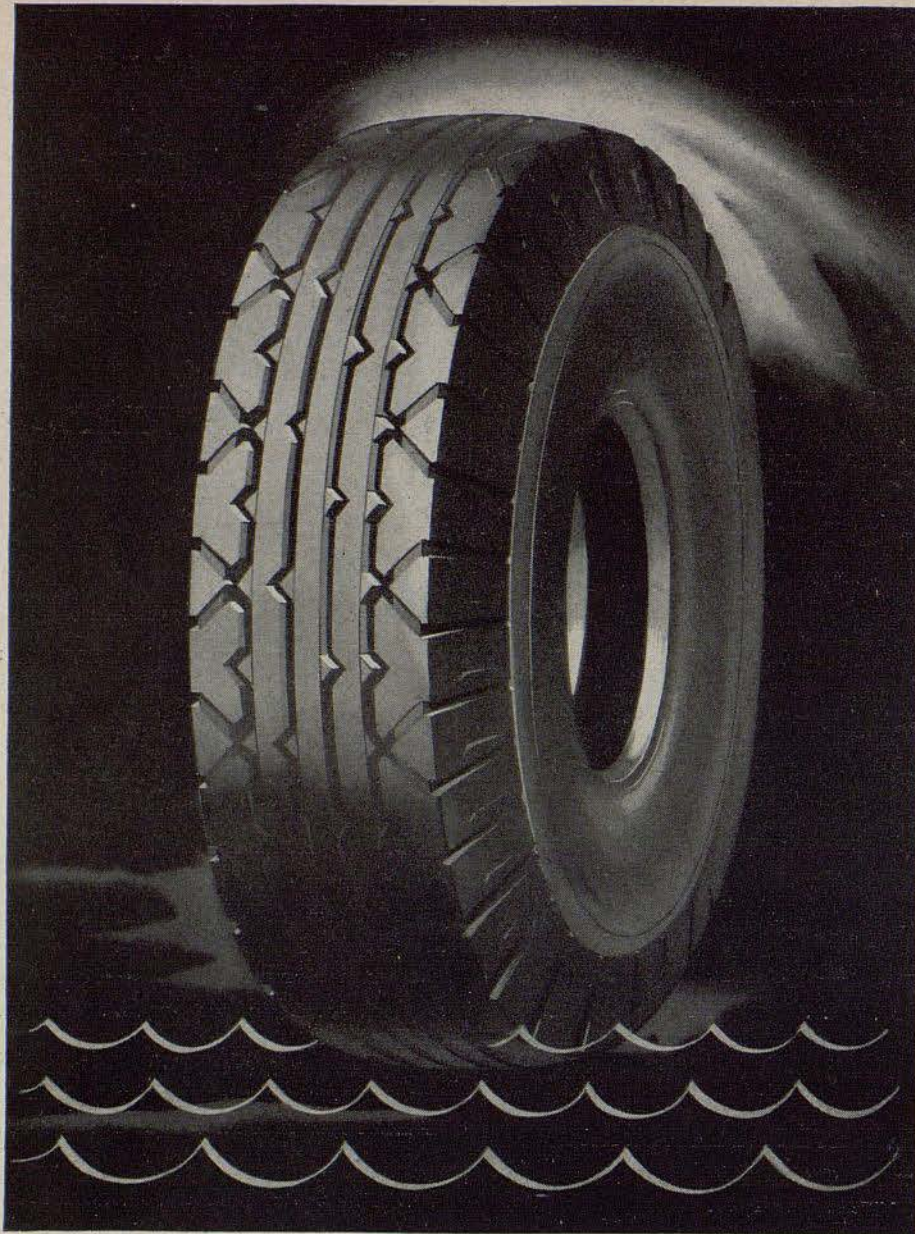
Comparative religion, heretofore reserved for grownups, was last week finally dished up for children too. *The Tree of Life* (edited by Ruth Smith, Viking, \$3.50) gives young folks the frequently hard-to-digest riches of 13 theologies, shows how the religious tree from primitive acorns grew and how its living & dead branches intertwine.

In this 457-page forest of quotations, no child's eye will readily find the Tree. To follow even the simple counterpoint the book makes on the theme of the world's creation would take a well-annotated score. From the Norse "Erst was the age when nothing was; Nor sand nor sea" the creation melody runs through the Egyptian "Heaven had not come into being, the earth had not come into being," comes finally to *Genesis*: "The earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." Editor Smith apparently believes repetition of such motifs is enough, provides few program notes.

Good fare for children is the simple Blackfoot fable *Why People Die Forever* ("so that we shall be sorry for each other"), the Confucianist fable *With Deer's Milk He Supplied His Parents*. By & large Editor Smith leaves out the sort of stories that Sunday-school teachers rely on. Her Old Testament anthology omits the tales of Joshua, Gideon, Samson and Daniel in favor of the minor prophets Amos, Hosea and Micah.

But for children and adults alike, *The Tree of Life* provides ample and absorbing proof of a fundamental religious fact: every religious group has asked itself much the same questions and come up with much the same answers. Where Jesus raised the widow's son from the dead, Buddha handled a similar case as follows:

Kisagotami brought her dead son to Buddha, who required "some mustard seed taken from a house where no son, husband, parent, or slave has died." The girl said, "Very good," and went to ask for some at the different houses, carrying the dead body of her son astride on her hip. The people said, "Here is some mustard seed, take it." Then she asked, "In my friend's house has there died a son, a husband, a parent, or a slave?" They replied, "Lady, what is this that you say! The living are few, but the dead are many." . . . At last, not being able to find a single house where no one had died . . . she began to think, "This is a heavy task that I am engaged in. I am not the only one whose son is dead." . . . Thinking thus, she summoned up resolution, and left the dead body in a forest; then she went to Buddha and paid him homage. He said to her, "Have you procured the handful of mustard seed?" "I have not," she replied. . . . Buddha said to her, "You thought you alone had lost a son; the law of death is that among all living creatures there is no permanence."



Rubber tires roll into action —on conditioned water

THE manufacture of synthetic rubber offers another example of the way water conditioning is helping to solve the big problems of war production.

In the processing stage, Permutit softens the water used to make the soapy emulsion in which butadiene and styrene come into contact. This hastens their reaction to form Buna-S.

In the boiler room, the producers of rubber often operate at high pressures and small amounts of impurities in the boiler feedwater sharply reduce efficiency. Not only that, but impure boiler feedwater

causes deposits of scale and sludge in boiler tubes, which waste fuel and may destroy precious equipment. Permutit removes such impurities. Scale and corrosion are prevented. Each installation is engineered to fit the needs of the individual plant.

Pioneering in this field for thirty years, Permutit has played a leading part in widening the field of usefulness of water conditioning. Today Permutit is the world's largest manufacturer of such equipment. If you want to discuss any water problem, just drop a line to The Permutit Company, Dept. H12, 330 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

PERMUTIT

WATER CONDITIONING HEADQUARTERS

WHY EXPLOSIVES DON'T EXPLODE

Sparks are a dreaded danger in munition plants. To overcome this ever-present threat, United States Rubber Company pioneered rubber that actually conducts electricity, whereas ordinary rubber is a famous non-conductor. "Uskon" Conductive Rubber is proving a great factor of safety in making modern explosives because it generates neither mechanical nor static sparks.



"POWDER!" IS HER WARNING CRY . . .

EXTREMELY HAZARDOUS is the handling of primers and detonator powders. To move these from the mixing room to the loading building a girl carries a tray of small Conductive Rubber boxes, with tiny containers

filled with the sensitive explosive. If she meets anyone on the cat-walk, she gives warning with the cry of "Powder!" Conductive Rubber is also used for scrapers, buckets, mixing sheets, etc. . . . conveyor and trans-

mission belts . . . for table tops, shoe soles, mats, and flooring. "Uskon" is likewise employed on the floors of hospital operating rooms and doctors' and nurses' shoes to remove the danger of ether explosions.



With a company background of 99 years in the rubber industry, "U.S." engineers have been notably successful in solving wartime problems. To cite just a few instances: bullet-sealing fuel tanks and hose for airplanes . . . "bottle cap" tires which enable our planes to make quick stops on Arctic ice . . . special hose for portable water-well drilling rigs for the mechanized troops . . . military raincoats that contain no rubber . . . conveyor belts that are stronger yet at the same time conserve critical materials.



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ARMY & NAVY

AIR

One Year with the 19th

Dec. 7 is also the anniversary of the only outfit in the U.S. Army which has been in active combat almost continuously since the war began. The 19th Heavy Bombardment Group is the only Air Forces unit which has received three citations from the Secretary of War.

It has been quite a year for the air shock troops. For a while the war was Japan v. the 19th. There had been times when the group was so badly battered—in the Philippines, in Java, in Australia—that not a plane could be got off the

so the two groups were re-formed into the new 19th.

Feats of the 19th furnish the best evidence to a country suddenly thrown into war that Americans have not lost courage. Captain Hewitt T. ("Shorty") Wheless' 75-mile battle with 18 Jap Zeros was the subject of a Presidential broadcast. Wheless' fellow Texan, Captain Alvin John Henry Mueller, also a winner of the D.S.C., brought his B-17 back with 1,400 bullet holes in it.

Major Jack Dougherty's bombs stuck. "Let's dive bomb," said Lieut. Ed Magee. The Fortress' wings held on miraculously; the bombs came out; the Jap transport



Official U.S. Army Air Corps Photos-Acme, Associated Press
THE 19TH'S EUBANK, CONNALLY, CARMICHAEL

It had been quite a year.

ground. But the Flying Fortresses over Europe and Africa fly better today because of what the 19th learned.

Colin Kelly was the 19th's first hero. His crew managed to bail out, but Captain Kelly's body was found 50 feet from his plane, his parachute half opened.

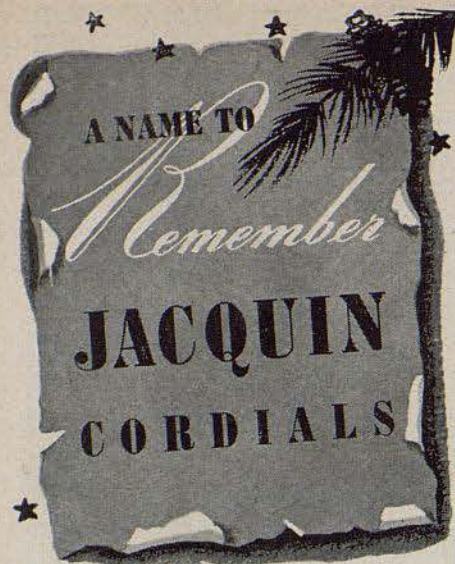
Commanded by Colonel Eugene Eubank (now a brigadier general in the Bomber Command in Washington), most of the original 19th arrived in the Philippines in November 1941, after the longest mass flight (24 Flying Fortresses) in U.S. aviation history. (Such flights are now routine.) It found its base, Clark Field, little more than a cow pasture. When the Japs hit Clark Field Dec. 8 the U.S. Army knew so little about modern warfare that many men sought cover under the wings of the planes on the field. They paid with their lives. Almost half of the 19th's Fortresses were caught on the ground that day. The 19th's first Fortresses did not even have machine guns where they were needed most: in the tail. (Fortresses now carry over twice as many guns as the 19th's started the war with.)

The 7th Group joined the original 19th in Java. Casualties were heavy—the 7th lost two commanding officers in a week—

sank. Lieut. Colonel James T. Connally (Senator Tom's cousin), Commander of the 19th from April until July, sank a cruiser, a destroyer, a large transport, at least four other vessels, scored four hits on a battleship. The 19th's Captain Frank Bostrom flew MacArthur into Australia.

"The most forceful officer I have ever known," was the way Major Elbert Helton, one of the 19th's squadron commanders, characterized 37-year-old Lieut. Colonel Austin Straubel, who was wounded over Surabaya but managed to land his B-18 on a small airfield. Colonel Straubel had died when help arrived.

The 19th has had its moments of humor, most of them the kind that come to men when death has been cheated. Lieut. Jack Adams of Anadorko, Okla. was often the subject of such grim humor. Jack Adams, now a major, sank a transport and shot down three Zeros, but had to make a forced landing in a water-covered rice-field with two motors shot out. He and his crew, three of whom were wounded, returned three weeks later by boat, oxcart, automobile, train and plane. Captain Clarence E. McPherson, later killed in Australia, once landed on an airdrome before he knew the Japs had seized it, but



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THE STANDARD OF QUALITY SINCE 1884
CHARLES JACQUIN & Co., Inc. • PHILADELPHIA, PA.

realized his mistake before the Japs did. The 19th's best-beloved character, a Portuguese-accented master sergeant named Louis ("Soup") Silva, now buried in an Australian grave, shot down three Japanese Zeros while trying to explain to a private how a gun should be aimed.

There was a Fortress radioman named Warrenfels who heard that a radio operator was urgently needed on Bataan. He volunteered to go, boarded a ship trying to run the Jap blockade. The ship was sunk 200 miles off Java. Another enlisted man who is no longer with the 19th is 19-year-old Private Arvid Hegdahl, tail gunner of a Flying Fortress. After he shot down a Zero his leg was almost blown off, but he continued to shout encouragement to other members of the crew. When the time came to evacuate Java he had to be left in a hospital.

Other groups will have to break a prodigious record if they win more decorations than the 19th. Over 1,000 medals have been awarded to the living and the dead of the 19th. Major Felix M. Hardison wears the D.S.C., Purple Heart, D.F.C. and Silver Star with three Oak Leaf Clusters. More than 50 men of the 19th have won the D.S.C., including the late Captain John L. DuFrane, who flew missions seven straight days before he was killed in the Celebes. The 19th's own candidate for the Medal of Honor is Captain Harl Pease of Plymouth, N.H. During the height of the Solomons battle, Captain Pease insisted on taking off with his squadron from a New Guinea field, though he had had only three hours' rest from his previous mission. Despite an attack by 30 Japanese Zeros, several of which he shot down, Captain Pease made his run over the target. En route home his plane caught fire and was last seen plummeting toward the Coral Sea.

Two hundred members of the 19th took up infantrymen's rifles after they failed to get out of the Philippines.

Its assignments since August have been the most satisfactory, most successful for the 19th. Many new planes have arrived, and some fresh pilots have replaced battle-weary veterans. A big factor in the Jap failure to recapture Guadalcanal was the 19th's constant hammering of the big base at Rabaul. Lately the 19th, now under the command of young Lieut. Colonel Richard Carmichael (TIME, Oct. 19), pioneered in flying its Fortresses at low levels. Being taught today to younger flyers are the lessons the 19th has learned, not without expense to themselves.

During its year at war, two men out of every three in the 19th have been killed, captured or wounded.

Merited Recognition

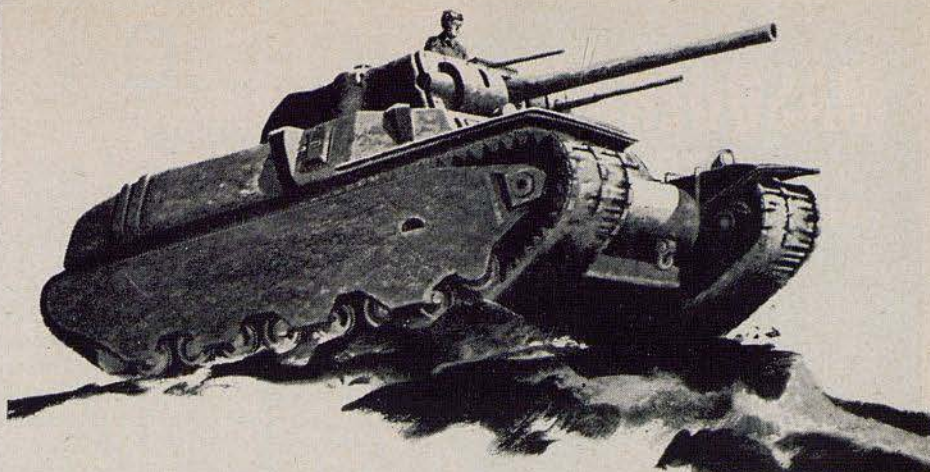
From the Halls of Montezuma

To the shores of Tripoli

We fight our country's battles

On the land as on the sea;

The famed hymn of the U.S. Marines last week underwent another of its few changes since an unnamed hero wrote it to music from an ancient French opera during the Mexican War 95 years ago. "Out of well-merited recognition" for the



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We were ready, because our program of *Planned Progress*, embracing expenditures of millions of dollars, has made Rock Island one of America's most modern railroads. That these were wise expenditures is clearly shown by our ability to rush unprecedented shipments of men and war materials to their destinations with maximum speed and efficiency.

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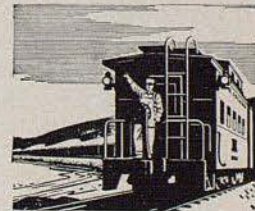
A. D. MARTIN, Passenger Traffic Manager



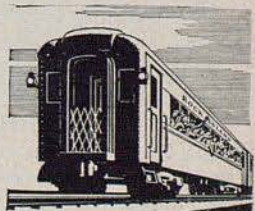
DIESEL SWITCH ENGINES which, due to their flexibility and ease of operation, have simplified switching problems of vital shipping in classification yards.



"STREAMLINED" TRACK. Mile after mile of curves have been eliminated or "eased"; heavier rails, ties and ballast have been used; grades have been reduced.



NEW EQUIPMENT has been added to rush vital war shipments to their destinations. When materials now on order are received, this efficiency will be further increased.



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MASQUERADE FOR MR. "ACK-ACK"



TAKE ordinary chicken wire. Tuft it deftly with glass fibers or steel wool, dip in green paint, and you have an ingenious and effective device for the camouflage of field piece or anti-aircraft gun. But ordinary paint tends to burn or char in the gun's fiery blast. So the manufacturers have turned to fire-retardant Arco Infracray—with great success!

Infracray—the infra-red reflecting camouflage paint—is only one example of the many times proven ability of the Arco Research Laboratories to meet specific needs with specialized products, tailored to fit. Those Laboratories are at your disposal, without obligation, to help you find the solution for any problem paint can solve. Your inquiry will be handled without delay.

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feats of such men as Guadalcanal's Major John Smith, U.S. ace (19 planes), the fourth line of the hymn henceforth will be:
In the air, on land and sea.

TRAINING

The Battle of Phoenix

The early morning after Thanksgiving in Phoenix, Ariz., sounded like the old days.

Negro soldiers in a small café were celebrating with a final course of whiskey, gin and beer. From somewhere a beer bottle landed on a girl's head. A knife-brandishing soldier charged the Negro Military Policeman who stepped in. When the M.P. shot at the concrete floor the bullet ricocheted into the soldier's leg. M.P.s efficiently rounded up 150 soldiers, began loading them into a bus. Then a single shot turned the row into a riot. Negro Soldiers and M.P.s, a few white officers and men and some city cops joined in. Chunky *Arizona Republic* Reporter Gene McLain had part of his shoe sole shot off. Bullets smashed windowpanes, whined off the pavement. There was a general running to cover. A private was left dead in the street; half a dozen men were wounded.

The area was in a state of siege. No one dared expose himself to the crossfire of Garands and pistols. One civilian, driving by, was killed. Six more soldiers and civilians were wounded. Toward morning the M.P.s were reinforced by soldiers in armored scout cars. All next day the armored cars patrolled the area. Two hundred Negro soldiers were arrested. Then quiet.

COAST GUARD

Loving Ambrose

From the Coast Guard, which trains dogs to help hunt saboteurs, an Irish setter named Ambrose was dishonorably discharged last week. Ambrose caught his practice "saboteur" and threw him down. Then, instead of ripping the padding off his victim, Ambrose stuck out his tongue and licked him lovingly.

COMMAND

Man Behind MacArthur

The Chief of Staff is the unemotional genius who must translate the general's strategic visions into plans and orders that kill enemies. And being Chief of Staff to visionary General Douglas MacArthur is the job of one of the hardest-working men in the U.S. Army: quiet, lean, handsome Major General Richard K. Sutherland, whom the War Department last week rewarded with an Oak Leaf Cluster "for gallantry in action" to add to his Silver Star. His staff work at Corregidor had already won him the coveted D.S.M.

Between the time he finished Yale in 1916 (and enlisted in the Connecticut National Guard as a private) and the day he flew over New Guinea last September to win his latest decoration, Dick Sutherland had followed the diverse career that makes a good Chief of Staff. In World War I, as a captain, his company commands ranged from M.P.s to front-line infantry. He was an early student at the

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PURITY Distinctive NATURAL CHEESE

Connoisseurs of cheese enjoy the mild mellow flavor of PURITY Goudas, — the distinctive flavor of PURITY Mel-O-Pure. SUGARLESS DESSERT — Serve a PURITY Gouda or Mel-O-Pure with fruit, salted nuts and butter wafers for a colorful, economical, tempting dessert. Serve it often! PURITY CHEESE CO., Mayville, Wis. America's DAIRYLAND in a CONVENIENT PACKAGE





Tale of Two Cities ---

Business in Washington?

Stop overnight in Baltimore at the famous Belvedere. Just 40 minutes from nation's capital! Superb accommodations. \$3.50 up.

Belvedere

BALTIMORE

antediluvian tank school in England. In 1941, three years after he left Tientsin to join MacArthur in the Philippines, he learned to fly. From his Republican father, U.S. Senator (1917-23) Howard Sutherland of West Virginia, Dick Sutherland even acquired a smattering of politics. He redesigned the Army-Navy Country Club course in Washington, won the Army golf championship. Once in a service baseball



Melville Jacoby
GENERAL SUTHERLAND
No pins, no pins.

game he brought in a ringer: his brother-in-law, Bucky Harris, manager of the Washington Senators.

As one of MacArthur's close confidantes (the other: German-born Brigadier General Charles A. Willoughby of Intelligence), Dick Sutherland is rarely out of the General's sight. His prodigious memory holds the details MacArthur pours upon him during their walks and talks. Last week in Washington his pretty, Tennessee-born wife guessed that her husband was with MacArthur in New Guinea: "He wrote that he was sorry he could not send me a Christmas present, because where he is he cannot even buy a paper of pins."

MORALE

Get Much Mail

The War Department was stumped. As Christmas approached, U.S. soldiers were being flooded with the greatest mass of mail in history—in six weeks 14,000,000 lb. of it (including parcel post), enough to fill a medium-sized cargo ship or 2,000 cargo planes. In the last few weeks the Army Postal Service has delivered 11,000,000 letters a week.

The Army & Navy well know the importance of news-from-home to the soldier and sailor and marine away-from-home. From every direction came evidence that the American away from home is the most homesick man in the world:

► Officers in Australia and New Guinea



D DON'T WASTE calcium in foods... *be sure* your family gets enough VITAMIN D

Unless you use milk liberally, your meals almost certainly lack sufficient calcium. And, unless Vitamin D is provided, the calcium in your foods is largely wasted, because your body depends principally upon Vitamin D to make this mineral more available for various uses.

DON'T IGNORE THESE FACTS

Calcium is needed to help build, nourish and protect the bones and teeth. It plays a vital role in proper

nerve function, muscle tone, blood clotting, and heart action. Prolonged deficiencies of calcium or of the Vitamin D impair health. Neither sunshine nor ordinary foods are adequate sources of this important vitamin.

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WISCONSIN ALUMNI
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VITAMIN D
upon periodic
tests

YOU SHOULD HAVE THESE FACTS

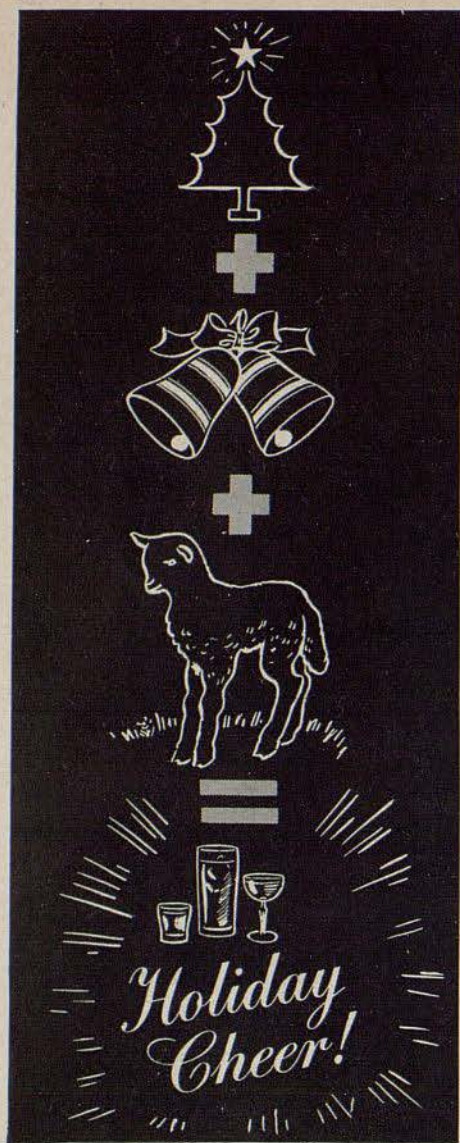
Write today for these FREE booklets—"Now There Can Always Be Sunshine For You"—"Concise Facts About Homogenized Vitamin D Milk." We will also send you our new Nutrition Check-up Chart.



WAR EFFORT SPEEDED BY MILK LUNCHES

The "Keep 'Em Working" program for factories and offices increases production, decreases accidents, absenteeism, and errors—conserves man power, through between-meal milk lunches. Ask for details.

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OLD ANGUS—and wise men
point to the Old Angus bottle
when buying Scotch.**



Old Angus Brand Blended Scotch Whisky
National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y. • 86 Proof

noted that the morale of their units jumped several hundred percent when the mailbags arrived, though the letters were usually two months old.

► The size of the Army's job can be scaled by comparison with the Navy's smaller job at Guadalcanal. Marine screams could be heard from the Solomons

ever heard of Private James P. Simpkins.

Some promoters have seized upon the commercial aspects of the Army Postal Service, established radio clubs whose members pledge themselves to write letters to soldiers every week in return for lapel pins. Last week the War Department was looking for a way to crack down on



Official Photo U.S. Marine Corps-Acme
POST OFFICE ON GUADALCANAL
Mail rates higher than mess.

to Washington because no mail came during the first two beleaguered months on Guadalcanal. More recently letters and packages have been arriving and the island has its post office.

► U.S. soldiers in England told Mrs. Roosevelt: "We want more letters."

► Troops in Iceland looked on sorrowfully when one soldier picked up 83 letters of the 150 addressed to his outfit.

► Private Duane Clark of San Francisco, asked what interested him most in Hawaii, told a *Hickam Highlights* reporter unhesitatingly: "The letters from my wife."

► Said an officer of the Postal Service: "I know for a fact that in the middle of a battle, with stuff dropping all around them, men will put the mail call ahead of the mess call."

Nevertheless, the War Department had to cut down the volume of cargo space mail was occupying. A month ago War Secretary Stimson pleaded with soldiers not to answer letters from strangers, who might be spies. Peering further, the War Department found misguided patriots contributing to the confusion. In some cases whole counties were writing to Private Johnny Jones of Route 2 to bolster his morale. Teachers found that school children were interested in composition exercises, provided the assigned composition was a letter to a hero.

Strangest case was that of Private James P. Simpkins, for whom the Fort Devens, Mass., Post Office has received some 1,400 softly scented letters. Neither Fort Devens nor the War Department has

such schemes, to make sure soldiers got the letters they wanted to get instead of just letters. Meantime, the perspiring Army Postal Service continued to slog through higher & higher mountains of mail. Only one thing was constant: 10% of all overseas letters were misdirected.

MATÉRIEL

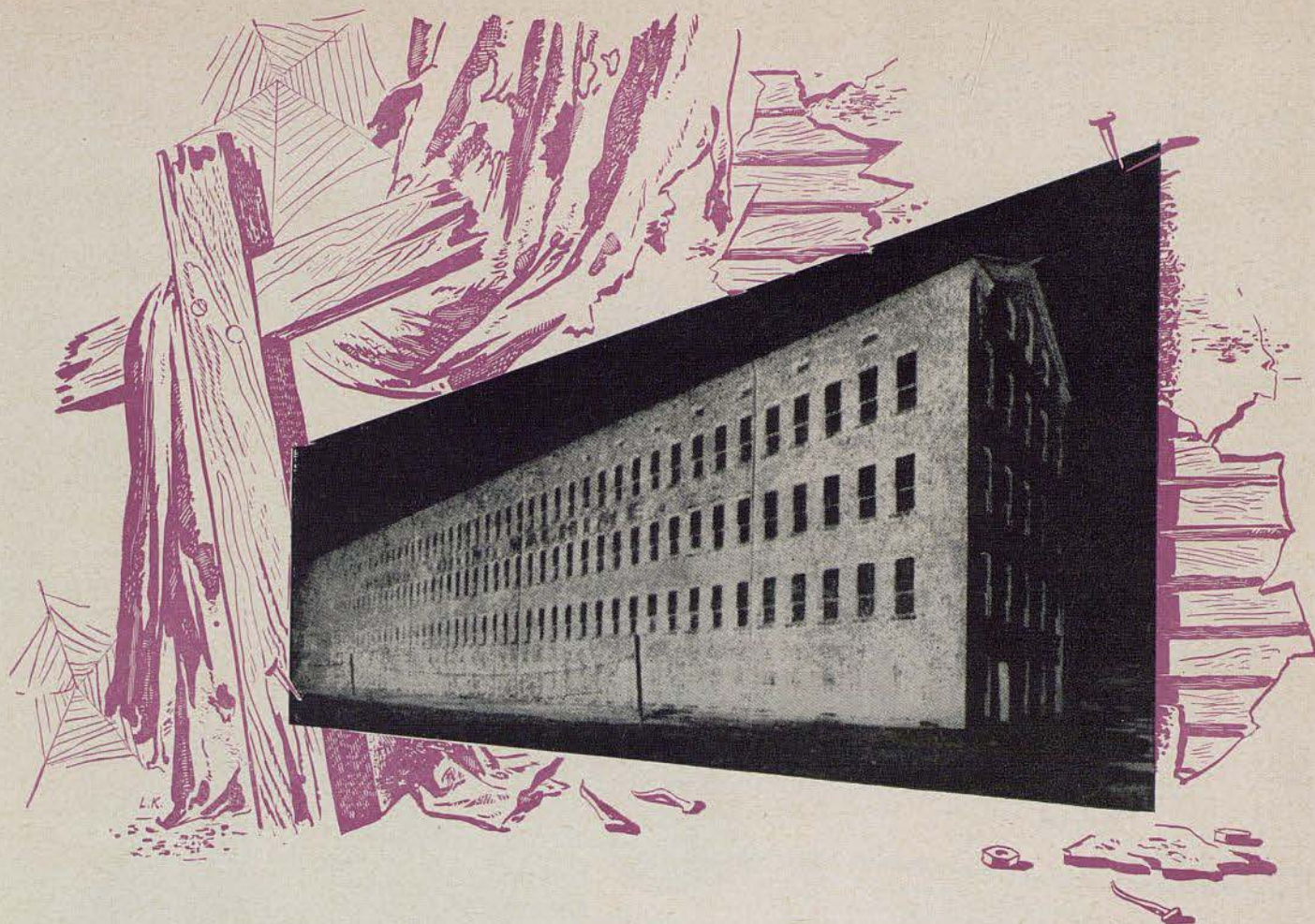
Uniforms Will Be Worn So

Military police on duty at a Washington, D.C. jitterbug dance hall last week were so shocked they could only stare. Before their regimented eyes swaggered an enlisted soldier in a \$150 zoot uniform. The tunic shaped in from broad, padded shoulders. The form-fitting coat flopped well below the hands that hung from leg-of-mutton sleeves. A white belt held the trousers chest-high over a cocoa-colored shirt and white tie. Above the ankles were ten-inch hemstitched stuff cuffs. A zoot watch chain swung low from the right pants pocket.

In the nearest police station M.P.s removed the set of threads, leaving the hep-cat only his undershirt and drawers—reportedly regulation.

Class War

Although hardened to ancient cracks about saluting doormen, Naval Reserve officers still squirm in their new uniforms at the patronizing description: "not Annapolis men." But last week U.S.N.R. officers in Washington circulated their own ego-boosting description of regular officers: "not college men."



THE CASE OF THE HAUNTED FACTORY!

Not by the shades of people is this bemused old bastille haunted. Built a century ago — looming rather small now, in the midst of acres of modern plants — it claims the oddest assortment of industrial ghosts that ever haunted a hall.

The building is in New England, and its "ghosts" are the things that have been made within its walls — things that span the entire history of manufacturing.

It is haunted by the first machine tools that were made there, when men still believed in witchcraft. Then muskets, rifles, and machine parts, in the pre-gaslight era . . . The shades of old high-wheeled bicycles, of the pantaloon period, pedal down its halls, and antique sewing machines were built there when hoop skirts were in vogue. Then came strange cylinders and valves — and terrible sounds — and one day the incredible horseless carriage rolled through its barnlike doors!

Finished? Done? Far otherwise. Today, 2,000-horsepower airplane engine parts are made in this proud old

plant with its memories of muskets, its century of ceaseless change.

* * *

The products of this fabulous factory are far more revealing than words in telling of one of America's oldest machine tool companies, for here is a curious fact:

Machine tools built by the early founders of Jones & Lamson were the first things to be made there . . . and machine tools built by successive Jones & Lamson generations have helped to keep that plant steadily producing through its century of manufacturing progress.

And that is the story, too, of many of America's most famous plants. For Jones & Lamson has literally grown up with America's industries. Today, such a background of inherited knowledge and facilities is important. It means that Jones & Lamson engineers and service men are uniquely qualified to serve any phase of industry . . . right now, and during the difficult period of post-war readjustment.

JONES & LAMSON

MACHINE COMPANY

Springfield, Vermont, U. S. A.

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Here's the Perfect Present: Give TIME for Christmas

If, somewhere above, TIME's Cartographer-of-the-Future has made a lucky guess—everyone concerned will be astonished. But it would be more amazing still if the year ahead failed to produce stories even stranger—news even more historic—discoveries and inventions and achievements even more significant than those that margin this map.

So this of all years is the year to give TIME—to share with your friends the same clear, confident grasp of the news TIME brings to you each week—the same intelligent understanding of how the future is growing out of the present—so they can think

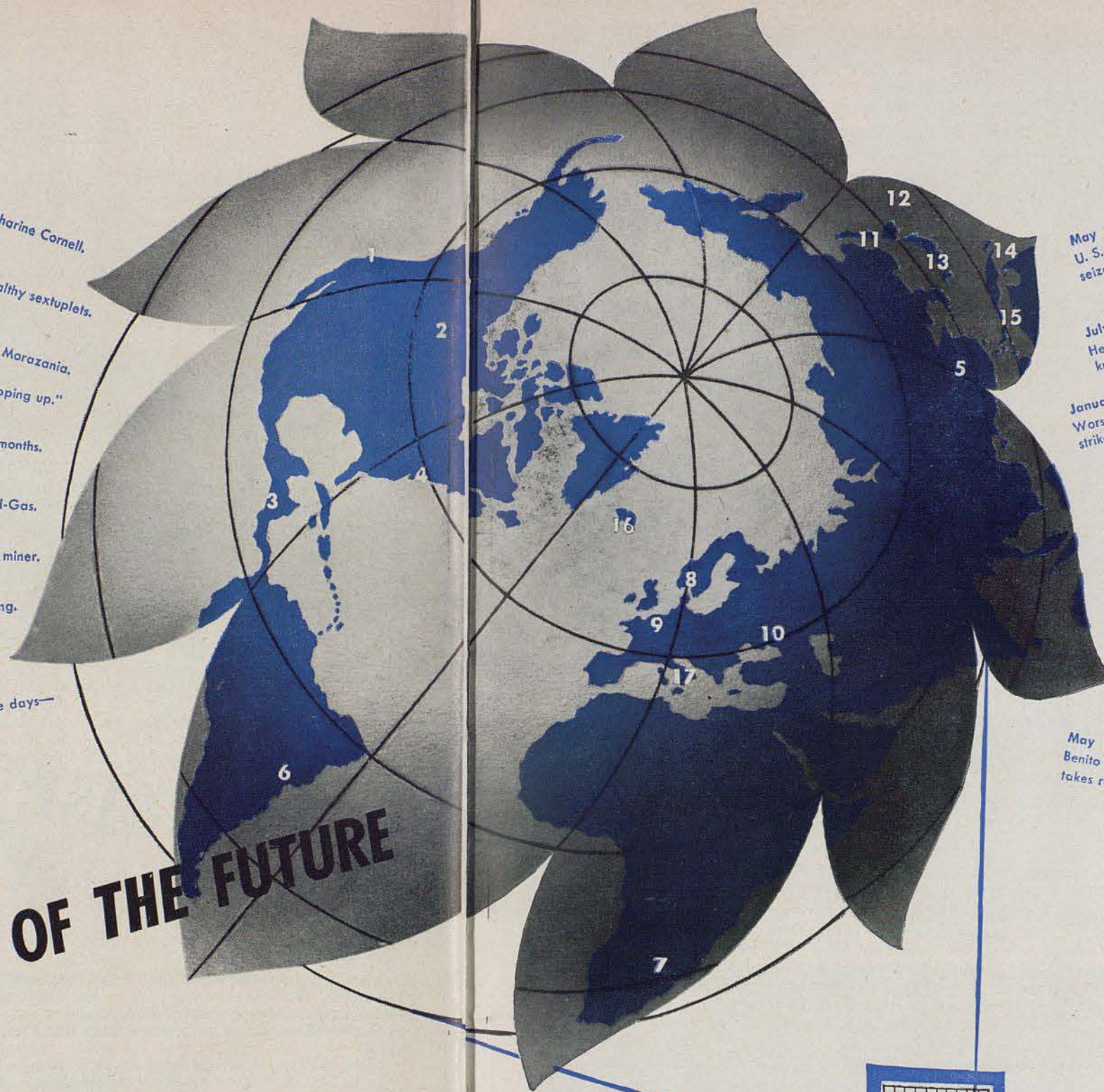
ahead and plan ahead and be prepared for things to come. And this is the year your gift of TIME is sure to be welcomed and used and remembered—week after week, again and again as each historic chapter of 1943 unfolds.



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1 September 27, 1943. **HOLLYWOOD**
Premiere of first three-dimensional full-color moving picture, *Joan of Arc* with Katharine Cornell.

2 June 4, 1943. **EYEBROW, SASKATCHEWAN**
Here in one of the world's most fertile wheat districts Marie Jeanne LaTrobe gives birth to healthy sextuplets.

3 February 11, 1943. **MANAGUA, NICARAGUA**
Five Central American republics merge to form united federal republic of Morazania.

4 December 24, 1943. **WASHINGTON, D. C.**
President Roosevelt makes his Christmas Eve "over the hump" fireside chat, says "all the rest is mopping up."

5 October 17, 1943. **LANCHOW, CHINA**
Generalissimo Chiang reveals huge munitions plant has been producing here for nine months.

6 August 12, 1943. **RIO DE JANEIRO**
Cure for leukemia discovered by Dr. Bonifacio Souza while seeking neutralizer for new Nazi Acid-Gas.

7 July 7, 1943. **TRANSVAAL**
748-carat *Witwatersrand*, biggest diamond in history, found by Kaffir miner.

8 March 10, 1943. **THE VENGEANCE OF STORD**
Sixteen thousand Nazis and Quislings driven into the sea in Norse uprising.

9 April 1, 1943. **PARIS**
Pierre Laval assassinated at Arc de Triomphe by French underground group, *Les Lavaliers*.

10 May 11, 1943
Battle of Markovka, where 60,000 picked German troops were killed in three days—and the Great Nazi Retreat began.

May 24, 1943
U. S.-Russian forces under General Simon Bolivar Buckner, Jr. seize Jap-held southern Sakhalin in surprise attack. 11

July 4, 1943. **TRUK**
Here ship-based U. S. planes strike down land-based Zeros, knock out Japan's greatest Pacific bastion. 12

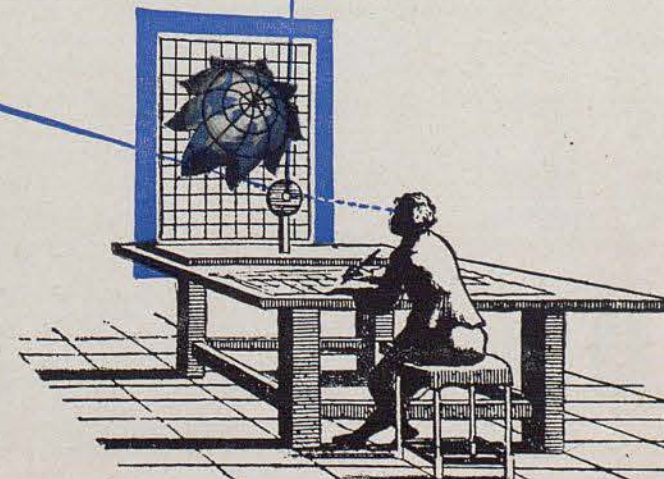
January 16, 1943
Worst earthquake in history levels Tokyo at very moment 800 U. S. bombers strike from the skies. 13

November 28, 1943. **WAGGA WAGGA, NEW SOUTH WALES**
Here H.I.H. Prince Chichibu, Mikado's eldest brother, lands in Zero plane hisses, "I am Japanese Hess—where is MacArthur?" 14

August 23, 1943. **BATTLE OF THE ARAFURA SEA**
Here the Jap Navy suffered its decisive defeat of the war. 15

June 4, 1943. **OFF DYRHOLAR, ICELAND**
Nazis' last pocket battleship finally sunk by PT boats after 800 mile running fight with six U. S. cruisers. 16

May 1, 1943. **ROME**
Benito Mussolini, castor-oiled and deposed by Ciano-inspired Quislingini, takes refuge in the Vatican. 17



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PEOPLE

Must Dress

Diligently elegant Columnist Lucius Beebe and his swirly cape stayed away, 70-year-old Lady Decies turned up without her tiara. Sartorially the opening of the Metropolitan Opera season last week was pretty much of a bust (*see p. 74*); but generally the bluebloods had done what they could in the face of war—like fiction's Englishmen dressing for dinner in the jungle. Among the attendant owners of rare baubles, rare pelts, rare beauty or simply rare old blood (*see cuts*): Mrs. Byron Foy (sapphires and diamonds); Mrs. Walter Hoving (ermine); Emily Roosevelt (fifth cousin of the President); Mrs. John Jacob Astor (of the onetime fur-trapping Astors, pictured furless); Valerie Moore (silver fox); Mrs. Whitney Bourne (kith to the Boston Whitneys); Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney (kin to one from New York); Mrs. George Washington Kavanaugh (ermine, a diamond tiara, a diamond & emerald necklace & pendant, diamond earrings, eleven diamond bracelets); Mrs. William Ellerbe (blonde), Nedenia Hutton (blonde, too); Mrs. Harrison Williams (annually on the ten-best-dressed list), who remarked of her gown, chin up: "It's an old dress, but it's French."

Fine Arts

Into Mme. Tussaud's, famed London waxworks, went the parents of the late Air Ace Paddy Finucane to look at their son's image, found it had "not quite caught the look," spoke to the management, which promptly decided a £100 remodeling job was in order.

Cinemoralist Will Hays decided an expunging job was in order on Noel Coward's cinebiography of a British destroyer, *In Which We Serve*—a show London has been enjoying unexpunged for ten weeks now. Producers of the cinema cried pro-



BLONDE & BLONDE

ELEVEN BRACELETS

KITH & KIN



OLD BUT FRENCH

test; both sides were reported marshaling their attorneys for a moral war. In the film are some -----* & -----†

Chatty Columnist **Elsa Maxwell's** amiability crumpled under the strain of Columnist **Westbrook Pegler**, who, she found, "has taken up the cudgels in defense of women." Gritted Elsa: "Now, Mr. Pegler is a Freudian study . . . too much protest is often an unconscious expression of too much love—and vice versa. If this ambivalence of emotion is true—as it seems to be—Westbrook is certainly madly in love with Mrs. Roosevelt. . . . But since Westbrook has turned his loving eye on women, watch out. The Pegler libido . . . turns hot & cold. . . . Personally, girls, I think we had better continue standing on our own two feet."

Superman set out on a swim to Germany, to right the wrong of a generation and ultimately end the cruelest comic-strip continuity yet: the Nazis had kidnapped **Santa Claus**.

War Effort

Out of Harvard for the duration, into the Navy as a body-building lieutenant commander, went portly **Richard Cresson** ("Dick") **Harlow**, 53, for the last nine years football coach and curator of oology (birds' eggs).

Into the Marine Corps went **Ernest Nelson Chennault**, brother of the Flying Tigers' Brigadier General Clair, whose youngest son, Robert Kenneth, 17, went into the Navy last fortnight.

Off on a secret mission "outside the U.S." was Lieut. Commander **Walter Winchell**.

Zone of Quiet

"Doing nicely" after an emergency appendectomy in a Manhattan hospital: Soprano **Jessica Dragonette**.

Hospitalized on a tour of U.S. camps in England: Cinemactress **Kay Francis** (laryngitis); Dancer **Mitzi Mayfair** (arm & shoulder wrenches from jitterbugging).

* Damns.

† Hells.



DIAMONDS, ERMINE

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MUSIC

Boston Joins the Union

One of the longest struggles in U.S. labor history last week came to an end. Sergei Koussevitzky's superb Boston Symphony, only surviving major non-union orchestra in the U.S., finally knuckled under to Boss James Caesar Petrillo's Federation of Musicians.

Ever since it was founded in 1881 by aristocratic, union-hating Major Henry Lee Higginson, the Boston Symphony had rebuffed all efforts at unionization. A strike over the issue in 1920 was quelled by the management at great expense to U.S. symphonic music when some 31 strikers left. Conductor Koussevitzky managed to rebuild the orchestra to the highest level. Two years ago Boss Petrillo barred the Bostonians from radio and recording studios under a threat to pull all union musicians out of the studios. Like most U.S. symphony orchestras, the Bostonians had come to depend less and less on wealthy patronage, more and more on broadcasting and recording fees. After two years off the air, the Symphony's trustees threw in the sponge, signed a union contract. Petrillo had won again.

From Boss Petrillo the Bostonians wrung one special concession: Unlike other U.S. symphony orchestras, the Boston will be able to hire union musicians from outside Boston's Local No. 9 without special permission. One expected result of the union agreement is the signing of an estimated \$75,000 broadcasting contract with Columbia Broadcasting System.

Dandy Doodle

Eleven hundred students jammed the auditorium of Manhattan's High School of Music & Art to pick a war song for the U.S. Army's 9th Division at Fort Bragg. For a month the high school's student body had been feverishly at work composing. As a chorus of 18 picked students filed into the auditorium to sing the entries, the student audience was told to register its verdict by its applause.

The first three entries roused a polite flurry of hand clapping. Then came a song called *Come On! Yankee Doodle!* When it was over, the 1,100 youngsters went wild. Author of the song was not a music student but an art student: pert, 16-year-old Lynne Rogers, who beamingly gave the oldest of composers' explanations: "The idea just came to me."

The song:

*There's a lady in the harbor,
She's been standing there for years
And she's carrying a torch for you.
It's a symbol of the light
Of freedom burning bright,
It's a symbol of the job you've gotto do!*

*Come on, Yankee Doodle, let's win this war,
Get in there and fight as you did before,
Shoulder to shoulder with flags unfurled
You must go forward to free the world!*

*Come on, Yankee Doodle, and make them pay
For all that they did on Pearl Harbor day,
The people are prayin' and rootin' for you,
Come on, Yankee Doodle, come through!*



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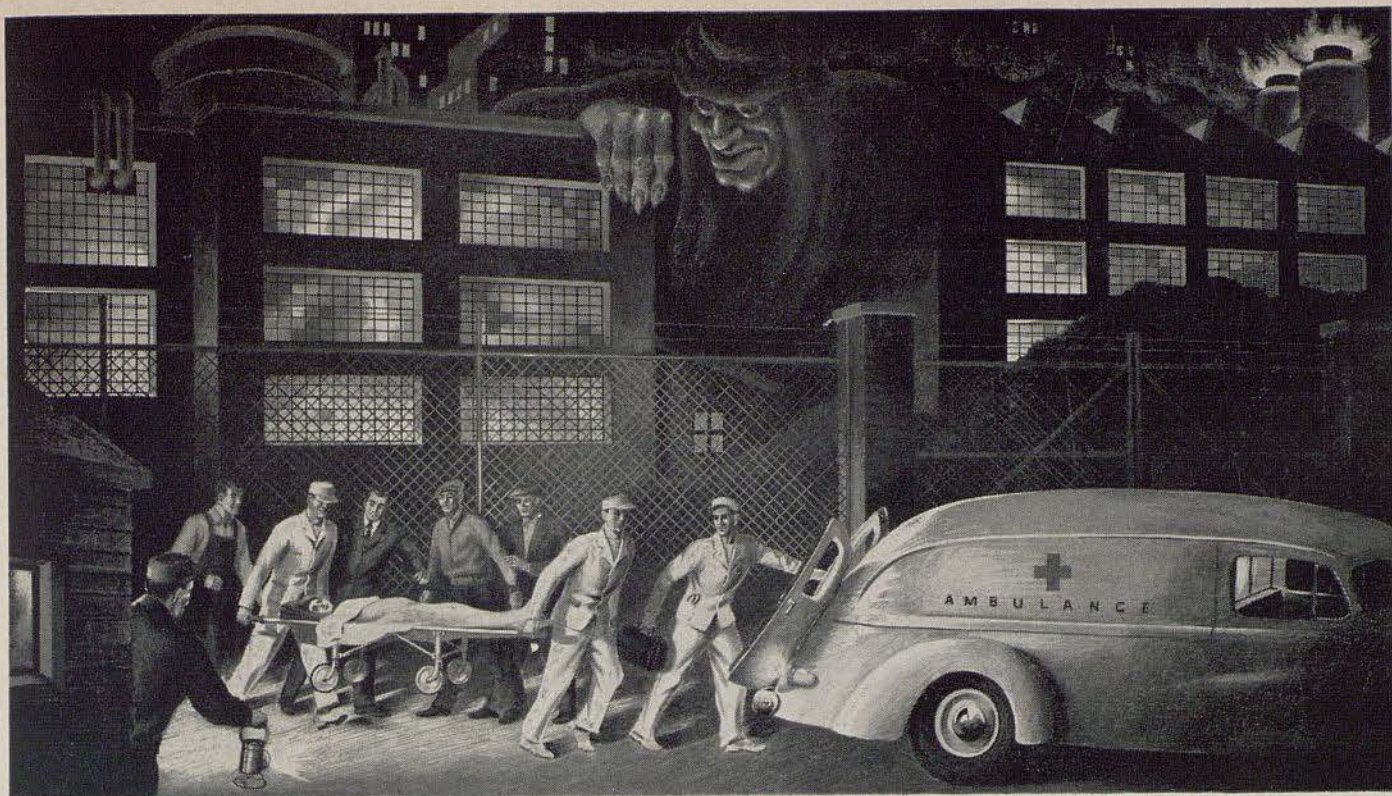
The idea just came to her.

Black Ties, No Kilts

Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera House last week opened its first World War II season—not quite as usual. A few Manhattan dowagers, of almost Egyptian preservation, clung valiantly to their tiaras and diamond necklaces. Two fur coats were stolen. Two bewildered attendants rushed up & down the lobby holding aloft a lady's shoe. But the customary gaudy chaos of Met openings was lacking. Uniforms outnumbered top hats. The "Penguin Club," a stag organization of staid oldsters who have dressed to the nines in their second-tier box at every opening since 1899, descended to the informality of black ties. So did the orchestra. So did General Manager Edward Johnson. When pert Diva Lily Pons, singing Donizetti's tinkling *Daughter of the Regiment*, unfurled the flag of General Charles de Gaulle, the audience untraditionally rose to its feet and shouted.

In addition to its wartime changes of complexion, the haughty Met had taken another step toward economic democracy. Admissions (by subscription) had been reduced to a \$5 top (TIME, July 13), with gallery seats at \$1. Wild, spontaneous applause, breaking out at awkward moments, proved that many were hearing opera the first time.

For the Duration. The Met was digging in, content to hold its defensive lines intact. Thanks to General Manager Johnson's foresight, it was well equipped to



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withstand wartime siege. Assiduous packing of its roster with able U.S. singers had made the Met as independent as possible of foreign importations (75% of this season's talent are U.S. citizens, 48% U.S.-born). So far the Met's schedule contained no novelties, no spectacular revivals. Most important debut of the season was expected to be that of Georgia-born Tenor James Melton, already famed for his radio (*The Telephone Hour*) appearances.

The Met had decided to give Wagner as usual (during World War I, German opera was banned by the directors). Avowed reason: the U.S. is fighting Hitler, not Wagner. The U.S. is also fighting Italy, and a consistent curtailment of both the German and the Italian repertory would leave only a few standard (French and Russian) items to produce.

The first week's biggest moments were provided not by singers but famed conductors. Sir Thomas Beecham and Bruno Walter made the Met's orchestra and ensembles ring with unusual dash and authority.

Another early-season hit was a completely restudied production of Donizetti's corny masterpiece *Lucia*, in the "mad scene" of which Soprano Lily Pons was traditionally and engagingly sane. One hoary feature of *Lucia* was missing: the kilts in which the pale-kneed Metropolitan chorus has strutted ever since the opera was first performed in 1835. Investigation, with the help of Manhattan's St. Andrew's Society, had disclosed that Sir Walter Scott's *The Bride of Lammermoor* (on which the opera is based) was laid in the Scottish lowlands where nary a kilt ever swayed in the wind.

December Records

SYMPHONIC, ETC.

Schubert: *Trio No. 1* in B-Flat Major for Piano, Violin and Cello (Artur Rubinstein, Jascha Heifetz, Emanuel Feuermann; Victor; 8 sides). One of the most ingratiating of all chamber-music compositions, Schubert's *Trio*, in a previous recording by Cortot, Thibaud and Casals, was once a sensational best-seller, today is out of print. Victor's new version, with the latest, most scrupulous sound engineering, is one of the finest chamber-music recordings ever made. Rubinstein, Heifetz and Feuermann (each a famed concert soloist) play its lilting melodies with virtuoso finish and a subtle teamwork seldom heard when prima donnas of this caliber get together.

Samuel Barber: *Adagio for Strings* (NBC Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini conducting; Victor). Toscanini reads a poetic sample of one of the few younger U.S. composers with something to say.

Beethoven: *Symphony No. 8* (New York Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting; Columbia; 6 sides). Less heady than Toscanini's for Victor, Walter's 8th is as mellow as well-aged Viennese slivovitz.

Mozart: *Quintet in G Minor, K. 516* (Budapest Quartet with M. Katims, viola; Columbia; 8 sides). A fine ensemble continues working the richest musical seams.



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THE PRESS

"Let Us Tell the Truth"

British correspondents in the U.S. have not been permitted by U.S. censors to tell their British readers that many U.S. citizens disapproved the Churchill Government's Indian policy.

When the new Liberty ship *Booker T. Washington* was launched on Sept. 29, the correspondents were not allowed to tell Britons the ship's captain was Hugh Mulzac, a Negro. Out of a British correspondent's story on the WAACs, U.S. censors slashed the phrase: "It has been agreed there will be no discrimination against



BRITISH CORRESPONDENT COOKE
"Only a drooling idiot will cite . . ."

color, which means Negro units will be formed."

For months British newsmen in the U.S. have simmered with distaste under such restraints. Last week, when they found it almost impossible to transmit to England any dispatch even hinting U.S. civilian distaste for the North African deal with Vichyite Admiral Jean François Darlan, they boiled over.

Annoyed most was the London *Sunday Dispatch's* irascible, Hearst-like Don Idon. He fired a transatlantic cable: "This is a protest. . . . The American censorship is tough and hard and very stringent. . . . We are all worried. . . . Last week I had seven dispatches either suppressed in their entirety or so badly mauled . . . they were ruined."*

Worst example of the harsh censorship came in mid-week when lanky, hard-working Alistair Cooke, now a U.S. citizen, correspondent for British Broadcasting Corp., London *Times*, and London *Daily Herald*,

* The rub is mutual. No U.S. correspondent in London is permitted to send home any British-voiced criticism of American troops in Britain.

tried to send a dispatch to the *Herald* naming a few of the things correspondents had not been permitted to transmit. He learned correspondents are even forbidden to report what sort of reports are forbidden. Blue-penciled from his dispatch was, among other things, this: "Most British correspondents agree . . . that it is practically impossible to report any news item about the [U.S. race] problem. . . ."

Many a U.S. newsman, many a U.S. newspaper joined the outcry: said Amazonian Pundit Dorothy Thompson: "To say [that such censorship is necessary] is tantamount to claiming that the most profound issues of this war may not be publicly discussed, or if publicly discussed, must be confined within the United States." Said Columnist-Radio Commentator Cal Tinney: Reasonable censorship of war news to prevent the enemy from receiving advantage is acceptable to everyone. Censorship of opinion is sabotage of the Four Freedoms.

By week's end Washington authorities had been needled enough. They retorted. Reason for the censorship of some opinion, they said, is that Axis propagandists seize upon reports of Allied dissension, racial or otherwise, and feed them to European and South American peoples in exaggerated shapes. Explained U.S. Censor Byron Price: When foreign correspondents undertake to send abroad editorial comments which tend "to emphasize disunity in this country instead of stating the facts as they are," they must be censored.

With these arguments correspondents solidly disagreed. Cogent, farsighted Alistair Cooke argued: Like all newsmen, U.S. and British alike, he understands the need for military censorship and does not blame the thoughtful, usually fair-minded men who do the censoring; he objects only to suppression of interchange of political opinion, for which he blames top-drawer policymakers. Like other newsmen, he considers the problem still in the molehill stage, squawks now to prevent its becoming mountainous.

"Only a drooling idiot," he said in a dispatch the censors passed, ". . . will cite Great Britain or the U.S. as model societies. . . . Let us admit to the eager world that we are an imperfect society trying to do our best. . . . Let us cheerfully admit that we are ashamed of some old practices of the British Empire, but are proud of the commonwealth system, that we revere the American Constitution and are only too sorry we never brought it up to date to include poor immigrants and Negroes. . . . We cannot go on pretending to want a better world and yet feed the hungry populations of Europe the sugar without the pill. . . . If we don't admit to them, as well as to ourselves, the beam in our own eye, it's unlikely they will allow us the privilege of curing the mote in theirs. Let us tell the truth as we see it and be damned to him who twists it."

Newsman breathed "Amen!" Not a



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man of them wanted to give away military or other information capable of Axis use; all of them wanted to tell the people the truth, as far as possible, not as little as possible.

Checker Player

Wrote Editor Carl Broome of the weekly Brantley Enterprise (at Nahunta, Ga.) when he filled out his draft questionnaire.

"I write news, editorials, advertisements, keep books, pay bills, read proof, clean type, set headlines, set news and editorials, pay bills, set jobs, feed press, cut paper, wrap bundles, solicit advertisements, solicit subscriptions, pay bills, repair presses and linotype (jackleg repairing), splice belts, saw metal cuts, pay bills, chisel cuts, make up newspaper, order supplies, tell people where the local draft board is, tell others where the town's lawyer might be, tell still others that silly rumor they were excited about was only a silly rumor, pay bills, wash forms, distribute type, solicit job printing, pacify irate subscribers whose paper failed to arrive, pay bills, edit bungled copy, collect bills, pay bills, sort mail, scan the exchanges and maybe clip an item.

"Then in my spare time I hunt and fish and play checkers."

In Jacoby's Memory

In memory of the TIME correspondent who was accidentally killed at an airfield in Australia last April after his escape with his wife from Corregidor, Stanford University, his alma mater, has established the Melville Jacoby Fellowship to help student journalists who wish to specialize in Oriental affairs.

AP & Radio

Between the lines of a formal announcement, that Alvin J. (for John) Steinkopf, until Pearl Harbor a topnotch Associated Pressman in Europe, had joined radio station WBBM of Chicago as a news analyst, there was last week the story of a new relationship developing between A.P. and radio.

Though technically a WBBM employe, precise-voiced, middle-aged Al Steinkopf is paid by Press Association, Inc., A.P.'s money-making subsidiary (A.P. is a non-profit cooperative), and can be yanked back to A.P. cable desk or overseas duty whenever the terms of his WBBM contract permit.

At WBBM Steinkopf will analyze news for Barbasol (and any other sponsors WBBM digs up). Barbasol pays WBBM, WBBM pays P.A. for Steinkopf's services. P.A. then deducts a "handling charge" (like an agent), gives the balance to Steinkopf, greatly augmenting his regular salary.

Said P.A.'s farsighted, businesslike General Manager William J. McCambridge: "We hope to organize a corps of news analysts. We are shooting for the post-war years. A.P. has news; P.A. has men to analyze it. Perhaps the time will come when we will have trained P.A. commentators in the major U.S. cities, the major capitals of the world. It might turn out to be a newspaper-of-the-air, who knows?"

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—quick—with the new, handy Vicks Inhaler. It's packed with effective medication that makes a cold-stuffed nose feel clearer in seconds! And you can use it as often as needed!

VICKS INHALER

COUGHING COLDS

Relieve coughing and loosen phlegm, ease muscular soreness and tightness with Vicks VapoRub. Its poultice-vapor action brings welcome relief and invites restful sleep.

VICKS
VAPORUB

So appropriate for Christmas—this NEW ROQUEFORT-TYPE CHEESE



For gifts or hospitality, Maytag Blue Cheese is a holiday favorite, especially in wartime. Produced and aged right on our farm, this superb cheese is shipped direct in whole wheels of 4 pounds, anywhere in U. S. Price \$2.50 postpaid. For gift-cheese, we'll prepare gift cards, or enclose yours. Booklet of 22 Maytag Blue Cheese recipes free on request.

MAYTAG DAIRY FARM, Box 506E, Newton, Iowa

SPEECH DEFECTS HANDICAP SOLDIERS

30,000 rejections because of stammering, loss of voice and other speech defects. Almost every one of these can be corrected in six weeks or two months if treated correctly. Such correction can be obtained at Martin Hall, the only residential institute in America devoted entirely to the correction of speech and voice disorders, and recognized by the medical and educational professions.

For information address:
Dr. Frederick Martin, Director
MARTIN HALL, Bristol, Rhode Island
A NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR SPEECH DISORDERS

RADIO

Flash!

At the close of Walter Winchell's weekly newscast last week the announcer handed him a news item hot off the teletype. Datelined Moscow, it read: "*The Berlin radio reports that Adolf Hitler has been killed while inspecting Eastern Front defenses.*"

Winchell's eyes bugged, his mouth fell open, his hand shook. The FLASH of FLASHES had arrived just too late. He was off the air. "Damn those ---- -----!" he shrieked. "It always happens to me! I'm being framed!"

Some time later Winchell calmed down sufficiently to hear the news that the great needler had been needled, to the hilt. Blue Network wags had concocted the phony item to celebrate the gossipist's completion of ten years on the air for the same sponsor.

The Way It Really Is

Radio comedians were reminded last week that war is only sometimes a laughing matter. They got a letter from the War Department's Radio Branch, which had been getting complaints from soldiers and soldiers' families & friends. The War Department communiqué:

"... What was funny soldier humor before is not so funny now. ... From time to time ... soldiers are used for 'interview' purposes, when, as a matter of fact, they are used as mere stooges ... and made, unwittingly, to appear as somewhat stupid and dull, when, as a matter of fact, in their line of business, they are far from it. Other times, the soldier's normal interest in 'girls' is emphasized and stretched to an unwholesome and unwarranted degree. ...

"The American soldier today is a pretty serious young man, hardened by training, ready to risk his life in any quarter of the globe for those he leaves behind. He is proud of his best girl, proud of his country, proud of his uniform. He laughs at hardships, wisecracks at the other guy, and looks for humor in every situation. We think he'd prefer it if radio reflected something more of this spirit to his people back home—and less of the other. We think his people prefer it that way, too, for that's the way it really is."

Rodriguez & Sutherland

From the day they went on the air two years ago, the team of Rodriguez & Sutherland, the Pacific Coast's favorite newscasting team, were headed for trouble. They refused to pull punches. This oversight got them a huge audience, but it cost them sponsors, and last week it cost them the air. Reason: they had criticized the Government gas rationing. Their station (Los Angeles' KECA) fired them—although they may have had other reasons.

Month ago Sidney Sutherland had announced that he was going to "take a few healthy wallops at my latest favorite

"Make mine the Globe and Atlas!"



SMART fellow, father; he's taking no chances! Of all the years in his life, *now* is the time when he really needs that globe and atlas he's always wanted. Surely Santa can understand father's personal request ... his first since boyhood.

Yes, this is a year for practical, useful gifts. And what could be more useful today than a Rand McNally globe and atlas! A globe brings distances and directions into their right relationships; an atlas provides the accurate close-up details. This is a global war. You need a globe as well as an atlas to understand daily happenings all around the world,

events which affect the lives of all of us.

Because demands for Rand McNally globes and atlases will undoubtedly be great this Christmas season, may we suggest that you purchase yours early while stocks are complete. Seven newly revised Rand McNally atlases and many styles of globes are now being offered by your bookstore, stationer, or department store.

* * *

Rand McNally world atlases range in price from 25c to \$12.00; globes from \$1.95 up. All atlases and globes include a special coupon which, with 25c, entitles you to receive a Post-War Supplement incorporating all map changes when peace is restored.

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punching bag—the gasoline rationing insane asylum in Southern California." His complaint: Atlantic Coast methods could not be applied to the Pacific Coast without disastrous results. His mistake: making Paul Barksdale D'Orr, California rationing officer, the butt of the controversy.

Rodriguez & Sutherland first met in August 1940, at a newscasting audition for a Los Angeles drugstore chain. Fiery, mustachioed Sidney Sutherland, 52, retired journalist (New York Sun, Chicago Tribune), magazine writer (Liberty) and Hollywood scenarist, did not quite have what Thrifty Drug Stores wanted. Neither did squat, calm José Rodriguez, 42, native Guatemalan, onetime concert pianist, city editor (Los Angeles Herald).

When the drugstores' agent suggested that the rejected pair might make a good team, they decided to try. They were an instant success with the Thrifty Stores and their public. Truculence was the keynote of their first script. They climbed all over Charles Lindbergh ("The Molting Eagle"), Senator Burton K. Wheeler ("The Voice of the Montana Sheepherder"), Senator Rush Holt ("Marco Polo in Rompers"), and America First ("America Last"). Hordes of listeners thought the team's colloquial views of the world situation made sense. Typical was an October 1940 broadcast:

Sutherland: Hitler and Mussolini and Stalin are gangsters. Hull and Churchill are a couple of cops. All right, we're in a big city—say Chicago. The cops are interested in law & order and in keeping business going. Oh, sure, they'll accept a cigar, or an apple from the fruit stand. . . . All honest graft, you know—say, like Governments have trade treaties and favored-nations clauses and a little international edge here and there. But on the whole the cops really do keep peace and stop fights between the neighbors and keep the city going. . . .

Now in this imaginary Chicago there's

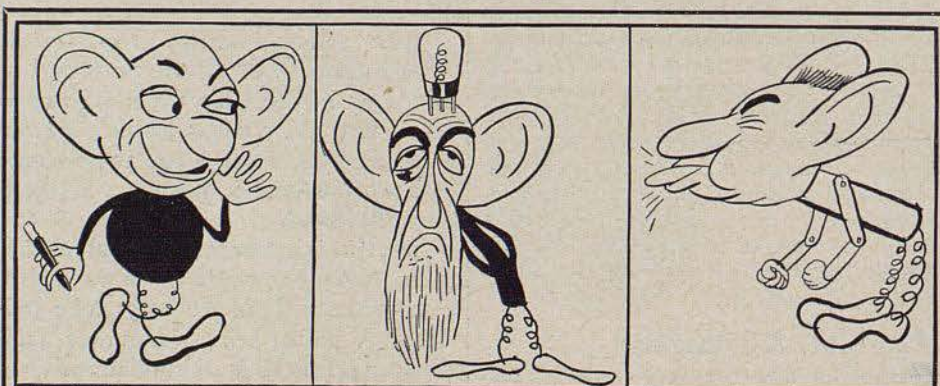
an underworld, of course. . . . Dutch Schultz Hitler runs the North Side. Al Capone Mussolini controls the South Side. . . . Big Joe Stalin has everything his own way on the West Side. But none of these apes can muscle in on the Loop because the cops control that section pretty thoroughly. Still, that's where all the banks are. . . . You know, José, something like rich colonies. . . . owned by the British and French empires. So Dutch and Muscles [Mussolini] decide to crack the Loop, whether Patrolman Hull and Officer Churchill like it or not. Up to now the hoodlums have always played ball pretty well with Big Joe. But now they decide to cross him up. . . .

Rodriguez: I get it. So they send up to Milwaukee, say, and bring down an outside gangster—we'll call him Japan—and the three new partners decide to get under way.

Sutherland: Exactly! They declare the Tokyo Kid in. . . .

Although this kind of thing made more money for the Thrifty Stores than any radio program the chain had sponsored, the stores regretfully dropped Rodriguez & Sutherland in October 1941, because of boycotting by isolationist groups. The team picked up a shampoo sponsor and tripled his business in six months. When priorities closed the business last August, the pair continued over KECA on a sustaining basis.

They left the air with a local Hooper rating for the past two months as high as or higher than the national Hoopers for the same period of Commentators Raymond Clapper, Fulton Lewis, Edwin C. Hill, Earl Godwin, John B. Hughes. (None even touches Walter Winchell's Hooper, five times as high.) When a war-bond program was substituted for them the next week, the station switchboard was jammed with phone calls—proof enough that Rodriguez & Sutherland have an audience, need only a station and sponsor.



Leo Garel for WOR

SLOBNIK, LAFFNIX AND FOOBUS

These gentlemen are grohms, a new tribe of little people sired by the press-agents of U.S. radio. Thus, with one grohm the agents killed two birds, got themselves a nice cut of the great publicity given the R.A.F.'s famed gremlins (TIME, Sept. 14), 2) a permanent alibi for everything that goes wrong in radio, which is plenty. Some grohm types (see above): the Slobnik (left), who "louses up" script writers' copy; the bearded Laffnix, who flattens comedians' lines; the Foobus (right) who makes nasty noises in microphones. Others: the Nostragrohms, who inspires incorrect predictions by newscasters; the key-toting Locksniff, who locks sound-effect doors; the Messibelle (female grohm), who teeters on decibel controls.



“But, Sahib, these gifts are mine!”

MAN: Plainly, Macleod, this substitute St. Bernard has been walking too long in the snow. It has confused him. Who would give Christmas gifts to a camel?

CAMEL: Ah, but Master, I'm the *Paul Jones* Camel—the living symbol of *dryness* in whiskey. And these gifts are tokens of gratitude—for telling puzzled shoppers about a *perfect* Christmas present—*dry* Paul Jones whiskey!

MAN: Who ever heard of a *dry* whiskey? Macleod, why do we stand around here with the snow going down our necks, listening to such talk?

CAMEL: Effendi, go to *any* liquor store! You will find, in the wondrous Paul Jones, a whiskey whose *dryness*, or lack of sweetness, permits you to enjoy its *full* flavor! Its

full richness and mellowness! A jewel among whiskeys, Prince, whose moderate price and rare flavor make it a *perfect* Christmas present!

MAN: Did you say *any* liquor store, Camel?

CAMEL: *Any* liquor store, Master.

MAN: And that Paul Jones is moderately priced? It spares the purse?

CAMEL: My very words, O Emir.

MAN: Macleod, how long shall we stand here with the snow going down our necks? Do we not have to buy some of this fine dry Paul Jones? And the biggest bale of hay in the entire world for this good camel? Come, Macleod!

*The best CHRISTMAS BUY
is the whiskey that's DRY*

Paul Jones



A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

For Christmas.... Fortune

To an ever growing number of American men and women, FORTUNE, this year, has been a real and personal assistance—in the thinking and planning they must do on their war-time jobs, and in helping them adjust their perspectives to the long view of the new world to come. . . . For business associates, valued customers, employees you want to encourage, for boys in college or in Officers' Training Schools, for your friends in Washington or the armed forces—the coming twelve issues of FORTUNE make a Christmas gift of intense and consuming interest.

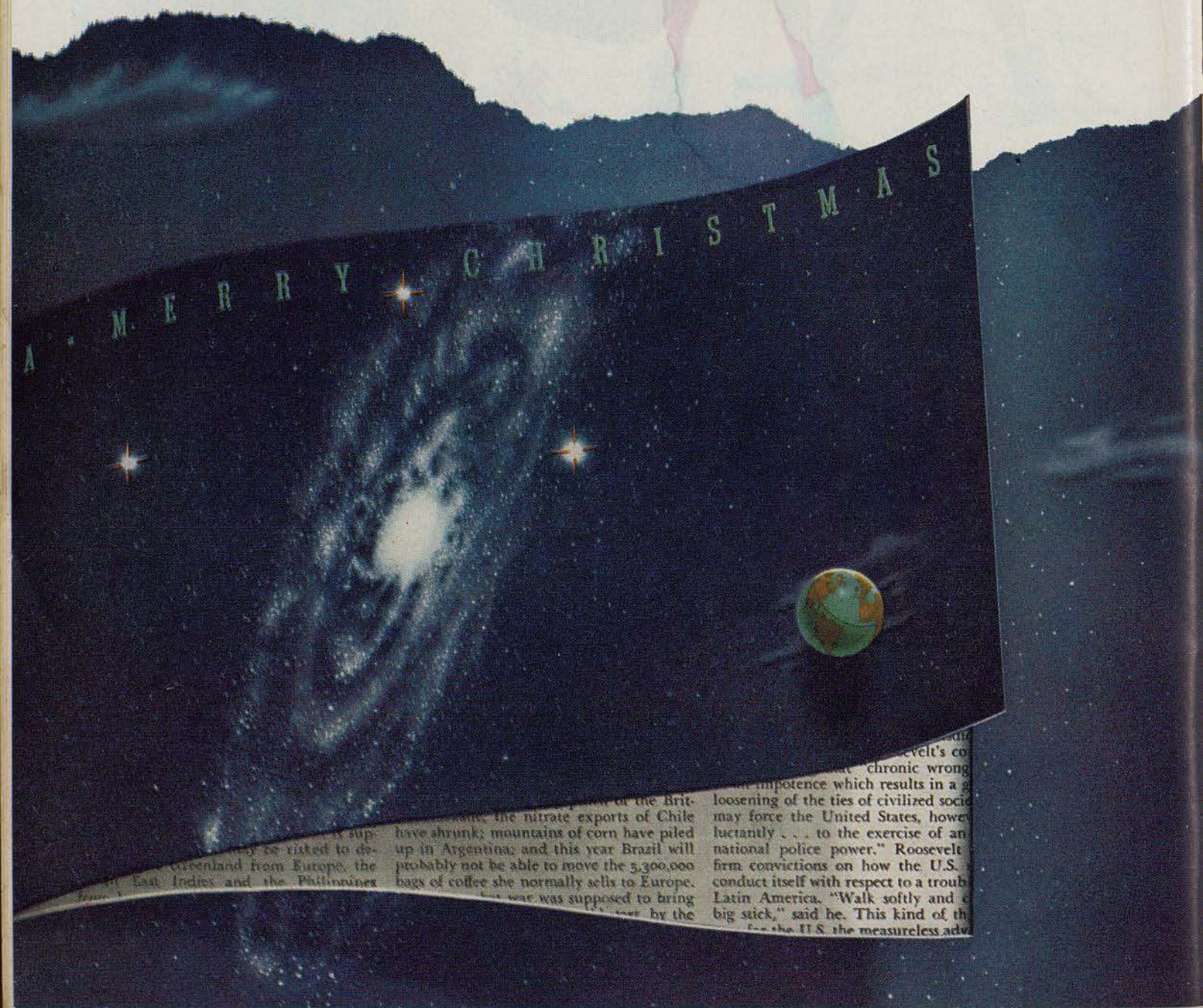
And even as its value grows, the Christmas rate of \$7.75 makes FORTUNE a less costly present than at any other time of year—a saving of \$2.25 under the regular \$10.00 rate.

Your gift of FORTUNE will be announced to your friends by a Christmas card, the cover of which is shown below. Will Burtin has designed the entire card to symbolize America's burning desire for freedom—for all peoples—and envisions the bright new world to come. Just send your order to FORTUNE, 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Illinois.

\$7.75 Special Christmas Rate

This rate applies only until January 1 on subscriptions entered and paid for by one person, and we cannot accept more than ten \$7.75 gifts from any one donor. Foreign postage \$2.00 extra.

For your friends, relatives and business associates in the armed forces FORTUNE offers a special rate of only \$6.00.





What wouldn't America's healthiest winter resort do for you! *Relax in*

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Come to rest or play—you'll find a complete change in Tucson's unmatched, dry desert climate! You'll be amazed how quickly this land of exhilarating sunshine tones you up...makes you *alive* again! Send now for information. We urge advance reservations.

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For time-saving efficiency on your next visit to New York, take advantage of the location of the popular New Weston



SPORT

Gold Plater

U.S. railbirds, thumbing their racing forms this winter, will look in vain for Mucho Gusto, a name that has brought "much pleasure" to millions of them. After ten years of campaigning, the grand old trouser, fondly known as Gus the Bus, has retired to the Kentucky farm of his owner, Mrs. Kirby Ramsey.

Mucho Gusto was no Whirlaway. But he will long be remembered as one of the truly remarkable thoroughbreds of the U.S. turf. Son of a castoff mare named Sweetheart Time and a stallion that had been sold without pedigree at the Lexington stockyards, he was reared in a small



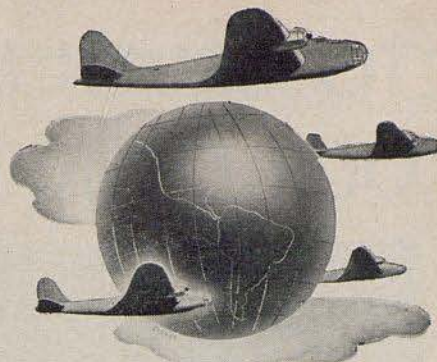
GUS THE BUS
... a horse's horse.

Associated Press

grassless paddock behind the Latonia race track. His owner, the track superintendent, sent him out to earn his oats in cheap claiming races.* The biggest purse he ever won was \$5,000. Nevertheless, when his name was finally scratched last week, Mucho Gusto's record read: 63 victories in 215 starts; earnings, \$102,750.

Racegoers loved Big Gus for his stout heart. Year in, year out, in the sticks as well as the big time, he asked no quarter, always gave his backers a run for their money. One summer, at Detroit, he won three races within eight days. One winter at Tropical Park he ran off with the Christmas, New Year's and Orange Bowl Handicaps on successive Saturdays. Cincinnati fans will never forget the day he outran Seabiscuit in a race at River Downs. But the biggest kick he ever gave his admirers

* Started primarily for the purpose of equalizing competition among second-rate horses, claiming races (in which any starter may be bought for a sum fixed beforehand) have become a major medium of horse trading.



The Voice of AVIATION

Radio and Aviation have grown hand in hand—dependent on one another! Pioneers in both fields realized that successful aircraft operation, in peace or war, demands efficient communications. Frank Melville has given his time and energy to the development of Melville Aeronautical Radio School because he foresaw that the nation would need a dependable source of training men and women in radio communications for America's planes—first for Victory, then for Progress.

MELVILLE

AERONAUTICAL RADIO SCHOOL, INC.
45 West 45th Street New York City

Training Men & Women for Radio in the Service of
AIRLINES - ARMY - NAVY - MARINES - MERCHANT
MARINE - COAST GUARD - INDUSTRY

The Power of PRAYER... MIRACLE OF 1942

Biblical Seminary founded 42 years ago on FAITH. Dedicated to the proposition that CHRISTIAN LEADERS SHOULD KNOW THE BIBLE BETTER THAN ANY BOOK. Nurtured by Faith with 6,000 students serving all Christendom. Existence threatened by acute financial difficulties. THEN THE MIRACLE. Loyal devoted faculty, alumni, students, stunned by possible loss of million dollar plant rallied as one unit. Prayer—deep earnest heartfelt prayer—and work, that this Institution of God continue. No professional money raisers, or organization helped. But prayer, morning, noon, and night, with work finally brought 1189 responses totaling \$116,000 thereby cancelling \$300,000 of indebtedness. FURTHER AID IS NEEDED. Pray and give. Ask for booklet, "The Power of Prayer." (233 East 49th St.)



HELP TO SUSTAIN THE
Biblical Seminary IN NEW YORK

NEED A LIFT?
Take a Civilian Furlough in the DRY, SUNNY PIKES PEAK REGION
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Nausea, dizziness, stomach distress may be prevented and relieved with the aid of

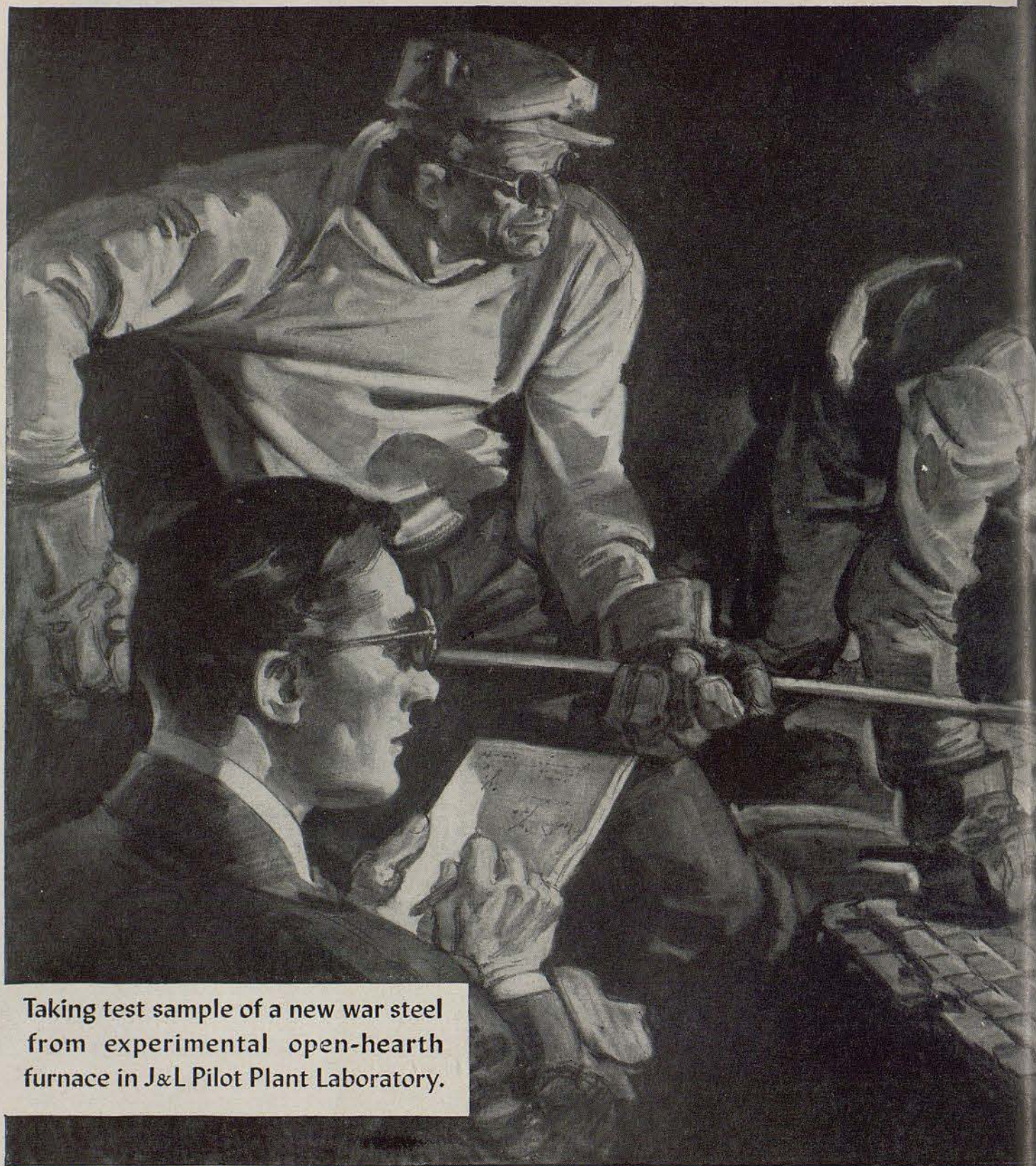


Mothersill's
AIR SICK REMEDY

UNIQUE

TIME is the only magazine which enjoys the full services of The Associated Press

TO CRUSH ENEMY FORCES, SAFEGUARD OUR OWN, IS AIM OF STEEL RESEARCH



Taking test sample of a new war steel from experimental open-hearth furnace in J&L Pilot Plant Laboratory.

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JONES & LAUGHLIN STEEL CORPORATION

Advertisement

HUSH-HUSH IN WAR LABS

Censorship and secrecy are rigidly imposed in American industrial laboratories because of startling results in research on new materials and weapons to crush enemy forces, and protect our own, achieved during our first year at war. "Sections of many industrial laboratories are so hush-hush," says Scripps-Howard's *Washington Calling* "even important officials can't get near them. Top war men are cheered by some new offensive weapons you won't hear about for some time."

Steel research had momentum when war came, was able to swing immediately into war-steel development work. Research facilities were available in hundreds of plants. Thousands of trained metallurgists, chemists and skilled research workers had an accumulation of data on the innermost secrets of steel; were eager to put their knowledge to work to help fight the war.

Pilot for peace is now pilot for war thanks to foresight of J&L metallurgists and management who in 1937 took steel research out of the test tube stage, put it on a practical basis in first Pilot Plant laboratory in the industry. Here with small experimental furnaces and rolling mills, research engineers conduct their experiments under conditions that simulate actual mill practice without interfering with mill operations — make it possible for their findings to be quickly applied to the big steel producing furnaces and mills.

Small four-ton open-hearth furnace (capacity each regular steel works furnace averages 150 tons) is keystone of this unique laboratory where practical steel men, technically-trained metallurgists and physicists work 24 hours a day. Since December 7, 1941 this little furnace and its crew have been developing new steels with which to destroy the Axis and protect the lives of our sons, our husbands, our fathers, our brothers in the armed forces.

Skilled steel workers in the J&L plants eagerly take over new developments of the Pilot Plant and apply them to producing new war steels—millions of tons a year. Working shoulder to shoulder with mill metallurgists are men whose fathers and their fathers before them for a century have been the backbone of steelmaking in America. Month after month these men establish new production highs, make world records, then break them again and again.

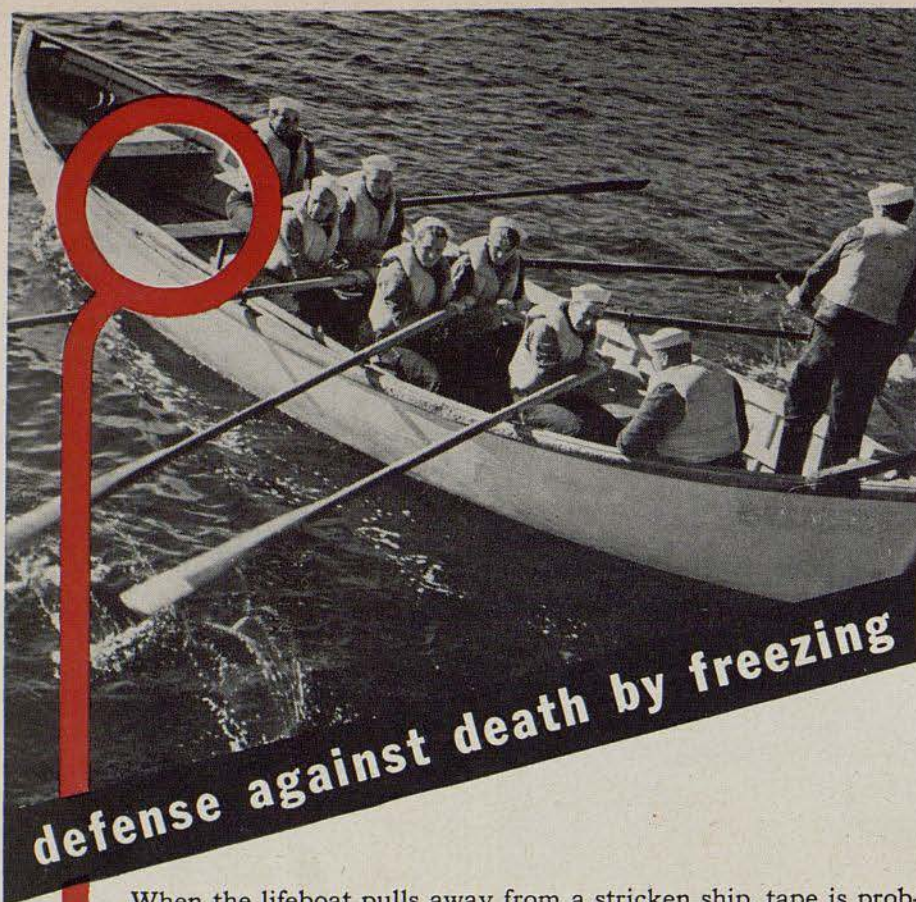
Axis feeling effects of U. S. research. Today enemy forces on land, at sea and in the air are feeling the destructive effects of our armed forces equipped with the products of American ingenuity in making materials of war, with more to come. At the same time our fighting men are getting a tremendous lift from the security of bombers that return safely, of tanks that aren't pierced, of ships that won't go down.



FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY ORISON MACPHERSON

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA
CONTROLLED QUALITY STEEL FOR WAR

**J&L
STEEL**



When the lifeboat pulls away from a stricken ship, tape is probably the last thing survivors think of. Yet tape has been waiting for this day, guarding the warm, heavy blanket that's all the protection a lifeboat has to offer against the numbing cold and wet of the open sea. Making sure that when it's needed, this precious blanket will be warm, dry and perfect is a problem of water-proof packaging, neatly solved with the help of water-proof tape.

The tape experts choose is our Utilitape, a tough tape with a special combination backing that sticks, without heat or moistening, and rips off quickly and easily. Utilitape makes constant, secure protection against the soggy damp of sea air. When the lifeboat's

launched, the blanket will be warm and dry.

Keeping lifeboat blankets dry is just one of the many ways our tapes are useful to America's Victory program. Tapes designed in our industrial laboratories add new speed, economy and efficiency to countless operations on armament assembly lines—helping to build fighting aircraft, tanks, shells, blood banks, gas masks, and parachutes. If your company, too, is helping to make America the best armed and equipped nation

in the world, our industrial engineers would be glad to suggest how tape can add extra speed and economy to your contribution.

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Headquarters for Every Type of Tape

was his performance in the Rhode Island Handicap at Narragansett Park four years ago. Setting the pace for famed War Admiral, Kentucky Derby winner the previous year, he rewrote the script by holding off the Admiral's bid until the home-stretch, then, in a spine-tingling stretch duel, reached the wire close on the Admiral's heels.

For a selling plater, Big Gus has had few owners. Mrs. Ramsey, who claimed him for \$3,000 when he was four years old, has lost him only twice in seven years. Once she sold him to the late Walter O'Hara, Rhode Island's race-track czar, for \$7,000, but bought him back the following year—after he had earned \$21,000 for the O'Hara stable. Last May Mucho Gusto was claimed for \$1,700 but the Ramseys reclaimed him two months later.

Last week, while Old Gus was enjoying his well-earned reward in the Kentucky bluegrass, New York Columnist H. I. Phillips echoed the sentiments of fellow railbirds in his *Sun Dial*:

*... The Alsabs and the Whirlaways,
The Shut Outs and their kind—
They get the headlines and the fame—
And that I do not mind;
But Mucho Gusto gets my vote
(A thing he doesn't need)
I think of him when some folks talk
"Improvement of the breed."*

Final Rout

What may be the last college football season of the war ended last Saturday as one of the we rdest. Upsets had become so routine that only one major team in the land remained undefeated and untied: Tulsa University's Hurricanes.

► At Athens, Ga., in a feudin' atmosphere that made the Hatfields and McCoys seem like good neighbors, the University of Georgia made a ramblin' wreck of Georgia Tech (34-to-0), blasting its dream of an undefeated season—just as its own dream had been blasted by belittled Auburn the week before. The Georgia team immediately turned down a bid to the near-by Sugar Bowl at New Orleans, accepted a bid to the Rose Bowl at Pasadena.

► At Boston, in one of the biggest upsets in a decade, a hell-bent-for-larceny Holy Cross eleven shoved its old and powerful rival, Boston College, out of the undefeated ranks (55-to-12), gloatingly robbing it of its bid to the Sugar Bowl. (Instead, Sugar Bowl promoters invited the Tulsa Hurricanes to meet the once-beaten University of Tennessee.)

► At Annapolis, in a wartime version of the once glamorous Army-Navy game, an underdog Navy team routed the touted Army, 14-to-0. Shifted from Philadelphia's vast Municipal Stadium (capacity: 102,000) to little Thompson Field (capacity: 22,000), tickets were limited to people living within ten miles of Annapolis' State House. To take the place of the Army cadets, denied transportation from West Point, half the Annapolis student body was delegated to cheer for the Army. With fingers crossed, they fulfilled their assignment for a while. But when the midshipmen began to tear the Army apart, they showed their true colors.

A DREAM TRAIN COMES TRUE



BOHN

The Train of Tomorrow, pictured above, is not merely a dream. Out of America's tremendous war effort will come amazing new products—new advantages—new economies. Bohn as the only large-scale organization in the world specializing in advanced engineering of aluminum, magnesium, and brass applications, can there-

fore give unbiased advice on the use and fabrication of each of these vital metals. Remember the name Bohn. Right now of course, this entire organization is working on war production. Later on, when the right time comes, you may be able to use the vast Bohn resources most advantageously and profitably.



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Rubber . . . from Home!

America has rubber, more and more of it as the days go by! It's being pumped out of the ground, *grown* in fields of tall corn and squat guayule.

But it's not joy-riding rubber. It's not for you and me . . . just yet. It's for self-sealing gas tanks in bombers and fighters, tubes for oxygen equipment, suits for Navy divers, tires and treads for trucks and tanks and planes and field pieces and for a thousand other urgent military needs.

And in speeding the steady increase in America's rubber production York engineers are playing a vital

role. For refrigeration is an essential tool in making synthetic rubber, just as in the manufacture of explosives, precision instruments, airplanes, high-octane gas and lubricating oils, heavy guns and plastics, in shell loading, in research and testing of men and machines.

The most recent example is the huge York refrigerating system now being built for the new 12 million dollar butadiene plant of Cities Service. York Ice Machinery Corporation, York, Pennsylvania.



YORK REFRIGERATION AND AIR CONDITIONING FOR WAR

HEADQUARTERS FOR MECHANICAL COOLING SINCE 1885

BUSINESS & FINANCE

MARKETS

Swiss Portent

Neutral markets in foreign notes—especially those of Switzerland and Lisbon—are sensitive barometers of military prospects. Last week the German Reichsmark, which in 1940 stood at 90 Swiss centimes (almost 21¢), had slumped to 15½ centimes (3½¢), lowest since Germany's currency practically lost all value in the 1923 inflation.

AVIATION

Down to Earth

No dour railroad man, no old-line ship operator, but shrewd, realistic, ultra-air-minded William Allan Patterson, President of United Air Lines, rose up last week to say that a lot of talk about the future of the airplane is hot air.

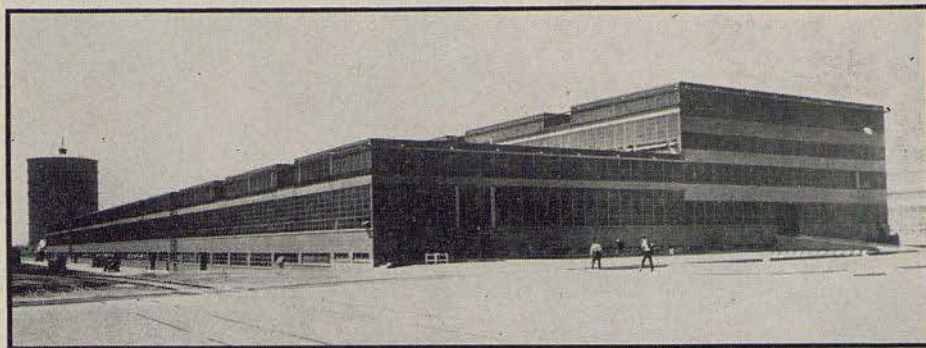
Peppery Mr. Patterson told the National Industrial Conference Board that the post-war airplane will *not* put older, slower transportation forms out of business. This assertion collides head on with Grover Loening's breezy statement last May that 45,000 planes of the bomber type that Henry Ford is building could handle the 500 billion ton-miles of freight carried last year by the railroads.

But Patterson, with United's research department and years of experience with freight traffic behind him, comes up with a different set of figures. Not 45,000 planes, says he, but a fantastic 600,000. Any such fleet would need 2.5 million pilots, a total airline personnel of 20,000,000, plus 122 billion gallons of gasoline per year—two and one-half times the world's pre-war gasoline cracking capacity.



Carl Mydans

UNITED'S PATTERSON
His subject: hot air.



Acme

HENRY FORD'S TIRE FACTORY

It will stay but its contents are bound for Russia.

The factors that Patterson's seasoned traffic experts have considered and others must have overlooked are: 1) the nation's freight traffic has seasonal peaks; 2) there is an unbalance in directional flow with most U.S. tonnage moving from West to East, from South to North; 3) the greatest volume is shorthaul with overnight delivery possible by surface transport; 4) terminal and handling costs are equal to or greater than over-the-line costs, are hard to reduce; 5) even more important, speed in delivery is relatively unimportant for probably 90% of all freight.

To illustrate air *v.* ground-carriers' problems Patterson cited two examples:

1) The average freight train between Chicago and San Francisco makes two round trips per month, delivers 1,560 tons of freight each way. The round trip operating cost is \$50,000, the locomotive consumes 170,000 gallons of oil, the train crew numbers 20. To move the same tonnage by air would call for 626 airplane round trips (2.5 million air miles *v.* 8,880 train miles) by 57 airplanes. Gasoline consumption would be 1.5 million gallons, pilots needed, 400, total operating costs \$1.75 million.

2) An average ship from San Francisco to Brisbane hauls 13,000 tons of cargo per round trip, needs a crew of 55, consumes 425,000 gallons of oil, and the operating cost is \$120,000. If planes hauled the same cargo, it would take 3,500 crew men, 18,000,000 gallons of gasoline, and cost \$29,000,000.

These figures are based on today's costs and airplanes. Said Patterson: "There is still much uncertainty as to the cost of operating the giant airliners projected for the future." The most optimistic figures after considering a 100% increase in traffic and all known airplane improvements, is a freight rate of 10¢ per ton-mile. This is some 60% under present charges, but above the 9½ mills per ton-mile for rail freight and about 1½ mills for steamer.

More cheering to aviation enthusiasts was Patterson's belief that the air lines will be kept busy pioneering new commercial routes, that they have a whole unexplored new world to conquer where transportation is inadequate.

FOREIGN TRADE

Factories for Allies

Almost as casually as it would ship a tanker full of aviation gasoline or a freighter full of strategic materials, the U.S. Government is now shipping to its allies entire plants to manufacture the goods on the spot. Though that may sound like a Gargantuan job for the overburdened U.S. Merchant Marine, actually such shipments can often save both space and time in the long run. Last week's news of factories being knocked down for shipment to the United Nations:

► Near Detroit the machinery of Henry Ford's \$5,600,000 "world's most advanced tire factory" is being dismantled for shipment to Russia. An integral part of River Rouge, it was designed on a streamlined rubber-freighter-to-finished-Lizzie basis five years ago. Its sale is a happy one for all concerned: the U.S.S.R. will gain a steady supply of more than 1,000,000 tires a year; the U.S. Government will fulfill a year-old promise to deliver such a plant to Russia, and Henry Ford will get Lend-Lease cash for a peacetime plant he no longer needs.

► A new \$1,900,000 Douglas Oil & Refining Co. refinery at Gardena, Calif. (partly owned by Douglas Aircraft's Donald Douglas) will be turning out high octane gas in and for the U.S.S.R. within the year.

► A 35,000-kw. generator at Southern California Edison's Long Beach plant was subjected to "a friendly seizure order" by WPB (to avoid legal delays), will be followed by a second unit within the month. Southern California Edison will get in return a new 80,000-kw. turbogenerator now being manufactured—and the U.S.S.R. will get its additional power supply that much earlier.

Word has leaked out of grandiose U.S. Government plans to ship idle plants to under-factored Latin American countries. Already shipped (to Brazil, Chile, Venezuela, Mexico): six small textile mills, a blast furnace, a storage battery factory. Some Government enthusiasts were talking rosily of finding as many as 500 plants that U.S. owners would be glad to sell to eager Latin American buyers (no effort is



—YOU'VE GOT
TO BE TOUGH
IN THIS
BRANCH OF
THE SERVICE

— RIGHT
YOU ARE —
TOUGH AS
CAST IRON PIPE

SERVICE in the Armored Force of our Army is a grueling test of nerve and endurance. You've got to be tough to take it—tough as cast iron pipe. For nearly three centuries cast iron pipe has been known as one of the toughest, most durable and longest-lived of all engineering materials. The *proved* useful life of cast iron pipe is at least double the *estimated* life of other pipe used for water, gas or sewer mains. Costly replacements that would be necessary with shorter-lived pipe are avoided by the use of cast iron pipe. It is the only ferrous metal pipe, practicable for underground mains which rust does not destroy.



Unretouched photograph of more-than-century-old cast iron pipe still in service in Lancaster, Pa.

Pipe bearing
this mark



is cast
iron pipe

Available in diameters from 1 1/4 to 84 inches.

CAST IRON PIPE

*No. 1
Tax Saver*

CAST IRON PIPE RESEARCH ASS'N, T. F. WOLFE, RESEARCH ENGINEER, 122 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

being made to take plants that are not willingly sold), but lack of shipping is apt to limit that sharply. Nonetheless, where a U.S. plant can provide an essential commodity that would otherwise have to be continuously shipped in manufactured form, U.S. authorities would now prefer to send the whole plant in the first place.

Cooke's Tour

From Brazil this week came a dream of the future. The dream: that, better supplied than the U.S. with bauxite and magnesium, and equally well supplied with potential water power, Brazil may become one of the great light metal and aircraft producing countries of the world.

Co-authors of the dream are a politician and an engineer. The politician is João Alberto Lins de Barros, Brazil's economic minister. The engineer is Morris Llewellyn Cooke, onetime pupil of Frederick



Wide World

ENGINEER COOKE
Brazil got a new underwriter.

("Speedy") Taylor (industrial engineer and famous advocate of the speed-up), and for the past few years a general handyman to Washington performing such disagreeable jobs as helping settle the Mexican oil dispute.

Two months ago Cooke was sent to Brazil with an economic staff to determine what the U.S. can do to speed up Brazilian industrial output for the war. He saw magnificent resources—largest high-grade iron deposits in the world, rich bauxite fields, big nickel deposits, unlimited water power. Last week Cooke was ready to return to the U.S. With João Alberto he issued a prospectus of the report he will submit to the U.S. Government.

Aware of the limitations of shipping space, the prospectus is cautious as to what the U.S. can give Brazil now in the way of machine tools which Brazil needs if she is to increase her industrial output immediately. But in terms of the future the prospectus goes the limit—provided that Brazil can get from the U.S.

JOHNSON

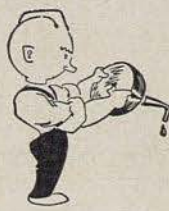
BRONZE

*Greater Service**from your***SLEEVE TYPE BEARINGS**

MOST bearing failures are due either to improper fit or neglect. While manufacturers engaged in producing war material can still secure replacements with a minimum of delay, it is not only good management but also a form of patriotism to make every bearing deliver its full measure of power and efficiency. Bronze sleeve type bearings contain three very essential metals . . . copper, tin and lead. Help conserve these precious metals by following these instructions:

*Inspect . . .*

Adopt a regular period of inspection. In machinery that operates constantly the bearings should be checked each day. All other applications at least once a week. Make certain that bearings are in perfect alignment to prevent excess wear.

*Lubricate . . .*

Lubrication is the life blood of every motive unit. Start now to adopt a regular plan of lubrication for every bearing. Make sure you are using the right type of lubricant, the right grade and that it is clean.

*Clean . . .*

Foreign matter, particularly of a gritty or abrasive nature, is the greatest menace to bearings. By keeping the surroundings clean, we can prevent early bearing deterioration. A few minutes spent in cleaning up all applications will pay big dividends in increased bearing life and efficiency.

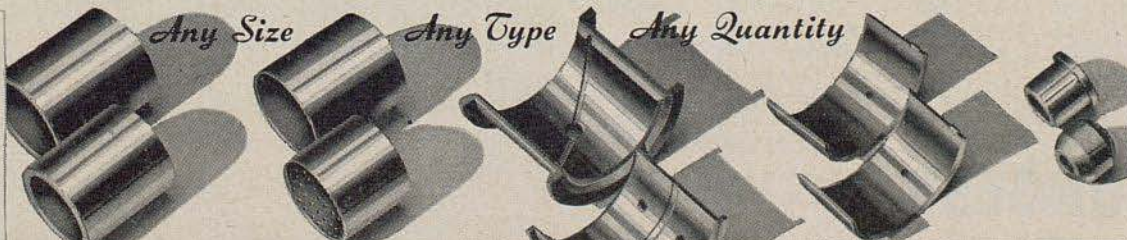
*Replace . . .*

If failure is inevitable, order in advance. Replace all worn bearings before they actually fail. Remember that bearing performance and bearing life is the true gauge of quality . . . not purchase price.

Write for a copy of our new catalogue. It lists and describes the most complete stock sleeve bearing service on the market. Every item is of the highest quality possible. Distributors in every industrial center are ready to serve you.

SLEEVE TYPE BEARINGS

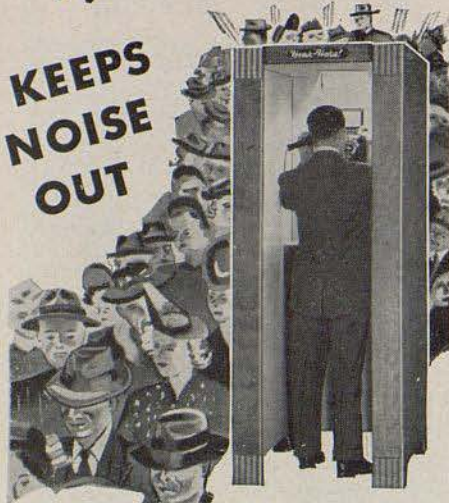
Cast Bronze Bearings
Cast Bronze Graphited
Sheet Bronze Bearings
Sheet Bronze Graphited
Bronze and Babbitt Bearings
Steel and Babbitt Bearings
Steel and Bronze Bearings
Ledalloy
Self-Lubricating Bearings
Electric Motor Bearings
Automotive Bearings
Bronze Bars
Bronze Castings



JOHNSON BRONZE CO.
SLEEVE BEARING HEADQUARTERS
700 S. MILL STREET • NEW CASTLE, PA.

For EASY TELEPHONING this *Acousti-Booth*

**KEEPS
NOISE
OUT**



Quiet and Private—Here's the answer to the problem of finding a quiet place to telephone. Telephoning is easy in the Burgess Acousti-Booth because patented sound-absorbent walls blot up outside noise to provide a "zone of quiet," and persons outside can't overhear your conversation.

Clean and Comfortable—Open construction makes this booth naturally well ventilated. Never any smoke or stale odors to annoy users. No door or other mechanical gadgets to stick, jam, or cause trouble; plenty of room inside for comfortable use.

THIS CAN'T HAPPEN

New York—Woman faints in stuffy 'phone booth; policemen and radio car crew unable to open door. Emergency squad finally dismantles booth to rescue her. This couldn't happen in a Burgess Acousti-Booth.



ACOUSTIC DESIGN

All Burgess Acousti-Booths are of patented Burgess acoustic construction, with perforated sound-absorbent walls that provide a real "zone of quiet." When you telephone in an Acousti-Booth, you won't be annoyed by outside noise, and you won't be overheard.

FEATURES

Acousti-Booths have no doors at all, yet are quieter inside than old-style booths. Available in several attractive styles. For more information, write Burgess Battery Company, Acoustic Division, 2817-L W. Roscoe Street, Chicago, Illinois.



"Scout" model for small space.



"Adaptor" model for built-in use.



Acousti-Panels for remodeling old booths.

BURGESS

Operating under
Burgess Patents

Acousti-Booths



one priceless intangible: technical skill and know-how; and one tangible: capital equipment. How she is to get these two things, and whether her development will involve American private enterprise or will be a huge Government project, Engineer Cooke leaves extremely vague. All he would say as he packed his bags for the U.S. was: "After a few weeks here we became a batch of optimists."

PRODUCTION

Comeback at El Segundo

When jovial, ruddy-faced, six-foot Donald Perell Smith suddenly quit as Vultee Aircraft general manager in 1938, airport wiseacres said his luck had run out, figured he was through with aviation for good. Yet last week Don Smith was playing his biggest role ever: president and spark plug of California's Interstate Aircraft & Engineering Corp.—a smart, fast-growing aviation concern which has produced a plane so good the whole aviation industry is buzzing.

Borrow \$80,000. Only a few months after he left his swanky Vultee office, Don Smith got a strange offer: take charge of Interstate Aircraft, a year-old, struggling parts maker with no cash, \$186,000 debts and a two-by-six plant at El Segundo, Calif. Smith grabbed the job, went to work with \$80,000 borrowed capital and a pair of young, bright, production-minded cronies from Vultee. In no time at all Smith had the parts business booming with sales of precision equipment like hydraulic units, bomb shackles, anti-aircraft gun sights. Then Smith got interested in light planes, turned out a breezy, low-winged monoplane called the Cadet, which quickly became the best selling light plane on the whole West Coast.

Sales \$36,000,000. When war broke out Interstate's parts business soared anew, its little Cadet was ordered by the hundreds for the Government pilot-training program. Meanwhile Smith and Navy engineers sweated hours over a bigger &

better plane, finally got one. Last May a cluster of Navy aviation experts flew to the little El Segundo plant, ogled a radically designed plywood plane. The Navy promptly placed huge orders. To take care of the rush, Smith expanded into Los Angeles, leased a huge furniture plant at De Kalb, Ill., handed multimillion-dollar aviation subcontracts to ex-juke-box makers Rudolph Wurlitzer Co. and ex-civilian producer Singer Sewing Machine, gave full plane contracts to a batch of war contract hungry New York State furniture makers.

This week Don Smith was a happy man. Interstate Aircraft was mushrooming all over the U.S. Within five months its sales may hit \$36,000,000 annually—more than 100 times four years ago. Besides helping his own company, Smith is also feeding fat contracts to woodworking outfits which might otherwise rest in World War II's economic graveyard. In doing all this Smith is sitting pretty—he is Interstate's biggest stockholder.

Popguns to the Rescue?

Is there going to be a shortage of lumber in the timber-rich U.S.? If so, why, and what will cure it? These were the crucial questions that the Senate's hard-working Truman Committee asked U.S. lumber authorities last week. The Senators got mostly equivocal answers but they brought to light a Washington wrangle that has been seething for months—and now has ended on the President's desk.

All Over Popguns. To the trade a "popgun" mill is a tiny sawmill largely supplied, and often run, by farmers and small-townners in their spare time. There are, according to the U.S. Forest Service, some 32,000 of these popgun mills in the U.S. but only a fraction of them now produce any lumber to speak of. For they are too small to be assured of any market in the midst of huge orders centrally placed, or to be able to cope with Federal regulations limiting prices, shipments, etc.

As long ago as last February the U.S.



Triangle

WISCONSIN POPGUN

... smack in the middle of a hullabaloo.



Fishing **FOR KILLERS**

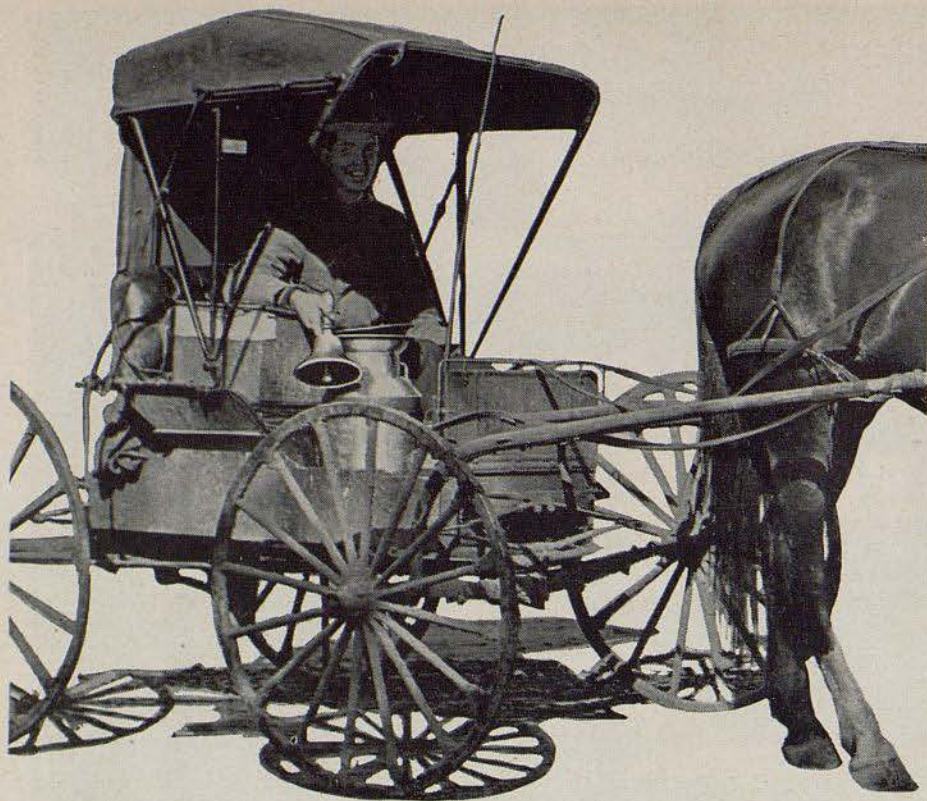
AMERICA'S global war requires hundreds of these little minesweepers—to clear the channels for our fighters and merchant ships. Each "sweep" is equipped to cope with every type of hidden mine.

Modern every inch, its modernness starts with latest type marine diesel engines. Cooper-Bessemer furnishes many of them. Diesel power means quicker getaway, with plenty of reserve. It means fuel economy—no tell-tale smoke. In this most gruelling of ocean services, C-B diesels measure up—because Cooper-Bessemer learned so well, long before Pearl Harbor, to build dependable marine engines.

Out of this hard, war-time experience, Cooper-Bessemer is learning invaluable new lessons which will make even better the engines to be built for you after the war is won.

THE Cooper-Bessemer CORP.
MOUNT VERNON, O. GROVE CITY, PA.

BUILDERS OF DEPENDABLE ENGINES FOR 109 YEARS



Gone with the Typhoid

Flies followed him wherever he went. He would milk his cows and carry the milk out to the buggy that was waiting by the barn door. Then he would harness his horse and drive straight from the barnyard into town.

"Milk," he would cry. "Any milk today?"

This was in the days before milk was understood either as a food or as a substance. This was long before the handling of milk became a science . . . before the science of dairy cleaning came of age.

One day he moved down the street and drove his buggy and his germs out of the American scene forever. . . . The flies followed him out of town.

Today there is no cleaner place in the world than a dairy. Modern methods of equipment cleaning and sanitation protect the production and processing of milk every step of the way.

Chief among the cleaners which help the dairymen to maintain their high standards are Wyandotte Products—used in solution for every kind of dairy cleaning operation.

Wyandotte Products are at work day and night on all kinds of cleaning jobs—in laundries, beverage plants, hotels, hospitals, war production plants, and a host of others.

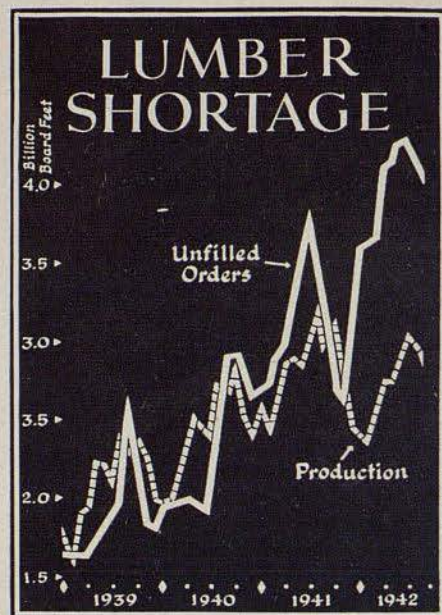
And Wyandotte men are on the job, too—seeing that their materials turn in top performance wherever they are used.

If it's a question of cleaning—the answer is Wyandotte!



THE J. B. FORD SALES COMPANY • WYANDOTTE, MICHIGAN

Forest Service foresaw trouble in lumber and began thinking about a plan to get the popguns into the war: they wanted to use \$100,000,000 of Commodity Credit Corp. funds as a central pool to buy and sell whatever the popguns could be persuaded to produce. But when the plan was submitted to WPB's Lumber Division, under Masonite Corp. President Ben Alex-



TIME Chart by James Cutter

ander, it hit a don't-flood-the-market school of thought and bogged down.

Ben Alexander thinks—as he told the Truman Committee last week—that the only thing wrong with lumber is that the big mills and loggers are not working at capacity for lack of manpower and machines. Why help the little fellow when the big, efficient producer was not working full time? "Good God," he reportedly cried to one lumberman recently, "lumber will be coming out of our ears after the war."

To this the Forest Service replied that the little fellow subtracted nothing from the big producer, since popgun production involved part-time work by people who would not man the big mills anyway. Besides, popguns might add as much as six billion board feet to the total U.S. lumber supply.

Proof of the Pudding. There was no ready statistical answer to this two-sided argument. The bemused Senators last week heard estimates from the two camps proving a 1943 gap between all "essential" needs and total production of as high as 12.2 billion board feet (more than one-third of hoped-for production and imports) and no shortage at all for essential needs. But there was agreement on two central points: 1) there is no overall shortage of lumber for military needs; 2) but there is not enough lumber to fill all civilian demands. For wood is the last-gasp substitute for practically every other scarce material. Though production is 4% below 1941 levels, unfilled orders have skyrocketed to nearly 30% above last year (see chart).

In all this hullabaloo the Forest Service had one further talking point that may sway Layman Roosevelt to rule in its

favor. The only obvious way to prove whether or not the popguns can rescue the nation from the threatened lumber shortage is to let them try. If a way can also be found to give the big mills more labor and machinery, that would be just so much more gravy.

Success Team

Messrs. Channing Dooley, formerly of Socony-Vacuum Oil, and Walter Dietz, formerly of Western Electric, are not Washington headliners. Charged with running the Training Within Industry program of the War Manpower Commission, their names have been conspicuously absent from all the discussion and argument of the manpower shortage. Nevertheless, Messrs. Dooley and Dietz have been doing a job and a big one.

The job is to help industry help itself in training new recruits and upgrading men more experienced into still more responsible jobs. Two years ago they began with only seven first-rate instructors. These seven trained other instructors who in turn went out and taught foremen how to educate men under them to work faster, or to move up to more complicated jobs. Already the Dooley-Dietz organization figures that it has trained 230,000 foremen in over 5,000 plants employing over 5.5 million workers. It is now training some 8,000 additional foremen per week.

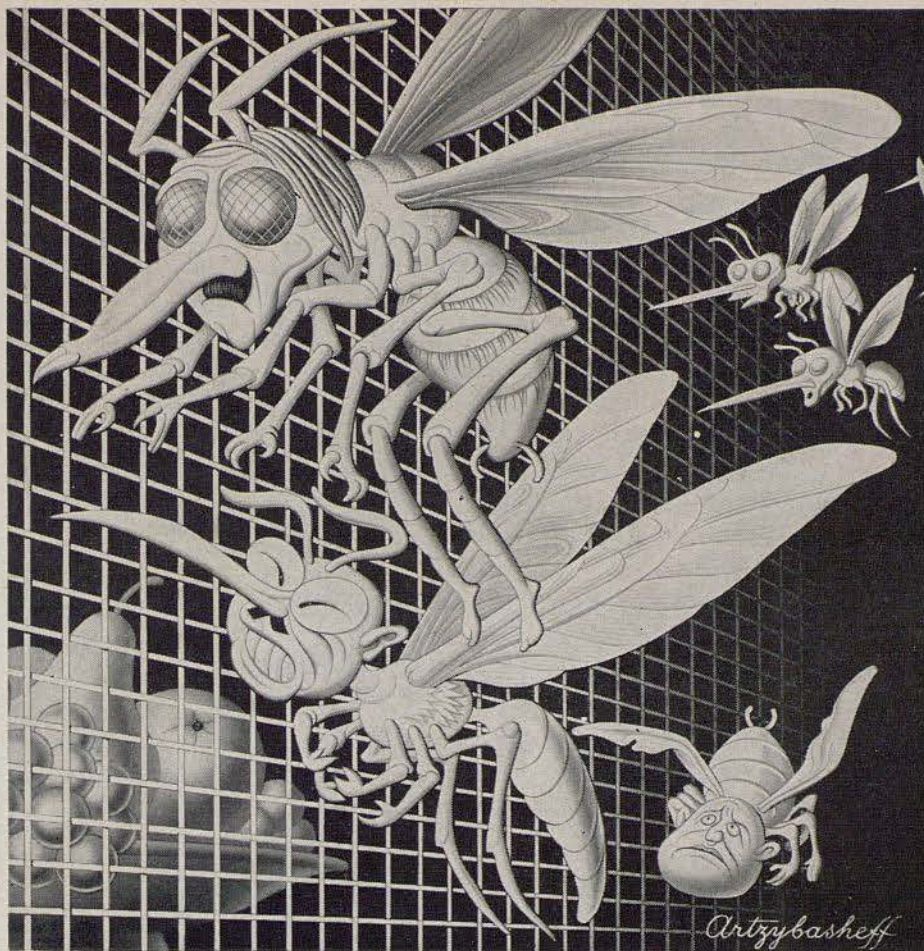
Examples of Dooley-Dietz successes:

► Everybody said it takes two weeks to train a new loom tender to tie a weaver's knot. Dooley and Dietz did not believe it. They went to a New England mill loaded with war orders and hard-pressed to find workers. The manager sent for the best loom-tender in the plant. He showed the visitors, with lightning movements of his hands, how a good man does it. Gradually they slowed him down to a speed the eye could follow, made him analyze what each finger does. Hours later they knew exactly what happens when the fingers fly. Then they called in a man from the accounting department. In 20 minutes they had him expertly tying weaver's knots.

► A percher (textile for inspector) is getting hard to find and it took a month to train a new man to spot all the possible defects in cloth as it comes off the looms. Dooley and Dietz bet they could reduce the month to half a day. They had the management get samples of all possible defects. They sewed the samples into a strip 75 yards long and put it on rollers. Then they had the No. 1 inspector teach them what to look for. They analyzed and sent for a green man. After watching the roll go by a few times he was calling the errors correctly. Dooley cherishes a letter which came in a few weeks later. Triumphant, the manager reported Dooley was wrong: experience showed it took a whole day, not just half a day, to bring a new man up to a level of reliability.

► A Buffalo die-casting company reports TWI has made it possible to break in inspectors of hand grenades in one day where it used to take five.

► A lens grinding firm testified that training in grinding quartz crystals had been reduced from three weeks to three days.



The Screen may go...in '43

"Mosquitos and flies are the insect carriers of malaria, typhoid, dysentery and many intestinal disorders of babies and small children."

U. S. Public Health Service

★ ★ ★

These vicious, tormenting "Nazis" can put a war-worker just as much "out" as when wounded by Axis bullets. Yet next year, with America seriously short of physicians, there may be no screen protection available for war-workers, their families and babies.

In 1942 civilian production of wire screen had to be restricted. The limited supply went largely to protect our armed forces here and in the tropics, and for war housing projects. Our country needed all remaining metal for weapons. As a result, 1942's unfilled needs for war-

workers' homes, and to screen out filth and contagion from dairies and food establishments will add to the 1943 shortage for military as well as civilian use.

When the 1943 season of flies and mosquitos arrives, it will then be too late to produce the wire, weave the screen and distribute it. Plans must be made months ahead.

But if war conditions eliminate screen protection for next year for those at the front and for those of us here at home, we ask America to understand and bear with us.

★ ★ ★

Although our intensive research continues, metal screen cloth remains today the only inexpensive, practical protection against disease-laden mosquitos and flies. In normal years the metal needed for screen protection approximates 7 ounces per capita.

Published in the interest of a national understanding of this public health problem, by Wickwire Spencer Steel Company, 500 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Reprints or enlargements free on request.

COPYRIGHT 1942, WICKWIRE SPENCER STEEL COMPANY

THE GLORY OF DEMOCRACY

THE sacrifices that are needed in order to win the war are apparent to us all.

The Treasury's appeals to buy War Bonds, the Government's pleas to conserve gas and rubber, the economies required to avoid inflation, the necessity of rationing many essential commodities—all these have become vital in the minds of our people.

Necessity has awakened us, not only to the size of the task before us, but to the fact that our future as a nation is at stake; and in characteristic fashion we-all are responding.

Our hearts speak, our purses are open wide; and regardless of creed or color or political convictions, our honest differences of opinion are being dissipated before the issue that confronts us.

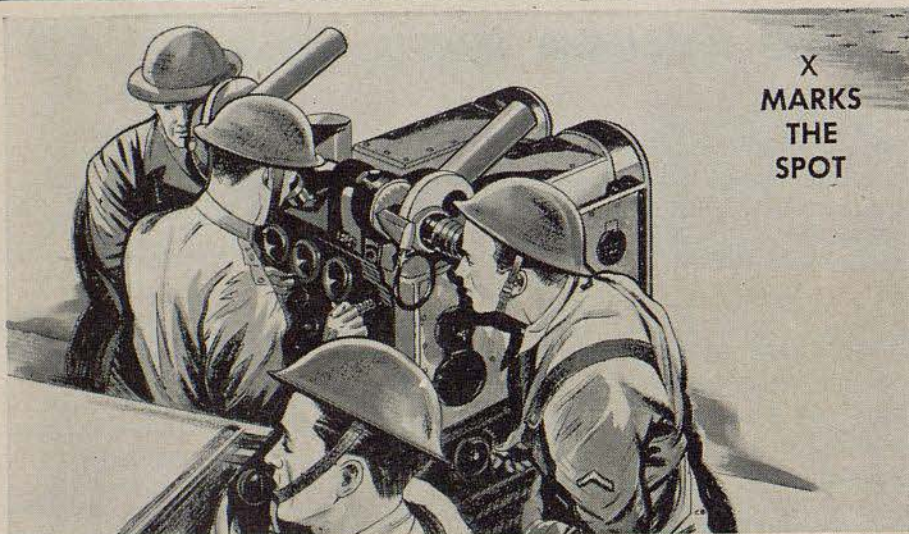
This is the glory of democracy; that a man may think as he will, speak as he will, vote as he will, and worship God in his own way: yet in the hour of peril to the State, that which is for the greatest good of all is not only his most compelling thought but the strongest prompting of his heart.

In that hour his thought is no longer of himself but of his country; and it is as though his soul were crying out those memorable words of Plato: "Man was not born for himself alone but for his country."

BUY WAR BONDS

Th. J. Watson, President

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION



X Marks the Spot

This fast operating optical and electrical robot solves almost instantly the intricate mathematical problems of artillery fire. It transmits the answers mechanically to the gears and wheels which elevate and traverse the gun barrel.

Argus is proud of having a part in building these amazing fire-control instruments that direct gunfire with such deadly accuracy to the target.



BUY WAR BONDS

INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIES, INC.
ANN ARBOR • MICHIGAN



Fine American Made Cameras • Aviation Radio Equipment

► Essex Wire Corp. of Detroit reported a 34% reduction in scrap after putting its people through TWI training.

Looked on with considerable suspicion at first, the Dooley and Dietz team now gets fair cooperation both from labor and management. Biggest kick of labor (especially from craft unions) was that Dooley-Dietz methods might replace the old-tie system of apprenticeships, break down the union's monopoly on education and create too many trained workers for too few skilled jobs at war's end. To hard-working Dooley and Dietz, faced by as many as six million new war workers in 1943, this objection will be academic for some time to come.

WALL STREET

Boom in Bessie 6s

One of the largest bond redemption premiums in Wall Street history was chalked up last week when giant Bethlehem Steel Corp. offered \$1,810 each for its \$1,000 par 6% bonds due in 1998. Before most speculators knew what the bidding was all about, the bonds had spurted 27½ points to 180—a record price.

For this lush offer Bethlehem Steel had two hardheaded reasons: 1) it saves money now because the 1942 Revenue Act permits corporations to retire debt with their 10% excess-profits tax refund; 2) it saves money later because each bond would draw \$3,360 interest if outstanding until maturity. Best of all it means less debt and fixed charges to burden the company in the post-war era—when demand for steel will be down and competition way up.

GOVERNMENT

State of the States

Pressed down by the biggest Federal tax load in history, many a U.S. citizen has been looking hopefully for tax relief from the states, such as was granted by New York and South Dakota on 1941 incomes.* Last week, although New York's Governor-elect Thomas E. Dewey hinted he might make some further tax reductions, a meeting of the Tax Institute of the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce sounded a note of warning against too much optimism.

Due to much higher revenues from income and sales taxes most state finances are in better shape than in years, with some 13 states showing surpluses, including New York, Illinois, California, Mississippi, Ohio. But: 1) The large increase in these collections is about passed since the national income at present prices is close to its potential peak. 2) States face radical reductions in their collections from gasoline taxes, which constituted about 24% of total revenues for the first eight months in 1942. In 1943 these will be off at least 35%. 3) Unless the whole burden of post-war spending is to be thrown on the federal government (thus aiding and abetting the drift towards centralization) the states must play their parts. The current boom is the time for them to prepare.

* 25% in New York, 30-40% in South Dakota.

"Let's get it over QUICK!"



Let's stop thinking of a long war!

Let's start speeding up a short one!

I'll stay out here ten years if necessary . . . that's my obligation to you . . . but don't make me stay ten minutes longer than I have to . . . that's your obligation to me.

★ *I need Help!...I need it Plenty!...and I need it Pronto!*

Don't ask me to handle Enemy Action on the Fighting Front and Belated Action on the Home Front at the same time!

Give me the tools and give them to me *Today!*

I can't hit the enemy with *Tomorrows!*

Not when he's hitting me with *Yesterdays!*

And don't get the idea that a gun in the hand is worth two in the ambush . . . I need everything the enemy's got . . . and, above all, I need it **NOW!** . . . and that goes for every branch of the service and every kind of munitions and supplies.

★ SACRIFICE is no good without SPEED.

I know that you're buying Bonds for Bombers,
Bullets and Beans!

I know that a Slow Mile in a Jalopy means a Fast
Mile in a Jeep!

I know that Meatless Days safeguard my Daily
Meat from interruption!

I know that the Coffee Missing from your cup
is Steaming in Mine!

But there's *one thing* America hasn't yet got
around to and I'll tell you what it is, because it's
the *only thing* that'll enable us to end this rotten
mess quickly together.

Out here we're still waiting for that old fashioned
American "drive" that hits the line head-on and
sweeps everything before it by the weight and
wisdom of its purpose and its people.

Give us that, America, and that's all we'll ever ask!

Speed the Means and we'll Speed the Doing!



**Get It Over Quickly and
We'll Get It Over Quick!**

CARRIER CORPORATION, Syracuse, N.Y. • Makers of Air Conditioning and Refrigeration Equipment

Clue to Atom Smashing

Each person on earth unwittingly encounters a shower of cosmic rays about once a minute, whether indoors or out. Each shower covers two or three acres and contains from 100,000 to 1,000,000 high-speed electrical particles. Even air-raid shelters are no protection—the rays penetrate steel and concrete. But no protection is necessary. The rays are harmless.

Last week Dr. Pierre Auger, who discovered these showers at his Paris laboratory in 1938, gave a new theory of their origin to the American Physical Society, meeting at the University of Chicago. They do not come from outer space as electrons: that would require a million billion electron volts. More probably the original missile from the remote regions of the universe is a proton, a bare hydrogen nucleus moving at terrific velocity with energy of 200 million electron volts. When it strikes the earth's atmosphere it breaks up either by explosion or collision and, like an earthbound skyrocket, forms a spray of smaller particles, called mesotrons. These in turn, colliding with oxygen and nitrogen molecules of the air, produce the electron showers on earth.

The new theory was supported by Chicago's Dr. Marcel Schein, who has explored the upper atmosphere by recording instruments sent up in balloons. He proposed repeating the ascensions at the equator to find out whether the mesotrons are formed merely by the explosion of the original proton or are formed from earthly atoms by collision. This would throw light on the basic question: what does it take to break up a proton—i.e., how much energy is needed to smash an atom?

Dust Trap

Mountain-clear air must be used in the sealed rooms where bombsights are made and serviced. There can be no dust in the powdered milk that feeds civilian populations abroad, no dirt in the blood plasma needled into wounded soldiers. For war use, raw air must be processed like any other crude material—laundered, filtered, electrified to remove impurities. From war experience with industrial air cleaning will come, after the war, a home-size electric dust-catcher that will cost no more to buy and run than an electric refrigerator.

Called the Precipitron, this electrostatic air cleaner developed by Westinghouse now stands silent guard in the plants where binoculars, range finders and periscopes are made, in arsenals where ammunition is loaded. It keeps unsullied the polished surfaces of precision gauges, whisks away the stench of welding. Newest use, revealed last week by Westinghouse, is purifying the air for the blast furnaces at a new steel plant, where fumes and grit could quickly erode the high-speed blades of the blowers.

The Precipitron came out of "a success-



Wherever man goes . . . hereafter he need never be alone! Since

Pearl Harbor, two-way radiotelephone communication has proven indispensable, serving man faithfully over trackless wastes of desert, water, sky and snow. His messages are spoken; conveyed clearly, quickly, certainly. After the war, the radiotelephone will touch every man's life as a safeguard, as a convenience, as a business advantage. And after the war you can look to Jefferson-Travis for the finest radiotelephone equipment made. We are privileged to say that we have pioneered in this field and have contributed to the science of electronics new and exclusive developments which are employed by the United Nations in all parts of the world.



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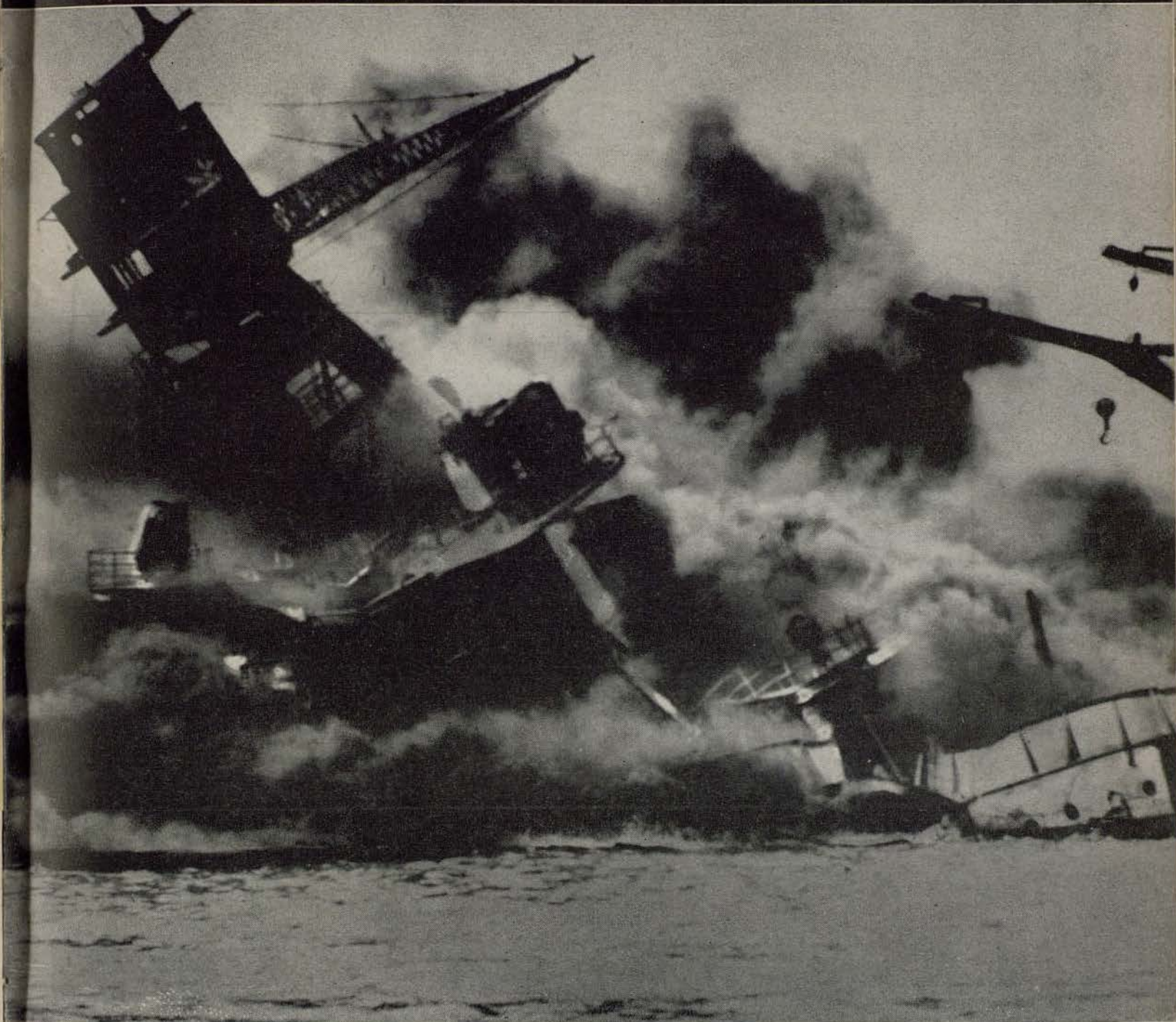
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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



We remember Pearl Harbor...



NEXT to the guardhouse at the main gate of Corning Glass Works stands a big new signboard.

It is one of the ways we remember Pearl Harbor. For on this board are the names of more than one thousand glass works people—from plant, laboratory, sales force, and office—who have gone into the armed forces of the United States. Inside the plant, in every Corning plant, there is no forgetting Pearl Harbor either. People are working here, to settle that score so fully that such a thing can never happen again.

All that Corning has learned in 74 years of glass-making is being used day and night to make glass do new and unusual jobs, in releas-

ing vital metals, and to make more glass for the jobs that glass has always done.

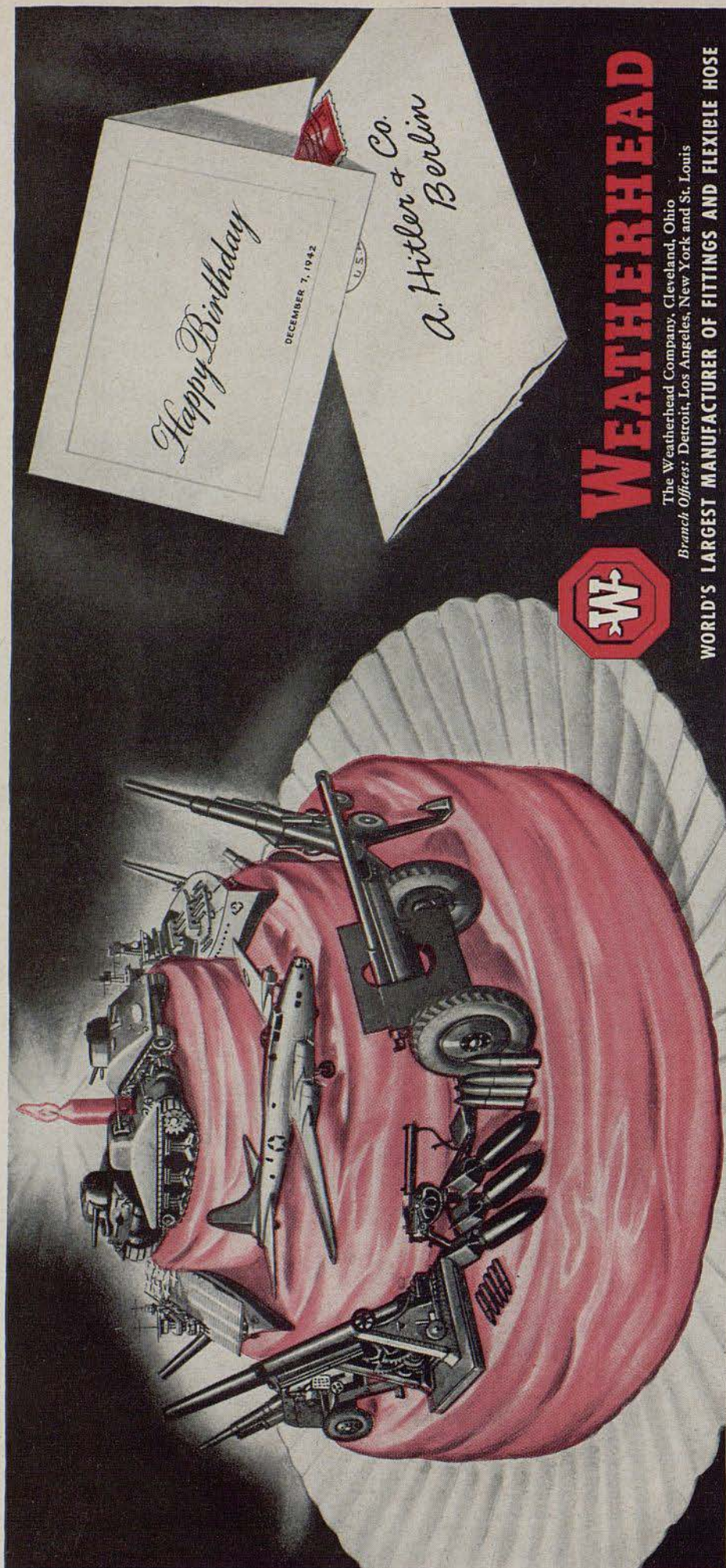
Corning research and Corning workmen have developed glass pipelines to replace metal. Acid pump parts that outlast alloys. Heavy glass equipment for chemical, synthetic rubber, petroleum, and explosives industries. Flasks for blood banks. Headlamps for jeeps.

Hundreds of individual war items are flowing out of Corning plants where 300 formulas for glass are in almost daily use. Yet Corning is still able and anxious to help other manufacturers when they require information about glass that may speed production and release of vital materials. If your problem is

“different”, even if glass seems a remote solution, we would like to talk it over with you. Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

CORNING
—means—
Research in Glass





WEATHERHEAD



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Branch Offices: Detroit, Los Angeles, New York and St. Louis

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF FITTINGS AND FLEXIBLE HOSE

ful failure" in research, and a hopeful house-cleaning experiment in Pittsburgh. Some six years ago a young research engineer, Gaylord W. Penney (now manager of the electrophysics laboratories), sought a conclusion to German experiments with ionized air, found a clue to cleaner air. With a wire, a couple of aluminum plates and a burning oily rag, he rigged his first crude electrostatic dirt trap. The modern unit is as simple in principle: air entering it travels over fine tungsten wires carrying 12,000 volts which impart a positive charge to passing particles of dust. Then parallel steel plates charged with negative electricity snatch and hold the electrified particles, removing from them 95% of the air-borne dirt.

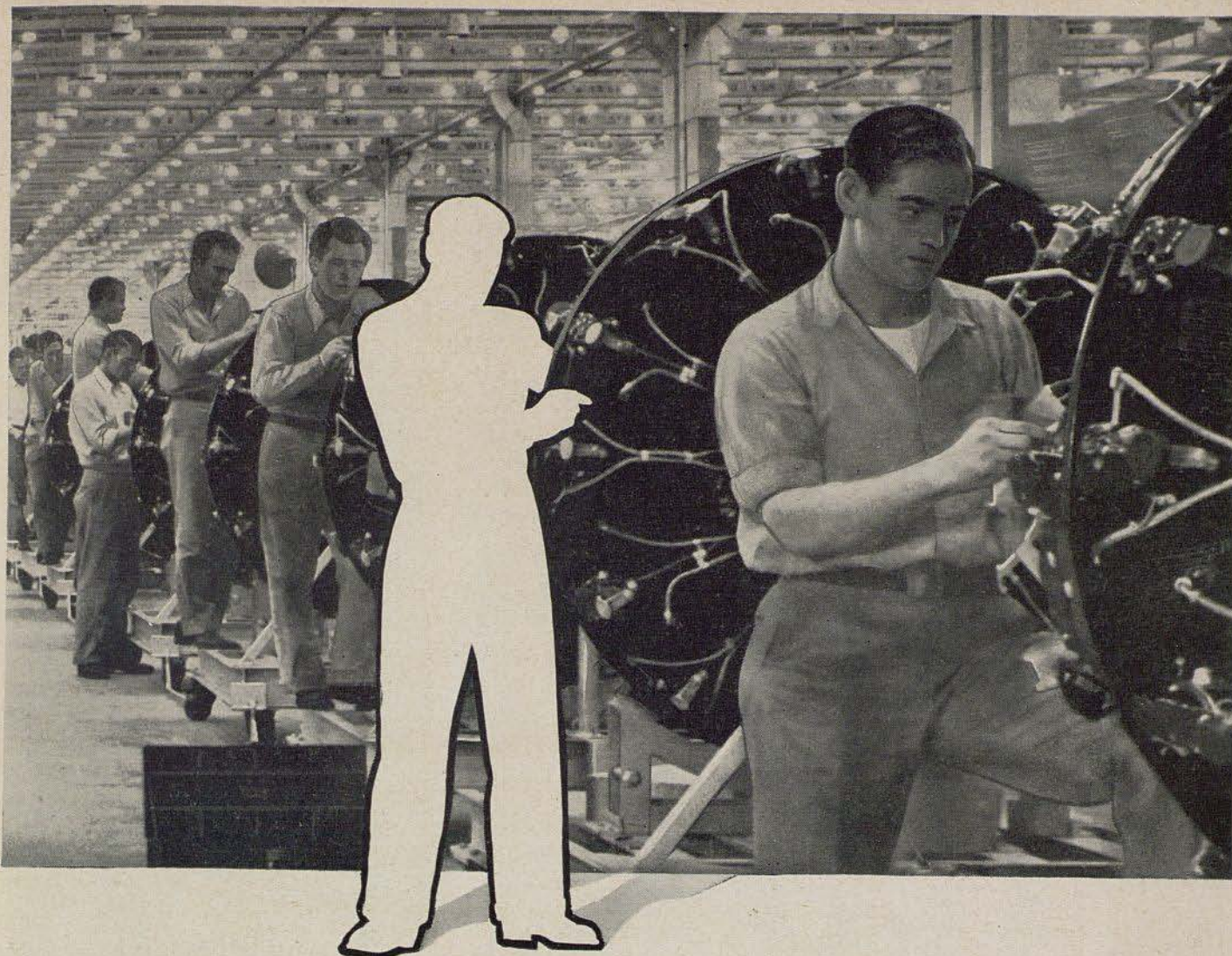
Into the Penney cellar went a home-size experimental Precipitron. Willing helpers in any attempt to lessen Pittsburgh grime were Mrs. Penney and daughter Marjorie Elizabeth, who became the first field-test observers. Quickly they found daily dustings were unnecessary—once a week was enough. Curtains which formerly turned dark in a few days stayed fresh for several months. At the end of two weeks, Engineer Penney filled a quart milk bottle with the black, powdery rubbish from the air. Experience with other installations (about 150 in homes of Westinghouse workers) has improved performance. Manager Penney last week reported that his installation adds only 60¢ to \$1 to his monthly electric bill.

"After the war," promises George F. Begoon, manager of Precipitron sales, "the cost will be little if any more than an electric refrigerator. Westinghouse already has made a two-cell unit selling for \$300 that will clean the air in the average six-room home." Savings on cleaning and replacements are substantial; savings on health cannot be figured although the Precipitron catches pollen and bacteria. Not even tobacco smoke, which has the finest particles found in the air (16,000 side by side are no wider than a pinhead), escapes its electrical filter.

Three-Dimensional Movies?

It takes a sharp, experienced eye to read an aerial photograph, locate targets, measure bomb damage. The picture is flat, looks unnatural because the camera has only one eye and cannot register distance, depth, or solid shape. The third dimension can be added only by double vision, each eye having a slightly different angle on the scene. Such photographs have long been made by double cameras with lenses as far apart as are human eyes. But the production of motion pictures in three dimensions has lagged.

Last week demonstrations by Floyd Ramsdell of Worcester Film Corp. brought nearer the day of movies in depth and color, when the screen will seem to be a stage of unlimited scope. Persistent, inventive Floyd Ramsdell does not use a double camera or double projector, relies instead on a "beam splitter." This mounts two lenses on a single camera, prints the two pictures—one from each lens—side by side in each frame of a motion film. The projector may thus be any standard



THE MISSING MAN

**Illness keeps one million
workers off the job**

EVERY EMPLOYEE off the job a week each year—that's the average cost of illness in American industry. This figure is based on reports of the U.S. Public Health Service. Over half of this loss is caused by colds and their complications, other authorities state.

This staggering loss *can* be reduced. According to the Industrial Health Practices survey of the National Association of Manufac-

turers, absences were cut 29.7% in companies which set up health programs. Soap, hot water and individual tissue towels help keep common contagions from spreading.

If you are now providing Scot-Tissue Towels, there is still another way in which you can help. Ask your employees to help prevent waste . . . to share the supply with other workers.

Join the Scott WAR ON WASTE

The Scott Washroom Advisory Service can suggest many ways to conserve tissue towels. Savings up to 30% have already been demonstrated in certain companies. Through our posters and other means, workers are reminded that *one* towel is sufficient for complete drying.

In fact, a single "Soft-Tuff" towel can absorb double the amount of water that is normally present on hands after washing. And it has ten times more rub strength than previous Scot-Tissue Towels—though soft as ever.

In many instances, other washroom savings can also be effected, often with improvement in hygiene and convenience.

For further information, write Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

"SOFT-TUFF" **Scot Tissue TOWELS**

Stay Tough When Wet

Trade Marks "ScotTissue," "Soft-Tuff," "Washroom Advisory Service" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Step this Way...



BORN 1820
Still going strong

step along with JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY



...TREAT YOUR TASTE to something different... to Johnnie Walker... that smoothest and mellowest of Scotches. Johnnie Walker is distilled and bottled in Scotland. Enjoyed everywhere!

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Both 86.8 proof

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC.
New York, N. Y. • Sole Importer

make but is also fitted with a beam splitter which sets the two pictures almost over each other on the screen.

The result is a blur to the naked eye. To separate the two pictures so that each eye sees only the image meant for it, Polaroid sheets must be used in the beam splitter and also in glasses worn by the audience. Polaroid is a thin plastic containing myriads of tiny, imbedded, needle-like crystals of iodo-sulfate of quinine, all parallel. When a beam of light strikes the sheet all light waves that are vibrating in the plane of the crystals pass through, all others are stopped. Thus the two beams of light from the projector are filtered so that their waves are at right angles to each other. The observer wears similar Polaroid glasses so that his right eye sees only the picture from the right-hand camera lens; the left eye sees only the other picture.

Objects in the foreground are widely separated on the screen. Those in the far



TIME Diagram by James Cutter

background are the same in both pictures. The result is a realistic impression of distance and shape.

Exaggeration is also possible. For aerial mapping a high-flying plane may shoot the same terrain from points a hundred feet or more apart, giving a range-finder effect as if seen by some fantastic bird whose eyes are that distance apart. When such pictures are viewed by human eyes, less than three inches apart, the effect is one of foreshortening—as if seen from a height of a few hundred feet. Thus reconnaissance has a superb new tool.

For movies one major difficulty remains. All objects must be in focus, no matter what their distance from the camera. This makes the use of large "fast" lenses impossible because such a lens can focus only for one definite distance. With small lenses for universal focus the light must be intense or else the exposure must be too long for motion-picture use.

Polaroid Corp. has an even more erudite scheme which will make use of the full standard-screen size and shape, will require no accessory beam splitter or double projector. In the vectograph, a

"This Aeroprop does everything but talk!"



"IT'S LIGHT—Not an ounce of useless weight about it. That means the Aeroprop delivers maximum horsepower and fight-power per pound."

"IT'S STRONG—And you can bet that strength pays off in safety and longer fighting service."



"IT'S SIMPLIFIED—Unit-construction puts automatic pitch control, plus the power for pitch changes, right in the compact propeller assembly itself."

Many a pilot on many a front could tell a better story of the Aeroprop than we can.

They've pulled the trigger on the deadly gun that pokes its barrel through the Aeroprop's hollow hub.

They're flying every day, and sometimes every night, so they praise the strength and durability of this steel propeller.

Too, they've been in spots where the pounds saved by the Aeroprop's simplified, unit-construction have meant the inches-to-spore or the instants-to-spore that count so much in high-speed fighting.

They know what it means to fly behind a propeller that is always "on speed," a propeller that responds almost instantly to every

flight maneuver—climbing, cruising, diving, *fighting!*

They also know that quality goes into an Aeroprop. The best materials. The best American craftsmanship. Performance that is based on the latest achievements of propeller engineering, research and design. The day and night team-work of propeller engineers, production workers, and technicians of the United States Government, all working to produce more and more Aeroprops for America's mounting might in the air.

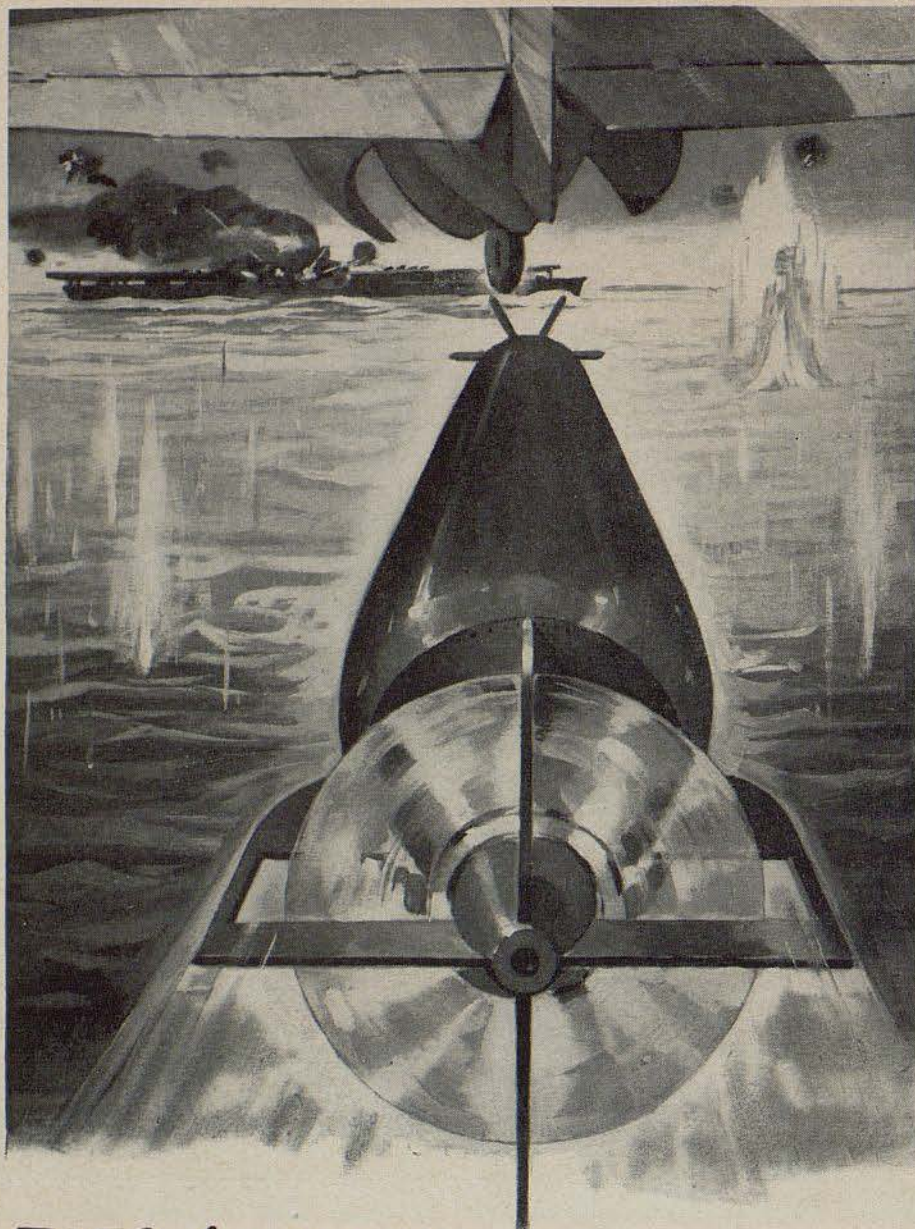
"*Everything but talk!*" The Aeroprop will never need to talk where ACTION speaks louder than words—where there are pilots who have flown with it, fought with it, and conquered with it.



AEROPRODUCTS
DIVISION

GENERAL MOTORS
CORPORATION





TOJO, here's your

T.N.T. FOR BREAKFAST!

...Thanks to a "Dust Pan" of 1860

Smooth as glass is the finish of the outside casing of this half ton missile of destruction. Watch-spring accuracy is in the turning and polishing of its propeller blades. This acme of mechanical perfection which assures unerring aim and split second timing was made possible by delicately adjusted precision machines back at the Navy Torpedo Station where this mammoth Fish was hatched.

What has a "dust pan" of 1860 got to do with it?

Just this: The plant where this torpedo was made is *dust free*. The machines are protected against abrasion which could quickly affect their micrometric accuracy by a Sturtevant System which whisks away the most minute particles of metal that spurt from the finishing tools.

The principle goes back to the *original* installation of Ben Franklin Sturtevant, founder of the air handling industry. This installation, made in 1860, was a fan which sucked up flying sawdust from his machine for making shoe pegs.

Thus it is that yesterdays of Sturtevant Pioneering are paying dividends today . . . putting air to work in countless ways to step up the pace and power of America's war machine.

B. F. STURTEVANT COMPANY
HYDE PARK BOSTON, MASS.



Polaroid patent, the two pictures, one for each eye, are printed over each other on the same photographic film or paper. Incorporated with them is the polarizing material. When viewed with Polaroid glasses the picture is fully three-dimensional in ordinary light. When thrown on a screen from an ordinary projector the pictures are automatically polarized by the film, thus need only the viewing glasses.

Great unexplored field still ahead: television in three dimensions.

Home-Loving Bats

Bats need no home during the lush summer nights when the air is full of edible insects. By day they hang in convenient roosts—trees, chimneys or barns. But when the chill months come and insects disappear, torpor comes over them and with it a longing for their own cave, the same spot where they have spent previous winters. Bats sometimes fly 100 miles to find their old cave and sleep in it until spring.

Charles E. Mohr of Philadelphia's Academy of Natural Sciences reported in *Frontiers* last week on his ten-year study of the homing urge of the common (Little Brown) bat. Most bats can be caught only in caves when hibernating. No one has yet devised a bat trap for catching them on the wing. But in winter they can easily be picked from their underground perches and fitted with light aluminum bands for identification. Mohr has been banding bats for years.

Last winter a group of Cornell students joined Mohr in a thorough exploration of the bat caves in Center and Mifflin Counties, Pennsylvania. The limestone ridges there are honeycombed with small caves, but Aitken's Cave, near Milroy, is the most accessible. All banded bats were found in the same cave as in previous years. Even bats that had been carried off and released far away were back again. Only once did Mohr find an intruder: this stray bat's own cave had been sealed by a rockfall during the summer.

Charles Mohr is not the only bat-bander. Don Griffin of Harvard has banded thousands of bats in New England, had also noted the homing urge. Bats from a cave near the coast were released 15 miles at sea. Two days later they were back in their own cave.

Curiously, the caves are not used for accouchements. In early summer female bats congregate in hollow trees, barns or vacant houses. (Male bats are excluded.) Here each gives birth to her live young, only one per year, with occasional twins. The baby clings to its mother as long as it is suckling, but the mother leaves it hanging from the roof or wall while she goes on brief foraging expeditions.

Millions of bats of all kinds, chiefly Free-tailed or Guano Bats from Mexico, make their winter home in Carlsbad Cavern and neighboring caves in New Mexico.

There are a few varieties of bat which do not hibernate, including the Red Bat, the Hoary, and the Silver-haired. Some live in the forests of Washington or Canada, eating insects during the summer, but when winter comes they migrate southward.



To keep his eyes on the Jap ahead...

THINK YOU COULD keep one eye on a Zero dodging about at 300 miles an hour...and the other on your altimeter, tachometer, and engine oil temperatures and pressures?

It's literally what our fighter pilots have had to do *in the midst of battle!*

To AiResearch engineers, who've made controlled air turn lots of tricks, it seemed that one way to simplify things was to perfect *automatic* exit flap controls.

Exit flaps are the little "trap doors" on the fuselage or wings which let out a controlled amount of air that has passed through radiators, supercharger intercoolers, and engine oil coolers. Until recently, our fighter pilots have had to continuously readjust the positions of the exit flaps by hand control, according to those never-ending instrument readings.

Today, we are proud to tell you, an AiResearch Automatic Exit Flap Control System that takes over this temperature controlling job *is an accomplished fact.*

And every day more of these almost human automatic systems from AiResearch are appearing in the growing stream of warplanes the U.S. is building.

This is just one of a number of things AiResearch engineers have discovered they can make *controlled air* do—to help the U.S. fight a war.

Based on this increasing knowledge of automatic air control, our engineers are already planning better peacetime servants for your future home and business.



"Where Controlled Air Does The Job" • Automatic Exit Flap Control Systems • Engine Coolant Systems • Engine Oil Cooling Systems • Engine Air Intercoolers • Supercharger Aftercooling Systems



American Seating Company builds 50 years experience into each tank seat

Two things are vital in tank seats—great stamina and quick, positive operation.

Building seats to meet the demands of such strenuous service was a "natural" for American Seating's craftsmen. World leaders with 50 years experience in the highly specialized field of public seating, American Seating Company swiftly translated army specifications into this rugged,

positive-performing tank seat.

Likewise, our seating engineers have demonstrated their versatility in answering the army's needs for large-scale production of precision-built aircraft parts of plywood. Airplane seats, wings, empennage, and fuselage structures are being turned out in growing volume.

And we pledge untiring energy to each new Victory task.

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WORLD'S LEADER IN PUBLIC SEATING

Manufacturers of Theatre, Auditorium, School, Church, Transportation and Stadium Seating • Branch Offices and Distributors in 73 Principal Cities

MISCELLANY

Wind-Blown Straw. In Los Angeles, the Board of Public Works took official notice of a new trend, asked the City Council to make it unlawful for autoists to drive on their rims.

The Crime Ineffable. In Albuquerque, a wartime burglar broke into Mrs. Betty Reid's home, brewed himself a pot of coffee, went away satisfied.

Book-of-the-Munch. In Manhattan, a Vegetarian Book-of-the-Month club sprouted.

Time for All Things. In Topeka, R. C. Leinbach, who said he had been engaged to the late Anna Belle Sage since 1914, sued her estate for the return of the engagement ring he said he had finally given her in 1922.

The Undependables. In Fort Scott, Kans., Farmer John Hall, who had heard that music made cows generous, installed a radio in his barn—to make his women-folk want to help with the milking. The experiment failed.

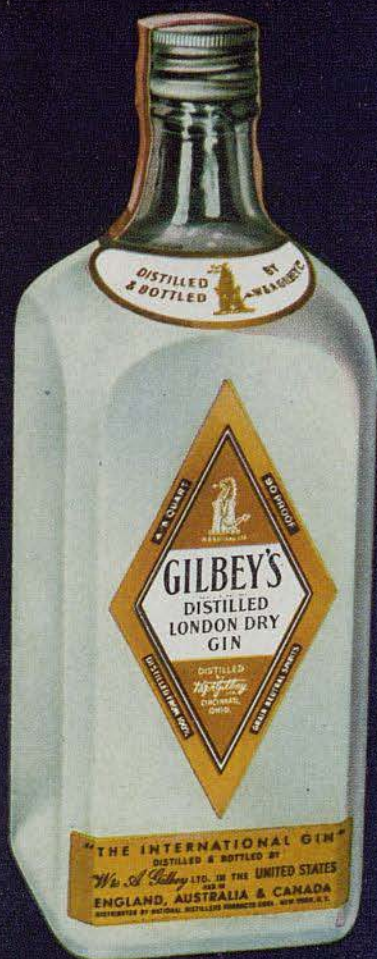
Law of Compensation. In Miami, Asa Sebits arrived from Detroit with a new ambulance for delivery to the Red Cross, explained how he had got gasoline en route without a ration book. Two celebrating soldiers he had picked up had passed out, and Sebits told a gas station operator they were dead. The operator took a look, believed him, filled the tank. Donor of the ambulance: the W.C.T.U.

Shucks. In Okmulgee, Okla., a fire alarm roused the fire chief, who forgot the matches in his pocket, leaped to the brass pole and slid down, setting his shirt afire.

Junk. In Middletown, Ind., when Carl Clinger's handsome new auto stalled on a railroad track, he got his old car, used it to push the new one off the track, got stuck halfway across, jumped just in time to watch a train smack both of them into smithereens. In Los Angeles, when the Homer Cliffords' auto stalled on a railroad track, confident Mrs. Clifford kept her seat while her husband tried to push the car off the track before a train arrived. She survived the impact.

"Just a Line to Let You Know . . ." In Guilford, Ind., Carl Buchanan took out his old Army uniform, found a letter in it he was supposed to have mailed for a friend in 1917. Now, as Postmaster of Guilford, he mailed it.

Millennium. In Topeka, the Community Christmas Tree Committee decided not to erect the annual tree for the city's underprivileged children because there were practically no underprivileged children.



THE WORLD'S BEST DRINKS
START WITH THE *INTERNATIONAL*

GILBEY'S GIN

THE "INTERNATIONAL GIN" DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES—AS WELL AS IN...ENGLAND...AUSTRALIA...CANADA

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York—90 Proof—Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits—Copyright 1942



THE margin between victory and defeat in these breathless days of highly mechanized warfare can be decided by the performance of a single piece of equipment. As in the great battle of the Coral Sea, one brief radio message . . . *and thus the aircraft transmitter which puts it through . . .* may alone stand between the nation and possible disaster.

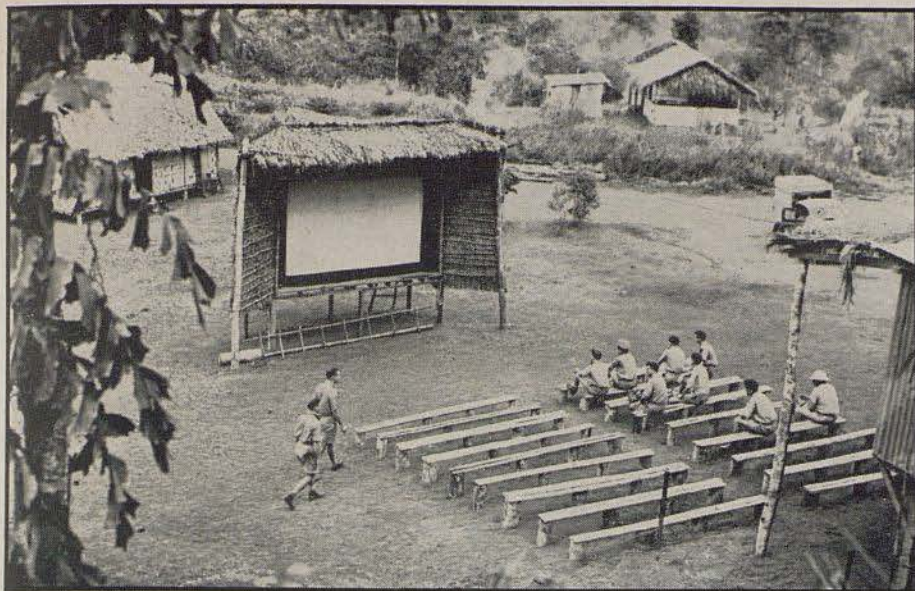
Creating equipment for such vital service is more than a responsibility. It is a glorious privilege. You can

see this clearly on the faces and in the craftsmanship of the men and women on every shift in each Airaco factory. They are *in* this war, not on the sidelines. From *their* hands this very day may come the one instrument by which some hero will start the action to be forever known as the most important Victory in the entire history of mankind. Aircraft Accessories Corporation
Burbank, Calif.; Kansas City, Kan.; New York, N. Y.; Dayton, Ohio; Chicago, Ill.; Slater, Mo.

AIRCRAFT ACCESSORIES CORPORATION

Hydraulic Aircraft Controls ★ ☆ ★ Precision Radio Equipment

CINEMA



NEW GUINEA CINEMANSION
The setup is as simple as Eden.

International

Jungle Jim

Until a few months ago the U.S. and Australian troops in New Guinea were treated at long intervals to grey-bearded hits like *Broadway Bill*. Now they get some new films (their favorites are musicals, especially the Crosby-Hope-Lamour circuses). The man who brought the movies to the jungle is New Guinea's Red Cross Field Director, Jimmy Stewart (not to be confused with Cinemactor Jimmy Stewart, now a lieutenant in the Army Air Corps).

Like many another American, Jimmy Stewart was always restless. He quit Schenectady's Union College after a year, dabbled—and fumbled—in Florida real estate. At last he settled down to a mildly lucrative ice business in Oneonta, N.Y. When it looked unlikely that he would be drafted (he is 37, has a wife and two sons), Jimmy Stewart enlisted as a driver for the British American Ambulance Corps in Libya.

The Nazis captured Jimmy on the *Zamzam*, detoured him to a concentration camp in Occupied France. En route, Jimmy and another American smashed a train window, leaped to freedom, made their way to the U.S. Consulate at Vichy.

Back in the U.S., Jimmy Stewart volunteered for Brigadier General Chennault's Flying Tigers. He was on his way, at sea, on Dec. 7. So were several Red Cross men. When the ship reached Australia he volunteered for Red Cross service at Port Moresby.

His chief job was to provide entertainment for some of the loneliest men on earth. With a 16-mm. projector and a few reels of antediluvian film, Jimmy borrowed a jeep (which now is practically his personal property), started on a series of one-night stands at the various bases. The setup was as simple as Eden. Jimmy

would drive up, find a space whacked out of the jungle, set up his screen and put on his show. One of the early screenings was interrupted three times by Japanese bombers. Wrote Jimmy: "We would all dive for the slit trenches until the Nips passed and then come out again and go on with the show. Gosh we have fun. Those were the days."

Later Jimmy demanded and got more modern equipment and pictures through Australia. Grateful Australian airmen built him a hut, rebuilt it when a 500-lb. bomb took it apart (Jimmy was staying, at the moment, in a near-by slit trench named Pooh-Bah Palace). Australians and Americans have also built a chain of eight theaters which extend from Port Moresby to Milne Bay and deep into the jungle. The seats are smoothed logs nailed to stumps. The theater's acoustic walls are the jungle, which adds its own sound-

effects and out of which appear like moths a few shy, amazed natives to watch from afar. The ceiling is the South Pacific night. Now that the New Guinea stand looks permanent, Jimmy is planning to extend the chain.

Hollywood at War

► West Coast theaters controlled by 20th Century-Fox have discontinued Dish Nite. Reason: Why waste dishes when war workers rush to eat out of your hand?

► The *Hollywood Reporter* recently announced: "Andy Lawlor is being 'congratulated' on his heart trouble, is in line for an important studio job." In the same issue appeared an advertisement for an actor named Lance Martel, with the caption: "Lance Martel; Exempt—Experienced—Expert; \$200 a week till Hitler's beat."

► *Daily Variety* announced that the invasion of North Africa was "invaluably aided" by all the pre-war North African footage of the studios. The *Reporter* bannered the real credits: FILMS HEART OF FIGHTING FORCES. It backed up this cock-a-doodle-doo with a two-column deck:

EISENHOWER AND GENERALS IN GREATEST
PRAISE FOR HOLLYWOOD'S PICTURES,
SECOND ONLY TO ACTUAL FIGHTING!

The New Pictures

The Black Swan (20th Century-Fox) dives headfirst into a Technicolored splash of kicking señoritas and their buccaneer abductors, settles down to handsomely routine piratical high jinks. For Sabatini-addicts there is veteran Director Henry King's expert translation of Sabatini's romantic novel about young love and buckets of blood on the Spanish Main. For others there is a coy love affair between Tyrone Power and Maureen O'Hara.

Décor is the Caribbean in the Golden Age of piracy. Hero is one Jamie-Boy Waring (Tyrone Power), who stands by his old captain, Henry Morgan (Laird Cregar), when Morgan decides to reform and put his buccaneering ex-mates out of business. Villain is Captain Leech (George



MAUREEN O'HARA & TYRONE POWER
She succumbs to a reformed torso.



**War
won't
wait!**

**Railway Express pro-
vides fast transportation
for the things the nation
needs to win the war—
and for vital home-front
necessities, too.**

RAILWAY EXPRESS
AGENCY INC.

NATION-WIDE RAIL-AIR SERVICE

Sanders, in a beard like a bonfire), also one of Morgan's raiders. *The Black Swan* is unreformed Captain Leech's pirate ship. Heroine is Lady Margaret Denby (Maureen O'Hara), daughter of Jamaica's ousted Governor.

Jamie-Boy's courtship is coarse but dashing. Time and again (on the rack, swimming, and, by a neat side-step of the Hays office, in bed with her), Mr. Power gives Miss O'Hara and cinemaddicts an eyeful of his expensive torso. Later he kidnaps her aboard his ship, *The Revenge*, wolfs roast fowl at her in the Henry VIII manner. She succumbs. She stands by in a petticoat while, in a frenzy of rapiers, broadsides and bloated sails, Jamie-Boy and Governor Morgan liquidate Leech and crew. Occasionally Mr. Power has flashes of Douglas Fairbanks. Most of the time he is just a tougher-than-normal Tyrone Power. The aloof and lordly ships, whenever they get a chance, sail majestically away with the show.

Cairo (M.G.M.) is an ingenious spy picture which engages in a lot of good-natured spoofing of the standard Hollywood thriller. Robert Young (sent to cover the war in Africa because he is a typical "small-town reporter"), Reginald Owen (a Nazi Intelligence officer posing as a British Intelligence officer), Edward Ciannelli (an Oriental mastermind) and Jeanette MacDonald engage in a game of deliberately slapstick *I Spy*. Climax comes when the sympathetic vibrations of Singer MacDonald's high C tickle open a secret door into a pyramid, foil a Nazi plot to bomb a U.S. transport by remote control.

Seven Days Leave (RKO-Radio). In this musical lalapalooza, it is Private Victor Mature's business to woo and wed Lucille Ball during his brief army leave, in order to fulfill a codicil in eccentric Grandfather's will and inherit \$100,000. The various soldierly and legal comics who help him are so neolithic that Mr. Mature at his best seems no worse than a particularly acute touch of Hodgkin's disease. Lucille Ball looks patient, tired, a little frightened. As her young sister, 17-year-old Newcomer Marcy McGuire makes a charming jitterbug for those whom bugs charm.

Mr. Mature himself makes the kindest possible remark about the show: "We're human." Retorts an M.P.: "Ah, stop bragging."

CURRENT & CHOICE

For Me and My Gal (Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, George Murphy; TIME, Nov. 16).

You Were Never Lovelier (Rita Hayworth, Fred Astaire, Adolphe Menjou; TIME, Nov. 16).

I Married a Witch (Veronica Lake, Fredric March, Robert Benchley, Cecil Kellaway; TIME, Nov. 9).

The Glass Key (Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, Brian Donlevy; TIME, Oct. 26).

The Fighting French (MARCH OF TIME on Underground and Fighting France; TIME, Oct. 26).



WATERPROOF-ARMOR *for cotton cloth* *withstands heat, cold, flexing, and aging . . .*

Can these VINYLITE Plastics' Properties help you solve a problem?

developed a disagreeable odor when wet, became brittle when cold, or sticky when hot. As a result, there has long been a demand for a more satisfactory waterproof cloth.

To meet this demand, the Plastics Division of Carbide and Carbon Chemicals Corporation has been carrying on an intensive research program, and there is now available a superior cloth coating based on VINYLITE Resins. The properties of these resins make them especially suitable for this type of application. Unlike most plastic materials, they can be plasticized to yield tough, flexible coatings that remain pliable over a wide temperature range. They are highly resistant to water and a broad range of corrosive chemicals. They do not crack nor become brittle upon aging. They are applied to the cloth by calendering or spreading.

VINYLITE Plastic surface coatings have been developed not only for cloth, but for metal, paper, leather, concrete, and ceramics. There are types so tough that steel sheets coated with them can be crimped, spun, punched, or drawn without damaging the protective resin film. Others provide durable stop-off lacquers that withstand the hot acids of electroplating baths. Still others replace tin and

In the past, "waterproof cloth" often meant a coated or treated fabric that

other corrosion-resistant linings for food cans and chemical processing tanks.

In common with other types of VINYLITE Plastics, the wartime demand for these superior coatings has increasingly limited their use for commercial purposes. However, if you are engaged in war production, and are searching for materials with the unique combination of properties offered by VINYLITE Plastics, we suggest that you enlist the full co-operation of our technical staff.

Plastics Division

CARBIDE AND CARBON CHEMICALS CORPORATION
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation



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PLASTICS

Rigid Sheets • Flexible Sheeting and Film • Adhesives
Molding and Extrusion Compounds • Resins for Surface Coatings

*The word "Vinylite" is a registered trade-mark of Carbide and Carbon Chemicals Corporation.

BOOKS

II Duce's Volcano

BALCONY EMPIRE — *Reynolds and Eleanor Packard*—Oxford (\$3).

After seven years of scanning Fascist Italy and its wars, United Press Correspondents Reynolds & Eleanor Packard locked themselves in a Manhattan hotel room one day last summer, asked themselves a question: "Why not make our second front in Italy?" By the time they had answered it to their own satisfaction, they had written this book.

The advantages of an Italian front, the Packards believe, are many. On their list, compiled when the U.S. invasion of North Africa was still a military code word:

▶ "The great mass of discontented Italians . . . would rise up. . . ."

▶ "Up to the summer of 1942 [the north west coast] had . . . only a few coastal batteries, pillboxes and a few outmoded fighting planes."

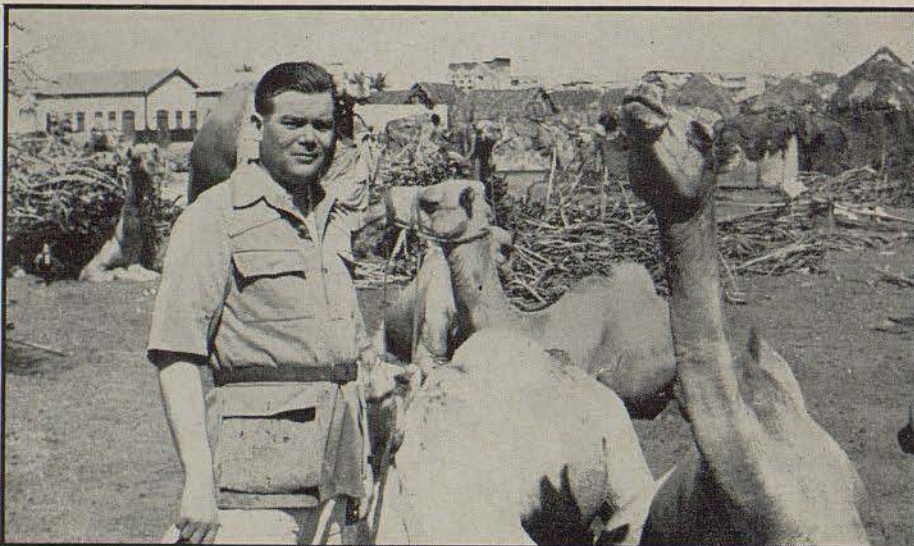
▶ "The number of German divisions already in Italy would not be enough to stem a large invading force."

▶ "Once Italy was in Anglo-American hands, the French and Yugoslavs would

hotel room next to the Packards' and joined them one night for a drink. "He was bubbling over with enthusiasm. 'England is through,' he said, 'or she would have taken a stronger stand against us. . . . We are ready for the future. We have the only experienced army in Europe as a result of our Ethiopian training.'"

When the Italian Army went to Spain soon afterward, the Packards followed. They watched the wavering policies of the democracies alternately bolster the Nationalists and the Republicans. Even in the first winter of the war they heard how Franco's men abhorred their Italian allies and rejoiced when the Spanish Reds massacred them. When the war ended, Franco bargained well for leftover Axis materials. "Both Italy and Germany were charging merely second-hand prices for the [military] matériel, but the real payment was to be made on a politico-military basis in the future: Spain was to aid the Axis in the war to come."

Tunisian Maginot Line. When the Fascist Chamber of Deputies began to clamor for French territory, the Packards went to Tunis. Reynolds visited the Berthome (Tunisian Maginot) Line, which "was



PACKARD IN TUNISIA

In a hotel room he answered an important question.

probably facilitate our entrance into their countries. . . ."

Neo-Roman Roads. The Packards' second-front strategy, for which the rest of their book is sprawling, disorganized documentation, emanates less from the armchair than from the bouncing seats of cars on Mussolini's roads. To watch the Fascist empire at war, the Packards jolted over thousands of miles of Neo-Roman roads in Abyssinia, Spain, Albania, North Africa and Italy.

In Ethiopia the Packards saw lagging Marshal Badoglio drive like mad to reach Addis Ababa at the head of his army. They also watched Blackshirt politicians arrive by plane to snatch a share in the victory publicity. Count Ciano took a

located between the Libyan frontier and Médenine and consisted mostly of elaborate underground works where whole battalions could hide. There were tank traps and miles of barbed wire, intended specifically to halt cavalry and camel corps. . . . Every oasis was a fortress in itself, complete with machine-gun nests, concrete redoubts, subterranean air-raid shelters, and still more barbed wire entanglements."

The French were reluctant to show Reynolds Packard all their secrets at Bizerte. But he discovered that the great base "had drydocks, machine and repair shops, underground cisterns for fuel, blown out of the rock and safe against naval or aerial bombardments, coaling facilities,

arsenals, barracks and a hospital, all protected by vast fortifications."

Perfidious Italy. With a balance as delicate as a tightrope walker's, the Packards have picked out the slippery trails of Axis diplomacy. Just after Britain and France declared war on Germany, Mussolini, still neutral, outdid himself in diplomatic duplicity. "Reports were current in Rome . . . that Mussolini had even accepted orders for war supplies from the British, including 40,000 pairs of army boots. . . ."

But the Fascist press continued praising the Nazis and castigating the British. When the British Ambassador, Sir Percy Loraine, protested to Ciano, tears brimmed in the count's handsome eyes as he explained, "you must surely realize that these editorials are merely the cover under which it is possible for us to work out better and more friendly relations with England."

Next the German correspondents in Rome made a show of protest against Anglo-Italian friendliness, particularly against golf games between Ciano and the Counselor of the British Embassy. The two maneuvers were so convincing that the British and American diplomats began to believe there was a chance of splitting the Axis. Mussolini could relish the spectacle of the British Ambassador suggesting that correspondents suppress news of the new friendship, on the grounds that it might obstruct Anglo-Italian *rapprochement*.

Old & Disillusioned. Although he may deceive the world, Mussolini does not deceive the Italians. "The Italians are an extremely old and disillusioned race. . . . Fourteen hundred years of living under various conquerors of one race or another have rubbed away much of their idealism. . . ." Passively his people oppose Mussolini for two reasons: "He crushed democracy in Italy; and second, he lined up Italy with Nazi Germany."

In the attack on Greece, Reynolds Packard (with a forged pass) heard a propaganda official instruct Italian journalists to write of the welcome, with flowers, bread and wine, of the Fascist Army by the Greeks. An Italian general confessed to Packard that he had pushed his troops so fast, in order to take a mountain bridgehead before the Germans reached it, that it had cost him 2,000 unnecessary casualties.

The Packards collected the cartoons making fun of privations, by which the Roman Propaganda Ministry attempted to lighten the people's disgust with food and clothes rationing and the flourishing black market. They saw that the Germans took advantage of the immunity from bombing accorded to Rome because of the Vatican, by using Rome's railroad stations as transfer points for Africa-bound German troops and munitions. With fists and Eleanor Packard's heels they battered a few Fascists who objected to their tearing down anti-American posters (including a cartoon of Mrs. Roosevelt wearing a toilet seat for a necklace).

Italians will not fight well in World War II, the Packards conclude, because:



a vital artery for **V**ictory

There's no bottom to the appetite of war. To help feed it the Great Northern Railway is transporting millions of tons from America's Zone of Plenty—iron ore and dairy products from Minnesota; grain and potatoes from the Dakotas; copper, oil, cattle, sheep and wool from Montana; lumber, grain, fish and fruit from Idaho, Washington, Oregon and California. For example: this year Great Northern will haul enough iron ore from Minnesota's Mesabi Range to load a single train 2000 miles long—an all-time record.

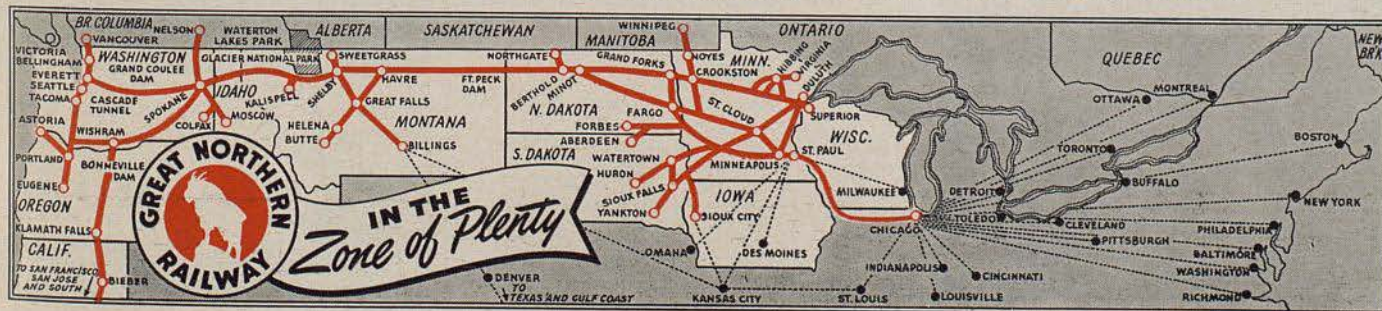
All this in addition to the movement of war materiel, fighting men and war workers.

Great Northern was in 1A shape when war came—fit and ready for service with heavy rails, well-ballasted roadbed, automatic block signals, freight and passenger cars of all types, and motive power designed for each specific job—diesel, electric, coal and oil-burning steam locomotives.


Moreover, this railway is a short, straight, low-altitude route between the middle west and Pacific ports—gateways to Alaska, Hawaii, Australia, China and all the embattled Orient. Recognized by shippers and travelers as a dependable railway, Great Northern now is serving the nation as a vital transportation artery.

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OHIO'S FINEST WINE

FINEST AMERICAN VERMOUTHS
Engels & Krudwig Wine Co., Sandusky, Ohio... Since 1863

1) they have had little fighting tradition since the fall of the Roman Empire; 2) they abhor regimentation; 3) the military services, particularly the air force, are rotten with party politics and inefficiency; 4) their equipment is uniformly poor.

If the Packards are right, the Duce's balcony empire now rests uneasily on a volcano, which, like Vesuvius, may erupt at the next earth tremor.

Escape to Maine

WE TOOK TO THE WOODS—*Louise Dickinson Rich—Lippincott* (\$2.75).

Author Rich's book is one of the most incongruous that ever became a Book-of-the-Month Club selection in the middle of a world war. Its 322 pages do not have




Eric Schaal
ESCAPIST RICH & HUSBAND
355 days a year it is fun.

the slightest connection with totalitarian wickedness or the fire power of the General Sherman tank. The book is a pleasant, intelligent account of how it feels to live in a remote corner of the Maine woods.

Author Rich lives in the wilds with Husband Ralph, Son Rufus and various dogs, skunks, neighbors. She bathes in a washtub placed near the kitchen stove. She uses ("supreme test of fortitude") an outhouse, which in winter can be reached only through knee-deep snow. "Bear and deer and wildcat tracks are all in the day's walk, while a stray human boot-print throws us into a dither."

The nearest doctor is miles away. Before Baby Rufus was born, Father Rich shed quarts of perspiration over a handbook called *If Baby Comes Ahead of the Doctor*. Baby did. Father Rich tied the umbilical cord with a piece of old cord, expertly greased the infant. Said he: "After all the pistons I've oiled. . ."

For a living the Riches write articles, stories, guide city "sports," haul anything from logs and boats to litters of pigs and Camp Fire Girls. In December they stock up for winter from their nearest A. & P.—40 miles away. Pork loin and whole deer



116 years
OF
Quality Leadership

1826-1942

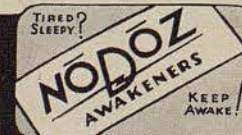
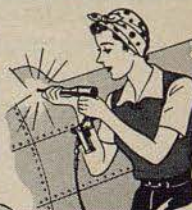
HUNTLEY & PALMERS BISCUITS

READING ENGLAND

SHIPMENTS WILL BE RESUMED WHEN CONDITIONS PERMIT

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Thousands of Americans behind desks, driving cars, on production lines, use NoDoz Awakeners to keep awake, alert and more efficient. When the going gets tough and you have a job to do—don't take a chance... TAKE A NODOZ AWAKENER!



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ALL ROOMS NOISE-PROOFED
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swing frozen from ceiling hooks in the sheds.

Author Rich has crammed her book with observations on cooking, dressing, neighborliness, forest fires, fishing, customs, communications. But she has no scorn for city dwellers: "In spite of the literary convention of bursting barns, overflowing larders, and cellars crammed with luscious preserves and delicious smoked hams, in spite of the accepted version of the countryman as being clad in the warmest and best of wools . . . the country standard of living is very much lower than the city standard."

But she adds: "Three hundred and fifty-five days of the year, I don't question anything. . . . I am more at home in this world that we have created than ever I was in that vast and confusing maelstrom that we call civilization."

Lost Journal

MR. W. AND I—*Caroline Le Roy Webster—Ives Washburn* (\$2.75).

One day last year Helena Hall, a vacationing Bennington girl, found a yellowed manuscript in the family attic. The manuscript was Caroline Le Roy Webster's diary of her trip to Europe (1839) with her husband, Senator Daniel Webster of Massachusetts, and his daughter Julia. Published for the first time, as *Mr. W. and I*, this long-lost journal has the stylistic simplicity of a 19th-Century *My Day*.

In later years Caroline Webster sometimes watered a redheaded parrot in the belief that it was a geranium. But when



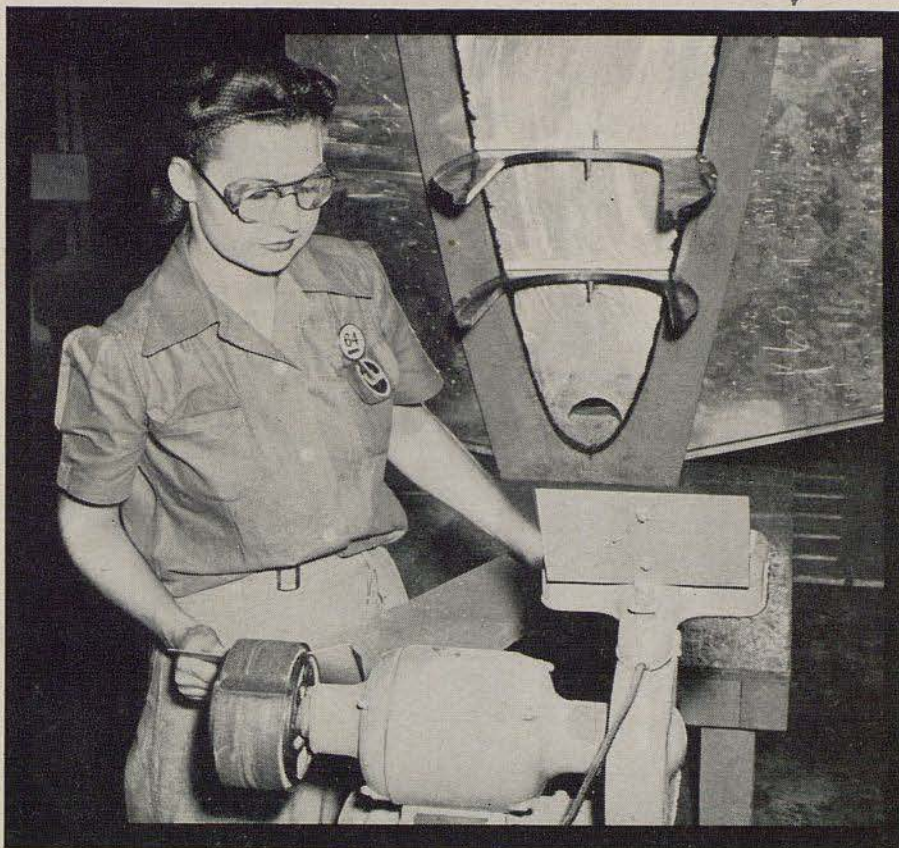
MRS. W.

Not for her The Loves of the Gods.

she reached England with the statesman she always calls "Mr. W." she was still in her prime and determined to miss nothing. England was impressed by rugged, eloquent Mr. W. Benjamin Disraeli noticed Webster's "fine brow, lofty, broad, and beetled, deepset eyes." Wrote Philosopher Carlyle to Emerson: "He is a magnificent specimen."

The Websters' junket was a series of parties. In London they dined with young Queen Victoria's uncle, the Duke of Sussex, who insisted on giving Mrs. Webster a

★ AMERICA ★ ★ WORKING ★



Her job is forming sheet aluminum for Vultee's "Vengeance" Dive Bombers in their roaring inland plant, where R & M Electric Hoists help speed production.

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★The performance record of R & M Machine Drives is just as noteworthy. Used as original equipment on new machines, as well as to convert old machines from overhead to direct drive, they're increasing output by providing a range of *definite* speeds shifted by a mere twist of the wrist.

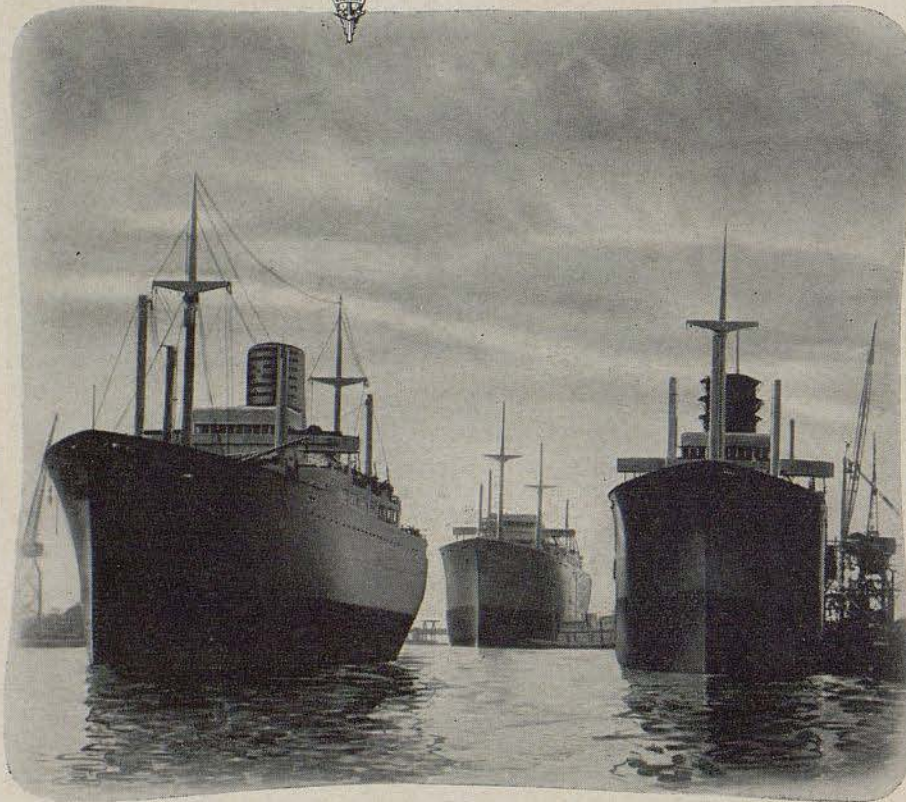
★If you have a problem involving hoisting, converting machines to direct drive, pumping, ventilating, or "special" motor applications, *write us!* The address is Robbins & Myers, Inc., Springfield, Ohio. In Canada: Robbins & Myers Co. of Canada, Ltd., Brantford, Ont.

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FOUNDED 1878
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Smooth-skinned, strong and efficient, these big 100%-welded C-3's come steaming from the South's greatest shipyard . . . Ingalls pioneered all-welded ships, now cuts building expense and time with "production line" methods . . . C-3's use less steel, carry larger cargoes faster . . . Vital in war-time, they will carry the big load in commerce after the war.



100% Welded Fleet of three 100%-welded C-3 ships built by Ingalls Shipbuilding Corporation. These are now in U. S. Government service.

AFTER THE WAR—TRAVEL AND SHIP IN AMERICAN-BUILT VESSELS

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prize strawberry "from his own plate." Said Mrs. Webster ungratefully: "A thorough radical and not very refined." The Queen gave them "a superb dinner" served on gold & silver plates. Mrs. Webster could not resist washing her hands in the ladies' room "to show that I knew the use of the scented water and napkins."

By the time the Websters reached Scotland Caroline was quite annoyed with Mr. W. A good farmer, Statesman Webster kept deserting his wife to look at British livestock. Once he left Caroline to "see some Ayrshire cows." While Mrs. W. was chiefly interested in looking at Durham Cathedral, Mr. W. concentrated on buying "one ram and three ewes." At Oxford he went to see "implements of farming." Mrs. W. looked over the colleges, avoiding Titian's paintings of *The Loves of the Gods* ("The subject not suited to ladies").

Mrs. W. had a better time in Paris. She shopped, saw the Chamber of Deputies ("superb . . . the French have so much taste"). Daughter Julia bought a "superb" dessert set. The W.'s dined with King Louis Philippe and the Queen ("Very superb. The King helps the soup . . . and the Queen the fish"). Then they flitted back to London where they saw a new play called *Love, a Melo Drama* ("The thunder storm, where her lover . . . was slightly stunned . . . was very pretty").

As the time for their departure drew near Mr. W. became inspired: "Last night at midnight his poetical feelings were aroused, and he absolutely got out of his bed and wrote four stanzas 'on the memory of the heart.'" Mrs. W. does not quote them. But by then she was completely exhausted, among other things "from rheumatism & exposure to the Duke of Wellington." She was glad to get back to the U.S.

Murder in November

THE SUNDAY PIGEON MURDERS— Craig Rice—Simon & Schuster (\$2). Two impecunious sidewalk photographers, one with brains the other with brawn, indulge in a little mild kidnapping and well-intentioned blackmail with gory results. Exciting scenes, a bountiful supply of able amateur detecting, moments of fantasy, humor and sentiment place this story far above the average.

WOLF IN MAN'S CLOTHING— Mignon G. Eberhart—Random House (\$2). Nurse Sarah Keate—Mrs. Eberhart's major contribution to mystery story personalities—returns, accompanied by a sister nurse with a past. An expertly wrought, well-characterized, highly emotional tale of "accidental" shooting, purposeful poisoning and deep dark villainy in a secluded Berkshire mansion.

SPORTING BLOOD— Edited by Ellery Queen—Little, Brown (\$2.50). An anthology of short detective stories dealing with sports and hobbies, from horse racing (A. Conan Doyle's *Silver Blaze*) to book collecting (Dorothy L. Sayers' *The Dragon's Head*). There are 18 other tales by authors old & new, U.S. and English, all good examples of this difficult genre.

THE FOURTH MYSTERY BOOK— Farrar & Rinehart (\$2.50). Six mystery novellas by such practiced hands as Mary Roberts Rinehart, Mignon Eberhart, Hugh Pentecost, and one newcomer, Dana Lyon, who turns in the best item, *I'll Be Glad When You're Dead*. An omnibus book that is right up to its predecessors in quality and quantity.



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