FIFTEEN CENTS

APRIL 14, 1941



HOW THEY DO TALK

When They Change to Nash!

For the Same Money You'd Pay for One of the 3 Low-Priced Cars You can now Buy a Big Nash that Goes up to 30 Miles on a Gallon!

You can raise a polite eyebrow at a man's golf or fishing yarnsbut if he's talking about his new Nash-look out, he knows his stuff!

All over America, they're pulling out their little maroon Nash Savings books—and what tales they tell!

From Maine to California come reports like these: "I'm now averaging 28 miles a gallon at speeds of 35 to 40 miles per hour". . . "getting 8 to 10 more miles per gallon than our old

NASH GIVES YOU MORE

- ★ BETTER ECONOMY... Up to 30 Miles on a Gallon of Gas.
- ★ SMOOTHER RIDE... Only low-price car with Coil Springs on All Four Wheels.
 ★ EASIER STEERING ... First low-price car
- with Two-way Roller Steering. * ROOMIER... Greater Seating Width. The
- Rear Seat makes up into a Convertible Bed. * SAFER . . . Welded Body-and-Frame Con-
- SAFER ... Welded Body-and-Frame Construction ... made rattle-proof, twist-proof.

small car delivered". . . "In all kinds of weather—90 miles a day, I've averaged 26.7 miles a gallon—solid comfort all the way."

You never heard of mileage like this before—for a car as big and beautiful as Nash. But that's only the starter of the story of America's *new kind* of car.

Drive it. Discover what owners mean by "perfect roadability". See the amazing difference that *four-wheel* coil springing makes—in riding and steering.

See why they're talking about the Weather Eye miracle of Nash Conditioned Air...marveling at the silence of its one-piece welded body and frame ... boasting about the pick-up and power of its Manifold-Sealed Engine.

So, why should *you* be content with an ordinary, low-price car—when, for the same money, you can buy this big, beautiful new Nash?

> See your Nash dealer now and see why thousands each week are changing to Nash!







The Goodrich cushion for the 600-pound smash

A typical example of Goodrich improvement in rubber

With roaring steel mills hungry for rushed down the Great Lakes in any size or shape that could be found. At one unloading point, 600-pound lumps began to appear. They broke massive chunks off the steel hoppers and feed chutes. What would they do when dropped 7 feet from unloader to the rubber conveyor belt leading to freight cars?

B. F. Goodrich engineers had developed the answer in a new kind of conveyor belt for just such punishment. Former belts had been made of rubber

Тіме, April 14, 1941

and tightly woven fabric which offered no "give" to impact and so were cut, wore out quickly under such service. B. F. Goodrich designed a belt of individual cords each surrounded by rubber. When this belt is hit, the flexible rubber lets the cords spread to take up the blow just as a fighter moves his chin backward as his opponent strikes.

This B. F. Goodrich Cord belt, as it is called, was installed at the ore unloading dock. Out came the 600-pound lumps that would have torn another belt to ribbons. After the busiest season that dock ever saw, the B. F. Goodrich belt is still working, apparently as good as new.

This new belt is making similar records in scores of jobs, sometimes giving 10 times the life of any former belt. If you use conveyor belts where service is tough and low cost-per-ton haulage is important, write for fully descriptive folder. Or phone your Goodrich Distributor about any other Goodrich rubber product. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Mechanical Goods Division, Akron, Ohio.



1



Copyright 1941 - Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation

THIS MILL, DESIGNED BY J&L, PRODUCES STEEL SHAPES ENGINEERS BELIEVED IMPOSSIBLE TO ROLL

Controlled Quality steel products for construction, for articles of daily living and for the upbuilding of our defense are rolled in astonishing variety on this versatile mill.



2

"This is the mill that 'couldn't work,' so said many engineers in 1924 when the idea of this continuous, synchronous variable-speed bar mill was first proposed. But J&L engineers had faith in their idea, and J&L management had the vision and courage to build this mill. "So, for years this J&L designed

mill has been rolling a fiery stream of Controlled Quality steel billets into products that serve us daily in home, office, school and factory, on highways and railways, or in army barracks and navy ships - in

many other vital ways in the upbuilding of our defense.

"This versatile, straight-line mill produces more than 3,000 different sizes, weights and designs of steel shapes including three exclusive J&L products - Junior Beams and Junior Channels for strong, weight-saving building construction, and Jaltruss for reinforcing concrete bridge floors and overhead highways.

"From this operating pulpit, experienced men adjust the rolls to micromatic fractions of an inch and regulate their variable speeds to deliver a steady flow of finished steel at controlled temperatures to the cooling beds. The Junior Beams now being rolled are traveling at

"The Junior Beams now being rolled are traveling twelve hundred feet a minute ... every section runs the gauntlet of rigid J&L Controlled Quality inspections."

twelve hundred feet a minute - some sections go through twice as fast. And for all this speed, every section runs the gauntlet of rigid J&L Controlled Quality inspections for strength, finish and size accuracy, while every detail of operation, from the white-hot furnace to the whirring shears, is under control of long-trained rollers whose orders are communicated to all parts of the mill by a loud-speaker system that knits men and machines into one responsive unit of production.

"This mill is the pioneer in the straight-line rolling of light-weight shapes; a pioneer that has fathered new steel sections, opening wider the fields of economy, safety and service for this most useful of all metals with which man enriches his life and defends his liberties."

JONES & LAUGHLIN STEEL CORPORATION

AMERICAN IRON AND STEEL WORKS PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

J&L-PARTNER IN PROGRESS TO AMERICAN INDUSTRY

TIME April 14, 1941 TIME is published weekly by TIME, Inc., at 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago, III, Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class mat-ter January 21, 1928, at the Postoffice at Chicago, III, and the the attraction 1878, Subscription 55,000 H.S.A. Number 15



From an original drawing by Orison MacPherso



Advertisement

PROGRESS

Big bell, instead of whistle, 50 years ago summoned J&L men to work, clanged out the noon hour, and dismissed them for the day. With advent of steam whistle, the bell was stored away until "Patty" Hannon, foreman of the bolt shop, arranged to have it placed in the belfry of a south side Pittsburgh church where today it summons worshippers to services.

Loud speaker takes place of old-time system of hand signals, air whistle tooting and "runners" with messages, in operation of great, noisy steel mills, some more than half-mile long. A loud-speaker system is installed in the big mill illustrated here, which enables quick and accurate control all along the line. The tobacco auctioneer has nothing on the steel worker when it comes to rapid-fire lingo he uses for mill instructions-gibberish to outsiders.

Grandfather of modern tank was a steam tractor, designed in 1769 by Capt. Nicholas Joseph Cugnot. It was believed that it would break down walls and move heavy artillery rapidly from place to place. The machine had a single front wheel, spiked to give traction, with a steam boiler like a teakettle hanging in front. The body and rear wheels were from a lumber wagon. It broke down no walls. Instead it upset. Modern motorized units and army tanks capable of operating at high speeds over rough terrain use many steel angles, channels and other standard structural steel shapes in their construction, as well as heavy armor plate protection.

A bridge went sailing some years ago when engineers decided to move the 880-foot, 3,200-ton Sixth Street Bridge, which spanned the Allegheny River at Pittsburgh, to a new position 12 miles downstream. The steel structure was cut from its shore and pier connections in two sections, each 440 feet long, 44 feet wide and 80 feet high. Each span was lowered 18 feet by hydraulic jacks to four coal barges and floated down the Allegheny under two bridges and through an Ohio River lock to the new site. There the two sections were jacked up into position and set on piers already built. The bridge is doing service today and this job, which saved \$450,-000 over the cost of a new bridge, took only 140 days from start to finish.

Down to the sea in ships go weight-saving J&L Junior Beams as stiffeners for deck plates and bulkheads. Although designed as structural floor members in light-occupancy buildings, progressive ship builders quickly recognized the Junior Beam as a means of reducing dead weight and increasing the pay load of ships without sacrificing strength. The beams are slit into "T" sections which are welded to the light steel plates providing necessary stiffness.





SIR HUBERT WILKINS has made priceless con-tributions to our knowledge of the vast polar regions during eight expeditions to the arctic and antarctic. He is the only man to explore beneath the polar ice by sub-marine. Like other famous explorers, Sir Hubert Wilkins made extensive use of Longines watches for navigation and scientific observation. Sir Hubert Wilkins' per-sonal watch is a Longines Chronograph.



No piece of equipment of the Arctic Expedition is more important than its watches. By measuring the altitude of a heavenly body at a precise second of time, the explorer determines his position in unmapped terrain within a matter of miles. Because of accuracy, and dependability under difficult conditions, Longines watches have been used by most of the great arctic expeditions of the past forty years.

The Longines watch that you may buy today em-bodies the accumulated experience of 75 years of fine watchmaking. Longines jewelers proudly show Longines watches from \$40; also Wittnauer watches from \$24.75; products of



LETTERS

Sir

Thousands of Fellows

Sirs There are thousands of fellows like me. They left school in the early '30s. A lot of them, like myself, couldn't finish college because of the depression. We couldn't get a job at that time because there weren't any . . . and if there were, older and more experienced men got them. However, we kept looking until we got something—anything. A lot of us offered to work for nothing, like I did, to get started....

Anyway, we worked hard as hell to keep our jobs . . . harder still to climb the ladder. Today a lot of us have advanced and are getting along pretty well, considering every-thing. A lot of us like myself, are making between \$2,000 and \$4,000 a year. Then came the draft! A lot of us were called. Frankly, we weren't enthusiastic about going, but we're patriotic Americans and we were the use of the state of the state of the state of the state were the state of the stat

went . . . and smiled while we did it, too. Our \$2,000 to \$4,000 a year dwindled to \$21 a month-\$252 a year, but we're still not kicking.

Now the newspapers tell us that because a few of the boys working for some of the steel companies want a 5ϕ or 10ϕ raise, and/or A. F. of L. doesn't like C. I. O., they declare a strike, tie up production for national defense and crack a lot of heads to prove that they mean to get what they're after . . . or else. Yep . . . there are thousands of us who have worked like hell since '31 and '32 trying

to lick a depression, get experience, get estab-lished, to climb the ladder . . . yet we gladly chuck it all to serve our country. Now, some of the boys are declaring strikes over petty arguments or small wage increases and in so doing bottleneck industry which makes possible a well-equipped Army. We haven't got the answer.

ROBERT F. KEMPER

"Most Noble Message"

Sirs:

St. Louis, Mo.

TIME for March 24 ended brilliantly with a long review of a book with a most noble message—that of sterilizing the German race as a whole. If TIME is suffering from a paucity of re-

viewing matter that it gives such important space to the mephitic work of a man whose whole book is evidently based on one fatuous idea, let TIME's book reviewers look around for something which might contribute more to American letters or at least be newsworthy.

MRS. WALTER BOERGER Sheboygan, Wis.

▶ Theodore N. Kaufman's book, Germany Must Perish!, contributed nothing to U. S. letters but it was newsworthy. TIME definitely pronounced his plan "grisly."-ED.

Gallant Fegan

Why has TIME never published a picture of Fogarty Fegan, master of the Jervis Bay? His gallant conduct aroused great interest and, so far as I know, his photograph has never been published.

JOHN T. HACKETT

Montreal, Que.

▶ When the Jervis Bay, an unarmored merchant cruiser, went down after a heroic and hopeless engagement with a big German surface raider (TIME, Nov.



Associated Press THE LATE CAPTAIN FEGAN With one arm shot away . . .

25), no picture was available in the U.S. of gallant Captain Edward Stephen Fogarty Fegan, who, with one arm shot away, stayed on the sinking wreck after ordering survivors to abandon ship. In response to Reader Hackett's inquiry, TIME gladly prints the best likeness of brave Fegan now obtainable .- ED.

Reader Wright's Holy Man

Sirs: . Patrick Wright says he believes Hitler is a holy man.

I agree with him. In fact he does not go far

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Please enter my subscription for TIME, for one year, and send me a bill (U.S. & Canada, \$5; Foreign, \$7).

NAME_

ADDRESS_

"We landed in Alaska with In remote, lonely Aleknagik. We were in debt. Had no supplies. No friends. Now-after 10 years-we mus thrising a support without run a thriving community, without Government aid, "See Post page 22,

Feud with a coyote An exiled Englishman exhausts his hate for the world in a hunt nis nate for the world in a nunt for one mocking coyote. An Alberta adventure by David Lamson, The Lone Hunt.

Orchids!

COLOR PHOTOS taken in the giants N. J. greenhouse arowing dn Orchid ing million-dollars awaar husiness. nng munon « douar » a-year business. Page 16 of the Post.

Earthworm Tractor Drafted Alexander Botts discovers somebody's trying to sabotage an Earthworm Tractor at Camp

Whosis. And he fights back with a new weapon - an energetic, corn-fed blonde, Read More Than Meets the Eye, by William Hazlett Upson.

This wing may win the war

A slight, bespectacled man walked into Consolidated Aircraft with a radical new wing formula. Engineers gave him the standard brush-off, then gaped as his wing tested an "impossible" 100%! Story on Post page 36.

READ IT IN THE SATURDAY EVENING

APRIL 12TH ISSUE NOW ON SALE

"Two Nazis to see you, Countess"

Very young they were, blond and exasperatingly polite. Why did they billet in her particular chateau—and keep their presence a secret?... A war mystery to keep you guessing (literally) until the last sentence. Read Welcome, Stranger, by Burnham Carter, in the new Post.

7 ways you can help stop inflation

What will happen to your savings and insurance if we have inflation? What will happen to the price of milk and shoes and rent if the Government keeps on spending more than it asks back in taxes? "Printing press" money wrecked Germany and France after the last war. How can we escape? Harry Scherman explains in plain words the recent Federal Reserve warning, points out seven effectual things you can do to help stop inflation. Read . . .

WILL WE HAVE INFLATION?

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: A new story by MacKinlay Kantor, Easter Flowers; short stories by David Lamson and Libbie Block; articles, editorials, serials, cartoons and poems.

ALL IN THE NEW POST NOW ON SALE

POLICE REPORT!



3 out of 4 prefer the flavor of Beech-Nut Gum

203 OUT OF 269 POLICE PREFER THE DELICIOUS PEPPERMINT FLAVOR OF **BEECH-NUT GUM**

The extra goodness of delicious Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum has been tested by an independent fact-finding organization.

(Here's the way it was done): 269 policemen in 15 different cities were questioned. Various brands of

peppermint chewing gum were bought in local stores and identifying wrappers were removed.

Each policeman was given two different brands (Beech-Nut and one other, both unidentified), and asked to report which stick he preferred. Result: 203 out of 269 (3 out of 4) preferred the peppermint flavor of Beech-Nut Gum to that of other brands.

Try the yellow package of Beech-Nut today. You'll enjoy its delicious long-lasting peppermint flavor.



enough. He should have said Hitler is a god. It does not matter whether he is a good or bad god, because he got into the wrong sphere. He does not know it yet, but he will know it, when he—some day in the not far future—sits sucking his thumb on some lonely island. . . .

KELSO HUGHES

Champaign, Ill.

Sirs: California is the leading State in the pro-duction of English walnuts. Alabama and Mississippi produce pecans. But now South Dakota gets into the race and proceeds to show us what a real nut is. I quote from the March 24 issue of TIME: "Adolph Hitler is a German he man and the greatest warrior that this world ever produced since history was first written and to be candid I believe he is a holy man." This letter was written from Custer, S. Dak,

California, here we come. Can you raise bigger nuts than South Dakota?

L. LEE LAYTON JR.

Dover, Del.

For or Against

Sirs Allow me to congratulate you on your fine editorial attitude in respect to your reporting of the present war. You are deserving of a nation's thanks for keeping with its citizens an awareness of the dangers to it from totalitarianism.

Being an alert reader of your columns. I regret to find an overdose of letters written to you expressing blatantly a pro-Nazi, or at



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- EDITOR Henry R. Luce
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"Whatever you do, Captain, hold the Fort!" [CRIED"MAD ANN"BAILEY]

IN THE LITTLE FORT besieged by Indians, the powder was gone—and hope gone with it. But "Mad Ann" widow of a frontiersman slain by savages—took the long, desperate chance. Out she dashed at night, past the attackers. Through a hundred miles of wilderness she rode to another outpost, returned with powder and saved the fort.

Today Charleston, West Virginia, stands on that site, and Chesapeake and Ohio traces the course of "Mad Ann's" heroic ride. As your train threads the depths of this great canyon, on one of the most beautiful trips in the east, you gaze up a thousand feet to the crest along which "Mad Ann" rode that night.

The memorable sight of the New River Gorge is but one of dozens you can "wrap up" in a Chessie TRAVEL PACKAGE. Have you discovered this carefree way to travel? Your entire route is mapped out, sight-seeing trips and accommodations all arranged. Write for interesting free book, "It's Fun to Plan A Chessie TRAVEL PACKAGE" to Travel Service, Chesapeake and Ohio Lines, 825 East Main Street, Richmond, Virginia.

CHESAPEAKE and OHIO LINES like a Kitten

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AS ONE BUSINESS MAN TO ANOTHER SLIP ON A PAIR OF FLORSHEIM



Jaoual FOR YOUR LAZY HOURS

> It's as refreshing as a change from business clothes to slacks. But it's also the best way we know of to keep up appearances, when you "let down" in solid comfort.

our Florsheim Dealer



Florsheim selected a Casual shoe last that would best combine house slipper comfort with country club style. The Coaster, here illustrated, is roomy, comfortable, easy-on and easy-off, and you get smartness backed by uncompromising quality in every pair.

Casual Styles \$10 Most Regular Styles \$Q95 and \$10 THE Florsheim SHOE

The Florsheim Shoe Company, Mfrs., Chicago . Makers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women

best a pre-war type of Irish, hate for Britain and its defenders. Let there be no mistake about it, such attitudes are contrary to America's best interests, and carry with them the seeds of distrust and discord concern-ing our Government. A person is either for democracy or he isn't—there is no compromise stand. . . .

RONALD MACKENSIE Hudson, Ohio

Sirs:

. . . In my wife's and my opinion TIME has ceased to be a genuine reporter of world events and become a propaganda sheet for the subversive forces which are wrecking civilization throughout the world, our own country included. It was these same forces whose work your magazine is doing which were responsible for the Red hell in Russia, the breakdown in Italy, the collapse in France, the Red horror in Spain, now happily crushed but at fearful cost, for the present plight of England, for Hitler's regime in Germany as a counter-offensive and for the economic misery, confusion and breakdown in our own country. Hitlerism, which you profess to hate, was created as a defense mechanism against your hidden bosses. .

G. ANDREWS MORIARTY

Ogunquit, Me.

"For All His Faults"

Sirs:

Congratulations on your splendid article on Henry Ford and his present-day plight [TIME, March 17]. It is the first open-minded, clear and comprehensive picture presented in many a day of a man who for all his faults has done this country more good than all the unions, Perkinses and Wagners can ever hope to accomplish.

ROBERT O. SCHULZE University of Michigan Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

I read with much interest your story on Henry Ford. Regret to find it shot through with the poison of factionalism.

Are you making a bid for more readers among labor? Naturally, that will increase your profits. Let's be sincere. Cut out your attitude of

Let's be sincere. Out out cynicism and knife throwing. ... H. STAUVROS

Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

I wish to protest against your article on Henry Ford. . . . I believe TIME's policy is to state the facts as it sees them. . . . In the Ford article, however, you did not give com-plete information where you could have.

The impression you gave me was that because Ford is working on defense orders, labor should bow down in quiet submission.

I know only a few of the facts on the Ford situation, but I do know that his labor policy is incompatible with the trend of modern, in-telligent and humane relations between employer and employe.

ROBERT H. ORCHARD '42 Harvard University Cambridge, Mass.

Food in World War I

Sirs: . . You can realize my astonishment when in your issue of March 17 I find, in a foot-note, a quotation from the recent book of Lars Moën-Under the Iron Heel-to the effect that "'perhaps the major' share of food sent from the United States to Belgium during World War I was diverted to feed the Germans.'

To put it mildly, I can assure you that this statement is an absolute reverse of truth. During the first World War I spent a year in Belgium as a member of the American Com-



Chief Test Pilot Beard flies the highways in his fifth successive Pontiac!



A GENERAL MOTORS MASTERPIECE

YOU MAY HAVE noticed that Pontiac year after year attracts more and more people of national prominence to its army of owners.

You may also have noticed that this holds especially true of men whose experience and interests qualify them as experts in appraising the relative merits of various makes of cars.

The fact that Pontiac numbers so many motor-wise men among its owners provides conclusive evidence, we believe, of the excellence engineered and built into all Pontiacs. We recommend this to you as a guide in selecting your next car. The new Pontiac "Torpedoes" come in three series and a variety of body types, with prices starting just a few dollars above the lowest. And you may have either a Six or an Eight in any model, with the Eight costing only \$25 more!





A NOBLE SCOTCH

Centle as a Jamb"

DANGUS

One sip tells the story! And the story goes something like this . . . "Old Angus, with its rare smoothness and its fine liqueur quality, makes a perfectly delicious Scotch highball that's gentle-as-a-lamb."

No 8 Years Old

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

VDED SCOTCH

86 PROOF .

mission which was in charge of complete food distribution in Belgium. If there was 1% of truth in the statement quoted by Mr. Moën, certainly both Mr. Hoover and the British Government . . . would have stopped it immediately. . .

To the millions of Americans who at the time were interested in the work in Belgium the above statement would not be necessary. They know. But it would be a great misfortune to have Mr. Moën's misstatement taken at its face value by a new generation which has grown up since that time. I need only quote comment of the British Premier Asquith that the Commission for Relief in Belgium was "a miracle of scientific organization" and that "we are convinced that this relief food reaches the Belgians and the French and reaches them alone. . . It is one of the finest achievements in the history of humanitarian and philanthropic organizations."

CLARE M. TORREY

New York City

TIME Gets Across

Sirs:

I am an A. A. gunner in the Royal Regiment of Artillery (Territorial Army) now serving in the west of England, and have been for several years past an enthusiastic reader of your most interesting journal. . . .

been for several years past an enthusiastic reader of your most interesting journal. . . . It may interest you to know how I receive your magazine. A friend of my Mother's in Canada sends it to her, and I may add that every copy has come through safely since the beginning of the war, despite the efforts of the U-boats and long-range bombers. My Mother, Father and Sister read it from cover to cover, it is then sent to me, and after I have finished with it, my friends in the Battery all devour it eagerly. It is then passed on to the Red Cross Society, so you see this copy has a particularly large circulation. . . .

ROBERT A. PAGE, Gunner

Somewhere in England

The Work Goes On

Sirs:

The directors of The American Friends of France all have asked me to call your attention to a misstatement about our president, Miss Anne Morgan, which was published in your issue of March 10.

Far from discontinuing our work, we still have a French personnel, working under French authorities in the Aisne, the same region where for 25 years we have continuously given aid to the civilian population. Also, we recently have helped to establish a center to care for little lost children, in the Ardennes. Both these places are in the north, in the occupied zone.

Your article speaks of the Coordinating Council for French Relief. You are probably unaware of the fact that we were among its first members. In fact, far from "neglecting" our work, we have extended our license to include aid to French refugees wherever they are, and special aid to children and French prisoners of war.

We are not committed to any political policy but simply desire to help the French, men, women, and children, who so greatly need all possible friendship in these tragic days. MARGARET HUGHES

Director

American Friends of France New York City

▶ Misled by Miss Morgan's reticent secretary, who was scanty and cryptic in giving information, TIME is glad to set the record straight.—ED.

No Difficulty

Sirs:

I disagree with the results of the Garand v. Springfield test, as made by the U. S. Marine



The Patient Ate a Hearty Breakfast

THERE is something about a hospital . . . the crisp starched uniforms of the nurses . . . the soft voices . . . the spotless walls . . . the unfailing freshness of the linen . . . the clean white china on the tray. In their quiet way, these things make their contribution toward the progress that is recorded on the patient's chart.

And they are not merely incidental features of hospital routine; they are part of a plan which makes cleanliness come first in a hospital.

And that is why, in leading hospitals, Wyandotte Cleaning Products are used throughout, for washing, cleaning and germicidal needs. In the laundry, in the kitchen, on the walls, floors and furniture, different Wyandotte cleaning compounds and specialized alkalies go to work on different tasks. Hospital superintendents have found that one Wyandotte Product leads to another. That is why so many efficiently managed hospitals now standardize their entire cleaning routine with Wyandotte washing and cleaning compounds.

Wherever you find Wyandotte materials you will find Wyandotte cleaning *methods* also. For Wyandotte Service Representatives are trained cleaning specialists. They work constantly on all kinds of cleaning problems, not only in hospitals, but in office buildings, laundries, bottling plants, restaurants, hotels, schools, metal finishing plants, and in many other industries. . . . They work to keep cleaning results *up* and costs *down*. And they will be glad to work for you.



BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SPECIALIZED CLEANING MATERIALS

THE J. B. FORD SALES COMPANY . WYANDOTTE, MICHIGAN

TIME, April 14, 1941

HERE ARE SHOPS WITH SKILL, MACHINES, TIME . . .



Though most large, usual sources of parts, supplies, etc., have orders booked months ahead — here in Massachusetts we can find smaller shops ready to fill your order quickly and well. The State has a complete analysis of such shops' machines, normal production, and can speedily find out which of those equipped for your work has spare capacity for a rush order.

This information costs you nothing, and your firm's name is not revealed.

EXTRA SKILL, UNUSUAL LABOR RELATIONS

American mechanical skill, born in Massachusetts, still flourishes here in its highest degree. Coupled with it, is a reassuring record of employee

where business and Labor unite to speed defense Constant of the speed defense Constant of the speed defense

Development & Industrial Commission, State House, Boston, Massachusetts

relations. Massachusetts in recent years has led major industrial states in freedom from loss of working days through strikes.

Massachusetts' army of trained, cooperative workers is being joined by thousands of graduates from a job training program probably more extensive, per capita, than in any other state in the Union.

LET US FIND A SUPPLIER FOR YOU

Remembering that there's no cost, obligation or revealing of confidences, why not let Massachusetts find the speedy suppliers you need? Machinery, tools, forgings, stampings, machined parts, chemicals, textiles, objects of wood, leather, etc. Corps and published in TIME, March 24. I am a member of the regular Army and am armed with the Garand. I was with the 1st Division Task Force when we made beach landings on the Island of Culebra from Jan. 27 to Feb. 13, 1941. We too had to make landings in small boats and the rifles did become wet with salt spray and were dragged in the sandy beach. Many were dropped into the water also. But in the entire company, I did not see or hear of a case where the rifle

refused to fire. We were on the range prior to our trip to Culebra and during the week it rained every day. We fired during the rain and had no difficulty, provided the rifles had been oiled, as they should be.

PRIVATE GEORGE N. ALPER Fort Devens, Mass.

► After thorough tests, the Marine Corps found the Garand unreliable under tough conditions, but TIME is relieved to learn that an Army outfit got faithful performance from this controversial weapon.—ED.

Sense of Humor

Sirs: Ohmigawd! Think what I've been missing these 30-odd years that I've read TIME and roasted it and hated its style, and still read it.

Now comes Harold L. Gibeaut (TIME, March 17) and says, says he, that it would be fatal if TIME lost its sense of humor.

Now that I know that TIME is funny I'll not have to affront my family with profanity as I read it. I'll laugh if it kills me. I'd like, however, to recommend the *Book of Revelation* to Reader Gibeaut as a humorous story if TIME is funny. How he must laugh over the subtle humor in the small print in an insurance contract.

But in spite of it all, here's to TIME. May you live another 37 years-damyerhide.

J. I. McIntosh

Oakland, Calif. ▶ Date of TIME's founding: 1923.—ED.

Tender Phrases

Sirs: With few exceptions those who air views on the American people's state of mind in regard to our foreign policy seem to be of the opinion that our nation is bent on fostering ideals of democracy for the whole world, or defending the world from Hitlerism.

Let us be frank. We merely received a bad scare and are going to protect ourselves. When we help Britain and when (not if) we go to war, we will be engaged in the age-old pastime of looking out for our own welfare. And why shouldn't we?

But rather than balm ourselves with tender, inspirational phrases, let's be truthful. . . .

R. G. FITZPATRICK

Stockton, Calif.

Sophisticated Father Sirs:

Apropos of the story in TIME, March 10, about the diapers of the infant son of the John Roosevelts, there is a story making the rounds that even before that time the President's son knew his onions, when it came to diapers.

The father, so the story goes, went to a store that dealt in infants' haberdashery to buy the necessary articles. After doing up the bundle the young lady clerk said, "The dozen dydees are a dollar, and three cents for the tax."

"But we aren't going to use tacks," said the sophisticated father, "we're going to use safety pins."

RILEY P. MARTIN

Pasadena, Calif.

TIME, April 14, 1941

THE MAN YOU HOPED YOU'D NEVER MEET



TURNS OUT TO BE A FRIEND INDEED

.....

You'll probably feel unexpected relief if you ever have to file a claim with American Mutual and come face to face with our claim adjuster.

For the hard-boiled, brow-beating type of adjuster is passing from the insurance picture. In his place you'll find a man helpful and sincerely eager to establish the facts and justice of your claim.

The adjusters who serve our policyholders in your locality are "career" men, trained in claim investigation methods. Representing a *mutual* company, operated *for* our policyholders, these men are bound to give in good measure the coverage the policyholders buy, taking over risks and paying just claims.

On the other hand, to avoid excessive expenses for the company whose profits

Тіме, April 14, 1941

are shared by policyholders, our adjusters are vigilant not to pay unjust claims or amounts greater than proper.

ONE OF THREE PROFIT OPPORTUNITIES TO EMPLOYERS

The service these men give is especially valuable to *employers*. In handling workmen's compensation cases, they also provide specialized medical services intended to restore, if possible, an injured worker's breadwinning ability. At the same time the employer receives the first of American Mutual's three profits, for the firm gets back a valued skill which might be difficult to replace.

The other two profit opportunities for American Mutual-insured employers come from tailor-built accident prevention which helps to lower both accident costs and insurance rates, and from cash dividends (20% or more) which all policyholders have received for 53 years.

Investigate American Mutual for your firm's and your own liability insurance. We write practically all forms except life. Address American Mutual Liability Insurance Co., 142 Berkeley St., Dept. D4, Boston, Mass. Branches in 62 of the country's principal cities.



"ROLLED BACK THE ROOF!"

more light...

"Indoor daylight" floods every corner of the preparation department of the Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., Honolulu. Now 5 times the light, with less glare from shiny can tops, speeds seeing for better, faster grading, cuts eyestrain and fatigue in the packing of Dole pineapple products.

less eyestrain

Some 65 footcandles of fluorescent lighting on these sorting cases help the employees of the F. W. Dodge Corporation sort the famous DODGE REPORTS of new building construction . . . faster, more easily, with less eyestrain.

with amazing G·E FLUORESCENT LIGHTING

• No matter what the size of your business, here's a practical way to get much more light... 50 footcandles and over... and enjoy the benefits it brings.

Things happen when you start using properly installed fluorescent lighting with G-E MAZDA F lamps. Seeing speeds up. Factory workers do their job in greater safety—with increased accuracy Store customers buy faster, buy more, for they see more easily. Stores take on a more attractive appearance . . . employees work better, feel better. Everyone feels less fatigue because this amazing new lighting helps reduce eyestrain.

What to do first

Why not see how G-E MAZDA F lamps can help your business? Ask your local electric service company or G-E MAZDA lamp distributor to tell you about lighting fitted to your needs, with G-E MAZDA F lamps . . . the kind that are made to stay brighter longer.

G·E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL 36 ELECTRIC

How can you tell about fixtures? G-E does not make fixtures but cooperates with many manufacturers. We suggest that you insist on *Certified* fixtures bearing the FLEUR-O-LIER label, shown here, or the RLM label. This gives you a wide choice of fixtures — and these units, with their ballasts and starters, when certified by Electrical Testing Laboratories to comply with exacting specifications, assure you of good light, balanced perform-

ance, satisfactory service. Get them complete with G-E MAZDA F lamps from your G-E MAZDA lamp distributor.

• Like a flash, the message clicked off on your Bell System Teletypewriter travels 300 yards or 3000 miles — and is reproduced instantly in typewritten form, exactly as sent. And this swift communication is two-way, permitting clear, convenient exchange of thoughts. A typewritten conversation — with carbons in all connected machines to provide extra records for routing and filing.

The Teletype's

no slow-poke either!

• Do you know how many departments of your business would profit by the speed and accuracy of Teletypewriter Service? If you already have it, are you using it to the fullest advantage? The answer is important and worth a careful analysis of your present communication system. A Bell System representative will gladly co-operate. Call your local telephone office and talk with him.

BELL SYSTEM TELETYPEWRITER SERVICE



WAY TO FLAVOR



Chicago, III.: On the Lincoln Highway, three miles west of Chicago Heights, there's a famous little restaurant aptly called the Tee Cupboard. This cozy haven has played host to road-weary tourists from every state in the Union who stop in for Mrs. Hammer's backto-the-farm cooking. And what cooking!—

succulent chops . . . robust steaks . . . fresh garden vegetables. To make doubly sure that guests enjoy each dish to the utmost, Heinz Ketchup, "57" Beefsteak Sauce, and Worcestershire Sauce are placed within easy reach. Heinz Mustard and Pickles are there, alsoadding extra zip to your meal.



Royal Oak, Mich.: Trout-bent sportsmen, off to wade the woodland streams of Upper Michigan, often drop in at Hedges Wigwam. For here every Michigander knows he can expect a real he-man's meal, served rustic style. Here, too, rich Heinz Tomato Ketchup graces every table to lend a distinctive dash to the hearty flavor of good food, well cooked.

SIGNPOST to good eating at the country's leading restaurants is the ever-present Heinz keystone label. And everyone enjoys good food far more when its full flavor is stepped up with ruddy Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Prepared from Heinz pedigreed, "atistocrat" tomatoes, aged-in-thewood Heinz Vinegars, and just

wood Heinz Vinegars, and just enough rare imported spices to add piquancy, this famous ketchup is the largest-selling in the world today! See for yourself what marvelous zest Heinz Ketchup imparts to meats, eggs and sauces.





En Route: Somewhere between Philadelphia and New York, these ladies are enjoying the delicious food that's served on Reading R. R.'s crack streamliner, "The Crusader." Always mindful of diners' wishes, the Reading Company makes sure that every table is supplied with Heinz Ketchup and Chili Sauce.



Philadelphia, Pa.: On Old York Road in historic North Philadelphia stands a monument to good eating—Fried's Restaurant. Since 1912, Fried's has served excellent foods made famous by Philadelphia's gourmets and garnished with Heinz Ketchup, Chili Sauce, and other Heinz condiments.



Vol. XXXVII No. 15



April 14, 1941

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

News among Newsmen

The news was brought to the President as he sat in the long ballroom of the Willard Hotel, surrounded by newspaper veterans, bigwigs from all over the U.S., Washington officialdom, the diplomatic corps and all the quasi-humorous paraphernalia of the semiannual Gridiron dinner. The dinner had been the same, the entertainment duller than usual. Massachusetts' tall young Republican Senator, Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., had spoken for the Loyal Opposition.

Then came the first news, only an appetizer. At the far end of the hall a New York *Times* office boy came to the door, handed a torn-off news-ticker scrap to a Secret Service guard. The guard delivered the scrap to *Times* Bureau Chief Arthur Krock. Pundit Krock glanced at it, reached the scrap up to Secretary of State Cordell Hull, who adjusted his pince-nez, read that Soviet Russia and Yugoslavia signed a nonaggression pact. Impassively he handed the news to Franklin Roosevelt.

The dinner went on. The President made a 15-minute off-the-record speech, not a funny speech. While he was speaking, another message reached Mr. Krock. When the President had finished speaking, it was handed to him. Soon the President rose and left for the White House.

The time was a little past midnight; the young moon had gone down; Hitler had invaded Yugoslavia and Greece.

Strategy. The headlines pounded with the rich, twisty Balkan names: Zagreb, Cattaro, Salonika, Ljubljana. But the President and his counselors had to watch the whole enormous scene in a world where the U.S. was a fulcrum, balancing Britain in the Western scale with Chungking in the East.

Japan must be kept off balance. Out of Brisbane, Australia into the South Pacific steamed a flotilla of seven U.S. warships two heavy cruisers, five destroyers. Out of Auckland, New Zealand into the Tasman Sea steamed a flotilla of six U.S. warships —two light cruisers, four destroyers.

In Manila, Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, Commander in Chief of the British forces in East Asia, arrived for military conference with boot-tough U.S. Admiral Thomas C. Hart, chief of the Asiatic Fleet; elegant General Douglas MacArthur, Field Marshal of the Philippine Army; and High Commissioner Francis B. Sayre. On a Pacific Clipper, Manila-bound over the Midway-Wake-



BRITISH CONVOY, BRITAIN-BOUND The President: "Convoys mean shooting and shooting means war."

Guam steppingstone islands, flew Dr. E. N. van Kleffens, The Netherlands' Foreign Minister, to confer on the defense of the East Indies.

Ships. The whole great problem, and all the little problems, were bound up in ships. To supply even itself the U.S. must have more ships than it now has afloat. Washington studied and buzzed and figured. To supply Great Britain, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, China, the U.S. must have ships. Navy Adviser William ("Wild Bill") Donovan had said fortnight ago: "Are we going to deliver the goods? . . . Are we prepared to take the chance?"

Many a Washington mind was made up, one way or another, about convoys. New Hampshire's funnel-mouthed Senator Charles W. Tobey introduced a resolution absolutely forbidding the U.S. to convoy materials to England. But he had few backers: informal polls of the Senate For-

L	N	D	E	Х	

Art	70	Miscellany-	48
Books	96	Music	52
Business	79	People	56
Cinema		Press	
Education-	69	Radio	67
Letters	4	Religion	58
Medicine -	65	Science	
Milestones-	63	Sport	44
	eater		

eign Relations Committee showed only eight of 23 for his bill. Navy Secretary Frank Knox, who had been violent against convoying, now seemed to favor convoys if the work was done by U.S. warships; he bucked at the idea of transferring more U.S. ships to the British.

How did the President stand on the convoy question? Had he changed his mind? He had repeatedly given the U.S. reason to believe he had no intention of using U.S. ships to convoy; recently he had remarked to a visitor: "But convoys mean shooting and shooting means war."

The Sparrow. Last week a new British face appeared in Washington. A shrewd, wary, grim little man, a firm believer in the hunch school of statesmanship, a man once described as a "busy and humorous sparrow in large round spectacles" is Sir Arthur Salter, an Oxford professor of political theory and institutions, swimmer, author, and for years the worst-dressed man in Geneva, Switzerland.

"When Sir Arthur gets here the fur will fly," Britishers told Washington. Sir Arthur arrived like a medium tank through underbrush. The little Briton (5 ft. 4 in.), who worked in the Admiralty in World War I—his clothes always bulging with Xenophon or Sallust's *Jugurthine War* whose family built the boats in which Oxford's young gentlemen bump each other on the Thames, came to town with a hatful of plans for shipping. He told

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British Combine SIR ARTHUR SALTER Hog Island made him sigh.

newsmen that the war may depend on U.S. shipyards. He asked for another "miracle of 1918," when 4,000,000 gross tons of shipping were produced, recalled Hog Island as a paunchy businessman might sigh about a brief, completely satisfactory love affair of his youth.

Same day Sir Arthur arrived, Franklin Roosevelt told the press that he was considering withdrawing the war-zone ban on the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden. The press knew what he meant: with the fall of Massaua in Eritrea, U.S. ships would begin hauling supplies to the English by a 12,000-mile route skirting Africa, around the Cape of Good Hope, up the Indian Ocean to Aden.

Salter, as head of the British Shipping Mission, asked the U.S. to "plan your building on the largest possible scale...." That day the President allocated \$500,-000,000 from the Lend-Lease appropriation to build 212 more cargo ships, 56 more shipways (in existing yards), and to cover cost of repair of damaged vessels.

Blow The Man Down. In the State Department's musty, desk-crowded press room two dozen newshawks gathered, waiting for Secretary Hull's daily press conference. Subject: ships again—this time the U.S. seizure of Axis ships in American waters. There was delay. One newsman growled, as the clock hands slowly scissored past noon: "Those damned Italians! They can't even scuttle a ship properly!" Laughing, the reporters filed down to the Secretary's blue-carpeted, leather-chaired reception room, watched him enter in excellent spirits. Hour and a half earlier he had released texts of his answers to the German and Italian protests, couching his Tennessee-mule-kick "No" in stilted diplomatic language. He

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had little to say, but his eyes twinkled: after eight years of sadness over U.S. apathy and humiliation at Axis hands, the old mountaineer was getting a little of his own back.

What he did not say—what he did not need to say—was that the hemispherewide seizure of Axis ships, immediately after the U.S. acted, was a demonstration of coordinated hemisphere solidarity that surpassed any precedent. Two days before, Under Secretary Sumner Welles and Mexican Ambassador Francisco Castillo Nájera (Hull calls him "Nádgera") signed an agreement permitting the U.S. to use Mexican airfields. The Good Neighbor policy was bearing rich fruit after years of backbreaking cultivation.

This week, when the press met him again, Mr. Hull made two points, both again demonstrating the world range of U.S. interests: 1) the Russian-Yugoslav friendship pact was encouraging (this little bouquet was the second handed the Soviet Union by the State Department in three weeks); 2) a statement by Marshal Henri Pétain, chief of France-that France's honor required that she take no action against a former ally-was important. The two diplomatic words, "encouraging" and "important," meant vastly more than they seemed to mean. Apparently U.S. diplomatic cultivation of Moscow and Vichy also was at last bearing buds, if not fruit.

Persona Non. The pale, tall old Secretary and the President made one further move connected with ships and the Axis. Back to Italy, ordered to leave the U.S. immediately, must go Admiral Alberto Lais, 58, persona non grata to the U.S. for his part in ordering Italian ships sabotaged. Portly, balding Admiral Lais (rhymes with Thais), a prominent society man whose accent is not too heavy, whose risqué stories not too slight, is an affable, easygoing gentleman who twirls his mustache and pops his eyes at the sight of an attractive ankle. Last week he was sad. His U.S. wife, Signora Leonora Sutton Evans Lais, daughter of a New York City doctor, and his 19-year-old daughter, Edna, had decided to remain in the U.S. Admiral Lais packed. The U.S. had once more rebuffed the Axis.

The Approach. Something more than rebuffs would be needed to win the war. The President was studying the convoy problem. Insiders knew the answer he would find. When a situation involves divided public opinion, Franklin Roosevelt likes to edge into it; only when he thinks he is sure of the reaction does he move dramatically. Probability was strong that he would exhaust every possible means of supplying the British with ships, would devise every possible shade of diplomatic approach, would allow the whole convoy problem to simmer until public opinion was definitely behind him.

First the 113 freighters, averaging 7,-000 tons, which hauled about 7,000,000 tons of freight last year between the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts, would probably be handed over to England, and the freight routed over railroads. Then, under the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, the President could seize or purchase any U.S. ship, set up priorities under which ships now hauling fruit, silk and luxuries would begin moving the 19,000,000 tons of asbestos, bauxite, copper, cork, manganese, rubber, tin, sisal, nitrates, tungsten, vanadium and other strategic materials the U.S. needs for defense production. Thousands of tons of these materials are piled on foreign docks.

Later, when the Battle of the Atlantic is in a desperate stage, when the U.S. has gained even more time to arm, with more precious months added to those since Dunkirk, the President and the U.S. can face what Columnist Ray Clapper last week called "the bedrock question." Then the President could decide what he meant by the remark: "But convoys mean shooting and shooting means war."

THE CONGRESS

Good Clean Fun

Representative Robert Fleming Rich, a good and kindly man, a Republican from Woolrich, Pa., needs only a plug hat to look like the drawings of Mr. Prohibition. Off the floor of the House, he is stuffed to the brisket with charity for one & all. On the floor, Mr. Rich is a terrible-tempered Mr. Bang. Each day he arrives for work in a state of condensed fury. Moment the House convenes and the prayer is over, Mr. Rich, bursting with wrath, demands the attention of the House, then explodes. His constant subject is the national debt, his constant refrain, "Where are we going to get the money?" For years Mr. Rich



Underwood & Underwood PENNSYLVANIA'S RICH While members groaned, he grinned.

TIME, April 14, 1941

has stuck to his point and that question. The House has become so used to Mr. Rich that members often join in the chorus, roaring in unison: "Where are we going to get the money?"

One day last week, Mr. Rich, grimmer than ever, rose as usual and demanded 60 seconds of the House's time. Members groaned. Grinning fiendishly, Mr. Rich shouted: "April Fool!" He sat down to tumultuous applause.

TRANSPORT

Swamp Landing

As darkness fell, the frogs began their insistent chorus. Over the black waters rustled the murmurous night noises of the Florida swamp where the big Eastern Airliner lay. She lay sprawled just as she had slewed into the water at 9 o'clock that morning, her big engines jerked from their mounts and dropped near her left wing tip in the mud. Inside her cabin, water was knee-deep, but the lights still burned. Huddled on the seats were 13 passengers, two pilots, a steward.

Nobody had been killed but everyone had been hurt. Shaken but lucid, 76-yearold Dr. George Crile, famed Cleveland surgeon, was pinned in his seat, but gave advice to his fellow townsman, Dr. Daniel P. Quiring, in first-aid work. Except for Captain Gerald O'Brien, the first pilot, who was out of his head, everybody was quietly hopeful of help, for before dark a circling plane had sighted the DC-3, whipped back to Vero Beach, ten miles away, for help. Captain O'Brien was still flying the plane through that morning's murderous thunderstorm. "Come on, Mac," he mumbled, "help me pull this wheel-we've got to get altitude." His copilot, B. M. Crabtree, had a broken leg. He sat cheerfully and waited.

Towards midnight, a flare burst from a circling airplane, bathed the marsh in manmade moonlight. Boats pushed out from the rushes, pulled alongside the plane's door. Rescuers began removing the passengers. Dr. Crile had begun to wander a bit. "I am Dr. George Crile," he said. "I want a warm bath." Captain O'Brien was unconscious.

So ended, happily enough in the circumstances, the seventh crash on U.S. airlines since last August, the second on Eastern Air Lines in 36 days. (While the ship was missing, the line's president, Eddie Rickenbacker, injured in the first E.A.L. accident, listened from his hospital bed at Atlanta to the radio reports on the search.) That morning, up from Miami, Pilot O'Brien had made a routine stop at West Palm Beach, had headed northwest toward Daytona Beach, knowing he would have to pass through a belt of thunderstorms lying across Florida's width.

Pilots give thunderstorms a wide berth if possible, for within their cores often lies turbulence in which no airplane can live. A half-hour after he had left Palm



Associated H

EASTERN AIRLINER, MUCK-FAST IN FLORIDA Captain O'Brien kept on flying.

Beach, Pilot O'Brien was in the thunderstorm belt: the ship was snapped up into the most violent flying some of his veteran passengers had ever seen. Why he landed when he did is still a subject for investigation, which CAB started immediately. Meanwhile, Co-Pilot Crabtree quoted Captain O'Brien as saying that one of the aileron controls had snapped in the storm. If that should be found true, Trip 14's passengers and crew were lucky to be alive.

MISSOURI

Ex Machina

A five-month-old story last week reached a powerful climax in St. Louis. It began one day last November when ten Missouri Democratic leaders met in secret in a room in St. Louis' De Soto Hotel. Senator Bennett Champ Clark was there from Washington. Eight days before, a Republican, Forrest Donnell, had been elected Governor-in the midst of a Democratic sweep-by 3,613 votes. These politicians were practical men. They discussed a legislative investigation, on the issue of fraudulent ballots, that would prevent Forrest Donnell from taking office. Said a seasoned old country politician: "You will be the ones who are under the gun. You have a city election in the spring, while we country boys have two years to get over it."

The man up for re-election in the spring was there too: Bernard F. Dickmann, Mayor of St. Louis. Short, barrel-chested, hefty, son of a prosperous old St. Louis family, a Marine Corps sergeant in World War I, he was the popular boss of St. Louis' powerful, smooth-functioning Democratic machine. He took his job seriously. He had pushed through the ordinance that had at last solved St. Louis' smoke problem. Scandals (like the *Post-Dispatch* exposé of 46,000 fraudulent registrations) had been lived down; splits had been sewed up. And Mayor Dickmann seemed much more like a reform mayor than a machine-made candidate.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch charged that the strategy by which Missouri's Democrats tried to prevent Governor Donnell from taking office had been worked out at the secret meeting in the De Soto Hotel. At any rate, the legislature refused to seat Donnell. The State's political life was thrown into unholy tumult for six weeks as Governor Stark's term expired and Democratic politicos refused to let Donnell's begin. Democratic Governor Stark demanded that Donnell be seated, the election contested afterwards. What part did Mayor Dickmann play? He stoutly denied any part in the plot to keep Governor Donnell out, but he did not protest.

The uproar over the Donnell raw deal was surprisingly loud, but politicians were generally unworried. Reformers usually make enough noise to soothe their consciences. But the roar grew louder; finally the State Supreme Court ruled in Donnell's favor. The legislature subsided. The vote at the Republican primary in St. Louis the next month was surprisingly large, but that, of course, was because there were four candidates fighting for the nomination. The Democratic primary vote was small, but that, of course, was because the renomination of Mayor Dickmann was in the bag. The Republicans picked a good man-William Dee Becker, 64, a St. Louis Court of Appeals judge for 24

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years-but of course he didn't have a chance.

Election day came last week and the voters were out early—there were 330,845 votes cast, 79% of the registration, a record. It was a quiet election.

After dinner the returns began coming in. By 10 p.m. Judge Becker had a strong lead. By 11 the radio men had set up a microphone in a bedroom and were trying to get the Judge to make a statement. By midnight even the Judge admitted that he had won. The final count: Becker, 183,-073; Dickmann, 147,336.

Boss Dickmann shook his head, blamed it on the Willkie "backwash" that had got Republicans so stirred up that they could not stop. But the *Post-Dispatch* saw a defeat for the Machine—the Machine that had registered voters who did not exist, had received payment for public service that it did not perform, and finally had tried to seat in the Governor's chair a man who had not been elected.

WAR & PEACE

Mum on Malaya

Up the Narrows of New York Harbor one drizzly morning this week stood a hulking grey battleship. Convoyed by Coast Guard craft, she cast anchor at the Government Anchorage, hard by the Staten Island ferry pier. Palm Sunday passengers noted the flag fluttering at her stern: the British ensign. Around 11 o'clock, half her crew went ashore for liberty, and Manhattanites soon knew what ship she was. On the seamen's flat-cap ribbons was the gilded legend: "H.M.S. Malaya."

Malaya's men were willing to talk. They had fought the Jutland veteran as Vice Admiral Sir James Somerville's flagship in the Mediterranean fleet's spectacular show at Genoa on Feb. 9. Malaya, a sister of Queen Elizabeth, had lately been on convoy duty in the Atlantic. A 20-ft. gash in her port side, they told a Herald Tribune reporter, was the mark of a German torpedo in a submarine attack, the night of March 20. With her convoy of 20 merchant vessels apparently on a safe getaway, Malaya headed for New York for repairs—reporters guessed—under the provisions of the Lend-Lease Act.

Not only did riders on the Staten Island ferry have a good look at her close up but the German consul had only to look out of his office building on Battery Place to see her riding at anchor. But many a U.S. newspaper reader heard nothing about it, for, after the Lend-Lease Act was passed, Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox appealed to the U.S. press not to report the movements of British vessels putting into U.S. ports.

In a wire note to editors, Associated Press memoed the fact that a British battleship was off Staten Island, told editors it was sending out no story. Most Manhattan newspapers were mum. Exceptions were the *Herald Tribune*, which ran a photograph and story on Page One, the tabloid *Daily News*, which front-paged her in an air-view photograph.

Day after the Malaya put in, Frank Knox issued a statement: "I wish to commend the action of the press associations, newspapers, broadcasting companies and photographic agencies who have cooperated. . . . It is true that many people can see these ships as they arrive. . . . It is also true that enemy agents can report these movements; but it seems to me only sportsmanlike that the keen American press refrain from giving a report of these ships for the benefit of Britain's enemies. . . ." As it was, the press's self-censorship merely concealed from the U.S. public a fact that was not even mildly camouflaged from German officials, whom the U.S. Government allows to operate in Manhattan as representatives of a "friendly nation."

LABOR

Black, Bright and Red

Through the great bank of labor storm clouds over the U.S. last week appeared signs of sunlight. But first the thunderheads grew blacker. Near Milwaukee, at Allis-Chalmers, were riots and disorder. Failure of mine operators and workers to agree on a new contract shut down most of the country's soft-coal mines, resulted in death to five men in bloody Harlan County, Ky. Negotiations between C.I.O. and U.S. Steel reached an impasse and union leaders set the date for a walkout. The far-reaching Ford strike (see p. 21) made things seem even worse.

But at week's end came a break in the clouds. From Washington came the report that the President's Mediation Board had scored its fifth success in as many tries: cracked the Allis-Chalmers dispute. The skies brightened.

For 75 days Allis-Chalmers had been strike-bound. Management's effort to reopen fortnight ago ended in tear-gas attacks, smashed windows, smashed cars, and the ignominious rout of Wisconsin's Governor Julius ("the Just") Heil, who failed as a mediator. The agreement engineered by the Mediation Board provided for a referee with absolute powers to thresh out management-labor relations, protect "union security," nub of the long dispute.

Next day from Pittsburgh came word that U.S. Steel and C.I.O. had decided to try again. Whatever agreement was reached was to be retroactive to April I. Half-hour before the new truce was made known, Ernest T. Weir, head of National Steel (which has no C.I.O. contract), granted employes a wage increase of 10¢ an hour. A 10¢ increase was what C.I.O. was demanding from U.S. Steel.

Negotiators in the soft-coal tie-up still wrangled. Northern coal operators were ready to grant union demands for a \$1-aday increase in wages (to \$7). Southern operators, who have long enjoyed a wage differential and were now being asked to boost wages from \$5.60 to \$7, were not so willing. But Conciliator John R. Steelman was still brightly confident of an early settlement.

These events did not end the danger of serious labor trouble, but they postponed and mitigated it. The Ford strike was still unsettled. C.I.O. electrical workers struck and closed the Bayway, N.J. plant of Phelps Dodge Copper Products Corp. over issues of a closed shop, vacations, pay. Sixteen smaller defense plants were still struck.

Another, uglier shadow preyed on the U.S. mind: Communism in the labor movement. There were few clearly marked trails. Outside of Congressman Martin Dies, who blazed away every time a bush shook, few saw any definite mark to aim at. But the Communists were like skunks: no one had to see them to know that they were there.

Many a Congressman got a whiff. Democratic Leader McCormack announced before the Allis-Chalmers settlement: "We know that the Communists are in there working in Milwaukee." To OPM's angry William Knudsen, the important part of the Allis-Chalmers strike (in which he said 4,000,000 hours of time were lost) was "that the radical leaders with the help of other unions in Milwaukee and vicinity could show the State and the nation where to get off." The President got a whiff too, admitted that he had had reports of Communist activity.

How widespread was the Communist taint? Ford's Harry Bennett charged that C.I.O.'s United Auto Workers were Communist-controlled. Mr. Bennett was exaggerating. A Red faction exists in the U.A.W. rank & file, but the union's top officials are definitely anti-Communist. In aircraft, which U.A.W. is also trying to organize, Communists have crept a little higher. U.A.W. President Roland Jay Thomas has ordered the union's new chief aircraft organizer, Richard Frankensteen, to clean the Communists out.

John Lewis' United Mine Workers long ago condemned Communism, despite pinkos and fellow travelers with whom Lewis once surrounded himself, some of whom still cling limpetlike to his coattails. More alarming is the strong position of Communism in the National Maritime Union, the Transport Workers Union, and the American Communications Association—key spots in any national emergency.

Chief danger of Communism was the damage its agents could do—and have undoubtedly done—in fanning flames, inciting to riot, disrupting negotiations. The U.S. got a sample of the possibilities open to saboteurs when a civilian inspector in the Bendix Aviation Corp. plant in New Jersey went berserk, destroyed thousands of dollars worth of intricate instruments before he was subdued and hauled off to a psychopathic ward.

This week the House Military Affairs Committee settled down to an investigation of the whole defense effort, promised to look hard for the Communist in the defense-pile. From the President came a warning: reports of Communist activities should not be used to smear labor. But the nation, growing anxious about its defense plants, was more concerned about agents of foreign powers smearing the U.S.

Showdown at Ford

Last week, for the first time in history, Henry Ford's main plant at Dearborn was shut by a strike. One by one, subsidiary mained inside the beleaguered plant, made a sortie through Gate 4 armed with iron pipes, steel bars, bolts, razors, knives, and charged the pickets. Hot & heavy was the battle until the attackers withdrew, fled back inside

Federal Conciliator James Dewey rushed to Detroit, earnestly conferred with Michigan's Governor Murray D. Van Wagoner, company men and union leaders, trying to find some formula for a truce before riot ran rampant at Rouge. Finally the company agreed to close the plant and negotiate tentatively, the union agreed to remove the barricades and send mainAn estimated 1,200 Negro workers refused to budge from the plant, declaring that they felt safer where they were. Rumors leaked out that they were enjoying themselves inside, careering around the grounds in cars and newborn Blitz buggies. When Conciliator Dewey went inside to talk to them, he found them armed with knives which they had forged. He promised them safe passage through the lines, but still most of them would not leave. The few who did go were unmolested by pickets. Union men declared that most of the Negroes had been hired by Ford officials in the past month to play



NON-STRIKERS (LEFT) AND STRIKERS AT RIVER ROUGE Held up: 1,500 "Blitz buggies," 4,200 Wasp engines.

International, Associated Press

and assembly plants throughout the nation, which feed into the main plant or feed from it, were forced to close. The whole production flow of Ford was dammed.

The strike threat which had hung over Ford since C.I.O. determined to organize his plant had become a reality. One day last week, in the rolling mill at the main River Rouge plant, eight union men were fired. Promptly other union workers laid down their tools, ran through the mill shouting: "Strike!" Work stopped. About midnight, after leaders of C.I.O.'s United Auto Workers had asked to go into the plant to try to make peace, and Ford officials had said No, the union officially called a plant-wide strike. Union men marched out through the gates, formed picket lines in the streets and drew up barricades of automobiles.

They were there at dawn when workers arrived for the morning shift. Some nonunion men broke through. Pickets jeered. But there was no serious violence until 200 non-striking Negroes, who had retenance men into the plant to bank fires, keep them going.

Ford rearmament projects include contracts for 1,500 Army bantam combat cars ("Blitz buggies") and, far more important, for 4,200 Pratt & Whitney Double Wasp engines. The Blitz buggies had already begun to roll off the assembly line, but the new \$22,000,000 plant to house production of the aircraft engines was still a-building. Work on it ceased when A.F. of L. construction workers refused to venture past the C.I.O. picket lines.

Week's end continued the truce, but brought no peace to Ford. Charges flew thick & fast. Ford's Harry Bennett accused leaders of the United Automobile Workers of Communism. Company officials charged that dies and tools needed in aircraft production had been destroyed. To the company charge that defense work was being delayed, the union replied that it was willing to supply men to keep defense work going, but that maintenance men sent inside were manhandled. the ultimate role of strike-breakers, and were being encouraged to stay in the plant in an effort to create a race issue and confuse the real issue of the strike.

Hard-working Mr. Dewey made optimistic announcements of an early peace. U.A.W. demands included: 1) reinstatement of strikers without discrimination; 2) wage increases "up to the standards of" General Motors and Chrysler. The union was reportedly asking the company to negotiate a contract for its members now, and accept the U.A.W. as the exclusive bargaining agent if it could prove it had a majority by winning a plant election This week NLRB ordered an election to be held within the next 45 days.

At week's end, neither Founder Ford, President Edsel Ford nor Harry Bennett were to be found, though newsmen hunted high & low for them. Conciliator Dewey got along as best he could, conferring with second-string plant officials. But Henry Ford, who has no respect for unions and asks only to be let alone, was facing a labor showdown.

NATIONAL DEFENSE

NAVY

Something New for the Fleet

This week at Brooklyn Navy Yard the U.S. Navy is to commission the 750-ft., 35,000-ton North Carolina, the first new battleship to join the U.S. Navy in 18 years. By July she will be ready to make her trial runs, then join the Fleet. Close behind will be her sister ship, the Washington, almost completed at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, and by next year the South Dakota.* And when the North Carolina goes into service, she will have profound effects on U.S. naval power and strategy.

The major tactical effect will become apparent only when at least three of the new battle wagons are in service. The 15 battleships now in commission are slow (18-21 knots), depend mainly on heavy armor and crushing fire power. Rated at 27 knots, the North Carolina can probably do 30. Three such speed wagons will give the Fleet a new battleship division, able to operate as a unit with a fair chance to outmaneuver the fastest battleships which an enemy is likely to have. The Navy's present battleships require destroyers, cruisers and aircraft to do the fast sea work, screen the battleships themselves, and maneuver the enemy within range of the main battle line. With faster battleships, the Fleet should be able to release some destroyers for detached scouting and patrol.

North Carolina and Washington alone will greatly increase the Fleet's fire power. The whole Fleet now has only 24 16-in. guns (eight each on the West Virginia, Maryland, Colorado). Each of the new class has nine. What is more, the new guns have longer range, throw a heavier shell (2,300 lb., instead of the 2,100). Net result: the 18 big guns on North Carolina and Washington will almost double the 16-in. broadside power of the Fleet, tremendously enhance its chances to crush an enemy line.

Naval officers devoutly hope that the new battleships have adequate protection against aircraft attack. If so, they will be the first in the U.S. Navy to have it. Said Secretary of the Navy Knox (in last week's Saturday Evening Post): "Our officers appreciated the possibility of air attack, but their failure to translate the appreciation into protection for the ships is the one real miscalculation they made during the 20 years of peace." Design of the North Carolina class was begun before the Navy had waked up, presumably was altered in time. The North Carolina has 20 5-in. guns, an undisclosed number of 1.1 pom-poms to ward off air attack (the five-inchers are also designed for use against torpedo carriers). This antiaircraft armament represents an enormous advance over the Navy's last battleship, West Virginia (commissioned in 1923), * In 1942 the Navy hopes to have two more (Indiana, Massachusetts).

which carries only eight 5-in. anti-aircraft guns.

Even bigger and faster battleships are on the way, probably will not begin to join the Fleet before 1943. On order are seven 45,000-tonners, designed to better the *North Carolina's* speed by several knots. Still on the drafting boards are plans for five even bigger ones. These undoubtedly will have even more gun power, at least equal armor protection. Whether they will be as fast as the *North Carolina* is still a moot point.

In any event the U.S. Fleet—now the world's slowest, heaviest, most powerful —will within a few years be the world's fastest, heaviest, most powerful. But Navy men last week thought that they would have to fight their next war with their slow Fleet. History was faster than the new one.

ARMY

M3

Last week some 200 officers, manufacturers, newsmen saw the Army's newest tank in action. It was an M3: a 25-ton armored hulk, abristle with four machine guns and two cannon, seven tons heavier than the few medium tanks already in service. The Army last week had only this one model, but within two or three months medium tanks should begin to roll from three new tank factories (Chrysler, American Locomotive, Baldwin Locomotive).

Host and demonstrator at the Aberdeen (Md.) Proving Ground was hard, whitehaired, tank-wise Colonel John K. Christmas.* The day was cold and raw; the red Maryland clay was muddy underfoot. Colonel Christmas said that he would let * No kin to the late, famed soldier of fortune, General Lee Christmas.

the model speak for itself. Then he turned toward the tank, sulking 400 yards away on a slight rise, and waved his right arm. There was dead quiet for perhaps ten seconds. Then M3 turned loose a horizontal stream of red death, directed towards a silhouette target 900 vards away. From the muzzles of four .30-caliber machine guns spurted bright tracer bullets: from the turret, the shells from a 37 mm. cannon cracked into the faraway pines. Ordnance men from far & wide saw what they had come mainly to see: the steady (22 to the minute) fire of the 75-mm. gun mounted on the starboard side of M3's hull.

The tank's commander, rangy, redhaired Lieut. Colonel Frank R. Williams of the Armored Force, was sitting on a 14-inch-square leather seat, bolted to the iron deck, alongside the 75-mm. gun. His head, protected by a yellow leather crash helmet, was pressed against an oblong sponge-rubber rim which framed the eyepiece of an 18-in. telescopic gun sight. Whenever his target centered in the cross hairs of the sight, he touched an electric firing key, watched a 15-lb. high-explosive projectile rip through a framework target tank.

About 1,000 yards away, a radiocontrolled, empty light tank lurched into view, quartered across the rough test ground. M₃ set off in pursuit. Because the Army wanted to use the light tank again, Colonel Williams and his six-man civilian crew fired only their machine guns. Colonel Christmas explained what would happen to the light tank if Colonel Williams turned loose his 75: "We would send a dump truck out on the range and bring back a pile of old iron." As M₃ gathered speed, a visible streak of .30 caliber bullets smashed into the hull and tracks of the smaller tank.



M3 ON TEST Against a lighter opponent she pulled her punches.

NATIONAL DEFENSE

The 75-mm. gun, a radical departure in tank armament, gave M3 tremendous fire power. Said Colonel Williams: "We weren't trying for top firing speed with the big gun. . . . We might get up as high as 30 a minute." Any such rate of fire would take some doing. Two men load and fire the 75. The loader has to kneel in a tiny steel coop. Between the breech and a bulkhead, he has about three feet in which to work. When the gun recoils, he has something less than two feet. At 30 rounds a minute, the loader must, every two seconds, extract a 75-mm. shell casing from a semiautomatic breech, allow a split second for the gases to be blown out the muzzle, return the empty casing to its place in a rack beneath the breech, yank out a live shell, smack it in the breech, close the breech lock.

The man who drove M₃ last week was typical of the civilian machinists and mechanics who do the dirty work at Aberdeen. Stubby, crinkle-eyed Johnny Day was born on the Aberdeen reservation. At 34, he has never had and never wants a job other than Ordnance testing.

To find out how M₃ would take shell holes, Johnny Day drove the tank (at about 15 m.p.h.) up and over two steep thank-you-ma'ams. Before he tackled the first one, Johnny Day said: "You know, it's just possible that this tank may go pants-over-teakettle here. But there's nothing like finding out, is there?"

He horsed M_3 into low gear, poured on the coal. The front end bucked straight up, hung in the air for a moment, then crashed into the test pit. The rear end rose about four feet, happily did not go over. Said Johnny Day: "God, what punishment this machine can take!" He and his tank took it again in the Aberdeen mud bath: a 100-ft. concrete trough, full of muddy water. When M_3 hit the water, photographers got their best shots of the morning, Johnny Day got soaked from chin to shin.

Also on exhibition at Aberdeen was a cast-armor tank hull which may well revolutionize tank construction. M3's hull took 1,100 man-hours to fabricate. The experimental hull, cast as a single piece of armor, was completed in 100 man-hours. OPM Director General William S. Knudsen recently inspected a model of the cast-armor hull, said: "That's the way to build tanks."

Marching Through Georgia

As the new U.S. Army gets out of blueprints and into being, so the news of it will change, is changing, from news of plans and beginnings, to news of a new thing in existence. Herewith TIME prints an account of 72 hours in the life of a motorized division.

North of Abbeville, where the blacktop road bites into the red clay of eastern Alabama like a suture in raw flesh, the Fourth Division's Reconnaissance Troop halted. They climbed stiffly down from



PROBLEM IN FLORIDA SAND A big 155 was hitched back to its prime mover.

armored scout cars spaced a precise 25 yards apart, pushed goggles back from wind-burned, dusty faces, dug in reefer pockets for cigarets. Motorcyclists propped their machines on stands, squinted appraisingly at engines. The long-legged, flatbacked Troop Commander brushed oilstains from his face with a reddened hand and walked back along the column, to see how things were.

Since daybreak the Reconnaissance Troop had been pushing north at a steady 30 m.p.h. Two hours behind them the rest of the division—infantry, artillery, engineers and miscellaneous outfits—were pounding along at the standard speed. Here was a chance for a two-hour rest. The division commander, Major General Lloyd R. Fredendall, had ordered the troop to wait for the division north of Abbeville, go on into Fort Benning, Ga., in tight column.

The troop ate lunch—thick sandwiches packed in paper bags by the cook for the midday halt. A few bought canned stuff from the general store at the roadside, walked back to the cars with the shoulderhitching, spraddle-legged walk that is proper affectation for cavalrymen even when they are motorized. The General's O.D. sedan whirled around the bend and pulled up alongside the store porch. General Fredendall, a short, lean-flanked infantryman, stopped to chat with newsmen. "A good looking outfit," remarked one of the newsmen. The General's reddened cheeks wrinkled in a grin. "Good enough," said he.

The Fourth was a new outfit, put together last summer after having been inactive since World War I, the first of the regular Army's nine streamlined divisions to be fully motorized. This march, and everything the Fourth would do hereafter, was trail-blazing for the Army in a new tactical field in which infantrymen ride to battle and get out to walk only when it is time to fight.

The march had begun two days before.

Few minutes after midnight the Reconnaissance Troop had pulled out of the pineshadowed reservation at Benning, was far south when the rest of the outfit turned out of bed at 3 a.m. and got ready to move. By dawn the whole outfit was rumbling south toward Florida on parallel roads. In approach-to-battle formation, trucks rumbled 100 vards apart; machine gunners stood with their eyes on the skies getting the habit of watching for planes; soldiers of the three infantry regiments rode in trucks (soon to be replaced by 603 troop carriers with caterpillar treads). Each infantry outfit was followed by a battalion of artillery with 75-mm. guns (soon to be replaced by the new 105-mm. howitzers). Farther back came the division's big guns, a battalion of big-mouthed, ugly 1555. Like the other artillerymen, its gun crews rode on big trucks (soldiers call them "prime movers").

On the flanks of the column, at its head, directing traffic at crossroads, worked the division's Military Police. They rode, like the division's officers, in brand-new, fourwheel-drive command cars which can do anything but climb a wall or carry their passengers in comfort. Their high bodies were the swirling centers of small and continuous tornadoes that whipped their riders' eyes, bit through heavy clothing. Officers and men wondered aloud why someone in the War Department had put a 1918 model body on a 1941 chassis.

By early afternoon the head of the column had pulled into Panama City, Fla. M.P.s pointed the way to a spreading, underbrushed, sandy plot picked for bivouac. The trucks rumbled in and men poured out of them, lined up in company areas, set up shelter tents. Within an hour the camp had sprung into life. Hungry soldiers sniffed the odors of chow, coming from gasoline stoves which the cooks had started far back on the road. By 5 o'clock, the early arrivals were eating, squatting in front of their tents with their mess kits.

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NATIONAL DEFENSE

By dark the last outfit was in. The signal company had its generator going and the camp was alight.

Next day was Sunday and rest day, except for a platoon of infantrymen, two crews of artillerymen who went to the beach to demonstrate small-scale maneuvers for photographers. Florida's west-coast sand was tough going for the trucks but they pulled through it. Only a big 155 balked, and sank into the beach. Half a hundred infantry and artillerymen took up that problem (see cut, p. 23), worked it out, and hitched it back to its prime mover in a jiffy.

Sunday night the town was bare of soldiers; they had sense enough to turn in early, be ready for the march back home. At reveille (4:30) the camp was already astir. Tents disappeared as if a single big hand had picked them up. The columns of the division's new set of 5,300 draftees, soon to be ready to join the outfit as tactical soldiers after a twelve-week training course. This time they had been left at home, but on the next long march they would go along. By midsummer, when the Fourth Division got its troop carriers and the rest of its equipment, with better than 16,000 officers and men and the fastest moving equipment, with the heaviest fire power, that a U.S. infantry division has ever carried into battle, the Fourth would be ready to march through Georgia or Armageddon itself.

Engel's Camp Manual

When Congress passed a \$466,000,000 bill for Army camp construction last September, it was shooting from the hip. Speed in national defense was urgent; nobody knew just what would cost what.



CAMP BLANDING AND INVESTIGATOR ENGEL Of 117,000 acres, 40% were below lake level.

began to move out under a cloud-dead sky before it was light.

Now, as the Reconnaissance Troop climbed back into its trucks again north of Abbeville, it was past noon. It had begun to rain. The troop's motorcyclists snorted off up the road, the combat cars slogged after them. Closed up, the main column began to pass—infantrymen clutching their rifles, gunners emptyhanded, with cannon rolling behind, engineers with their trailer-carried assortment of compressed-air outfits, bull-dozers, other equipment for smoothing the path of the division's fighting men.

By dark the division was back in Benning, with roughly a 500-mile round trip, completed in three days, one of which had been given to rest. In the division areas the barracks windows were alight, the mess halls bustling. In the motor parks, men laughed and shouted at each other as soldiers do when they know they have done a good job. Among them circulated a few

Even Michigan's bushy-haired, stubby Representative Albert Joseph Engel, a mole for figures, voted for the bill without more than five minutes' consideration. But, while other members went on to other urgencies, fact-loving Mr. Engel took time out to study what he had voted for. His conclusion: the Army had underestimated, would have a deficit of around \$330,000,000. Sure enough, Congress voted a deficit appropriation of \$338,500,000 in March. By that time Albert Engel was buzzing from camp to camp in his Mercury, sleeping in his car, eating sandwiches washed down with milk, and poking through 13 camps on the eastern and southern seaboards.

Last week, after turning in a carefully itemized expense account (\$248.67), he gave his first report: on Camp Blanding, near Jacksonville, Fla., and Fort George G. Meade, 20 miles north of the capital. Representative Engel's words grated harshly on the ears of the Quartermaster Corps. For he had found plenty to document the suspicion that, at least in Camps Meade and Blanding, the Quartermaster Corps had been guilty of bad planning and blundering stupidity. Examples:

▶ About 40% of Blanding's 117,000 acres are below the level of a near-by lake. Result: \$740,000 for a drainage system and dredging to replace muck with sand. Moving one group of tents out of the mud cost around \$10,000.

► Labor costs due to overtime (and readjustment of wage scales by Madam Perkins) increased estimated costs by \$2,014,600.

▶ On orders from the Quartermaster Corps in Washington, camp officers bought 26 miles of 60-lb. rail from the Southern Railway. Army regulations required 80lb. rail. Said Mr. Engel: "It looks to me as though the Southern . . . unloaded some of its light rails. . . . I am wondering what is going to happen should the Army ever attempt to send [over it] a trainload of mechanized equipment or railroad artillery."

▶ Roads built with crushed rock bought from a Florida partnership formed last July cost \$1,247,000. Investigator Engel was told by engineers that \$547,000 could have been saved by using sand, oil and clay binder.

▶ Visiting the camp in February, aging Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson congratulated all hands on progress made. Next day the contractor and engineer were fired.

▶ Original estimate for Fort Meade's construction was \$9,053,187. Later expanded to accommodate 1% more troops, it will actually cost \$23,117,000. Increased costs due to overtime alone: \$1,808,320.

▶ Fort Meade's architect-engineer (Baltimore's seasoned J. E. Greiner Co.) recommended building the camp on the old World War I site, utilizing sewers and roads. The Army insisted on a new site with practically no roads, no utilities, but plenty of sewerage problems.

▶ Utilities at Meade were estimated to cost \$766,264, will actually cost three and a half times that amount.

▶ Picking new hospital and anti-tank sites (and using them) cost an estimated \$1,-000,000 more than would have been needed for World War I sites.

After Meade and Benning, Mr. Engel's story still had eleven chapters to go. But he had already arrived at an angry conclusion. Said he: "The officers in the United States Army who . . . are responsible for this willful, extravagant and outrageous waste of the taxpayers' money ought to be court-martialed and kicked out of the Government service."

Refund

At Fort Custer, Mich., Private Carl Jones of the Tenth Infantry handed his mess sergeant \$8 in cash, explained that he had eaten more than his share of company grub.

BALKAN THEATER

Soul v. Steel

The campaign of 1941, the awful convulsion, began last week.

As usual the announcement of intention to attack came after the attack. At 5:15 a.m. the Germans struck. At 5:30 o'clock the German Minister to Athens, Viktor Prinz zu Erbach-Schönberg, presented a note to the Greek Government announcing that, because of the wicked British, it would be necessary to attack Greece. As usual the German High Command announced that Yugoslav and British troops having advanced against them, it had been necessary to "counter-attack."

The Yugoslavs reacted to this nonsense by marching to battle with song. The Greeks, who have tasted the fruits of valor, answered not only with gunfire but with taunts and with determination. They shouted a new version of the classic boast: "We shall throw them into the sea—into the Baltic Sea." They talked a little prematurely of the day the war would end when Evzones would march through the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin.

The King said to his people: "All together, men, women, children of Hellenes, rise up, clench your fists, stand at my side. . . Forward, sons of Hellas, in the fight for body and soul!" A spokesman said: "Greece will fight on, no matter what odds are thrown against her, because she has a soul which can never be extinguished." And the Yugoslavs sang a sad old song: *Dusa Moja—My Soul*.

But soul is softer than steel. The steel teeth of the German Army struck into Yugoslavia and Greece from many directions with many techniques—with divebombing, parachute troops, tanks, mobile artillery, mechanized infantry. One group of attacks (see map) was concentrated on the relatively flat plains of northern Yugoslavia.

But the heaviest and by far the more important drives were farther south. Through the mountains from Sofia to Nish and Skoplje went drives intended to cut the vital Vardar Valley and divide the Yugoslavs from the Greeks. And down the Struma River valley towards Salonika went another drive to break the Greeks' back and roll the British into the sea.

The defenders, though they stressed they were "fighting against forces ten times superior and against mechanical implements one hundred times greater," were not idle. The British at once announced what most of the world had long known: that they had already estab-



Тіме, April 14, 1941

lished a considerable force in Greece. The Germans' weakest point on the Bulgarian-Greek Front was supply—only one single-track railway. The R.A.F. and the Greek and Yugoslav Air Forces concentrated on supply lines, and daring Yugoslav engineers braved air attacks to impede traffic by sinking four cementladen barges in the Danube, at the Iron Gate, where the channel is very narrow.

The first day, the Germans claimed they had advanced 18 to 25 miles in northern Yugoslavia. In the Struma Valley they admitted stubborn resistance. To the Greeks, that was gross understatement. They claimed that they were piling the valley high with German dead.

The second day, the Yugoslavs drove the Italians out of Scutari, Albania, and took the Italian-held island of Zara in the Adriatic.

STRATEGY

A Dictator's Hour

(See Cover)

The crucial spring of his career came last week to Adolf Hitler. He could see it in sheltered, sun-struck places around the Berghof where lilies of the valley, violets, Alpine roses, blue gentians, and wild azaleas bloomed, and in the green showing through the white on the Untersberg's slopes across the way. But he could feel it even more strongly in his bones: spring, when armies march.

If the campaigns Hitler launches this spring are as successful as those he launched a year ago, he will almost indisputably soon be master of at least half the world. If they fail, the least that can be expected is that the tide of world power will begin to run against him as the weight of U.S. economic power begins to pour to the aid of Britain. For Hitler this spring is destiny.

He must have been keenly aware of that fact one morning last week when he stretched a tentative toe into his greentinted bathtub, while he gazed at his face with its little mustache and flopping hair, as he covered his chin with lather (at the Berghof the great dictator is his own barber), while he sipped his Chinese tea, spooned his porridge and chewed his morning toast covered with a mountain of jam.

There must have been an extraordinary meeting that morning in his pine-paneled workroom, with his aides: General Alfred Jodl, the powerful, anonymous chief of his personal staff; huge Julius Schaub, his personal adjutant and bodyguard; Chief Adjutant Colonel Schmundt of the General Staff; Army Aide Major Engel; Navy Aide Captain von Puttkammer; Air Aide Major von Below, and a few others— Adolf Hitler's trusted links with the fighting forces whose preparations were already made.

If his blue eyes were sharper than April sky, and if he rubbed his hands with queer, excited jerks, that was only natural.



HITLER BEFORE HINDENBURG In 1933 he was deferential....

Excitement makes him thrive and happy. Moreover he was about to compose his own words of destiny.

He called for a secretary, one of his three confidential secretaries—Frau Wolf, Frau Schroeder or Frau Daranowsky and began to dictate. When the draft was brought to him, typed on special typewriters with huge letters designed to save his eyes, he slashed it making revisions in green, blue and red pencil.

Finally he was done. Copies were wired far & wide, one to each division of the armies poised in Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Italy; one for Propaganda Minister Paul Joseph Goebbels to read to the world over the radio next morning; copies for the press. Excerpts:

Soldiers of the Southeast Front:

Since early this morning the German people are at war with the Belgrade Government of intrigue. We shall only lay down arms when this band of ruffians has been definitely and most emphatically eliminated, and when the last Briton has left this part of the European Continent, and when these misled people realize that they must thank Britain for this situation, they must thank England, the greatest warmonger of all time....

In accordance with the policy of letting others fight for her, as she did in the case of Poland . . . Norway . . . France and Belgium . . Britain again tried to involve Germany in the struggle in which Britain hoped that she would finish off the German people once and for all. . . . In a few weeks the German soldiers on the Eastern Front, Poland, swept aside this instrument of British policy.

After long effort we finally succeeded in securing the cooperation of Yugoslavia by its adherence to the Tripartite Pact without having demanded anything whatsoever of the Yugoslav nation except that it take its part in the reconstruction of a new order in Europe.

At this point the criminal usurpers of the new Belgrade Government took the power of the State unto themselves, which is the result of being in the pay of Churchill and Britain. . . . Members and officers of the German Embassy, employes of our consulates in Yugoslavia, were daily subjected to the most humiliating attacks. The German schools, exactly as in Poland, were laid in ruins by bandits. Innumerable German nationals were kidnapped and attacked by Yugoslavs and some even were killed. In addition, Yugoslavia for weeks has planned a general mobilization of its Army in great secrecy. This is the answer to my eight-year-long effort to bring about closer cooperation and friendship with the Yugoslav people, a task that I have pursued most fastidiously. . . .

The fight on Greek soil is not a battle against the Greek people, but against that archenemy England. . . .

Soldiers of the Southeast Front: Now your zero hour has arrived.

Seasons in Reverse. Thus did Adolf Hitler apostrophize his beloved season, spring. His ambition, which he has often avowed, is to be an architect—not only of heroic buildings; but also of mankind in his image. And spring is his building season. "Just now," he said in a recent speech, "I am feeling particularly vigorous. Spring is coming."

Though not noisily sturdy like Mussolini, Hitler is a healthy man, who in ten years has changed physically less than most men between 42 and 52, and who has



European, Wide World

CHAMBERLAIN & MUSSOLINI BEFORE HITLER Since then he has taken the measure of most of Europe's statesmen.

suffered no greater hurts than a finger broken in an automobile accident and a polyp removed from his larynx. The wiglike wad of hair which hangs across his forehead has no grey in it; nor has his curt mustache.

For Adolf Hitler is an ascetic. He never smokes, and says: "I like to have my enemies smoke as much as possible, but I do not like to have my friends smoke." He never drinks anything stronger than his private near-beer, 1.5% alcohol. He eats no meat. Sex has no place in his life. In springtime, with Germany at war, he gives up even his little pleasures:

He tells his long, slim chauffeur Kempka to put away his long, slim, black Mercédès-Benz touring car, in which he loves to ride by the day across the Fatherland. In its place appears the grim sixwheeled, field-grey car of war, also a Mercédès-Benz.

There are no more evenings now of dressing to the ears and listening for hours on end to the stupendous heroics of Richard Wagner; no more evenings lying on his army cot at home as his Siemens record-changer riffles through the ponderous Germanisms of his other favorite, Anton Bruckner.

No more evenings now of cinema in his living room, no more comedies, no more mystery films, no more grandiose biographies. Now the only movies are *Wochenschauen*—weekly newsreels—and the terrifying records of campaigns.

No more lavish entertainments now, no more evenings amusing everyone by mimicking the fat Göring and the thin Goebbels, no more long, lazy conversations about art. And no friendly picnics in Bavaria. His society now must be his sol-

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diers, who he says are "quick as greyhounds, tough as leather, and hard as Krupp steel."

No more tenderness to animals now. He must forget now how he once made pets of mice, how he wept when his canaries sickened and died, how he gave nuts to the squirrels around the Berghof, how, when a huge crowd was gathered for the ceremonies in Vimy last summer a cur dog appeared from the forest and came through those hundreds of people straight to him. Now he must attend to the business of

war.

Assets in the Bank. All these sacrifices are worthwhile to Adolf Hitler, for this spring all that he has accomplished is at stake. Now his work will come to fruition or else will be blighted.

He has increased Germany's size from 180,976 square miles to 323,360 square miles, plus 290,000 more in occupied but unannexed lands. He has spread his boundaries to include not 65,000,000 but 106,-000,000 people. He has built a Party of 3,000,000, a youth movement of 11,750,-000, a compulsory labor movement of 25,-000,000. Before war came, he had built 1,300 miles of roads, given 315 new vessels to the merchant marine, more than doubled the carrying capacity of railroads, more than doubled the distance flown by commercial airlines. Starting with unemployment of some 7,500,000, he ended with such a labor shortage that 600,000 laborers have been imported from Italy, 750,000 from Poland, 150,000 from The Netherlands, over 1,000,000 from France.

It is no wonder that Hitler today is a far different creature from the man who deferentially greeted President von Hindenburg in January 1933 when the old Field Marshal reluctantly accepted him as Chancellor. Since then he has taken the measure of most of Europe's statesmen including Britain's own Prime Minister Chamberlain. His once co-equal ally, Mussolini, is now only his stooge (see p. 32).

Even war that has cost Germany much, has not stopped the steady accretion of

GROWTH OF HITLER'S ARMED MIGHT (According to the best estimates now available)

1.1	PANZER DIVISIONS	INFANTRY DIVISIONS	SURFACE NAVY TONNAGE	SUBMARINES	MILITARY AIRPLANES
Jan. 1933	0	7	117,350	0	0
Sept. 1939	8	150	183,866	71	12,000
April 1941	12	214	363,171*	180	40,000

* Of the ships which existed in 1933, 41,250 tons were scrapped before the war and of the Navy that existed at the beginning of the war, 50,805 tons were lost in action. The continued increase is due to the commissioning since 1939 of two new battleships, two aircraft carriers and many smaller vessels.

Germany's strength. From the nations he invaded or persuaded—Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Russia, Poland, Norway, the Lowlands, the Balkans, France—Hitler eased to varying extents strategic shortages of oil, iron, aluminum, manganese, cellulose, molybdenum and food. By developments of substitutes he eased pressure for rubber, to some extent for gasoline and quinine. He is still hard up for copper (but hopes to increase his stores by the conquest of Yugoslavia) and nickel (but has eased that shortage by seizing the nickel coinage of occupied countries).

His extraordinary accomplishments in increasing his naval, military and air strength, not only from 1933 to the beginning of the war, but since war began, is suggested by the estimates of the table (see p. 27). Not all this was achieved by Hitler. Some of it belongs to his predecessors, for instance to General Hans von Seeckt who organized the seven division (100,000-man) Army that Hitler inherited in 1933. Today virtually all Seeckt's well trained 100,000 are officers of the Nazi Army. Otherwise its rapid expansion would not have been possible.

The most significant evidence of the table is that in most material respects Hitler today has greater armed power than at the beginning of the war. In addition, his fighting men who were untried in 1939 are now veterans with all the experience that helps to win battles. This spring his assets in the bank have reached a new high.

Losses Not Taken. But if his assets are up, Hitler has now acquired a great many contingent liabilities that he did not have when war began. His ally, Italy, is now a hollow shell. And while he has grown in physical strength, his moral strength has waned. This can cause him severe setbacks, and has already cost him one. A tiny nation, Yugoslavia, had dared to defy him, with the result that the plans for his spring campaign in the Balkans had to be completely revised. Now his armies are committed to crush Yugoslavia, from Hitler's standpoint a useless and costly campaign —costly at any rate in time.

Not only are his persecutions of minorities abhorred, but all his overtures are distrusted. No longer has he the advantage of being able to distract, divide and suborn his opponents. All the world as yet unconquered is united in distrust of him.

According to Nazi accounts, Adolf Hitler's brilliant mind does not merely remember what he reads; it photographs it, frames it, and tacks it to the side of his skull. If this is so, somewhere in Hitler's mind lies the picture of the words he once wrote about his own sensations in World War I: "I felt fully the whims of fortune which kept me at the front in a place where any lucky move on the part of a Negro could shoot me down." If defeat ever comes to his armies, his people may begin to feel as he did 25 years ago.

Victory depends among other things upon relative strength. Although Hitler's legions are greater than ever before, the strength of his enemies is now mounting rapidly. When the U.S.—with perhaps the whole of the Western Hemisphere to follow—gave its aid to Britain, Hitler lost far more in relative strength than all his victories since war began had gained him.

Henceforth, the clock ticks against him. This is his spring. Last week he grasped it avidly.

SOUTHERN THEATER

Seesaw in Africa

The London *Times* divulged to its readers last week "a disagreeable surprise." Bengasi had fallen into Axis hands again. Later in the week it had a pleasant surprise: Addis Ababa had fallen into British hands without a struggle.

For a fortnight a large-scale Axis mechanized raid had been under way in Libya. It had been signalized by the resignation of Marshal Rodolfo Graziani, nearly the



GENERALS GARIBOLDI & ROMMEL This time the Germans run the show.

last of Italy's famed and tried old hands. His place was taken by General Italo Gariboldi, 62, one of Italy's old whiskerbearing generals. But the real Axis commander in Libya was now no Italian. It was Lieut. General Erwin Rommel, a Panzer expert whose appointment to Libya must have maddened the Italians: he distinguished himself against them in World War I. General Rommel apparently used one mechanized division (mostly German) in his giant raid, and by outflanking tactics took first el-Aghéila, the farthest point of British advance, then the desert outposts of Marsa el-Bréga and Agedábia.

The British nowhere put up real resistance. They claimed they evacuated Bengasi without losing a man. The British communiqué stated that British advance forces had withdrawn "to choose our own battleground." The British were evidently perfectly willing to cede territory, since in desert warfare, as in sea warfare, the destruction of enemy fighting units is the only thing that counts.

How far the German advance would go was anybody's guess. The complete lack of resistance suggested that General Sir Archibald Wavell had stripped the area of all but a skeleton force, and sent most of the others to Greece where he expected more decisive action. He had taken a gamble of the kind good generals have to take.

About 20,000 Germans and Italians were actively participating in the drive in Libya, and they were thought to have more than twice as many in reserve. That the British were not unduly depressed by the fall of Bengasi was due to the fact that growing Sahara heat will impede the Axis advance and that soon British troops in East Africa may be free to turn to the defense of Egypt.

In East Africa, the British advances looked more like dress parade than war. Some of the Eritrean force swept down into Ethiopia and took Aduwa, scene of the famed Italian debacle in 1896. The South African detachment which had taken Italian Somaliland, had swept up across the Ethiopian savannas and had cracked Harar, now drove up the Addis Ababa-Djibouti railroad at the rate of 25 miles a day. There was a brief, sharp action at the Awash River. Then the British pressed on and took Addis Ababa without meeting any Italian resistance at all.

Thus, at the age of five, died Benito Mussolini's infant colony. There was still probably a battle to be fought. Italian troops from Addis Ababa fled north to meet the Italian troops fleeing down from Eritrea. Presumably the two forces planned to join for one last stand.

At Addis Ababa, the Italian commander, the Duke of Aosta, left behind a note to the British commanders, General Wavell and Lieut. General Alan Gordon Cunningham, a remarkable but pathetic document of defeat:

"His Royal Highness, the Duke of Aosta, wishes to express his appreciation of the initiative taken by General Wavell and General Cunningham regarding the protection of the women and children of Addis Ababa, thereby demonstrating that strong bonds of humanity and race still exist between our nations."



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FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

April 6

On April 6, 1199, Richard Coeur de Lion died. On April 6, 1580, an earthquake destroyed part of London. George Washington was elected first President of the U.S. on April 6, 1789, and on April 6, 1909, Admiral Peary reached the North Pole. On April 6, 1917, the U.S. declared war on Germany.

On April 6, 1941, Germany launched what may well prove to be the decisive campaign of World War II (see p. 25). Germany had tipped off the world on the date a month in advance (TIME, March 17). But the German timetable was already awry, because Germany had expected this campaign to be directed only against Greece, with Yugoslavia as a line of supply. The military campaign that was begun April 6, 1941 was to retrieve a diplomatic defeat.

On Yugoslavia Germany tried both kidnapping and amputation. General Dusan Simovitch's *coup* having foiled the kidnapping plot, last week the Croat leader, old Dr. Vladimir Matchek, joined Premier Simovitch's Cabinet as Vice Premier, thereby ending Germany's hope of amputating Croatia. Two days later, in Moscow, the Yugoslav Minister, Milan Gavrilovitch, and Russia's Foreign Minister Viacheslav Molotov signed a treaty of "non-aggression and friendship" while Joseph Stalin looked on, beaming broadly.

The German war machine was rolling before the ink was dry on the pact. But it was not likely that Messrs. Stalin and Molotov had hoped to discourage Germany from attacking Yugoslavia. They wanted merely to assure Yugoslavia that Russia would not move in to divide the swag, as it did in the case of Poland. Two weeks earlier they had given a similar assurance to Turkey. If by this means other nations could be encouraged to stand up to Germany, war would be kept away from Russia a while longer.

HUNGARY

End of a Tightrope Walk

From its perch on the towering crags of Buda one dawn last week the Hungarian Foreign Office abruptly announced that Premier Count Paul Teleki had just died of a heart attack. Intimates of the Teleki family whispered that Count Teleki had taken poison. Finally doctors who examined the body signed a one-sentence communiqué: "Premier Teleki committed suicide at dawn April 3."

Whether Count Teleki had committed suicide in despair—perhaps even to arouse his people—because he believed Hungary was about to be completely engulfed by Hitler, or whether he had been killed by the Gestapo lest he initiate an anti-Axis coup d'état like that which took place in Belgrade last fortnight, he died because

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THE LATE COUNTS TELEKI & CSÁKY, WITH FRIEND Finally came Hungary's historic catastrophe.

his policy was fatal. The "tightrope Premier," who had tried to serve Hungary's interests by cooperating with Germany, was not able to make a go of it.

In the last two years Count Teleki had succeeded in getting back for Hungary large pieces of territory she once owned. Hungary, which was chopped down after World War I from 125,000 square miles to 35,875 square miles, has by Nazi favor grown to 67,000 square miles. But Count Teleki had to pay for these gains. Last year Hungary issued over 6,000 transit visas to Nazi fifth columnists entering the Balkans disguised as tourists. Premier Teleki also obliged by letting German fighting forces and their supplies pass freely across Hungary on their way to browbeat Rumania and Bulgaria. But when he was asked to help invade Yugoslavia, with which Hungary signed a "pact of eternal friendship" only four months ago, Teleki's unrelenting conscience toppled him off his tightrope.

After signing that treaty Foreign Minister Count Csáky died mysteriously on his way back from Belgrade to Budapest (TIME, Feb. 3). Tough, square-jawed Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary, asked Count Csáky's successor, Dr. Laszlo Bardossy, to step into the shoes of Premier Teleki. Budapest called Premier Bardossy "another tightrope walker"—meaning no offense—but with Germany riding herd in Hungary, there was no more tightrope to walk. Great Britain broke off diplomatic relations this week and prepared to bomb German troop concentrations in Hungary, a process already begun in Rumania and Bulgaria.

An Associated Press wire from Budapest revealed something hitherto unknown about the dead Premier: "Teleki was one of the men behind the book *Why Germany Cannot Win The War*, which broke all sales records in Hungary. Teleki told the author, Ivan Lajos, that he intended to ban the book—after it had sold 100,000 copies. He added that he would ban it before that unless a copy was put in the hands of every Hungarian Army officer."

A more revealing report on Count Teleki came from the typewriter of Columnist Dorothy Thompson, to whom last year he gave a monograph he had written on the structure of European nations. (He had once been a professor of geography.) At that time he said of Transylvania: "I would rather wait another generation than get it by grace of the Germans." But Teleki had no choice. Columnist Thompson asked him: "What will you do if the Germans insist on using Hungary as a base for operations against another State?" He replied: "It will be Hungary's historic catastrophe . . . I do not know. I shall have to make up my mind when the moment comes." The moment came last week.

FOREIGN NEWS

ITALY

The Fall of Rome

In Rome last week heavy contingents of Italian troops broke up a demonstration before the U.S. Embassy, then ostentatiously stood guard day & night. Italian officers were forbidden to speak to U.S. attachés. U.S. films were banned from Italy. Professor Guido Manacorda of the University of Florence made a speech before the Italian Center for American Studies in which he called the U.S. "a civilization of robbers, the godless, the divorcées, the gangsters, the lynchers, the strikers and the unemployed."

Such incidents were not simply expressions of resentment against the U.S. for seizing Italian ships and ousting an air attaché (*see p. 17*). They were steps in a carefully planned campaign, similar in detail and in purpose to the campaign which preceded Italy's declaration of war against Great Britain and France last June.

If to most U.S. citizens it seemed fantastic that Italy could be planning to declare war against the U.S., it was not at all fantastic to U.S. Correspondent John Thompson Whitaker, who had just been expelled from Italy (TIME, March 10). In a series of articles for the Chicago Daily News and New York Post Correspondent Whitaker told why anti-U.S. demonstrations failed to come off during the discussion of the Lend-Lease Bill. An Italian said to him then: "When we are being beaten by the Greeks, are those madmen going to make us provoke America?"

"By now," Correspondent Whitaker thinks, "even that much common sense has been destroyed by the daily pricking of Goebbels' poisoned pens and the careful preparation of Himmler's black books... Italy, in short, is German, and its public must be prepared for Hitler's declaration of war... if America begins to make aid to Britain decisive by convoying armaments directly to British ports."

John T. Whitaker is no sensationalist, but a seasoned correspondent who probably had more sound sources of information and more real friends in Italy than any other newsman who has worked there in recent years. Moreover, his account of how Germany conquered Italy was supported in many details by another able correspondent, Saville R. Davis, whose series of articles appeared simultaneously in the *Christian Science Monitor*. Between them they lifted a smoke screen of speculation and rumor behind which the truth about Italy has been partly hidden for the past four months.

"Nazi infiltration into every executive post," wrote Correspondent Whitaker, "was made possible by persuading Mussolini of the advantage in principle of merging Fascism and Naziism." By the middle of December the Nazis controlled, not only the Italian Foreign Office and the Ministries of War, Communications and Finance, but 50% of Italian industry. The week before Christmas they struck.

"Hitler had to take over. The Axis position in North Africa and the Mediterranean had become desperate. The Axis position in Italy had become worse than desperate—the Italians were knocked out and ready for separate peace. Only Mussolini could prevent separate peace, and he could be maintained in power only by the arrival of the Germans in force."

Correspondent Whitaker thinks Britain could have forced a separate peace if it had been able to bomb Italy heavily enough. But Britain did not have the air



KING OF ITALY A cynical, selfish, dirty old man?

power and Hitler moved too quickly. The Germans already bossed the Italian railways. "Suddenly, without warning, 122 major train services in Italy were suspended. In the eight weeks beginning at the joyous Christmas season those trains were devoted to the task of hauling German troops and German equipment into Italy. The conquest was swift and complete."

An Italian doctor told Correspondent Whitaker about a peasant boy whose feet and hands had been amputated after frostbite in Albania. No winter equipment had been provided for the Army. The boy raised the stump of his arm and screamed: "We're going to kill Mussolini, the murderer." Whitaker heard another story of a wounded man who rose from his cot in an Albanian hospital and spat in the face of Mussolini's daughter, Countess Ciano.

Although these were isolated cases, Whitaker thinks that Mussolini has the personal loyalty of scarcely more than a few hundred Italians. The people are done with him, ready to throw him out, but they have no one else to turn to. After 19 years of Fascism they are helpless, without leaders, without political faith. They have no hope even in the royal family. A prince who had been a member of the royal household told Whitaker: "The King is worse than ga-ga. He is a cynical, selfish, dirty old man. He cares nothing for Italy or the Italian people, but only for his own throne." Servants now repeat society gossip about the effeminacy of the Prince of Piedmont.

As for the Army, Correspondent Davis reported on its bankruptcy by telling how Roberto Farinacci's Fascist Party plotters undercut the Old Guard and ousted Marshal Pietro Badoglio. Correspondent Whitaker added: "The Fascists have deliberately spread lies about the corruption of Badoglio. He isn't corrupt. He is merely a very old man. . . Graziani is a sick man, suffering, perhaps, from cancer of the throat."

Whatever hope of deliverance lies in the Italian people is quiescent, Correspondent Whitaker thinks. They accept the German occupation "with as much resignation as the eruption of Vesuvius." They are overawed by Germany's military might. But once the Germans are being defeated, they will be ready to rise, he predicts. At night, when an Italian tries to hail a passing taxi (scarce in wartime), he shouts: "Libero? [Are you free?]" In the darkness come answers from people in the street:

"No! Italiano! [No! I'm Italian!]"

YUGOSLAVIA

Tapped for Skull & Bones

An American woman last week joined an anti-Nazi Fifth Column, a Fifth Column that operated in the Balkans before Adolf Hitler was born. It was a secret band of Serbian and Bulgarian patriots who called themselves Chetniks (home guards), were scornfully referred to as Komitadji (guerrillas) by their Turkish overlords. Pledged neither to give nor accept quarter, the Chetniks plotted assassinations, harassed the Turks, kept the pot of Balkan independence boiling. In World War I the Serbian Chetniks circulated behind the enemy's lines, blew up bridges, destroyed communications, fanned revolts among Austria-Hungary's Balkan minorities. Denied the rights of soldiers, they were shot on sight, usually preferred to commit suicide rather than let the enemy kill them.

Today 38,000 Yugoslavs wear the Chetnik uniform (blue serge tunic with skull-&-bones insignia, dagger, black socks embroidered with roses) and there are many more secret members, but among them are not more than ten women. The American woman who joined them was Ruth Mitchell, a native of Milwaukee, sister of the late, famed U.S. airman, General William ("Billy") Mitchell, ex-wife of two Britons, mother of a son with the R.A.F. in Africa.

Ruth Mitchell had been busy writing a guidebook, studying native folklore in



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FOREIGN NEWS



RUTH MITCHELL Now she is considered dead.

Albania when the Italians seized it. She has since been living in Yugoslavia. One day last week she walked into a peasant hut on the outskirts of Belgrade and stood before 70-year-old Kosta Pechanatz, leader of the *Chetniks*. A veteran *Komitadji*, stationed on the Salonika Front during World War I, Kosta Pechanatz got a French aviator to drop him in Serbia, there made so much trouble for the Germans that it took three Army divisions to quiet things down.

On the wall behind white-bearded Leader Pechanatz hung a picture of Gavrilo Princip, the assassin who shot and killed the Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo in 1914, thus started World War I. In a corner, on the floor, lay the bleached skeleton of a *Chetnik* hero. Said Leader Pechanatz, with a casual wave of his arm: "His mother comes to see me every few weeks. She often asks whose skeleton that is. I have never told her. I am hard, but not that hard."

Then Leader Pechanatz gravely handed Mrs. Mitchell a phial of poison, showed her how to sew it in the collar of her tunic so that she could suck it out, even though her hands were manacled. He told her to practice killing with a knife, by plunging and twisting it in a sack of flour. These amenities attended to, Leader Pechanatz gave Mrs. Mitchell a job as dispatch rider on his general staff. From a list of names before him, he crossed hers off. Said he: "We just cross the name off, my girl, because we consider you dead when you become one of us. I expect to die myself this time. How about you?" "I am willing too," said Ruth Mitchell stoutly. To her Milwaukee sister, Mrs. Martin

To her Milwaukee sister, Mrs. Martin Fladoes, Ruth Mitchell sent a curt cable. It said: "Am leaving for the front."

GREAT BRITAIN

War Hurts

To the staggering tax load Britons have been carrying, this week a few more pounds were added, not to make Britain's budget balance (which is impossible) but to forestall threatening inflation. Into the House of Commons strode Chancellor of the Exchequer Sir Kingsley Wood with a new war budget, calling for a record outlay of £4,207,000,000 (\$16,828,000-000) in the next twelve months. The basic income-tax rate was upped from $42\frac{1}{2}\%$ to 50%. Britain will add some 2,000,000 small-

Britain will add some 2,000,000 smallwage earners to the tax rolls: personal exemptions were cut from £170 to £140 (\$560) for married taxpayers, from £100 to £80 (\$320) for single men. But these additional taxes will not be an outright gift to the Government. They will be credited to the taxpayer's account in postal savings after the war. Thus Sir Kingsley produced what was, in effect, a long-expected compulsory war-savings system for Britons.

Said he: "The burden I am compelled to impose is vitally necessary, not only to meet our financial position but to secure a reduction in consumption." No crocodile tears were these. One of the chief perils of war is inflation: rising prices because the supply of goods is inadequate. One way to keep prices down is to cut the public's purchasing power. This is a device with which Hitler has forestalled a new German inflation for several years past, and Britain had to come to it. Britain's new taxes, said Sir Kingsley frankly, are not intended primarily to raise more revenue, but "to make a considerable cut" in the public's power to buy in order to "avoid the everpresent dangers of inflation."

How It Feels

In a brick cottage in Liverpool's Merseyside last fortnight, 19-year-old Ruth Owen wrote a letter to her sweetheart to tell him how it feels to be bombed. Her letter:

"The time is now 8:45 p.m. The warning has just gone and the guns are going. It sounds as though the whole German Air Force is over our house. Oh, I do hope they don't drop any bombs! But they are diving like they always do when they drop bombs. I wish you were here with me. Every time they dive I go all sick inside. Here they come again. I'm afraid it's our night *tonight*. To make things ten times worse the wind is howling something awful.*

"My two aunties are knitting. Mums is just sitting still. Dad is smoking and I am writing to you. Oh. you would laugh if you could see us all sitting by the inside wall, ready to make a dive under the table if things get too hot. If you don't mind, dear, I think I will stop for a bit as—My Lord, * Wind-howl sounds are much like falling bombs.



VIRGINIA WOOLF The world clamored : Kill yourself. (See below)

they have dropped something not far away, the house shook—my hand is getting tired. I am going to read your letter and see if it will give me a bit of pluck.

"My Lord, what a row! Machine guns and bombs and planes, ours and Hitler's. It's our night tonight, all right. I am now lying under the table. We have just had an incendiary bomb in the yard. My hand is shaking. . . ."

Last week a demolition squad found Ruth's letter beside her body under the table.

An Artist Vanishes

One morning last month British Novelist Virginia Woolf sat down at her desk as usual, but instead of revising her new novel, she wrote a note to her sister saying: "Farewell to the world." She also wrote a note to her husband, Leonard Woolf, editor of London's Political Quarterly. Then she took a walking stick and went for her favorite walk across the rolling Sussex Downs to the River Ouse. What Virginia Woolf did, what passed in her stream of consciousness beside the water no one else knew. But when her husband, following her footprints across the fields, rushed up in panic, only her stick was lying on the bank. While searchers dragged the Ouse, but found no body (the river is tidal at that point), Leonard Woolf told the press: "Mrs. Woolf is presumed to be dead." He did not tell what was in her last note to him.

All her family was inclined to think that Virginia Woolf was a suicide. They did not agree that her suicide had been brought on by the war. The Woolfs have spent most of World War II in an isolated cottage, Monk's House, near the village of



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Rodmell, Sussex. There was plenty of action, with airplanes frequently roaring overhead, dropping incendiaries. Virginia helped to give first aid. When a bomb demolished her London home, destroying valuable murals by Duncan Grant and her sister, Vanessa Bell (wife of Art Critic Clive Bell), she observed: "Every beautiful thing will soon be destroyed.'

More unsettling than the war, her family thought, had been her literary worries. Three weeks ago Virginia Woolf finished a short novel, Between The Acts, written while she was working on her biography of Roger Fry. Husband Woolf was enthusiastic about the new book. His partner in the Hogarth Press, John Lehmann, called Between The Acts "a work of remarkable poetic power, in which her sensibility is even more naked and delicate." But Virginia felt that the end of her book was not good, the whole work was not up to the exacting Woolf standard.

She had always been morbidly selfcritical, agonized over almost every book, sometimes suffered a complete nervous collapse. Yet she came of a professional writing clan. Her father was Sir Leslie Stephen, editor of the Dictionary of National Biography. She was related to Thackeray and such scholarly dynasties as the Darwins, Maitlands, Symondses, Stracheys. James Russell Lowell was her godfather. She married into the Bloomsbury group, which included Critic Bell, Novelist E. M. Forster, Biographer Lytton Strachey, Economist John Maynard Keynes.

In 1922 she published Jacob's Room; in 1925 Mrs. Dalloway; in 1927 To The Lighthouse. All three were stream-ofconsciousness novels. To some readers they didn't always make sense, but they made her name and parts of them almost made music. Like a musician, she liked to strike the mood of her books with a borrowed lyric on which she improvised infinite variations.

In Mrs. Dalloway it was Shakespeare's Fear no more the heat o' the sun,

Or the furious winter's rages. . .

Perhaps, as she stood beside the Ouse, Virginia Woolf repeated those lines to herself as Clarissa Dalloway had done. Perhaps, in the midst of World War II, she had come to feel as Clarissa Dalloway did after World War I: "This late age of the world's experience had bred in them all, all men and women, a well of tears.' Perhaps, as World War II and the war's changes closed over her, Virginia Woolf came to feel at last like war-shocked Septimus Smith, whose suicide she had described in Mrs. Dalloway: "Human nature, in short, was on him-the repulsive brute with the blood-red nostrils. . The whole world was clamouring: Kill yourself, kill yourself. . . .'

Renegade Unmasked

One evening in April 1939 Britons fiddling with their radio dials were startled to hear an anonymous British voice speaking over German airwaves. Said he, in clipped Oxonian accents: "To some I may seem a traitor-but hear me out. . . .

For a long time after that, old Michael

Joyce of Dulwich Common, London refused to admit that Lord Haw-Haw was his son. He would not listen to Haw-Haw's voice on the air.

When two other sons, Quentin, a clerk in the Air Ministry, and Frank, a technician for the British Broadcasting Corp., were arrested and interned, their father shook his head helplessly. When the first



LORD HAW-HAW NÉ JOYCE "Garbage."

big flight of Nazi bombers roared over London one night last September, a bomb crashed on Dulwich Common, blasted the home in which white-haired Michael Joyce lived with his wife and two youngest children. Ailing, he moved into another small, red-painted brick house in near-by East Dulwich. There, last fortnight, Michael Joyce died.

One night last week, almost two years to the minute since he made his radio debut, Lord Haw-Haw began his broadcast with the words: "I, William Joyce. . . . If his father's death had anything to do with his decision to abandon his incognito, he did not say so. Instead, he explained that he had dropped it to answer a series of London newspaper stories calling him a common spy. Said his in-dignant Lordship: "All these imputations I disregard as garbage. . . .'

CHINA

The Battle of Reform

Last week the Chinese War Ministry announced "the most brilliant military feat of the entire war," with the capture of the outposts of the city of Nanchang and the destruction of 20,000 out of 56,-000 Japanese troops. But it was neither so brilliant nor so bold a victory as Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek won in his own capital, Chungking.

There in a plenary session of the ruling Kuomintang the Generalissimo stood up and scolded his Party heartily for losing the confidence of the people, for doing a



first tooth, and it makes his smile more winning still! And

Something Kas been added.

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slipshod administrative job, for playing into Japan's hands.

Chastened, the Kuomintang went into an executive huddle, emerged with a set of specific reforms and a manifesto-of new intentions. It agreed to form additional local Political Councils. This in itself was a long step toward persuading the doubting Chinese people that the Kuomintang was working for democracy and not for its own perpetuation in power. The Kuomintang also agreed that the National Government would take over the whole job of distributing food and other necessities, thereby doing away with hoarding which has resulted in coolies starving while rich men speculated. It further agreed that the Government would henceforth collect taxes on real estate (hitherto a perquisite of the local governments) under an ingenious system by which landowners will make their own assessments, with the Government reserving the right to buy the land if the assessments are considered too low. This will bring to the central Government revenue which it badly needs. It should put the burden of taxation on the class which can best afford it-the landlords, who have been virtually tax-exempt because they control the local governments, who do most of the speculating in grain and who force their peasantry to pay as much as 60% of their crops for rent (including "protection").

Back of these reforms, letter and spirit, one of the strongest influences was the U.S., represented by the bespectacled face of Lauchlin Currie, economic aide to President Roosevelt. Currie went to Chungking early this year, at the invitation of the National Government, to try to unravel its snarled finances, set up a working budget. But his mission developed into a high-powered diplomatic errand.

In Chungking Currie went everywhere,

saw and talked to everyone. To Chiang Kai-shek and the Government, uncertain of President Roosevelt's Far Eastern policy, the very presence of one of Roosevelt's right-hand men was a stimulant. Still more so were his suggestions about land taxes.

One of the gravest dangers to Chiang Kai-shek's Government has long been the rival influence of his Communist allies whose Army he had recently to discipline (TIME, Feb. 3). If Chiang and the Communists get to fighting, Free China's goose is cooked. The Communists undermine his power by promising to free the peasants from the oppression of the land-lords. Why not, Currie suggested, raise needed revenue and undercut Communist influence by taxing the landlords while feeding and pleasing the peasants?

It was an attractive reform but it needed courage to carry it out. U.S. prestige weighed heavily in favor of it as a democratic measure. The Chinese had had fine words and good advice from the U.S. before. This time Chiang got something more. Four days after Currie returned to Washington, President Roosevelt announced his plans under the Lease-Lend Act; and by Currie's advice China was promised cash and planes. It was more than a coincidence that when the U.S. gave China a place next to Britain in the democratic front, Chiang set his face on the democratic road to liberty, equality and homeland.

At the same time an overdue Government house cleaning was started. In as Foreign Minister for the National Government went Dr. Quo Tai-chi, who won his Phi Beta Kappa key at the University of Pennsylvania and has been China's Envoy to the Court of St. James's for ten years. Dr. Quo's appointment was symptomatic of the growth of a London-Washington-Chungking Axis. To the Lon-



DR. QUO AND ADMIRAL SIR DUDLEY POUND A London-Washington-Chungking Axis was growing.

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don post went a veteran diplomat, Dr. V. K. Wellington Koo, from Vichy:

A more significant appointment had already been made. To whip up lagging traffic on the Burma Road, Chiang had appointed Dr. John Earl Baker, Director of the China International Famine Commission as the Road's Director General.

Of the 20,000 tons of freight that the Burma Road can theoretically carry each month, a scant 6,000 tons currently starts out, only about 2,000 reaches the terminus at Kunming. Reasons: bombing, grafting, lackadaisical administration, irresponsible drivers who simply dump their loads just over the Chinese border.

An employe of the Chinese Government for 25 years, Dr. Baker has licked the biggest administrative problems that China has ever had: feeding 20,000,000 victims of the Yangtze floods of 1931; rebuilding of Anglo-American defense against any move Japan may decide to make.

Even the little omens of Minister Matsuoka's trip were discouraging. In Rome, Il Duce presented him with a glossy new motor launch. Minister Matsuoka planned a sunny maiden voyage down the rolling Tiber. But that day it rained.

The only times the top-hatted, morningcoated little Foreign Minister seemed to brighten were when he talked to men of peace. In Moscow Peaceful Joe Stalin dropped in on Yosuke Matsuoka's interview with Foreign Commissar Viacheslav Molotov, and Matsuoka glowed. In Rome the Protestant Japanese and the Pope had a long, 65-minute talk. Afterward the Pope told a group of Japanese seminarists that the interview had been "a fine one." Minister Matsuoka called it "the prettiest moment of my life."



GERMAN FREIGHTER "MONSERRATE" BURNING OFF CALLAO Score: Latin America, 21; Axis, 11.

the Yangtze dikes the next winter with the aid of 1,500,000 destitute peasants, whom he fed in exchange for their work. To the Burma Road he plans to bring the rigid organization of an American railroad with a block system, proper relief for drivers, careful dispatching, coordinated inspection and repair depots.

JAPAN

Prettiest Moment

Last week Japanese Foreign Minister Yosuke Matsuoka ended his flying visit to Japan's Axis partners and started home from Berlin via Moscow. It had been an untimely junket. No sooner had the trip been announced than the U.S. Congress passed the Lend-Lease Bill. No sooner had Minister Matsuoka arrived in Berlin than Yugoslavia rose against politicians who had sold out to Adolf Hitler. Before he had arrived in Rome, the British, without losing a life, gave the Italian Navy its worst beating of the war. As he started for home he heard of ominous events in Manila. There Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, Britain's Far Eastern Commander in Chief, had conferred with Admiral Thomas C. Hart, Commander of the U.S. Asiatic Fleet, and General Douglas MacArthur, U.S. military adviser to the Philippines-doubtless on the subject

THE AMERICAS

Axis Against Axis

The ultimate goal of U.S. relations with the 20 Latin-American Republics, through eight years of patient policy-making, has been common action in common cause against common enemies. Last week, within 24 hours of the U.S. seizure of German and Italian ships in U.S. ports (TIME, April 7), there was hell & high water from Tampico to the Strait of Magellan.

▶ In Tampico Commodore Luis Hurtado de Mendoza, commander of the Naval District, sent messages to the captains of twelve German and Italian vessels lying in harbor, summoning them ashore for a conference. As soon as the skippers set foot on land they were arrested. Boarding parties of Marines then took possession of the ships. Aboard one, the Italian tanker Fede, they reported finding a TNT bomb rigged to explode when the engine was turned over. Another Italian tanker, the Atlas, was already sinking when they boarded her. Her skipper, Captain Lelio Fazzi, had not been lured ashore, had stayed to scuttle his ship. The Marines clambered back into their launches, shouted to Captain Fazzi to abandon ship. "I have done my duty," puffed Captain Fazzi, his feet planted in the rising water. The Marines kept shouting to the sailors to



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jump, until somebody noticed that before opening the sea cocks the captain had moved his ship into shallow water and made a hawser fast to shore.

▶ In the harbor of Puerto Cabello, Venezuela, four tankers, three of them Italian and one German, burst into flame before Venezuelan officials could seize them. Three other Italian ships were boarded and seized. As the tankers blazed offshore, threatening the oil-soaked docks, angry crowds rushed from the harbor to the center of town, set fire to the German-owned Gambrinus Hotel.

▶ In Havana, where one Italian freighter was seized, the home of Minister of State Dr. José Manuel Cortina was bombed-in reprisal, Dr. Cortina charged.

▶ In Guayaquil, Ecuador, a few hours after German Vice Consul Juan Ruperti had visited the German steamer Cerigo, an Ecuadorian boarding party tried to seize her. Arson beat them to it.

From Callao, Peru, two German ships sailed in the night without clearance papers. Next day the Peruvian cruiser Almirante Grau found them burning 200 miles offshore. Two larger ships which tried to sail were halted by five shots from the cruiser Coronel Bolognesi. Their crews fired them in the harbor. At Paita another German ship was burned. Peru retaliated by seizing the hangars and workshops and two Junkers planes of the Lufthansa airline, by taking possession of the assets of Lufthansa and German shipping companies.

From Rio de Janeiro three Axis ships had sailed hurriedly just before the U.S. began seizing vessels. A few days later a Brazilian court granted Britain's Enemy Shipping Claims Commission an order holding two German and two Italian ships at Rio for nonpayment of fuel bills. Since the British commission had tried to get such an order since last June, it was plain what Brazil was up to. Police boarded the four ships to guard against sabotage.

Uruguay seized two Italian vessels.

Only Argentina and Chile delayed action, but in Argentina, where there are 16 Axis ships, a bill ordering their confiscation was before the Chamber of Deputies. The Chilean Navy started hunting for a launch that was reported refueling a German raider somewhere near the Strait of Magellan.

Score: Axis ships seized, 21; destroyed, 11; still unmolested in Latin-American ports, 40.

Significance of this action was far greater than the average U.S. citizen realized. In its efforts to get a common foreign policy with Latin America the U.S. has been hampered by Latin America's jealously guarded sense of independence. Latin-American countries will not commit themselves in advance to follow U.S. policy: and the U.S., jealous in turn of its recently acquired reputation for respecting the Latin-American countries' independence, will not ask them to. Hence the U.S. had not known how far Latin America would go in following the new activist U.S. policy. Last week it found out.

Latin America was so nearly solid behind the U.S. against the Berlin-Rome



Axis that, in effect, an All-American Axis had been created. Whether Latin-American statesmen had been moved by the Good Neighbor policy or simply by a desire to jump on the band wagon now that the U.S. was acting vigorously, the immediate effect was the same. Latin Americans are realists, and active U.S. support for Britain had made the cause of freedom worth joining.

A taxicab driver in Bogotá spoke up for the people. Said he: "This is the only kind of action those bastards in Berlin can understand."

MEXICO

The President's Other Brother

In Mexico City, before dawn one morning last week, 34-year-old Captain Gabriel Avila Camacho stopped for breakfast at Wimpy's, a hot-dog tavern on the Avenida Oaxaca, near the U. S. Embassy. He was on his way to Texcoco, 25 miles away, where he was building a factory. Gabriel is the youngest of four Avila Camacho brothers. His older brother, Manuel, is President of Mexico.

According to the account which he gave afterwards, he was sitting there, eating his breakfast, when a young man he had never seen before came in. The young man took one look at Gabriel Avila Camacho, drew a gun and cried: "I've been looking for you!" Then he began to beat Captain Avila Camacho about the head with the butt of his pistol. Young Avila Camacho seized the gun, turned it on his assailant, shot him dead. Then he drove away.

Later that morning Captain Avila Camacho stopped at a police station to report the shooting. Sympathetic police officers heard his story, released him on his own recognizance. But for Brother Manuel Avila Camacho, striving to give Mexico a just administration, the problem was not so simple.

The young man who had attacked Brother Gabriel was Manuel Cacho Ramírez, 28, son of a well-to-do Mexican merchant. Father Cacho, owner of Mexico City's two Princesa jewelry stores, was also a friend of President Avila Camacho. He sent word to the President, asked that the case be closed without further investigation. For Brother Manuel it must have been a sore temptation: like most Latins, he is devoted to his brothers. But he was President of Mexico. Said Manuel Avila Camacho: "I desire that strict justice be observed."

That afternoon a squad of police took Brother Gabriel in charge, locked him up in the Federal penitentiary. To Francisco Moreno Sánchez, chief of the Investigation Division of the District Attorney's office, he told his story again. Young Cacho Ramírez, he thought, had mistaken him for another man with whom the jeweler's son had quarreled earlier in the night. The gun had gone off ac-cidentally. Witnesses at the tavern said they saw nothing.

At week's end the President's brother still sat in prison, waiting for a judge's decision whether to order trial, and, if so, for what degree of homicide.

TIME, April 14, 1941



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Scooter Spared

"That settles it," exclaimed many a baseball fan last week, "the Yankees will win the pennant." What elicited this flat prophecy was a headline: DRAFT BOARD DEFERS RIZZUTO IN CLASS 3A.

For months fans have buzzed about Philip ("Scooter") Rizzuto, 22, a rookie the Yankees recently refused to sell for \$150,000. Scooter Rizzuto at shortstop and his pal, Gerry Priddy, at second base, had made Kansas City the bugaboo of rival American Association clubs. Last year these Keystone Kids led Kansas City to its second consecutive pennant and set a new league record for double plays: 130. Both are extraordinary hitters, extraordinary fielders. But it was Rizzuto, the Scooter, who caught the fans' fancy.

Smaller and nimbler than the average ballplayer, Rizzuto does everything with a pinch of snuff. He leaps for balls, slides for bases, scoots around like a catnipped rabbit. Last year he led the American Association in assists, put-outs, stolen bases. As if that were not enough for a five-foot-fiver, Rizz the Whizz batted .347, an average good enough to lead the league until the season's final fortnight. For these accomplishments Scooter Rizzuto was voted the Most Valuable Player in all 43 minor leagues in the U.S.

Rizzuto's rise to baseball's top crust has been almost as spectacular as his playing. Son of a \$20-a-week Manhattan dock worker, he captained his high-school team. was picked up by Yankee Scout Paul Krichell four years ago-after the Dodgers had turned him down because he was too small. He was started off in the Yankees' Class D club in the Bi-State League, progressed rapidly to its Class B club at Norfolk, to its AA club at Kansas City. This

spring Yankee Manager Joe McCarthy brought Rizzuto and Priddy up to the Big Team to replace some rusty parts. "Once in a generation a club gets a double find like this," chuckled Manager McCarthy.

SPORT

But lately Manager McCarthy has been chuckling out of the other corner of his mouth. The Yankees' prize rookie had lived up to his reputation all right-in 15 exhibition games he had batted .438, a better average than that of any other Yankee, including Batting Champion Joe Di Maggio. But the Scooter had a low number in the draft, had been examined at St. Petersburg, pronounced physically fit. Last week, in time's nick, Rizzuto's home-town draft board granted his request for deferment (because of dependents), gave the approaching baseball season the most spectacular rookie since Bob Feller.

Nazis in Norway last week disqualified for life eight of Norway's skiing, skating and wrestling champions. Reason: they persistently refused to enter competitions sponsored by the Quisling government.

Old Maiden in Uniform

Except for 90-year-old America, matriarch of U.S. racing yachts, no U.S. racing boat is more beloved by U.S. vachtsmen than the three-masted schooner Atlantic. On any yacht-club veranda, mention of her name unwinds a reel of yarns:

▶ How she won the Gold Cup put up by Kaiser Wilhelm II in 1905, sailing from Sandy Hook to the Lizard (3,014 miles) in 12 days, 4 hours, 1 minute-a record that still stands for a transatlantic crossing under sail.

How, during World War I, while she was serving as a mother ship for U.S. subchasers, her original owner, Wilson Marshall, decided to give that same Gold



WHO WINS?

In the third round of a welterweight fight in Kansas City's Memorial Hall last week, Pat Kissinger and Al Dorlac hit the canvas at the same time. Both still lay there after the count of ten. Some ringsiders said they bumped heads, others said they landed blows simultaneously. "Who wins?" shouted 1,000 flabbergasted fans. "A double knockout," announced Referee Harry Corbett.

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Тіме, April 14, 1941



Cup (supposedly worth \$5,000) to the American Red Cross to be auctioned offand the resentment that swept the country when it was discovered that the Kaiser's Cup was actually gold-plated pewter, worth about \$35.

▶ How Croesus-rich Gerard B. Lambert (Listerine), a Johnny-come-lately to vacht racing, bought the old has-been from Cornelius Vanderbilt in 1927-and how, skippered by Charles Francis Adams, she finished second in the transatlantic race from New York to Spain the next summer.

▶ How she sailed the Atlantic again in 1935 and on the return trip survived two hurricanes that forced her to heave to for nine days. What a sight the old girl was, stalking into New York Harbor, her 20,-000 square feet of sails torn to ribbons after 35 days at sea.

Last week, with mixed emotions, U.S. yachtsmen learned that the 38-year-old Atlantic was not too old to serve her country once more. She will be used as a training ship for Coast Guard cadets at New London, Conn.*

Millionaire Lambert, who likes to do things in style, gave away another yacht last week. His eleven-year-old Class J sloop Vankee, thrice-thwarted America's Cup candidate, originally built by a syndicate of Bostonians at a cost of \$500,000, was turned over to a Fall River shipjunking firm. The \$10,000 he will get for her bronze plating and lead ballast will be given to the Commodore of London's Royal Thames Yacht Club toward the purchase of a British fighting plane.

Sole surviving J-boat last week was Harold S. Vanderbilt's four-year-old Ranger, last Cup defender, high, dry and huddled up at her birthplace, the famed Herreshoff yards at Bristol, R.I.

Who Won

Lynx-lithe Dave Freeman of Pasadena, 20: the U.S. badminton championship, for the third year in a row; lambasting Carl Loveday of Montclair, N.J. in the final, 15-6, 15-8; in Cleveland's Public Hall. Champion Freeman is also a crack tennis player: national junior champion in 1938, fourth ranking doubles player of the U.S. (with Ted Schroeder) in 1939.

▶ Yoga-trained Lou Nova, 26: a heavyweight prize fight against 32-year-old Max Baer, onetime world's champion; by a technical knockout in the eighth round; after Madcap Max had shot his bolt, was too weary to get out of Nova's way; at Manhattan's Madison Square Garden.

Golfer Craig Wood, 39, perennial hardluck guy of golf's big-money championships: the Augusta Masters tournament; defeating a field of 50 hand-picked "masters"; with a four-round score of 280 (66-71-71-72); at Bobby Jones's dream course at Augusta, Ga. Since 1933, Wood, dubbed America's No. 1 runner-up, had just missed winning the British Open, U.S. Open, National P.G.A. and the Masters.

* The Grand Old Dame America, for whom the America's Cup was named, is in the Navy, Saved from the graveyard by popular subscription in 1921, she was presented to the U. S. Naval Academy, is still moored in Dewey Basin at Annapolis.



Insurance policies too need housecleaning

How many old, expired insurance policies have you in your safe deposit box or desk? You may be surprised.

But the more important question is whether your insurance is up-to-date for present day needs. For example, making improvements to your house or installing automatic heating equipment prompts the need for additional coverage. So does buying new furniture—becoming a camera fan or buying a boat.

This may sound very complicated—but

to make it less so to you, the Aetna Fire Group sell only through local agents or brokers. Your local agent can quickly explain what insurance best suits your needs. Also, he can give you prompt assistance in event of loss.

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WARS	CONFLAGRATIONS	DEPRESSIONS
1846 Mexican War 1861 Civil War	1835-New York City	1819
	1845-New York City	1837
	1851—San Francisco 1866—Portland, Me.	1843
	1871—Chicago	1857
	1872-Boston	1873
1898 Spanish- American War	1877-St. Johns, N.B.	1893
	1889—Seattle; Spokane 1901—Jacksonville, Fla.	1907
	1904—Baltimore	1921
1917 World War	1906—San Francisco	1929
	1908-Chelsea	
	1914—Salem	Balante

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Тіме, April 14, 1941



How We Helped Mary

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Mary is but one of many thousands of men and women being helped by this modern "COUPON-CASH" plan developed by Rand M?Nally. By making a small down payment, she received a book of credit coupons to spend just like cash in the store. The coupon book paid for the dress. And Mary paid for the coupon book—in easy monthly installments.

This simple credit plan, already popular in many of America's bestknown retail stores, is typical of the way Rand M?Nally serves millions of people and thousands of business concerns through creative printing and publishing.



MISCELLANY



Associated Press

Problem. In the Delaware River, a cargo of gravel shifted suddenly in a steel barge. The barge turned over on a wooden scow beside it; the two clamped deck to deck like the shells of a clam (*see cut*). Last week rivermen still wondered how to get them apart.

Ring. In Washington, an early-morning motorist happened on a girl standing under a street light. All she wore was an engagement ring. Her story: when she refused to give back his ring, her boy friend took everything else.

Cruelty. In Omaha, a young woman sued for divorce because her husband, a stockyard worker, refused to take baths. "Sometimes," she testified, "it's two or three weeks between baths." "That's cruelty," ruled the judge, granting the decree.

Mobilized. In Wilmington, Del., a 15year-old was found counterfeiting nickels by remolding his lead soldiers.

Ouch. In Yonkers, N. Y., William Ouch sustained painful injuries in an automobile accident without complaining.

Fright. In Pittsburgh, Saloonkeeper Carlo Colombo, 45, looked up from his bar, was frightened to death by a man who entered wearing a mask of Adolf Hitler.

Hoosier Law. In Fort Wayne, Ind., when Artemus Knuckles sued to get back a wandering pig which a neighbor had confiscated, his lawyer, David Hogg, cited a decision by Circuit Judge Martin L. Pigg.

Sentence. In Miami, Judge Cecil C. Curry sentenced two men found rolling dice on a Flagler Street sidewalk to "one minute each in jail."

(8). In Fort Worth, Tex., Cowboy Kid Fletcher walked off with the Stock Show's prize for best bow legs. His winning span (knee-to-knee): 8 in.

Toastmaster. In W. Conshohocken, Pa., Burgess McElhatton said: "I'll attend that dinner as toastmaster if it kills me." He went, collapsed, died.



To the man who is going home tonight

Why go on spending so many nights on the road—away from your wife and children, your friends?

Even though your own fireside is a thousand miles away, you could be there right now had you taken the late afternoon plane. There's no need to travel all night!

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Тіме, April 14, 1941

on the extent of your trip-if you fly.

For the modern airliner is up to five times faster than surface carriers. It welcomes you with all the comfort of your own armchair—and your delicious dinner, lunch or breakfast is served with the compliments of the airline.

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Write for the free, illustrated booklet which tells the dramatic story of this nation's great Air Transport system.

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Now, buy Air Travel on *Easy Monthly Installments*. No cash required; up to a year to pay. See any Travel Agent or Airline Ticket Office for details.



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Power to Defend it

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The results of this advance in design are: low operating cost, greater mechanical strength, fewer parts and machined fits, less chance for misalignment, unusual rigidity of mounting.

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(For full information on the WELD-O-TRON, write for Bulletin B-6049.)





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LIKE A SEASIDE RANCH IN THE MOUNTAINS

MUSIC

Waltzes in Manhattan

Franz Lehar, composer of Adolf Hitler's favorite operetta. *The Merry Widow*, still lives in Vienna. His friends say he cannot get out. He has paid out millions of marks to safeguard his wife, a "non-Aryan." But most of the other men who wrote Vienna's waltzes in better days are now in the U. S. and last week in Manhattan's Carnegie Hall a concert of Viennese music, from Mozart to *Two Hearts in Three-Quarter Time*, testified to their presence.

The concert was a benefit for an organization called Artists in Need, Inc., which helps poor Austrian exiles. Among the conductors who put 65 New York Philharmonikers through a waltzy whirl were Ralph Benatzky (*White Horse Inn*), Robert Stolz (*Two Hearts, Spring Parade* in the movies) and a courtesy-Viennese, Jaromir Weinberger, famed Czech polka-&fugue man (*Schwanda der Dudelsackpfeifer, Variations and Fugue on Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree*).

For all their soft talk, hand-kissing and coffee-drinking, the "Viennese Masters" (as the concert program called them) work hard. Composer Benatzky, author of 5,000 songs and 88 theater pieces, has an operetta, *The Belle of Venice*, about ready for production. Composer Weinberger is working on a new opera, Composer Emmerich Kalman has been doing movie music. Composer Stolz has written an operetta with some lyrics, he says, by "Chimmy" Walker. A voluntary "Aryan" exile, he has also done a piece which he is saving for the appropriate occasion: Hitler's funeral march.

April Records

Not often do records bring a 150-yearold composition to the ears of U. S. music lovers for virtually the first time, but this month that rare event occurs. In 1785 the Canon of the Cathedral in Cádiz, Spain, commissioned some 80 minutes of music from Austria's Franz Joseph Haydn. The music was for the three-hour service on Good Friday, when in Catholic churches seven sermons are usually preached on the Seven Last Words of Christ.* Joseph Haydn furnished an orchestral introduction for these discourses, seven slow interludes, a brief finale. Even without the religious connotations, the Words of Our Saviour on the Cross were a string of exceptionally beautiful Haydn slow movements. But the finale was a little brisk, almost jolly, in view of the fact that it was meant to describe the earthquake after the death of Christ.

Composer Haydn, who never went to Spain, arranged his Seven Words not only for orchestra but for chorus, piano, string

* The words: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." "Behold Thy Mother... Behold Thy Son." "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" "I thirst." "It is finished." "Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit."



PRIMROSE QUARTET They made music for seven sermons.

The state of the second

Charles Peterson



Americans find kinship in a glass of mellow beer or ale

No one needs to worry about Democracy, as long as the man-in-the-dress-shirt and the manin-the-flannel-shirt can swap opinions over their beer, smile and like each other.

That kind of American spirit baffles, and will defeat, any tyrant in the world.

Of all beverages, beer is the most truly democratic. Its delicious flavor wins the man of means. Its modest cost is kind to poorer purses. Its wholesomeness appeals to all!

Born of Nature's bounty, beer and ale are rich in the mellow flavor of sun-ripened grain. They are fragrant with the pleasant aroma of fine hops.

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Because beer is so great a national favorite, it deserves to have its good name guarded well. Hence the brewers of America want beer retailing to be as wholesome as beer itself. We would like to send you a booklet entitled, "Clean-Up or Close-Up," which describes the brewers' program now at work in a growing number of states. Address United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. E4, 21 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y.





Does five o'clock of a busy day find your feet longing for comfort? Step into Wright Arch Preserver Shoes. Four patented features provide extra comfort, longer wear, hidden under styling that's tops. No wonder active men say -"They give you more for your money."

You'll find trained fitters in all stores carrying these shoes - space permits but a partial listing. If your city is not shown, write E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. T-4, Rockland, Mass.



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For Leonard Joy, there was nothing complicated about recording with Actress Lawrence. He has conducted for singers since the early Duncan Sisters days (1926). Leonard Joy's most trying recording session was for Eddie Cantor's Now's the Time to Fall in Love, when between the countless jittery "takes" the orchestra rushed to telephones: it was Wall Street's "Black Friday" in September 1929. Conductor Joy has had an arranger (Cornetist Del Staigers) who once, everyone swears, fell asleep on an arranging job, completed it satisfactorily before he woke. There was a trumpeter who had aërophobia (fear of high places); Mr. Joy had to hire the trumpeter's wife to soothe him in a 23rd-floor studio. Between these diplomatic feats, Leonard Joy picks names for pieces by inarticulate musicians (sample: Child of a Disordered Brain for an Earl Hines piano number) and looks for sellers. To make two versions of Star-Dust-by Tommy Dorsey and Artie Shaw-was his idea; each has lately gone over 100,000 copies.

Other records of the month:

SYMPHONIC, ETC.

Brahms: Symphony No. 3 in F Major (Chicago Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Frederick Stock; Columbia; 8 sides; \$4.50). Meaty, romantic music, done to a turn and served with the proper helping of gravy, in one of the finest of Brahms recordings.

Johann Strauss: Rediscovered Music, Volume II (Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, conducted by Howard Barlow; Columbia; 6 sides; \$3.50). More polkas and waltzes from the great Library of Congress collection, sparkling and well-iced.

Bach: Concerto in C Major for Three Harpsichords and Strings (Manuel and Williamson Harpsichord Ensemble; Musicraft; 5 sides; \$5). Top-drawer Bach recorded with harpsichords for the first time. But, as on earlier discs, these exquisitely cultivated Chicago harpsichordists leave out the oomph which was Bach's.

Debussy: Rhapsody for Clarinet (Benny Goodman with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, conducted by John Barbirolli; Columbia; 2 sides; \$1). Clarinetist Goodman tootles iridescent Debussy with proper subtlety, but the recording is poor.

Mozart: Sinfonia Concertante in E Flat Major (Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski, with Oboist Marcel Tabuteau, Clarinetist Bernard Portnoy, Bassoonist Sol Schoenbach, Hornist Mason Jones; Victor; 8 sides; \$4.50). A sweet, 18th-Century wood-wind "bash" (jam session), spotlighting the pure purlings and tootlings of Philadelphia's high-priced soloists.

Beethoven: Missa Solemnis (Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony, with Soprano Jeannette Vreeland, Contralto Anna Kaskas, Tenor John Priebe, Basso Norman Cordon, the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society; Victor; 24 sides; two volumes; \$13). Beethoven, a great-souled humanitarian rather than a churchgoer, wrote his Solemn Mass for the installation of an archduke as an archbishop (he finished it three years too late). One of the greatest and most complicated of choral works, it receives here a great recording—assembled from three different concert performances in Boston.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 ("Eroica") in E Flat Major (New York Philharmonic-Symphony conducted by Bruno Walter; Columbia; 12 sides; \$6.50; and NBC Symphony conducted by Arturo Toscanini; Victor; 13 sides; \$7). Two versions of Beethoven's heroic symphony, whose original dedication to Napoleon Bonaparte was canceled because the Bonaparte pretensions displeased the composer, present the customers with a tough choice. The Walter version is warm, well-recorded, the best of recent Philharmonic discs. The Toscanini job is full of Beethoven's energy, but the recording—taken from a radio performance—sounds boxy.

Roy Harris: Quintet for Piano and Strings (Johana Harris and the Coolidge String Quartet; Victor; 7 sides; \$4). One of the most eloquent of contemporary chamber works (1939) gets a fine performance from the composer's wife and the Coolidges.

POPULAR

NBC's Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street (Victor album; \$2). For radio listeners to the mock-pompous announcements and the excellent hot playing of "Dr. Henry Levine and his Barefooted Dixieland Philharmonic" and "Maestro Paul Laval and his Woodwindy Ten."

My Sister and I (Benny Goodman; Columbia; Bea Wain, Victor). They remember the tulip gardens and windmills, "but we don't talk about that." An icky little something, but it sounds like a hit. Singer Wain's is the best vocal.

Bible Tales (Golden Gate Quartet; Victor album; \$2). For fans of *Noah*, *Jonah*, other nightclub spirituals (TIME, Jan. 27).

Тіме, April 14, 1941



New Frigidaire Water Coolers give you amazing Meter-Miser Economy!

• The attractive new Frigidaire Water Coolers are the result of Frigidaire's vast refrigeration experience. Only *they* offer you all these advantages:

Exclusive Meter-Miser, simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built. Rotary principle eliminates pistons, connecting rods, many other parts that cause friction and wear.

5-Year Protection Against Service Expense on Meter-Miser, condenser, refrigerant control, fan motor and cooling unit.

Handsome Appearance, Compact Size. 5 models only 1434" square. Stainless steel top, beautiful design.

Effortless Drinking-"Magic Action" bubbler requires only touch of finger. Foot pedal optional at slight extra cost.

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Surprisingly low-cost—can be purchased and operated for only a few cents a day.

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*Costs less than 1c to cool 250 4 oz. drinks from 80° to 50° in 80° room, using bottle type cooler and 3cKWH rate. Costs slightly more with bubbler type cooler due to water wastage.



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PEOPLE

In her Riviera castle near Cannes, sultry, Cinevamp Pola Negri, 41, who quit German films in 1938 and denied that Adolf Hitler was her friend, complained that the straitened fare of Vichy's France had cost her 18 lb. Tenor Enrico Caruso's American-born widow, Mrs. Dorothy Benjamin Caruso Ingram Holder, who lives near by, reported that since the armistice she had lost 22 lb.

Ordered to report April 16 (a month earlier than expected) for his year's military service was bespectacled, Sabbathobserving, unmarried William McChesney Martin Jr., 34, \$48,000-a-year president of the New York Stock Exchange.

After doing her best to save civilization at Geneva, pale, implacable Alice Paul, through into the sunnier Avila Camacho regime with the loss of only 18,000 of his million-plus acres, declared: "They were pretty decent about that. They didn't take any more than was right. After all it is their country."

The Millville, N.J. Board of Trade banqueted well-paunched Defense Commissioner Leon Henderson, elected him, as a native son, No. 1 Citizen for 1940 of Millville (pop.: 14,705).

Day after he had married 34-year-old Amelia Orr Ronin in Ensenada, Mexico, **Thomas Fortune Ryan II**, scion of the banking and mining empire, awoke and found that his third bride had vanished. He proceeded to Los Angeles, took a bridal suite, waited two days before the William Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, complained: "Of course my experience is limited, but I sincerely hope that Bostonians, especially the women, have not degenerated into the type he describes." A few days later the City Council declared that Author Marquand's novel "assails the character of Boston womanhood," called upon the police to ban it.

When U.S. women for the ninth year opened their newspapers to learn what Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt was wearing for Easter, they read with distress that she had forgotten what it was, except that the hat was "non-standardized." Last week the question was answered. In Manhattan Mrs. Roosevelt emerged from a final fitting at Arnold Constable's in a staid en-



FEMINIST PAUL

founder, chairman and planetary lobbyist of the World Women's Party for Equal Rights, landed in New York City, announced: "Men are to blame for the present war."

Straw-haired British Aerobat Jimmy Mollison, who made the first solo flight westward over the north Atlantic in 1932, landed at Halifax to help ferry U.S.built bombers back to Britain.

Readers of one of the longest columns in the U.S. press (In the News) have been marveling for a month at William Randolph Hearst's repeated encomiums for Mexico as she now is. Last week, back in high good humor from his first trip below the Rio Grande since Mexico's Government expropriated a lot of foreign property, Mexican Ranch Owner Hearst, who said not one public word against the collectivist Cárdenas regime and thus came

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SCION RYAN

bride returned. Groaned veteran Playboy Tommy: "I don't know when the honeymoon ended, but it's over. You never can tell what a redhead will do. But she's coming up here tomorrow. Or maybe we'll get together in a month. How do I know?"

Emerging from the gallery during practice for the Masters golf tournament at Augusta, Ga., fiery old **Ty Cobb** stepped to the tee, rifled a 250-yd. lefthander straight down the middle. Almost as pleased as if he had just stolen second, he then issued a challenge to **Babe Ruth**, who hits a long ball at golf, too: "I have been hankering to take a shot at the Babe ever since I started playing golf. Anywhere, any time, and for any charity."

Having read Novelist John P. Marquand's best-selling H. M. Pulham, Esquire, which pokes chuckle-humored satire at a Beacon Hill Boston now all but dead,

Associated Press, Acme MRS. ROOSEVELT & ENSEMBLE

semble of neon purple and violet, a purple hat (see cut).

Soon after dimpled, 35-year-old Tobacco Scion Richard Joshua Reynolds Jr. lent Democratic campaign committees some \$300,000 last year, he found himself treasurer of the Democratic National Committee. Last week Neophyte Reynolds' political career advanced another step when fellow North Carolinians put him up for mayor of Winston-Salem.

As London's famed, 300-acre Royal Botanic Gardens at Suburban Kew celebrated its centenary with unabated activity and attendance, doughty old Director Sir Arthur Hill chortled: "Hitler's bombs have failed to do as much damage as the disastrous hailstorm of 1879," announced that against the day when Hitler might ruin Kew's gardens with gas, he had provided gas masks for his rare orchids.

Little Bobby Kelly is going home today...



The Prudentia

HOME OFFICE . NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



It's not a very big home that's waiting for you, Bobby ... just a trim little house in a modest part of town. But it's a home filled with riches that wealth

could never buy . . . love and affection and all the things that really count in life.

And even though your busy Daddy hasn't lots of money, Bobby, he's doing things to make the dreams he has for you come true.

Just the other day he sat down with a man whom he knows he can always call on for friendly help and advice. That man was your Daddy's Prudential agent. And together they planned wisely and soundly for the future, so that you and your Mummy will always have the blessing of a secure, protected home.



What Life Insurance Program for a Family Man?

When a man has children he has two definite insurance needs . . . *permanent* protection for his wife and *extra* protection until his children are grown up. To do both these jobs, The Prudential offers its Family Income Policy.

Q: What is The Prudential Family Income Policy? A: It is a low-cost policy which is available in amounts of \$5,000 or more, and which combines permanent protection for as long as you live with additional protection for the first 20 years.

Q: Just how does it work?

A: Suppose you should take out a \$10,000 Prudential Family Income Policy today:

If you should die at any time during the first 20 years, your family would receive \$100 every month until the twentieth anniversary of the policy, and then \$10,000.

If you should die after 20 years, then your wife would receive just the \$10,000.

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

Тіме, April 14, 1941



E VEN stage whiskers can present a tough shaving problem! Ask Raymond Massey. He wore a full beard in his famous portrayal of Lincoln, and for the Warner Brothers picture, "Santa Fe."



Taking off make-up is hard on Raymond Massey's skin, makes shaving a problem

Mr. Massey says, "Removing make-up leaves my face very tender and makes shaving a problem. That's why I am always careful to use Williams Shaving Cream. Williams is unusually gentle to my skin—it never stings or irritates."

And Williams is easy on the skin for another reason. Its rich, wet lather soaks whiskers *completely* soft. So you can shave cleanly without hard pressure on your razor.

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RELIGION

Vatican v. the Nazis

Catholic resistance to the Nazis both inside Germany and at the Vatican waxed outspoken last week.

First the Vatican newspaper Osservatore Romano published the vigorously anti-Nazi Lenten pastoral of the Most Rev. Conrad Gröber, Archbishop of Freiburg, which German authorities had suppressed. "The schism of the German people is undeniable," the prelate declared, adding that instead of bringing unity the war has made the exclusion of confirmed Catholics more evident. And then he bade his flock reject passive resignation as against "conscience and ... the example of Christ" and urged them to resist Nazi efforts to teach their children anti-Christian doctrines.

Next Osservatore published a homily by militant, anti-Nazi Michael Cardinal von Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich, which assured German Catholics that only the Pope's desire to appear neutral had restrained him from more vigorous expression of his "profound unhappiness" over the situation in Germany. Simultaneously the Vatican let it be known that the Pope had lately made several spirited protests through his Berlin Nuncio over Germany's renewal of Catholic persecution.

Then the Vatican radio swung into action, declaring that Nazis were set to establish a new church in Germany entirely independent of Rome and recalling Nazi Mystagogue Alfred Rosenberg's denunciation of Roman Catholicism as a "Mediterranean Jewish myth." Later the Vatican broadcast that all Germans expressing a desire to become priests are liable to internment, that convents and monasteries have been closed all over Germany, that priests have trouble in ministering to soldiers and are liable to expulsion from their parishes at the slightest pretext.

In a seeming effort to undercut the effect of these charges, the Nazis countered with the proud assertion that a new Catholic prayer book for the first time includes special war prayers, including one for "victory in the German struggle for liberty." But Dr. Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry slipped up, missed the obvious inference—that for the 19 months of World War II Germany's Catholics have been praying for peace, not for victory.

End of a Mission

Protestantism's most ambitious venture in mass evangelism was weighed and found wanting last week in most of the 22 cities visited by this winter's National Christian Mission (TIME, Oct. 14). It had given the already faithful a notable stirringup, but as a program for "reaching the unreached" it had barely scratched the surface. With 70,000,000 Americans still outside any church, the best figure the Mission could claim was 50,000 new members added to the 40,000,000 already



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Тіме, April 14, 1941

within the Protestant fold—a gain of oneeighth of 1%, or about 1% of the Protestant church membership of the cities visited.

If the Mission failed, it was not for lack of effort. America's most famous foreign missionary came all the way from India to lead the drive-Dr. E. Stanley Jones,* author of The Christ of the Indian Road. One hundred ninety-one volunteer speakers (including 15 bishops, 102 pastors, 33 educators) traveled a million miles to address 6,160 meetings attended by 2,355,880 persons. Newspapers gave over a thousand columns of free publicity. Radio stations contributed 403 free broadcasts. High schools assembled hundreds of thousands of youngsters for special auditorium rallies. Unions opened their labor temples. Kiwanis, Rotary and Lions held Mission luncheons. Prison wardens mustered convicts from their cells. And thousands of church workers rang over 100,000 doorbells in a great interdenominational drive to bring in the converts.

Because it is not likely the church will ever do a better or more thorough job of evangelism, TIME asked ministers, religious editors, businessmen and politicians in each of the 22 cities for a frank appraisal of its achievements, especially in reaching the unreached, bringing the community back to the church, and making a lasting impression rather than a seven days' wonder.

The answers:

In Cleveland, Oklahoma City, Washington and Houston, almost everyone agreed that the Mission was a real success. In Houston, for example, overflow meetings "reached all classes, especially important business executives," and one Methodist pastor "has had to add an extra Sunday service to take care of the crowds" since the Mission left. In Washington the drive was particularly valuable in rounding up churchgoers recently arrived from other cities.

In Syracuse, Denver, St. Louis, Little Rock, Louisville, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Springfield (Ill.), Seattle, Portland and Los Angeles, the local clergy seemed reasonably well pleased, but in many cases the franker ministers agreed with other civic leaders that from 80 to 90% of the audiences were more or less regular churchgoers, that the Mission failed to "reach the unreached," and that its principal value was to "give church people a shot in the arm."

Comment from the other seven cities was more outspoken:

Kansas City. Said one religion editor: "The Mission failed completely." Added the head of the Ministerial Alliance: "It failed to reach the unreached, and I hesitate to credit any increased church membership to the Mission, though it

* Missioner Jones last week explained why he had not sailed at mission's end to resume his work in India: "Very early in the morning of the day the boat was due to sail, the Inner Voice kept repeating, 'I want you here.' It was so compelling as to be inescapable. I had my baggage taken from the steamer. . . Perhaps in this time of crisis there is something I must do. Just what it is I am hot sure. That, too, will be made clear. The call to stay was unmistakable."



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ON SCHEDULE

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brought a better community understanding."

Chicago had the same attendance as Oklahoma City (only one-seventeenth as large a town)—a reported 50,000—though one church editor "will eat his hat if it went over 18,000," and a nationally known minister felt that the Mission merely "whipped up the enthusiasm of the faithful" and caused scarcely a ripple outside.

In Baltimore the Mission "had no lasting effect. . . . Even churchmen admit the great needs of the time, did not produce a dynamic gospel."

Everywhere so much time, space and work was given free as a labor of love that the cash outlay for the Mission was a mere \$158,600, and collections by local committees along the way brought in \$132,000. Figured that way, the 50,000 new church members cost the national committee only 50ϕ apiece—a notable bargain, especially when the quickened interest of the already faithful is counted in at no cost as a by-product. The



REVIVALISM IN PHILADELPHIA'S CONVENTION HALL 4,500 vacant seats, 7,500 churchgoers, 1,500 others . . .

that the biggest gain was in laying groundwork, which might produce results later."

Oakland-San Francisco. Consensus of church leaders was that the Mission "was not markedly successful in reaching the unchurched and definitely failed to reach labor" (A.F. of L. and C.I.O. both canceled meetings).

Philadelphia filled barely two-thirds of Convention Hall for the long-heralded mass meetings. Labor and other groups failed to respond. Said an official report to the Mission sponsors: "General indifference and major apathy. . . On the whole there was unwillingness to leave congregational or denominational tasks. The 'mighty army' of Christian believers is badly disorganized, indifferently led, and poorly equipped to meet the challenge of the hour."

In *Pittsburgh* the Mission "is just a memory—a hazy one for the layman and a shade brighter for the minister." The head of the Community Fund and the executive vice president of the Chamber of Commerce "never heard of it," while other laymen and pastors agreed it "didn't make much of an impression."

Hartford had the least successful Mission week of all. The chairman of the State committee felt that it did not attract the unchurched, brought no increased membership, has already been largely forgotten. Said he: "The Mission message was not particularly attuned to Evangelism Department of the Federal Council of Churches is delighted with this result. (Reported its secretary, Dr. Jesse Moren Bader: "The Mission has been *so* timely. It has been providential. ... At a time when the nation has been working on defense, the Church has been making an attack.") It is already planning another Mission next winter to hit cities in the 25,000-to-100,000 group. But on the basis of this winter's experience few realistic churchmen could argue that such evangelism was an adequate answer to their problem of reaching America's 70,-000,000 unreached.

Regional Planning (Cont'd)

No bombed church in Britain (2,659 through March 21) will be rebuilt on its old site until an interdenominational Church Damages Commission has approved the location. So reported the Rev. Edgar Chandler of Boston, just back from two months in war-torn England on behalf of the Congregational and Christian Church and World Council of Churches. Already the Church Damages Commission has begun blueprints for interfaith re-gional planning after the war. Insurance money collected on damages to many old churches in declining neighborhoods will be used to build new churches in growing suburbs, distributing the parishes of different denominations so that no section will have too many or too few.

Gosh. The Folks All Love Me!

"THEY WOULDN'T think of going anywhere without me! I'm up in the milky mist of morning and off to cool, clear fishing streams. I roam through forests alive with greenand streak over the highways to busy cities and the budding countryside. I am a playmate-business partner - and household servant. I am the new 1941 Lincoln-Zephyr (and you ought to read my fan mail!)."

TAKE a ride in this fascinating new car and you'll understand why folks love it . . . why it has captured the imagination of the entire country! Letters from every state in the Union describe the thrill of driving this fleet, low-slung beauty that's *triplecushioned in rubber* to give a ride as smooth as a glider's flight. Owners praise the deep, chair-high seats hammocked amidships over long, slowmotion springs—the steel-clad safety of unit body-and-frame construction in closed types. They say the Lincoln-Zephyr makes motoring a glorious adventure—offers far more fun per gallon than any car they've ever owned!

EVERYBODY also agrees that this car has fresh, gleaming beauty . . . suave, fluent lines altogether its own, and incomparable. And the '41 Lincoln-Zephyr-powered with its dependable V-12 engine-is basically *new* and different in construction, as you'd expect of a car precision-built according to celebrated Lincoln standards.

BEFORE you buy any car, won't you arrange with your Lincoln-Zephyr dealer to enjoy 100 miles or more of motoring thrill? Because it's young in spirit and in action, we say – Gosh, you'll *love* your Lincoln-Zephyr!

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THE OBSERVATION-TAVERN CAR—beautifully appointed in every detail—provides hostess as well as porter service. Its full facilities are always available to everyone traveling on these new single-fare streamliners without additional cost.

"The Southerner" begins operating between New York and New Orleans—via Atlanta and Birmingham—on or about March 15. "The Tennessean" will be placed in service between Washington and Memphis on or about April 15. Mark how rapid has been the increase in points between which streamlined rail service is available. For example, their number is being swelled by the Southern Railway's purchase of these two glistening, new streamliners.

No stronger—safer trains have ever been built

Mark, too, how frequently Pullman-Standard is the builder. The reason —safety! For, as the creator of streamlining in America, this company cooperated with the railroads and the government in establishing the standards of strength and safety to which all modern passenger cars should be built, regardless of the materials employed.

Railroad men know that—and recognizing that there are no stronger, safer trains than those constructed by Pullman-Standard, have turned to it for so much of the modern



THE COACHES are ultra-modern, streamlined, air-conditioned, and equipped with sofa-soft seats, adjustable for relaxation; glare-free illumination, extra wide full-vision windows, up-to-date washrooms.

equipment which has been purchased.

You have made Pullman-Standard Streamliners Gross the Highest Revenues

If a second reason is needed, you have supplied that, too. For the preference you show for the smoother, easier riding streamliners this company builds is unmistakable. By filling them to capacity as fast as they have gone into service, you have made them top all other fleets of trains in earnings and in popularity!

PULLMAN-STANDARD CAR

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"Tops" STREAMLINERS Pullman - Standard

MILESTONES

Born. To Mrs. John Eckler, oldest of the five daughters of shrewd Branch Rickey, business manager of the St. Louis Cardinals: a son, weight 8 lb.; in Chicago. Gloated Baseballer Rickey, pointing to his grandson's large baby hands, a catching prospect: "Didn't I tell you? This proves there is such a thing as prenatal influence."

Born. To Mrs. Henry Ford II, granddaughter-in-law of Henry Ford: her first daughter and his first great-grandchild; in Detroit's Henry Ford Hospital. Henry Ford II, 23, was drafted last month, has not yet been inducted for service.

Birthdays. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia, "trying to get my golf score down to my age," his 79th. William Henry Jackson, gimlet-eyed pioneer photographer, still toting a camera, his 98th. Cinemactress Bette Davis, present with Governor Blood of New Hampshire, Governor Willis of Vermont, Senator Bridges of New Hampshire, some 10,000 others, at the world première of her latest picture, *The Great Lie*, in Littleton, N.H., her 33rd.

Engaged. Donald Budge, 25, redheaded, bucktoothed professional tennis champ; and Deirdre Conselman, Stanford sophomore, daughter of the late Bill Conselman, creator of the Ella Cinders comic strip; in Palo Alto, Calif.

Married. Selma Hillman, 19, dramatics student, younger daughter of OPM Co-Director Sidney Hillman; and Irving Lerner, 27, retail clothier; in Manhattan.

Married. Mary Morrison, 20, only child of Britain's cockatoo-haired Home Secretary Herbert Morrison; and Horace Williams, son of forthright, Ascot-tied Labor M.P. and joint Parliamentary Secretary for Agriculture Tom Williams; in London.

Marriage Revealed. Dr. Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht, 64, shrewd, walrusy, retired German Minister of Economics; and Mauzika Vogler, 33, Hungarian-born art expert; in Munich, March 6. Dr. Schacht's first wife died last year.

Died. G. Selmer Fougner, 56, U.S. gourmet, conductor, since Repeal, of the New York *Sun* column "Along the Wine Trail"; of a heart attack; in Washington. In devotion to his exquisite art, Columnist Fougner wrote several books on vinticulture and good living, founded no less than 14 epicurean societies, notably the famed "Les Amis d'Escoffier."

Died. Colonel Horatio Seymour Rubens, 71, last surviving member of the original Junta which fought to free Cuba from Spain; after a heart attack; in Manhattan.

How to start building a Twenty-Ton "Kite"



You take a lump of plain a luminum. You look at it with daring imagination. You peer into it with X-rays, year after year.

You melt, and you alloy it, fifty, a thousand times, and a thousand times again.

You roll and hammer and press and cast your results.

You sleuth grain structure, and resistance to corrosion, and general behavior through a score of fabrication processes.

You test samples, and you build wing sections and test them in five-story machines. You devise new testing devices, ingeniously sensitive and delicately accurate, to answer questions engineers have been guessing at ever since Archimedes. and the know-how of using it efficiently, are the stuff of which our planes are built.

Nature made aluminum light, but engineers have made it strong and capable and versatile. What engineers have made aluminum to be, and do, makes it so vital to the defense program that civilian uses must needs stand aside.

And we must add that making aluminum do, tomorrow, what it couldn't do yesterday, seems to get into the blood of these engineers. They come to us from Georgia, from Montana, from small colleges and big universities. And they stay and stay. We like that. And they like it.

There is a certain infinite satisfaction in the job of remaking the future.

Such answers, plus the metal

ONE PAGE 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.

THE THEATER

New Play in Manhattan

Watch on the Rhine (produced by Herman Shumlin). Lillian Hellman, No. 1 U.S. woman playwright (The Children's Hour, The Little Foxes), has written an uneven play concerning Naziism, but it is by far the best on the subject to date. There is not a single Nazi in it. It tells of the daughter of a dead American diplomat (Mady Christians), who returns from Europe to her luxurious, flower-filled old home outside Washington, D.C., bringing with her the German engineer (Paul Lukas) she married 20 years before and their three children. Since 1933 her husband has been an underground fighter against Hitler and he is about to sneak back into Germany with funds for the movement. But his secret is discovered by another Washington house guest, a decadent Rumanian (George Coulouris), who tries to blackmail the German by threats of informing the Nazi embassy. The German finally kills the blackmailer, says farewell to his wife and children, and leaves on his frightening mission.

For two acts the play is mostly talk—of the supercharged, characterful kind that Playwright Hellman writes. But even intense garrulity does not make the play move. Then in the last act the stage takes fire with the struggle between the German and Rumanian, with Paul Lukas' remarkable portrayal of the German sadly, sensitively explaining why he has been willing to commit murder, why he is determined to martyr himself, if need be, for the anti-Nazi cause. In this scene Lukas certainly gives one of the great performances of recent years. Veteran Actress Lucile Watson is excellent as Lukas' American mother-inlaw, whose head has been spinning around in diplomatic circles for years, but who finally understands that, for the German, politics is deadly serious business.

The play will undoubtedly please many people just because it is anti-Nazi, but dramatically speaking, its merit is that, for one act at least, it is a superbly written and acted picture of a dedicated man.

Tall, brown-haired, courtly Paul Lukas, son of a Hungarian advertising man, was born in 1895 on a train just pulling into Budapest. He went to the Actors' Academy (Hungarian national theatrical school), served with the Hungarian forces during World War I, made his professional stage debut in Budapest in 1916 as Liliom. Later he was a guest artist under Max Reinhardt in Berlin and Vienna, acted in German UFA films. Paramount's Adolf Zukor saw him on the Budapest stage, got Lukas to move to Hollywood. Since then



LUKAS (CENTER) & WATSON (LEFT) For one act a superb picture of a dedicated man.

he has appeared in *The Night Watch*, *Strictly Dishonorable*, *Little Women*, *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*, *The Lady Vanishes*. He first played on Broadway in 1937 in *A Doll's House*. He is married to a small, blonde Hungarian, Gizella Benes. He likes to drive and tinker with fast automobiles, flies his own plane. Often he uses his acting talent for practical jokes, such as ordering people out of his house for supposed insults to his wife. Sometimes it works.

Kindle-Joys

Last week there was a hot enough session of the British Parliament to make a foreigner suppose that the fate of the Empire depended on the vote. The debate was over London theatricals. Londoners can get theatrical war relief at four plays and six revues but, for centuries past, London's Sundays have been theaterless. The House of Commons squarely faced the issue of whether to allow bomb-harassed Londoners Sabbath dramatics.

Hottest cry of all came from crinkle-headed "Dry" Thomas Magnay, member from Gateshead, an accountant and ardent bowler, who drinks only water and dry ginger ale. Shouted he: "All things that are sweet and reasonable and Christian are being more and more jeered at and flouted. . . . We know that art and literature have been befouled. . . . In literature every man is a cad and every woman a vamp. . . . We have the devotees of St. Vitus' dance called Jazz . . . volplaning down the descending scale. You hear crooners breaking their hearts every night-if anybody broke their necks I should not be sorry. . . . London is the playground of the idle rich. . . All this technique of sapping and mining the morale of our people . . . is Fifth Column work . . . to deride Christianity." "Dry" Thomas closed by quoting Voltaire as saying that if he could capture the English Sunday he could destroy Christianity.

Beetle-browed Laborite Josiah Wedgwood, direct descendant of the famed potter, politely observed that Sunday theaters were unnecessary since soldiers and their girls "would infinitely prefer the dusk and sentiment of the cinema, where they could hold each other's hands."

Speaking for the bill, Humorist Alan Patrick Herbert cautioned its opponents: "You are not merely shutting the door after the horse has gone but when it is far away up the road." George Bernard Shaw remarked (outside the House of Commons): "I am all in favor of having my plays performed as often as possible."

At the vote, the House of Commons was packed with nearly 400 members, biggest House in months. Result: For Sunday theaters—136. Against—144 (100 did not vote). High up in the gallery sat beaming Secretary Henry Martin of the Lord's Day Observance Society. Chortled he: "We believe that this victory . . . is an answer to prayer. They call us kill-joys. Ha! ha! We are kindle-joys!"

MEDICINE

T.B. Warning

Some people have the impression that tuberculosis is no longer a public health menace. But last week, as the National Tuberculosis Association opened its early diagnosis campaign urging U. S. citizens to have chest X-rays, ominous warnings were issued by several experts. They reminded the public that t.b., although it has been pushed back from first to eighth place among U.S. killers, still kills more people between 18 and 40 than any other disease.

Civilians. In 1940, 61,000 people in the U.S. died of t.b. Exactly how many U.S. citizens are tuberculous, no one knows. Conservative guess: 750,000. Dr. Lewis Israel Miller, medical chairman of the large Jewish Consumptive Relief Society in Denver, predicted last week that the rate may go up. Reasons: 1) the U.S. suffered a widespread influenza epidemic this winter, and flu may pave the way for t.b.; 2) some members of the younger generation have not been exposed to t.b., have consequently not developed immunity.

Soldiers. In 1917, the Army rarely used chest X-rays in examining recruits. This mistake cost taxpayers one billion dollars for the care of tuberculous veterans. But the Army is slow to learn. Said Surgeon General Thomas Parran last week: "Only in a few fortunate localities, typically the large cities, are X-rays to detect tuberculosis included in the examination."

Regular X-ray plates are the best way of detecting t.b. But the Army is not even using the new paper film X-rays, which, although not so accurate, cost half as much. These films are used all over the country to examine large crowds of people in a short time.

By hit-or-miss methods, Army doctors have found that one out of every 100 draftees has t.b. Officials admit that "some" cases were caught long after soldiers began training, and then only because the disease was well advanced.

A.M.A. Convicted

Last week in Washington the American Medical Association, which has long been fighting group health schemes, got a stiff left jab to the solar plexus; the arm behind the punch was the Federal Government's. After 'legal proceedings lasting two and a half years, the Association, and its Washington branch, were convicted by a Federal District Court of violating the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.*

In 1937, a group of 2,500 Federal employes borrowed \$40,000 from the Home Owners' Loan Corp., set up a health insurance plan, hired a staff of doctors. Members of Group Health Association, Inc. paid a fee of less than \$50 a year per family, for which they received medical care and hospitalization. The A.M.A. and

*The same evening the verdict was announced, Dr. Louis S. Reed, senior economist of the U. S. Public Health Service, came out publicly for Government-sponsored health insurance.

Тіме, April 14, 1941

PIONEER OF THE SELF-SEALED BEARING



design, to keep dirt out, to keep lubricant in, to reduce installation and maintenance expense...since New Departure first produced this typical "new departure" in the bearing of

Quality New Departure THE FORGED STEEL BEARING NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL MOTHING ROLLS OF GENERAL MOTORS - BRISTOL, COMMECTICUT



· Sit down and dream what you'd like to do for a vacation. Do you want mountains -spiced with fragrant pines? Do and lakesyou want the rugged beauty of rocky coastline, or long, sunny, sandy beaches? Do you want to fish, in salt water or fresh water? Want to ride? Play tennis? Golf? Sail? Do you want to take it easy-or keep on the go every fun-packed minute?

Don't take your choice! Come to Maine and get them all! Cram your days with pleasure and your nights with cool, rest-ful sleep. Enjoy the tempting goodness of famous Maine food. There are well-known hotels, inns, sporting camps, comfortable overnight tourist homes. And there's a book full of pictures and hints that makes it fun to plan. Just mail the coupon.

HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE IN MAINE!



the District Medical Society forbade members to act as consultants in Group Health cases, closed their approved hospitals to G.H.A. doctors, even though they were all reputable men.

In court last week, Government Prosecutor John Henry Lewin raked over some smoldering testimony. Samples:

A man with acute appendicitis who was rushed to a hospital in the dead of night was refused the services of his own G.H.A. doctor, forced to take another on the hospital staff.

A young woman who belonged to G.H.A. was taken to a hospital for operation, given a stiff dose of morphine. Four hours later, "stupefied and nauseated," she left the hospital because her doctor was not allowed to operate there.

An elderly G.H.A. member who was run over and taken to a hospital was not allowed her own doctor, had to leave.

To all this, Defense Attorney William Edward Leahy's* answer was that the A.M.A. was not opposed to the principle of health insurance, but fought G.H.A. because it was "conducted inefficiently."

The original Government suit was also filed against Drs. Morris Fishbein, editor of the A.M.A. Journal, Manager Olin West, a number of other executives. After deliberating twelve hours, the jury acquitted the doctors, but convicted the A.M.A. and its Washington branch. At week's end, sentence had not yet been imposed on the organizations; they face a maximum fine of \$5,000 each. Editor Fishbein and Manager West, who plan to carry the case to a court of appeals, made no comment on the verdict, said merely that the A.M.A. "will continue to do its utmost for . . . public health.'

Pigeons and Women

Last week two Johns Hopkins surgeons told how a bit of bird lore inspired a useful medical discovery. A Boston colleague, two summers ago, told them that when pigeons drain calcium from their bones to make eggshells, their legs and wings grow soft, spongy. But a stiff dose of female sex hormones toughens them up again. Drs. Ralph Gorman Hills and James Arthur Weinberg were so struck with this news that they went right out and tried female hormones on women whose bones were broken and did not knit. Last week, in the Bulletin of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, they told what luck they had.

As their patients the doctors chose two women (one aged 70) with broken arms, and a young girl with a fractured leg. For many weeks their shattered limbs had hung like broken branches. The doctors gave them injections of the hormone theelin three times a week. Within a short time their bones began to "bud," and the jagged edges finally grew together.

The doctors believe that the hormone will work most effectively on stubborn fractures, is not necessary to aid normal healing of broken bones. Although they have not yet tried their treatment on men, they are sure that small doses of female sex hormone will do them no harm.

* No kin to Ambassador to France Admiral William D. Leahy.





Тіме, April 14, 1941

RADIO

Short-wave Paul Revere

Just before Yugoslavia squirmed out of the Nazi net, a series of short-wave broadcasts out of Boston took that country by the ears. In cafés, hotels, libraries and homes, Yugoslavs rallied round loudspeakers several times daily to listen to a call to arms that rocketed from a mike 4,500 miles away. Highly effective, these war cries from abroad were credited in official circles with having played no small part in keeping Yugoslavia out of Hitler's hands. Said a dispatch to the U.S. State Department from the American Legation



DR. SVETISLAV-SVETA PETROVITCH His war cries traveled 4,500 miles.

in Belgrade: "Everybody has been listening to the broadcasts, which whipped up the hatred against Germany." They also promised the British were coming, with the Yankees not far behind.

Ironically, the programs which inspired Yugoslavs to battle had their origin in the WRUL studios of the World Wide Broadcasting Foundation, which has been supported by Rockefeller, Sloan and Carnegie cash and listeners' contributions since 1935, on the basis of its original purpose to promote international amity. Among those who have needled the Führer over its facilities have been Dorothy Thompson, Hendrik Willem van Loon, Norway's Carl J. Hambro. But none has packed the wallop of cultured, greying, 46-year-old Dr. Svetislav-Sveta Petrovitch, author of last fortnight's appeals to the Yugoslavs.

A veteran journalist with a captain's commission in the Yugoslav Army, Dr. Petrovitch has been haranguing his countrymen from across their borders ever since 1939. Before then he was Paris correspondent for the Belgrade *Pravda* and so bitter about the Nazis that Berlin put on the

Тіме, April 14, 1941



Words were not intended to portray so elusive a thing as the bouquet of a Great Bourbon. Final understanding of KENTUCKY TAVERN'S qualities has come to most men after a restless sampling of other brands... These men have learned their lesson well ... and for them this is the undisputed choice of Kentucky Whiskies.

GLENMORE CDISTILLERIES CO. LOUISVILLE KENTUCKY

67



Things move with speed in fastgrowing Miami. So it's not surprising that Miami's leading newsfar outstripped other paper papers in its growth during the papers in its growth cording to past ten years, according to figures recently released by Editor & Publisher. The Miami Herald's circulation increase was 84% as compared with 6.1% for daily newspapers of the entire country. The Sunday edition of The Miami Herald stepped up its readership by 91% during the same ten-year period, against an average growth of 22.8% for Sunday papers of the nation.

Story, Brooks & Finley, Rep. The Aliami Herald OVER 90% COVERAGE IN CITY ZONE



screws to have him silenced. Unable to send dispatches, he suggested that the French permit him to short-wave his stuff twice a day. When the Nazis moved into France, Dr. Petrovitch fled to Vichy, making talks from towns along the line of retreat. Finally Pétain ordered him to shut up, whereupon he headed for the U.S.

Through his great & good friend Hamilton Fish Armstrong, onetime U.S. military attaché in Belgrade, now editor of *Foreign Affairs*, Dr. Petrovitch got a berth on WRUL, a 50,000-watt powerhouse, last fall. Conditions under which he agreed to operate were simple: a two-month trial at broadcasting three times a week, with no interference from anyone. Within three weeks, the State Department was advised by Arthur Bliss Lane, its Minister in Belgrade, that Dr. Petrovitch was becoming a potent force in Yugoslavia, that he ought to be aired every day.

Pleased that what he calls his "mission" has been successful, Dr. Petrovitch is back on his daily routine, from Manhattan. He wants no one to mistake his motives. "I am not," he points out, "a revolutionist. I am a nationalist."

Benefactor of Babes

Radio's quest for a missing "Babe" ended last week in Toronto when a United church, three ex-baby-burlesqueens and the indignant relatives of a plumber named William John Wright agreed out of court to split his \$12,500 estate. The case was the screwiest yet aired by the CBS *Court* of Missing Heirs, which on a coast-tocoast hookup has unearthed claimants to over \$400,000.

Plumber Wright wanted a girl named Wallie ("Babe") Coughlin to inherit his legacy. But all he knew about her was that he had seen her in 1918 at the age of five, toddling around the stage of a burlesque house in Fort Wayne, Ind. To find her, ads were run in Variety and Billboard. But not until the Court of Missing Heirs took the matter in hand were 240 potential Babes unearthed, of whom only three felt sure enough of their identity to head for Canada to claim the legacy.

In a Toronto court last week, the three Babes gathered, together with representatives of Toronto's Sherbourne United Church, which was to get the goodies if the Babe failed to show up, and Plumber Wright's cousin Charles Barkworth, who was out to break the will. Cousin Charles and supporters told strange tales of Plumber Wright: how he kept a pistol on his table while he ate, how he deceived small children into thinking moth balls were candy, how he threatened to water his father's corpse when his mother suggested watering the lilies around the old man's bier.

To courtly Justice J. Keiller MacKay, all this didn't add up to lunacy. Wearying of the proceedings, he suggested that claimants could make more if they could split the estate than they would by fighting on. In the settlement the church took 40%, the relatives $12\frac{1}{2}\%$; the three Babes (none of whom answered to the name Wallie Coughlin) split the other $47\frac{1}{2}\%$.

EDUCATION

Draft in the Colleges

Last week Columbia University's money-minded President Nicholas Murray Butler blurted a worry. "War conditions," he told newsmen on his 79th birthday, had already cost his university "several hundred thousand dollars" in tuition fees. Butler and his fellow presidents knew that worse was yet to come.

When Congress passed the Selective Service Act last fall, it gave colleges a reprieve by deferring conscription of students until July 1. After that, unless Congress amends the Act, students may be called from their classes at any time. Best guesstimate last week was that 10 to 15%of the 883,594 U. S. college men would be called next year.

First to raise an alarm was Harvard's President James Bryant Conant. An ardent champion of the draft law, he nevertheless warned U. S. officials last year that efficient national defense required that future scientists and engineers be allowed to finish their training. Two months ago a National Committee on Education and Defense called a conference of bigwig educators in Washington, heard an almost unanimous plea that Congress continue the system of deferring conscription of students until the end of their school year.

All this left Congress and draft officials unconvinced. But last month Brigadier General Lewis B. Hershey, Deputy Director of Selective Service, urged local draft boards to be careful about drafting needed scientists and technicians. Each case, said he, must be considered on its own merits, *i.e.*: the student's progress in his studies, his chances of getting a job.

Last week General Hershey went to New Haven, faced 72 professors and students from 20 New England colleges who had been convened by Yale and the International Student Service to ponder the Draft and Defense. Bluntly informing them that the Army needed college men as leaders and meant to draft them, General Hershey declared: "I do not think there is anything sacred about a . . . college education. . . The thing that frightens me is the 'business as usual' cry. . . . Going to school because you have nothing else to do is last year's hat."

Said a Yale student: "I hear the training period . . . may be extended beyond a year."

Hershey: "Do you think it will be?" Student: "Yes." Hershey: "So do I."

Languages

Language study trend, reported by New York City high schools last week: study of French, long the most popular foreign language, dropped sharply this term (from 63,702 to 55,403 students); Spanish, continuing a recent rise, was up from 37,476 to 40,945, had more beginning students (13,000) than all other languages combined. Also up: Greek (from 58 to 61).

Тіме, April 14, 1941



ANGELA was honest... but honestly? When thirteen people use a stamp box, how can one girl tell what happens to the stamps? So in the Postage Report there was always an Unexplained Deficit ... which Angela could either make good with her own money, or with a little imagination! Like most of us, Angela had much more imagination than cash... Is it any wonder Angela wants Mr. Binks to put in a Postage Meter?

WITH a Pitney-Bowes Meter, imagination isn't necessary. Nor are postage reports. Ditto postage stamps, as well. The postage in the Meter, and the postage the Meter has used—are automatically recorded on visible counters ... Nobody borrows from a Postage Meter, as Meter stamps have no value except on the firm's business mail. The firm gets the postage it pays for! And Angela gets a break.

But don't get the idea that a. Pitney-Bowes Postage Meter is just a postage safe and recorder. It supplies any kind of postage needed, as needed—*prints* it on the envelope, with a dated postmark, and your own advertisement; and seals the envelope—simultaneously. In the average office, it saves time and work, as well as worry and postage.

Metered Mail doesn't wait for postmarking or cancelling in the postoffice, gets on its way earlier.

AND a Pitney-Bowes Postage Meter costs so little that almost any office can use one. Call our nearest office for a demonstration in yours, on your own mail . . . or send the coupon! Why wait?

... Pitney-Bowes Postage Meter Co., 1231 Pacific St., Stamford, Conn.... Branches in principal cities. Cf. phone directory. In Canada: Canadian Postage Meters & Machines Co., Ltd.





at Louisville in Kentucky

ART

Press Photographer

Marty Hyman is skinny and undersized but a tough member of a tough trade—a press photographer. Last week Artist Marty Hyman was given a one-man show by Philadelphia's Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, oldest art organization in the U.S.

Metropolitan press photographers are the proverbial tough guys of U.S. journalism. They earn a thick-skinned living shooting pictures of gang fights, strikes, accidents and fires, are popularly supposed to take everything from illegal entry to abduction as part of the day's work. For eleven years, Marty Hyman has been rushing around Republican Philadelphia, snapping news shots for Dave Stern's brawling, loudly Democratic Philadelphia *Record*.

But in his more reflective moments Marty Hyman has always had a weakness for art. Sent to cover some grimy accidentward tragedy, he would come back to the *Record* with unnewsworthy details—the faces of a helpless old man and a crippled child, a seamy portrait of an old flower vendor. Marty Hyman's touching, tearjerking character studies appealed to *Rec*ord readers.

The Philadelphians who went to Marty's show this week recognized many a familiar item from the *Record*: the famous *Flower Vendor*, a deftly composed photograph of a circus elephant rampant on a field of water buckets, sharply etched pictures of choir boys, burlesque clowns, oyster fishermen, ballplayers, bums, nuns and children. Last week, before the show opened, Photographer Hyman was in Bethlehem, Pa. being pelted with coal and chased by strikers who didn't want to be photographed. But for the opening he put on his best suit, later guest-of-honored at a celebritythronged party at the *Record* offices. Said he: "It's the greatest thing that can ever happen to me."

Benton Hates Museums

Art museums, which lately got some sharp criticism from New York City's Park Commissioner Robert Moses (TIME, March 10), last week caught another egg squarely on the ear. The egg was hurled with a will by tough, swart little Missouri Painter Thomas Hart Benton. Growled he: the average museum was "a graveyard run by a pretty boy with delicate wrists and a swing in his gait. . . . Do you want to know what's the matter with the art business in America? It's the third sex and the museums. Even in Missouri we're full of 'em. Our museums are full of ballet dancers, retired businessmen and boys from the Fogg Institute at Harvard where they train museum directors and art artists. I'd have people buy the paintings and hang them in privies or anywhere anybody had time to look at 'em. Nobody looks at' em in museums. Nobody goes to museums. I'd like to sell mine to saloons,* bawdy houses, Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs and Chambers of Commerce-even women's clubs."

* Taking Painter Benton at his word, Manhattan Impresario Billy Rose last week asked for and succeeded in borrowing Benton's most saloonworthy canvas, the famed, undraped *Persephone*, to hang in his revamped cabaret, the *Diamond Horseshoe*. Said Rose: "You've got the painting; I've got the saloon."



MARTY HYMAN & PICTURE He always had a weakness for art.

E. C. Parry Jr.

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TO SPEAK AND YET BE SILENT

There is a time in each man's life when flowers cease to be mere casual social gestures, and become fragrant messengers of things unspeakable for very beauty.

The most precious utterances of men's lives are often spoken thus, with symbols. That is why the thin brown ghosts of blossoms still slip silently from the pages of old diaries . . . why a woman listening to music will suddenly grow luminous-eyed as if the melody had echoed from her heart-strings.

But fortunately for men and for the women who love them. all symbols are not so fragile; all beauty not so fleeting. In the deathless fires of his engagement diamond a man may set his truest, most ecstatic message to blaze in changeless glory. The diamond itself should be a fine one and its selection will require the advice of an experienced jeweler. For carat weight is not enough to judge by. Color, absence of imperfections, brilliance of cut must also be considered. The cost will be surprisingly low when one considers the thought his diamond will repeat in undiminished radiance on every day of every year to be. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited, and Associated Companies.



PAINTING BY BERNARD LAMOTTE, M.L., FROM THE DE BEERS COLLECTION

Current Prices of Unmounted Quality Diamonds. (Exact weights shown are infrequent.) Size alone does not determine values. Purity, color and excellence of cutting affect the price. Many reliable jewelers will arrange payments for fine stones over an extended period.



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THEY'LL "SET HER DOWN" MORE SAFELY thanks to a lump of coal

YOUR PLANE GLIDES DOWN... finally the wheels touch and you skim along the runway... you feel the brakes take hold and the plane eases to a gentle stop.

That calls for a pavement that is skid-resistant, even in rain. Such pavement comes from a lump of coal from a special tar made in the processing of coal.

You'll find products from coal popping up in the oddest places these days.

Even the tires on the plane are given longer life by chemicals made from coal. Coal helps to make the steel, aluminum and plastics of which the plane is built.

The magicians of America today are its chemists.

And scores of them work for Koppers, wresting secrets from coal. Chemists have found ways to utilize coal in making an almost inexhaustible list of useful things. Medicines, waterproofing, plastics, disinfectants, vitamins, paints, wood preservatives, paving, dyes.

New chemicals from coal are making America pleasanter to live in, more comfortable, safer. And tomorrow will be brighter than today. Koppers Company, Koppers Building, Pittsburgh.

One of the largest miners and processors of coal, Koppers is also a factor in the construction, manufacturing, and transportation industries. In 36 out of 48 states, you will find Koppers activities.


THE PRESS

Rebels and the Union

The American Newspaper Guild decided last week to teach rebel members the full lesson of its disciplinary powers. For the first time it cracked down really hard on members of the working press who did not like the Guild's kind of unionism.

An A.N.G. "trial board" tried five writers on Hearst's New York *Daily Mirror*, condemned them to pay fines totaling \$1,400 or be expelled (and perhaps lose their jobs in the bargain). The charges: 1) attempting to form a rival union, the A.F. of L. American Newspaper Writers Association; 2) refusal to pay dues to the A.N.G. (on the grounds it was Communist-controlled); 3) refusal to accept the



REBEL PHILLIPS Her fine: \$500 in 30 days.

Guild as bargaining agent. The condemned: Ruth Phillips, rewrite girl (\$500); Walter Marshall, ship-news reporter (\$400); Charles E. Lang, head of night copy desk (\$400). Stiff fines, they carried a stiffer time limit for payment: 30 days. Reporters Frank Doyle and Gregory McCullah, repentant sinners, got off with \$50 fines plus back dues, payable in three months.

Presumably no less guilty under Guild bylaws are 40 rebel Guildsmen on the New York *Times* who petitioned the Labor Board to recognize the same rival A.F. of L. union as their bargaining agent for *Times* editorial workers. Difference is that the New York *Times* does not have a "Guild Shop," whereas the *Mirror* is now negotiating a union contract which will include such a clause. If it is signed, the Guild contract will bind the *Mirror* management, "upon formal notice from the Guild," to fire employes for the following reasons: 1) if they do not join

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"Freeze 'er stiff...then see how she runs!"

In this weather tunnel an automobile, fresh from the assembly line, is coated with moisture and literally frozen stiff at 20° below zero. Then the motor is started.

Why subject a new car to such an extreme test? Because that's the only way the makers can guarantee quick, easy starting in sub-zero weather.

As America speeds up, testing becomes more and more vital. But it takes time, costs money.

That's why, to keep the pace and safeguard costs, business today needs products that are pre-tested, proved in use . . . products such as Hammermill Bond.

More firms now use Hammermill Bond for letterheads and business forms than any other watermarked paper.

Because Hammermill Bond is pre-tested in the making . . . proved by 29 years of use.

25 letters or forms on economical Hammermill Bond cost only 1e more than on cheap, unknown paper.





BEST WAYS TO MULTIPLY MESSAGES! 1. For typewritten work, use Hammermill Bond. Takes typing cleanly, erases neatly, makes half a dozen clear carbons. 2. On gelatin or spirit duplicators, use Hammermill Duplicator. Gives 300, or more, readable copies. 3. On stencil duplicators, use Hammermill Mimeo-Bond. Makes 3000, or more, clear copies. HAMMERMILL BOND PASS-ES EVERY TEST in business because it has already faced tests far more severe in the Hammermill laboratory. Tests of the pulp. Constant tests during manufacture. And 23 different tests of the finished sheet: for weight, thickness, strength, tearing, folding, erasure, moisture content, color—every important quality.





Advertisement of The Minneapolis Star Journal

MINNEAPOLIS prettiest girls

There's something about racial blendings, climate, and facilities for outdoor sport that makes Minneapolis girls the most beautiful in the world. Some Minneapolis alumnae:

• Ann Sothern, who, as Harriet Lake, used to sun her shapely self on a choice



PRETTIEST GIRLS —Some Minneapolis Star Journal staff samples*...

of 13 public beaches, win prizes at Central High for her piano compositions.

Virginia Bruce, who, as Virginia Briggs, paddled her own cance over Minneapolis'
11 lakes, swatted golf balls on some of the 16 public links within city limits.
June Lang, who, as June Vlasek, bi-

• June Lang, who, as June Vlasek, bicycled over paths that wander through 5,311 acres of Minneapolis parks.

• Louise Herou, who developed on the ice of Minneapolis' 48 municipal rinks the fleetness that made her America's speed skating champion.

To Nature Minneapolis owes its lakes, its inspiriting climate. To an outdoorsloving population Minneapolis owes the foresight that has turned these unique natural advantages into beauty, health and good living.

To its merchants Minneapolis owes the opportunity of America's prettiest and most versatile girls to be also the bestdressed — whether to swim, ski, skate or go dinner-dancing.

Last word on the complete raiment of the American girl is found in the shops and stores of famed Nicollet avenue, where the newest Hollywood sportswear meets the formal fashions of New York. Middleman between Minneapolis beauty and Minneapolis merchants is The Minneapolis Star Journal. Retail advertisers favor it preponderantly, because: (1) The Minneapolis Star Journal is the Northwest's largest newspaper. (2) Its circulation is concentrated among their customers: 4 out of 5 Minneapolis families read it every evening.

* Top, left to right, Marian Jensen, Mary Jean Curle, Betty Davidson, June Keefe, Mary Lou Dougherty; bottom, left to right, Sylvia Dahl, Helen Fabienke, Natalie Porter.

MINNEAPOLIS STAR JOURNAL



225,000 SUNDRY

MINNEAPOLIS STAR JOURNAL - JOHN COWLES, PRESIDENT

the Guild within three months after being hired; 2) if they fall two months behind in dues; 3) if they lose good standing for any other reason. If so fired, the banished Guildsmen do not even get dismissal pay.

Under the usual Guild Shop clause a paper does not have to fire old employes who refuse to join the Guild, but this is not the case of the rebels in question. They were once members of the Guild and according to the Guild they still are, for although three of them resigned from the Guild in writing, Guild bylaws do not allow anyone to resign.

"Most recalcitrant" and stiffest-fined of the condemned *Mirror* rebels, Ruth Phillips, 35, blonde author of three books of fiction, is also the most articulate critic of her accusers. Twelve years on the *Mirror*, she was a charter Guild organizer, a militant member of the Executive and Grievance Committees. She changed her mind last summer when 18 *Mirror* Guildsmen unsuccessfully petitioned the National Convention to oust Executives Milton Kaufman and Victor Pasche. Then began the rebel movement for the A.F. of L. American Newspaper Writers Association. A war of nerves followed at the *Mirror*.

Called "the Feverish Five" and "the non-union gang" by the Guild shop paper, the rebels fought back with charges of Guild intimidation, spying, "forced" repudiations of the A.F. of L., calculated suppression of unfavorable Guild news, union decisions based on an average 4% attendance at unit meetings, rigged elections and much else.

Reflection of *Mirror* atmosphere in recent months was the case of a regular Guildsman who wrote a sympathetic article on the anti-Communist best seller *Out of the Night*. Next day as he seated himself at the copy desk, a fellow writer held aloft a sheet of copy paper for him to read. On it was scrawled in big letters: RAT.

Mirror rebels admitted last week that the Guild, according to its own bylaws, had a right to impose the sentence it did. They also thought they got a dirty deal. Their chief hope was the reaction of the *Mirror* staff to the notice of their punishment posted on the *Mirror* bulletin board by the Guild. Said Rebel Phillips: "This notice was intended to scare the rebel faction, but it has had a different effect. Staff men are talking about oiling up their shotguns."

Grey's Crack

Lanky, lame, cranky, 65-year-old Charles Grey Grey,* editor for 28 years of Britain's top aviation magazine, *The Aeroplane*, last week brought down the wrath of Britons on himself for no more heinous crime than writing rudely about the U.S.

When Editor Grey has not been rumpusing with the British Air Ministry, he has injected into his technical publication noisy U.S.-baiting ("the civilized world and the United States of America"). Sometimes he has combined the two. In 1938, when the British bought 400 U.S. planes, Editor Grey called it "a disgraceful * Not to be confused with Charles G. Grey, U. S. World War I flier (TIME, Feb. 5, 1940).





R/

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Harris & Ewing EDITOR GREY "I don't care a damn, either."

deal," yammered that "to order American aeroplanes of any sort is an imbecility." In between, he whooped his praises for German and Italian Fascism. Declaring that "we were on the wrong side" in World War I, he swore that the "invincible" *Luftwaffe* was meant to fight Russia and not Britain. One of his rare plane trips was a flight over Rome with Benito Mussolini at the controls of a bomber.

Two months before war began Mr. Grey "resigned" his editorship of *The Aeroplane* but he remained editor of the semiofficial *Jane's All the World's Aircraft*, standard What's What of aviation.

Last week, in the 1940 edition of that publication, under a picture of a Lockheed Hudson bomber being towed across the Canadian border was discovered this Grey time bomb: "Now that the United States have decided to support the war 'to the last Englishman' preparations are being made to fly flying fortresses direct to England."

Headlines in the British press should INSULT TO AMERICA. For twelve hours censors forbade cabling the story to the U.S. Publishers Sampson Low tried to round up all outstanding copies. The Ministry of Aircraft Production announced that the book had no official status.

Said Editor Grey, delighted: "The difference between all assistance short of war and financing war 'to the last Englishman' is not very wide, in my opinion... There is a small group of people who want to get me in trouble." Prodded for his opinion as to whether the book would be banned for export, he growled airily: "I haven't the faintest idea, and I don't care a damn, either."

German propagandists could not resist improving on their old friend's old wheeze. They broadcast in German: "In the semiofficial American magazine, *All the World's Aircraft*, its Editor Grey writes that 'the United States has decided to support the war financially to the last Englishman.'"

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SCIENCE

Cause of Evolution?

The most provocative theory in contemporary science—that cosmic rays are the inspirers of biological evolution—was discussed this week by Dr. Gioacchino Failla in the abstruse Journal of Applied Physics. His purpose was to inform physicists about the biological effects of some forms of radiation with which they work —notably gamma rays, X-rays and cosmic rays.

These rays are really bombardments of tiny electrical particles, which easily penetrate matter. There they dislodge electrons from atoms and molecules, making some positive, some negative in charge—*i.e.*, ionized. Ionizing radiations damage living matter: many pioneer workers with radium were maimed and killed.

In 1927 Hermann Joseph Muller, at the University of Texas, using Drosophila (fruit flies), proved that X-rays also have profound genetic effects. Piercing the nucleus of a living cell, they can destroy or rearrange the genes which determine the inherited characteristics of all new life. But, observes Dr. Failla, "All living organisms are subjected to ionizing radiations throughout their life." Chief sources are 1) potassium, a mildly radioactive element found in all cells, 2) cosmic rays, which constantly penetrate each human being.

These natural ionizing rays, Muller theorized, may well cause the small percentage of "spontaneous" mutations (marked inheritable deviations from the ancestral norm) in all forms of life. The success of some mutations in the struggle for existence largely accounts for evolution, which has proceeded through the ages from protozoa to lizard to man seemingly in spurts rather than at a steady pace. The spurts and lags may correspond to varying intensity of cosmic ray showers.

Astronomer Harlan True Stetson of M.I.T. and other scientists think this theory is entirely reasonable. But the combined influence of potassium and cosmic rays does not now appear adequate to explain spontaneous mutations. It is possible, notes Dr. Failla, that relatively "very small amounts of radiation are much more genetically effective than large ones."

Man's Small Relations

A study in the wild of social behavior among man's closest relatives, the anthropoid apes, was released last week by Psychologist Clarence Raymond Carpenter of Pennsylvania State College. Overlooking such obvious candidates as the gorilla and orangutan, he chose to study the small (14 lb.), long-armed gibbon, which walks and runs on the ground "with greater ease than any other primate except man," whose head, like man's, "combines a fairly large brain part with a relatively small face." In the forests of northwest Siam (Thailand) toward the Burma Road, Psychologist Carpenter spent four months in 1937 crouching in the bushes, watching the antics of gibbons in the trees, taking many movies and a few reluctant pot shots with his rifle. It was a psychological study that in effect skipped back 30,000,000 years through evolutionary time, when man's ancestors closely resembled the animals Carpenter spied on. Some findings: Gibbons live for around 30 years, are good, monogamous family creatures.

▶ Though roving through the treetops, each family assumes title to a definite territory.

▶ When this territory is invaded, a gibbon asserts his "property rights" first by vo-



DR. CARPENTER & GIBBON There is good family life in Siam.

cal scoldings and threats, then by force.
They make themselves understood through complex systems of gesture and voice, which direct even the youngsters.
The sexes enjoy a striking equality.
Gibbons are emotional, now mild, now vicious, but social ties are much strength-

ened by mutual need for parasite-plucking from their thick fur.

Golden Age of Magic

Lynn Thorndike, professor of history at Columbia University, this week turned out two final chunky volumes of his sixtome monumental *History of Magic & Experimental Science*, thereby completing almost 40 years of work.

In the 16th Century, more than in the Middle Ages, magic flourished and excited men's burgeoning curiosity like commerce, art, religious debate, exploration. Yet the use of magic rites, incantations, numberconjurings, etc. was falling off. Imperceptibly the way was clearing for experimental discoveries.

Today most people think that magic and superstition hindered and stifled science for centuries. Fact is, says Thorndike, "... Magicians were perhaps the first to experiment...." In their splendid, grotesque yearning to control nature's forces, the Fausts of the Middle Ages and Renaissance gave science the inspired curiosity which is perhaps even more important than the experimental method.

Тіме, April 14, 1941



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



INVITATION TO TROUBLE

When you have an automobile accident you are likely to run into a swarm of difficulties as troublesome as a hornet's nest.

The difficulties are more than simply a crushed fender. More often, the accident is serious enough to require that a bond be furnished...the car released from attachment...witnesses sought out and interviewed...a scale map made of the accident, a photograph taken of the scene.

If the case goes to court, there are attorney's fees, court costs and medical examinations to be paid.

Were you to undertake this yourself you would be obliged to give up time and money worth many times the cost of insurance. And you would still have to meet, out of your own pocket, any financial responsibility for damage or injury.

How much safer you are to travel under the broad protection of The Maryland! If an accident should befall you anywhere in the United States or Canada, The Maryland shoulders your burden.

A Maryland Service Card in your wallet serves as a guardian of your peace of mind...a reminder that you have 10,000 friends—Maryland representatives who can be reached quickly through any telephone or telegraph office...a protection against a veritable swarm of annoyances. Maryland Casualty Company, Baltimore.

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

RETAILING

Easter Profits, Summer Danger

Last week U.S. department stores entered the No. 2 selling season of the year (Easter week) with the best prospects in ten years. Partly they could thank defense spending and the public's fear of higher prices. Partly they could thank their own recent merchandising aggressiveness, stimulated by the chains and mail-order houses to whom they had been losing ground. With March volume 10-15% ahead of 1940, and April even better, department stores may this year equal their 1930 levels, if not the 1929 peak.

Since department stores, like railroads, have a relatively inflexible overhead, their profits tend to rise faster than their sales. In the fiscal year ended Jan. 31, 1941, Gimbel Brothers upped earnings 67% on an 8% sales gain; Associated Dry Goods lifted profits 15% while sales rose 3%. Last week Marshall Field paid twice its usual dividend; Bloomingdale also increased its payment.

But there is another reason for this recent prosperity. Although departmentstore sales are 75% above their depression lows, inventories have risen less than one-third, and the gap between the two is the widest ever (see chart). Normally, low inventories are a sign of smart merchandising, meaning faster turnover, fresher and more attractive goods. In 1941, low inventories are also a danger signal. If storekeepers keep their shelves so bare in the face of a still soaring demand, they may soon awake to find themselves forced to buy in a priorities-ridden seller's market, bidding prices up. The fear that prices will soon be higher has recently gripped businessmen, Government men and consumers alike. Consumers have expressed their fear by stocking up while prices are low, buying almost everything in sight; department stores have not.

UTILITIES

Holding Companies: Last Mile

When Jerome Frank became Chairman of SEC in 1938, the most difficult job before him was to enforce the anfractuous provisions of Ben Cohen's Utility Holding Company Act, especially to "integrate" the holding companies under famed Section II. Last month he reported that "the back of the integration problem was definitely broken." This week, with a 5-0 decision in favor of forced competitive bidding for utility securities, he had finished the whole job. Chairman Frank was ready to don the robes of Federal judgeship.

It had been a long, slow, bitter and devious fight. Yet the outcome, which was a 100% New Deal victory, contained un-expected cheer for Wall Street, too. On the same day that Frank announced he had broken the problem's back, utility holding company preferred stocks began to go up. A flock of them-Standard Gas. Engineers Public Service, Electric Power & Light, Commonwealth & Southernmade new highs for the year. Some brokers reported that 75% of their buying orders were for utility holding company preferreds and bonds. Most succinct explanation for this back-handed phenomenon was that of Shearson, Hammill & Co.: "About the only conclusion one can draw from the activity in utility holding company preferred stocks is that the parts of the various utility holding companies are worth more separately than when united in a single . . . system."

Meanwhile some of the commons behind these booming preferreds made new lows for the year. Reason for this selectivity: in dissolution, the holding company preferreds would emerge with back dividends paid up, and with ownership of their ex-systems' operating companies' common stocks, which are worth scram-



FIGURES FROM THE FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD, SEASONALLY ADJUSTED (1923-25=100)-TIME, April 14, 1941



Associated Press-Paramount News Photo JUDGE FRANK ... was still working.

bling for. But the holding company commons are too far under water to get much once they lose operating control. Wall Street thus confirmed the fact that the Holding Company Act was achieving its goal.

The bells began to toll for the holding companies last month, when SEC told \$589,000,000 United Light & Power to dissolve its scattered system. United bowed, agreed to integrate around its Kansas City property, prepared to sell its outlying properties and use the money to pay off its own bonds. Next came the turn of \$766,000,000 Standard Gas & Electric, which has already cooperated to the extent of having paid off \$6,500,000 of its bonds with 40% of its original holdings of San Diego Gas & Electric.

Standard's Leo Crowley said that his senior security holders would become equity owners of everything except Standard's rich Duquesne Light (in Pittsburgh, which nets \$10,000,000 a year); and that Standard, debt-free, would be pared down to Duquesne. This plan, said Crowley, affords "full value for the note and debenture holders and substantial intrinsic value for the holders of prior preference and preferred stocks." This meant there was no value for Standard common. Said Crowley: "Some people may think I'm foolishly liquidating myself out of a job."

Philadelphia's rich United Gas Improvement, having first threatened to sue SEC for ordering it to sell its Connecticut property, about-faced into the procession, announced it would sell.

Next crack-down hit two of the industry's three recalcitrants—Engineers Public Service and Commonwealth & Southern. (The third, Electric Bond &



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genuine.

ALLEGHENY LUDLUM STEEL CORPORATION General Offices: Pittsburgh, Pa.

ALLEGHENY STAINLESS Good for a Lifetime ! Share, has been growing more compromiseminded.) E.P.S. was told to choose between a system based on its Virginia or on its Gulf States properties. Crying "unconstitutional," E.P.S. threatened suit. C. & S. was told to base its future on its southern or its northern properties (the proceeds of the sale could be used to pay off some preferred arrears). Replied C. & S.'s spokesman, Lawyer George Roberts: "To say that we were shocked... is to put it mildly." He also threatened to carry the fight to the Supreme Court. The market reacted skeptically to these threats of litigation. E.P.S.'s and C. & S.'s preferred rose, their common fell, both movements anticipating dissolution.

Thus was the Section II problem's "back broken." A louder crack accompanied the death of another institution: the freedom of the utilities to place their financing where they see fit. In February 1940 Morgan, Stanley sold \$25,000,000 of Dayton Power Co. bonds. The bankers consented to having their \$100,562 fee "impounded" while SEC decided whether they were an "affiliate" of Dayton Power, or if there had been an absence of arm'slength bargaining (required by the Act) in preparing the deal. Fortnight ago SEC dropped a bombshell on the corner of Broad and Wall Streets by findingunanimously-that Morgan, Stanley is an affiliate. Dayton, against its wishes, was \$100,562 richer.

The Commission's argument went like this: Dayton is a subsidiary of Columbia Gas & Electric. Columbia is a subsidiary of United Corp. (which owns 19.6% of its common). Morgan, Stanley was formed by J. P. Morgan to take over its underwriting business, and leading Morgan partners have had a financial incentive to get business for it. Final question was whether United Corp., which J. P. Morgan put together in 1929, is subject to Morgan political control. Describing the demeanor of United's George Howard toward Morgan's George Whitney as one of "courteous fealty," SEC decided there was control. It added that Morgan, Stanley had, since its formation in 1935, obtained substantially all bond underwriting done by all the companies in the United system; and that it has headed no utility financing outside the United group.

Morgan, Stanley answered with a stinging charge that this decision "belongs to the world of make believe. . . . We desire to state that in no conceivable way can it be properly held that we have ever been affiliated with the Dayton Company or any other public utility company." This week Morgan, Stanley had not decided whether to take the matter to court. If SEC is right, and Morgan, Stanley owes its utility business to J. P. Morgan's holding company affiliations, the disruption of the relationship will oust Morgan, Stanley from its No. 1 position in the utility underwriting field.

But that question became academic this week. For Chairman Frank's curtain line, SEC decided (as Wall Street long feared it would) that all utility securities under the Act shall henceforth be subject to competitive bidding, whether the bankers are "affiliates" or not. This decision meant that the coming spate of security distributions that must accompany the breakup of the holding companies will be an investment bankers' free-for-all-and an open field for new regional utility combinations too. SEC defended itself against two frequent assertions: 1) that enforced securities auctions "interfere with free enterprise" (Massachusetts, cradle of enterprise, has had such a law for years); 2) that they will slow up defense ("competition is the essence of that free enter-



Record Production: TIME's new production index rose to a new high of 142.6 (estimated) last week. The final figure for the week ending March 29 was 141.8. On the basis of the TIME index's weekly averages, the FRB production index for March should be about 141. Main reason for last week's rise was steel; the industry reached 100% of capacity for the first time since 1929.

Although production is the highest ever, every week brings news of new feats to accelerate the industrial machine. Newest was staged on the Great Lakes, where seven freighters broke through the ice-clogged waters last week -the earliest opening of industrial navigation on the Lakes in 41 years. This was good news to steelmen. They hope to move 72-73,000,000 tons of ore through the Lakes this season, far above the old record—1929's 65,205,000.

Тіме, April 14, 1941



ALADDIN WAS A PIKER

• Tales of Aladdin and his magic lamp have always been the delight of storybook readers. Compared to a modern Natural Gas burner, however, Aladdin was a "piker"!

Hundreds of factories are now making success history in the Gulf South. Behind the art and skill that goes into their varied products is the magic of Natural Gas ... constant, dependable, abundant . . . a new Aladdin's lamp that far outstrips the old.

Complementing Natural Gas in the Gulf South are complete facilities for shipping and travel by rail, water, highways and air to local and Pan-American markets . . . ample power to turn the wheels of defense industries . . . native, white, reliable, intelligent labor . . . plentiful land . . . good schools

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. . . ideal living conditions in a pleasant year-round climate.

Join the march of industry to the Gulf South. This Company's organization and facilities are available to industries interested in Gulf South opportunities.

Advise us of your requirements ... without obligation we shall be glad to make a confidential survey for you.

INVITES INDUSTR



In this boiler room of the Gulf South central station pictured above, Natural Gas for fuel produces the steam that turns the generators, supplying a representative segment of the Gulf South with electrical energy.

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• THREE WISE MEN



A HATCHERY MAN IN PENNSYLVANIA turns out 100,000 baby chicks every seven days, with "Caterpillar" Diesel-made electric heat-and-light which costs him only about \$9 a week for fuel. In 2155 hours of actual running, this outfit (20,000 watts) has already saved him \$440 over his former type of power.



A CLAY REFINER IN WYOMING saves approximately 85c a ton (or \$1.70 an hour) by replacing purchased power with "r-cent" electricity made as needed by his "Caterpillar" Diesel-Electric Set (66,000 watts). . . . A saving which accumulates into a tidy amount in the course of a year or more!



A MACHINE-SHOP MAN ON LONG ISLAND lights and powers his plant with a 44-20 "Caterpillar" Diesel-Electric Set (20,000 watts) for only 1 cent per kilowatthour. The power he formerly used cost him 2 cents per kilowatt-hour—exactly *twice* as much!





EACH of these men approached his power-cost problems as he saw them—did his figuring from his particular assembly of facts. But all inevitably arrived at the same irrefutable finding—that "Caterpillar" Diesel electricity saves money. Yes, a lot of money when reduced to comparisons with other commonly available types of power! Reductions of one-half to three-fourths from former costs are widely reported by enthusiastic users.

Whether you operate a mill, factory, machine-shop, service station, tourist camp, laundry, hatchery, creamery, printing plant or similar small or medium size establishment . . . MAKE YOUR OWN ELECTRIC-ITY AS YOU NEED IT AT ROCK-BOTTOM COST WITH A "CATERPILLAR" DIESEL-ELEC-TRIC SET -- 1c PER KW.-HOUR.* *Slightly more or less, depending on average load and local price of fuel.



prise, or American way of life which we are intent on defending").

But these were not likely to be the most immediate consequences of competitive bidding. The rule will denude the investment bankers of their remnant shreds of influence over utilities; but it will also make the big insurance and trust companies more formidable monopolists of the best security issues than ever. The bankers will become mere bone-fed finders of private placements. Since the insurance companies have already been put on the spot before TNEC for absorbing so huge a share of U.S. investment opportunities (TIME, March 10), SEC's new rule will doubtless hasten the day when insurance, too, will pass under Federal control. The Government's attacks on the power of Wall Street always wind up by increasing its own.

This week Chairman Frank still awaited the Presidential order that would send him to the bench. The President seemed to be in no hurry. Although Frank's utilities job was done, he is still wanted in Washington because SEC, Treasury and Federal Reserve have a great deal of interdepartmental work to do on fiscal policy for defense. Frank may stay on the job until the President can find a replacement for Ben Cohen at the London Embassy. Then Cohen can return and be Chairman of SEC.

The Great McKee

When Grand Coulee Dam turned on the juice (TIME, March 31), it was generally said that a titanic wave of public power would soon inundate every Pacific Northwest private utility. But last week one utility laughed in the face of the spillways. Impudent little Portland Gas & Coke Company announced it would build a \$1,-500,000 addition to its gas by-products plant.

Boss of Portland Gas is florid, bubbling Paul Boole McKee, who comes by his enterprise naturally. His great-greatgrandfather founded McKeesport, Pa.; his grandfather and father founded San Francisco banks. Paul McKee has been a dollar-a-day carpenter, a machinist's helper, a track star (Stanford), boss of Electric Bond & Share's subsidiary in Brazil.

In 1933, when New Deal schemes for public power were a-borning, Bond & Share sent McKee to Oregon to run Portland Gas, Northwestern Electric (SEC later made him drop this) and Pacific Power & Light. His assignment: to recapture lost earnings, fend off public power.

McKee knew his first task was to show Portlanders that all utilitycoons were not Insulls. A good mixer, a good talker, Mc-Kee brightened many a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary, other clubs. Last year, Portland citizens raised \$15,000 to help him beat Federal power at the polls.

Meanwhile, McKee never forgot that his \$37,200 annual salary came from the cash register, not good will. He cut operating costs to the bone, boosted advertising to the limit. Last year his Pacific Power cleared \$851,957 v. 1933's \$77,105; Northwestern Electric netted \$460,051 against \$32,341 in 1933; Portland Gas earned



GASMAN MCKEE In any case, it was fun.

\$236,925 v. 1935's low of \$2,333. Even so, the future of electricity in the Northwest clearly belonged to the Bonneville Power Administration. But McKee had a substitute line of goods: gas. He plugged gas for home heating, water heating, cooking and refrigeration. His gas volume last year hit a ten-year peak; his appliance salesmen outsold Bonneville power appliance salesmen. But for real profits, he needed more income from gas by-products as well (such as briquets, lampblack, benzol, road-surfacing tar). So now he is building the new by-products plant, hopes to boost by-products sales from 25% to 33-50% of gas sales. Even if the new plant does not make money, McKee last week said: "the satisfaction of doing it [in the face of Federal power], will be worth a hell of a lot."

WAR FRONT

Wings Over South America

Long a nightmare to the U.S. State Department has been the Nazi airline web in South America (TIME, Jan. 27). German pilots fly regularly over 18,850 route miles, most of them in highly strategic territory, some of them just a short jump from the Panama Canal. But last week the web was weakening, looked as if it might some day disappear.

In Peru, one strand was swept out completely: Lufthansa Peru. Tiny L.P. operated only two old Junkers over a 1,210mile route, had a total investment of scarcely more than 550,000. But it pegged the German *luftweb* on the West Coast, connected with a route reaching straight across South America from Rio de Janeiro, thus was important out of all proportion to its size. When two German freighters were scuttled in the Peruvian harbor of Callao last week (see p. 41),



COR 36 YEARS the good ship GOLDENROD, out of Cincinnati, plied the waters of four mid-west rivers, tending some 750 channel lights for Uncle Sam.

When first put in service in 1888, she often couldn't get up enough steam to push her over the Ohio River sandbars and maintain her heavy schedule. New ship, new engines—how come she didn't have power enough? It turned out that all she needed was proper insulation around her steam pipes. Keasbey & Mattison insulation, well known even before 1888, was installed. From then on, no more lack-of-power trouble aboard the GOLDENROD. So well did her K&M insulation perform that when her successor, the GREENBRIER, took over in 1924 she, too, was K&M-equipped.

The extra quality in K&M insulation, that has served these lighthouse tenders for over 50 years, is typical of all K&M products—asbestos-cement shingles, sheet building materials, corrosion-proof pipe for water mains, to name a few. Keasbey & Mattison, America's asbestos pioneer, has developed scores

PENNSYLVANIA

of products that are making their unique contribution to safety, comfort and economy in home and factory.

Nature made asbestos; Keasbey & Mattison has made it serve mankind-since 1873.

KEASBEY & MAT

AMBLER.



83



Throughout the Great Lakes Region, vital industrial centers are throbbing with rapidly expanding activity. Stepped-up production is quickly translated into stepped-up buying power. New markets, new sales opportunities are opening up almost daily for many types of business.

Perhaps this bank can help you keep a more sensitive finger on the pulse of this vital industrial area. We are in daily contact with the vigorous expansion in iron and steel and automotive goods; in machine tools and airplane parts; in rubber, glass and building products, and in all types of consumer goods.

For more than 50 years, Central National has been closely identified with the Great Lakes industrial region. We'll welcome your inquiries for information, or for financial service of any type.



troops rushed to the L.P. airport at Limatambo. There they found Ernest Eilers, L.P. manager, and Ernest Krefft, manager of Kosmos-Hapag Steamship Agency, preparing to flee from Peru in the L.P. Junkers. The troops took over.

L.P. was the third important German loss since outbreak of World War II. Start of the war forced abandonment of the Nazi transatlantic service to South America. Last summer Colombia (with U.S. urging) nationalized the 5,175-mile, German-affiliated Scadta line. Chief lines still operating in South America with direct or indirect German connections: Brazil's Condor (10,000 miles extending into Argentina and Chile), Vasp (1,200 miles) and Varig (940 miles); Bolivia's Lloyd Aero Boliviano (3,000 miles); Ecuador's Sedta (900 miles).

The German *luftweb*, richly subsidized from Berlin, had its beginnings about 20 years ago. German pilots set up small lines (often in interior regions where there could be no hope of making a profit), became naturalized citizens, married South American women. The lines grew by hauling mail at big losses, carrying South American officials free. Even after the Scadta line was nationalized, about half of the line's 22 pilots remained in Colombia. Two of them bought land ostensibly for farming, used it instead to start an unscheduled line with two old planes.

Chief U.S. hope for driving the German lines out is Pan American Airways. Although the Germans got there first, Pan Am has built up 40,000 miles of route, much of it paralleling the German lines. Now, with financial and diplomatic help from Washington, Pan Am is in a fine position to break what is left of the Nazi web. In Washington last week it was reported that Pan Am soon would get an \$8,000,000 subsidy, use it to increase its South American schedules 50% beginning in July.

Canadian Buzz Saw

Canada's war effort last week showed belated signs of shifting into high gear. Into the driver's seat of the important Merchant Shipbuilding and Shipping Program moved Harvey Reginald MacMillan, a hard-driving, hardheaded lumberman who believes in getting things done. No business-as-usual fuddyduddy, MacMillan is a reminder that Canada also produced Lord Beaverbrook. Says he: "This war demonstrates that no one owns his property, that one's job and standard of living are all at the service of the State. . . . War is the greatest creator of social revolution. Woe to . . . the greedy reactionaries."

H. R. MacMillan had been with the Government before. Last year, first as \$1a-year timber expert, then as head of the Wartime Requirements Board, he cut through red tape like a buzz saw through a log. He studied Canada's lagging war effort, submitted a vast reorganization plan to Clarence D. Howe, Minister of Munitions and Supply. But his methods were too direct; before his plan went through, he was eased out. Minister Howe said Mac-Millan had been "sabotaged" by jealous politicians, that whenever the Government





Тіме, April 14, 1941



Horoce Bristol LUMBERMAN MACMILLAN "Print the Lord's Prayer on them."

decided to give him a freer hand, Lumberman MacMillan would come back. Last week, when he did, most agreed that this time the buzz saw would have his own way.

Jut-jawed, bushy-browed, erudite Tycoon MacMillan was born near Toronto, studied forestry at Yale. In 1912 he went to British Columbia, got interested in timber's export possibilities, went into business for himself. Soon his ships were carrying so much of Canada's lumber exports that the sawmill owners began buying ships too. So MacMillan bought (from John D. Rockefeller Jr.) one billion feet of standing timber and a sawmill for \$6,-627,000.

For some years Lumberman MacMillan has been the world's No. 1 exporter of lumber. But, at 55, success has not smoothed his edge. To a muddleheaded Government clerk who telephoned him to ask what should be done with a carload of shingles, he replied: "Print the Lord's Prayer on every one of them." He answers his own telephone with a gruff "MacMillan speaking." Once at a formal dinner there was a hushed lull while the diners waited for someone to say grace. The silence was broken by his boom: "Mac-Millan speaking."

The Ottawa Agreements of 1932 giving preferential tariff treatment (to Dominion exporters) gave H. R. MacMillan Export Co. a big boost. So naturally Lumberman MacMillan is as loyal to the Empire as to Canada. As the head of Canada's shipbuilding program, he may well have one of the Empire's most important posts.

GOVERNMENT

Twilight of TNEC

Quietly last week there passed out of existence the most remarkable Government investigating committee in U. S. history. The Temporary National Economic (Monopoly) Committee, its work done after two years, nine months and two days,



tric hoist, "steel-built" from track to hook. One of the many R & M hoists, up to 15,000-lb. capacity; push-button control, wide choice of speeds, low headroom.

Actual problem – production had to be stepped up in a leading Mid-

western machine-manufacturing plant. More man power was added . . . more equipment installed. Still, output lagged.

An R & M expert, working with the plant engineer, spotted the trouble. Old-type chain hoists were sapping man-efficiency, log-jamming heavy castings and steel bars all along the line.

Three R & M electric hoists were recommended . . . and here's what the cost chart shows:

- The R & M hoists are handling material 80% faster.
- There is a decided increase in man-efficiency due to less muscle strain and fatigue from chain-hoist lifting.
- Not one dime has been spent for maintenance or repairs . . .
- not one minute lost in service since the hoists were installed.
- The R & M hoists paid for themselves within six months in savings made and in increased output.

Whatever your hoist and crane problem may be, it will pay you to "take it up" with R & M. Two thousand standard types are offered, from ¹/₄-ton bantams to 10-ton huskies—all built from the ground up, and motored, by R & M.

Phone nearest R&M sales and service office, listed in your classified directory. Or write factory direct for further details.





Arnold Genthe

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See ACCO advertisement in this issue, page 43

A PRODUCT OF PAGE STEEL & WIRE DIVISION-AMERICAN CHAIN & CABLE COMPANY, INC.



TNEC'S ANDERSON He went home to think.

closed its book-lined Washington offices. Its executive secretary, learned, slangy ex-Stanford Professor Dewey Anderson, went back to California to think about running for Governor.

There never was before, and may never be again, quite such an economic study as the committee closed its books on. The committee spent \$1,062,000, once had a staff of 182 experts, looked into 95 different industries, heard 552 witnesses. It made headlines month after month with sensational charges of patent monopoly in the glass-container industry, of international patent combines which put Germany's finger in the U.S. magnesium and optical-glass industries, etc. As its permanent record it left 37 volumes of printed testimony, 43 exhaustive monographs on various phases of its study.

Before closing shop last week, TNEC published its recommendations. With all the ammunition the committee had stored up, a terrific broadside might have been expected. Instead, the committee rolled a rusty BB gun into place, pinged at the nation's economic problems thus:

▶ Monopoly control of industry should be attacked through 1) additional funds for the Justice Department's Antitrust Division and the Federal Trade Commission; 2) higher fines for corporations and officials guilty of violating antitrust laws; 3) new legislation to limit corporate mergers; 4) laws making patents available to anyone willing to pay for them; 5) Federal registration of trade associations (to stop any price-fixing activities).

▶ Interstate corporations should be chartered by the Federal Government, thus put in the way of stricter regulation. ▶ Freer competition should be guaranteed by 1) elimination of interstate trade barriers; 2) repeal of the Miller-Tydings Act (which gives Federal blessing to State minimum-price laws); 3) elimination of basing-point price systems. The price system for soft coal set up by the Guffey Act was found to contain the "germs" of Fascism. (Congress renewed it for two years last week.)

▶ New business should be encouraged by incentive taxation. (But the committee made no specific proposals.)

▶ State regulation of insurance companies should be tightened up through larger and better staffs, stricter laws (with Federal control perhaps necessary if the States fail to do the job).

Such recommendations had a familiar sound; many of them were contained in the letter which Franklin Roosevelt sent to Congress three years ago asking that the committee be set up. Both friends & foes joined in criticism. Editorialized the conservative New York Times: "TNEC . . . proposes to stimulate private enterprise by adopting . . . more . . . Federal controls that have already done so much to burden . . . new enterprise." Said New Dealers Leon Henderson and Isador Lubin, who served on the committee but were too busy with defense work to bother with the final recommendations: "Surely it should be possible, with all this great wealth of evidence . . . to offer a concrete program geared to the needs of our time."

But not only on the basis of its recommendations, good or bad, will TNEC finally be judged. It assembled more economic data than has ever been available to business management and business theorists before. No private agency, without power of subpena, could hope to get such an authoritative picture of U.S. business. Because of the expense, no Government agency is likely to tackle the job soon again. For years to come, unless World War II makes pre-war economics obsolete, the TNEC study will provide a factual basis on which U.S. business problems will be approached.

ALUMINUM

Wrigley's Wrappers

Well aware was Philip K. Wrigley that priorities would allow him no more aluminum for foil to wrap his chewing gum. So last week smart Phil Wrigley sold his remaining 500,000 lb. to OPM, thus simultaneously 1) struck a blow for national defense, 2) pulled his neatest publicity coup since he bought famed Pitcher Dizzy Dean for his Chicago Cubs.

TRANSPORTATION

Freedom of the Highway

Last week twelve years of civil war were at an end in Texas. It began in 1928, when Texas highways were narrow and motorists found big truck and trailer haulers pushing them right off the road. The State adopted the lowest maximum truckload limit in the U.S.: 7,000 lb. Among growers and shippers in the fertile

"What's all this-a music box?"

- says the Little-Man-Who-Wants-to-Know

• "Not at all! . . . The purpose of this marvelous mechanism is protection -

• "This is a NATIONAL Window-Posting Machine, generally used by stores for keeping time-payment accounts. The only one made that prints a ledger card, receipt book, posting voucher and journal all at once—computes new balance, accumulates the amount, counts and classifies the transaction—"



• "My word! Can it talk?"

• "No, not quite, but it *can* make friends — because it gives fast service and accurate statements to customers. And protects the management and the cashiers by accumulating *locked-in* totals of all transactions —





• "NATIONAL makes other machines, too, a complete line for all businesses from banks to stores to schools. Machines designed to save time, avoid error, cut costs, increase net profits—

• "Machines for listing, posting, proving, analyzing, bookkeeping, check writing, remittance control and more –"

• "CONTROL! That sells ME! . . . I'll tell all my friends."



• "And remember—these machines pay for themselves many times over! They are made by the makers of NATIONAL Cash Registers—sold and serviced by *specialists*. Whatever *your* problem, see NATIONAL first!"... Call the local office TODAX.





Rio Grande Valley, rebellion has been popping almost ever since.

Since Valley crops (oranges, vegetables, grapefruit) have to be moved in a hurry or wither under the hot sun, truckers tried to get by with overloads. But only one highway leads out of the Valley, and weight inspectors had little trouble catching them. In 1939's spring shipping season, this game of hide-&-seek nearly turned into a battle. The inspectors threw up a blockade on the highway, soon had some 50 trucks lined up. The drivers started their engines and pushed ahead, daring the inspectors to get in their way. None did,

In the next big shipping season the inspectors backed up their blockade with armed highway police, sheriffs, constables, deputies, even a few game wardens. On a peak day they had 100 trucks lined up, 29 drivers in jail, another 30 out on bail. Next day a group of Valley shippers formed the Growers & Shippers Cooperative League* to try to keep their produce moving.

The league raised a war chest from members and truckers, used it to bail out arrested drivers, furnished them with lawyers to keep down the fines and costs. Once it had 2,000 men out on bond. At the same time it started hacking away at the 7,000-lb, regulation. Court tests failed to upset the law, but a quiet campaign to have the legislature change it fared much better. A new law upping the load limit to as much as 24,000 lb. (depending on type of truck) was passed last month; this week the league, its job done, votes on a proposal to disband.

As pleased as Valley shippers at this victory was stocky Ted V. Rodgers, longtime head of the American Trucking Associations, Inc., trade organization and lobby for the U.S. trucking business. In its fight for higher maximum loads the association is having a good year: since Jan. I four other States (Georgia, Tennessee, Indiana, North Dakota) have upped the limits. Four others (Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, South Dakota) have new laws in the legislative works. But the trucking industry still is hampered by State-to-State differences in maximum loads, maximum sizes, license fees and port-of-entry restrictions. Of all the interstate trade barriers condemned last week by TNEC (see above), trucking regulations are still in the front rank.

THEORY

Old Law Repealed

From Manhattan and London last week came two flagrant examples of contempt for the law of supply & demand, longtime Chapter I of economics textbooks:

▶ Members of the New York Stock Exchange, whose 1941 business to date is slimmest since 1915, proposed a 40-50% increase in the commissions they charge their customers.

▶ Piccadilly streetwalkers, hard put to find customers since war and blackouts began, upped their fees to as much as £2. * First called Growers & Shippers Protective League but changed because members thought "protective" smacked of racketeering.

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h. ma Her TIME, April 14, 1941



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CINEMA

Movies in Britain

After seven months of all-out war, Britons last week were still ready to pay their shillings to see some more—on the screen. With the lengthening days of spring, the British cinema industry made plans to occupy all available studio space (now sufficient to handle nine productions at once). On the docket were films on the R.A.F., the perils of the convoys, the Fleet Air Arm, the African campaign, and, as Lord Castlerosse, the Countess of Oxford and Asquith, Carroll Gibbons and Manning Sherwin will add a touch of realism. Says Farson: "The story is fiction, but the bombardment outside is undeniable fact. You'll see the courage, boredom and complications arising when scores of variegated people are flung together, willy-nilly, in a confined space under danger."

Problems. The wartime British movie industry has its troubles. Conscription has hauled off many of the best actors and



DIANA WYNYARD, JOHN GIELGUD Londoners thought Mussolini more entertaining.

of course, the life of Prime Minister Winston Churchill.

Plans. The R.A.F. film will be a biography of the late R. J. Mitchell, creator of the snappy little Spitfire fighter planes. Titled from one of Winston Churchill's throbbing phrases, it will be called The First of the Few, will be produced with the aid of Mitchell's widow, Vickers-Armstrongs and the Air Ministry. Also interested is Hollywood Producer Walter Wanger, who has a representative in London arranging for a movie about the American Eagle Squadron. Laurence Olivier, back in England after a long spell in the U.S., is now at work on 49th Parallel, a thriller about the battle against the submarines. Ships with Wings is the title for a Fleet Air Arm production of Michael Balcon, the stormy producer who last year called Hollywood's British colony deserters for remaining in the U.S.

Author Negley Farson (*The Way of a Transgressor*) has broken into the movies at 50 with *Blitz Hotel*. Director Maurice Elvey got the idea while staying at the Savoy, in 20 minutes talked Farson into writing the scenario. The scene will be the inside of a big London hotel between the hours of 7 p.m. and 7 a.m.; personal appearances by such familiar Londoners

technicians, and the Ministry of Labor's new schedule of reserved occupations is giving producers more to worry about. Fear is that after June, reservations will be removed altogether except for those working directly on Ministry and service films. Already there are shortages in skilled trades; make-up men, sound men, cameramen, carpenters and plasterers are scarcer than hen's teeth. Even wigs are a problem, since the hair lace that forms their base was imported from the beleaguered Balkans.

To clear up these troubles, the film chiefs are wrangling with the Board of Trade over a plan to insure British film production under war conditions. Through a film commission, the Board is arranging to guarantee supplies of materials, man power and studios, perhaps even establish a film bank to lend money for British productions. Gloomed Producer Balcon: "As a producer, I state most emphatically that unless a special Government department with strong powers is set up immediately to deal with these problems, British production is sunk."

Pleasures. Meanwhile, London's West End movie houses keep open until 9 p.m., now that there is enough daylight for crowds to disperse without being run over



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in the blackout. Current favorites are such U. S. hits as The Philadelphia Story, Arise My Love, Spring Parade, Seven Sinners, and a new British film, The Prime Minister, with John Gielgud and Diana Wynyard, which biographizes Benjamin Disraeli. London critics have treated the movie rather harshly, have criticized the casting of stately Diana Wynyard as plain, babbling "Mrs. Dizzy." Ready for release is *Yellow Caesar*, an

abusive comedy short which traces the Duce's career in crude flashes: Mussolini, the youthful agitator; Mussolini marching on Rome (in a train); Mussolini, the bullfrog orator; Mussolini pitching hay while the hot sun beats on his hairy chest and bald head. Comedian Douglas Byng does a brief, hilarious bit as one of the tittering Englishwomen who used to go into ecstasies over the punctuality of Italian trains under Fascism. The climax is a shot of Italian prisoners in Libya with Winston Churchill's voice (taken from a recent speech) booming over the sound track: "And where, after 18 years of dictatorial power, has the Duce led you?" Careful not to insult the Italian people, Yellow Caesar kids their leader with cheerful vulgaritya happy change for Britons after a long spell of diplomatic language.

The New Pictures

The Sea Wolf (Warner Bros.) spills more gore than Hollywood has seen in many a month. Its press agents claim that it is the only picture ever filmed in which every member of the cast has at least one fight. Before its 47 brawls were completed, they say, Chief Scar-Maker Carl Axzelle had to send out for extra help. By the time the film is finished, only two characters are still alive.

The popularity of such sustained mayhem has been thoroughly tested: this is the sixth cinema version of the Jack London novel in 30 years. To man the unpleasant cast (only woman is Ida Lupino),



ROBINSON & GARFIELD Sustained mayhem got its sixth test.



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30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N. Y. Chicago • Boston • St. Louis • Pittsburgh • Cincinnati • Cleveland • Minneapolis • Philadelphia • Charlotte the ranks of Hollywood hoodlums were culled for such experienced mischief-makers as Edward G. Robinson, John Garfield and Gene Lockhart. Guided by the extravagant hand of Director Michael Curtiz, The Sea Wolf's latest treatment stresses the psychological quirks of Wolf Larsen (Robinson), skipper of the scavenger ship *Ghost*, a sadistic tyrant who likes to curl up with a volume of Milton's poems when no one is looking. Some notable support is furnished the frowning, fighting actors by Newcomer Alexander Knox as the author stranded aboard the Ghost and by Barry Fitzgerald, as the ship's cook. For restless cinemaddicts whom only blood & thunder can quiet, The Sea Wolf should prove a strong sedative.

Topper Returns (United Artists) is the straightforward title to a roundabout whodunit. As on two previous occasions, Cosmo Topper, Thorne Smith's shy, baffled little gentleman who consorts with ghosts, is played by wispy Roland Young. This time his customary bewilderment is complicated by a murder in a creaky old manse with sliding panels and secret passageways.

Topper's nextdoor neighbors are a houseful of leering, peering evildoers and a pair of curvaceous blondes. One blonde (Carole Landis) has returned from China to inherit the place. The other (Joan Blondell) strings along as friend and funster, gets a knife in her back before the night is out. Follows the usual Thorne Smith trans-mogrification in which Japan turns ghost, floats over to Topper's house, lures him, his wife (Billie Burke), her maid (Patsy Kelly) and his colored chauffeur (Eddie Anderson) back to the scene of the crime for a dose of spooks. Before Topper points a thin, hesitating finger at the murderer the film shows: Billie Burke in her familiar role as an addlepate; gravel-voiced Eddie Anderson falling through trap doors, rasping protest; Carole Landis' highly touted legs; Patsy Kelly cracking wise.

Following the present fad of humorizing homicide (Arsenic and Old Lace, Mr. and Mrs. North), Topper Returns puts the emphasis on nonsense. Some of it is just tiresome repetition of one of the cinema's pet tricks—an invisible person startling the other characters by smoking a cigaret, rowing a boat, opening a door. Some is fair comedy—Roland Young's befuddled resignation to a world of phantoms and foul play; the friendly insolence of Eddie Anderson (Radio Comic Jack Benny's radio butler, Rochester Van Jones). All of it is hokum, tried & true.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Road to Zanzibar (Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour, Una Merkel; TIME, April 7).

The Lady Eve (Henry Fonda, Barbara Stanwyck, Charles Coburn, William Demarest; TIME, March 10).

Meet John Doe (Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, Walter Brennan, Edward Arnold; TIME, March 3).

The Great Dictator (Charlie Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, Jack Oakie; TIME, Nov. 4).



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BOOKS

Master Darrow on Mr. Kieran

For a review of Nature Notes by Radioman John Kieran (Information, Please), the Chicago Daily News called on eight-year-old Radiomoppet Gerard Darrow (Quiz Kids). Reviewer Darrow, a naturalist himself, called in his stenographer and dictated the book review of the week. Excerpts:

"Children of around 6 could enjoy this book. It's pretty elementary. The only



GERARD DARROW Mr. Kieran writes well too.

thing I found out that I didn't know was about how to make feeding stations for hummingbirds. . . .

"If Mr. Kieran writes this book over again, I wish he would put in a little more detailed information. On the hummingbird, for example, I would have said their wings go over 60 times a second, that a lot of people don't know that they are the only birds that can fly backward. . . .

"Or take bumblebees. Mr. Kieran tells that they have long tongues, but he didn't say anything about their stingers and how they can use their stingers more than once. That's important information. . . .

"Here's what's good about *Nature Notes*: Well, I found it very simple and interesting to read. Mr. Kieran writes very well. And the description of birds is very good."

Reviewer Darrow also thought that "the book should be in colors because it impresses on your mind more and you won't forget. And then Mr. Kieran should have a few blank pages in the back for notes. And if I wrote the book, I would make the cover red and have pictures of birds and animals in bright colors on it. . . .

"This book encourages me. I think I will write a book. . . . I remember in the movie when Mr. Kieran took the eggplant and put it in his pocket. He looked like the kind of man who would write this book, only he's not so very handsome. But he surely knows a lot. I've never listened to Mr. Kieran on the radio, but judging from the book, I think he would be pretty good on the air."

The Postman Rings Twice

HOLMES-POLLOCK LETTERS—Mr. Justice Holmes & Sir Frederick Pollock—Harvard (2 vols., \$7.50).

One scorching day in 1862, a Boston Brahmin stood on the battlefield of Antietam, from which some 5,000 bodies had just been removed. The old man was the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, the author of *The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay* and *The Chambered Nautilus*—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. He had heard that his son, Captain Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr., 21, was shot through the neck, and he had dashed down from Boston to find the boy or his body. He found neither at Antietam. A week later, in Harrisburg, Pa., the Doctor ran into his son at last. "How are you, Boy?" said the Brahmin casually. "How are you, Dad?" said the Captain.

The bullet that sliced through young Holmes's neck came out the other side. He survived the wound to be: r) wounded for the third time at Second Fredericksburg; 2) made a lieutenant colonel in the Union Army; 3) professor of law at Harvard; 4) Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court; 5) editor of *The American Law Review*; 6) author of *The Common Law* and editor of *Kent's Commentaries*; 7) Associate Justice (1902-32) of the U. S. Supreme Court; 8) the oldest Justice and the most famous dissenter who ever sat in that court.

Last week readers of the Holmes-Pollock Letters found that he was also coauthor of one of the great collections of U. S. letters. The other author was Sir Frederick Pollock, a shy, learned Englishman who was one of the greatest authorities on the English common law, author of Principles of Contract, and The Law of Torts.

First letter (from Pollock to Holmes) is dated 1874; the last (from Holmes to Pollock) is dated 1932. What they wrote in between fills two volumes of 275 and 309 pages, superbly edited by Biographer Mark DeWolfe Howe. When they began writing each other letters, Holmes was 33, Pollock, 28. When they stopped writing Holmes was 91. They wrote through eight wars and nine revolutions. During all this troubled time the two men sat at or near the heart of government of the world's two greatest powers. But they did not write about wars and revolutions in their letters.

They wrote like two sage old Romans from twin centers of the later empire. Their interest was in philosophy, literature, in the arcana of their craft, in their misfortunes and ailments (once Holmes slipped on a piece of ice, again Pollock was struck by a bicyclist), in Washington heat and London fog, in the wonder that returning spring has for aging men. The year the Japanese sank the Russian fleet at Tsushima, Pollock dropped Holmes a postcard: "Certainly I believe you are as real as I am, but, as you are *ejusdem generis* with me, that does not make you a *Ding an sich* in the Kantian sense." The Italians grabbed Tripoli from Turkey, and Holmes wrote Pollock: "I have taken up *Vita Nuova* with Rossetti's translation along-



MR. JUSTICE HOLMES Can a syllogism wag its tail?

side. Rossetti justifies to my mind my proposition that everything is dead in 25 years... As to Dante... his discourse seems in equal parts from the heart and through the hat."

Sometimes their subject was the universe. Wrote Holmes: "My formula as a bettabilitarian (one who thinks you can bet about it but not know) is a spontaneity taking an irrational pleasure in a moment of rational sequence. . . Functioning is all there is. . . I wonder if cosmically an idea is any more important than the bowels."

During the first 20 years, while their friendship was still somewhat stiff and formal, they wrote a good deal about the law. Even after their friendship mellowed, Pollock stuck sternly to his salutation— My dear Holmes. Holmes began to salute his correspondent occasionally as Dear F. P.; when Pollock was 82 he ventured to write My dear young Frederick, adding later "Frederick really is growing up." He seldom failed to send his love to "your Lady." Justice Holmes had a sharp eye for ladies, was once known to stare after a pretty girl and mutter: "Oh, to be 80 again!"

Sometimes they ventured to tell each

other stories. Pollock writes cautiously: "It is said—I don't vouch for it—that when President Wilson *et ux.* were here Mrs. W. asked the Queen what she thought about the Freedom of the Seas, and the Queen answered that she had not quite made up her mind about mixed bathing." Both men were insatiable readers; but books were not an end in themselves but a part of life, and they treated them with less formality than they treated one another. Typical Pollock treatment:

▶ "Tolstoy had no business to be born in Europe. He should have been an Indian sage, and then his exit to meditate in the wilderness would have . . . troubled nobody."

▶ "Bertrand Russell is a mighty clever philosopher, too clever I think. His theodicy so far as I make out consists in being angry with the gods for not existing, because if they did he would like to break their windows."

▶ "As for Wells's opinions on things in general, I have never thought them worth attention any more than Bernard Shaw's. Both are clever impostors but Shaw has the advantage of knowing it."

Holmes's opinions are even pithier:

"When you open Pepys you get one leg on the flypaper at once and it is hard to get away."

 On Bergson's Creative Evolution—"I think he is churning the void to make cheese—but I find him full of stimulus."
 "Hegel can't persuade me that a syllogism can wag its tail."

In 1932 Holmes wrote his last letter and last literary opinion to Pollock. Then to their 57-year-old correspondence he set this last line: "Is this enough of my gossip?"

The greatness of letters is in the mind they reveal. Pollock's mind was keen, erudite, somewhat suspicious, drily humorous, shyly human. Holmes's mind had a larger quality. There is nothing like battle to mature the mind it does not destroy. The bullet that passed through Holmes's neck at Antietam lodged in his brain. He lived the rest of his life as if the words with which he closed his goth birthday address were momently true: "Death plucks my ear and says Live—I am coming." He lived with the wise irreverence of a soldier who has seen the end of the story too often and knows that its only novelty is in its surprise. This vast tolerance was really neither liberal nor conservative. The natural perch of his mind was that high narrow ledge where there is room only for those who know that without the courage to change perpetually there is no growth, and without reverence for tradition there is human and social disaster. "If a man is great," he said, "he makes others believe in greatness.'

Hero & Hero Worship

I WAS WINSTON CHURCHILL'S PRIVATE SECRETARY—Phyllis Moir—Wilfred Funk (\$2).

BLOOD, SWEAT, AND TEARS-Winston S. Churchill-Putnam (\$3).

Phyllis Moir (pronounced Moyer) was a Churchill admirer long before Dunkirk. In her gawky girlhood he had been a





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"Snowing great guns, it was, son. But we got through okay. Contractor down east needed parts for a broken steam shovel—and his time limit running out. We pulled into the destination right on schedule. The parts were unloaded and Erie delivered them right to the job. Getting those parts there on time saved that contractor plenty. Sure, I was proud to be conductor on 98 that night!"

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> Carl Howe, Vice President, Erie Railroad Cleveland, Ohio



"Walter Scott hero come to life." Later he became the "Peter Pan of British Politics." And finally, "the impact of his personality was so shattering that I felt, when I left his service, that this had been the private secretaryship to end all private secretaryships." Net result: I Was Winston Churchill's Private Secretary is a short, thin, intimate sketch infused with adolescent adoration.

From her position in the wings, Secretary Moir has seen Winnie strut the stage with nothing but a towel about his middle. She has heard him bawl for his mail, his secretary and a scotch & soda all in one breath. She tells of how he took up painting to assuage the bitterness that followed Gallipoli, how in his younger years he had stage-door-johnnied Ethel Barrymore (with little success). But though she is sometimes astute about her idol ("He is 'over-engined' for peace perhaps but perfectly engined, I think, for war"), Winston Churchill remains for Phyllis Moir more Peter Pan than politico, more Rob Roy than statesman.

Best picture of Churchill the Statesman is gained through his own words. Out this week, *Blood*, *Sweat*, and *Tears* is a collection of his public pronouncements from May 1938 to February 1941. They throw into high relief the massive stability and conviction, aged through years of politics into an enlightened Toryism, that fought almost singlehanded against the indecision and bloodlessness that spawned Munich. In their simple eloquence they mirror (and helped cause) the reawakening of a people's faith. Excerpts:

► After Munich: "I will begin by saying what everybody would like to ignore or forget...namely, that we have sustained a total and unmitigated defeat."

▶ January 1940: "Come then: let us to the task. . . . Fill the armies, rule the air, pour out the munitions, strangle the Uboats, sweep the mines, plow the land, build the ships, guard the streets, succor the wounded, uplift the downcast, and honor the brave."

▶ On becoming Prime Minister: "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears, and sweat."

▶ Speaking of increased British-U. S. cooperation before the destroyer deal: "For my own part, looking out upon the future, I do not view the process with any misgivings. I could not stop it if I wished; no one can stop it. Like the Mississippi, it just keeps rolling along. Let it roll. Let it roll on full flood, inexorable, irresistible, benignant, to broader lands and better days."

► To the defeated French people: "Good night, then: sleep to gather strength for the morning. For the morning will come. . . . Vive la France! Long live also the forward march of the common people in all the lands towards their just and true inheritance, and toward the broader and fuller age."

► To Roosevelt: "We shall not fail or falter; we shall not weaken or tire. Neither the sudden shock of battle, nor the longdrawn trials of vigilance and exertion will wear us down. Give us the tools, and we will finish the job."

Period Wit

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS-Francis Hyde Banas-Knopf (\$3).

Sleek, Bourbon-faced John Kendrick Bangs, who died in 1922, was a humorist, a lecturer, an editor, a critic, a librettist, a politician—and successful as all six. Lillian Russell played in his chipper Gilbertian revision of *The School for Scandal*. As a lecturer he earned \$500 a week for discreet blends of laughter and sentiment on such subjects as *Salubrities* (nice celebrities) *I Have Met*. As an editor he



JOHN KENDRICK BANGS "Give Billy Phelps my love . . ."

diapered the old *Life's* first years, brightened up "The Editor's Drawer" of *Harper's Monthly*, ran *Harper's Weekly* until Colonel George Harvey crowded him out. He set a whole generation's style of tame, facile humor, in which the cheerful shades of the great pseudophilosophized and gagged politely (sample: Wellington pulls a campstool from under Napoleon). His *House Boat on the Styx* became a best-seller and was credited with having relieved the U. S. reading public of its fear of hell.

So prolific was Bangs that the number of his pseudonyms put a strain on his wit. They included Shakespeare Jones, Gaston V. Drake, Periwinkle Podmore, Horace Dodd Gastit, A. Sufferan Mann. In politics he was defeated for Mayor of Yonkers, but became a very useful bird dog for the imperialism of Roosevelt I and General Leonard Wood in Cuba (on which he wrote a book) and in the Philippines. Had Wood been nominated in 1920, Bangs would probably have gone to the Court of St. James's. In the reconstruction of France he more or less worked himself to death. On his deathbed he said: "Give Billy Phelps my love, and tell him that although I'm prostrate I know the world is safe in his hands."

Son Francis Hyde Bang's biography is a rather docile portrait of a personable,

Тіме, April 14, 1941

TRAVEL FIRST CLASS !



99



MACHINE TOOLS ARE RUNNING AT TOP SPEED to keep pace with the requirements of the defense program—and with the normal needs of industry as well. And hand-in-hand with the call for faster production goes a demand for increased precision. Bantam's engineering skill is helping the makers and users of machine tools to meet these twin demands for speed and accuracy. In High Production Turret Lathes built by Gisholt Machine Company, ultra-precision tapered roller bearings engineered by Bantam keep the spindles accurately in alignment under heavy loads, at high spindle speeds.



NEW INDUSTRIES BRING NEW PROBLEMS, and Bantam's ability to design bearings for unusual service conditions is contributing to progress in such rapidly developing fields as that of sewage treatment. In sluice gates built by The Filer & Stowell Co. and used by many municipal treatment plants, the bearings are subjected to an unusual combination of heavy thrust loads from both directions with moderate radial loads. Bantam furnished angular contact bearings, with the thrust and radial capacities proportioned to meet service requirements.

BANTAM'S STANDARD BEARINGS, too, are constantly serving industry in new ways, for Bantam's comprehensive line includes every major type of anti-friction bearing straight roller, tapered roller, needle, and ball. Our engineering staff will cooperate with yours in determining which standard bearing is best adapted to specific requirements—or in designing special bearings to meet your needs. If you have a difficult bearing problem, TURN TO BANTAM.



energetic, businessman-of-letters making good through capitalizing a bottomless facility for thin wit. It also evokes a rather sterile era in U. S. cultural history. The merry dinners of Bangs and his circle still echo bloodlessly in Manhattan's Century Club, and their humor, which used to roll the genteel families of this continent in the aisles, still lives palely in a few faculty-censored class annals. Today it seems hard to believe that a whole generation could laugh at both Bangs and Mark Twain without changing color between.

Silver Saga

CITY OF ILLUSION—Vardis Fisher— Harper (\$2.50). Around the time of the Civil War,

Nevada's Virginia City, site of the fabulous Comstock Lode, was the wildest, hell-roaringest mining town in the world. Men who arrived haggard, filthy and penniless soon made thousands of dollars a week from the blue-black silver ore, gorged themselves on oysters, caviar, champagne. The streets thundered all night with brawling, boozing, wenching. Sam Brown, one of the first "bad men" of the old West, literally carved a man to pieces with his bowie knife, went to sleep on a table while his awed companions collected and removed the fragments. In the opera house, fights between bulldogs and wildcats alternated with Eastern stage celebrities, including famed, dark-haired Adah Isaacs Menken, strapped half-clad to the back of a horse.

There was loud-mouthed Henry Comstock, called "Old Pancake" because he practically lived on flapjacks. There were Eilley and Lemuel Sanford ("Sandy") Bowers, she a boardinghouse keeper, he an illiterate mule skinner. They had a 20-ft. claim on the richest part of the lode, and at one time were taking \$18,000 a week out of it. They built a mansion with solid silver doorknobs, made a trip to Europe to get furniture, tried to get an interview with Queen Victoria.

For Author Vardis Fisher, long somberly enraptured (in *Children of God*, etc.) with the whole sprawling, patternless vigor of U. S. westward expansion, Virginia City and its characters are tasty raw meat. But *City of Illusion* is written as a novel, and in it Author Fisher has recaptured the vitality of U. S. legend as well as U. S. history.

Central figures are Eilley and Sandy Bowers. Regional history says they were admirable people, but in *City of Illusion* they are more like monsters—she a driving shrew, he a small, henpecked caricature of pathos. Eilley knows she is going to get rich, and when she is rich she enjoys it. But Sandy is miserable in his fine clothes and fine house, goes off to live in a shack. After Sandy dies of tuberculosis, Eilley loses both her mine and her mansion, ekes out a living taking fees as a "clairvoyant." But adversity alters her iron soul not a whit.

"What would you do," a friend asked, "if you had two hundred and fifty million dollars?"

"I'd spend it," said Eilley.



1. "How'd you like to find yourself with all the ice in the world and plenty of water—but no Canadian Club?" queries a recent letter. "Meanwhile the temperature's lower than nothing, and still dropping—and you're going through all this just because you undertook to write an article on how it feels to spend a quiet night alone on an iceberg.



2. "-At least, it started out to be overnight-but ended up by being almost twenty-four hours. You see, after I'd landed on the berg, a peasoup fog settled down-and believe it or not, I couldn't get a single toot out of my signal horn! You can imagine how I felt when the fog finally lifted and the boat was able to locate me and pull alongside.



3. "When I got aboard—they handed me the most beautiful thing I've ever seen in my life: a bottle of Canadian Club! Now that I'm back to sanity and civilization, I'm still enjoying that cheery flavor, but (do you blame me?) I always have my Canadian Club and soda English-fashion—without ice!"

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few years ago? Why have they changed to this rare, imported whisky?

The answer is in Canadian Club's utterly *distinctive* flavor—its all-round agreeable nature—that surprises and delights *all* tastes. Men themselves say Canadian Club is "*light* as Scotch," "rich as rye," "satisfying as bourbon."

Y Yet it has a delicious flavor all its own. In Scotland, as in U.S.A., Canadian

Club is the leading imported whisky. It is a favorite in 87 lands. Discover why, for yourself. Just try this unusual whisky in your usual drink, and taste the pleasing difference. Start to enjoy Canadian Club today! Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. 6 years old. 90.4 proof. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.



Actual color photograph—James R. Callis inspects a leaf of fine, golden tobacco.



money talks in buying lighter, milder leaf!

Ly. Part Ball

"And Luckies pay more to get that lighter leaf!" says James R. Callis, warehouseman of Willow Springs, N. C.

"I"'S like this: year in and year out, I see Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, milder tobaccos. So I choose Luckies for my own enjoyment, same as most other independent warehousemen, buyers and auctioneers!"

In buying tobacco, you get what you pay for. Luckies pay the price to get the lighter, the naturally milder leaf. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike!

ARETT

STRIKE

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST-IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1