

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Ernest Hamlin Baker

NAZI HIMMLER
Terror has come home to roost.
(*World Battlefronts*)

VAST RESOURCES LIE ALONG THE MAIN LINE AIRWAY

**Business needs power.
Power means business.**
Forty per cent of this country's hydro-electric power is generated in areas served by United Air Lines. Straight . . . strategic . . . serving 43 key cities from coast to coast, The Main Line Airway goes where business is.

← Grand Coulee Dam, the world's largest irrigation and power project, on Columbia River, Washington.



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

New milk factory being built

The other fellow's job often looks easier than your own. Like the city man who said to the dairy farmer, "All you do is put fodder in one end of the cow and take milk out of the other!"

Actually, of course, dairying is a complex business. It takes careful breeding, feeding and about two years' time before a four-legged milk factory even begins to produce. It takes hard work and every scientific safeguard to keep cows healthy and productive.

Getting the milk to you is equally exacting. It calls for skilful handling, speed and refrigeration. It calls for endless tests and clean, sterile equipment. Even bottles go through a twenty

to thirty minute soaking, rinsing and sterilizing process. It calls for dependable delivery in *any* weather.

Because the dairy industry does its difficult job so well, the production of milk — nature's most nearly perfect food — has reached all-time highs and America, even in war, is the best-fed nation in the world.

Much of this progress has been made possible by National Dairy research. Our Laboratories have improved the processing of milk, cheese, butter, ice cream . . . developed new dairy products . . . guarded quality and purity . . . and so helped the health of your family, your nation.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

Hey, Joe! Try and
tune out those highballs!



You can spot a drink mixed with Canada Dry Water by the way it sparkles out loud. "PIN-POINT CARBONATION"... millions of tinier bubbles... means glass-long liveliness.

Canada Dry Water—the world's most popular club soda—is preferred in the finest bars, hotels and clubs. Its special formula points up the flavor of any tall drink. Serve Canada Dry Water in your home... it costs no more than ordinary mixers.



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CANADA DRY WORLD FAMOUS **WATER**

The Life of the Drink

LETTERS

Bill Chickering

Sirs:

I knew Bill Chickering. I do not know his wife. I do know TIME, so I'm extending my sympathy to TIME. You both have suffered a great loss.

Bill went to Bougainville with my battalion and went ashore in the thick of the Cape Torokina battle. I hope that some day the American public will realize what combat correspondents go through to bring them the news.

L. M. MASON
Lieutenant Colonel, U.S.M.C.

San Diego

Sirs:

It makes me feel pretty humble toward [war correspondents] and all the men in the service who are giving their all so that I can go to high school in the country that's safe and wonderful.

I hope and pray that there won't ever be another war because it has taken so many lives of many fine men, like Mr. Chickering.

But we won't forget them, any of them, ever. It's our duty and privilege to keep a lasting peace for them because our soldiers are fighting this war for us. God help them.

DOROTHY BRIDGE

Hazardville, Conn.

Willkie Memorial

Sirs:

Last October, TIME ran a very moving article about Wendell Willkie, and thereafter a number of your readers wrote letters suggesting that a Memorial Fund be raised. . . . A group of men and women who worked with Mr. Willkie in many causes are now engaged in erecting an exciting memorial to him in New York City.

Mr. Willkie was one of the founders of Freedom House, and one of its most active directors. His fellow directors have launched the project of providing a building which might be considered a sort of "One-World Center." It will be called the Wendell Willkie Memorial Building, and over its doors will be a bronze plaque, reminding all who enter and all who pass that there the great human causes which Wendell Willkie had so much at heart will continue to be served under his inspiration.

The intention is, in this one building, to

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TIME
February 12, 1945

Volume XLV
Number 7

Style that'll make 'em stare...



● Today—a big, new, handsome Mercury must, of course, remain a dream to you and countless others. But the day is drawing nearer when you'll see that dream come true.

Then you'll cruise along in new-found style and comfort—looking proud as any peacock. For you're going to find this car will have both a character and a beauty

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"Here," you'll say, "is a car that has the power I want... superbly engineered and designed... a car that places smartness and thrift in perfect balance."

It's coming—perhaps sooner than you think. Help hasten the day when you'll drive your new Mercury. Just buy War Bonds—and even more bonds—now!

Step out with **MERCURY**

A PRODUCT OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

FACT OR FICTION? A 47-SECOND QUIZ ON THE TREASURE STATE

1 CAPTURE OF BUTTE, MONTANA
AND 25 SQUARE MILES AROUND
THE CITY BY AXIS FORCES, IN 1941,
MIGHT HAVE CRIPPLED U.S. WAR
PRODUCTION. **FACT OR FICTION?**

2 PORTABLE PONDS CAN
MOVE RIGHT ALONG WITH THE
GOLD DREDGES, IN MONTANA.
FACT OR FICTION?

3 SAPPHIRES MINED IN
MONTANA ARE USED AS TRADE
GOODS, IN THE ARMY'S DEALINGS
WITH SOUTH PACIFIC TRIBES.
FACT OR FICTION?

4 SOFT-DRINK SHORTAGE
MAKES AXIS WAR LORDS COVET
MONTANA'S PHOSPHATE ROCK
DEPOSITS. **FACT OR FICTION?**

**5 EXTRA WIDE RIGHT-
OF-WAY** GAVE NORTHERN
PACIFIC ITS NICKNAME "MAIN
STREET OF THE NORTHWEST."
FACT OR FICTION?

CHECK YOUR ANSWERS HERE:

1. Fact. At war's outbreak, mines in Butte and vicinity worked a miracle of manganese production, using "pink ore"—a former waste material... and this manganese has been a mainstay of America's armament industries. Montana ships much of its priceless minerals via Northern Pacific Railway.

2. Fact. Dredges can dig passages ahead, fill them up behind, thus pull their ponds with them. Northern Pacific has carried huge fortunes in gold from Montana mines.

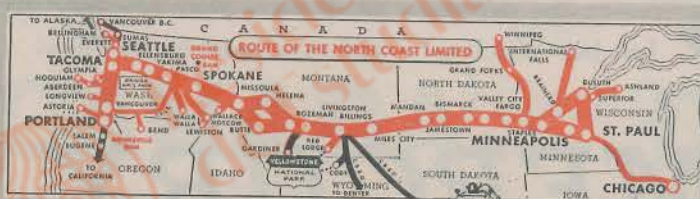
3. Fiction. As jewel-bearings in precision apparatus such as bomb-sights, sapphires have priceless value. N. P. carries Montana's sapphires to war plants.

4. Fiction. Not for soft drinks, but for making steels, medicines, explosives, the Axis greedily covets America's phosphate rock. Phosphorites from Montana-Wyoming-Idaho reserves (by far the world's largest) are hauled in quantity by N. P.

5. Fiction. This famous slogan means that Northern Pacific links the largest number of important population centers in the Northwest states.

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Main Street of the Northwest

provide quarters for a number of non-political organizations, each one devoted to a separate cause. Freedom House itself will be only one of many. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People will surely have its national headquarters in this Center. So will an outstanding national organization fostering international collaboration; another seeking to eliminate religious antagonisms; one active in the improvement of housing; one striving to better labor-employer relations—and so on, covering the whole range of humanitarian causes in which Willkie himself was always a fighting leader.

There are few figures in American history who rose to leadership of the people as swiftly as Wendell Willkie did. The most succinct reason given for Willkie's phenomenal career as a public figure, to my mind, was that of Archibald MacLeish: "He trusted the people... and they remember..."

HARRY SCHERMAN

Book-of-the-Month Club
New York City

Contributions should be addressed to Freedom House, 16 East 48th St., New York, 17, N.Y.—Ed.

Options Limited

Sirs:

The paper shortage must be acute for you to omit eight of the 58 letters (gyll, w and dro) from the big name of the little town of Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllandsylliogogoch* (TIME, Jan. 15). ... Llanfair P.G. [is the] usual form for postal authorities and people in a hurry. ...

Please don't hide behind the skirts of "optional spelling," because the only permissible variations are 1) substitution for euphony of s for the fifth pair of ls (letters 40 and 41); and 2) ti or ty for dy (letters 44 and 45).

DAVYDD WILLIAMS

New York City



Acme

Sirs:

... How can you expect your readers to have faith in your infallibility when you misspell a simple little word like the name of this village?

SIDNEY H. JONES

Philadelphia

TIME's Miscellany researcher, who became confused in trying to read a plain Welsh sign (see cut) correctly, is hereby excused.—Ed.

Knight the Big Bum!

Sirs:

Anyone who will note the New Year's Honors List of Britain [which includes] the list of men elevated to the peerage by

* English translation: The Church of St. Mary in a hollow of white hazel near a rapid whirlpool and near to St. Tysilio's Church close to a red cave.



Gun crew officers, in helmets and flash gear, keep careful watch following an attack on their carrier. Action took place in the Southwest Pacific. Officer at right is relaying observations by telephone.

There's still a tough war to win

—and the armed forces need vast amounts of telephone and electronic equipment.

THE telephone and radio on ships and planes have made a vast change in naval warfare.

Our Navy has more of these things than any other navy in the world. The battleship Wisconsin alone has enough telephones to serve a city of 10,000.

A great part of this naval equipment comes from the Western Electric Company, manufacturing branch of the Bell System.

That helps to explain why we here at home are short of telephones and switchboards.

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OF THE MAKER



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the King . . . will see immediately that what we need for internal tranquillity is a king.

In the last Honors List the King eased off that thorn in the side of the Empire, David Lloyd George, by making him an earl. And what does he do with an oldline union man such as the head of the coal miners' union? He knights him. . . . These boys'll have to be conservative all along the line now; if they write it'll have to be in the dignified columns of the *Times*; if they speak it'll have to be in well-modulated tones over the dinner hour of the "wireless". . . .

In this country the plan would calm the populace considerably. Take John L. Lewis, for instance. . . . How easy it would be, if we had a king, to knight Lewis. . . . Sir Jonathan Llewellyn Lewis of Coalhod-on-Cumberland. Isn't it magic? . . . Not a coal miner will listen to him. [Or] a businessman that got obstreperous. . . . You can see him now: Lord Henry Fordson, Earl of V-8-on-Highway No. 1. . . .

Or take Roosevelt. . . . Make him a duke and there'd be no more trouble.

JOHN MANCHESTER

San Francisco

Advice Wanted

Sirs:

In a footnote in your issue of Jan. 29 you say:

"Last week, Oliver Stanley, His Majesty's Secretary of State for Colonies, was in the U.S., enunciating the proposition that Britain would reform its empire but would not submit to any form of international advice."

The following is an extract from the speech made by Colonel Stanley to the Foreign Policy Association in New York on Jan. 19:

"We cannot share with others the administrative responsibilities which are ours alone. We believe that to attempt to do so would be impracticable, inefficient and undesirable. But in discharging those responsibilities we do want cooperation from others, we do want advice and we do want and shall welcome criticism, if that criticism is constructive and informed."

Earlier in his speech the Colonial Secretary . . . said:

"We believe that all colonial powers in any given region and other countries who have a particular interest in the region should meet together in order to discuss their common problems, and to help each other to find their common solutions. So many problems today—economic, health and transportation—transcend the frontiers of individual units, and can only successfully be dealt with on a regional basis."

In view of these very clear statements by the Colonial Secretary, I am confident you will agree that your summing-up of his attitude, in the footnote to which I have referred, was scarcely exact.

PHILIP HEWITT-MYRING

British Information Services
New York City

A Pulitzer for Whitehurst?

Sirs:

You may be interested in this reaction to your "Excuse It, Please" story [the firing of a Florida copy editor for an unauthorized editorial lambasting Palm Beach revelries—*TIME*, Jan. 15].

In his weekly radio feature on WJAS, Harold Cohen, local drama critic, commented that ex-Copydesk Assistant Whitehurst of the *Palm Beach Post-Times* undoubtedly told the truth about New Year's Eve in his city and in most other American cities; and,

* Reader Manchester apparently means Sir Mark Hodgson, general secretary of the Boilermakers' Union.



Of all the De Soto cars ever built, 7 out of 10 are still running

HOWARD SCOTT

A lot of snow has fallen since Dad and Sonny first shoveled this faithful De Soto out of the garage. And much more since the day . . . 17 years ago . . . when we first set out to build cars. Through the years we developed the famous De Soto floating power, fluid drive, superfinished parts, safety-steel bodies. Today, De Soto ruggedness is going into bomber sections, airplane wings, guns, and other war goods. But look forward to the time when we'll again be making De Soto cars for you . . . cars designed to endure.

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Tune in on Major Bowes, Thursdays, 9:00 to 9:30 p. m., E. W. T.

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DeSoto
DESIGNED TO ENDURE



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The control is mounted
in a UNITROL Door
Frame.



The door frame is
mounted in a UNITROL
Section.



Sections are grouped
together and joined.



Presto! you have a
complete, compact
plant-serving Motor
Control center, ready
for any need to come.

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instead of being fired, he should have had his salary doubled, and should be recommended for a Pulitzer prize.

JOHN F. DUFFY

Pittsburgh

Girls Wanted

Sirs:

We are a couple of fighter pilots stationed in Assam. . . . Since coming overseas, we have had brought home to us, rather forcibly . . . that women aren't inclined to wait for long when a man has to take time out to fight the war. So we find ourselves the proud possessors of two big shining silver fighter planes but without any girls to name them after.

We would appreciate [your printing] this in your "Letters" section in hopes that at least two girls, in whose hearts still faintly glows a spark of patriotism, will see it and send us a letter with their picture enclosed. The picture, or a reasonable facsimile thereof, captioned by the accompanying names, will be emblazoned boldly upon the plane's nose, and we can once more soar majestically over Burma without feeling bitter towards one of the things for which we are fighting—namely AMERICAN WOMANHOOD.

BRYANT G. NEWTON

Lieutenant, U.S.A.A.F.

LEONARD R. BRILEY

Lieutenant, U.S.A.A.F.

APO 629

% Postmaster
New York City

Kekulé's Vision

Sirs:

Your article "Portrait of a Molecule" (TIME, Jan. 22) stirred me profoundly. You mention the fact that the shape of the molecule of hexamethylbenzene, magnified 100,000,000 times, corresponds to the shape of its commonly used chemical formula.

Frederick A. Kekulé (1829-1896) [was] the man who conceived the symbol of the "benzene ring." Dr. Huggins' photo appears to have confirmed what Kekulé had seen in a purely visionary way . . . a phenomenon he had no way of observing directly. . . .

To me it represents a valuable contribution to the problem of "Science and Intuition." Seeing the photo of the molecule was like retracing the flight of a genius to whom nature had revealed one of her innumerable secrets, a tiny fragment of her divine *gestalt*.

EMIL A. GUTHEIL, M.D.

New York City

¶ Kekulé's vision of the benzene ring, which has been called "the most brilliant piece of prediction to be found in the whole range of organic chemistry," came to him in a dream about snakes. He wrote: "One of the snakes seized its own tail and the image whirled scornfully before my eyes. As though from a flash of lightning I awoke . . . occupied the rest of the night working out the consequences of the hypothesis."—Ed.

Since January 1, 1943, TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE and THE ARCHITECTURAL FORUM have been cooperating with the War Production Board on conservation of paper. During the year 1944, these four publications used 73,000,000 lb. (1,450 freight carloads) less paper than in 1942. In view of resulting shortages of copies, please share your copy of TIME with your friends.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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

Dear Subscriber

Of all the thousands of Americans who entered Manila with General MacArthur this week, only a handful could share his feelings fully as he made good his promise: "I shall keep the soldier's faith . . . I shall return."

Those few were the men who had been with MacArthur through those days of heroic humiliation when the Japanese hordes were driving him back step by step from Lingayen to Manila to Bataan—and who somehow, like him, had gotten away from the Philippines to join him on the long road back.

Among these men was Carl Mydans of TIME & LIFE.

Mydans was one of the only three American correspondents aboard MacArthur's own flagship when he returned to Luzon. And ever since Bill Chickering was killed by enemy action in Lingayen Gulf, he has been doing double duty for LIFE and TIME in reporting MacArthur's triumphs at the scene of his 1941 retreat.

On New Year's Eve 1941 Mydans elected to stay behind in burning Manila while TIME's other correspondent in the Philippines, Melville Jacoby, took off on a little island freighter to follow the action across the bay to Bataan and Corregidor. Two days later Mydans and his wife Shelley were herded with some 3,500 other Americans into the internment camp at Santo Tomás University. They spent the next 21 months as prisoners of the Japs.

Carl has been sending us fine dispatches all through this year's Luzon campaign, but he is first and foremost a LIFE photographer, one of the truly great battle photographers of this war.

A short, dark fellow with an amiable manner and a way of wangling himself anywhere, he has traveled more than 75,000 miles in the past four years to photograph nearly every fighting front—Finland, France,

Italy, India, China, Singapore, Manila and (after his release by the Japs) Cassino, France again with the southern invasion and now again Luzon. But Mydans was a newspaper reporter before he took to the camera, and everywhere he has shown that he can write as well as he can photograph—that he is a "photoreporter" in the full sense of the word.

Mydans' first battle assignment was in Finland, where he photographed with equal power the tragedy of Finnish civilians under Russian bombings and the tragedy of the Russian Army's destruction in the Arctic night in the one great Finnish victory of the winter war. (It was so cold there that he had to carry his cameras wrapped inside his sheepskin coat to keep them from freezing—"pictures lay at every glance, but never have I suffered more in getting them").

That summer he was arrested and nearly shot when a French crowd mistook him for a German parachutist while he was taking his memorable pictures of the terrified civilians clogging the roads after the fall of Paris.

Mydans and his wife remember their months of internment at Santo Tomás as "an atmosphere of constant, oozing fear and unrelieved physical discomfort. All of us found ourselves losing the power to keep perspective and to remember who we were and the lives we used to lead. With no purpose and no future we were overcome with the feeling of futility . . ."

Hundreds of the Americans rescued there this week are his personal friends from those internment days; and when Carl went back to Santo Tomás with our triumphant troops it must have been a very special moment for him.

Cordially,

P. I. Prentice

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POST-WAR BUYING PREFERENCE...

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by an average of 3 TO 1*



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Vol. XLV, No. 7

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

February 12, 1945

U. S. AT WAR

THE NATION

"Our Hearts Have Quickened"

All week long Americans had been thinking about the fall of Berlin. The headlines and the radio shouted: "IT'S CLOSER AND CLOSER." Then, suddenly, with unexpected speed and unexpected ease, came the recapture of Manila (see WORLD BATTLEFRONTS).

General Douglas MacArthur, the great soldier, had returned. The first major capital of the Jap-conquered Pacific had been retaken; a prime symbol of Japanese dominance had fallen. Wrote President Roosevelt to Philippine President Sergio Osmeña: "Our hearts have quickened. . . ."

A quickening of the heart and spirit was the chief reaction of Americans everywhere. But no hats were thrown in the air, no whistles tied down, no flag-waving revelers surged through the U.S. streets. U.S. civilians had singed their fingers in the burning optimism of last September. This time there seemed to be more optimism in the front lines.

U.S. troops, beginning a new push against Germany, were more than anxious to greet their Russian comrades. *Stars & Stripes* printed its first Russian lesson; signs of "WELCOME IVAN" blossomed in the Western Front's rubble. Into a U.S. battalion headquarters walked a deadpan U.S. sergeant, costumed as a Russian, who gestured at a map of Germany and said: "We have captured all this. Now, comrades, we need rest, beds."

U.S. civilians, contemplating the surge of the Russians, the burning of Berlin with U.S. bombs, knowing that even the fall of Berlin might merely mean harder fighting elsewhere, waited for a greater day to celebrate.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Victory for Whom?

Henry Wallace, battling for a place in the Fourth Term sun, began his week with a speech in Manhattan. He was flanked by Henry Kaiser and Eleanor Roosevelt; his ears were ringing with a felicitous endorsement from Franklin Roosevelt: "... a clear voice to the conscience and the hopes of men everywhere."

To a nationwide radio audience, Wallace lashed out at his opponents: "They are not fighting a starry-eyed liberal or mystic. If they really thought that, they



U.S. Army Signal Corps-Associated Press

U.S. SOLDIERS ON THE WESTERN FRONT
This time, there was more optimism in the front lines.

wouldn't be worried. They are fighting against sound principles upon which America can survive. . . . They are fighting against the survival of capitalism. . . . They are fighting you, and millions like you to the third and fourth generations."

Then Henry Wallace, who has become the most determined political orator in the country, added: "Those who fight this issue must be defeated in 1946."

The speech, short as it was, bristled defiance. And it had its effect. Said Virginia's Harry Byrd, the intellectual leader of the Wallace opposition: "He threatened to carry the issue to the people unless the Senate confirms his appointment [as Commerce Secretary and Federal Loan Administrator] intact. This challenge I hope the Senate will accept without equivocation or compromise."

The people had no chance for a direct vote on the issue. By & large, the press was heavily anti-Wallace; the 150,000 letters and telegrams that flooded Washington (largely from C.I.O.-P.A.C. sources) were heavily pro-Wallace. But it was the elected representatives of the people, in the U.S. Senate, who forced a settlement—after two days of extraordinary back-stage dickering.

The First Day. First off, Henry Wallace was left with almost no high-placed Administration bigwig to fight for him publicly. His on-the-scene supporters were

all in the New Deal wing in the Senate, headed by Florida's Pepper and Montana's Murray. But they are not strategists. Thus it fell to Majority Leader Alben Barkley, abed in Naval Hospital with an ulcerated eye, to get up and lead the Wallace fight. First thing Barkley did was to demand a pro-Wallace statement from the White House. It was not immediately forthcoming.

The Wallacemen now realized that they could never get Henry confirmed as a full successor to Jesse Jones, i.e., both as Commerce Secretary and as dispenser of RFC's billions. They adopted a new tack: first pass Senator George's "bill of divorcement" dividing the two jobs, then get Henry in as Commerce Secretary only. This half-way admission of defeat merely strengthened the determination of anti-Wallacemen to reject him immediately and completely, for both jobs.

The Second Day. To Arthur Krock, the New York Times's Washington pundit, the day before the showdown was "the night before somebody's Waterloo." And it was clear between the lines that Arthur Krock thought, and hoped, that the Waterloo would be Henry Wallace's. There was some reason for his belief. Anti-Wallacemen, like North Carolina's upright Josiah Bailey, seemed in complete control. Senator Barkley and Vice President Truman went humbly to Joe Bailey, pleaded with

him for an hour to relent. "Holy Joe" Bailey would not.

Then National Democratic Chairman Bob Hannegan, perhaps trying to regain favor with Eleanor Roosevelt and other potent New Dealers, took a hand. He telephoned dozens of Senators in Wallace's behalf, finally reported that Wallace "doesn't have a ghost of a chance."

The Showdown. On the morning of the showdown, Alben Barkley, wearing a black patch over his bad eye, called a caucus of Democratic Senators. For well over an hour he begged them to let the George Bill come to a vote first, pass it, and then vote on Henry Wallace's qualifications. Finally, he pulled out his ace argument. At this very moment, said he,



ANTI-WALLACE
From a black & white battle...

Franklin Roosevelt was "on the verge of" a historic international conference.* At such a time, he argued, the Senate must not slap down Mr. Roosevelt at home. Wyoming's dapper little Joseph O'Mahoney added his plea: "It is time for us to think what this is going to mean overseas."

But the anti-Wallacemen were deaf. In the hottest terms, Bailey denounced Wallace as the preceptor of wild economics, a "dangerous" man whom it would be "immoral" to confirm. The caucus broke up, with nothing but a bitter taste in everyone's mouth.

Five minutes later, in the Senate Chamber, the opposing forces were arrayed. The galleries were packed, with hundreds of standees. Bailey, belatedly gathering more ammunition, thumbed through one of Henry Wallace's books, *Whose Constitution?*

Wheel-Chair Vote. Prayer and preliminaries over, Bailey moved that the Senate go into executive session to vote * For other technical violations of security regulations, see PRESS.

on the confirmation of Henry Wallace. Such a motion is not debatable. If passed, it meant that the Senate would certainly turn Henry Wallace down. This was the showdown. Did the anti-Wallacemen have the votes? To gather them all, they had persuaded Nevada's pale, ailing James Scrugham, 65, to leave Naval Hospital, had brought him to the chamber in a wheel chair.

The roll call began. The galleries were mouse-quiet. As the vote see-sawed back & forth, many a Senator kept his own tally. Six times the vote was tied. The final count: 43-to-41 against taking up the nomination now. (Actually, the final vote was a 42-to-42 tie, but Ohio's Bob Taft, though bitterly anti-Wallace, switched his in a vain effort to force a reconsideration.) The pro-Wallace vote was made up of ten Republicans, one Progressive and 32 Democrats. The men who had saved Wallace fell into three groups: 1) out & out New Dealers; 2) Senators who might have voted against him but feared C.I.O. retaliation at home; 3) Senators who, knowing the George Bill would pass, wanted to give Wallace a fair chance at the Commerce Secretaryship.

Promptly Alben Barkley moved to consider the George Bill and, after some cursory sparring, it passed, 74-to-12. Just as the vote was being taken, a page in knee-breeches tugged at Alben Barkley's coat. The Senator rushed to the cloak-room, returned in three minutes with a penciled slip of paper in his hand. Triumphant he read it to the Senate. It was a paraphrased* message from the President, two days late, promising that he would sign the George Bill. Thereupon, Alben Barkley moved that the vote on confirming Henry Wallace as just plain Secretary of Commerce be delayed until March 1. Few doubted that at that time Henry Wallace will win the Senate's approval. Reasons: 1) the job has been stripped down; 2) most Senators grant a President the right to name his official family (e.g., even Harry Hopkins was confirmed as Commerce Secretary in 1939). ¶ The battle over Wallace had been fought in such extreme black & white terms that it was possible for his journalistic detractors to picture him as fit for the loony bin, while his journalistic defenders called him the political hope of the common man (see cuts). In the end, the compromise was so adroit that both sides could, and did, claim a victory. The Wallace opponents had blocked his way into the biggest lending agency on earth. But Henry Wallace, who, at 56, is a rising politician, had won the hope of an effective sounding board within the Government. And, for a man who wants to be the economic Messiah of the 1940s, this was, perhaps, the principal prize.

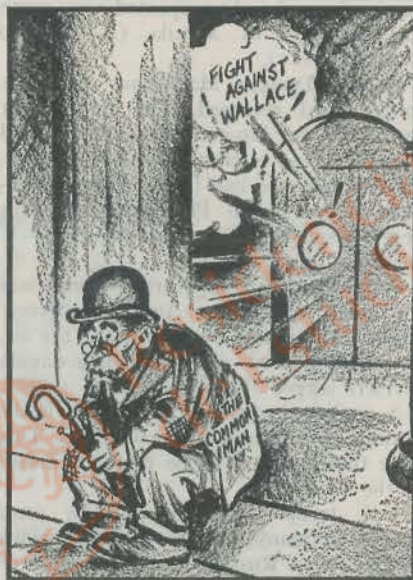
* In State Department practice, coded cabled messages are paraphrased before public release, to prevent detection of the code.

LEND LEASE

Arsenal of Democracy

Mindful that the U.S. was maintaining a full-scale war of its own in the Pacific, Americans nevertheless could not help feeling that Russia was carrying most of the land-fighting load in Europe. Last week they learned how much the U.S. production machine had contributed to the Eastern Front. On some fronts more than half of the Russian Army's supplies move forward in U.S. trucks. From October 1941 to December 1944 the U.S. had shipped to Russia, via Lend-Lease:

¶ 331,000 motor vehicles (including 45,000 jeeps); about 29,000 motorcycles.
¶ 1,045 locomotives (backbone of any



PRO-WALLACE
... an adroit compromise.

military supply system), 7,164 flatcars, 1,000 dump cars, 100 tank cars.

¶ 135,000 machine guns, 1,800 self-propelled guns, 13,000 pistols, 8,200 assorted guns (including antiaircraft), 5,500 artillery prime movers.

¶ 6,000 tanks, 1,200 half tracks, 3,300 armored scout cars, 1,700 ordnance vehicles.

¶ 60 power trains with a total generating capacity of 148,000 kilowatts (enough electricity to serve a city the size of Toledo) for supplementing Russia's lost power plants.

¶ 2,120,000 tons of steel (for railroad rails, etc.).

¶ 11 million pairs of army boots, 97 million yards of cotton cloth, 50 million yards of woolen cloth, 58 million yards of webbing, 24,000 tons of abrasives.

¶ 294,000 tons of explosives.
¶ 1,300,000 tons of petroleum products, 638,000 tons of industrial chemicals.

¶ 733,000 tons of non-ferrous metals (aluminum, brass, other copper products), 16,600 tons of critical ferro-alloys.

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HEROES

From the Grave

When the news came, Mrs. Ralph Hubbard was at Oklahoma City's Crippled Children's Hospital reading to polio victims. Nurse's Aide Hubbard dashed out, ran all the way to the Culbertson School and right into the First Grade. There she gave her son Joe the news: his father was safe.

On the night of Jan. 30, Major Ralph Hubbard and the other prisoners of Pangatian Camp waited as they had waited for months—ever since they had seen the first white-starred bombers over Luzon. They could only guess at what was happening now in the northwest, where the sky on past nights had been lit with pale flashes of gunfire. Over a radio improvised from scraps and toothpaste tubes they had caught fragmentary reports. They knew that MacArthur—who would "always seem to see the vision of the grim, gaunt, and ghostly men"—must have returned. Inside their bamboo and barbed-wire stockade, they thought with mixed hope and despair of their own chances of escape.

The Jap guards at their camp had pulled out three weeks ago. Major Takasaki, the commandant, had silkily explained that they were leaving, "due to certain inconveniences." He had ordered: "Remain within the stockade for your own protection. We shall leave food for 30 days." The prisoners had raided the Jap stores, greedily drunk up some 500 cases of milk.

Behind the Stockade. They butchered Brahma steers, began to recover some of the strength drained out of them by almost three years of the horror which began at



U.S. Army Signal Corps-Associated Press
MUCCI

"These are Yanks."

TIME, FEBRUARY 12, 1945



WAITING FOR WORD FROM LUZON: MAYWOOD, ILL.
Mrs. Katz wished that all mothers could share her joy.

Bataan. But they were still sick, emaciated, unarmed—still prisoners deep within the Jap lines. Jap combat troops, moving northeast along the highway which ran past the camp, used the prison's garrison barracks for temporary quarters. Japs in force were only a mile to the south.

The distant cannonading grew louder, drew nearer. Over the gaunt men hung the dread that the enemy, in fury, might yet decide to finish them off. Caught between the lines, they might even be wiped out by U.S. artillery or by bombers. Even if MacArthur knew they were there, how could he effect their rescue?

On the night of Jan. 30, Private Edward S. Gordon of the 4th Marines was eating a piece of bread he had made from rice flour. Rifle fire shattered the darkness. A Jap sentry, standing on a watch tower listening to the night's hush, tumbled to the earth. The crump of grenades mingled with ripping bursts from automatic weapons. Japs screamed orders, fell before the headlong rush of dimly seen figures brandishing knives and pistols. Unmistakably American voices yelled: "This is a prison break—make for the main gate! These are Yanks!"

In Chicago, white-haired Mrs. Mary Zelis went to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, where she had prayed every day for Louis, her son. Now she gave thanks for Louis' delivery.

March of the Half-Dead. Some of the prisoners ran on bare, swollen feet out through the main gate toward the hill which the raiders pointed out to them. Some of them in hysteria tried to embrace and kiss their rescuers. Some of them, bedridden, found themselves hoisted pick-a-back by sweating soldiers.

Along the highway south of the camp the rattle of automatic rifles was now heavily punctuated by cannon fire. Jap troops from the direction of Cabanatuan were trying to break through a cordon which the rescue party had thrown across the highway. The Japs were rumbling up in tanks.

The prisoners had all been collected—Hubbard, Gordon, Colonel James Duckworth, the sick. There were some 500 of them. Herded by their rescuers, in weird and motley columns they plunged westward through fields, over streams and across the rice paddies toward the American lines.

Under a moon and all through the hot night they tramped. They passed Filipino natives, who stared. Carabao carts were commandeered and the weakest were loaded aboard. One man died of shock, another died when his faltering heart gave out. The rest of them, still bewildered by the suddenness of their delivery, trudged on.

In Oakland, Calif., two days after she was notified by the War Department that her brother had been killed on Leyte, Mrs. Caryl L. Picotte wept again with happiness. Her husband had been rescued from the prison camp on Luzon.

Mucci's Rangers. The rescued men learned then who their deliverers were. They were from the Sixth Army of Lieut. General Walter Krueger, who had moved swiftly south from Lingayen Gulf. Filipino guerrillas had reported the location of their camp, which was 25 miles inside the Jap lines on the Sixth's left flank. The men who had rescued them were 286 Filipinos and 121 picked men of the U.S. 6th Ranger Battalion. The squat, hand-

some man wearing a lieutenant colonel's insignia and a shoulder holster over his sweat-stained shirt was Henry Andrew Mucci, in command.

Mucci's men were a tough breed. Formerly they had been a pack field artillery unit whom Mucci himself had trained as combat troops two years ago in New Guinea. Mucci was a West Pointer, son of a Bridgeport, Conn. horse dealer. In command of his Filipinos; Major Robert Lapham, who had been fighting with the guerrillas since before the fall of Corregidor. Mucci's force had suffered some casualties: three wounded, 27 killed.

It was dawn when the cavalcade began to flow into the rendezvous, a native village. There ambulances and trucks were waiting. The prisoners walked and rode between lines of curious infantrymen. They tried to be casual. They said, "Hi, Yanks," and hoped no one noticed that their voices quavered. They tried to give officers the regulation salute and to keep a soldierly bearing.

They tried to forget their blistered feet, their racking pains, their sores, their ills. Some knew they were living skeletons of men. Some were still filled with unbelief. They caught sight of an American flag and Staff Sergeant Clinton Goodbla openly wept.

Later they were able to talk, quietly and coherently. In an evacuation hospital they recalled the horrors and degradation they had endured for almost three years; the last days on Corregidor, when the enemy lost 4,500 troops in his final frenzied attack; the death march from Bataan; the sight of Filipino children impaled on Jap bayonets; the notorious compounds at Camp O'Donnell, where the death rate

among captives had been as high as 250 a day; the filthy and vermin-ridden compound at Pangatian, where every foot of ground finally was a filled-in latrine; the diet of rice, sweet potatoes, radish tops, "pigweed," fish powder; the beatings with hardwood sticks; their friends who had died.*

In Oak Park, Ill., Mrs. Abraham Katz heard the news that her son, Charles, was saved, and said quietly: "I wish all mothers of prisoners could share my joy." But in Maywood, Ill., families waited in vain for word of 85 of their sons who had been with the 192nd Tank Battalion at Bataan. For most of the families of some 12,000 American soldiers and sailors taken by the Japs—and still unaccounted for—the waiting and suspense only became sharper.

CONNECTICUT

Fighting Senator?

Ever since the death of Connecticut's able Democratic Senator Francis Maloney (TIME, Jan. 29), Republicans & Democrats have wrangled over his successor. In Connecticut's Legislature, Republicans control the House, Democrats the Senate. To obviate holding a special election, the House passed a bill giving Republican Governor Raymond Baldwin power to appoint a successor. Democrats balked, said they would not pass the bill until they knew the name of the Governor's choice.

* Japan is ready to do anything she can "to improve the lot of Allied prisoners," the Tokyo radio reported last week. "We hope that the enemy will in turn recognize the Japanese generosity for making such a noble decision."



ADMIRAL HART
He would be unique.

This week Governor Baldwin found a statesmanlike way out of the wrangle. On his weekly radio report to the people, he announced that he would appoint short, tough, salty Admiral Thomas Charles Hart, onetime commander of the Asiatic Fleet. Registered as neither Republican nor Democrat, Tommy Hart will presumably be satisfactory to both sides.

A blunt-spoken man who knows the Far East well, Tommy Hart gave up his fleet command in February 1942. Since then he has been living at his Sharon (Conn.) dairy farm, commuting to Washington for sessions of the Navy General Board. Last year he gathered evidence on the Pearl Harbor disaster for the Secretary of the Navy. A classmate of Admiral Leahy's at Annapolis (1897), a friend of Franklin Roosevelt's, Tommy Hart would be the first top-rank officer of World War II to go to Congress.

WEATHER

Cold Facts

To Middle Western cities which have gone through the war in a nighttime blaze of neon lights, the brownout that went on last week was a shock. In Chicago, the usually bustling Loop was deserted; there were no long queues at theaters. In Detroit, late-shopping housewives complained that they could not find stores. In Denver, barnyard lanterns blossomed on store fronts.

But no one had to be told why the lights had to go out: as civilians shivered in the coldest, snowiest, blowiest winter in years, the U.S. was smack up against a first-rate crisis in fuel.

The trouble had been on its way ever
TIME, FEBRUARY 12, 1945



SNOWDRIFTS IN UPSTATE NEW YORK: HAULING THE MILK
No one had to be told why the lights went down.

Associated Press

THE CONGRESS

Double Talk

The House was droning through its debate on the manpower bill. Many a black-leather seat was vacant, many a Congressional chin rested in a Congressional palm, when Michigan's veteran John D. Dingell got the floor to make a brief speech on another subject. He spoke of "the rising tide of resentment and criticism among veterans of World War II because of the issuance of an indistinct, cheap, and unworthy discharge button. . . ." Afterwards the debate on manpower went on.

A copy of the Dingell speech had reached bustling Cabell Phillips, Washington correspondent for Hearst's Chicago Herald-American, and Phillips saw a chance to get a Chicago man to reply; the Herald-American thinks the present button is good enough. He took the Dingell speech to genial, white-haired Representative Edward A. Kelly of Chicago, asked him to do something about it.

One hour later the accommodating Kelly stood up. Solemnly he orated: "There is a rising tide of resentment and criticism, etc., etc." Word for word, it was the Dingell speech. No Congressional chin left a Congressional palm; the House heard it through again without recognizing it. Reporter Phillips was popeyed.

Mourned Phillips: "I asked him to answer it, not to read it." Said Kelly (who had not heard Dingell): "He wanted me

since December, when zero weather and blizzards and a manpower shortage first snarled up the overloaded railroads and disrupted fuel deliveries. The three-day embargo, clamped on all non-Government freight in the East, had helped (TIME, Feb. 5). But it was not enough. Last week, the Office of Defense Transportation clamped on another, this time for four days. Coal was the only civilian freight that could be moved.

In a wide belt from Ohio to New England, many schools were closed and offices went on shortened weeks. This did not always help. Workers celebrated their holiday by trips on already overloaded trains.

After a plea from Solid Fuels Administrator Ickes, some 65,000 miners labored underground an extra day, getting out the coal. But production dropped anyhow, mainly because there were no rail cars to haul the coal to the freezing cities. On top of this, a temporary food shortage was on the way in many an Eastern city. Freight trains as far west as California were shunted on to sidings to wait till the snarl untangled. While they waited, many a grocer cleaned out his shelves.

Trouble in the Tub. War plants were hard hit. In Pittsburgh, 200 were shut down (see BUSINESS). There was not enough heating gas for both plants and householders, so the householders got what there was.

In Detroit all plants sent workers home on an extended weekend after WPB curtailed their fuel. Then by newspaper and radio pleas they frantically tried to get them back after WPB changed its mind. Householders in Columbus, Ohio were told to cut down on their baths, flush their toilets only once a day per person so that the huge Curtiss-Wright plant would have enough water. Reason: the severe cold had kept snow from melting normally, lowered water in reservoirs.

Trouble on the Way. In New York, the rail jam was the worst. Huge drifts stalled trains in the open country. Passengers had to wade through drifts to nearby farmhouses to spend the night. State troopers went along the highway dynamiting 14-ft. drifts, clearing the roads so that emergency auto caravans could get through with feed for livestock and food for isolated villages and farms. Improvised or ancient sledges turned up in the streets.

Fuel oil was so near exhaustion in Manhattan that the Navy released 400,000 barrels to help tide civilians over. The Army chipped in with 5,000 tons of coal. Nightclubs, theaters got ready to close their doors. One theater, its coal burnt, was kept warm with loads of cordwood. But even wood was scarce.

This week there was more trouble to be met. Much of the East was lashed by a new sleet storm. There were gloomy predictions that the railroads had got so far behind that the crisis might not be completely over until April.

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to put it in the record so he'd have a story; I did it because he's a heck of a nice guy." In the Congressional Record, the speech was duly and solemnly recorded twice, in full.

A Time for Action

Another warning finger was pointed at the antiquated machinery of Congress. After a four-year study, the Committee on Congress of the American Political Science Association told Congressmen they now had two alternatives: they could go on with the present cumbersome, outdated practices, steadily surrendering leadership to the Executive, or they could reorganize and operate more effectively.

The A.P.S.A. report, published by the American Council on Public Affairs, in general paralleled the National Planning Association proposals (TIME, Jan. 29), but seemed even more detailed and realistic. N.P.A. had recommended raising Congressmen's salaries from \$10,000 a year to \$25,000; A.P.S.A. called this a "somewhat mythical figure," suggested \$15,000. Gist of the A.P.S.A. plan:

☐ Delegate to other agencies such odd jobs as running the District of Columbia, settling private claims and pensions.

☐ Equip Congressional committees with experts, eliminate inactive committees, consolidate overlapping ones, create like sets of committees in both Houses.

☐ Promote more effective liaison with the Executive by establishing a Legislative



Associated Press

CASUALTIES

These little bundles were babies—children of families disorganized by war. While their mothers worked in the textile mills and shoe factories, they and others (aged from three months to five years) were boarded out in the Lacoste Babies' Home in Auburn, Me. One morning last week, while 21 children were soundly sleeping in their cribs, fire started in the kitchen of the nursery, roared swiftly upwards through the two-story white frame house. Sixteen died.

So glad to see you...Have a Coca-Cola



...or today's friendships help make the future

Down where springtime is on the way...and on up north from there ...sentimental is the word for them all. Miss America, G. I. Joe, Mom and Dad, you and the folks next door just naturally want to make friends. When you meet up with someone whom you are glad to see, try the greeting *Have a Coke*. When you invite people to share the pause

that refreshes with ice-cold Coca-Cola, they know that you have your hand out and your heart open. Next time you meet, they will want to be the first to say *Have a Coke*.

* * *

Our fighting men meet up with Coca-Cola many places overseas, where it's bottled on the spot. Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter "since way back when"



It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called Coke.