

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



SHAPOSHNIKOV: SOVIET STRATEGIST

In a winter war Death takes the hindmost.

(*World Battlefronts*)



We're seeing this through *Together!*

WE, the workers and the management of Thompson Products, have learned how to *work together*. It is all so simple when there's square-dealing, tolerance and cooperation on BOTH sides of the conference table!

Such harmony is the key to all-out production. With it, we'll do more than our share to put Uncle Sam in first place.

There are 9,500 of us now in Thompson plants. We'll be 14,500 early next year when our new RFC subsidiary in Euclid, Ohio, is in full swing on aircraft parts.

We are proud and jealous of our record as an "*Arsenal of Democracy*." We've taken those words to heart.

In Thompson plants we have wasted not one single day because of strikes!

In two years we've stepped up our total defense production 400%—our aircraft parts production 1500%. We're turning out over 1,000 different vital parts for bombers and fighters. Our automotive parts are going into military cars, trucks and tanks, and are helping to keep 32,000,000 American motor vehicles on the highways. By the end of 1942 we'll be shipping at the rate of \$70,000,000 a year.

Over 3,000 of us have completed our company's industrial training courses. More of us are in training today.

We've added 600,000 square feet of productive floor space by reclaiming old, abandoned buildings—and 750,000 square feet of new construction. We're subletting lots of work.

We've subscribed heartily to National Defense Bonds, offered through our company. The company is paying Uncle Sam four times the taxes it paid two years ago—and paying gladly. It has borrowed \$4,500,000 to speed national defense production.

Our wages are kept at highest possible levels through intelligent negotiation. Our working conditions are as good as we can make them these abnormal times. We're guarding our health and safety at work.

We're working three shifts, seven days a week, harder and faster than we've ever worked before.

Tension, strain, pressure, privations? *Sure!* But we can take it, and *we'll out-produce the world!*

We, the workers and the management at Thompson Products, are seeing this war through **TOGETHER**. We want to produce, and *produce to the limit*, for America and the American Way of Life.

We're getting RESULTS. We'll do more than our share to **WIN THIS WAR!**

THE MANAGEMENT *Pledges*

1. All our time, energy and resources to win this war.
2. The highest possible wage scale consistent with sound management.
3. A fair and square deal to our men in all negotiations.

Signed by the following officials of THOMPSON PRODUCTS, INC., and its subsidiaries:

F. C. CRAWFORD
L. M. CLEGG
R. S. LIVINGSTONE
G. A. STAUFFER
A. F. SEUBERT
M. P. GRAHAM
P. D. HILEMAN



The Workers and Management of

Thompson Products
and Subsidiaries



Factories in Cleveland, Detroit and Los Angeles; Subsidiaries: Thompson Aircraft Products Company, Euclid, Ohio; Toledo Steel Products Company, Toledo, Ohio; Thompson Products, Ltd., St. Catharines, Ontario.

THE EMPLOYEES *Pledge*

1. Every possible piece, every day, from every machine. We're in earnest!
2. The full use of our experience in improving quality, reducing waste, and teaching the "know how" to new men.
3. Intelligent bargaining, man to man.—The American Way.

Signed by:

JOHN A. KENNA, Pres.
Automotive and Aircraft Workers Alliance, Inc., Cleveland
CHARLES G. DeVOS, Pres.
Society of Tool and Die Craftsmen, Detroit
IRVIN HESS, Pres.
Pacific Motor Parts Workers Alliance, Los Angeles
A. F. BERG, Pres.
Automotive Parts Workers Alliance, Inc., Toledo
R. T. LETOURNEAU, Pres.
Thompson Products Employees Association, St. Catharines, Canada

"A Different Kind of a Company"

Manufacturers of Automotive and Aircraft Parts

Jim eats breakfast at the SUPPER table now!

It's a screwy schedule. Jim downs a man-sized dinner while Mom's doing the breakfast dishes, sleeps the day away, and gets breakfast at the family supper table! *He's on the midnight shift at the munitions plant.*

The night is bright with light when Jim goes to work. Machines that have been humming 24 hours a day scarcely pause as fresh men take over the all-out job of giving arms to Democracy.



CONTINUOUS production makes tremendous demands on men, machines, and on the electric service that powers practically every operation.

But the power is always there—day and night—Sundays and holidays—365 days a year. The electric industry was ready when the crisis came—ready to turn the eager wheels of almost every arms factory—ready to meet new needs with new construction. 1941 saw more than 2½ million more horsepower installed—enough to light one-fourth of all the homes in the U. S. A.!

America's electric companies have been able to accomplish this by good business management—by producing about 7/8 of the nation's electric

power and making it available almost anywhere, over carefully interconnected systems.

We're glad we can make this report—and glad to pledge our unending effort to supply millions of Jims with all the electric power they need to make America POWERFUL!

THIS PAGE IS SPONSORED BY

54 ELECTRIC COMPANIES*

—ALL PRODUCING POWER FOR AMERICA UNDER AMERICAN BUSINESS MANAGEMENT.

*NAMES ON REQUEST FROM THIS MAGAZINE

INVEST IN AMERICA! BUY DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS

"A Wife has some rights . . . even if she is only a Machine!"



"I'm your automobile — the car you 'married' a year or two ago. Maybe I'm not as sweet and fresh as I was then, but whose fault is it? I spent the best miles of my life slaving for you over a hot road!"



"But don't go thinking about deserting me! The Government says that we have to stay 'married' a long time. So treat me right — we'll *both* be happier!"



"For instance, I'd like a filling of Valvoline, the *First* Pennsylvania Oil. It's been the quality leader for 76 years, as it is today. No wonder I want Valvoline!"



"Look! There's a Valvoline dealer! See that Good-as-Gold Guarantee: money back if Valvoline doesn't out-perform any other oil. Let's drive in, shall we?"

VALVOLINE OIL COMPANY
5th and Butler Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio
Refinery: Butler, Pennsylvania

VALVOLINE
The 1st Pennsylvania Oil
Costs MORE to make — Costs LESS to use

LETTERS



PARADE IN TAHITI
Nordhoff: "Those lads will fight . . ."

Free French in Tahiti

Sirs:

Please accept my thanks for the very kind notice of *Botany Bay* which appeared in TIME for Jan. 19. . . .

I enclose a small picture of the De Gaulle Tahitian boys parading on the Main Street of Papeete (*see cut*). Those lads will fight when the time comes. . . .

CHARLES NORDHOFF

Santa Barbara, Calif.

"Not Only of Bread . . ."

Sirs:

Don Quixote and Sancho met again, this time at Rio de Janeiro. Mr. Welles brought to the Conference the message of figures, 100¢ in each dollar, 60,000 planes and 45,000 tanks (still on paper), tin and rubber. When he finished reading his speech, the delegates very politely applauded for few seconds, not very enthusiastically. Groton and Harvard in a preach-like manner did not do so good. Sancho had spoken. He had not spoken to the heart.

Then Dr. Ezequiel Padilla of Mexico spoke. He was not reading his speech. He was speaking words from his heart. . . . He spoke of the men of Wake Island, of one America, of a common heritage. . . . When he finished . . . people applauded frenetically, kept on doing it, thrilled, enthusiastically, one man, one soul,

one purpose. Don Quixote had again taught Sancho a lesson. Not only of bread alone doth man live.

Only TIME has understood the significance of that moment. Only TIME, of all U.S. publications, has spoken in this way: "There was no approving murmur when Padilla finished, no polite slapping of palms. Instead the applause broke like the first clean crack of thunder very near, and it went on and on, while this Man of America stood by his seat and bowed his thanks and his hope. It was the vision that Ezequiel Padilla projected which might be Rio's triumph." . . .

So please do not start to call the triumph of the conference the triumph of Mr. Welles, for those of us who can hear and understand and speak more than one language know better than that.

PABLO L. SOSA

Cornell Law School
Ithaca, N.Y.

Defense: Distaff Department

Sirs:

. . . I can't help wondering whether your remarks about the ladies in civilian defense [TIME, Jan. 26] serve any useful purpose and if, indeed, they are not actually detrimental. The whole setup of civilian defense is subject to criticism, and surely the ineptitudes of many of its personnel, from the top down,

CURT, CLEAR, COMPLETE

— and the Subscription price is \$5 yearly

TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine
330 E. 22nd Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

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

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Behind this mighty "CUSHION" your shipment arrives safely



DURYEA *Cushioned* CARS provide security from damaging shocks in transit

Miracles of speed and efficiency are commonplace in today's rail freight service. But more ton-miles per day mean more traffic smacks per shipment. As never before, your lading requires the shock-proof safeguard that only Duryea provides.

DURYEA keeps 'em rolling . . . SAFELY

End shocks, created in coupling, starting and stopping, are the principal cause of freight damage. The Duryea Underframe *cushions* each such impact with floating center sills that carry the blow *under* the car, leaving your goods unharmed; giant springs give further protection.

Duryea equipment has a shock-absorb-

ing capacity more than 3 times that of conventional draft gear (the old-fashioned "buffer" on freight cars). Ordinary draft gears often stick or "go solid"—Duryea never does. In 15 years, not one Duryea cushion gear has ever needed replacement.

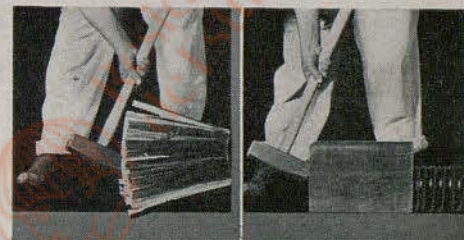
You'll see the difference when you ask for Duryea-equipped cars for all your shipments. Railroads see the difference when they adopt the Duryea Underframe for new rolling stock. Everybody wins—with Duryea.

Write for illustrated booklet

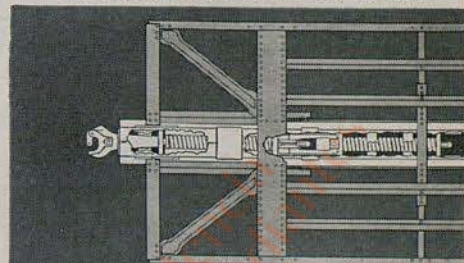
O. C. DURYEA CORPORATION,
30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.
Field Building, Chicago, Ill.

DURYEA *Cushion* UNDERFRAME For Freight Cars

THE MODERN SAFEGUARD FOR SHOCKPROOF SHIPPING



ONE SMACKS! ONE SLIDES! Photos show how Duryea floating sills lessen shock. Left: Block of wood (sill) against wall will crack when hit with sledge. Right: With spring allowing block (sill) to slide, even hardest blows won't cause damage.



PHANTOM VIEW shows how giant springs and floating center sills cushion each wall-lop, protecting car and contents. A Duryea installation lasts for the entire life of a car.



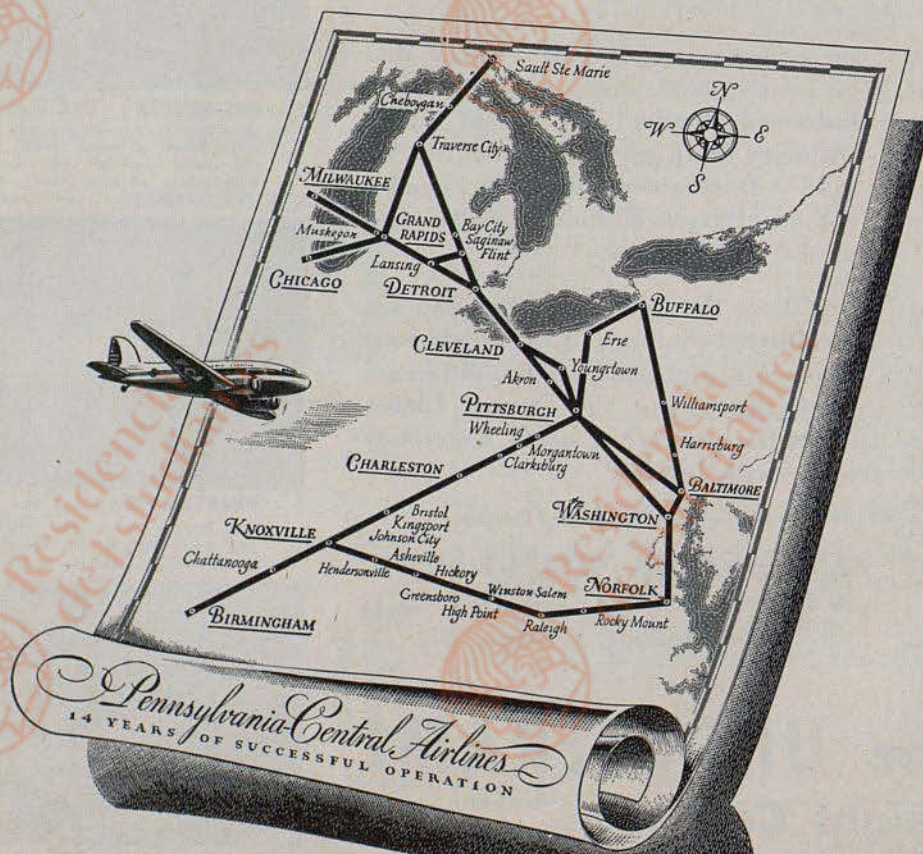
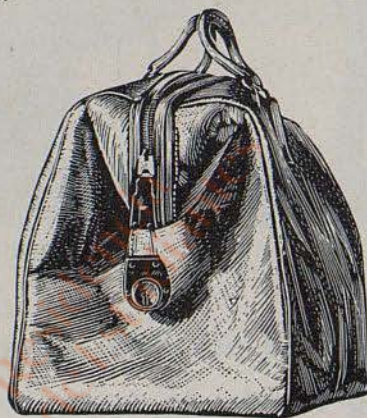
RAILROAD MEN! Duryea-Cushioned Cars reduce maintenance costs and damage claims. Duryea gear costs little, pays for itself quickly. Why not investigate for your road?

"Calm yourself"



"BUT WASHINGTON WANTS MY BOSS . . . RUSH!"

"Tell him to fly
Pennsylvania-Central
Airlines"



should not be whitewashed. You are dealing here, however, with volunteers, both men and women, who give their time and effort with no compensation in the hope that they may be of some small use to their country. . . .

ELSIE McKEOGH

New York City

Sirs:

Re your article . . . about the activities of various stuffy ladies to grab the spotlight:

The war has developed a very definite type of exhibitionist—the station-wagon patriot.

A. H. PATTERSON

Hartford, Conn.

Sirs:

Congratulations for "The Ladies!" But your tact was not evident: don't you know that the best way to make woman rebel is to make her a public laughingstock? And criticize as you may, you have to admit that with

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
INCORPORATING
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TIME, February 16, 1942

Proving that *Sky Chief* gasoline starts *quick-as-a-wink!*



GLUYAS WILLIAMS

FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT . . .
2 GREAT RADIO PROGRAMS

FRED ALLEN: Every Wednesday night. See your local newspaper for time and station.



METROPOLITAN OPERA: Complete broadcasts of great operas every Saturday afternoon. Consult newspapers for time and stations.



*You, too, will get quick winter action from Texaco **Sky Chief** Gasoline*

QUICK as a wink, Texaco SKY CHIEF Gasoline snaps into action on the coldest mornings. It warms up quickly to give you smooth, quiet winter performance. *It's a gasoline you can depend on in the coldest weather.*

Costing no more than other premium gasolines, SKY CHIEF is the gasoline for those who want the best. We believe you will find it the most satisfactory winter performer you have ever tried.

Try SKY CHIEF gasoline today. You'll find it at Texaco Dealers in all 48 States.

You're welcome at **TEXACO DEALERS**

SKY CHIEF sells for about half the price you paid in 1920 for the then regular gasoline, illustrating the continued success of the petroleum industry in providing the public with better products at lower prices.

Sky Chief is available in all 48 States and in every Province in the Dominion of Canada.





Time's wondrous alchemy
works its spell upon the choice
golden tobaccos that Briggs lays away
to mellow in fragrant oaken casks.

All harshness and tongue-bite
disappear.

Briggs is cask-mellowed for years . . .
(longer than many luxury-priced blends).
Yet, you can enjoy this
grand and glorious pipe treat
for only 15¢ a tin.



BRIGGS

CASK-MELLOWED EXTRA LONG FOR EXTRA FLAVOR

the war—the male part of it—going as it is, nobody can afford to poke fun at any well-intentioned offer of either services or money. . . . I hope that your very candid article . . . will carry some weight in furthering the functioning of a centralized authority to direct the admirable spirit of volunteer defense groups.

SHEILA S. IRWIN

Severna Park, Md.

► Reader Irwin's hope is shared by TIME.—ED.

Cover Ornament

Sirs:

All Americans of whatsoever race abhor the tactics and the treachery of the Japanese at Pearl Harbor. . . . But I desire, for one, to register a protest against the picture on your front cover, Jan. 26, which portrays a Japanese soldier as a helmeted monkey, bayoneted gun in hand, dropping from the limb of a tree, with slanting eyes directed venomously in the direction of "Ter Poorten of the Indies. . . ."

I very seriously question the tactics of belittling any race of human beings because they are different from ourselves. . . .

FRANK C. RIDEOUT
Lieut. Colonel (Chaplain)
U.S. Army, Retired

Newton Center, Mass.

► Aside from its ethical aspect there is no worse military fault than undervaluing the enemy. The little figure on the corner of TIME's cover—not a monkeyfied Jap but a Japified monkey—was intended not as belittlement but as recognition of Japanese jungle agility.—ED.

Correspondent's Uncle

Sirs:

Although you rightly described U.P. Far Eastern Correspondent Karl Eskelund as a veteran (TIME, Jan. 19), he is not as old a veteran as your picture would indicate. Could this by any chance be the picture of some other correspondent, wrongly captioned?

THEODORE H. WHITE

New York City

► TIME slipped, pictured Correspondent Eskelund's uncle, who is also a journalist (Director of Press Bureau, Danish Ministry of Foreign Affairs), and whose name is also Karl Eskelund. TIME's apologies to both Eskelunds.—ED.

Right Guy Rooney

Sirs:

I noticed in the Cinema section of TIME for Jan. 19 a story concerning the marriage of Mickey Rooney. Mickey was here in this hospital ward twice to see a personal friend. Both times he went through the ward with his wife, trying to cheer the fellows up. . . .

I must say that morale was sadly lacking in that ward, since it is a fracture ward. Mickey and Ava both gave unselfishly of their time and energy to cheer us up. I have a broken ankle. Mickey and his wife sat on my bed and talked to me and autographed my cast. . . . He let the fellows who could walk take pictures of him and drive his car. I think that . . . Mickey should be given proper credit for a very noble deed. . . . He is a right guy in Army talk. So please give him credit for coming here.

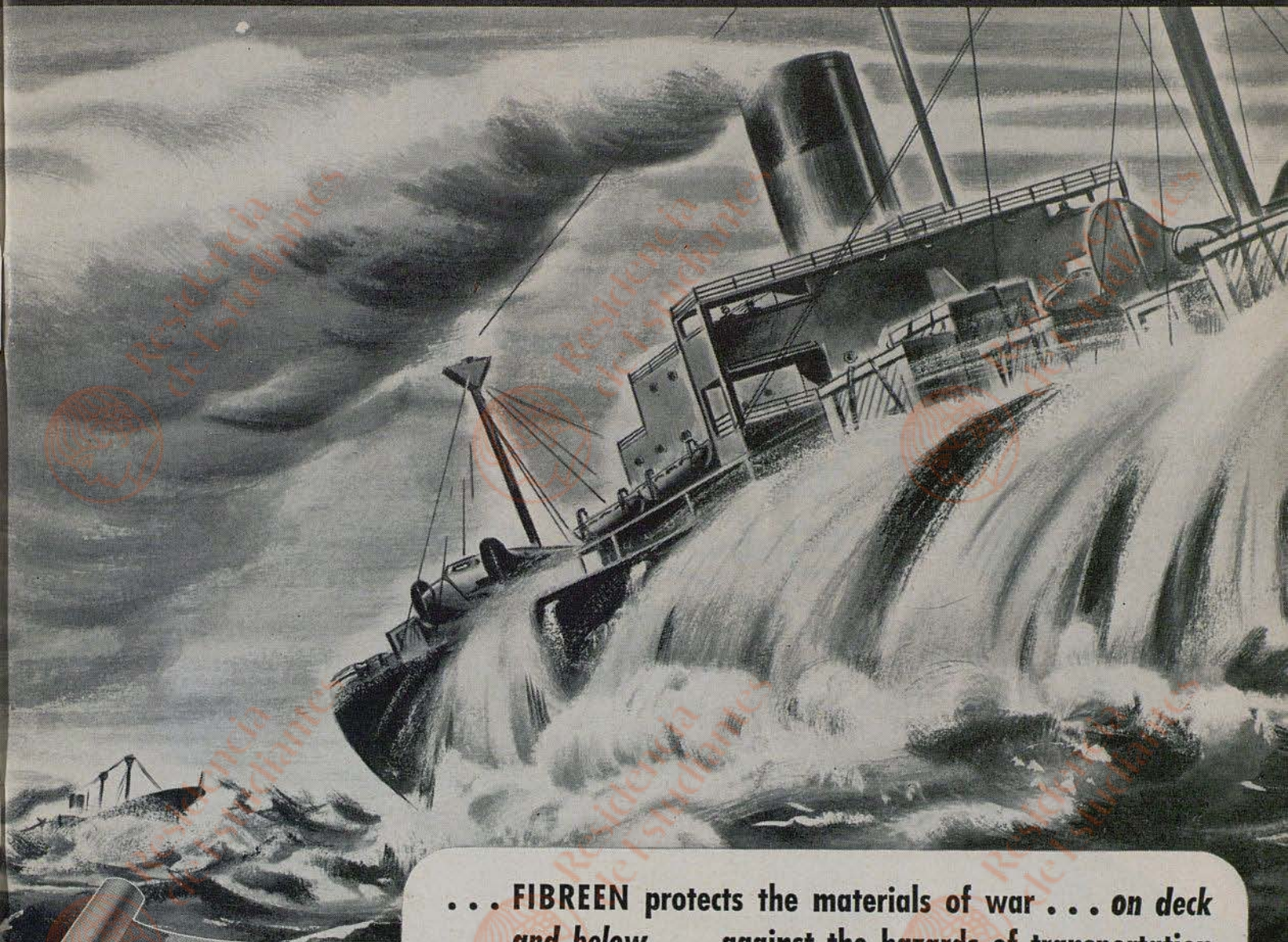
PHILLIP WHITE
Private, Company G,
1st Medical Regiment

Fort Ord, Calif.

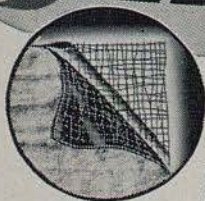
► Take it away, Mickey.—ED.

TIME, February 16, 1942

When U. S. Production Fights Its Battle at Sea



... **FIBREEN** protects the materials of war ... on deck and below ... against the hazards of transportation



FIBREEN is 6 ply: TWO layers of strong kraft, reinforced with TWO layers of crossed sisal fibers embedded in TWO layers of special asphalt—all

combined under heat and pressure. FIBREEN is pliable and clean—stands an astonishing amount of abuse and exposure. Used either as a wrapping or lining material.

Soak it—twist it—try to tear it.

Only when you get a sample in your own hands can you realize that a *paper* can be so strong—so tough—and impervious to moisture. There is no other material like FIBREEN. In rolls and blankets of many widths.



A product of The Sisalkraft Co.—manufacturers of Sisalkraft, Sisal-X, Sisal-Tape and Copper-Armored Sisalkraft.

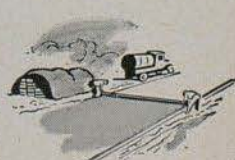
Long before shipments of war materials reach the front, they face the destructive onslaught of rain, waves, flying salt spray—possibly a dry, scorching sun—or snow and piercing cold. Protection against these hazards of transit is as necessary as armed protection against enemy submarines or bombers.

This protection must be made at the factory *in the shipping room*—and FIBREEN is recognized as one of the most effective, practical materials that can be used for protective packing. It is used as a liner for cases or as a tough, weatherproof wrapping. FIBREEN meets the most severe tests under all conditions. It's pliable, clean, inexpensive, is absolutely waterproof—amazingly strong, tough and durable.

Because of these qualities—and because of the vital importance of properly protecting the vast stores of war materials that pour from American production lines—finished goods, materials and supplies; as well as machines, tools or parts shipped from one plant to another—FIBREEN is being allotted to uses essential to the nation's war program.

Inquiry is invited from those industries that are in the "essential" classifications. Write, stating what you ship and how you now pack it.

THE SISALKRAFT CO.
205 W. WACKER DRIVE • CHICAGO, ILL.
NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO • LONDON • SYDNEY



SERVING INDUSTRY . . .

. . . CONSTRUCTION AND AGRICULTURE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

A famous French detective was called in some years ago to determine who had attempted to wreck a building in Marseilles. A bomb containing guncotton had been found near the building and several suspects brought in for questioning. The detective washed the most likely suspect's thick thatch of hair in alcohol. This alcohol was then evaporated and the sediment found to be guncotton. Unable to explain its presence, the suspect eventually confessed he was bomb maker for a gang, and had lived for months in quarters where the air was filled with tiny particles of guncotton. *In hundreds of unusual ways alcohol is constantly adding to the safety and comfort of our everyday life. Alcohol in all its forms is one of the important products of Commercial Solvents.

the Shampoo that trapped a Saboteur



A detailed illustration of a detective in a dark uniform and top hat, wearing glasses, washing the hair of a man in a light-colored suit. The man's head is tilted back, and his hair is being submerged in a shallow bowl of liquid. The detective's hands are shown massaging the hair. The background is dark and moody, with a diagonal light beam illuminating the scene.

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FINE CHEMICALS FOR FINE PRODUCTS

MISCELLANY

Chaser. In Detroit, a judge gave a divorce to Mrs. Maria Millis, 91, who complained that her 73-year-old husband was a woman-chaser.

Job. In Denver, a driver of a dump truck crawled into his bin to keep warm. A steam-shovel operator buried him under a load of dirt. The bin was tipped to release him, and the dirt buried him again on the ground. Somebody then drove the truck over his legs, but the dirt protected him and he returned to work.

Friendly Game. In Albany, Emile La Liberte had \$106 when he boarded a train for Manhattan, three hours distant. By the time the conductor came for the \$2.99 fare, La Liberte, who had met some poker-playing strangers, had nothing.

Dispensable. In Childersburg, Ala., J. A. Emerson got a job handling draft deferments of indispensable factory workers. Two days later he was drafted.

Kibitzer. In a Los Angeles court, Bernard William Butynski asked permission to change his name to Bernard William de Groot.

Treatments. In Omaha, firemen driving a nine-year-old girl to a hospital to have a piece of candy removed from her throat went over a bump, which did the trick. In the same city a doctor pulled down a ten-year-old boy's eyelid preparatory to operating for the removal of a b.b. shot. The shot rolled out.

Aid. In Salt Lake City, a woman trying to move a large radio through a doorway saw a stranger in the hall, asked him to help her, explained she was getting the radio out of sight before the tax assessor came. She was too late; he was the assessor.

Trend. In Boston, a taxi driver applied for a license to operate horse-drawn hacks and sleighs.

Last Straw. In Miami Beach, a woman sued for divorce on the ground that her husband was "interested chiefly in wine, women, song and slow horses."

Farewell. In Roseburg, Ore., guests at a farewell party for George Grimm left at midnight, wondered why Grimm had stayed away, learned later nobody had invited him.

Tags. At Camp Blanding, Fla., a sergeant summoning Privates Leo Meunier, Leo Meunier, Rene Meunier and Rene Meunier, none related, simplified matters by calling them L.P., L.Z., R.J. and R.R. At Jefferson Barracks, Mo., a roll-calling corporal called Privates Zlvelachoski, Korkcykowksi, Svidunovich, and Squrtieri as best he could.

A treasure in old-time bourbon
~yours at a moderate price.

Those in the know - ask for

OLD CROW



Along this tree-shaded path, Col. James Crow used to walk to his old spring house which is still used today in distilling Old Crow.

A Truly Great Name
AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES



Synonymous with good taste and hospitality for generations, Old Crow today is enjoyed by increasing millions because it's sensibly priced, without sacrifice of quality.

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • 100 Proof
National Distillers Products Corp., New York, N.Y.

BOTTLED IN-BOND

Accompaniment to fine food

the Libbey Safedge



Feel It . . . The Libbey Safedge is rounded and velvety-smooth, resists chipping. Restaurateurs . . . hotelmen . . . barmen . . . club managers . . . all hail it as the most significant development in glassware for more than a century.

Dining to the accompaniment of the tinkle of ice in thin glasses is a pleasure provided for you by the miracle of the Safedge. You'll find it with your finger tip . . . rounded and velvety-smooth . . . protecting the rim of your glass from chipping. This safeguard of economy is

the hallmark of hospitality. Evidence of the considerate host, it is also the reason why thin glass has become an everyday pleasure. Look for the Libbey Safedge wherever you look for particular service. Libbey Glass Company, Toledo. *Subsidiary of Owens-Illinois Glass Company.*

libbey GLASSWARE with the Original Safedge



IDENTIFIED WITH GRACIOUS LIVING FOR OVER 120 YEARS

U. S. AT WAR

THE PEOPLE

Smug, Slothful, Asleep?

Mrs. Roosevelt said—she was talking about Pearl Harbor—that official mistakes only reflected the people. Senator Walsh, tireless foe of smugness, spoke of the “general smugness of the American people.” “In too many instances,” said Connecticut’s Senator Maloney, “our people are concluding that the war is won and that there is no great danger or difficulty ahead.” Yes, said the New York *Times*’s military expert Hanson Baldwin, “we are slothful with fat pride.”

Last week these wordly-wise politicians, newspapermen, experts, used such emotional terms to describe what was wrong with the people. There had been nothing quite like it in U.S. political history. Many a time in the past newspapers had run a thundering headline over some smaller attack on some smaller group: TAMMANY FLAYED BY REFORMER, or SENATORS FLAY BIG BUSINESS. But if last week’s attacks, complaints, warnings, exhortations, condemnations of the people were boiled down to one headline, it would read: THE PEOPLE FLAYED.

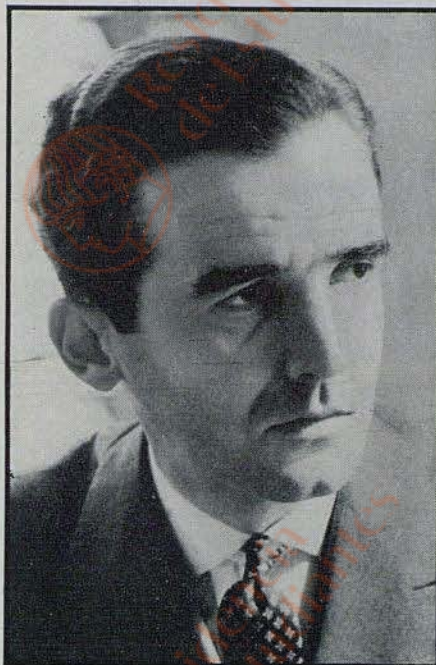
“The general public . . .” said General Johnson, “simply does not seem to give a tinker’s dam. . . .”

Even the executive head of Civilian Defense joined in the outcry. Said James Landis:

“The greatest trouble with civilian defense is that people have not awakened to the fact that the United States is at war.”

William Batt, Director of Materials for the War Production Board, told an audience gloomily: “Not since the days of the Revolution have we had much of a chance to lose a war. We have a chance to lose this one.”

By & large the people seemed unaffected by this universal obloquy, however darkly their critics talked. When the Gallup Poll asked, *Do you think the United States is*



ED MURROW
His word: brutalized.

doing all it can toward winning the war? some 78% offhandedly answered: *Yes.*

From Boston to Seattle the story was about the same. The U.S. people were working—nobody could deny that. They were awake—Pearl Harbor had done that. They were not content with themselves—the letters to the editor, the complaints about the way the war was going, the arguments were all proof of that. Reporters in general agreed on the main points—that the people were doing what was necessary, that they showed little excitement about the war. Cars were being put away, tires were being given up (Cleveland and Chicago did not exhaust their quotas), busses and streetcars were taking the place of taxis. The lack of outward expressions of excitement was so obvious a fact that all sorts of theories were developed to explain it. It was because the U.S. still viewed the war as a spectacle, said Edward Murrow, CBS commentator, winding up a coast-to-coast tour: “as spectators with an inadequate understanding of our own responsibility.” But even as spectators, the U.S. people were so silent that other explanations were necessary.

It was said that the war was a professional’s war, and civilians recognized that it was their duty to keep out of the way. It was also said that not until March 15, when income taxes would write the date in

red, would the people know what they were up against. Some believed, like Walter Lippmann, that most of the average man’s sense of remoteness from the war was explained by the fact that the only man who could explain the war news to them—the President—was not doing it. Or it was argued that the war was so vast that individual U.S. citizens could not hope to comprehend it, and were now pondering, bemused, while their radios warned them against complacency and their spokesmen chided them for their indifference.

Whatever was wrong with the people’s attitude toward the war, it was apparent that the attitude of their critics was not going to help them figure out the war for themselves. Said Edward Murrow: “Somehow, it’s impossible to escape the conclusion that we do not yet understand the dominant position of the United States in world affairs. We have not yet acquired the habit of world leadership. Some of us are reluctant to accept the greatness that has been thrust upon us, but we have no choice. . . .”

“Had you been with me for the last month wandering about our country, you would agree that we are prepared to make . . . sacrifices, but you might feel, as I do, that we do not fully appreciate the need for speed, that we do not quite understand that if we delay too long in winning the victory we will inherit nothing but a cold, starving embittered world. . . . Already there are signs that we’re coming to accept slavery and suppression as part of the pattern of living in this year of disgrace. . . . There is the danger that we may become brutalized. . . .”

A new world was being created, and it must be the U.S. people who would have the principal hand in creating it. All they could be sure they saw at present was the chaos. And no amount of threats or tall talk would help them to see, in the need for world leadership, their inescapable opportunity.

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THE MARCH OF TIME Shifts to Friday

Starting this week, the Editors of TIME will present THE MARCH OF TIME over the Blue Network on Friday nights—instead of Thursday—at a new hour:

9:30 p.m. Eastern War Time

The new program broadcasts a full-length radio dramatization of an important chapter of the war.

THE ARMY AT HOME



At dawn, on an airfield somewhere on the Northwest Coast, soldiers kneel in the shadow of a giant Flying Fortress while their Catholic chaplain celebrates Mass.



At the Air Corps's advanced training school in Albuquerque, N. Mex., bombardier cadets escorted by armed guards carry secret bombsights to waiting ships.



In a parade at Camp Blanding, Fla., the division musicians ride comfortably in this improvised bandwagon—a pontoon assault boat hooked behind an Army truck.

THE PRESIDENCY

Under Wraps

For the third time since Pearl Harbor, reporters last week were not permitted to tell the U.S. where the President was nor what he was doing. The President had wrapped himself in wartime secrecy. At each press conference he still greeted the reporters with the remark that he had no news today—but now he meant it. He had made no report to the nation on the state of the war since his message to Congress on Jan. 5, would not speak to the U.S. again until Feb. 23.

But he worked. The President:

► Sent word to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek that Congress had unanimously approved a \$500,000,000 loan to China. Mr. Roosevelt congratulated the Gissimo on "the gallant resistance of the Chinese armies" (see p. 36).

► Daily consulted with staff chiefs of the United Nations' new G.H.Q. in Washington. To implement G.H.Q. strategy, the U.S. Navy's Vice Admiral Herbert F. Leary was placed in command of the combined naval forces in the Australian-New Zealand sector of the ABDA area. Name of the U.S. Asiatic Fleet was changed to "U.S. Naval Forces, Southwest Pacific," and command of it was given to Rear Admiral W. A. Glassford Jr. Both Glassford and Leary will serve under Admiral Thomas C. Hart, Commander of all United Nations naval forces in the ABDA area.

► This week signed the most whopping appropriations bill of all time in any nation: a \$26,495,265,474 appropriation bill to pay for the addition of 25,000 planes to the Navy's sky force and to enlarge the Two-Ocean Navy.

► By executive order restored to Army courts the power (revoked in peacetime) to impose death sentences in court-martial proceedings.

► Met A.F. of L. President William Green, C.I.O. President Philip Murray to close for the duration the schism between the two labor organizations. With a smile and shake of the hand the labor leaders agreed, went to work at once on a joint labor-policy statement on priorities, rationing and wages, to serve as wartime standards for all unions.

► Created a War Shipping Administration (WSA) to control the operation, purchase, charter, requisition and use of all ocean vessels under the flag or control of the U.S. (except fighting ships and those engaged in coastwise, intercoastal and inland transportation). Purpose: to set up a shipping pool to serve military and economic strategy, i.e., to bring in rubber instead of tapioca. The new WSAdministrator: leathery, salty Rear Admiral Emory S. ("Jerry") Land, 63, head of the Maritime Commission.

► Made no comment on the savage public reaction to the First Lady's well-meaning hurly-burly in the Office of Civilian Defense (see p. 49).

THE ADMINISTRATION

Progress Report

In January, the month when Donald Nelson's new War Production Board was set up, the Government cleared \$11,652,000,000 in defense contracts—as much as in the four preceding months. The contracts, mostly for airplanes, tanks and guns, have not yet been translated into production; but production also increased in January. The Government actually spent \$2,276,000,000 on arms—nearly \$300,000,000 more than in December. To meet present production goals, by the end of the year the Government must be spending more than \$5,000,000,000 a month.

Inopportune

Most inopportune book of the month is *The Dry Season*, a slim, sage green volume of 17 poems by Malcolm Cowley, sometime literary editor of the *New Republic*, now chief information analyst of the Office of Facts and Figures. Congressman Martin Dies recently charged Cowley with having had "seventy-two connections . . . with the Communist Party and its front organizations."

Two of the poems in *The Dry Season* seem designed to make Dies lift his calculations to 74.

"Tomorrow Morning" is an appeal to the "Mechanics of the morning, you of the blunt hands, the sensitive fingers," to remember in the society of the future the anonymous intellectuals who were "swept by the same flood of passion toward the morning that is yours." Some memorable lines:

We
must rouse the labor unions, we must warn
the Central Committee.

The "Last International" is Chief Analyst Cowley's prescient vision of the dead march of his comrades "against the Capitol":

*I saw them, yes, I saw their unbreathing
armies
marching against the Capitol in ranks
that filled the boulevard from curb to
curb. . . .*

He saw their "tight-clenched bony fists" and forearms raised in salute. He also saw the soldiers waiting for them.

"Comrades," pleaded Poet Cowley, "not weaponless, not to crumple under fire. No farther, comrades." But the comrades marched right on, even in the face of "an enormous thundercrack."

*I saw them sweeping forward, saw the sol-
diers*

*that cast their rifles down and blindly fled;
barons I saw and bankers and archbishops
driven before the whirlwind of the dead.*

Then with stone walls crumbling, barracks and asylums emptying fast, penitentiaries ablaze, and the Capitol presumably under control, Poet Cowley heard "an unchoked sigh, a moan of liberation" rise from mean streets, moonless areaways,

HEMISPHERE DEFENSE LINES



Off Iceland's sharp-toothed coast, a U.S. Navy supply ship rides out a record-breaking winter storm which blew 100 miles an hour, whipped up mountainous seas.



In Baja California: ex-President Lázaro Cárdenas, Mexico's Pacific Coast Commander in Chief (center), and Aides R. Gomez Maqueo and L. Alamillo Flores.



In Panama, the first U.S. Army jeeps try the new Trans-Isthmian Highway, emergency road carved through heavy jungle and hills, now getting all-weather paving.

U. S. AT WAR

factory gates, convict camps and the Cotton Belt.

The sky was suddenly blue and the sun shone red.

Other poems in Cowley's new book are nostalgic American lyrics in the vein of his earlier collection, *Blue Juniata*. They reveal sound, minor poetic talent.

Chicago Chisling

When the War Production Board sets civilian-production quotas, it isn't fooling. So discovered the Hurley Machine division of Chicago's Electric Household Utilities Corp. Ordered to make only 44,000 washing and ironing machines last fall, said WPB, Hurley made 76,000 instead. The penalty, imposed by WPB last week: complete shut-down of production for six months. Suggested name for quota chiselers: chislings.

Sugar Rations

Soon every U.S. citizen will have his first wartime rationing book: a folder of 28 stamps, each good for one week's ration (probably $\frac{3}{4}$ lb.) of sugar. Housewives will get their books at neighborhood schools; grocers will collect stamps for every sugar sale, pass them on to wholesalers in order to replenish their own supplies.

To prevent hoarding, no rationing book will be issued unless the applicant states that the family has no more than 2 lb. of sugar on hand for each member (penalty for lying: up to ten years' imprisonment or a \$10,000 fine). To prevent profiteering, Price Boss Leon Henderson advised housewives to protest loudly if prices go much above 6¢ a lb., threatened a retail-price ceiling if such protests are ignored.

THE CONGRESS

Acting Guilty

The U.S. didn't like the idea of Congressmen voting themselves a chance to buy a pension at Government expense (TIME, Feb. 2). Extreme case: a defeated Congressman who had served five years could buy himself a life pension with one payment of \$1.39. In the State of Washington the Spokane Athletic Club started a Bundles for Congress movement: "Don't worry about the war & taxes: get that pension—forget the Axis." The jokers hired a huge truck, announced plans to drive it to Washington, filled with packages of old razor blades, night caps, broken phonograph records of *I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby*, straw hats, old tires, cracked dental plates, wooden legs, crutches, glass eyes. San Francisco offered a shipment labeled *Save Your Truck For A Lame Duck*.

At the last minute Spokane Club President Joe Albi called off the truck's scheduled tour, said "We know when to stop a joke," and bought \$3,000 worth of defense bonds with contributions received.

But it was no joke. The pension provision, buried in a general civil service pension bill, had passed the House without a



Thomas D. McAvoy

LEADER OF THE MAJORITY

The grab bag was open and the grab was on.

word of debate, without a roll call—a Congressional device often used to avoid later embarrassment. In the Senate, silent acquiescence had been spoiled by the noisy opposition of Virginia's veteran pinchfist, Harry F. Byrd. Their names were writ large on the record.

Congressional mail grew heavy and hot. Members began to dodge and weasel. Some talked back. Snapped Washington's Representative Martin F. Smith: "What object is there in making a Congressman look like an ignoramus and a crook?" Michigan's Representative Frank E. Hook hinted darkly that the Bundles for Congress movement was a Nazi plot. But most knew, with familiar dread, that this one issue might ruin them in their home district. A repeal movement grew.

Pension projects poured in—and no Congressman who had just voted himself a cheap life pension could well refuse constituents their turn at the trough. Already the Senate had voted pensions of about \$750 each to 2,276 civilians (or their widows) who worked on the Panama Canal 28 years ago. The Senate had just approved Jesse Jones's latest war baby: a billion dollars to give private property owners in the U.S. and its territories free insurance (up to \$15,000) against war damage. Pending in the Senate Finance Committee were two House-passed bills loosening and upping pensions for World War I veterans, widows, children and dependent parents. The grab bag was wide open and the grab was on.

► Of all the 77 U.S. Congresses, none had ever been held in lower esteem than the 77th. Many a citizen made a grim mental note to vote against his Congressman. For many a U.S. citizen it was all too easy to take out his general dissatisfaction on the 77th Congress. To many a citizen, Congress seemed a dreary collection of porcine clowns, of pompous pantaloons, always wrong or greedy or just stupid. Many a citizen remembered the marrow-chilling House draft-extension vote last August of 203-to-202, when one vote saved the nation's Army. Many a citizen remembered

that Congress had refused to fortify Guam.*

Congress too felt the general dissatisfaction. The uneasy Senate, passing the buck to the House, feeling the country's accusing eye, tried to absolve itself. Uprose Missouri's Senator Harry S. Truman to defend Montana's Burton K. Wheeler, accused by radio-crazes of causing the Pearl Harbor disaster (by quashing a bill to let the FBI tap Jap wires in Hawaii). Said Truman: no such bill was introduced in the Senate, although one was defeated in the House; the Government had wire-tapped in Hawaii long before Pearl Harbor. On the subject of Guam, the Senate again found that it was all the House's fault. Longtime Isolationist David I. Walsh of Massachusetts comfortably recalled that the Navy Department had asked only to improve the harbor—not pointing out that harbor improvement is the first step to fortification.

Uprose big Alben William Barkley of Kentucky, bumbling leader for the past five years of one of the biggest Democratic Senate majorities in U.S. history. Leader Barkley, who likes peace & quiet, wanted to cork the argument. He said: "All of us must take more or less responsibility for Pearl Harbor—everybody in the United States and every member of Congress."

Senator Walsh asked if Barkley meant "the general smugness of the American people." Barkley agreed. "Which the Congress shared?" asked Walsh. Said Barkley: "Of course, we are part of the American people; and there was a certain smugness on the part of Congress. For instance, I think Guam should have been fortified. . . ." Then the argument was off again.

But Barkley and his chums had cause to worry. While everybody in the U.S. might be to blame, the fact was that only 468 of the total number must run for reelection this year. And the nation was looking hungrily toward the 1942 elections and to the men they might bring forth. One thing seemed sure: the 78th Congress would see many a new face.

* Which the Japanese, presumably, were last week busily fortifying.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Pat for Walter

As the U.S. and New Zealand traded Ministers for the first time, Franklin Roosevelt looked around for a New Dealer of Cabinet rank to exchange for Deputy Prime Minister Walter ("Wal") Nash of New Zealand. To his surprise, he couldn't find one. So he dipped down into the Republican grab bag and came up with Herbert Hoover's old Secretary of War, angular but still handsome Patrick Jay Hurley.

New Zealand (pop: 3,122,000—less than Chicago) has suddenly become important to the U.S. And Pat Hurley, angular but still handsome, is an important figure of a man. He joined the A.E.F. as a cavalry officer in World War I, was cited for gallantry, promoted to lieutenant colonel. He lately helped negotiate a ticklish oil agreement between the U.S. and Mexico (TIME, Dec. 9, 1940). Raised to the rank of brigadier general (reserve) last month, Pat Hurley stepped off into the Pacific before anybody knew where he was going. He went under sealed orders, left beauteous Mrs. Hurley behind.



Associated Press

MINISTER TO NEW ZEALAND
In Moscow they wanted . . .

Standley for Litvinoff

President Roosevelt this week picked another Navy man to represent the U.S. on a delicate foreign mission. As Ambassador to Moscow he chose a wise, elderly Rear Admiral, William Harrison Standley. Like Ambassador Admiral William D. Leahy in Vichy, Admiral Standley is a onetime Chief of Naval Operations.

It was high time the President found his man. Laurence A. Steinhardt returned from Moscow to the U.S. in November,

was appointed to the vitally important post of Ankara, Turkey. In Washington is the U.S.S.R.'s highest-powered diplomat, Maxim Litvinoff, onetime Foreign Commissar, onetime Delegate to the League of Nations. Joseph Stalin was waiting for something equally handsome.

In the days when naval appropriations were not easy to get (1933-37), Admiral Standley rolled up a notable diplomatic record in his dealings with Congress. Retired since then, he has done some other jobs for Franklin Roosevelt. He served with W. Averell Harriman's mission to Moscow last fall, was impressed by Russian morale and equipment, returned to the U.S. convinced that Russia would hold out. Latest and most disagreeable job was as a member of Justice Roberts' commission investigating the U.S. disaster at Pearl Harbor.

ENEMY ALIENS

Scare on the Coast

At dawn one morning FBI men raided Terminal Island, a disordered conglomeration of tiny wooden houses, fish nets, rabbit warrens, where 2,000 Japanese lived



Wide World

AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA
... somebody equally handsome.

right in the middle of Los Angeles Harbor, a stone's throw from the Navy's Reeves Field. Agents blocked the bridge, rooted through the narrow lanes of fishermen's huts, carted off 383 men for "investigations."

All along the West Coast the presence of enemy aliens became a suddenly, sinisterly glaring fact: Japanese and Italian fishermen along the water front, Japanese who worked all day on hands & knees in geometrically perfect truck gardens which sometimes overlay oil pipelines, Japanese

settlements near big airplane plants and military posts.

Attorney General Francis Biddle marked off 135 restricted zones from which all enemy aliens must move by Feb. 24. No one could say how many thousands would have to pack up and go. Nor did anyone know where they would go to. (The Government considered the idea of setting up big farm camps in the interior.) Francis Biddle also set up a curfew zone, covering a fourth of California, where all remaining aliens must be in their houses from 9 p.m. to 6 a.m., must never travel more than five miles from home.

No citizen of a democracy could be happy about some of the pathetic situations which these orders created. For every potential fifth columnist, hundreds of innocent aliens would suffer. In industrial Pittsburg, near San Francisco, old Italian women who had lived in the same houses for 30 years, who had sons & daughters working in Pittsburg's factories, prayed at Mass that they would not have to leave home.

Luciano Maniscalco, a San Francisco fisherman for 40 years, sat glumly in his bunting-draped home, surrounded by snapshots of his twelve children: one in the Navy, one in the Army, one in the Merchant Marine, one a Red Cross ambulance driver. Complained old Maniscalco, "I wanta be citizen, wanta fish. What I do now? Can't get job. Not a citizen. Can't get papers, can't write. My head she too damn hard."

The orders would also play hob with West Coast agriculture. In the Los Angeles area, Japanese produce more than half the truck crops—especially celery, spinach, beets, string beans—vegetables which take infinite work and patience. In Santa Cruz County, a \$500,000 crop of sprouts and artichokes awaited harvesting by Italians. Most of California's tomato crop, which accounts for a fourth of U.S. canned tomatoes, has been grown by Japanese farmers.

But the West Coast valued safety more than vegetables, more than the comfort or livelihood of foreigners who might be innocent but were still foreigners. Francis Biddle's measures struck most West Coast citizens, indeed, as wishy-washy, especially in giving aliens one to three weeks of grace to move from restricted zones. From California's Attorney General Earl Warren, from 100 sheriffs and district attorneys and from Los Angeles' Mayor Fletcher Bowron came a demand that all enemy aliens be removed at least 200 miles inland. The Los Angeles County Defense Council wanted them all interned.

By week's end the coast was sure that its fears were not hysterical. FBI agents continued their raids. In one of them, made on "very definite suspicions of espionage," at Vallejo, Calif. near the Navy's big Mare Island yard, they seized Navy signal flags and flares, arrested nine Japan-

POLITICS

End of Tammany?

It never occurred to Christy Sullivan that the Tammany Tiger might turn on him. All his life he had stood for the Tammany kind of loyalty; in ten years in the New York State Senate he always voted as he was told; in 24 years in Congress, he never made a speech.

At 71, he was the last white-haired, Paddy-faced survivor of the old Sullivan clan which was the Bowery's gift to Tammany: notorious "Big Tim" and "Little Tim" Sullivan (no kin to Christy) and "Big Florrie" Sullivan (Christy's brother). In 1937 Tammany had unanimously elected Christy Sullivan its leader, and only once had Tammany ever stopped playing follow-the-leader long enough to depose a boss.*

After Tammany lost its second straight mayoralty election under Sullivan last November, District Chief Jeremiah T. Mahoney wrote him a letter that would have stung a less stolid man: "... The frightful defeat just inflicted ... [was] due to your mismanagement and bad leadership. ... The word Tammany ... has become a load that no one can carry. ... Throughout the nation it has become a term of opprobrium and a symbol for everything that is rotten and sordid in public life. ..."

Old Christy Sullivan shrugged the critics off. Only mildly annoyed at this interference with his leisurely tastes for race horses and good food, he grumped: "... A disappointed seeker after power. ..."

But there was more to the revolt than search for power, or the yen of new-day Manhattan Democrats to burn Tammany's old linen. Even the most hard-boiled ward heelers knew that Christy Sullivan had stubbornly helped beat his own ticket by running Lawyer Paul P. Rao, opposed by all Manhattan and Bronx bar associations, for Supreme Court Justice. They knew that Tammany, cut off from Federal patronage and an also-ran at the polls, was slowly starving to death.

Last week the rebels asked Sullivan to resign. Still confident, he demanded a vote. His opponents, none too sure of themselves, drafted a weasel-worded meeting call "for the purpose of creating a vacancy in the leadership."

Before the meeting Christy Sullivan sat in his glass-paneled office in Tammany's red brick Wigwam, his face a little ruddier than usual, his thin lips pressed tight. His friends gathered near by, his foes outside a lobby railing. The executive committee-men filed into their third-floor chamber. After an hour one of them ran down the stairway, jerked his thumb over his shoul-

der like an umpire, shouted: "Out!"

At the showdown, 21 district chiefs had voted against Sullivan, only 13 for him. The rebels began talking about changing Tammany's name, abandoning its Wigwam, burying the 153-year-old Tammany



Wide World
TAMMANY'S SULLIVAN (right) & FRIEND
He left his scalp in a Wigwam.

Tiger for once & all. The new leader, to be elected at month's end, may be Tammany's last.

Said Christy Sullivan, used to taking things as they come: "I'm very happy that I will still be playing politics in a small way."

Call to Battle

Two days after Pearl Harbor, the chairmen of the Democratic and Republican Parties—Ed Flynn and Joe Martin—informed the President that they had formally agreed to adjourn politics "for the duration."

Last week "the duration" ended with a bang.

Pewter-haired, gum-champing Ed Flynn started it. Said he: "... No misfortune except a major military defeat could befall this country to the extent involved in the election of a Congress hostile to the President. ... It is now plain that the Republican Party is not so much interested in winning the war as ... in controlling the House of Representatives."

Homespun, placid Joe Martin got mad. He took Ed Flynn's remarks as an invitation to battle. Republican Leader Wendell Willkie took them as a tragedy. In a Syracuse, N.Y. speech Republican Willkie said that the "greatest disaster" that could befall America now would be for her to be conducted down "the route of pure partisanship."

Five days later Democrat Franklin

Roosevelt professed ignorance of the Flynn speech and its contents. Behind him at the press conference, as usual, sat his political adviser, Charles Michelson, who is Flynn's \$25,000-a-year right-hand man and edits all his speeches. The President said: When the country is at war, we want Congressmen, regardless of party, who will back up the Government of the United States and who have a record of backing up the country in an emergency—regardless of party.

Wiseacres began to parse the President's phrases, came out with a translation: the President was going to keep hands off the autumn elections—except in the case of the onetime isolationists. No matter how you parsed that, that meant the Republicans.

Unquestionably there was a Republican handful of Congressmen that the President could not openly oppose, as well as a double handful of Democrats he would be delighted to see beaten. But on their Congressional record, most of the G.O.P. Congressmen would be fair game. In short, the President, while seeming to reject "politics as usual" during wartime, actually was getting ready to espouse it with hearty indirectness. The example of Woodrow Wilson in 1918 was strong in the memories of all. That War President had been politically inept enough to ask directly for the election of a Democratic Congress—and had taken a shellacking that lost him the House, the Senate and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—where the fate of his League of Nations later rested.

Franklin Roosevelt asked only the election of Congressmen who had backed up their Government during a national emergency.

Political realists thought the President had made a political master stroke—playing the game without the name. But others, political amateurs, remembered the lesson of recent history—that voters now shift back & forth across party lines without regard to labels.

One of the most vigorous of political amateurs, Miss Dorothy Thompson, columned her opinion that the 1942 Congressional elections had three possible outcomes: 1) the Flynn way, meaning a Congress loaded with Flynn-type Democratic politicians; 2) the die-hard Republican way, in which enough of the "kill-Roosevelt crowd" and the isolationists would be elected to stultify all legislation; or 3) the Willkie-Roosevelt way, which would mean (said Miss Thompson) the election of men loyal to the national program, not partisan-minded, but national-minded.

There was always a chance. But there was still the old, old difficulty: that U.S. citizens seldom awake to the importance of an election until election time, and then, especially in Congressional elections, find they must choose between two equally bad candidates.

* John F. Curry, ousted in 1934 for a series of wrong guesses: backing Al Smith instead of Roosevelt for the Presidency; sticking by Jimmy Walker; opposing the nomination of Governor Lehman; foisting bumbling John Patrick O'Brien on the city as mayor.

CATASTROPHES

Normandie Burns

Some 1,500 workers swarmed over her vast bulk, twisting her elegance into a bleak wartime pattern for the Navy. Then one bright, blithe afternoon this week a puff of smoke drifted across her promenade deck. A few minutes later, the deck was completely ablaze. After two and a half years of idling at a Manhattan pier, the *Lafayette* (as the U.S. had renamed the *Normandie*), a ship into which the French had poured \$60,000,000 and some 2,500,000 man-days of labor, was in danger of turning into a fire-blackened hulk.

Whirled along by a fresh, northwesterly breeze, the flames licked hungrily along the wooden decks of her broad promenade. Heavy grey smoke roiled up, hiding her great outlines even from watchers in Manhattan's near-by skyscrapers.

Inside the ship, pitch-black after the lighting system was fouled, police emergency crews stumbled in search of workmen who had failed to get out at the first warning. Some 200 workmen and firemen were injured or overcome; one died.

As tons of water poured into the *Lafayette*, she listed 16 degrees to port, snapping her hawsers like rubber bands. Trying to keep her from capsizing, the Navy ordered holes cut in an empty water tank on the starboard side, to pump in water for balance. But early next morning, as the tide came in and lifted her heavy stern from the shallow river bottom, the *Lafayette* toppled, rolled over ignominiously on her side.

To first suspicions of sabotage, Rear Admiral Adolphus Andrews, commandant of the Third Naval District, made blunt reply. Said he: "The fire started . . . when a civilian worker . . . was using an acetylene torch to remove an ornamental lamp from the salon wall. A spark from his torch apparently leaped into a pile of life preservers. . . ."

TERRITORIES

Return of The Viper

As observers had feared (TIME, Jan. 12), 73-year-old Generalissimo Emilio Aguinaldo y Famy has indeed become "a sort of Philippine quisling." That was how Douglas MacArthur's defiant headquarters on Bataan Peninsula defined him. From Manila, one day last week, General Aguinaldo broadcast a demand that Douglas MacArthur surrender immediately. Said a War Department communiqué: "The appeal was ignored by General MacArthur."

Meantime another old rebel, who some 40 years ago swore that he would never again set foot on U.S. soil, disregarded MacArthur's still-flying flag by setting foot in the Philippines. Old General Artemio Ricarte y Vibora drove proudly about Manila in a sleek limousine, with a spluttering escort of Jap motorcycle guards.

Swart, small General Ricarte is a legend

in the Philippines. As commander of the province of Cavite in 1898, he dubbed himself "The Viper," fought valiantly against the U.S. army of occupation. Generalissimo Aguinaldo finally took the oath of allegiance to the U.S., but not General Ricarte. He fled to Japan.

There, in Yokohama's Chinatown, The Viper ran a restaurant, picked up a few more yen by teaching Spanish and Filipino dialects at the Imperial University of Tokyo. Under the tutelage of hoary old Mitsuru Toyama, founder of Japan's fabulous Black Dragon Society, The Viper organized *Kapaitiran Anak Ng Bayan*, a secret society whose aim was to foment uprisings in the Philippines.

Once only, The Viper broke his vow. In Tokyo's great earthquake of 1923, he whimpered himself on to a U.S. warship anchored off Yokohama.

But apparently the Japs had not yet found a really effective Filipino quisling. They announced the creation of a puppet Cabinet, with President Quezon's old aide, plump, moon-faced Jorge B. Vargas as

"Chief Administrator." But U.S. Filipinos took Tokyo's announcement with a handful of salt, still had faith in Quezon's Vargas.

There was evidence last week that the Japs were working hard to overcome Filipino sales resistance. Some of the evidence was dropped by Japanese airmen over Douglas MacArthur's lines. Said the pamphlets, characteristically Japanese in their threatening but absurd lingo: "Newly issued war note is controlling more and more the financial activities of Manila day after day. For this reason the money you are receiving from the American forces as your salary is losing its value and will be waste paper in the near future. . . ."

In Washington last week Mike Elizalde took an oath to uphold the Philippine Constitution as Minister without Portfolio in President Quezon's Cabinet. Thus he became in effect, the Philippine Commonwealth's Government in Exile. Of Minister Elizalde's mother and three brothers, now presumably prisoners in the hard little hands of the Japs, there was still no word.



Associated Press

YARD BIRDS

As anybody can see by looking at these stone eagles, Ray Henderson of Arlington, Va. is no piker. When he likes something, he likes it. Last spring he read that the U.S. Treasury had two monumental stone eagles for sale. They had been made at heavy cost, for the doorsteps of Washington's new Social Security Building, had proved too heavy for their underpinnings. Like many a bystanding citizen at an auction sale, who staggers away in a daze carrying two Persian spears, an antimacassar and a six-volume work on thaumaturgy, Mr. Henderson suddenly found himself with two Illinois limestone eagles, each weighing 32 tons. First he decided to put them at the gate of a house he was going to build. What with Government priorities and local zoning restrictions, Mr. Henderson was unable to build his house. So he bought a house instead, stuck the top sections of the eagles in his front yard (there is still more of them out back). His wife was away at the time. When she returned, said Mr. Henderson, she raised such a howl that "for about a week I couldn't come in the house." Reported the New York *Herald Tribune*, with massive restraint: "The eagles have created considerable interest in the neighborhood."

WORLD BATTLEFRONTS

STRATEGY

Initiative

Fresh German troops were reported moving last week toward the Russian front, where Adolf Hitler was trying desperately to regain the initiative (*see p. 26*). The fact that Hitler had lost the initiative in Russia led many a cozy arm-chair strategist to forget that on most other actual or potential fronts the initiative was Hitler's or Japan's.

Germany's Field Marshal Erwin Rommel was advancing in Libya (*see p. 19*). Fresh German troops were reported on the borders of Turkey and in southern Italy, across the narrowest expanse of Mediterranean from North Africa. On the diplomatic front Vichy moved closer to Germany (*see p. 32*). On the propaganda front Berlin proclaimed India independent (*see p. 30*). On the political front Egypt got a nationalistic Government (*see p. 34*). Despite these signs, strategists said that Germany had no time to launch an offensive against Suez before June brought the need for a fresh assault on Russia.

But if the Japanese take Singapore and Burma and advance on India, the obvious Axis strategy will be for Hitler to descend on India from the west. Between Germany and India lie Suez, Turkey and the Middle East with its oil. For such prizes Hitler might sacrifice more ground in Russia.

Only one nation could keep the initiative from Hitler's grasp: the U.S., painfully ill-equipped (*see below*), could seize it only in the Pacific.

For Want of a Nail...

Now—this week—the immediate, imperative task of the United Nations in the Far Pacific is not to defeat the Japanese but to stop him. If he can be stopped, held in his tracks, he can then be driven back and defeated before he secures a strangle hold on the Pacific World.

This means that the Allies must hold these crucial points: Singapore, at the doorway to the Indian Ocean and the China Sea; Rangoon, where the road forks to India and China; Java's strong points (*see map on pp. 24-25*); Australia's port, Darwin.* Even if Singapore falls, if the others are held, the Allies will still have their precious chance to exhaust the Jap to deny him control of the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

What Would It Take? If the enemy is stopped, the U.S. must do most of the stopping. What the U.S. is actually doing to stop the Jap, how the high strategists rate the chances to stop him, are military secrets. But elemental Pacific arithmetic is not.

► One thousand fresh fighter planes, in immediate operation from Rangoon to

* Douglas MacArthur's epic stand in the Philippines contributed immeasurably to the job of stopping the Jap, but the final line of Allied resistance must be Rangoon-Darwin.

Darwin, would give the Allies a better than even chance to buck Japan's thinned and scattered Air Force, to save a minimum number of vital airdromes, to hold the skies until U.S. bombers arrived in effective numbers. Even 500 fighters—approximately one group each at five centers—might do the trick, if they arrived immediately and were quickly followed by more.

► Five hundred big bombers for a starter, with as many more following in quick order, could play havoc with Japanese troop convoys—as a fraction of 500 did in the Strait of Macassar.

► Five anti-aircraft regiments—again, one each at the do-or-die points—would give limited, local ground protection from Jap bombers, until more guns and crews arrived. But the only safe anti-aircraft maxim is "all you can get," and the far Pacific could use all the guns the U.S. can produce, man and ship for months to come. Anti-aircraft is second only to planes on the list of emergency priorities

which the Indies' Lieut. Governor General Hubertus van Mook handed Washington last month.

► Third on Dr. van Mook's list is naval reinforcement. The Dutch asked only for light naval craft: destroyers, light cruisers and submarines. Any newsreader could note the effectiveness of the small U.S. Asiatic Fleet (with its supporting aircraft) in blasting Japanese convoys in the Strait of Macassar. He could note, too, the depressing fact that the Jap first approached vital Amboina with a piddling naval escort, got little or no naval opposition. Three cruisers, a dozen destroyers, even one aircraft carrier, would bolster U.S. and Dutch naval strength in the Indies, would help to stop the Jap short of Java.

► But the Navy would have another, even more pressing demand to meet: for warships to convoy aircraft reinforcements before it was too late. Immediate delivery of 1,000 fighters (at least some of the bombers could be delivered by air) with 15,000 men (pilots, air crews and



Wide World

Leader of Rangoon's heroes is Claire L. Chennault, here flanked by his two chief aides, W. C. McDonald Jr. and J. H. Williamson. Chennault's American Volunteer Group (Flying Tigers), organized in China, is gloriously holding Burma's air for the Allies. This week they brought down their 123rd enemy plane.

ground crews) would take perhaps 100 freighters of average tonnage, and all would have to be shielded from submarine and air attack.

Such were the minimum, unofficial calculations of what it would take to stop the Jap where he would have to be stopped first—in the air. They were only the beginning: to keep 1,000 fighters in the air, the U.S. would have to put another 1,000 on the spot very soon. It would have to duplicate the initial bomber force as well.

If these figures seemed low, the Jap's known air strength was also low. By economical, concentrated use of his Air Force, he made it look much bigger than it actually was. According to the best pre-December estimates, the Japanese Navy had about 2,000 planes, the Army about 1,700. Many of these were obsolescent—but far from useless.

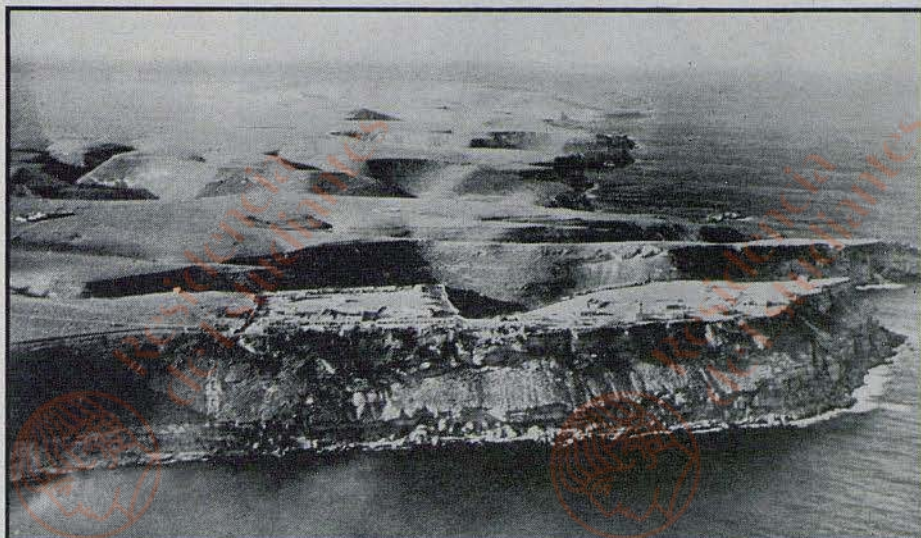
Men & Spirit. Where the Jap has won, he has finally won on the ground. And he has been stopped only on the ground—by General MacArthur's outnumbered heroes and guns in the Philippines (see p. 22).

For the defense of all-important Java the Dutch put U.S. manpower a low fourth in hurry-up priority. The British Empire, Australia and China must, for the present, supply groundpower for Rangoon and Burma. So runs the current United Nations strategy. But—given the men, equipment and shipping to get them to the fronts—the U.S. could turn the course of the Pacific war with a relatively few, judiciously distributed ground forces.

► The Jap reportedly has no more than 100,000 men in Burma. With the British and Imperials now facing them—and slowly retreating—25,000 additional U.S. troops might well save Rangoon and the Burma Road. In Java a few divisions would radically change the immediate prospect, for the Dutch Army is an army of small garrisons.

To Hold Australia. If the Jap were stopped where he stood this week, Australia would never be assaulted. Once in Australia, he would be past stopping; but Australia could be one base for the long and costly effort to drive him back from the Indies, the Philippines, Malaya. So Australia must be held. Australia prays first of all for U.S. armored divisions, then for motorized infantry and fighter planes to spread over its vast coastlines and well-roaded southern interior. For dispatch to the rest of the imperiled Pacific, or in the last resort for defense of the continent itself, Australia's order was: "All you can send." Five well-equipped, well-balanced divisions probably could hold Darwin and the near-by northern coast against Jap attack on any scale he has yet shown. For Australia as a whole, twice as many would be hard pressed to meet the Jap at all his possible points of attack.

Transpacific troop movements on even this minimum scale would require huge concentrations of shipping. The Army's standard calculation is ten tons of shipping



BARDIA BEFORE THE NAZIS RETURNED
"And they lost."

British Combine

for every foot soldier, 100 tons per man for mechanized units.

Some U.S. reinforcements had reached the Pacific last week, and General Sir Archibald Wavell promised that much more was to come. The first U.S. P-40s winged over Java.

But until U.S. planes and ships and men arrive in numbers that can be called round, the defenders will have to fight hard with what little they have. This week China's Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, who is used to getting along very well on a ravelled shoestring, arrived in India for conversations which may be historic with the Viceroy and military commanders. Said the Viceroy, Lord Linlithgow: "This is a meeting which bodes our enemy no good, and this they will soon learn to their cost."

BATTLE OF THE DESERT Message from Libya

At last the real issue is clear. For years the incompetence of generals, of air marshals, of the War Office mind has found refuge behind the lame excuse of inadequate equipment. . . . Now they have had their chance. . . . They had mastery of the air, of the sea, and superiority of numbers at the decisive moments. And they lost.

Thus last week did London's leftist weekly *Tribune* react to the news that the British Imperial Army was retreating in Libya. To the worried British Government, this blast had a special significance because the *Tribune's* editor-director is the Government's new chief critic, Sir Stafford Cripps (see p. 32). The generals, the air marshals and the War Office had not yet lost all—the Army stood early this week on "a line that can be defended" before Tobruk—but ordinary Britons were just beginning to learn how long and how seriously matters had been amiss in Libya.

Now It Can Be Told. The roots of

disaster went back to last November, when the drive against General (now Marshal) Erwin Rommel's sand-bitten *Afrika Korps* and his allied Italians had barely started. Nazi tanks were bigger and out-gunned the best British tanks three-to-one; the German field-repair and supply services were infinitely better.

Rommel met offensive with counter-offensive. Reckless British tank tactics temporarily overcame the Nazis' technical advantages—but at an appalling cost. Britain's field commander, Lieut. General Sir Alan Cunningham, had apparently decided on retreat. Gritty General Sir Claude Auchinleck removed Cunningham, gave the field command to 44-year-old Major General Neil Methuen Ritchie. Then Auchinleck issued an order: "There is only one order—attack and pursue! All out, everyone!"

All out it was—but at the end of their long drive through Cyrenaica, the British were exhausted; their forward lines were paper thin.

Toward Suez. By this week resurgent Rommel had driven to within 130 miles of Salûm. Once again he menaced Suez. One reason for his offensive success was clear: the British had greatly overestimated his earlier losses, had then underestimated his powers of recovery and reinforcement. Depleted British Naval forces in the Mediterranean, despite desperate efforts, had not halted German-Italian convoys. Rommel, at the end of his retreat last month, still had African airdromes to command a narrow air lane across the Mediterranean. Air reinforcements had certainly reached him.

Imperial Aussies, Indians, South Africans and Britons emplaced themselves before oft-captured, oft-recaptured Tobruk. But even if they held that line, they had, by their own Prime Minister's definition, been defeated in Libya. His definition of victory: utter destruction of the *Afrika Korps*.



MACARTHUR AND HIS MEN

The Jap was relentless: his was the patience, the endurance, the determination to wipe out the last Philippine defender, though it meant expenditure of a major force on the bloody, outnumbered remnants of the islands' defensive garrison. His heavy artillery, from cleverly concealed positions across Manila Bay, bombarded three of the four forts guarding the bay. His bombers braved uncannily accurate ack-ack fire to hound Bataan positions night & day. His infantry closed in, hoping for the kill.

But to date the best Jap efforts have not been enough. The men pictured here and hundreds of others like them are the reasons why. Seen and unseen, they are all heroes.

Hero's Heroes. On beleaguered Bataan Peninsula **General Douglas MacArthur's** cocky soldiers referred affectionately to the single, battered old P-40 droning overhead as "our Air Force." Unable to send mail of their own, they asked **TIME** Correspondent Melville Jacoby to address a message for them all to their Commander in Chief: "Dear Mr. Roosevelt: Our P-40 is full of holes. Please send us a new one." In Washington Congress proposed a Congressional Medal of Honor for Douglas MacArthur, considered naming a projected TVA dam and a Washington boulevard (now Conduit Road) in his honor.

Douglas MacArthur's daily communiqués to the War Department have been eloquent in their terseness. Although he has made five major generals and 18 brigadier generals since the war started, he has not thought it necessary in several instances to cite the deeds which prompted the promotions, nor has he taken time to reveal his staff's working structure. Departmental sources believe that Major General **Jonathan M. ("Skinny") Wainwright**, 58-year-old cavalry expert, is Douglas MacArthur's second in command. Horseman Wainwright and Brigadier General **Albert N. Jones** received Distinguished Service Crosses for "extraordinary heroism in action" during early phases of the



MAJOR GENERAL MOORE



BRIGADIER GENERAL GEORGE



MAJOR GENERAL SUTHERLAND



2ND LIEUT. NININGER



MAJOR TRAPNELL



CAPTAIN KELLY



CAPTAIN VILLAMOR



MAJOR GENERAL KING



MAJOR GENERAL PARKER



BRIGADIER GENERAL WEAVER

Philippine invasion. Douglas MacArthur's Chief of Staff is handsome, young (48) Major General **Richard K. Sutherland**. Commanding Corregidor is tall, thin Major General **George F. Moore**, a Coast Artilleryman since 1909. **Carl Seals**, Douglas MacArthur's closest friend and Adjutant General, was recently made a brigadier. Chief of engineers is Brooklyn-born Brigadier General (until recently Colonel) **Hugh John Casey**, of Casey's Cookies fame (TIME, Feb. 9).

For "their leadership in the field and . . . combat command appropriate to the rank," jovial, mustachioed **Edward P. King Jr.**, genial **George M. Parker Jr.**, were raised from brigadier to major generals. For "leadership and gallantry" Colonel **Harold H. ("Pursuit") George**, St. Mihiel and Argonne veteran, trim **James R. N. Weaver**, Mississippi-born **William E. Brougher**, were made brigadiers.

Major **Thomas J. H. ("Trap") Trapnell**, who braved heavy fire to destroy a bridge in the path of an enemy advance, and Captain **Jesus A. Villamor**, Philippine Air Corps daredevil ace, were awarded D.S.C.s.

These were just a few of the promotions and honors that grow in significance each day Bataan continues to withstand the Jap's assaults. Two were in a class by themselves: Second Lieutenant **Alexander Ramsey ("Sandy") Nininger Jr.**, posthumously honored with World War II's first Congressional Medal of Honor for "intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty" (TIME, Feb. 9), and Captain **Colin P. Kelly** (TIME, Dec. 22), who was awarded a posthumous D.S.C.

Acme, Associated Press, Gordon-European, Harris & Ewing, International, Charles W. Miller, Carl Mydans, Wide World



MAJOR GENERAL WAINWRIGHT



BRIGADIER GENERAL SEALS



BRIGADIER GENERAL JONES



BRIGADIER GENERAL BROUGHER



BRIGADIER GENERAL CASEY

WORLD BATTLEFRONTS

BATTLE OF ASIA

By Air & Foot

Rangoon was shaky, but Rangoon was holding. Trembling under a quick succession of bombing attacks, the Burma Road port could thank a turbulent, twisting river and a fighting Allied air force for the fact that it was not in Japanese hands last week.

Certainly Japanese land and air forces did not fail for lack of effort. Ninety miles east of Rangoon they established a jumping-off spot at the smoking, Kipling-sung city of Moulmein, fanned northward along Burma's longest and swiftest river, the Salween, for a frontal assault against the curving coastal Martaban-Pegu railroad that leads into the Burma Road, feed line for sea-borne supplies from the U.S. But there the advance slowed, then virtually halted.

For one solid week defending British Imperial troops systematically cut down a succession of small Japanese detachments venturing across the Salween. One large-scale crossing attempt was a dismal and costly failure: R.A.F. fighters and bombers pounced on invasion barges in midstream, left hundreds of the invaders dead, dying or scrambling in the swift water. The battered Japanese waited for fresh reinforcements from Thailand before risking another crossing attempt. Burma's commander Lieut. General Thomas Jacob Hutton spoke confidently: "We are in a far sounder position to call a halt to the Japanese than before."

Over Rangoon a protective covey of American-flown Tomahawks (P-40s) and British Hurricanes beat off incessant waves of day & night bombing attacks. Paced by John Van Kuren ("Scarsdale Jack") Newkirk (25 Jap planes shot down), who cut



Associated Press

SINGAPORE'S BIG FOUR*
Ducks and chickens stopped laying.

short a week-old honeymoon last July to join the American Volunteer Group, the outnumbered U.S., British, Australian, Canadian and Indian pilots in Burma chalked up 122 enemy planes against only five losses for themselves.

Rangoon was shaky, but Rangoon was holding. In the line, fighting side by side with defending troops, were fresh reinforcements of Chinese soldiers, who had marched 1,000 miles by foot into Burma (TIME, Feb. 2). Wise to the ways of Japanese warfare, they would be a bulwark in the great battle that must surely come.

BATTLE OF THE PACIFIC

"Nerts to You, Joe"

U.S. and Philippine scouts last week intercepted a Japanese suicide squadron on mountainous Bataan Peninsula, hounded & harried the sabotage-bent visitors into a dense, brush-covered last-stand some 125 yards square. Behind the dense, protective foliage the little men burrowed into foxholes. Snipers tied themselves in trees. So close were the two forces that the Japs' labored breathing was clearly heard. His arm in a bloody sling, Captain C. A. Crome shouted one last ultimatum: "Surrender, you bastards, we've got you surrounded!" The answer floated back in perfect English: "Nerts to you, Joe."

Associated Press Correspondent Clark Lee witnessed the subsequent bloody mop-up of the squadron's remnants, was pleasantly amazed by the cool efficiency of U.S. scouting forces, had first-hand glimpses of the Japanese fighting man in action. Reporter Lee's story:

"The Japanese continued futile resistance to the end with tenaciousness. . . . For some days our troops were able to advance only three to five yards through underbrush that was so thick it was impossible to see an arm's length ahead. Our troops were forced to crawl, inching their rifles forward with their fingers on the triggers. . . .

"The Japanese gave further signs that their fanaticism sometimes fades under

* Lieut. General Arthur Percival, commanding the British Army, Sultan Sir Ibrahim of Johore, commanding his own troops from Johore Province. Air Marshal Sir Patrick Playfair, commanding the R.A.F., and Major General Henry Gordon Bennett, commanding the Australians.



Indian Air Survey & Transport Ltd.

RANGOON FROM THE AIR
They call the pagoda "Hill of Gold."

WORLD BATTLEFRONTS

fire. When grenades exploded near them, they were heard sobbing and moaning in fear. Many of them turned their backs to bullets that killed them. The Americans believed that many would have liked to surrender but feared they would be killed by their captors. . . .

"In a last defiant gesture, two Japanese who were manning a now useless machine gun took off their shoes and hurled them at a tank. The Americans were unable to leave the tank without being shot, so they ran the steel monster over the Japanese position. . . .

"Foxholes and trenches were piled with Japanese bodies, in some places three deep. But at least one was still alive. He

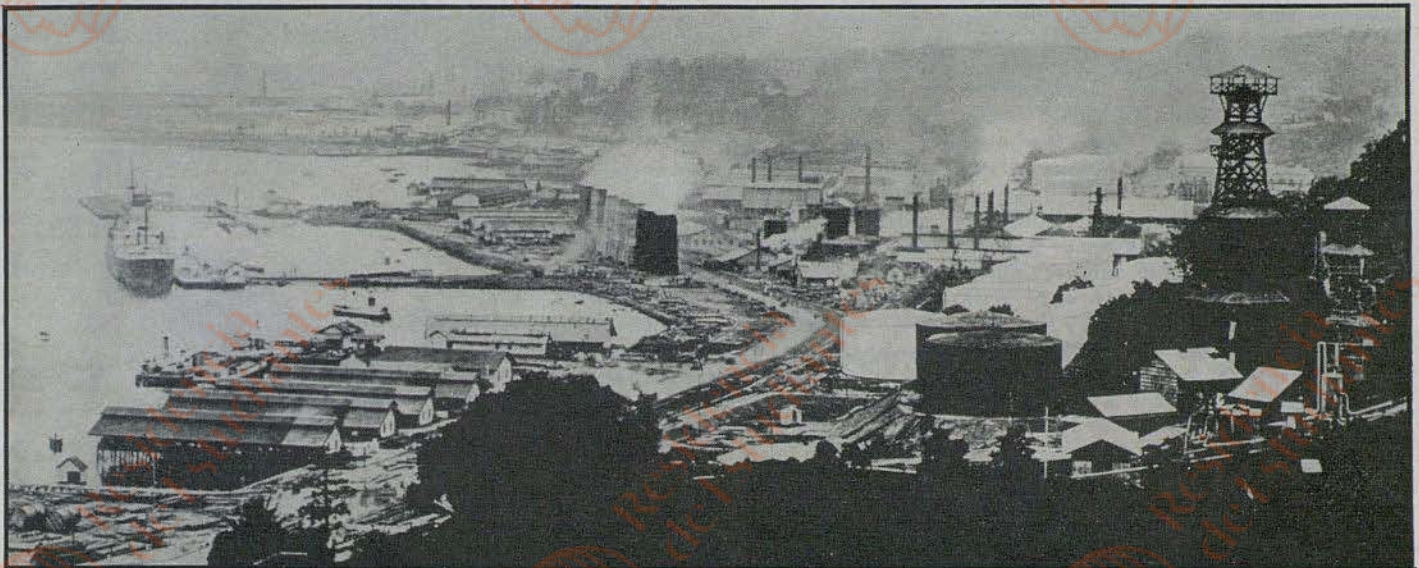
position, guarded from counter-attack by two arcing rivers.

The Japanese also landed on Ubin Island, in the eastern mouth of Johore Strait only half a mile from Singapore Island. Here they captured the proud 15-inch guns which the British had installed against attack from the sea.

Australians were guarding Singapore Island at the place where the enemy struck. They braced themselves as well as they could. "The situation is well in hand," said the Aussies' Commander Major General Henry Gordon Bennett. "We have taken our stand on a strong line and are organizing an attack which, it is hoped, will recover as much as possible of the

the entrance a lone sailor in Army uniform stood forlorn sentry. The great graving dock lay covered with oily scum, its caisson gone. The surface oil tanks were hollow, burned-out shells. And out across the anchorage—"There's 26 square miles of deep-sea anchorage," Singapore's Vice Admiral Sir Geoffrey Layton used to boast—there was nothing but little choppy unburdened waves.

Leveler of More than Walls. While the Army was doing its best on the north of the island, war was bringing its abrupt democracy to Singapore city on the south. After heavy raids Governor Sir Shenton Thomas was to be seen fighting fires in his shirt sleeves. White-suited rubber brokers



Before Demolition. This was Balikpapan on Borneo, rich oil port, before the Japanese came with bombers and invasion ships.

Dutch demolitionists laid waterfront, oil wells, refineries, pipelines from the interior in smoky ruins before the Japs landed.

suddenly popped out of a foxhole 40 yards away and fired two quick shots that passed harmlessly over us. The target was possibly a fighter from Texas who was wearing a 10-gallon hat and looked like an important person. An American soldier coolly drew the firing pins from two grenades and tossed them accurately into the Japanese foxhole and then walked over and fired several rounds of his tommygun to make sure."

Ypres on an Island

Siege was the wrong word for Singapore. The island was not a vacuum, not a contest with hunger, thirst and patience. The island of Singapore last week was 220 square miles of hurried expectancy. This week it became a battlefield.

Under cover of darkness and a bombardment, Japanese shock troops in sampans, launches, barges and rowboats sneaked across the mile-wide strait and landed at the island's thickest strip of jungle shore. They established themselves along a ten-mile stretch of mangrove swamps, rubber forests and apple orchards, immediately began to filter, like a khaki fluid, toward the broken Causeway a few miles to the east. It was a masterly

lost terrain." But the Japanese had landed in considerable force: there was a haunting echo about that phrase, "well in hand."

Echoes of Strength. The great naval base, supposedly the reason why Singapore must be held, lay squarely between the two Japanese landings. But it did not have the air of a mighty fortress. It looked like a ghost of power. This huge establishment for sea war, which had cost the British Empire \$400,000,000 and 19 years, which had been promoted even by the late great Socialist Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, this cradle big enough for the entire British and U.S. Fleets, had been rendered powerless by the unexpected land war. Lying on the north side of the island, it was separated by only the mile-wide Strait of Johore from Japanese artillery. It was useless, and so it had been evacuated. The Japanese, if they could consolidate their landings, would probably succeed in taking what was left of the base.

Now the near-by conversation of field guns echoed in the empty, close-packed machine shops and warehouses. In the offices the files were stripped; the tools were gone from the benches. Where a whole battery of guards had jealously blocked

and tin merchants went to work digging up the playing fields of Singapore to plant garden vegetables against eventual shortages. Coolies huddled beside civil servants in Singapore's only shelters—sewers and ditches.

Even animals seemed to sense the situation. Ducks and chickens stopped laying. Cattle looked forlorn as they were rounded up for slaughter. Dogs cowered under tables. Soldiers camouflaging a gun were startled by the sudden appearance of two zebras, which had been released from the zoo.

Asiatics Under Fire. A few short-sighted incorrigibles among the British were frightfully put out by what they called the "Asiatic labor problem." Waiters had fled the Raffles Hotel; the British Army had had to take over the running of railroad trains; personal servants vanished. But there was another side to the matter.

"When the full story of Singapore is known," wrote N.A.N.A.'s Douglas Wilkie, "the heroism of the Asiatics will not be judged by the need of some city restaurants to close down when their staffs walked out because inadequate shelters were provided. It will be judged by the

type of Chinese transport drivers who carried on throughout the blitz, evoking the remark from an Australian officer supervising them: 'If I want the most efficiency in Singapore I will go first to the Scotsmen and then to the Chinese.'

As everywhere, the Chinese in Singapore were stoical under bombing. Some 1,000 were mobilized, given weapons and put under twelve leaders sent from Chungking. Truckloads of khaki-clad Chinese Communists rode to battle singing and saluting with clenched fists—a salute which on one occasion was answered by a grinning policeman, whose main job for several years had been the rounding up of Communists. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek sent his countrymen in Singapore a message: "Victory of the Allies means our victory."

Battle for Time. General Sir Archibald Wavell, Supreme Commander of Allied Forces in the Southwestern Pacific had a clear sense of the importance of Singapore's battle. Said he last week to the men on Singapore:

Our part is to gain time for great reinforcements. . . . We are in a similar position to the original British Expeditionary Force which stopped the Germans and saved Europe in the first Battle of Ypres [on Nov. 9, 1914]. We must be worthy successors to them and save Asia by fighting these Japanese.

The Golden Isle

The brown, lean men gazed down the barrels of their Dutch and American rifles at the yellow visitors. The brown men fired. The yellow men fell. Dutch officers urged on the Amboinese—the best native troops in The Netherlands East Indian Army. Japanese aircraft appeared again & again with bombs for Amboina. There were very few Dutch, U.S. or Australian planes to meet them. Soon more yellow men came than the brown men could kill. The brown men's green uniforms melted back into the green jungles. So fell Amboina, the Indies' second naval base, a key to Java.

Japanese bombers ravaged the hot and busy streets of Surabaya in eastern Java, heralding a sea-borne drive at the Indies' No. 1 naval base. The U.S. Asiatic Fleet was based at Surabaya, and before the bombs came U.S. sailors strolling among the stucco shops, the bright roadways, the bungalow suburbs thought it was all remarkably like home.

At the northern approaches to Java the Jap strengthened his footholds in Borneo and Celebes. From ruined Balikpapan patrols fought southward toward Banjarmasin on Borneo's south coast, 300 miles from Java.

Japanese planes dropped their first bombs on Batavia, the capital. Slowly the lines tightened about Java. The Dutch bombed back, claimed the sinking of a Japanese cruiser and a transport. A few U.S. P-40 fighters joined a few U.S. Flying

Fortresses in the Indies air. A few hundred more could save Java.

When & if Jap wins Java, he wins the Indies with their riches and mastery of seaways which link the Western Hemisphere, Australia, Africa, India, Suez and their imperial routes.

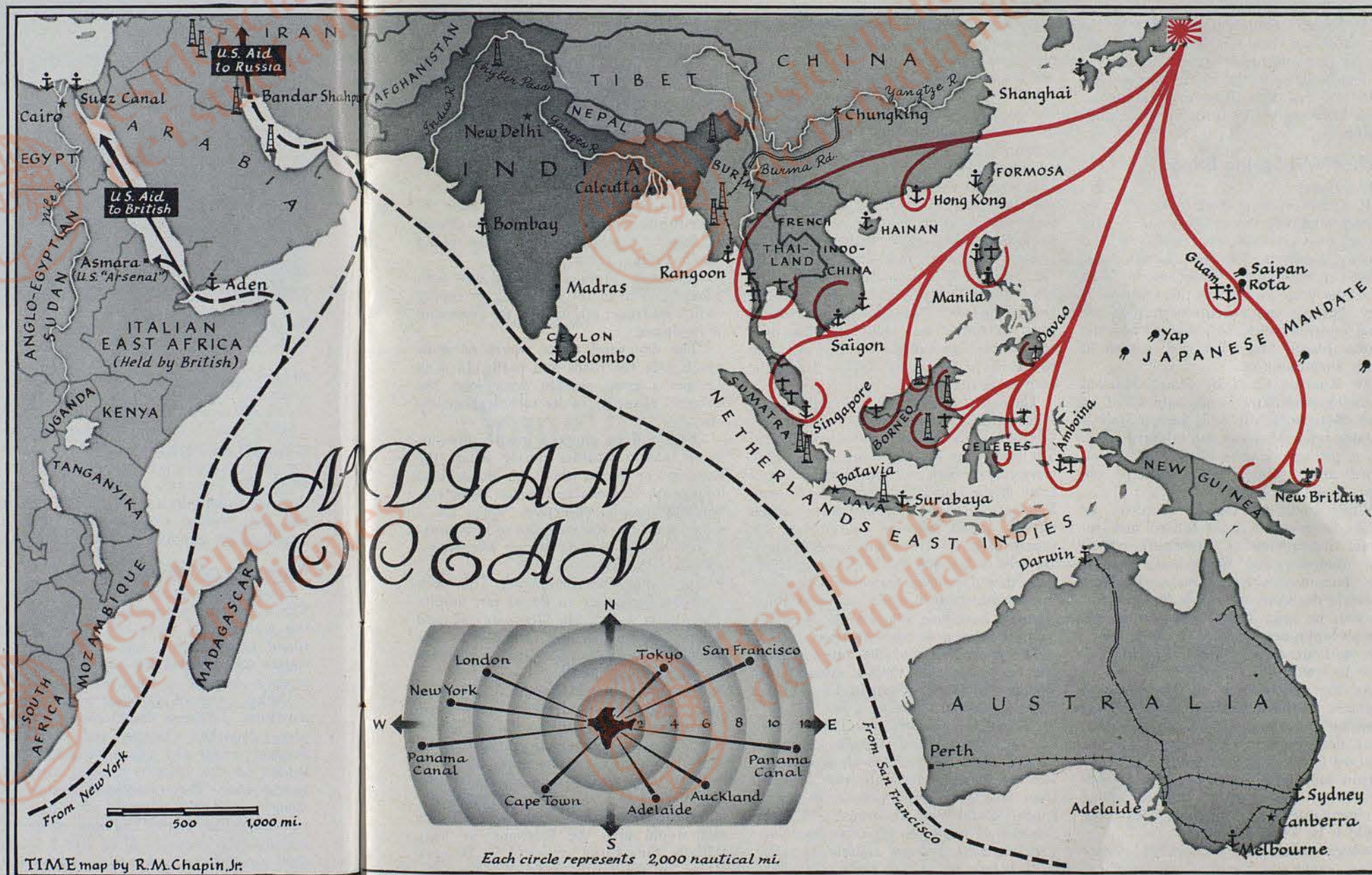
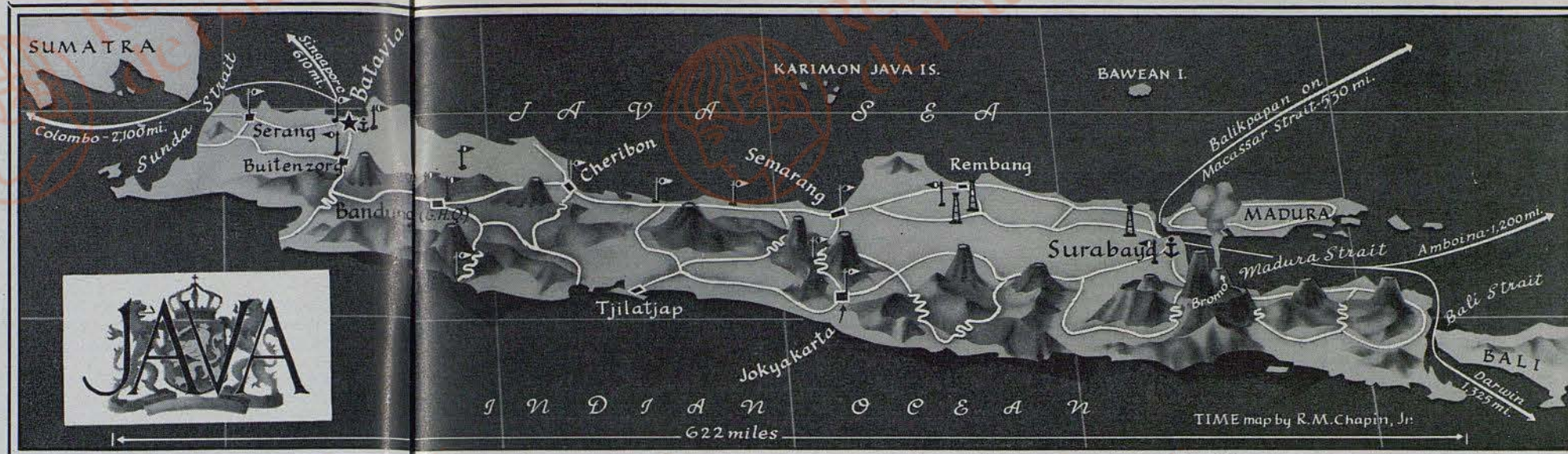
Crocodiles & Cannon. This week a new book about Java and all Oceania appears: Australian Paul McGuire's *Westward the Course!* (Morrow; \$3.75). Author McGuire is a professional traveler, lecturer, writer of mystery stories. His book was written before the Jap struck, but *Westward the Course!* is a timely introduction to the coming Battle for Java.

In Batavia, doves cluster at dusk on the crocodile cages, supple natives bathe in the filthy canals ("They are a very clean people, but they like their water dirty"). An ancient cannon, sacred but now annoyingly useless, stands at Batavia's Amsterdam Gate. The native women pray to it for fertility and have so many babies that Java has 817 people per square mile. According to native superstition, the cannon has a wife at Bantam on the western end of the island. When the two meet, Dutch rule in Java will end.

High in the western interior lies Bandung, the Indies Army's main citadel and headquarters. From its suburban gardens, its well-guarded bastions, civilians and soldiers can see the great, three-cratered volcano of Tangkoeban Prahua ("The Overturned Boat"). (Volcanoes—some dangerously alive, some long dead—rib the narrow island from end to end.) The city of Bandung lies in a flat-bottomed bowl in the hills. And "the thunderstorms roll about the hills all the afternoons, retired Dutch officers roll about the golf courses all the mornings, tanks and machine-gun carriers roll across the fields . . . and practice jungle war on the higher slopes."

The Dutch Indies Army in late 1941 had been upped from 50,000 to 151,000 intermixed Europeans, Javanese and natives of the Indies' outer islands like the hardy Amboinese. Hidden in the interior jungles are many airdromes, and a prime Dutch defense task is to guard their approaches from the flat, vulnerable coastlands on the north. Says Author McGuire: "The Dutch Army, like its Navy, needs heavy stuff to back it; but in a campaign fought through jungles, across mountains and splashing in the sawahs [irrigated rice fields], it could probably handle in Java anything likely to come against it."

This week the Jap bombs plopping into Batavia and Surabaya pointed up one of Author McGuire's best ironies. The Indies native, like all Asiatics, is a subtle fellow. He appreciates quality, when & if he finds it in his European masters. "When the Dutch took Malacca, one said to a Portuguese captain, mocking him: 'When will you return to govern here again?' The Portuguese answered: 'When your sins are greater than ours.'"



BATTLE OF RUSSIA

What Spring Will Bring

New York *Herald Tribune* Correspondent Sonia Tomara, who has seen for herself, last week told how the early spring might delay a mechanized attack on the central front:

"The cold persists, with a few days of thaw here and there, through February and March. And then, rarely earlier than April, comes the big thaw, when the country is flooded with water that oozes from the earth, that runs with a merry sound, telling people and animals that the spring is near.

"Thus Hitler's soldiers still have a long time to suffer from the Russian Queen of Snows. They will freeze for two months yet. Their war machines will refuse to obey the fair-haired boys who thought, until they went to Russia, that they were the lords of creation. And then, later, the German Army will know what early spring is in Russia; nature gone mad with the return of sun. Few fortifications can hold out against torrents of water. Wheels will be bogged down in the mud. The Germans said last fall that Russian mud halted their advance. Wait till they see the early spring."

What Will Spring Bring?

(See Cover)

If a chief of state could find a man on whose mind was imprinted, as if on animated microfilm, all the books by and about Clausewitz, Napoleon, Lee, Caesar, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, Sun Tzu of China and the rest of the great military theorists and practitioners, then the chief of state would be a fool to buy the books. Joseph Stalin has such a man in Boris Shaposhnikov.

To Russia's Chief of State, Marshal Boris Shaposhnikov is officially Chief of Staff. But unofficially he is Joseph Stalin's walking reference room and military mind. He is the author of a monumental book called *Mozg Armii* (*The Brain of the Army*), and he is it.

While credit for tactical successes, or blame for reverses, must fall to such regional commanders as Timoshenko, Zhukov, Budenny and Voroshilov, there is only one man who can make the huge strategic decisions on which the war will be won or lost. That is Joseph Stalin. Joseph Stalin never makes a military decision without asking Boris Shaposhnikov what he would do.

As the momentum of Russia's two strongest winter offensives dwindled last week and there began to be talk of spring, great new worries were reposed on the military mind of Joseph Stalin.

How far would the Russian drives carry? How soon did Hitler plan to mount his inevitable spring offensive? How big would it be when it came?

Where would the Germans strike? Where could the Russians hope to hold

them? When could they hope to win? In seeking to answer these questions for his boss, Boris Shaposhnikov would have to rifle through the index of his incredible brain, snatch at the most applicable texts and apply them, in their proper seasons, to Russia's war.

Clausewitz for Autumn. His favorite author, ironically, is the great German military critic, Karl von Clausewitz. One passage which he quotes with especially affectionate comment might well have been his text last week, as he reviewed the lessons of Autumn 1941 before doing his home work for the final exams in Summer 1942.

The commander, says Clausewitz, must guess whether, after receiving the initial blows, the core of the opponent's Army is gradually becoming condensed, tempered and strengthened, or, to the contrary, beginning to crumble into dust like a decanter made of Bologna glass whose surface has been cracked. The commander must figure out with precision how much the enemy state will be weakened by the loss of certain sources of supply and by the disconnection of certain arteries. He must foretell without mistake whether the enemy will collapse in pain from the wounds inflicted on him, or hurl himself forward with frenzied might like a wounded and enraged bull.

It was plain that failure to obey these strictures to the letter had cost the Germans victory in the autumn. On the other hand, Russia had observed them in reverse—had tightened and strengthened its Army in the face of the early blows, had (by moving factories and acquiring allies) made provision to keep supply facilities from collapsing, had (with the help of a remarkable Intelligence service) watched to see when the enemy was preparing for each great charge.

The one weapon which had made it possible for Boris Shaposhnikov to keep his Clausewitz about him had been artillery. The Red Army has developed the artillery service to as high and fine a point as any army in the world. So proficient are some Red battery commanders that they often hit the target without the gradual approach of range firing, and some of them are said to be such mathematical wizards that they calculate trajectories in their heads, without the use of rigid firing tables. Germans have long talked of the Russians' "long-bearded-professor batteries."

The main lesson of the autumn, then, had been that with skillful gunnery and unending vigilance German blitz tactics could be slowed down.

Schoeneich for Winter. The Germans had, ultimately, been stopped and curled back a little. Boris Shaposhnikov would find the biggest reason for that in words from another German pen. Nine months before World War II began, a Captain Schoeneich wrote in *Militärwochenblatt*:

In the East, soil and climate erect barriers before which we must stop. From

late April to late September, we can wage a war of movement in the East. But then, in the fall, we shall have to call a halt. . . . If motor transport is used beyond September, supply lines are likely to break down in short order. . . .

Failure to heed this warning had lost the Germans their first great battles of the war. Marshal Shaposhnikov has studied winter warfare. He knows what an army can do, and what it cannot do, when snow piles above hub caps.

He knows that bitter winter warfare is old-fashioned warfare, in which man is more important than his machines. He understands winter camouflage. He realizes that in winter cavalry and infantry can accomplish more than planes and tanks. And yet at the proper times he uses planes mounted on skis and tanks painted white. He knows how important the warmth and cleanliness of his men are in the season when frostbite and typhus march with soldiers. He knows that in winter warfare Death takes the hindmost.

Western Europeans apparently do not understand these things. The notorious French Fascist, Jacques Doriot, back in Vichy last week after briefly leading French volunteers in Nazi ranks, described what it is like to fight at 30 and 40 below zero.

"At those temperatures everything changes. Men lose part of their faculties: their fingers become swollen and their joints become stiff. In the front lines the ground is as hard as rock and tools cannot dig into it. It refuses shelter to the soldier who has conquered it.

"Automatic arms can be used only with difficulty. The motor of a tank or supply vehicle no longer responds to the command of its driver.

"The dry wind raises waves of snow which hide the roads and paths. In such weather a great modern army loses the essential elements of its technical superiority."

There will be about a month more of severe winter weather during which the Russian can forget about his mechanical inferiority. Reasonable Russian objectives for that month—objectives which are a minimum if the Russians are to be properly braced for Hitler's spring offensive—are the following:

► They must free Leningrad. This they have not been able to do so far, despite spasm after spasm. The Germans still hold Schlusselfburg, due east of the city. The only Russian access to Leningrad is across the ice of Lake Ladoga.

► They must regain Smolensk. Moscow can perhaps withstand several more great onslaughts, but to survive in the south, the Russians must make operations on the central front as expensive as possible.

► They must regain Dnepropetrovsk, the site of the great ruined dam. This would cut German communications with Crimea and would give the Russians, at least initially, the natural barrier of the Dnieper River on the southern front, where the



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Says Miss Margaret Curry, Eau Claire, Wis.: "New Old Golds have an entirely new, different taste that just meets my requirements! And I can fully appreciate how important the 'seasoning' of flavorful Latakia leaf is in creating this **flavor perfection.**"



P. Lorillard Company, founded 1760—blenders of fine tobaccos since George Washington's day.



A brief conversation with a man going places



US: Sir, we don't know where you're bound, but we presume that sometime in the course of the evening, you'll have a drink.

MAN: Yes, I probably will.

US: Then we'd like to ask you a question. Have you tasted *today's* Four Roses?

MAN: Come to think of it, I don't believe I have.

US: Then we'd like to urge you to try it tonight. Because until you taste *today's* Four Roses, you can't possibly know what wonderful things have happened to this superlative whiskey. In fact, we're certain you'll agree that *today's* Four Roses is better by far than any other

whiskey you've ever tasted.

MAN: That's a rather broad statement.

US: We're aware of that. But, you see, we've been making fine whiskies for 77 years. And we sincerely believe that in all that time no whiskey we have ever made or known could match the flavor-rich magnificence of *today's* Four Roses. You'll find it everywhere. Won't you try it?

MAN: I most certainly will.

US: Thank you, sir. And a pleasant evening to you!

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies —90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S **FOUR ROSES!**

WORLD BATTLEFRONTS

Germans are almost certain to make their earliest and greatest efforts.

Kalinin for Spring. The text of Boris Shaposhnikov's optimum hope for spring was set last week by an anomalous figure, the Soviet President. Said grey-bearded Mikhail Kalinin:

The Germans never will recapture the initiative now gained by the Red Army.

It is Boris Shaposhnikov's hope that, by pressing his present advantage, he can prevent the Germans from ever standing by to organize their great spring blitz.

And yet signs of spring, unmistakable as premature crocuses, were already to be seen last week. The Germans were moving fresh troops up from Germany. Stockholm estimated that at least 20 divisions had

with certainty. The great thaws of spring may cause him to delay his drive until late April, the time recommended by Captain Schoeneich. But he might order action next month, next week, tomorrow.

Shaposhnikov for Summer. If the Russians, aided by the thaws, do succeed in thwarting Hitler's plans, whatever they are, and can keep the initiative into next summer, their war would probably be won. The chances of their doing so are very small. But if they do the next-to-impossible, it will be thanks partly to the skills of Russia's three best generals,* but mostly to the stratagems of Boris Shaposhnikov, the brain of the Army.

Marshal Shaposhnikov has been called the only man in Russia whom Stalin would

in the Urals 60 years ago, he rose to be a Tsarist colonel before the Revolution; then he went over to the Reds. Always his jobs have been mental jobs—General Staff Operations Chief; Chief of Frunze Red Banner Military Academy, Russia's Staff School; Chief of Staff. He planned the invasion of eastern Poland in 1939; he beat Finland; he timed the great counter-blow from Moscow in December. He has found time to write many heavy tomes, the greatest of which are *The Cavalry*, *On the Vistula* and the three-volume *Brain of the Army*.

He is as silent as a chess player. (His one relaxation, in fact, is chess; his fellow Army men well know the Shaposhnikov end game.) He is personally cold and reticent, and he stays out of the political light. He is modest to the brink of affectation; his books are almost coquettish: "Our present immature work. . . . If the magnanimous reader will do us the great honor of further following our reasoning. . . ." This silence and super-modesty have saved his political head time & again.

His loyalty to Joseph Stalin is unquestioned by Joseph Stalin, who ought to know. Stalin finds him useful in the way Hitler finds Artillery General Alfred Jodl useful—to be always at the elbow to answer questions, to advise, to refuse, to confirm. Boris Shaposhnikov's memory for detail is astonishing; he seems to know Clausewitz's *Of War* by heart.

Boris Shaposhnikov is probably not over-sanguine about the spring. He would put a little salt on President Kalinin's beard when the good President talks of never giving the initiative back to the Germans. Marshal Shaposhnikov may have the initiative taken away from him in spite of his efforts to press his advantage. But even if he does lose it, he thinks he can get it back again and eventually win the war, by some such formula as this:

In the spring and summer, Leningrad would probably be tightly sealed again. Moscow would be attacked, but could hold. The Germans would make their greatest push in the south, would drive the Russians back to the Don River. There the Russians would try to stand, then in the autumn begin a counter-offensive. By that time, if Britain has succeeded in holding Suez and the Middle East, the Germans would be short of oil, men and morale. Finally, in the winter of 1942-43, with the help of the Allies in the west, the great offensive against the Reich would begin.

This is a high hope. It may be too high. But it shows a clear understanding of a fact which has been very easy to forget during the successful winter: Russia will suffer further serious setbacks—and therefore Russia's Allies will suffer terrible anxieties—before the year is over.

Boris Shaposhnikov would not have to be a breathing encyclopedia to know that the great decisive land battles of World War II have not yet even been joined. One of them will come this spring.



Sovfoto, Wide World

RUSSIA'S BIG THREE*

One each for Leningrad, Moscow, the Ukraine.

moved east. The Russians themselves were reported to be expecting the enemy to throw between 6,000 and 7,000 new tanks into action.

Hitler, who for six weeks had been Supreme Commander in Russia, was reported to have made a deal with his allegedly recalcitrant generals, to have reinstated the stars, Marshals Fedor von Bock, Gerd von Rundstedt and Wilhelm Ritter von Leeb, and to have appointed 19 new generals to replace those who had fallen "ill."

Resistance was already stiffening. The Germans were reacting strongly to Soviet pressure in the all-important Crimea; and last week the Russians admitted their second loss of Feodosiya. In the Ukraine, where Marshal Timoshenko had achieved a great breakthrough, the Germans filled in and stopped the drive.

For the first time the Russians complained that the terrible winter weather, which had been so good to them, was now an impediment.

The Germans were certainly preparing for a spring drive. Exactly when it would come no one but Adolf Hitler could say

not dare to assassinate. His extraordinary power is a compound of his great ability, his silence and his unqualified loyalty.

His record testifies to his ability. Born

* **Marshal Semyon Konstantinovich Timoshenko**, Russia's greatest field general (TIME, June 30), was born a Bessarabian peasant 47 years ago. After the Revolution, in which he fought as a cavalryman, he studied war both in Russia and among "capitalistic" armies. After Stalin's Army purge of 1937-38 he rose as fast as a pine sapling in a thinned-out wood. He carried out Marshal Shaposhnikov's plans in Poland and Finland, checked the Germans near Smolensk and defeated them near Rostov-on-Don. He is in command of the Ukraine front.

General Georgy Zhukov, at 48 one of the handsomest and strongest men in the Red Army, won the great victories of Moscow. He is said to have opposed the 1939 deal with Hitler, and six months before Hitler welched on the deal Zhukov warned the Red Army on the western front to be alert against "foreign tricks."

Marshal Kliment Efremovich Voroshilov (TIME, Feb. 12, 1934), son of a railroad watchman and a charwoman, spent most of the years 1907-14 in prison or exile for political activities. Still Russia's most political and most popular general, "Klim," as War Commissar from 1925-40, was allowed to be photographed more than anybody except The Boss. He commands the Leningrad front.

INTERNATIONAL

Empire and Humanity

This week two enemies celebrated two strangely symbolic anniversaries:

On Feb. 11, 660 B.C., in a splendid palace on the peninsula of Yamato, the mighty Emperor Jimmu celebrated his various successful aggressions by offering up sacrifices to Ama-terasu-ō-mi-Kami, sometimes known as the Sun Goddess, his great-great-grandmother. Thus was founded (so Japanese chroniclers say) the Empire of Japan.

On Feb. 12, 1809, in a shabby Kentucky cabin with a floor of packed-down dirt, a door swung on leather hinges and a stick-clay chimney, a boy was born with the help of an old midwife named Peggy Walters. The boy was Abraham Lincoln, who devoted his life, against terrible odds, to justice, humanity and freedom.

Battle of Babble

Lies, rumors, jokes, canards, insults, obscenities, denials, bluffs, excuses, exhortations, explanations, reassurances, trial balloons and grotesque distortions continued to spew from the world's radios last week. Most of it was Axis concoctions; some of it was Allied counter-propaganda. Behind the radio barrage fell a blizzard of newspaper squibs, handbills, pamphlets, posters. In free countries men speculated aloud with laughter and curses; in Europe they whispered behind their hands in dim cafés and shuttered homes. It was a big week in the battle of babble.

Propaganda for home consumption may be intended as a stimulant, a sedative or a cathartic. For enemies it should be poison. Either way, German propaganda works less well than it used to. The German people are tired of constant medication, and the non-Axis world is learning to reject poison, acquiring immunity to what is absorbed inadvertently. But the Axis poisoners were trying harder than ever, and enlightened immunologists issued warnings.

R for the Allies. In the U.S., Director Archibald MacLeish of OFF declared the Axis campaign to spread discord among the United Nations to be "as shrewd, as ruthless as any plot of the Borgias." Axis radio spray to the U.S.: "American policy is dictated in Downing Street . . . will leave America holding the bag." To Britain: "The British Empire is dissolving like a lump of sugar in the Roosevelt teacup."

R for Latin America. As unity grew out of the Pan-American conference at Rio, said Director MacLeish, the Axis beam to South America became a frantic torrent. Since most Latin Americans are Catholics, the Italian radio portrayed "Protestant Roosevelt" in an alliance with "Atheist Stalin" against "Catholic Fascism." Another Axis broadcast asserted that the Vatican had urged Latin America

not to break with the Axis. This the Vatican promptly denied.

From Unoccupied France, the Vichy radio chimed in on the South American beam. Vichy's Ambassador to Paris, Fernand de Brinon, was heard intoning: "The Marshal [Pétain] believes that Bolshevism is the greatest enemy of all, and therefore earnestly desires a German victory. . . . Washington leads the alliance of Jewish capitalists and Soviet Communists." This must have made curious listening for the U.S. State Department, which



From "History Of The Japanese People" By Capt. F. Brinkley, Published By The Encyclopaedia Britannica

EMPEROR JIMMU
Abe Lincoln faced odds.

still sought to avoid giving Vichy "excuses" for falling inert into Hitler's arms (see p. 32).

R for the Home Folks. Yet men with keen ears thought that Axis propaganda weapons were getting blunt from overwork: global war to the death was just too big. German setbacks in Russia were almost too big for the master propagandist, Adolf Hitler, himself. His address to his people, on the ninth anniversary of his leadership, sounded like an old phonograph record grinding away under a groove-stuck needle: "Russian winter . . . plutocratic warmongers . . . innocent Germany . . . Russian winter. . . ." Hitler almost said in so many words that it would do the German people no good to throw the Nazis out of power and conclude peace, for Churchill and Roosevelt were warmongering monsters who had hated Germany when there were no Nazis.

On the Russian campaign, Hitler produced two desperately risky whoppers: 1) that he had sent the eastern armies to winter quarters four months ago; 2) that German losses and retreats had been

caused only by cold. Even Germans with short memories could remember: 1) that the Germans had continued their overreaching onslaughts well into December; 2) that the first spectacular German defeat was the loss of Rostov in the south, where the weather was almost balmy. Putting the speech through her ferocious shredding machine last week, anti-Axis Propagandist Dorothy Thompson concluded: "The [German] masses do fear a repetition of 1918; they do have a sense of guilt; they do blame the Nazi leadership for the war; they do suspect some terrific mistakes in the eastern campaign; they do want peace."

Hitler snuggled as snugly as he could into his cloak of proletarian fervor. He contrasted himself again & again, the protector of the poor, with plutocratic foes. Lest Germans be disturbed, however, by thoughts that the Russians are also convinced proletarians of long standing, the country was plastered with posters showing German soldiers suffering from "Communist dirt, filth, lice, disorganization, lack of most essential commodities."

R for the Moslems. A bomb exploded last week on a crowded dockside in Tangier, Spanish Morocco, 40 miles southwest of Gibraltar. When the smoke cleared away, 25 persons lay dead, 60 hurt. The bombs blew apart the luggage of a departing British official. As if by magic, yelling Arabs appeared from nowhere with baskets filled with rocks, began stoning the windows of British business houses. To the radio hopped Axis spokesmen, claiming that the exploded luggage had disgorged British propaganda. London called the episode an obvious Axis trick.

Other Moslems who interested the Nazis were the wild, proud Afghan tribesmen on the western borders of India. Poetic handbills printed in the Pushtu, Urdu, and Brahui languages urged the tribesmen to a *jihad* (holy war) "to strike off the Anglo-Saxon yoke," promised them heaping banquets and succulent maidens in the soft lands of India. Berlin proclaimed the "independence of India" from the Hotel Kaiserhof, relayed applause for the proclamation from "204 Hindu nationalists."

CANADA

Taps for Meighen

While Liberals and Conservatives have been battling in the House of Commons over Canada's war effort, the mildly Socialist Commonwealth Cooperative Federation has been rolling up strength in the provinces. This week the C.C.F. burst like a time bomb on the Dominion political front. In a York South, Ont. by-election, C.C.F. Candidate Joseph W. Noseworthy soundly trounced the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, twice (1920-21, 1926) Prime Minister of Canada, thereby spoiling Meighen's chance to take a place in the House as newly chosen leader of the Conservative Party.

*There is only one word in the
dictionary now—*
VICTORY

For years we have published a page called the New Industrial Dictionary, because "old words have new meanings in these changing times" . . . We gave what seemed to us the modern significance of such words as labor, taxes, profit, management.

This year there is only one word with any significance—Victory. If you and we don't keep that word in the dictionary, we can tear up the book. Words and phrases such as social gains, conservatism, profit system, and liberty won't mean a thing.

The time has come—*now*—when every man and woman—workman, manager, politician, labor leader—is *all for* America or *all against* America. There can be no hyphenated loyalty to America and some private cause. This country is all the cause any of us needs or can afford.

To try to save America *and* some self-interest privilege is the surest way to lose both. To *work for* America is the only way to save everything America stands for.

YOU CAN TURN IT BETTER. FASTER.

**WARNER
&
SWASEY**
Turret Lathes
Cleveland

FOR LESS...WITH A WARNER & SWASEY



Sovfoto

SOVIETS' SHVERNIK & SOVIET LISTENERS
They went to Britain and gave advice.

GREAT BRITAIN

Russian Invasion

Nikolai Mikhailovich Shvernik, Secretary since 1930 of the All-Union Central Council of Trade Unions, is a big man in his home country, a great man for telling Soviet workmen a thing or two. Sole survivor of the Central Council purge of 1937, he has since expounded the line at home that the more Russia becomes socialized the more energy workers should spend on cultural and political activities, the less agitation on hours and wages.

Last December Nikolai Mikhailovich Shvernik went to Britain with 13 of the comrade trade unionists who listen so well at home. They inspected munitions plants, factories and shipyards, everywhere cheered by British workmen, everywhere given the fullest cooperation. Winding up his tour last week Comrade Shvernik said the British workers were fine but the British system not so good. He charged that there was "an incorrect attitude in some factories regarding the initiative of working men and women on their rationalizing proposals; unwillingness to listen to the voice of working men and women and their shop stewards; and even, in individual factories, a limiting of the level of output."

This off his chest, Comrade Shvernik and his 13 comrade commandos prepared for the trip home, pleased that their invasion of Britain had been so well received.

"Revolution?"

Six months ago in Washington, a squat dynamo of a man, full of strange contradictions and flashing talents, urged increased U.S. production of everything from bacon to bombers. "Bottlenecks, to me," explained Lord Beaverbrook, "used to symbolize pleasure—now they're a pain in the neck." Last week, Max Aitken, once of New Castle, N.B., now Lord Beaverbrook of London, stuck his neck out for new pains. He became Minister of War Production.

By giving Beaverbrook the second most important job in Britain, Prime Minister Winston Churchill answered in part the

demands for War Cabinet reform which began eight months ago.

Lost in the shuffle was Labor Minister Ernest Bevin, conservative Laborite who was built up in early war days as the "strong man" of the people. Offered a "new job," Ernie Bevin beamed, thinking he was to become production chief, then huffily refused the Ministry of Health.

These were the surface events. Meanwhile there were volcanic rumblings in the politics of a hard-pressed Empire.

Not since 1776 have Americans been much interested in British politics. Few U.S. folk today know how Parliament works or whether the British have a constitution for their "constitutional monarchy." But before 1942 is out, what

* They don't. The famed British Constitution consists of all the laws ever passed by Parliament—unless repealed. The whole thing could be abolished in a few hours—and several times has been, not counting the time when King Charles I was beheaded.

happens politically in England may have grave consequences in the U.S. and to the United Nations' effort.

The question in blunt terms—blunter than England ever likes to be—is whether Britain is going Socialist permanently. Last week a sign of this "revolution" loomed high above the horizon in the shape of Sir Stafford Cripps's well-molded head, lighted by his fierce black eyes. Sir Stafford, home from Russia, which he intensely admires in peace no less than in war, made clear that he proposed to be the head of the opposition to Churchill. With Englishmen saddened by their own defeats and praying for Red victories, Sir Stafford had a beautiful tactical position. Whether he would be merely a useful goad to spur Britain on, or whether he represented the coming Socialist revolution, remained to be seen. And there would be no more vitally interested spectators than the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution.

FRANCE

Hairsatz

Latest fabric for dresses, gloves, hats and shoes in Occupied France is a drab, felt-like fabric called "piloita." It is made from clippings and scrapings of human hair swept from barbershop floors.

Barometer Drops

The arcane policy which Vichy calls "collaboration" with the Axis seemed last week to be taking definite form. According to reports from London, 14,000 French trucks had been shipped to Tunisia, oil tankers were sailing directly from Marseille to Field Marshal Erwin Rommel's Tripoli supply base, German ships were traversing French territorial waters on their way to the African front. In spite of official denials from Vichy, the rumors persisted.

Best barometer of the climate of collaboration is the state of relations between the U.S. and Vichy. Only so long as collaboration remains a matter of words can Washington exert its influence to prevent collaboration from edging over into active alliance. Moving on diplomatic tip-



Margaret Bourke-White

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS
The D.A.R. will be interested.



The Battle for Altitude

The ability to fly higher than the enemy brings priceless combat advantages. To the bomber pilot "altitude" means freedom from anti-aircraft fire and the savage attacks of enemy pursuits. To the fighter pilot it means the all-important ability to strike his quarry from above — and at will. America already has the highest-flying bombers the world has ever known. Now it is getting the two highest-flying fighters: the Army's Thunderbolt and the Navy's Corsair.

The heart of each of these fighters is its supercharged 2,000 horsepower Pratt & Whitney air-cooled engine. With this super-power, they can out-climb and overtake any existing enemy airplane, and still carry the blistering fire-power to deal with it.

Airplane, engine and propeller manufacturers are going all-out in producing these two great airplanes. 1942 will see our Army and Navy equipped with increasing quantities of the finest high-altitude fighters in the world.

★

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Engines



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CALIFORNIA

The Vital Importance of Relaxation

Now, more than ever, is the time to translate "getting away from it all" into action. With a war to fight and win, it's your first duty to keep from getting tired. A tired mind may make a bad decision. In order to exercise proper judgment your mind must be refreshed at regular intervals and your physical condition always good. That's why we suggest you visit Del Monte, California's best-loved resort.



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Best of all, at Hotel Del Monte and Del Monte Lodge at Pebble Beach you'll find your kind of people... people who remember how to laugh and sing and play, and who come again and again to enjoy the golden climate and rich historic atmosphere, the friendly Del Monte hospitality and famous food.



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on the Monterey Peninsula
California

toe, the State Department explored the apparent change in the weather, asked Vichy whether rumors of aid to Rommel were true. Though Vichy's answer was not released to the press, the State Department called it "definitely unsatisfactory." It looked as though the bottom had dropped out of the barometer and collaborating Vichy would soon be swallowed by the Axis.

"Regardez-moi"

The face of Paris, so ageless and radiant in the years of freedom, is that of a gnarled and brooding old lady under the Nazis. The city was in no mood for a face-lifting last week, but it had started to get one. The Germans were tearing down buildings in St. Germain des Prés, St. Gervais, Le Marais, the Palais Royal and the Halles (central markets). Except St. Germain, all these quarters belong to the old inner Paris, walled and fortified at the end of the 12th Century by Philippe Auguste, the powerful king who conquered Normandy and pushed his authority past feudal nobles to all the frontiers of his realm. The first church of St. Germain was built in the meadows by Childebert I in the 6th Century, when Paris was a Roman island in the river. In the Palais Royal the great Cardinal Richelieu died and Louis XIV shone like the sun. Across the river Margaret of Burgundy met the lovers whom she was said to have silenced by drowning.

For Parisians the dream of history is caught in the web of streets where the Nazis last week stolidly laid waste—in preparation, it was said, for a rebuilding job designed by no less an architect than Adolf Hitler. A brave letter appeared in *Figaro*: "Paris, which in June of 1940

miraculously escaped trial by fire and the horror of destruction, is unexpectedly menaced by new destruction." The letter was signed by a group of intellectuals and painters, including Jean Giraudoux, Paul Valéry, Paul Morand, Jean Cocteau, André Derain. The man in the street, passing the wreckers at work, simply muttered: "Regardez-moi ces assassins," and looked, as he seldom looked in the years of freedom, at the soaring crags of the Eiffel Tower, which the Nazis had threatened to tear down for the sake of its steel.

EGYPT

Farouk the Foolish

At the start of World War II, fat, frisky young King Farouk I of Egypt suffered from nightmares in which he was chased by an angry lion. Haggard from loss of sleep, Farouk sought counsel of crabbed, pro-Axis Sheikh Mustafa El-Maraghi, rector of the ancient Moslem University of El-Azhar. "You will not rest until you have shot a lion," said El-Maraghi. Thereupon the king went to the zoo and shot two lions in their cage. The nightmares continued. "Young fool," said El-Maraghi, "I spoke in symbols—the lion that has been chasing you is Britain."

Apocryphal or not, Egyptians say this story explains why Farouk has no love for the British, why last week pro-British Prime Minister Sirry Pasha was ousted and the Government turned over to Farouk's old enemy, Nahas Pasha, and his rabidly nationalistic Wafd Party. Officially the crisis was caused by El-Azhar University student riots (and Farouk's anger at not being informed) when diplomatic relations were broken with Vichy. But the basic causes for the changes in

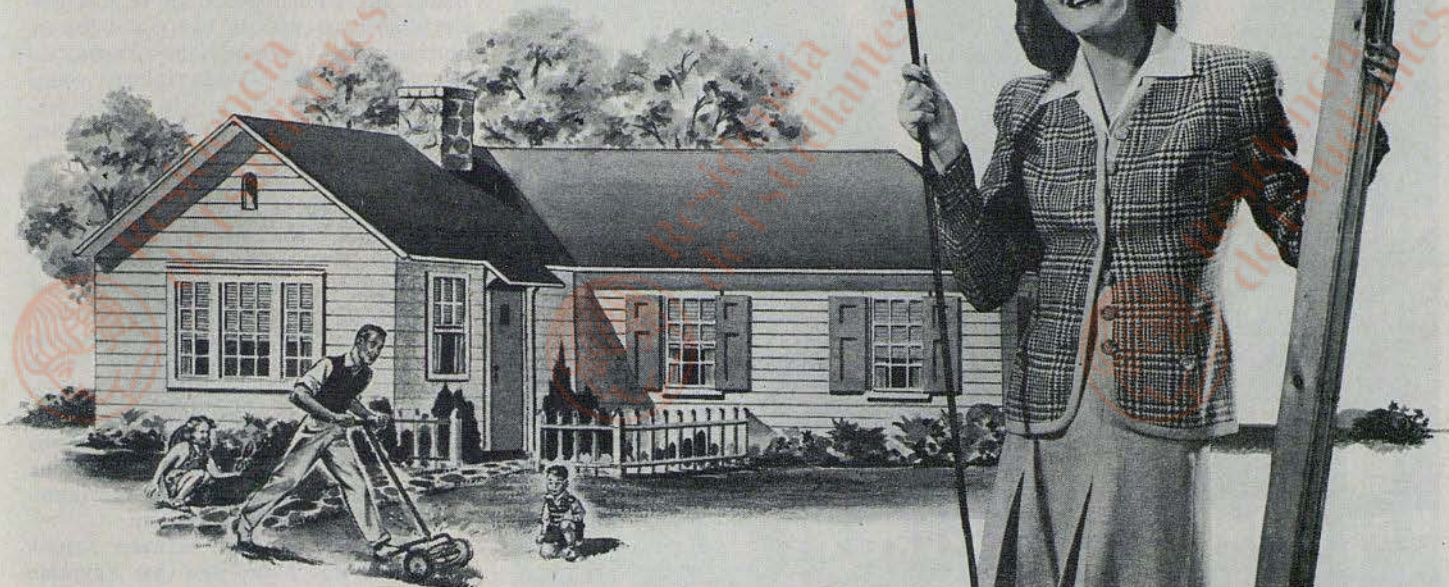


EGYPT'S NAHAS PASHA & BRIDE (LONDON, 1936)
Peace in one breath, war in the next.

Associated Press

**"With these I'd build the home
you always dreamed of"**

CASS GILBERT, Jr.



A home where you could really relax and live, where you would have room enough to stretch out, but not too much to take care of. A place where you could find quietness... or where you could entertain with no worry about noise. Bright and airy in the daytime, cheerfully warm at night. Decorated with the colors that please you. Easy to heat and keep clean. With a modern bathroom and kitchen, and complete with each new improvement as development makes it available.



"Simply by a change in the method of construction, such homes as this can be built at a cost within reach of millions. Using only the usual lumber mill equipment, and without standardized designs, it can be done by means of local labor and materials. By replacing complicated hand-built walls with a system of plank panels assembled with metal tie-rods, I have been able to cut building time down from weeks to days, with a corresponding saving in cost.

"This method produces a house so strong that it will stand for generations with little upkeep. It lends itself to any architectural style, so you can have as many rooms as you wish, or as few. You can add more rooms as your pocketbook permits and your family increases. In later years, if children marry and move away, they can take their rooms with them to start new homes of their own.

"If business or inclination takes you to a

new locality, your house could be taken down as quickly as it was erected, and moved economically by truck, like your furniture. In time to come, it may be that you need only rent your building site... but own the house and take it with you if your business location changes.

"Because of the low structural cost of such a home, it could bring many new conveniences within your reach. The heating and lighting, the kitchen and bathroom equipment, could be the kind you see in high-priced homes. You could have copper piping, a copper water tank, copper flashing and gutters on your roof, to protect you against leaks and repairs. Your airtight, weather tight walls would furnish exceptional insulation, bringing greater comfort with lower fuel bills.

"Through this one basic change in construction can come the home you have dreamed of. When seasoned planks and common metals once more become available for general use, you can have such a home within weeks."

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Architects and designers are planning better homes for tomorrow that can bring, not housing, but *living* within reach of the great majority. In all these brilliant conceptions, copper plays an essential part. For the more copper there is in a house, the better it is to own, or rent or sell.

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and storm, and countless other things for better living.

Today the copper industry is devoting its entire resources to the war needs of Uncle Sam, and copper is not available for general use. But in Revere's laboratories, research continues to go forward in preparation for the better standard of living which tomorrow can bring us all.

Naturally, in this limited space, Mr. Gilbert could describe only a few of the details of these homes. Revere has no plans or blueprints, so has prepared instead an illustrated booklet which we will gladly send to you, free. Write us.



REVERE

COPPER AND BRASS INCORPORATED

Executive Offices: 230 Park Ave., N. Y.



To Every G-E Man in the Armed Services

REMEMBER what we told you when you left to join the Army, the Navy, or the Marines? How proud we were of you. How, while you were doing your part, we'd be doing ours by providing the weapons for you to fight with.

Well, that goes double today! For we've been remembering that promise—especially since that first Sunday in December. And we've been trying to do something about it.

If you ever think of us back at General Electric—and we hope you do—you'll probably remember us as we were when you left. Then we were all talking about "defense." We *thought* we were busy: new buildings were going up, departments were being changed over to "defense" production, we were proud of the growing percentage of G-E production that was going into "defense" materials. We still think we were doing a pretty good job—for then. But we wish you could see us now—now that we're building for WAR!

When we talk to you who are out at the front facing the real thing, we realize that anything we can do seems pitifully small. But we do want to tell you, in all humility, that we're in there trying. And the fact that we're producing weapons for you—you whom we've worked beside and know—is an extra incentive, if that's necessary.

There are more than 125,000 of us now in the General Electric family—a lot more than when most of you left. There will be more yet, even though an increasing number will be leaving to join you in the harder and more dangerous job.

We say *G-E* men and women. But we have a broader concept now—bigger than any one company or person or job. For you and we, all of us, are above all *Americans*, buckling down to the biggest job we or anybody else has ever tackled. That's the way we feel about it. And we wanted you to know. *General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.*

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

952-264-N-211

the Government were more deeply rooted.

As new Prime Minister and Military Governor, Nahas Pasha promised the ragged *fellahin* (peasants) and lower-middle-class shopkeepers in his Party that "draconic measures would be taken against rabble-rousers." Having protested against "the horrors of war" in already embattled Egypt, in the next breath, he promised the British strict adherence to the 1936 Anglo-Egyptian Pact (making Egypt and Britain wartime allies) which Nahas Pasha, accompanied by the wealthy, plump young bride he married late in life, signed personally in London. This done, he called an election, remembering that in 1937, Farouk's electioneers had slugged and cheated him out of office.

For Nahas Pasha thus to return was gall to Farouk. But there is a proverb in the Near East which says: "A dog does not bite another dog from the same neighborhood." Farouk has shouted "Egypt for the Egyptians" as loudly as any of Nahas Pasha's *fellahin*. And while the *fellahin* have been influenced by Axis propaganda describing pro-British Egyptians as "Pasha Pigface" and "Pasha Fathead," Farouk has heeded Italian advisers and Axis promises of a "new order" of freedom.

The making of peace between Farouk and Nahas was a sure sign that Egyptian nationalism was rising again—timed to embarrass Britain when her hands were busy holding off an Axis invasion. The British Middle East Command, never knowing when to expect an Axis drive through Turkey and down through Syria, was weakened by the withdrawal of Australian troops to Singapore. Reported movements of new Axis troops in the Balkans and German airmen in lower Italy hinted at a big offensive if & when Rommel plows through Cyrenaica.

King Farouk couldn't shoot the British lion, but if Nahas Pasha helped, he could twist its tail.

CHINA

Thirteen Billion Blessings

As the reporters gathered in the bare room on Chungking hill, they chatted about the news, which they had already heard. Finally China's official spokesman, onetime Ambassador to Russia Dr. T. F. Chiang* (no kin), came in. Man-of-the-world, he showed no particular excitement as he said in faultless English:

"It is gratifying news to learn that President Roosevelt has sent a message to Congress asking for a \$500,000,000 loan to China and that the British Government has made known it is ready to lend China £50,000,000."

The Illness. For four weary years China had dreamed about beating the Japanese by means of some whopping generosity from the democracies. Here, at last, was aid on the scale about which China had dreamed. At current rates of exchange the two loans would add up to almost 13 billion Chinese dollars.

The reporters listening to Dr. Chiang knew that each of those dollars would be a

* Who sometimes spells his name Tsiang to avoid being accused of nepotism.

ALL THE WORLD LOVES A "HAPPY BLENDING"!

1.

Thomas, a Robust Tenor, could take high C in his stride.

He'd sing the whole sextet from "Lucia" without Wilting a Whisker.

But who wants to sing (or live) unaccompanied?

2.

Enter Felice, the original Kitten on the Keys.

She played piano like a Four-handed Paderewski.

So when she met Thomas at a Fish Supper, they were Like That in No Time.

3.

When Thomas and Felice said, "I do," it was a glorious Merger of Talents.

You might even call it a "Happy Blending".

That's what everyone calls CALVERT'S Skillful Mating of fine whiskey characteristics into One Superb Blend.

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It's this "Happy Blending" of rare Whiskey Qualities that gives CALVERT its finer, richer flavor... its mellow Satin-Smoothness! You'll get America's favorite Luxury Whiskey* in CALVERT. Try it yourself... today!

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Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

*Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

TIME, February 16, 1942





Take the two minutes required to mix your favourite recipe with Jamaica Rums.

Over two centuries of British Empire traditions of quality add a priceless ingredient. Since 1661, with their manufacture rigidly controlled by Parliamentary enactment, Jamaica Rums have achieved front rank in the world's diminishing selection of fine liquors.

Unique in flavour—whether you prefer a light or a full bodied brand—you'll find that Jamaica Rums add new, distinctive qualities to accepted recipes—that they offer exciting possibilities for new drinks through their natural, geographical affinity for tropical fruit juices. So next time you're in the mood for something new, something different, something special, specify

Jamaica Rums

Try these favorite recipes which the Jamaicans themselves endorse:



JAMAICA COLLINS Mix 1/3 jigger lemon or lime juice, 2/3 jigger sugar or syrup, 1 jigger Jamaica Rum. Add plenty of cracked ice. Fill with soda and serve.

JAMAICA "OLD FASHIONED" 1 lump sugar or teaspoon of syrup in Old Fashioned glass. Add 3 or 4 dashes Angostura Bitters, 1 or 2 cubes ice, twist of lemon peel or slice of lemon. Add 1 jigger Jamaica Rum, splash of soda, and stir well.



THE SOLE MANUFACTURERS' ASSN. (OF JAMAICA) LTD., KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.

blessing to China, because China is in the throes of a terrible and long-standing inflation.

Inflation is a meaningless term to people who have not lived through one. To reporters on Chungking hill it was anything but meaningless. They knew that the Government had perforce solved most of its fiscal worries in the war years by printing money. They knew that fiscal reform, the main point of which had been Government assumption of the land tax, had not worked too well. They knew that mistrust of the Government's money had driven many Chinese, rich & poor, to selfish hoarding, particularly of rice.

More personally, they knew that Chungking prices had risen 2,000% since the

now to be able to operate more successfully on the gangrene of inflation. Dr. Chiang suggested some ways this might be accomplished:

► *Increase of confidence.* "We are sure our Allies will continue to give us aid."

► *Issue of domestic bonds based on these loans.* These bonds would be presented as long-range savings and it would be hoped that they would 1) absorb some of the recklessly printed banknotes; 2) deter some of the hoarding, which is a form of short-range savings.

► *The backing of enterprises in China.* Small manufactures, based on simple machinery which China can produce herself, would, by increasing the flow of goods, help ease the inflation. Big undertakings,



Clare Boothe Luce

DADDY KUNG

Coolie-&-ricksha are tougher than horse-&-buggy.

beginning of the war. (In U.S. terms, a package of cigarets would cost \$3, a man's shirt \$50, a pair of medium-priced woman's shoes \$160. One might, with luck, buy a bottle of Scotch for \$60, but a quart of champagne would cost over \$200.)

The Harassed Doctor. The man whose job it has been to try to stem China's inflation, and whose Ministry has often been accused of aggravating it, is Minister of Finance Dr. H. H. ("Daddy") Kung. Seldom has even a horse-&-buggy doctor operated under such harassments as the coolie-&-ricksha society of bomb-torn Chungking has imposed on aristocratic Dr. Kung, 75th descendant of Confucius. An active ingredient of the inflation has been lack of confidence in the finances of the Chiang Kai-shek Government. Some of his henchmen have been accused of worse things than incompetency. And so a large measure of the responsibility in turning the U.S. and British loans to good uses will rest on the shoulders of the Generalissimo's loyal Dr. Kung.

The Treatment. With 13 billion Chinese dollars' worth of U.S. and British credit to play with, Daddy Kung ought

such as the building of railroads with rails torn up from Japanese-occupied territory, could help the war effort.

The loans would not be used for purchasing goods in the U.S. and Britain. These were already available under Lend-Lease, and the big problem for China was not financing their purchases but getting them in.

The Long Night Watch. And so the aid had come at last. Dr. Chiang, and the Chiang for whom he spoke, might be pardoned for a tiny grain of bitterness, for remarking, politely, that certain countries "sandwich a great deal of talk between actions."

And yet the Chinese, as always, took their bitterness manfully. Dr. Chiang, closing the conference on Chungking hill, looked back on China's years of war: "Night fell early upon China's independence," he said. "But we held on, hoping against hope. Then at midnight, at the darkest hour, we suddenly found at our side stout and loyal companions in arms. Now we are surer than ever, although we may still have a few hours-of darkness ahead, there will be dawn and victory."

ETHIOPIA

"Fit To Be Free"

"The Ethiopians have shown that they are fit to be free."

Thus last week Foreign Under Secretary Richard Kidston Law* explained to BBC listeners why the British Government had finally got round to restoring the independence of Ethiopia.

But the two-year pact which King of Kings Haile Selassie signed with the British Government bore little resemblance to Magna Charta. In return for \$10,000,000 in cash, the Lion of Judah handed the British a blank check. According to the agreement, British judges and assessors will sit on the benches of Ethiopian courts, the Ethiopian police force will be officered by Britons.

The Emperor furthermore agreed to give all possible aid to the British Army, to stage no private wars, to permit only the British and those to whom they give permission to fly over his country. The management of the Djibouti-Addis Ababa railway and the wireless station at Addis Ababa will be in the hands of the Commander in Chief of the British Army in Africa. The Army also received the right to use all Italian property in Ethiopia (assessed at \$320,000,000-\$360,000,000) without payment. To help guide the Negus' footsteps, British political advisers as well as a military mission will be appointed.

Parliament greeted the pact with solemn rejoicing. In the House of Lords Viscount Cecil of Chelwood called it an "extremely vivid contrast to the German Government's 'New Order.'" Only a few of the Lords had reservations about Ethiopia's new freedom. Though Anthony Eden had assured the House of Commons that Haile Selassie had promised to abolish slavery just as soon as possible, some of their Lordships wanted to know why the pact was signed before the emancipation was a fact.

The newly created Lord Wedgwood, potteries scion and for 35 years a stanchly liberal M.P., went off on another tack. "This overemphasized question of slavery! One can go into a sheik's tent in the [British-controlled] Jordan valley and have one's coffee served by a black slave. Don't let us be too virtuous about these things." What worried Lord Wedgwood was the fact Britain had not seized Italian property in Ethiopia outright.

One voice questioned whether Ethiopia had really been freed. Said Lord Davies carefully: "The agreement . . . strikes some as a hard bargain. . . . So long as Abyssinia is bound down by some of the clauses, it cannot be described as free and independent."

But if Haile Selassie, busy receiving the congratulations of his people, had any such doubts, he kept them to himself. From Addis Ababa, where he has been waiting the British Government's pleasure since last May, he cabled his thanks to Winston Churchill for helping to restore his country's independence.

* Youngest son of onetime (1922-23) Prime Minister Andrew Bonar Law.

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At the moment of filling, *while the top of the bottle is still sterile*, the Sealright hood is sealed on at 500° F. This sterilized paper covering is water-proof and tamper-proof. It stays on the bottle until *you break the seal and take it off*. It keeps the pouring-rim of the bottle safe from human hands and other hazards. Sealright Co., Inc., Fulton, N. Y.

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CLOSURES
SINCE 1917



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PROTECT HEALTH WITH FULLY PROTECTED MILK!

Who Won

► Cornelius Warmerdam, 28-year-old San Francisco schoolteacher: the pole vault of the Millrose Games, first big track meet of the indoor season; clearing the bar at 15 ft. $\frac{3}{8}$ in.; a new world's indoor high; at Manhattan's Madison Square Garden. Outdoors, he has cleared 15 ft. $5\frac{3}{4}$ in., highest man has ever vaulted.

► American Wolf, a 17-to-1 shot: the Bahamas Handicap, first noteworthy horse race of the Florida season; before a crowd of 16,000; at Miami's Hialeah Park. Among the also-rans was Alsab, wonder horse of 1941, who was making his debut as a three-year-old. Alsab was assigned top weight of 128 lb. (14 more than American Wolf), went to the post odds-on favorite, finished sixth in the field of ten.

► Ola, Norwegian refugee now training in Canada with the Royal Norwegian Air Force and keeping his surname secret lest his family be punished: the U.S. ski-jumping championship; with a score of 230.2 points; dethroning Defending Champion Torger Tokle, another Norseman; before a crowd of 12,000; at Duluth, Minn. Tokle, who outjumped Ola but could not match his flawless form, has, since coming to the U.S. three years ago, captured 35 out of 39 tournaments, set 19 hill records, jumped 288 ft., a U.S. record.

More or Less Tennis?

President Holcombe Ward of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association last week proposed night tennis for day workers. Said he: "We estimate that there are approximately 11,000 public courts in the country. We believe that most of these could be made available for night play. . . ."

To the 5,000,000 tennis players in the U.S., this sounded like a pipe dream. Given lights, what would they use for balls? Weeks ago, the Government's production bosses had cracked down on rubber for all sporting goods.

It takes 90 tons of rubber to make some 7,000,000* tennis balls, a thousand-odd tons to make some 34,000,000 golf balls. This amount of rubber could furnish tires for at least 5,500 Army trucks (2½-ton capacity).

But U.S. Physical Fitness Director John B. Kelly has called golf and tennis essential to keep the nation fit. And since the U.S. is still adding—for the time being anyway—to its 650,000-ton rubber stockpile, sporting-goods manufacturers hoped they might be allowed some rubber after all—provided they can stretch it.

Manufacturers of tennis balls have already experimented with a combination of crude and reclaimed rubber, produced a ball that approximates the standard specifications even in resiliency (a 53-to-58-inch bounce from a 100-inch drop on to concrete). Now, if the War Production Board will permit them to use the crude

* 1939 Census figures.



"Just a 30¢ Sorehead ... But he left me a \$10,000 Idea!"



"AS he stalked out the door, I thought the fellow was just a '30¢ Sorehead.' But as I look back, it was one of the biggest mistakes I've ever made.

"True, his table check was just 30¢, soup, pie and coffee. But that's only half of it. What he said was something else again. 'Better take a good look at me, mister, 'cause you'll never see me again! This place is so noisy, if I ate three more meals in here, I'd have to take a rest cure in a sanitarium!'

"A crank? Well, maybe. But what he said set me thinking. After all, I'd built a good business, so I asked other customers what they thought. And am I glad I did! What I found out set me looking for a sound-conditioning expert next day.

"The job went to the Celotex Sound-Conditioning representatives here in town. I talked to them all, but this outfit really knew what it was all about. And they certainly did swell work—in a hurry, too.

"I'm not much of a believer in magic, but Acousti-Celotex certainly put the 'touch of gold' on this restaurant of mine. In round numbers it added \$10,000 to my gross. And if that '30¢ Sorehead' should break his promise and come in again, there's a steak dinner waiting for him 'on the house!'"

Celotex Sound-Conditioning serves business and industry in many ways. Noise quieting—while extremely important—is only one phase of our service. For the correction of any noise or acoustical problem, in any building of any type or size—consult the representative of the most widely experienced acoustical organization in the world—your Celotex Sound-Conditioning representative.



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City..... State.....



rubber they have on hand and grant them 30 additional tons, tennis can do its share in the national keep-fit program—even with the 3,000,000 additional tennis bugs U.S.L.T.A. hopes to attract with arc-light tennis this summer.

Meanwhile, U.S.L.T.A. officials suggest that keep-fit players use a ball to its last feeble bounce, that tournament players make three balls last for at least three sets.

She-Shark

Pool shark is a title distasteful to most women. But Ruth ("Lefty") McGinnis, 30-year-old daughter of a Honesdale, Pa. barber, is proud of her ability with a cue. When she was only ten, little Ruthie could



Associated Press
Miss MCGINNIS
More leg would help.

pocket 15 balls in succession, barnstormed with Champion Ralph Greenleaf as an "added attraction" to his act. A few years ago, during an exhibition on a substandard table (4½ by 9), Miss McGinnis made a run of 128. World's record on a standard table (5 by 10) is 126.

Last month, tired of solo performances, Ruth McGinnis accepted an invitation to compete for the New York State pocket billiards championship. First woman ever to challenge men in a major billiards tournament, she proved no discredit to her sex. As the tournament entered its homestretch last week, "the skirt" had won four matches, lost five. "I wish I could throw my leg over the table the way men do," said diminutive Miss McGinnis.

Giraffes in West Texas

"Tallest team on earth" is a big boast. But Al Baggett, basketball coach at West Texas State Teachers College, has a just claim. The tallest man on his team towers 6 ft. 10; the shortest 6 ft. 2. The team's average: 6 ft. 6.

Fast as well as big, these Texas giants—who call themselves Buffaloes but look more like giraffes—have lost only two games out of the 21 they have played thus

far this season. They have scored 1,418 points for an average of 68 points a game; have twice swamped their opponents with scores of 100 or more. Of course, Al Baggett's boys played teams like Chihuahua State College, but they also played Arkansas, Bradley Tech, De Paul, Long Island University and other notable U.S. basketball teams.

Six years ago, as a promotion stunt, the Globe Oil & Refining Co. of McPherson, Kans. rounded up a nine-man basketball squad that averaged 6 ft. 5. The Oilers were so slick they won the National Amateur Athletic Union championship that year and five of them, picked for the U.S. Olympic squad, helped rout the champions of 23 nations at Berlin. Last week it looked as if Al Baggett's Buffaloes were headed in the same direction.*

Like most Southwest and Rocky Mountain fives, West Texas State uses the spectacular "fire-engine" offense (a helter-skelter drive toward the scoring zone). In fact, Coach Baggett's system can be summed up in his one pet plea: "Boys, don't bother passing to anybody—just pass it at the basket." For defense, his galloping giraffes don't give a hoot. They just rely on "Long Taw" Charlie Halbert, 6 ft. 10, who hangs around their opponent's basket, bats out sure goals by simply reaching up a bit.

"I like tall boys," says Baggett, 6 ft. 4 himself and no mean basketball player when he was a student at Ouachita College in Arkadelphia, Ark. "And we don't have to look far in our part of the country." To scotch any suggestion of ivory-hunting, he points out that three of the boys in his starting line-up live within 100 miles of the college campus; the other two, who hail from Malta Bend, Mo., came to West Texas State because their uncle is a caretaker there.

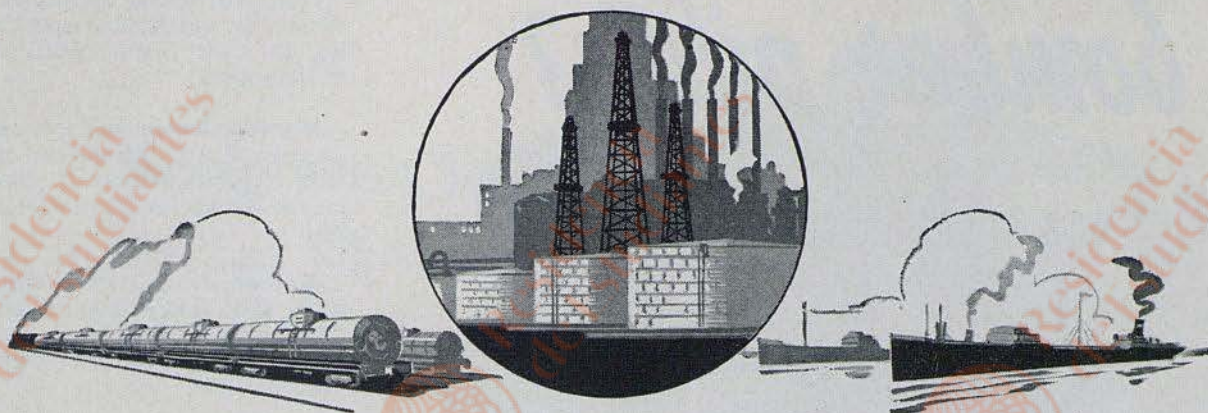
In the nine years he has coached the Buffaloes, Al Baggett has never had a starting line-up that averaged less than 6 ft. 3. "It takes three times as much work to develop a tall player as it does a short one," says he, "but when you've finished you have something." Already branded for next year's freshman team is a kid 6 ft. 11.

No More Sauerkraut

The best forward line in major-league hockey is the Boston Bruins trio: Porky Dumart, Milt Schmidt, Bobby Bauer. Dubbed the Sauerkraut Line because they played together in Kitchener, Ont. (formerly Berlin), these sharpshooters have led the Bruins to three national championships in the past three years.

This week, retaining their unbroken ranks, all three Krauts will step out of their chocolate brown shorts, step into uniforms of the Royal Canadian Air Force. Granting that this means the downfall of the Bruins, U.S. rink fans wonder whether it also means the beginning of the end of major-league hockey. More than half its players (90% of whom are Canadians) are eligible for service.

*A.A.U. officials are planning to send a basketball team to the Pan-American Olympics, scheduled for Buenos Aires next November.



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claims. And his compensation is not an extra fee from you, but a brokerage paid by the insurance company.

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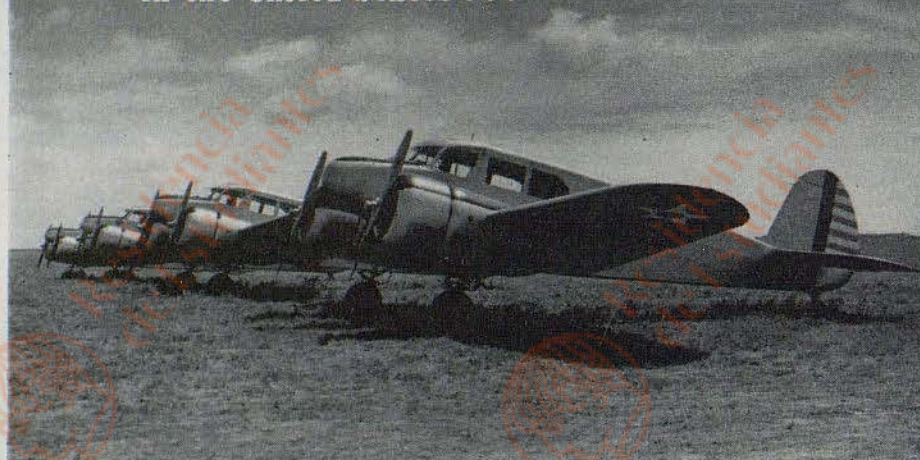
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MILESTONES

Born. To Actress Martha Scott (*Our Town*), 25, and Airannouncer Carlton Alsop, 40: a son, Carlton Scott, 7 lb. 6 oz.; in Hollywood.

Marriage Revealed. Eugenia Bankhead, 40, sister of Actress Tallulah; and Marine Corps Sergeant William D. Sprouse; she for the seventh time; * near Montgomery, Ala.

Married. Lady Martha Thornton, 43, widow of Sir Henry Thornton, president of Canadian National Railways; and Dr. Henry James, 61, Manhattan physician; in Manhattan.

Died. Fritz Todt, 50, German Minister of Munitions and Major General; "in an aircrash"; reportedly somewhere east of Germany. The Nazis' No. 1 builder, he was in charge of military reconstruction in the wake of the Army's advances through Europe. Other Todt jobs: the Siegfried Line, the new Chancellery in Berlin, the *Autobahnen*, network of superhighways.

Died. Dr. Mahlon William Locke, 61, Ontario's famed assembly-line purveyor of arthritis treatments (by foot yanking); of a heart attack; near his home, Williamsburg, Ont. He did most of his work seated in a swivel chair in his yard, whirling around to queues of patients converging on him like the spokes of a wheel. He charged \$1 a visit (usually less than a minute), and at the height of his popularity attracted as many as 1,000 patients a day.

Died. Walter Davidson, 65, president and co-founder of Harley-Davidson Motor Co., motorcycle manufacturers; after an operation; in Milwaukee.

Died. George Washington Stephens, 75, Commissioner of the Saar Valley (1926-27); after a year's illness; in Los Angeles.

Died. Gordon William ("Pawnee Bill") Lillie, 81, long-haired frontiersman, Wild West showman; in Pawnee, Okla. Trapper and buffalo hunter, he was the last surviving leader of the "Boomers," homesteaders who rushed to settle the Indian Territory now Oklahoma.

Died. Alice Wilson Page, 84, widow of Walter Hines Page, World War I Ambassador to the Court of St. James's; of pneumonia; in Manhattan. Two of her sons, Frank C. and Arthur W., are vice presidents, respectively of I.T. & T. and A.T. & T.

* Her first three marriages were all to the same man, Playboy Morton McMichael Hoyt, brother of the late Poetess Elinor Wylie. Hoyt attracted attention in 1928 when, on a dare, he jumped off the liner *Rochambeau* into mid-Atlantic. Another Hoyt stunt: chopping up a whiskbroom, eating it with cream and sugar. He and Eugenia were divorced, twice remarried and divorced between 1927 and 1930.

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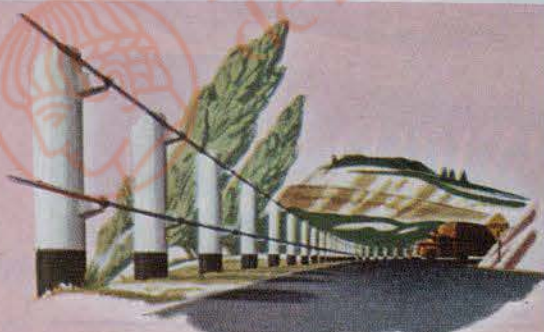
Coal derivatives help make plastics for hundreds of other everyday articles... pencils, clocks, raincoats, battery boxes, air-conditioning grilles, radio cabinets, even table tops.

Chemicals from coal contribute to the American way of life too, by helping to give us everything from roads, pneumonia remedies and weed killers to automobile tires, colorful clothes, clay pigeons, telephones and treated timbers.

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Chemicals from Coal



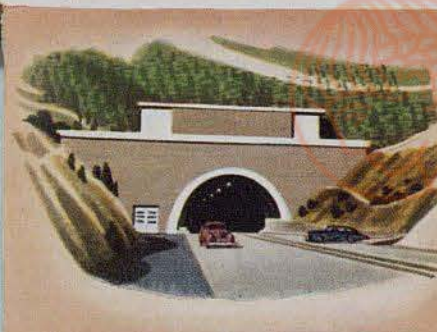
GUARD-RAIL POSTS LAST LONGER. When pressure-treated with creosote by Koppers, highway guard-rail posts give extra years of service.



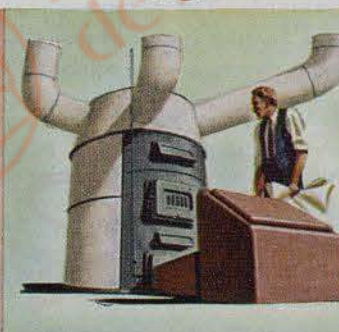
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Deems Taylor

*These measurements were taken by the head of an independent, non-commercial communications laboratory.



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DIMITRI MITROPOULOS and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra: Dukas' *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*. Mitropoulos gives a masterly reading of this brilliantly descriptive music. The orchestral performance is a marvel of precision—and the life-like recording brings you the full scope and range of the unusual tonal effects. Set X-MX-212... \$2.63



LOTTE LEHMANN (Soprano), **BRUNO WALTER** (Pianist): Schumann's *Dichterliebe*. To hear these two great artists collaborate in their interpretation of Schumann's famous song cycle, based on poems of Heinrich Heine, is a rare musical experience. Here is an album that will, without question, take precedence as the *Lieder* collection of 1942. Here is great music—greatly recorded! Set M-486... \$4.20



ARTUR RODZINSKI and The Cleveland Orchestra: Shostakovich's *Symphony No. 1 in F Major*. One of the most important musical creations to come out of modern Russia. The superb recording captures all the rich tonal contrast and brilliant orchestration. Set M-MM-472... \$4.73



ANDRE KOSTELANETZ and his Orchestra: Ferde Grofé's *Grand Canyon Suite*. A truly great performance of what is perhaps the highest point so far achieved in the symphonic jazz idiom. Set M-MM-463... \$4.73

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ARMY & NAVY

AND CIVILIAN DEFENSE

CIVILIAN DEFENSE

Eleanor's Playmates

Most U.S. citizens would agree that Eleanor Roosevelt is a fine woman; but even a fine woman can go too far. And last week it began to look as if the First Lady had gone too far.

As OCDiva to Fiorello LaGuardia's OCDemon of the Office of Civilian Defense, she had contributed the lioness' share to the air of bustling nonsense which has characterized OCD. This week Mayor LaGuardia, by promising to resign as head man of OCD, somewhat cleared the air and quieted the room. But no sooner had he done so than Eleanor Roosevelt set the shouts and murmurs going again louder than ever. The suspicion that the OCDiva regarded OCD as her particular plaything

from OCD's covert: one Mayris Chaney, a toothsome blonde dancer who in 1938 had made up a dance which she gratefully called the "Eleanor Glide." Miss Chaney was in charge of the children's section of OCD's physical fitness division. Salary: \$4,600 a year.*

With Miss Chaney thus in view, the House really gave tongue. For four hours Congressman after Congressman lit into Miss Chaney, Friend Eleanor and OCD. Bayed Missouri's Philip Bennett: "If [she] is worth \$4,600 a year, then Sally Rand, strip-tease artist from my own Congressional district, ought to be employed at once because she would, on this scale, be worth at least \$25,000 a year to civilian defense." In full-throated chorus, the House voted to forbid the use of civilian defense funds for "instructions in physical

view halloos. The usually mild-mannered Columnist Raymond Clapper set the pace. Said he: "Half the trouble around [OCD] could be got rid of if the President would haul [Mrs. Roosevelt] out of the place . . . There is hesitation in Congress about saying much because nobody wants to criticize the wife of the President. But this is public business and very important public business. . . . It is incredible that President Roosevelt will allow this situation to continue much longer. It has become a public scandal. How can you have any kind of morale with a subordinate employe, who happens to be the wife of the President of the United States, flitting in and out between lecture engagements to toss a few more pets into nice jobs?"

The hunt flushed many another protégé of Mrs. Roosevelt's from the thickets of



OCD's MELVYN DOUGLAS, MAYRIS CHANEY, ELEANOR ROOSEVELT & FRIENDS

How much would Sally Rand be worth?

was deepened by the appearance of her newly summoned playmates.

The playmate-protégé who roused the first angry shouts was personable, politically ambitious Cinemactor Melvyn Douglas (real name: Melvyn Hesselberg). First it was announced that he was going to be in charge of information for OCD. Then OCD said Mr. Douglas was actually going to look after OCD's art division, at the rate of \$8,000 a year (when he worked at it; he is still in the movies). Straightway Congress sounded off. He's a Red, cried California's Leland Ford. He isn't, either, cried California's Jerry Voorhis. This hue & cry flushed another playmate-protégé

fitness by dancers, fan dancing, street shows, theatrical performances or other public entertainment," amended a \$100,000,000 appropriation bill to make sure that no dancer would get any of it.

Though Congress needed no encouraging yocks, the press joined in with rousing

* Miss Chaney protested last week that, although she had been working for OCD for two months, she had not yet had any pay, would stand by OCD, regardless. "They can't dig any skeletons out of my closet," said she. One thing dug out of Mayris' closet was a scheme for setting up a physical-fitness assembly line: children were to move down the line under their own power, to be serviced every twelve feet by an instructor in "breathing, marching and relaxing."

OCD. One was Betty Lindley, wife of New Dealing Newshawk Ernest K. Lindley, who used to handle Mrs. Roosevelt's radio programs. Mrs. Lindley was "principal civilian participation adviser," at \$5,600 a year. Another was Jonathan W. Daniels, novelist and editor-son of an editor-father (see p. 62). This man of letters was "director of program planning." For "operations director" the OCD named a New York social worker named Hugh Jackson, and as survey director, Mary Dublin, formerly with the Tolan Committee.

Few doubted Eleanor Roosevelt's good intentions. And many a citizen thought it likely that James McCauley Landis,



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OCD's executive director, might be able to straighten out OCD's compound confusion if he were given a free hand—which meant, if Mrs. Roosevelt would step out. All over the U.S. everyone prayed that Mrs. Roosevelt's admirable energy would find some less dangerous plaything.

ARMY

New G-2

The Army announced the appointment tersely, casually, with no hint of its importance. But when Brigadier General Raymond Eliot Lee, 55, succeeded Major General Sherman Miles, 59, as Chief of Military Intelligence, he was taking on one of the biggest jobs in the world.

The Intelligence Division—G-2 in Army lingo—is the eyes & ears of the General Staff. It coordinates diplomatic and military information from all over the world, sifts rumor from fact, breaks down enemy



U. S. Army Signal Corps
LEE OF ARMY INTELLIGENCE
The British and Russians didn't fool him.

codes, estimates the strength of friend & foe, charts international trends, figures out possible military moves.

Since the outbreak of World War II, the eyes & ears of the Army have not always been as sharp as they might be. When Hitler plunged through France, most of G-2—and most of the Army—held out little hope for Britain. Even gloomier were G-2's estimates of Russia's chances against the Nazis. More immediately costly than such errors of judgment was the failure of both Army and Navy Intelligence to keep tabs on the Japs. Said the Roberts report on Pearl Harbor: "Both commanders were handicapped by lack of information as to Japanese dispositions and intent."

The new head of G-2 was one of the few U.S. officers who had not underestimated the durability of the British and the Russians.

Since the Army was forbidden by law from sending undercover agents abroad,

before the U.S. was at war attachés had to operate strictly on their own. Nevertheless, during five years in Europe (1935-39, 1940-41), General Lee picked up so much information that War Department associates rate him the most knowledgeable Army expert in the U.S. on European matters.

General Lee is middle-sized, thin-lipped, soft-spoken. He sports the proudest, fiercest thatch of mustache this side of London. His eyes are a pale, noncommittal blue, the right pupil marred by a splotch of white—a mark left by a polo ball 20 years ago.

Like his boss, General George Catlett Marshall, General Lee is not a West Pointer. He joined the Coast Artillery as a second lieutenant in 1909, after graduating as a civil engineer from the University of Missouri. (One of his contemporaries at Missouri was War Production Administrator Donald Nelson.) He served with the Field Artillery in World War I, got the Distinguished Service Medal in 1922. After the war he commanded a battalion in the Philippines.

Around G-2 headquarters today there is a feeling that General Lee will sweep away a lot of cobwebs.

To Wed or Not to Wed

From San Antonio's station WOAI last week a pleasant little brunette voice broadcast to the world how she had met a "dashing, handsome second lieutenant" in the Philippines, had lived happily with him ever after. The informative lady was Mrs. Walter Krueger, wife of the commander of the Third Army. Her observations were part of a program called *Army Wives*.

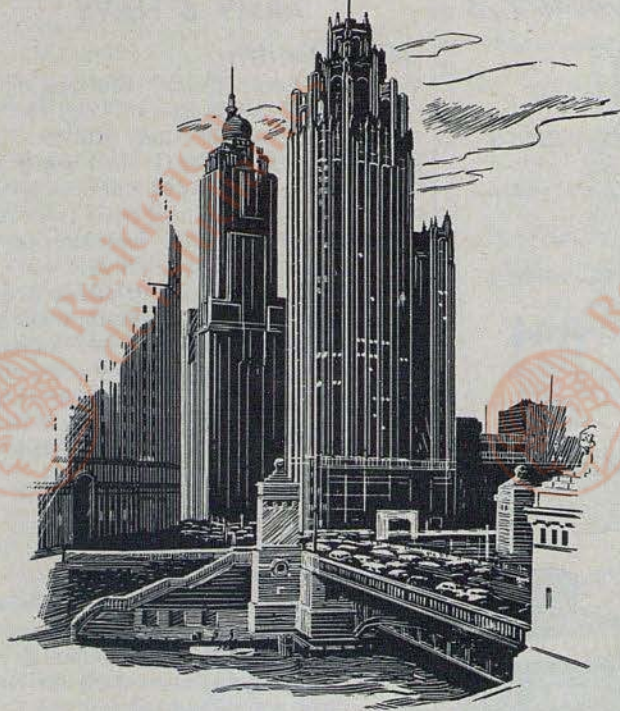
For the past month wives of officers in the Eighth Corps Area have been thus telling the world what a good husband a soldier makes. Some of the more realistic have added such warnings as: "Look out for those bars on [your] husband's shoulders. They sure can scratch when you put your arms around him." *Army Wives*, the bright idea of an energetic lieutenant in public relations and an astute WOAI program director, is meant to be "a sort of marriage bureau for soldiers, glorifying Army wives, to encourage girls to go ahead and marry soldiers—war or no war."

While agreeing that these tributes do the Army proud, officers of the Eighth Corps are inclined to think that enlisted men should not be encouraged to marry. Said Major General Richard Donovan (whose wife has done her bit for the program):

"I am strongly of the opinion that if legal means can be found to prevent the marriage of enlisted men below the grade of duty sergeant [lowest variety], it should be prohibited."

The General's views echoed those of the Most Rev. John Francis O'Hara, Roman Catholic Auxiliary Bishop of the Army & Navy Diocese. Said he: "One sacrifice that many a woman is making today is the postponement of marriage, when she sends her soldier sweetheart away with a smile and a promise to wait, in the thought that she will not add to

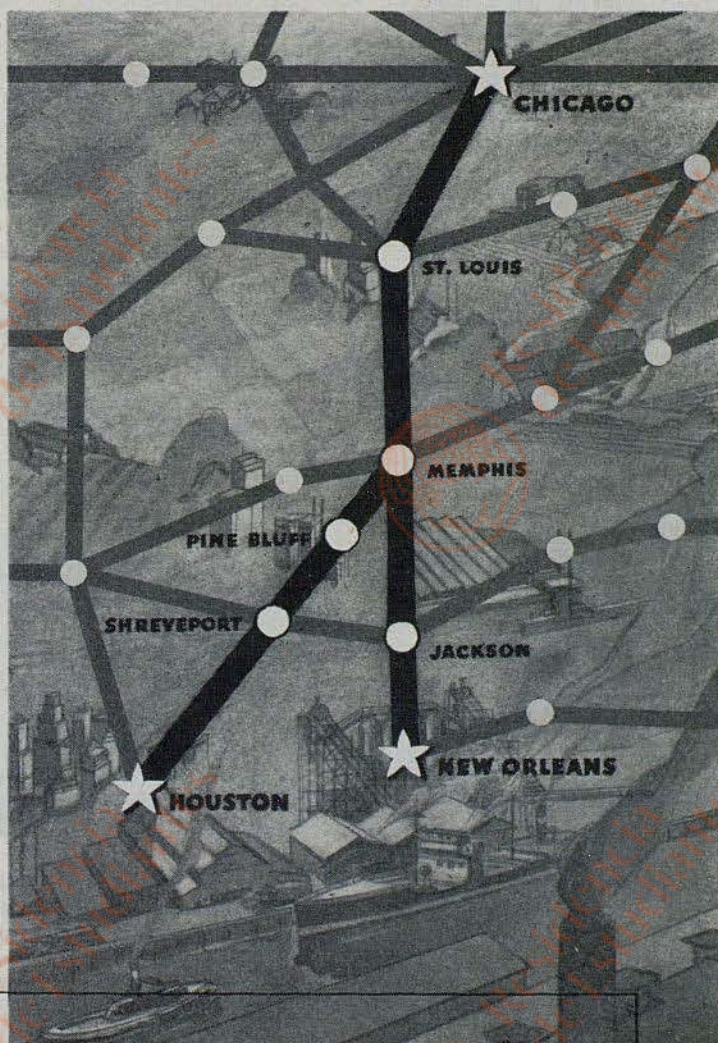
CHICAGO AND SOUTHERN



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But despite the war, the General and the Bishop, marriages in the Army were going strong.

ARMY & NAVY

Nunc Dimittis

Having been officially pronounced responsible for the disaster of Pearl Harbor, Rear Admiral Husband Kimmel and Major General Walter C. Short asked Secretary of the Navy Knox and Secretary of War Stimson to let them retire from their country's service. If the President, on the secretaries' recommendation, said yes, each would get a life pension of \$6,000 a year. If he decided instead to dismiss them outright, they would have to be vindicated by a court-martial before they could claim their retirement pay. Both the Army and the Navy hoped that their request would be granted. Both services felt that the scapegoats had been pelted enough.

NAVY

Navy's Universities

The Navy last week signed up Georgia and Iowa as two of the four universities where it will train 30,000 pilots a year (TIME, Feb. 9), was negotiating for Notre Dame, had not picked the last one.

Augusta's Will

If the famed cruiser *Augusta*, scene of the Roosevelt-Churchill meeting at sea last August, ever becomes a complete casualty, she will leave a good will behind her. The cruiser has drawn up her last will and testament, leaving to the Navy Relief Society money now banked in Brooklyn, which grew out of profits from the ship's store.

AIR

Slight Error

Army radio men jumped. Down from the sky near Phoenix, Ariz. came a shrill drizzle of unmistakably Oriental jabber. They flashed an alert to near-by airfields. Out rolled patrol and scout planes, to snort and roar on the line in a hurried warm-up. Suddenly somebody remembered that Chinese flyers were training in the area (TIME, Nov. 17). That was it, all right. Two of them, having a plane-to-plane chat by radio, had found piloting and talking English too tough, had relapsed into their native Chinese.

World's Biggest

The Nazis have some 1,250,000 men in the *Luftwaffe*. The R.A.F. includes a million. Last week the U. S. Army announced that its goal was an air force of 2,000,000, the biggest in the world. Half that number, the Army hoped, would be mustered during 1942. The Japs, in pre-Pearl Harbor estimates, had a piddling 5,500 pilots.

With a 2,000,000-man air force, the Army will have ground crews for its share of the 185,000 new planes U. S. factories expect to make by the end of 1943, plus 150,000 new pilots.

TIME, February 16, 1942

EDUCATION

Jalopy Scandal

Whooping out of a tavern in suburban New Rochelle, N.Y. at 3:30 a.m., four high-school-age boys hopped into a jalopy and set off up broad North Avenue. Soon they sighted an older friend driving another car and began to play. Weaving around, they managed to bump their friend's car twice—and caromed into a tree. All four boys were killed.

On the grounds of New Rochelle High School the totally wrecked jalopy was placed as a grim warning to the city's youth. And shocked parents and school officials learned that New Rochelle bars were an after-school hangout; that a survey showed 94% of high-school youngsters questioned drove or expected soon to drive cars; 28% of those who drove had no licenses; 57% had been in automobile accidents; "wrinkle fender" (i.e., automobile tag) was a popular game.

The Parent-Teacher Council staged a meeting of parents, policemen and schoolmen last week to consider what to do, decided that 1) New Rochelle parents had been too lenient with their children, 2) if their town had better recreational facilities, their youngsters might spend less time in bars and roadhouses. A curfew and parental ban on juvenile driving were proposed but quickly rejected as too hard to enforce. The parents temporized by agreeing to try to make their children come home earlier at night; police promised to shoo minors away from bars.

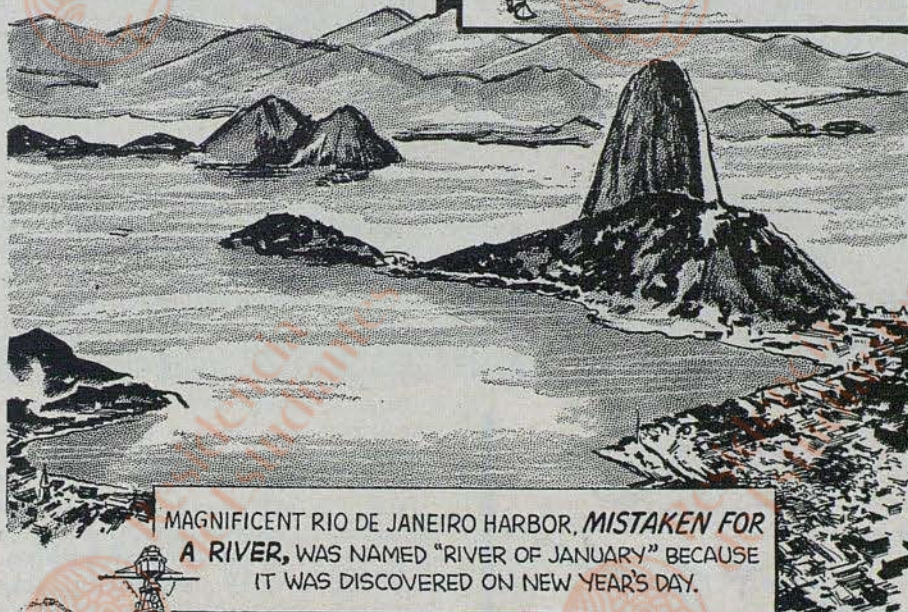
Tomorrow's High School

Progressive Education has passed its high-school test. An unofficial supreme court of educators, delivering its verdict in the famed Eight-Year Study this week, found that graduates of Progressive preparatory schools were more successful in college than their contemporaries. Many considered its report (*The Story of the Eight-Year Study*; Harper; \$1.75) a death sentence for the traditional system of U.S. high-school education.

The study began in 1932, when 300 liberal arts colleges gave the Progressive Education Association a green light to experiment by agreeing to admit graduates of 30 Progressive schools without the usual entrance requirements. The 30 schools, ranging from Denver's public high schools to Massachusetts' swank Milton Academy, eventually delivered four classes (1936 to 1939) to the colleges. A staff of impartial college judges paired each of 1,475 Progressive students with a conventional-school graduate of the same intelligence, sex, age, interests, family background.

Result: the judges found that the Progressive students got slightly better marks from their professors (2.52 v. 2.48); won more academic honors (Phi Beta Kappa, *et al.*); were more precise and systematic in their thinking, more resourceful in meeting practical problems; read more books; did more dancing; went to more

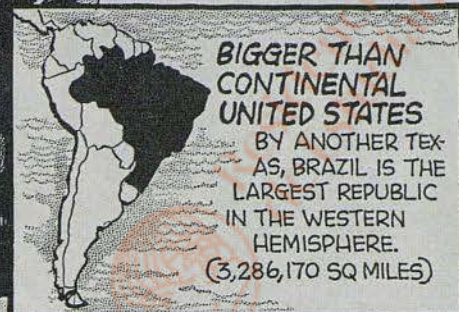
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concerts; took a keener interest in world affairs; went out for more extracurricular activities; were elected to more student offices. Clinching fact: graduates of the six most progressive schools had the best record, the biggest margin of superiority over their fellows.

How They Did It. In the light of these findings, *The Story of the Eight-Year Study* (author: Ohio State's Wilford M. Aikin) may outline the high-school pattern

rebuild, furnish, landscape and budget their home. One of the most Progressive school systems in the study, Tulsa also built two model Progressive high schools, named one for Will Rogers.

Teachers, parents and students all took a hand in running the schools. Because the problems of no two communities were exactly alike, each school had to chart its own road. Teachers, no longer able to discharge their duties by assigning lessons



WILL ROGERS HIGH SCHOOL, TULSA

Every student should learn to read, write and speak English.

of the future. It begins with a dismaying picture (as of 1933) of the nation's junior and senior high schools, which almost 10,000,000 U.S. youngsters attend yearly. The investigating commission found the schools dull and unchallenging, lacking in a central purpose, their graduates not even "competent in the use of the English language." Though five out of six high school graduates do not go to college, college preparation was still the schools' prime goal.

From this background, the 30 schools jumped off into empty space. Given a free hand to build an entirely new curriculum that would serve all their students, they floundered, philosophized, struck out in all directions. They launched courses ranging from *The Progress of Man Through the Ages* to *Football from the Spectator's Point of View*. Eventually they gathered principals, teachers, parents and students and sat down to get their bearings. Their decision: "A school is something more than curriculum and teaching. It is a society in itself, composed of young people and adults living and working together."

Thereupon the schools addressed themselves to problems of living and working. To their students this meant learning how to study, to choose and get a job, to get along with one's family, to solve the problems of sex, marriage, food, clothes, houses, government, "the meaning of life."

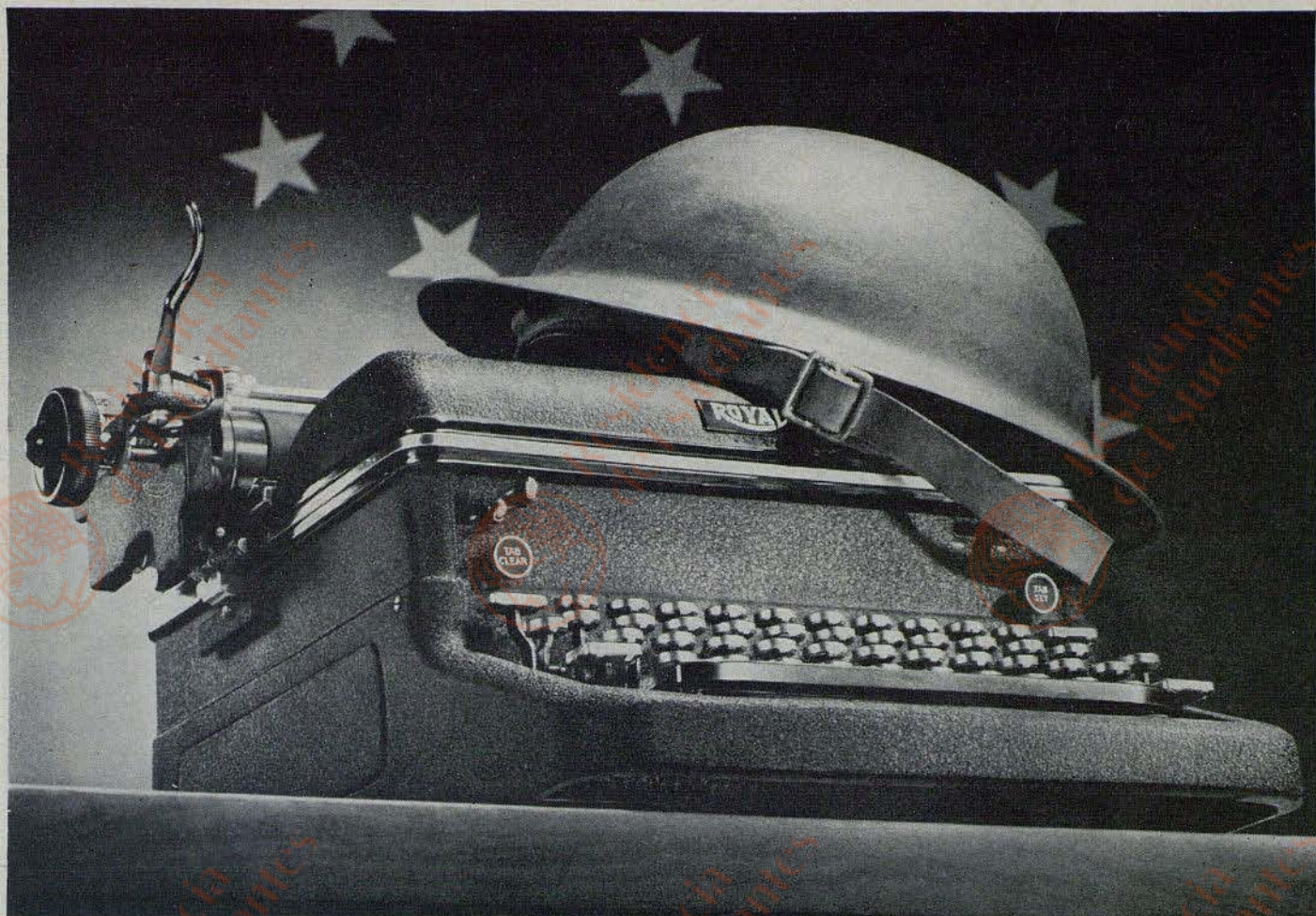
Because few textbooks told the students and teachers what they wanted to know, they did their own research. In Boston a school reported: "We use the city we live in as a kind of demonstration laboratory for elementary economics, civics, science and architecture." In Tulsa, students started and helped carry through a re-vamping of the city's park system. One Tulsa junior high-school class took over as their own "problem house" a shack on the outskirts of town (just bought by a pair of newlyweds) and helped the couple

from a textbook and listening to recitations, had to learn their job all over again. Says Author Aikin: "The teacher has always had the leading role in schools everywhere. In democracy's high school his part becomes even more important. He does not merely play his assigned part; he helps select the play and is concerned with the whole production."

Upshot. The 30 schools proposed these prime objectives for U.S. high-school education: 1) every student should learn to read, write and speak the English language with skill and understand mathematics; 2) cut-&-dried textbook teaching should give way to teaching about the problems of modern living; 3) the concerns of U.S. youth should be the heart of the curriculum; 4) the schools should promote students' physical, mental and emotional health; 5) their "one clear central purpose" should be "to bring to every young American his great heritage of freedom . . . inspire devotion to human welfare."

Many a college educator heartily seconded these objectives. Canvassing his own faculty, Columbia's Dean Herbert E. Hawkes, an adviser to the commission, reported that they "wanted boys who could read with good speed and comprehension . . . who had a reasonable facility in self-expression . . . who knew how to tackle a hard intellectual job and carry it through to completion . . . who knew an idea when they saw one."

To free U.S. high schools to pursue these objectives, said the commission, colleges must drop their old entrance requirements, adopt new ones that will not prescribe high-school curricula. The commission's proposal: let colleges choose students on the basis of 1) their all-around high-school record, 2) scholastic-aptitude tests, 3) other new tests (such as the commission itself has developed) which measure a candidate's character and abilities instead of his specific knowledge.



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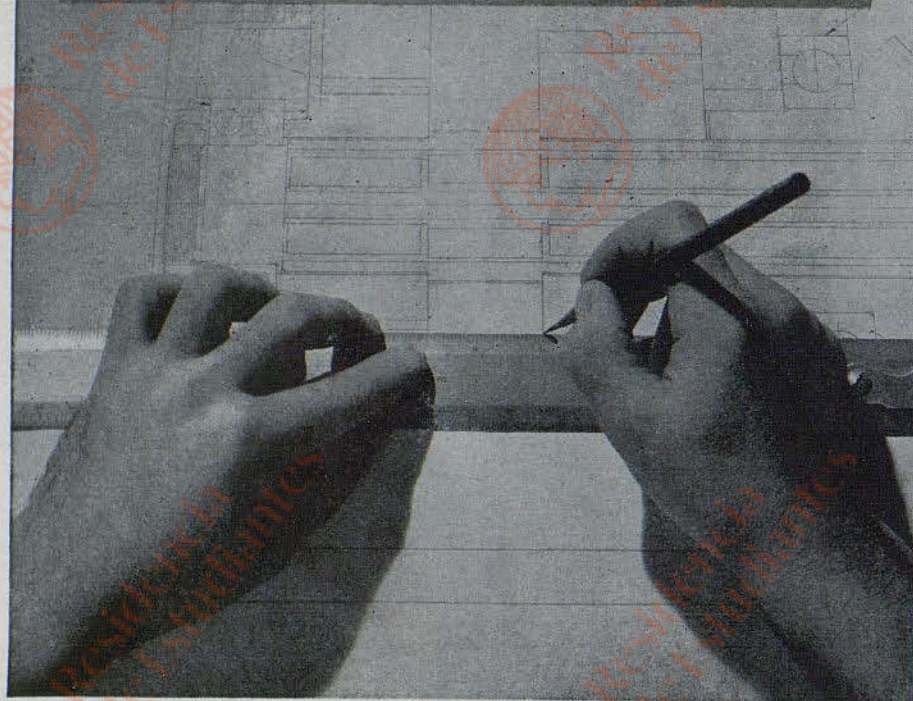
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RELIGION

Church & Chapel

For the first time since St. Augustine, the high and mighty Church of England last week showed signs of accepting the other churches in England as equals and joining with them to create a British Council of Churches like the Federal Council of Churches in America. This will be formed by merging the Council on Christian Faith and Common Life, now headed by the retiring Archbishop of Canterbury, and the interdenominational Commission for International Friendship and Social Responsibility, headed by the now



British Combine
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK
To the left and up.

ascendant Archbishop of York. The Anglican Council met last week and approved the merger. The other denominations have favored such a plan for years.

When the two groups begin speaking with one voice, most Englishmen expect to recognize the voice of York and his commission, which is best known for the way it out-Malverned Malvern in its far-to-the-left program for the post-war reconstruction of England (TIME, Jan. 5). The united voice will first be heard at the end of April in a document on *The Church and International Order*.

Contrary to general belief, only a small part of the 36,000,000 British adults belong to the Church of England, whose membership is only 2,294,000. This is not much more than England's 2,200,000 Roman Catholics, or the 1,938,700 Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists and others whom the Anglicans lump under the heading of "Nonconformists." Attendance at Church of England service is known as "going to church." Attendance at any other Protestant service is known as "going to chapel." In the U.S., the Federal Council of Churches was formed in 1908, but the Episcopal Church (affiliate of the Church of England) held out against accepting full membership until 1940.

TIME, February 16, 1942



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MEDICINE

Jungle Hospital

First open-air base hospital in U.S. history since the Civil War is the 2,900-bed unit established last month at Bataan by Colonel Carlton Lakey Vanderboget of Fort Missoula, Mont. and run by Colonel James W. Duckworth of Martinsville, Ind. The story is told in *LIFE* this week by *TIME* Correspondent Melville Jacoby—how workmen bulldozed a road through miles of jungle while bombers attacked them, how engineers set up light plants, built water chlorinators, even changed the course of a river which ran through one hospital site. Highlights:

In the open-air wards of Bataan Hospital lie U.S. and Filipino soldiers, women, children, Japanese prisoners. Nurses sleep under trees, near fox holes, wash their own overalls, bathe in streams. Food is cooked on two old-fashioned wood stoves. All equipment is sterilized, but the thick Bataan dust is everywhere, and assistants must constantly flap fly swatters.

Trucks bring the wounded from the front in a few hours and fill up operating tables in large tents. Often bombs fall so close to his operating table that Surgeon Lieut. Colonel Jack Schwartz must hesitate an instant until it is steady again. Major operations are usually performed under local anesthetic. But so far there have been enough sulfa drugs for all patients.

The doctors probe wounds for bullets and shell fragments, pay the Red Cross \$5 every time they cannot find any. They also bet on the type of fragments they will dig out of wounds. Among their findings (all made in the U.S.): parts of Ford automobiles; nuts & bolts. Out of one soldier's body came a Singer sewing machine screwdriver. One night when the doctors and nurses had amputations on every table, they donated their own blood.

A new treatment to avoid gas gangrene has been developed by Lieut. Colonel Frank Scozzari Adamo. He cleans wounds with hydrogen peroxide, which liberates oxygen, kills gas-forming bacteria, unable to live in air. Then he opens the wounds wide, slitting the muscles longitudinally and exposing a large area to the air, so that the gas germs cannot breed. The slit muscles heal easily. By this "conservative surgery" Surgeon Adamo claims to have saved a large number of arms and legs.

Garbo's Gayelord

Greta Garbo sat hidden behind a screen in a ballroom of Manhattan's St. Regis Hotel last week to hear her good friend Benjamin Gayelord Hauser lecture to a roomful of A.W.V.S. socialites.

A youngish man with a flashy smile and a broken accent, Benjamin Gayelord Hauser, "food adviser" to many a movie star, cut up fruits & vegetables, stuffed them into an electric chopper, quaffed the juice as he delivered the kind of message that makes M.D.s shudder. Samples:

► If there is a food shortage in the U.S., chew your food for half an hour—"you'll get more out of it."

► Lack of calcium produces "fear of the dark, nail biting, gossiping."

► Leaving skins on vegetables is good for the health, and also good for defense "since the ladies of A.W.V.S. are so busy."

► The Irish eat "lots of sea lettuce" which is rich in iodine. This influences their thyroids, in some mysterious manner



Max P. Haas-Europae
LADY MENDEL & "FOOD SCIENTIST"
The Irish eat "lots of sea lettuce."

keeps their hair from turning grey. By giving a 70-year-old woman vitamin B complex, Hauser claimed to have turned her white hair black. (In the audience last week was his 84-year-old sponsor Lady Mendl—Decorator Elsie de Wolfe—whose hair, once blue, is snow white.) Worry, said Hauser, also turns hair grey "by destroying the adrenal glands."

Hauser stopped calling himself an M.D. when the American Medical Association's Bureau of Investigation checked up on his credentials. Now he prefers to be known as "a food scientist." He claims to have been cured of tuberculosis of the hip by eating "36 lemons a day," for one or two weeks.

In 1937, three concoctions endorsed by Hauser—"Slim" (containing the harmful drugs senna, bladder-wrack, buckthorn bark), "Correcol" (consisting of weeds and gum), and Hauser Potassium Broth (a mixture of alfalfa, okra, beet tops, etc.)—were seized and declared by the U.S. Food & Drug Administration to be "misbranded and sold under false and fraudulent claims."

B₁ for Migraine

The blinding, throbbing, lacerating pains of migraine headache, long a baffling problem to physicians, can now be controlled by injections of vitamin B₁. This new treatment was discussed last week by Dr. Harold Dean Palmer of the Pennsylvania Hospital for Mental and Nervous Diseases.

Doctors know little about migraine except that it runs in families, may be caused by many conditions, ranging from nervous excitement to allergy for certain foods, such as eggs or chocolate. The headaches may come on every day or once a year; Dr. Palmer himself suffered three attacks every week for many years. Characteristic symptom of migraine is violent, pulsating pain on one side of the head, caused by irritation of nerves of the blood vessels in the head. If a doctor examines the interior of his patient's eye with an ophthalmoscope during an attack, he can occasionally see a spasm of the tiny blood vessels of the retina. Bright lights and noise cause migraine victims excruciating pain; during an attack the sight is usually blocked off on the sides by flickering, jagged streaks.

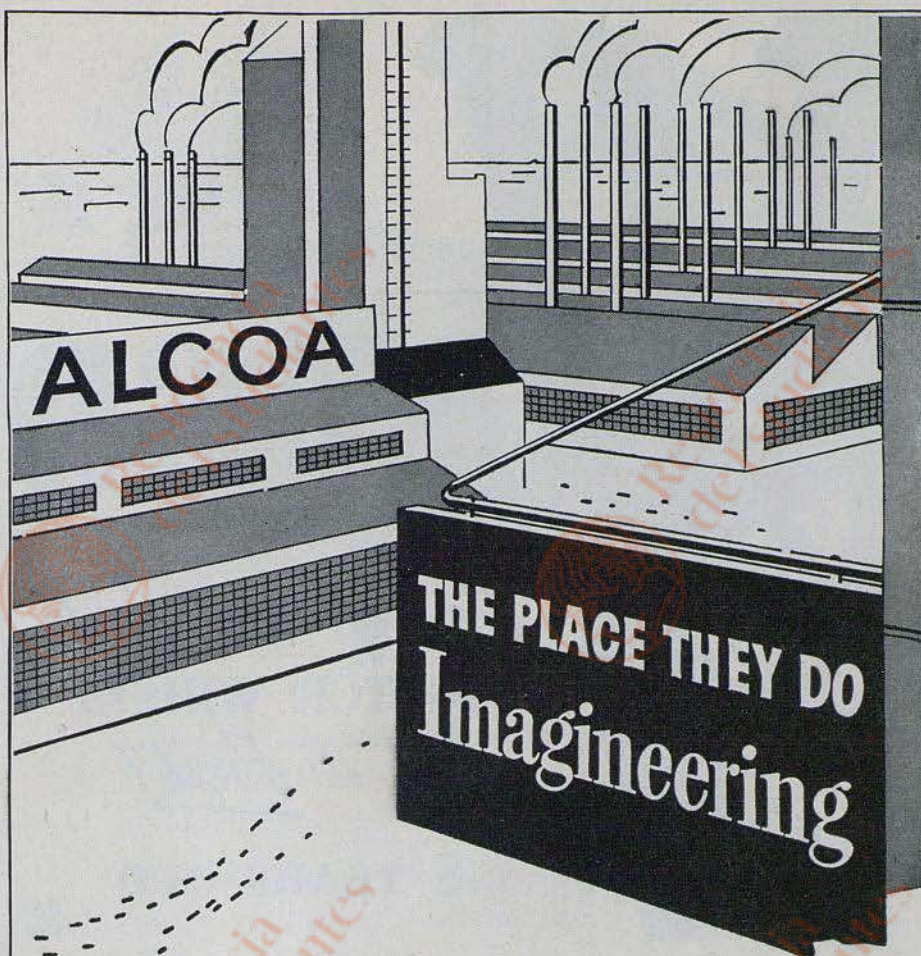
About five years ago, Dr. Palmer read about some British scientists who discovered that pigeons deprived of vitamin B₁ developed the symptoms of violent headaches, suffered severe pain on exposure to strong light, loud noise. The pigeon disease seemed so similar to human migraine that Dr. Palmer had a hunch his own headaches were caused by lack of B₁. The vitamin deficiency, he believed, upset body metabolism, produced a poisoning of body tissues. Migraine, Dr. Palmer concluded, is only a symptom of this toxemia.

For treatment, Dr. Palmer injects large amounts of thiamin chloride (synthetic B₁) into his patients' muscles every day for four weeks, until they have had a huge quantity of the substance. After that, injections are given three times a week for a fortnight, then once or twice a week for several months. In addition, patients are given large amounts of capsules and syrup containing the other B vitamins (nicotinic acid and riboflavin), as well as vitamins A, C and D.

For the past 18 months, Dr. Palmer has had no headaches. Of 200 patients, 65% including one patient who suffered from migraine for 52 years, have been completely relieved since treatment.

Bread and Vitamins

The campaign to add iron and vitamins to white bread has bogged down. So declared Dr. William Henry Sebrell Jr., famed nutritionist of the U.S. Public Health Service, last week. Year ago, most U.S. bakers agreed to enrich their white bread with: 1) thiamin (the "morale vitamin" B₁); 2) nicotinic acid (to prevent pellagra); 3) iron. Although enrichment accounts for only 3% of baking costs, less than a third of U.S. bread is now vitaminized. Reason: public apathy, bakers' indifference. One large baking company in Washington, D.C., among the first to fortify its flour, has now gone back to baking plain white bread.



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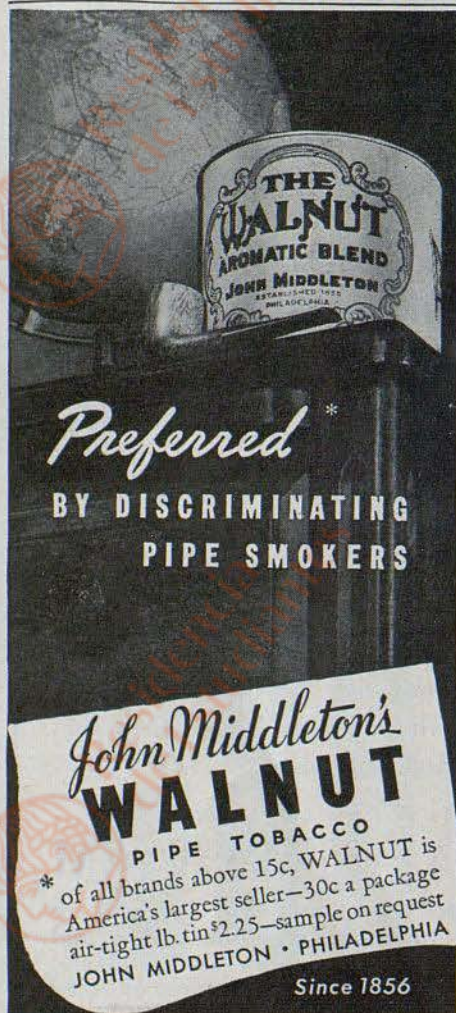
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on 6% Preferred Stock

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of 75¢ per share for the quarter ending February 28, 1942, has been declared on the 6% Preferred Stock of Atlas Corporation, payable March 2, 1942, to holders of such stock of record at the close of business February 20, 1942.

WALTER A. PETERSON, Treasurer
January 30, 1942.

THE PRESS

Nazi Discovery

Gloated the Nazi *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*: the New York *Times* has changed its front-page make-up "to warn readers that the boasted freedom of the press has gone even in the country of Roosevelt. . . . The censor's scissors have gone over the copy of even the sacrosanct New York *Times*." Nazi proof of this fact was discovery of the *Times*'s 45-year-old motto: "All the News That's Fit to Print."

No Time for Comedy

Last week U.S. censorship produced the following absurdities:

► The authoritative, bi-monthly *Army Ordnance*, edited by and for Army officers, appeared with a mass of "secret" facts & figures on aircraft production, the performances of new weapons, other military data which the War Department had consistently asked the press not to report.

► The Detroit *News* and Secretary of the Navy Knox's Chicago *News* printed a report that Chrysler Corp. had taken a \$100,000,000 contract to build a bomber engine plant in Chicago. Scooped correspondents besieged an officer responsible for such announcements. Said he: "Even if it's true, you can't print it," ignoring the patent fact that it had just been printed. The War Department then retreated to a second line: okay, the contract is news, but don't use the name or type of engine Chrysler is to build. Lieut. General William S. Knudsen characteristically ignored this piece of policy, told Chicago reporters that Chrysler was to go into production on twelve-cylinder, air-cooled Wright engines ("the biggest motors we have").

► An ill-worded Washington communiqué announced that a battalion of Marines and bluejackets "has been organized" to fight under Douglas MacArthur in the Philippines (see p. 20). Hasty radio flashers and headline writers in early editions misinterpreted this incidental intelligence, gave the impression that fresh reinforcements had actually been sent into Luzon, and sent a false wave of hope and reassurance sweeping across the U.S.

The Case for Secrecy in vital matters is simple, convincing, unquestioned by the U.S. press. Is there a further case for an absolute, rigid, blanket policy of secrecy, extending to facts which on their face do not seem vital, in many instances have been already printed? The Army & Navy hold that there is such a case:

► The prodigally democratic U.S. had very few real secrets left to keep when it went to war. Many, various and almost uncontrollable were the channels through which U.S. enemies could get vital war-time facts (insurance reports, sometimes to offices abroad, requiring detailed data on experimental aircraft, ships, etc.; Patent Office reports, available to all comers at 10¢ per copy; Congressional hearings, secret and unsecret, from which waves of

gossip flowed to every legation and foreign listening post in Washington).

► When and if enemy bombers visit the U.S., their pilots will need to know a very few, simple facts about their objectives. By actual experiment, a group of Army officers in Washington demonstrated that from pre-war stories, pictures, advertisements in the U.S. press, they could compile a frighteningly complete dossier on nearly every vital military objective in the U.S.

► If the U.S.'s biggest club in World War II is production, the head on the club is surprise production—a total output which will exceed anything the enemy has reason to expect, in much less time than he would normally expect. Moral: why tell the Jap (as he was told last week) that the U.S. is upping its output of long-range bomber engines?

Mad Hatters. For the initial reason that this argument had never been authoritatively, succinctly presented to the U.S. press as a whole, the press had no quarrel with it. But the press did have a vexing, immediate quarrel—not with the principles, but with the application of U.S. censorship to date.

Army & Navy officers who understood the problem, wanted to solve it effectively. But confusion—in part inevitable at the beginning—within and between Army, Navy and civilian agencies delayed a sensible solution.

Manifest absurdities baffled them, enraged correspondents and editors. Example: the impression that local information printed in (for instance) the Los Angeles Times would not help the enemy, but on an A.P. wire or in the New York Times would lose the war. Official excuse for this policy is that isolated publication is harmless, country-wide publication is harmful since it leads to summaries of local items. But enemy observers can still buy and digest local newspapers, or hire a clipping bureau to do the job.

British Parallel. Long before the U.S. entered all-out war, U.S. Government observers had closely studied, fully reported on British censorship. To correspondents familiar with British practice, Washington seemed to have adopted most of Britain's early mistakes, learned precious little from her hard-won experience.

The British press and U.S. correspondents in London went through the same agonies, frustrations, absurdities which afflicted the U.S. press last week. Now, after almost 30 months of instructive war, the London censorship by-&-large works smoothly, effectively, reasonably for press and Government.

Backbone of the British system is the fact that the Army, Navy, Air Force no longer have the primary responsibility for dealing with the press; that job belongs first of all to an agency (Ministry of Information) set up and empowered to do the job and nothing else. The military services still issue their own communiqués, have their own facilities for direct contact with the press, but the M.O.I. is the central agency. Many a Washington correspondent balks at such a system in the U.S., fears that centralization would bar



Unless your business is the exception, the "labor shortage" you face is not a matter of beef, brawn and big biceps.

It is a shortage of skilled, trained men.

This shortage is not merely a problem for Management. It is also a challenge to Management . . . a challenge, and a responsibility.

By and large, Management has recognized and assumed this responsibility.

By and large, Management agrees that there is but one adequate solution to the problem . . . a solution that can be applied only by Management itself.

That solution is training within Industry.

For 35 years, the International Correspondence Schools have been co-operating with Management in the establishment and maintenance of training-within-Industry programs.

The success of these programs is attested by the fact that today nearly 2800 industrial concerns have current adult and apprentice training agreements with I. C. S. Many of these agreements have been in effect for a period of 35 years. A great many more have been contracted during the past few months—for although the defense emergency did not create the problem, it has greatly accentuated it.

The training programs resulting from these agreements are successful because they combine guidance and inspiration (provided by Management) with a sound, practical

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newsmen from effective contact with the Army & Navy. In Great Britain, the opposite happened: once M.O.I. was well established and intelligently staffed (after a prolonged period of bungling), London newsmen had easier access to the services themselves than they ever had before.

But the biggest secret of reasonable censorship in Great Britain has nothing to do with organization. The British, after many a false start, simply learned to follow a simple, reasonable rule: that a military secret, subject to censorship, was something the enemy presumably did not know. Once he did know it, the fact could be printed. Example: the British press and London correspondents for weeks sat on the story that the R.A.F. had put four cannons in Hurricane fighters, released the news soon after the first cannon-Hurricane was shot down intact by the Germans.

"Uncle Joe" In

At 79, famed Tarheel Editor Josephus Daniels last week staged a spry comeback on his lively, incomplete, partisan, aggressive, successful *Raleigh News & Observer*. After a nine-year absence (as Ambassador to Mexico) shrewd old "Uncle Joe" Daniels had "enlisted for the war" to replace his son Jonathan, who went to OCD in Washington.

By contrast to his smart, facile son Jonathan, wrinkled old Editor Daniels, in his black planter's hat and elder-statesman tie, was a figure who easily evoked oldtime reminiscences. A full-fledged editor at 18, he had tangled in many a garrulous crusade against North Carolina railroads, tobacco and power companies. Great pal of William Jennings Bryan (of whom he wrote an 8,000-word obituary in six hours) and a hard-shelled Dry, he banned liquor on Navy ships.

Last week Editor Daniels added a commentary on his Navy days: "Even when I was 'absent without leave' from the sanctum during the eight years as Secretary of the Navy in the Woodrow Wilson administration," chuckled old Josephus, "I thought of myself as managing editor of the Navy rather than as a Cabinet official."

Oursler Out

Next to Bernarr Macfadden (who "retired" from Macfadden Publications last year) the best-known Macfadden name is Charles Fulton Oursler, high-priced editor of *Liberty*. Last week Editor Oursler too was out. *Liberty's* new editor is 58-year-old Sheppard Butler, who quit the same job when Macfadden bought *Liberty* from Cousins Joe Patterson and Bertie McCormick in 1931. Editor Oursler, busy with a novel and a play, kept mum about the reasons for his departure and his 10,000 shares of Macfadden stock (market price: \$1.25 per share).

Onetime law clerk, piano salesman, magician and Baltimore reporter, Editor Oursler went to work for Macfadden in 1921, two weeks later was left in charge while Macfadden took a vacation. Thereafter Editor Oursler sat permanently on Macfadden's right. He shuffled staffs, set up and knocked down magazines, started

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that ill-fated and ill-smelling Macfadden tabloid, the New York *Graphic*.

Describing himself "not as a prophet but as one who has talked with prophets," Editor Oursler once got *Liberty* circulation to 2,700,000 with the Emil Ludwig series on Roosevelt, in 1936 bought a prophetic story written by a then pulp writer named George Fielding Eliot in which the U.S. Fleet is crippled in a surprise attack on Pearl Harbor. But Editor Oursler does not point with pride to *Liberty's* classic embarrassment in printing a lead article shortly after Pearl Harbor which began: "Hawaii is ready."

Of current rumors that *Liberty* is sailing in rough waters, ex-Editor Oursler categorically echoes Macfadden Publications in calling them gross slanders.

THE THEATER

Big Names Rubbed Out

The Broadway season staggered into the Month of Birthdays with a famished look and faintly bloodshot eyes. Since Christmas night, not a new show—and only one revival, *Porgy and Bess*—had really managed to click on Broadway. There had been 16 shows in all, half of them by well-known playwrights—Clifford Odets, Charles MacArthur, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, John van Druten, Samson Raphaelson, Henrik Ibsen, Ben Hecht; and last week there was Marc Connelly. But this week Connelly had joined the rest: his *Flowers of Virtue* withered after four performances.

It has been one of the worst seasons in a generation. Such big names as Maxwell Anderson, Somerset Maugham, Kaufman & Ferber were rubbed out weeks ago. In over five months, not a single original play by a U.S. playwright has scored a real success. Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit* and Patrick Hamilton's *Angel Street* are by Englishmen; *Junior Miss* is a hack dramatization of surefire short-story material. Only healthy child of Broadway this season is musicomedy, with *Let's Face It!*, *Banjo Eyes*, *Sons o' Fun*, *Best Foot Forward*, *High Kickers*.

Easiest explanation of the trouble is the war. The war, to be sure, has had a somewhat wavering effect on box office. (But no show has perished, save possibly the high-brow *In Time to Come*, which deserved to live.) The war has also had a slightly paralyzing effect on playwrights. Serious writers have found the world's present plight too big to cope with, yet only five out of 50-odd plays this season have tried to cope with it. Farces and comedies have flopped as fast, and been as feeble, as dramas, for the good reason that playwrights have shamelessly aped other men's hits, exploited worn-out formulas, slapped their scripts together overnight.

There also exists the feeling that in war-time standards can be lowered and the public will amiably make allowances. So far, the public has agreed to do no such thing.

TIME, February 16, 1942



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PEOPLE

Bundles for Brownie

From the windows of their Fifth Avenue apartment, overlooking Manhattan's Central Park, an insurance broker and his wife saw a middle-aged woman carry a package into the park, put it under a bush and walk away. That seemed queer. Next day, at the same late afternoon hour, they saw her again. They watched to see what happened to the package. Nothing happened. But in the morning it was gone. No matter how late they watched—and



MME. HEMPEL
She is quite foolish.

sometimes they sat up very late, with binoculars—they never saw anyone take the box away. But in the morning, it was always gone.

The mysterious woman got to be their favorite mystery. For weeks they watched her daily visits, pointed her out to friends who came to dinner, speculated on what it was all about. Finally the broker got the idea that the woman might be a spy, in which case it was his duty—. Reluctantly, he called the police.

Two detectives waited near the bush, arrested the woman, took her and her package off to a police station. There they found that they had captured none other than famed onetime Metropolitan Opera Soprano **Frieda Hempel**.

Mme. Hempel was mad as hops. She said the box held food for a dog. Poisoned, perhaps? Nonsense! cried Mme. Hempel. She reached in, pulled out a piece of boiled beef, ate it herself, to show them.

Five years ago, explained Mme. Hempel, she had met a stray dog in the park, whom she christened Brownie. Brownie was a very hard dog to get to know, wouldn't let her get near him. Finally she began taking him food, leaving it for him under

the bush. Between them they worked out a system: Brownie waited till she was gone, then carried the box away to another spot—always the same one—some distance away, where he removed string and paper, opened the box, ate the food and left the empty box for Mme. Hempel.

Mme. Hempel saw nothing extraordinary in her behavior, or Brownie's. Next to German *Lieder*, she loves animals best. She once hired a special plane to whisk her Pomeranian from Paris to a London vet, once carried a sick Great Dane home to her apartment, refused to sing in an Ohio town until authorities ministered to an unhappy mule lying in the street. One of her adopted strays won a Manhattan pet show prize—for dogs "combining the most breeds." She buys 25 lb. of bird seed a week, which she spreads on her window sills—to the delight of birds and the chagrin of her fellow tenants; the bird-droppings make quite a mess. Says Mme. Hempel: "I am quite, quite foolish about animals."

The police listened thoughtfully to Mme. Hempel and let her go. Muttering some strong lines from German *Lieder*, Mme. Hempel rushed off to feed Brownie.

Ten minutes later the watching broker's curiosity was at last rewarded. Brownie appeared, picked up the box and dragged it away.

Victor Mature, from a bed in Hollywood's Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, announced the breakup of his eight-month marriage to **Martha Stephenson Kemp**, complained that she was a "playgirl." Beautiful Mr. Mature was also suffering itchy from primrose poisoning acquired when he was tarred, feathered and dumped in a bush for a film scene.

The Services

Rush Dew Holt, 36, ex-Senator from West Virginia, ex-isolationist, passed his draft board's physical exam, was ordered to report for a final checkup Feb. 18.

Congressman Martin Dies's 20-year-old son, **Martin**, enlisted in the Navy, hoped for a mosquito-boat assignment.

George C. Hopkins, parachutist who lighted on Devil's Tower in Wyoming last October and was stranded there for six days (TIME, Oct. 13), was accepted as a parachute instructor for Fort Benning. The Army rejected him at first because unhappy landings had knocked most of his teeth out, finally waived requirements.

General Douglas MacArthur's troops held the thoughts of a church congregation in Maywood, Ill., as the Rev. Roy W. Merrifield read at the close of services the names of "the boys of our church who are fighting for their country." He reached the last name, paused, looked into the eyes of his three children among the worshippers, then concluded: "And also my son Jacques . . . killed in action . . . according to a message I received this morning."

General John Joseph Pershing's son, **Francis**, 32-year-old Manhattan broker,

grandson-in-law of famed Banker **Jules Bache**, enlisted in the Army, went off to Virginia's Fort Belvoir to train as an Engineer Corps private.

Hail & Farewell

Marlene Dietrich, after twelve years of Hollywood, decided to try the U.S. stage, picked Oscar Wilde's *The Ideal Husband*, planned to start rehearsals in March.

Joe Cook, 52 and suffering from Parkinson's disease, a form of paralysis which has crippled his left hand, retired from the stage after 35 years of chatty clowning, juggling, prestidigitation, acrobatics. Born **Joseph Lopez**, orphaned son of a Spanish father, Irish mother, at 17 the kewpie-faced "one-man vaudeville show" announced his arrival on Broadway in a full-page ad in *Variety*; last week he said farewell the same way.

Home Front

Senator Tom Connally gave more than a half pint of his blood to the Red Cross. The 64-year-old Texan was the first member of Congress to become a donor.

Princess Abigail Kawanakoa, one of the last members of Hawaiian royalty, offered her sprawling villa near Honolulu to the U.S.O. as a rest home and recreation center. Hawaii's Republican National Committeewoman for 12 years, she is the mother of ex-playboy Prince David, given

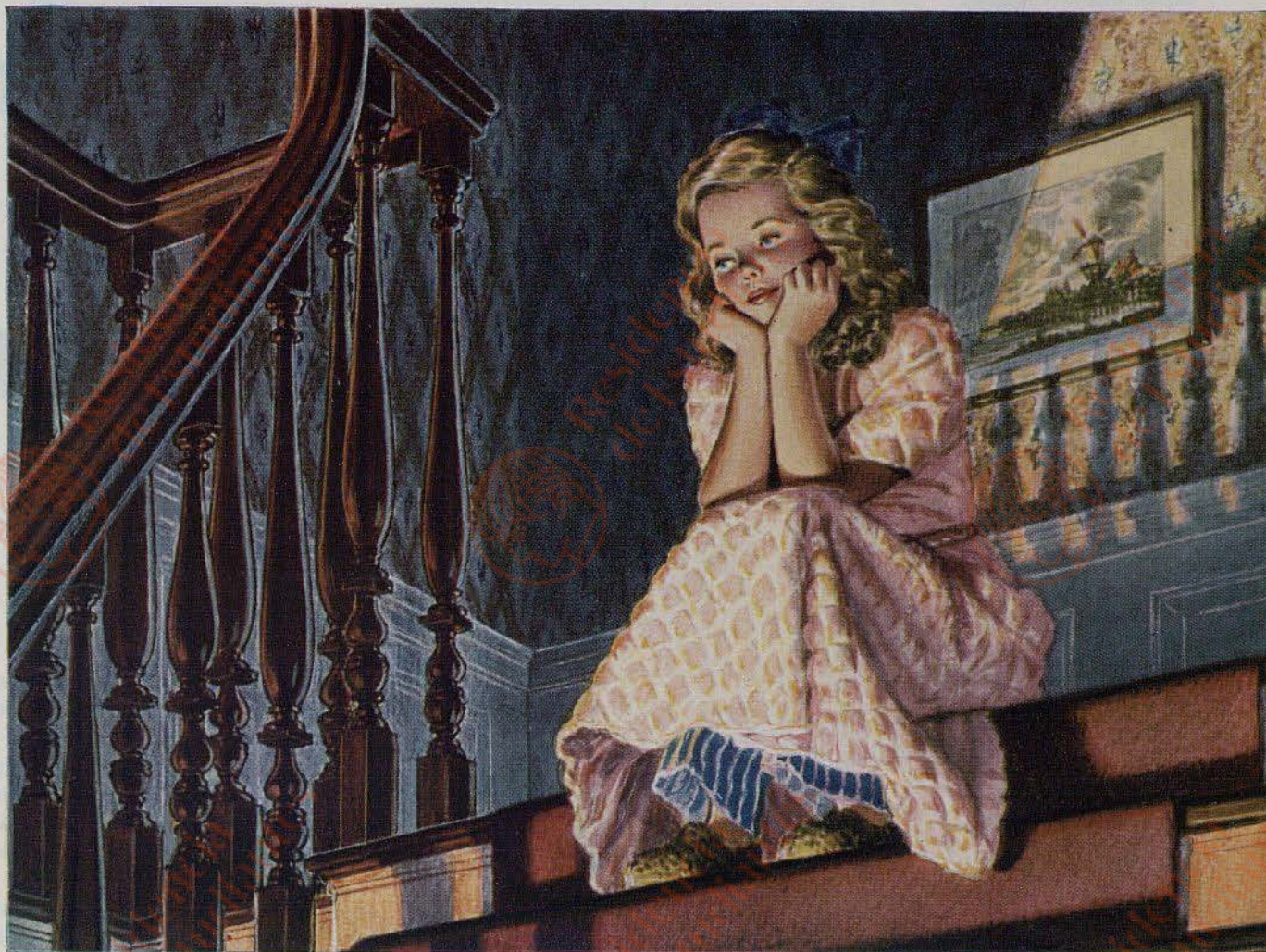


Underwood & Underwood
PRINCESS ABIGAIL
She was royally generous.

a ten-year manslaughter sentence in 1937 for cutting his half-caste sweetheart to death.

Admiral Ernest J. King got a present of a sleek, dark green town car to use in Washington. The donor: A. & P. Vice President **Arthur G. Hoffman**, who has no yacht to give the Navy.

Jesse Owens, 28, brown-skinned track sensation of the 1936 Olympics, went to work for OCD as head of the national body-building program among Negroes.



Stairway to the stars

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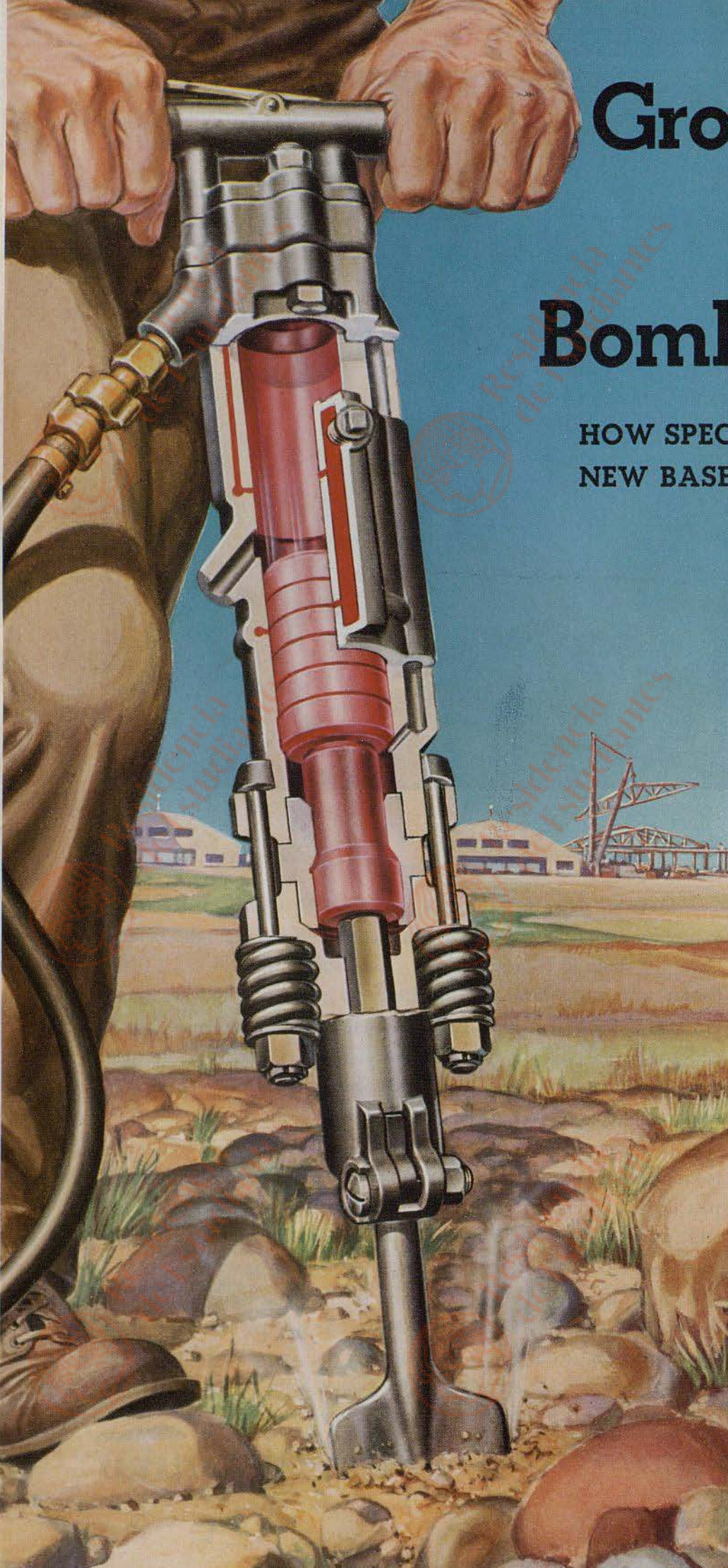
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SCIENCE

Powdered Foods

"Why ship them water?" demanded a group of foodmen convened last week in Chicago. Their point: the U.S. shipped some 150,000 tons of water to Great Britain last year, still more tons to Iceland, the Philippines and other U.S. outposts. These torrential statistics represent the non-nutritive water content—75 to 95%—of fruits and vegetables.

The National Dehydrators Association believes that their small industry (1941 turnover: \$12,000,000) is going to beanstalk like the frozen foods industry, which in 1942 will quick-freeze an estimated \$90,000,000 worth of food—180 times its volume only ten years back. Pointing to the 114 dehydrating plants built by the Nazis since 1935 (before then Germany had only six), they suggest that if the U.S. is going to ship food to its troops

up (not cooked again), it is best served, of course, as sauces, soups, pie fillings, etc. Food powders make good mashed potatoes—far better than the dark, gooey "shoe-black" potatoes dehydrated for the U.S. Army in World War I by some 15 processors, few of whom, with their crude techniques, survived the peace.* Though Army quartermasters are not keen about some of today's dried foods, they promise the chafing industry large orders as soon as a few improvements are made.

Contradictory Screws

Like one of the fastest airplanes that ever flew,† the two-man Japanese submarines which attacked Pearl Harbor had contrarotating propellers (see cut)—two tandem screws placed close together, turning in opposite directions. Blades on the second screw are pitched counter to those of the other screw so that both thrust in



CONTRAROTATING PROPELLERS: JAP SUBMARINE & PLANE
Two torques cancel out.

and allies all over the planet, it had best get busy concentrating the food so that one boat can do the victualing of six.

Modern scientific dehydration is fast. Like fast-freezing, it preserves the flavor and some 90% of the vitamins of fresh food. Typical new technique is that of Sardik Food Products Corp. of Manhattan, which has spent the last decade and \$2,000,000 on much research and little production. Sardik's vegetables are first cooked, cooled, pulped (fruits are pulped raw), then sprayed in a 3/1,000-in. film on revolving drums, where heat drives off 96% of their water in ten to 20 seconds. Steam rising rapidly from the food prevents oxidation, as when apples turn brown. Vacuums (or inert gases such as carbon dioxide) are sometimes used to keep air away. Tomatoes come off the drum like an endless sheet of red crepe paper, crumble into microscopic flakes which will store well for at least three years. Best products: tomatoes, potatoes, apples, bananas, peaches, peas, squash, pumpkin.

These dried foods in mass production will be 20% cheaper than ordinary foods, because they need not be graded for size or selected for beauty or packed in tin; and shipping and handling is simplified. When water is added and the food warmed

the same direction. Such devices for U.S. warplanes were announced last week to be "in the developmental stage" by Curtiss-Wright, United Aircraft, other plane builders.

Purpose of this mechanism in planes (and submarines) is to overcome torque or sideways twist created when 1) the air's resistance to the rotating screw makes the engine tend to rotate the plane itself, 2) the whirling air stream behind the propeller hits the lifting surfaces at a skew angle. Torque must be counteracted by ailerons and rudder, especially in small planes whose bodies—like those of small submarines—do not in themselves provide enough stable ruddering.

Even when thus counteracted, torque is bothersome because displaced ailerons and rudders are not as efficient or powerful as controls in normal position. Contrarotating propellers develop two self-canceling torques and, in pursuit planes, increase the maneuverability vital in dog-fighting.

Forward thrust, engineers formerly

* Dehydrating of eggs and milk, however, has long been a healthy business.

† An Italian single-motored (3,000 h.p.) seaplane which attained 440.67 m.p.h. in 1934. This record stood until 1939, when a German plane hit 469.22 m.p.h.

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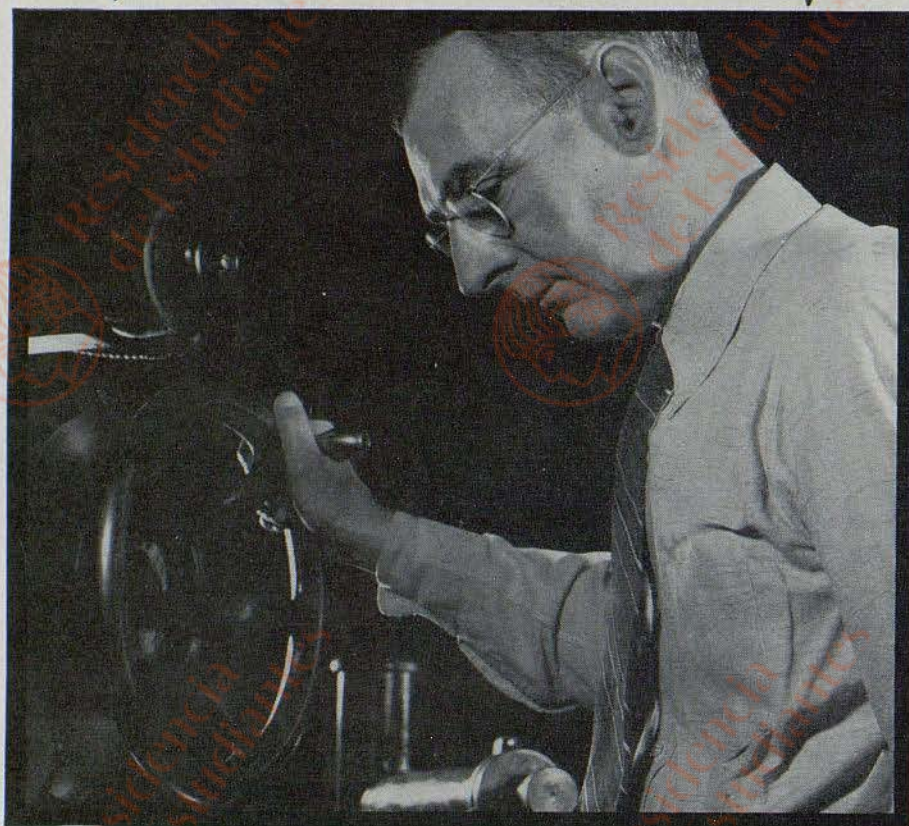
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thought, would also be increased, since the second screw would bite into an already moving-air stream. But wind-tunnel research at Stanford has shown only a disappointing 2½% increase in thrust efficiency at low speeds, an actual loss of efficiency at higher speeds.

Chief disadvantage of contrarotating propellers is maintenance: warplanes, landing on small unlighted fields by night, snub and flatten their noses all too often, and the propellers' intricate gearing mechanisms are hard to repair. But as motors become ever more powerful, torque—and the need to overcome it—becomes an increasing problem.

Because he believes propeller speeds are nearing the upper limit of possible efficiency, an Italian engineer, Secondo Campini, has invented the first successful plane in aviation history to be propelled by a jet of compressed air. So reports *The Aeroplane*, a British journal which reached the U.S. last week.

Campini's plane sucks air into its cavernous nose, compresses and heats it in the fuselage, ejects it through the tail—a rocketlike principle, though it is not a real rocket plane, since the propelling jet is not a rush of gases supplied by combustion of the fuel. Campini's plane weighs 11,000 lb., recently flew from Milan to Rome (300 miles) in 2½ hours. Average speed was only 130 m.p.h., but the plane is a pioneer venture.

Wasp v. Weevil

Smartest way for man to fight the insects who rival him for the earth's bounty is to turn insect against insect. The wasp *Microbracon mellitor* assassinates boll weevils (which last year destroyed 12-14% of the South's cotton), so this week an army of these stiletto-bearing flyers is being propagated at the University of Texas.* The Texas wasp dashes among cotton rows, seeks out bolls full of weevil larvae, plunges her stiletto into each grub, forces an egg through the hollow tube into each paralyzed victim, then flits on to another boll. In two days the wasp egg hatches into a grub which lives off the juices of the weevil grub until it is fully grown in five days. It lives about 30 days, matures and in turn deposits 45 eggs which kill a like number of weevils. About 400 female wasps per acre will clean up badly weeviled fields.

In 1899 Frederick W. Malley of Texas discovered that this wasp, a U.S. native, was a weevil parasite. In 1938, the Clayton Foundation, founded by famed Cottonman Benjamin Clayton, put scientists to work on the wasps' use. Directed by Botanist Glenn W. Goldsmith, young Entomologist John M. Carpenter studied the insect, announced last week that it can be propagated in honey-smeared cages, released in fields to work as effectively as the unpampered outdoor variety. He is now devising equipment for mass production of the billions of wasps which cotton growers need.

* Federal bugmen in New Jersey have loosed swarms of another wasp, *Tiphia*, together with a bacterium, against the Japanese beetle (TIME, April 28).



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1941 World War 2	1871—Chicago	1873
	1872—Boston	1893
	1877—St. John, N.B.	1907
	1889—Seattle; Spokane	1921
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BUSINESS & FINANCE

WAR ECONOMY

Facts, Figures

► For every ton of U.S. shipping sunk by submarines off the Atlantic coast since January 1, U.S. shipyards have launched six tons. The score: 5 tankers and 2 cargo ships sunk, 4 tankers and 22 cargo ships launched.

► Since Pearl Harbor the U.S. has received 114,000 tons of Far Eastern rubber, and another 114,000 tons is now afloat U.S.-bound. January imports were 76,000 tons, 80% more than the pre-war monthly average.

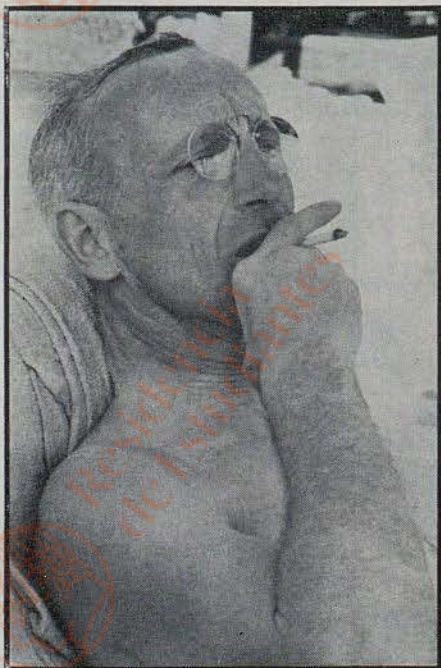
► Sugar rationing in $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb. units (see p. 14) has refiners up a tree. Their machinery is designed for a 2-lb. package; none that will pack $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. is available.

► Britain's output of Scotch, formerly 13,000,000 cases a year, has been cut to 5,400,000 cases. Since the U.S. usually gets only 25%, Scotch may eventually be rationed in the U.S.

Jesse's Expediter

Jesse Jones has an expeditor. "Keep on their tails," said he to tall, knife-thin Clarence Francis, who took a leave from the presidency of General Foods to do the job. "Keep on their tails," said Clare Francis to some 20 other top-notch executives who volunteered to man his 17 regional offices. The tails: those of some 500 corporations now building more than \$3,000,000,000 worth of new war plants with Jesse Jones's money.

Jones, accused of being a bottleneck, needed an expeditor and got a good one. Expansion-minded Clare Francis had long preached more production for the U.S., practiced it at General Foods. Back in



CLARE FRANCIS
A long way to Honolulu.

1935 he said: "We need to raze thousands of antiquated factories . . . rebuild, modernize." Now that the U.S. is rebuilding, Clare Francis' job is to see that nothing delays the job. Quartered near Jones's office in Washington, he no longer has time for the winter vacations he could take in his favorite Honolulu (see cut) when he was preaching.

Whenever a Defense Plant Corp. project is behind construction schedule, a Francis field man calls on the head of the company building it, finds out what's wrong, reports to Francis. By last week he had nearly 50 men working on ways around these delays (mostly priorities). Sample case: Defense Plant Corp. had picked the site for a project, construction was ready to go. But the directors of the corporation owning the land would not meet for three weeks to approve the sale. Half an hour after getting the story, Francis and some lawyers had pulled up the snag, by-passed the directors. Construction started the next day.

Ingenuous McCormick

A scheme to increase steel scrap collections, even on the farms, was formally approved by WPB last week. The scheme was proposed by International Harvester's



RECONDITIONING OLD TROLLEYS IN PHILADELPHIA
The Mayor of Seattle covered his tracks.

young, imaginative president Fowler McCormick, grandson-successor of the late, great inventor Cyrus McCormick.

Fowler McCormick's bright idea begins with a scrap search in Harvester's own plants and branches, next mobilizes the company's 60,000 employees to rummage in their own basements and backyards. But its third phase is what made Conservator Lessing Rosenwald call it "ingenious." To encourage farmers to bring out the 1,500,000-3,500,000 tons of scrap that WPB thinks is piled up in U.S. barns and barnyards, President McCormick is mobilizing his 10,000 farm-implement dealers. The dealers will encourage farmers to bring in their scrap, hold it until a workable amount is collected, sell it to junk dealers; the farmers will then get cash or credit for their scrap.

TRANSPORT

Waiting for a Streetcar

People are packed into streetcars like sardines in a box, with perspiration for oil. The seats being more than filled, the passengers are placed in rows down the middle, where they hang on by the straps, like smoked hams in a corner grocery.

So said the New York *Herald* in October 1864. So, with more justice than at any time in the intervening 78 years, many a U.S. paper might have said last week.

Some 600 trolley and bus-line operators went to Chicago for an emergency conference of the American Transit Association last week. The emergency: too much business. How much too much, they heard from beetle-browed, mustachioed A.T.A. Managing Director Charles Gordon, who gave them some horrendous estimates for the next two years:

► Local transit facilities will have to carry a record 17 billion passengers this year, three billion more than they carried last year. In 1943 they will have to carry 20 billion. These estimates take no account of crucially needed new routes to deliberately decentralized defense plants.

► To make matters worse, this enormous

increase will be very unevenly spread, will hit smaller cities—the least able to cope with it—hardest.

► All this comes at the worst possible time, and the industry is stuck with a colossal lack of equipment. Only last September OPM actually curtailed new bus and trolley production. Since Pearl Harbor the bars have been lifted, insofar as A-3 materials priorities can lift any bar. But the 7,000 city-type busses now on order represent more than a full year's normal production.

At the heart of this heart-rending problem is the trolley, which has for years been dying a lingering death both from bus competition and from that of the automobile. The rubber shortage would bring back the trolley, but the entire trolley-building capacity of the U.S. is no more than 2,000

DEPENDABLE RED SEAL ENGINES DOING AMERICA'S JOB *Better..Faster*

Dependable Continental workers know America's Real Job calls for ever-increasing production, and they realize their part of this job is to build more horsepower to save more manpower.

With high spirits and firm resolve, they emulate the dependable Red Seal Engines they build and are likewise doing their own important jobs . . . better . . . faster.



**Continental
Motors Corporation**

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN U.S.A.

cars a year.* Result: a mad rush to recondition old and abandoned cars, whatever the cost. Detroit's smart Fred Nolan, general manager of the Department of Street Railways (TIME, Aug. 14, 1939), despairing of the 500 new motor coaches he needs, is thinking of refurbishing 125 ancient trolleys, all of which have rusted in storage barns for at least five years. (Detroit is also the scene of an Alphonse & Gaston fight between bus lines and railroads over who is to service Henry Ford's vast Willow Run bomber plant, scheduled to employ 100,000 men 20 miles from town.)

Unhappiest city of all is Seattle, which embarked upon a fancy modernization program two years ago. Some of its trolley tracks were ripped up and sold to Japan for scrap, others were buried in new asphalt. Mayor E. D. Millikin is now frantically looking for funds to unbury what tracks he has left.

No easy solutions to these problems came out of Chicago last week. Defense Transport Tsar Joseph Eastman warned the transitmen that the railroads, with "a herculean job in the movement of troops," could not be expected to carry any more of the local passenger load. The conferees all agreed on one partial solution: staggered work hours for local businesses, schools, etc. Washington greatly eased its frightful traffic tie-ups by putting Government departments on staggered schedules.

Most ingenious suggestion came from Joe Eastman's new chief of local transport, Guy Richardson, who got the idea from Detroit. The suggestion: to convert the U.S.'s 2,500 over-the-road automobile delivery trucks into busses. This would

* St. Louis Car Co. and Pullman-Standard make "P.C.C." (streamlined) cars, Clark Equipment Co. of Battle Creek makes the trucks; J. G. Brill makes ordinary streetcars.

kill two birds with one stone: the over-the-road operators and their trained drivers, no longer having any new automobiles to deliver, are looking for work.

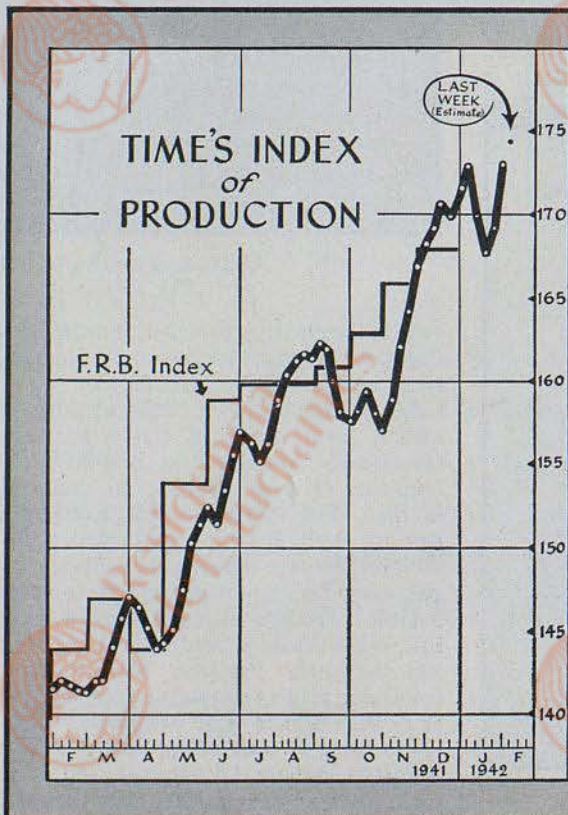
But transitmen knew that the biggest help of all would have to come from their customers' abstinence. As Joe Eastman told them, "shoe leather will have to take the place of rubber . . . leg power, afoot or on bicycles, [of] gas power."

EARNINGS

Shipyard Candor

"I cannot help but be a profiteer," declared James E. Barnes of the Todd Shipyards Corp., testifying to the flabbergasted Senate Naval Affairs Committee. Mr. Barnes has been a Washington lobbyist for 27 years, and he must have been tired of all the nonsense Congress has heard and uttered about war profits. But Lobbyist Barnes, who truly said, "I am a very prolific witness," left the Senators more confused than ever.

Todd is primarily a ship repairer, with seven busy yards on three U.S. coasts. Since 1940 the Navy and the Maritime Commission have been its chief customers. On one recent Government job, Mr. Barnes declared candidly, Todd's profit margin was 62%, on others 20 or 22%. He told how, embarrassed at such profits (but at the Navy's suggestion), Todd had managed to restore \$4,000,000, worming its way through Treasury regulations to do so. The blame for Todd's "profiteering," according to Mr. Barnes, belonged where Congress was least likely to look for it: 1) on Hitler, because the Navy and Maritime Commission were naturally too rushed to look into overpayments, and 2) on Congress itself, for not writing the kind of tax bill that would recapture Todd's prof-



Record Production. The U.S. industrial machine set a new production record in the Feb. 7 week; TIME's Index hit 174.4 (estimated), 1.4 points above the preceding week's final figure. A new power output record (for the season) was the main reason for the rise. Steel output steadied; freight carloadings were the largest for the week since 1930.

Steelmakers for months have been held back by scrap shortages, necessary furnace relining and rebuilding. A flood of new orders last week put them still further behind on their ratio of deliveries to backlog. Sorry also is the oil situation. With U-boats shooting U.S. tankers, the East Coast supply situation is exceptionally tight. Meanwhile oil output tapers: the February quota is 36,600 bbl. a day below January.

A NATIONWIDE Sleeve Bearing SERVICE

JOHNSON UNIVERSAL BRONZE BARS

Over 350 sizes,
Solid and Cored,
completely machined. 13-in. length.



Awaits your call!

GENERAL PURPOSE BEARINGS

Cast bronze,
over 850 stock
sizes, machined,
ready for assembly.



ELECTRIC MOTOR BEARINGS

250 individual
types. Correct in
design, alloy and
tolerances.



Ledaloyl SELF-LUBRICATING BRONZE BEARINGS

Powder metal-
lurgy at its best.
Contain up to
35% oil by
volume.



In times like the present, there is but one obligation facing every industry, factory and machine shop—*keep wheels turning FASTER . . . LONGER*. This is a war of production. Idle men and machinery will not insure victory.

Johnson Bronze is ready to help you do your part. A vast network of distributors—and 22 strategically located warehouses—offer you the most complete sleeve bearing service available.

If you require replacement parts such as cast bronze bearings; UNIVERSAL bronze bars; electric motor bearings; or LEDALOYL self-lubricating bearings—call your local industrial supply house. If you require bearings made to your specifications—call in a Johnson engineer. There is one near you . . . ready . . . capable . . . and anxious to help you determine your needs. Regardless of where you are located or what type of SLEEVE bearing you require—JOHNSON BRONZE can give you the highest quality—*QUICKER*.

JOHNSON BRONZE COMPANY

Sleeve Bearing Headquarters

722 S. MILL STREET

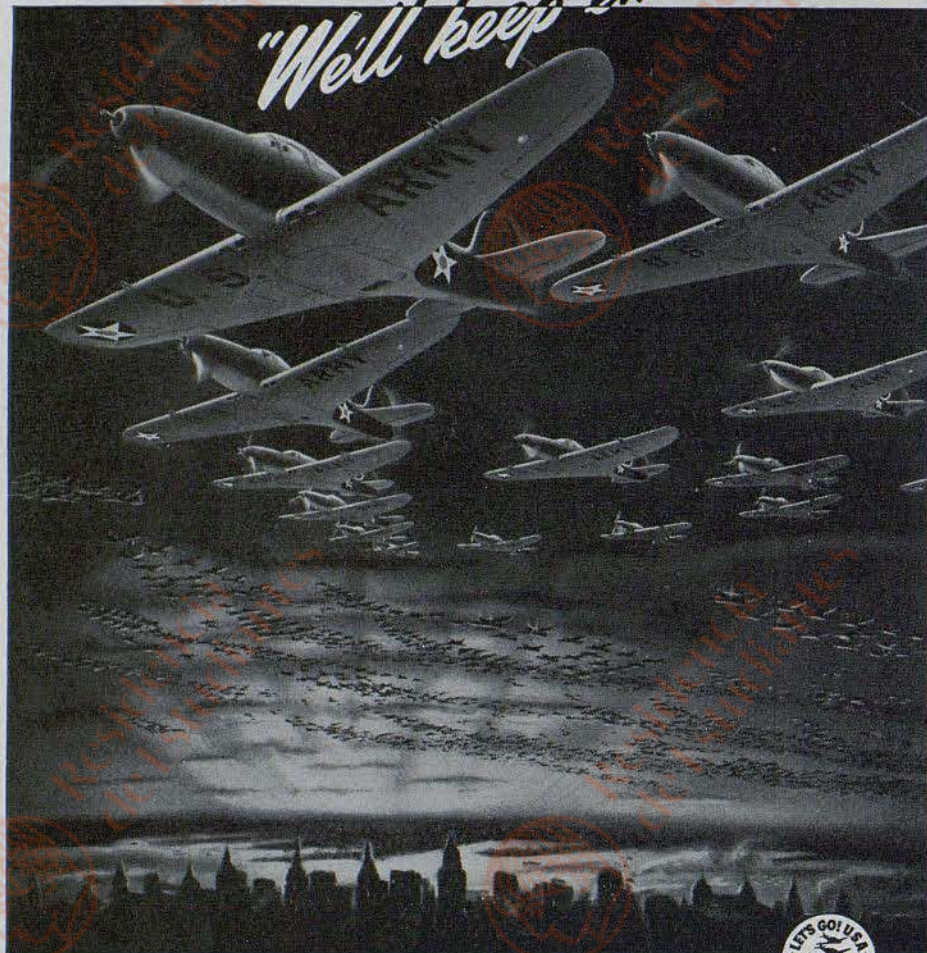
NEW CASTLE, PA.

SALES OFFICES AND WAREHOUSES

ATLANTA	BALTIMORE	BOSTON	BUFFALO	CHICAGO	CINCINNATI	CLEVELAND	DALLAS	DETROIT	HOUSTON	KANSAS CITY
LOS ANGELES	MINNEAPOLIS	NEW YORK	NEWARK	PHILADELPHIA	PITTSBURGH	PORTLAND	ST. LOUIS	SAN FRANCISCO	SEATTLE	

WE SWEAR TO YOU

"We'll keep 'em Flying"



There is no fury like a fighting America. We are together in letting evil know our might. Already a great addition is heading toward completion as Bell Aircraft steps-up production of the Bell Airacobra. There will be no delays as loyal workers sweat out thousands of cannon-carrying Airacobras. That is our task...we swear to you we'll do it.



BELL Aircraft CORPORATION

BUFFALO AND NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., U. S. A.

Making Aviation History



its. Said affable, joshing, spill-the-beans Jim Barnes, "There should not be any profits to amount to anything at all."

Actually, Todd's profits did not seem extravagant for a firm doing \$200,000,000 worth of repair work a year. Todd earned \$2,981,000 in the year ended last March after paying \$3,500,000 in Federal taxes. This year Mr. Barnes indicated Todd would net about \$7,000,000, pay \$8,000,000 in taxes. But Todd's invested capital is only \$40,000,000. On that, a \$7,000,000 return is a very respectable 17%.

Moreover, from Barnes's candor at its most candid, it appeared that haste and Hitler were not the only villains of the piece. The ghost of NRA, he revealed, still stalks the ship repair yards. Because Todd competitor United Drydock (since bought by Bethlehem Steel) was in danger of going broke, the NRA code fixed all repair yard rates on the basis of daily wages paid, plus 35 or 40% overhead, plus machine rentals, plus 10% "profits." The arrival of war and a flood of Government work found this antique formula still in effect. As the yards filled, overhead of course dropped rapidly, which helps explain Todd's profits. Mr. Barnes assuaged the Senators somewhat by stating that nowadays Todd revises its contracts downwards when it appears profits will exceed 10%. Furthermore, he said, some jobs net only 2 or 3%, this before taxes.

Mr. Barnes also reminded the Senators that Todd had been carrying its yards and developing its now priceless know-how for 25 years without any help from the Navy.

Said Senator Walsh: "We are not interested in that"—evidently thinking that it was not necessary to know how to build ships in order to build them.

For Todd is now a shipbuilder as well as repairer. The British gave Todd an order for 60 cargo ships in 1940. Tying up with smart Bath Iron Works in Maine and the fabulous Henry Kaiser on the West Coast, Todd and associates now have 16 yards building or repairing cargo boats and naval vessels as fast as they can. The first British ship was completed at Richmond, Calif. last month, only 13 months after the contract for the yard was signed.

TAXES

Uncle Ben and Uncle Sam

Of the 10,800,000 people who paid Federal income taxes last year, nearly 700,000 borrowed money to do it. If this ratio (estimated from banking sources by Representative Emanuel Celler's* office) holds good with 1942's 13,000,000 taxpayers, over 1,000,000 loans will be made before March 15. And the ratio may be higher.

This means safe and profitable business for:

► Industrial banks. Last year they made an estimated 460,000 loans for taxes, averaging \$300. Interest (or discount) and other charges are equivalent to about 12% per year on unpaid balances.

► Commercial banks. Their personal loan departments made an estimated 114,000

* House leaders anticipate a renewed drive for a withholding tax, which would save wage earners the trouble of borrowing.

DEFENDING DEMOCRACY

... America's biggest "insulation" job!

IT is really an insulation job that faces America today—insulating Democracy against Dictatorship.

With this goal the Keasbey & Mattison Company is in full and enthusiastic accord. We like what is called the "American Way," its concern for the freedom of the individual, its aspirations for a peaceful world.

It is only natural, then, that the Nation has first call on K&M plants and employees. Our whole

productive capacity has been dedicated to the cause of defending Democracy.

While working at top speed, we are not forgetting that the future will bring demands for improved asbestos products . . . and new products too. Our engineers and research men are working now on better materials for tomorrow.

Perhaps you can assist us. In what way can asbestos make your work easier or help solve some particular difficulty? Any sugges-

tions will be carefully considered in the hope that they will prove practical from a manufacturing standpoint. We'd appreciate a letter from you.

* * *

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

KEASBEY & MATTISON
COMPANY, AMBLER, PENNSYLVANIA



PAGE FENCE

America's First Wire Fence - Since 1883



SAFEGUARD FOR THE OPERATIONS THAT WILL MAKE AMERICA SAFE

● To make America safe, its production plants must be protected against all with malicious intent. On its service and quality records, Page Industrial Fence is recommended for trustworthy duty at property boundary lines. • Woven wire fence was originated by J. Wallace Page in 1883, and the company which he founded has been a leader in every major development for 59 years. • Page Fence distribution is unique and extensive. This service is performed by more than 100 local, responsible firms having technical training and fence erecting experience. These fence experts comprise the PAGE FENCE ASSOCIATION, Headquarters: Monessen, Pennsylvania.

See ACCO advertisement in this issue, page 82

PRODUCT OF PAGE STEEL & WIRE DIVISION—AMERICAN CHAIN & CABLE COMPANY, INC., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

VICTORY FIRST
At the Page mills, men, machines and materials are on an all-out schedule for production of fence to protect plants working on Government orders



THE MARCH OF TIME SHIFTS TO FRIDAY

Starting this week The March of Time will be heard from coast-to-coast every Friday night (instead of Thursday) at a new hour

9:30 P. M. EASTERN WAR TIME
over the same station to which you have been listening.

EASTERN WAR TIME—9:30 P. M.

Akron WAKR
Allentown WSAW
Atlanta WAGA
Augusta WGAC
Baltimore WCBM
Battle Creek WELF
Bay City WBCM
Boston WBZ
Bridgeport WICC
Buffalo WBBR
Charlotte WAYS
Charlottesville WCHV
Cincinnati WSAI
Cleveland WHK
Columbia, S. C. WCOS
Columbus WCOL
Dayton WING
Daytona Beach WMFJ
Detroit WXYZ
Flint WFDF
Gastonia WGNB
Greenville WMBC
Harrisburg WKBO
Hartford WNBC
Hickory WIKY
High Point-Greensboro WMFR
Jackson, Mich. WIBM
Jacksonville WJBP
Johnson City WJEL
Kinston WFTC
Lancaster WGAL
Lansing WJIM
Miami WKAT
New York WJZ
Ocala WTMC
Orlando WLOF
Philadelphia WFIL
Pittsburgh KQV
Plattsburg WMFF
Poughkeepsie WKIP
Providence WEAN
Richmond WRNL

Roanoke Rapids WCBT
Rochester, N. Y. WHAM
Rocky Mount WEED
Spartanburg WORD
Springfield, Mass. WBZA
Springfield, Ohio WIZE
Syracuse WSYR
Tampa WSUN
Toledo WTOL
Troy-Albany WTRY
Washington WML
Wheeling WWSA
Wilmington WMFD
Winchester WINC
York WORK
Youngstown WFMJ

CENTRAL WAR TIME—8:30 P. M.

Anniston WHMA
Baton Rouge WJBO
Beaumont KFDM
Birmingham WSGN
Chattanooga WAPB
Chicago WENR
Columbia, Mo. KFBU
Davenport WOC
Des Moines KSO
Fort Wayne WOVO
Ft. Worth-Dallas KGVO
Greenwood WGRM
Hot Springs KXYZ
Indianapolis WISH
Jackson, Miss. WSLI
Kansas City KCMO
Lawrence WREN
Louisville WINN
Mankato KYSM
Memphis WMFP
Milwaukee WEMP
Minneapolis-St. Paul WTCN
Montgomery WSEA
New Orleans WDSU

Oklahoma City KTOK
Rochester, Minn. KROC
Sioux City KSCJ
Sioux Falls KELO
St. Cloud KFAM
St. Louis KKOK
Tulsa KOMO

MOUNTAIN WAR TIME—7:30 P. M.

Cheyenne KFBC
Denver KVOD
Ogden KLO
Pueblo KGHF
Salt Lake City KUTA

For time on the following stations see your local newspaper.

Albuquerque KOB
Billings KGHL
Boise KIDO
Bozeman KRBZ
Butte KGBR
Helena KPFA
Phoenix KPHO
Pocatello KSLI
Safford KGLU
Tucson KVOA
Twin Falls KTFI
Yuma KYUM

PACIFIC WAR TIME—6:30 P. M.

Bakersfield KERN
Los Angeles KECA
Portland KEX
Reno KOH
Sacramento KFBK
San Diego KFSD
San Francisco KGO
Santa Barbara KTMS
Seattle KJR
Spokane KGA
Stockton KWG
Wenatchee KPQ

tax loans last year, averaging \$200. Most also charge about 12%.

► Personal finance companies. More than 285,000 taxpayers borrowed from them an average of \$140 each, at rates equivalent to 24% annually in New Hampshire, and averaging 33% throughout the U.S.

► Credit unions. An estimated 192,000 members borrowed an average of \$75 for taxes, at about 12%.

Thus 1,050,000 people borrowed \$215,000,000 altogether to pay their taxes last year—more than 350,000 to pay State or local taxes, the rest for Federal income taxes.

These people paid a stiffer price than if they had been unable to borrow at all. If a taxpayer is really broke and files a return without paying, few communities would charge him more than 6% or 8% interest on a real-estate tax delinquency. Most States would charge 6% on an income-tax delinquency. So would the Federal Government.

But, if the delinquency is willful, the Federal Government has a big stick: a \$10,000 fine, a year in jail. Anyway, most citizens would rather go to any expense than tangle with a Revenue man.

MANUFACTURING

\$2,000,000,000 Worth of Tools

The machine-tool makers, first U.S. industry to be called a bottleneck, have worked like Sisyphus* to get out of that category. In two years they boosted their payrolls from 43,000 to 110,000 men, their deliveries from \$200,000,000 to \$840,000,000 (1939-41). By Pearl Harbor they had reached a delivery rate of \$100,000,000 of machine tools every month.

Last week the rock rolled back to the bottom of the hill. As their share in the Victory Program, the War Production Board asked the toolmakers for \$166,000,000 worth per month in 1942.

Yet Production Director William H. Harrison thought they could do it. To help them, some outsiders were enlisted: makers of printing presses, textile machinery, paper machinery. Detroit tool shops were called on to make more of Detroit's own new tools, pool others. Even England is now sending a few old but still useful industrial machine tools to the U.S.

Typewriters Drafted

Less typewriter clatter in the U.S., more small-arms clatter on all fronts was a WPB demand last week. Typewriter men, called to Washington to view a table full of knocked-down rifles, revolvers, and other arms, nodded a grim okay. Some were already making 40-mm. projectiles, primers, fire-control equipment. Now they will make more.

To do so, Typewriterdom's Big Four (Royal, Remington, Underwood, Smith & Corona) expect to cut production of standard machines 25% under the 1941 rate until April 1, thereafter 40%. After March 15 they will make no more noiseless ma-

* Because he double-crossed Pluto, Sisyphus in Hades was made to roll a big stone up a steep hill forever. Just before he reached the top, the stone always rolled down again.

chines at all; and after April 1, no more portables. Furthermore, all portables made from now on will be reserved for Army & Navy.

The Government, already by far the biggest customer of the typewriter industry, took 222,000 of the 722,000 standard-sized units made last year. Henceforward Government and defense industries will get them all, authors, students, offices, and households none.

As a pioneer of mass production through interchangeable parts, the typewriter industry ranks close behind Singer, Cadillac and Colt's Patent Fire Arms. Today its array of small precision tools is one of the most impressive in the U.S. WPB told the industry last week not to expect new special tools for its munitions work, but to use what it has. Not to save steel (typewriters took only some 25,000 tons last year) but to mobilize these tools was the main objective of WPB's curtailment plans.



Wide World

HAÏT'S LESCOT
Lemon grass is his grandchild.

RAW MATERIALS

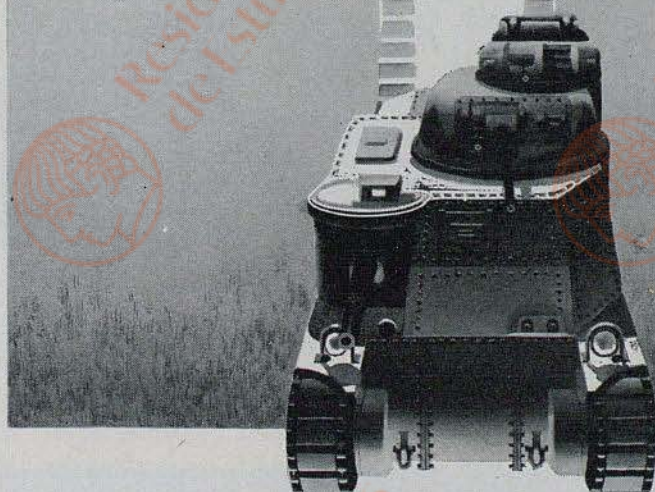
Ylang-Ylang Tree

News has been seeping into the U.S. perfume trade that sounds too good to be true. And so it is—except as a Good Neighborly prayer for the future. The news: as substitutes for the rare essential oils and flower "absolutes" of Europe and Asia, Latin American flowers may come to the rescue of the \$15,000,000 U.S. perfume industry.

For years the Department of Agriculture's Tropical Station in Puerto Rico has experimented with home-grown smells. Its pretty chemist, black-eyed Noemi Garcia Arrilaga, specializes in extracting the essence of the coffee flower. Some months ago, Señorita Arrilaga thought she had it, was further encouraged by local distributors who said it had a "pervading tropical fragrance with a come-hither accent." The distributors have yet to persuade U.S. perfume brewers, who fall into two general

TIME, February 16, 1942

TANKS WOULD STOP IN THEIR TRACKS



... if friction had its way!

Inside these ponderous machines of modern war, metal moves against metal. Shafts turn against tons of strain. And friction might take a terrific toll—if it were not for the anti-friction bearing. Much of American war effort rolls



on roller bearings! In Tanks. Guns. Ships. Planes. In machines of war, in machines that make these machines—Hyatt Roller Bearings fight against friction. More. They fight for Victory. They fight for America.

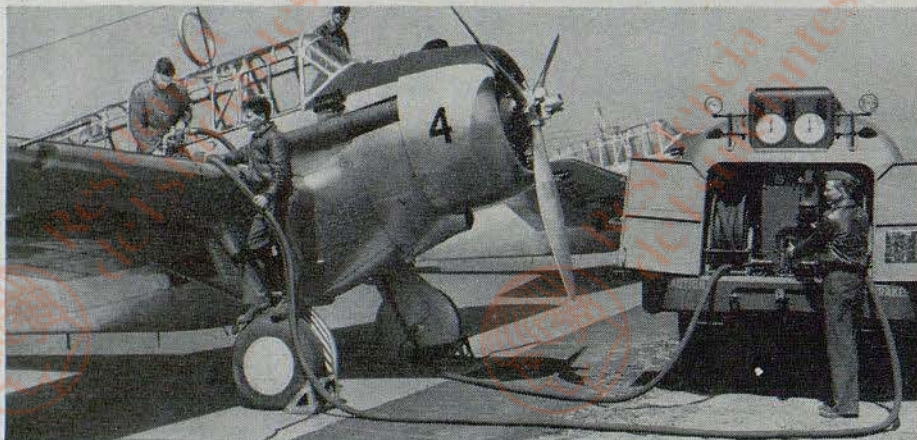
HYATT

THE 50TH YEAR OF ROLLER BEARINGS

Mr. Robins' bullet-sealing gas tanks keep 'em flying longer!



STANDING BETWEEN A 50 CALIBRE MACHINE GUN and one of his aviation gas tanks, Tom Robins, president of Hewitt Rubber Corporation, shows the terrific punishment these tanks must withstand. Hewitt is one of the largest producers of self-sealing gas tanks for fighting planes, and the first to go into big scale production.



COMMANDER OF A SUB CHASER in the Irish Sea in the last war, Mr. Robins was quick to see the need for all-out effort this time. A lengthy list of Hewitt industrial products are in service today with all branches of the Allied armed forces. For example, synthetic gasoline hose (pictured in use above) quickly fuels U.S. Army planes at bases half way around the world.



"WHEN IT COMES TO BANKS," says Mr. Robins, "We chose the Marine naturally, because its coverage matches our own far-flung activities." One of 20 Marine Midland Banks, with 90 offices in 38 New York State communities, the Marine can help you too if you do business here!

MARINE TRUST COMPANY, BUFFALO, NEW YORK

classes, 1) the topnotchers, who claim there is no adequate substitute for their dwindling hoards of French, Bulgarian, Chinese and Tibetan essences, and 2) volume producers who claim that any new product will have to be more than good to compete with domestic substitutes and synthetics already available.*

Nevertheless, in Haiti, a new Government development company, with a \$3,000,000 Export-Import Bank Loan, is so fascinated with its \$25,000-\$50,000 perfume experiments that Nelson Rockefeller's tropical agriculture expert Atherton Lee says "they have to be reminded about the rubber program." Haiti's President, silver-haired Elie Lescot,† negotiated this loan himself last spring, when he was still Minister to the U.S. Longtime (1922-30) Minister of Education & Agriculture, he has for years taken a keen interest in developing new farm products and markets for his small, crowded, beautiful country. His son Henri studied agriculture at Cornell University in 1937-39, has successfully cultivated in Haiti large areas of lemon grass (source of citral for synthetic violet scent, used mainly in cheap soaps).

Haiti can also grow mimosa, jasmine, tuberose, and the ylang-ylang tree, whose heavily scented yellow-green flowers normally come from the Philippines. The Dominican Republic in addition to all these, can grow the fragrant cassie bush, whose oil is now so scarce that perfumers cannot obtain it for love nor money. There the Jewish refugee colony at Sosua, with funds from U.S. philanthropists, is studying new perfume sources.

Between these high hopes and any important trade with the U.S. lie months, even years, of effort. It takes about two years to get essential oil from the tuberose, three years for jasmine, at least four for cassie or ylang-ylang. And it takes ancient skills and a Merlin's genius to produce just the right oils once the flower is ripe for its "enfleurage." But Latin America has the climate and the cheap labor to make a brave try.

INSURANCE

Killer's Widow

The lately electrocuted Murder, Inc. killer, Martin ("Bugsy") Goldstein, left a \$12,000 life-insurance policy to his widow. Prudential Insurance Co. contended it would be "against public policy" to pay it, since a man who knows that his kin are cared for may be more likely to commit a crime. Judge Grover M. Moscovitz, in U.S. District Court last week, finding no precedent for the case, thought otherwise. Said he, "It may be well to ask what sort of deterrent the voiding of a man's insurance may be when the death penalty does not halt his criminal act."

* One lately touted U.S. substitute is the fixative musk, which formerly came only from Asiatic deer and Abyssinian civet cats. Two chemists at Yale and Louisiana State claim to have extracted musk from the glands of the common muskrat (one-third of an ounce of distilled musk from 175 animals). Du Pont also makes a synthetic musk called Astrotone.

† Pronounced Lesko.

FAMOUS LIFE LINES



1 THE STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR, life line of British domination in the Mediterranean, are protected by the fortress on "The Rock," British warships in the harbor and patrol planes overhead.

International



2 RIP CORD GRIPS for parachutes, life lines of safety for American airmen, are one of the many new war-time applications of Bundy steel or Monel tubing.

Underwood & Underwood

PARACHUTE rip cord grips, ground flare stabilizer tubes, telescopic aerials for "walkie-talkies" and field radio sets — these are just a few of the many new and unusual armament applications of Bundy tubing.

Diesel power plants of submarines and minesweepers have fuel and lubrication lines of Bundy tubing. Aircraft and marine engines use Bundy tubing for primer lines. And, of course, all types of military self-propelled vehicles—tanks, trucks, half-tracs, "jeeps," staff cars, motorcycles — use Bundy tubing for lubrication, fuel or brake lines just as in their peace-time prototypes.

The extensive war-time uses of Bundy tubing are not surprising, nor are they accidental. For armament manufacturers, in their peace-time operations, have long recognized Bundy tubing as standard for strength, for ductility, for resistance to vibration fatigue and for ease of fabrication.

If you use tubing in or near Bundy's range of sizes, Bundy can probably help you with your tubing problems. The experience of Bundy's Research and Engineering Departments are at your disposal. Bundy Tubing Company, Detroit, Michigan.

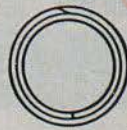
BUNDY TUBING



BUNDYWELD double-walled steel tubing, hydrogen-brazed, copper-coated inside and outside. From Capillary sizes up to and including $\frac{1}{4}$ " O. D. This double-walled type is also available in steel, tin-coated on the outside, and in Monel.



BUNDY ELECTRIC WELD steel tubing. Single-walled — butt welded — annealed. Also furnished tin-coated outside if desired. Available in sizes up to and including $\frac{5}{8}$ " O. D.



BUNDY "TRIPLE-PURPOSE" MONEL tubing. Double-walled, rolled from two strips, joints opposite, welded into a solid wall. Available in all Monel, Monel inside — steel outside, and Monel outside — steel inside. Sizes up to and including $\frac{5}{8}$ " O. D.

First choice for the defense of America's busy plants



Oil must flow uninterrupted to America's Army, Navy, factories, trucks and autos. Many miles of Cyclone Fence have been built to protect refineries and pipe lines.



MORE plant owners choose Cyclone Fence than any other property protection fence. And for good reasons. Plant owners know that Cyclone's rugged construction can be relied upon for better protection. And it means less upkeep, longer life and lower fence costs. So quite naturally, when plans, blueprints and dies for defense production must be so closely guarded, they turn to Cyclone for fence.

Right now, our own factory-trained erection crews are building fences for plants all over the country. This work is being speeded as much as possible in order to help industry protect its valuable property and guard defense secrets. Always important—this protection is today an essential part of the defense production job.

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Power is too important to risk intentional or careless damage. Transmission lines, transformers and generating stations by the hundreds are guarded by Cyclone Fence.

Industry must be careful who is allowed in plants doing defense work. Cyclone Fence forces all traffic through closely guarded gates. Management can demand credentials from every person who enters the plant—can check on every piece of material taken out.



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CYCLONE FENCE

Waukegan, Ill., DEPT. 322

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MUSIC

Soviet's Best Bet

For many war-weary months the people of Leningrad have known solemn, youthful Dmitri Shostakovich as a fire fighter, a trench digger, an embattled citizen like themselves. But the rest of the world has continued to think of him as the only living composer, aside from Finland's Jean Sibelius, who can make musical history by writing a new symphony. Last week musical history was again on the make. In Kuibyshev, secondary Soviet capital, the



Sovfoto

DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH

... can be jolly raucous.

orchestra of Moscow's Bolshoi Theater began rehearsals on Shostakovich's long-heralded *Symphony No. 7*. Composer Shostakovich has dedicated his symphony, a musical expression of war's effect on "ordinary, simple people," to the citizens of Leningrad. Says he: "I always try to make myself as widely understood as possible, and if I don't succeed I consider it's my own fault."

Dmitri Shostakovich started making himself understood in 1926, when, in contrast to much modern music that sounded merely disillusioned, cynical and ugly, young Shostakovich's *First Symphony* spoke up brightly with gusty tunes and youthful zest. This month, phonograph record shops all over the U.S. put on display two outstanding albums of the premier Russian musician: his *Symphony No. 6* (Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski; Victor; 9 sides); his *Piano Quintet* (Vivian Rivkin and Stuyvesant String Quartet; Columbia; 8 sides).

The *Sixth Symphony* combines a slow, philosophizing opening movement which rises to moments of quivering beauty with two high-g geared, jolly movements, raucous with peasant mirth.

The *Quintet*, which harks back to 18th-Century simplicity, was shrewdly judged so good by Soviet officials that in March 1941 they awarded Shostakovich a Stalin prize of 100,000 rubles for it (about 19,000 U.S. dollars), the biggest coin ever paid for a piece of chamber music.

Other February records:

SYMPHONIC, ETC.

William Walton: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra (Jascha Heifetz, with Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra conducted by Eugene Goossens; Victor; 6 sides). Fine first recording of a pulsing score. Lanky Composer Walton wrote it for Heifetz in 1939, but the composer, a British ambulance driver, never heard his work out loud until this recording was sent to England by Clipper.

Chopin: Fifteen Waltzes (Alexander Brailowsky, pianist; Victor; 14 sides). Russian-born Brailowsky, who has given marathon performances of every note of Chopin's 169 pieces, plays these nervous, undanceable dances with great dash and glitter.

Schumann: Andante and Variations (Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson, duopianists; Columbia; 3 sides). An able team (married) rambles through a Victorian parlor piece.

Schumann: Dichterliebe (Poet's Love) (Lotte Lehmann, soprano, and Bruno Walter, pianist; Columbia; 8 sides). Two fine musicians in their first recorded collaboration. But Mme. Lehmann's voice, often breathy, sounds queer in these songs of strictly masculine love.

POPULAR

Blues in the Night (Jimmy Lunceford orchestra; 2 sides, Decca; and Dinah Shore, Bluebird). A song from the Warner Brothers movie of the same name which may start a trend back to the blues. Decca is betting that it is the most terrific item of its kind since *St. Louis Blues*. Three Decca discs of *Blues in the Night* have already sold 400,000 copies.

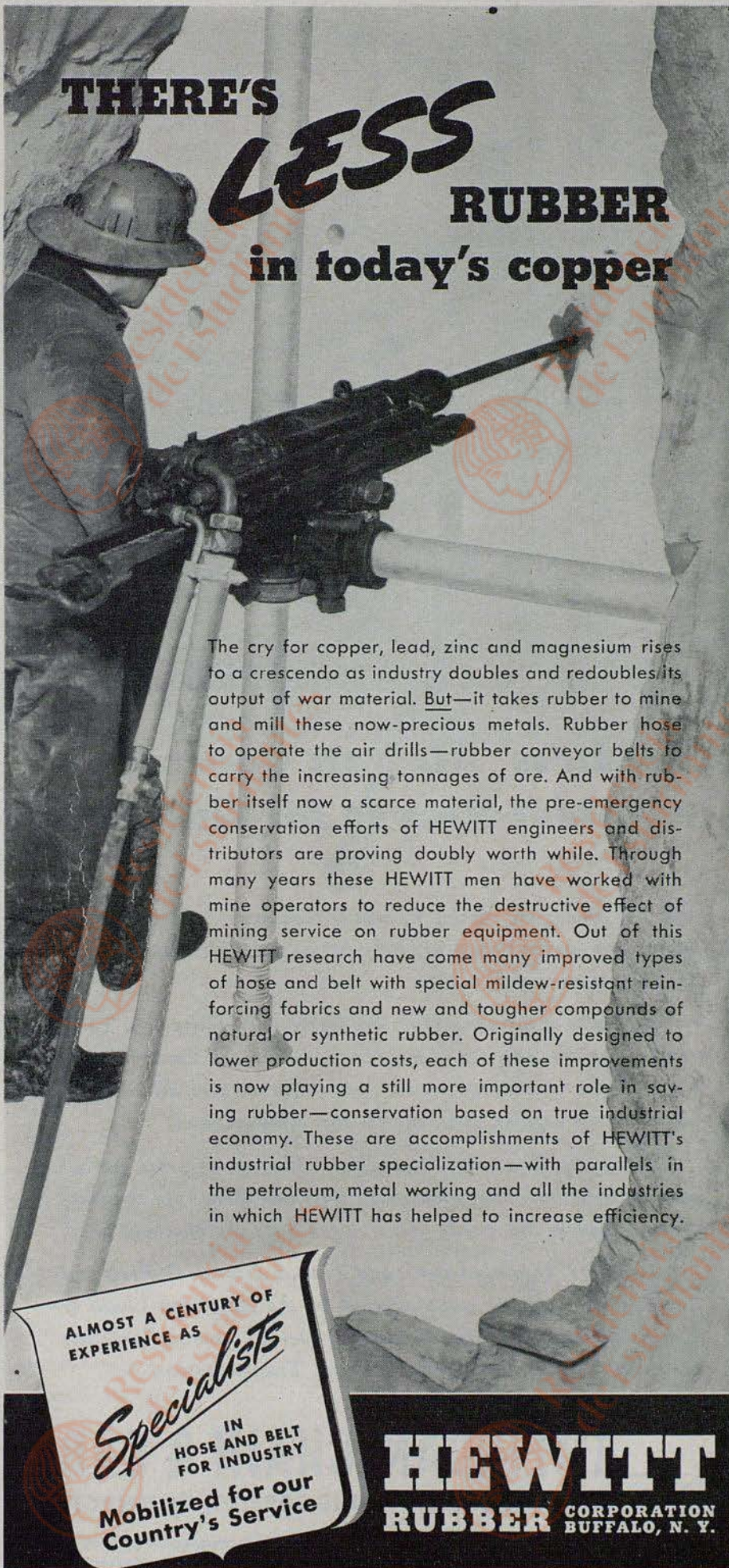
Just a Closer Walk with Thee (Sister Rosetta Tharpe; Decca). More blues—and religious at that. Sung by a vibrant Negro of the nightclubs, onetime Holy Roller church singer.

Arthur Murray Taught Me Dancing in a Hurry (Jimmy Dorsey; Decca). As amusing as its title. But the song does not make clear whether Mr. Murray should sue, or pay for the publicity.

MUSICIAN WITH A "K"

In London, Sir Arnold Trevor Bax, 58, was appointed Master of the King's Music, the 21st in an unbroken line since Charles II re-established the post in 1660. Famed as a poetic Neo-Celt composer, Sir Arnold has never been obliged to earn his living, has never held any office before. His new job, the musical equivalent of Poet Laureate, has been a sinecure since Edward VII abolished State concerts.

THERE'S LESS RUBBER in today's copper



The cry for copper, lead, zinc and magnesium rises to a crescendo as industry doubles and redoubles its output of war material. But—it takes rubber to mine and mill these now-precious metals. Rubber hose to operate the air drills—rubber conveyor belts to carry the increasing tonnages of ore. And with rubber itself now a scarce material, the pre-emergency conservation efforts of HEWITT engineers and distributors are proving doubly worth while. Through many years these HEWITT men have worked with mine operators to reduce the destructive effect of mining service on rubber equipment. Out of this HEWITT research have come many improved types of hose and belt with special mildew-resistant reinforcing fabrics and new and tougher compounds of natural or synthetic rubber. Originally designed to lower production costs, each of these improvements is now playing a still more important role in saving rubber—conservation based on true industrial economy. These are accomplishments of HEWITT's industrial rubber specialization—with parallels in the petroleum, metal working and all the industries in which HEWITT has helped to increase efficiency.

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EXPERIENCE AS
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HOSE AND BELT
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The New Pictures

Woman of the Year (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) was made to order for bold Katharine Hepburn. She saw to it that it was: she helped edit the script (authored by two comparatively unknown Hollywood-sprites: Ring Lardner Jr. and Michael Kanin), sold it to Metro for an unprecedented \$100,000, demanded and got her own leading man (Spencer Tracy) and (from a rival studio) her favorite director (George Stevens).

The result is not so form-fitting as her last made-to-order picture (*The Philadelphia Story*), but it is an adroit and amusing comedy, with an appetizing dash of social satire.

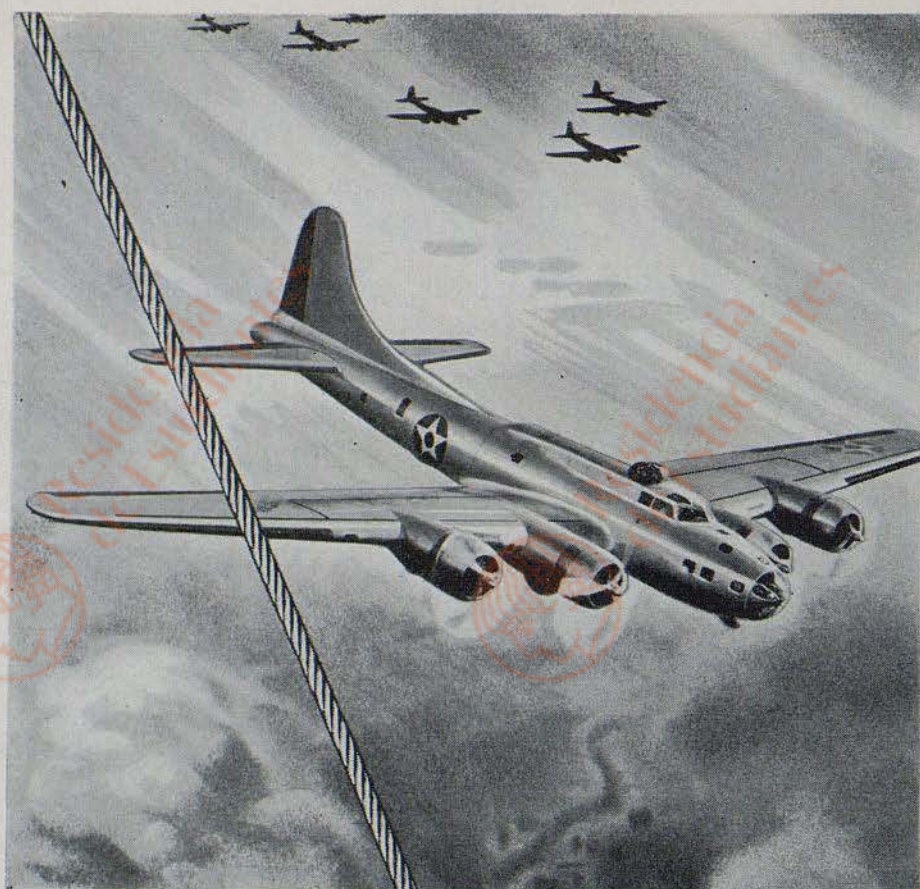
As Tess Harding, China-born, Swiss-schooled daughter of a U.S. diplomat, Miss Hepburn is easily recognizable in her role of high-falutin' female newspaper columnist. Spoiled, selfish, intellectual, well-informed, too busy to be feminine, she thinks nothing of advocating (by radio) the abolition of baseball for the duration of the war. She is promptly dusted off by another columnist: Sam Craig (Mr. Tracy), sportswriter, of her own paper. The tone of his piece, which calls her "the Calamity Jane of the fast international set," is less politely echoed by one of his colleagues: "Women should be kept illiterate and clean, like canaries."

From that point, *Woman* is the story of a speedy courtship and a rocky marriage. Tracy takes Tess to her first baseball game. She sits in the press box, observing that it is silly for her paper to have two men to cover a game when it has only one man in Vichy. For anyone remotely familiar with baseball, her painful introduction to America's favorite sport is Grade-A comedy.

By the time Tess has acquired a small Greek refugee and the title "Outstanding Woman of the Year," Husband Tracy is not sure whether he is married to a woman or a teletype machine. He leaves to find out, observing: "Do I look like the outstanding husband of the outstanding woman of the year?" Tess eventually lures him back by promising to be just an outstanding wife.

Actors Hepburn and Tracy have a fine old time in *Woman of the Year*. They take turns playing straight for each other, act one superbly directed love scene, succeed in turning several batches of cinematic corn into passable moonshine. As a lady columnist, she is just right; as a working reporter, he is practically perfect. For once, strident Katharine Hepburn is properly subdued. When she met her leading man for the first time, before shooting began, she observed: "I'm afraid I am a little tall for you, Mr. Tracy." Said he: "Don't worry, Miss Hepburn, I'll cut you down to my size."

It is anything but standard Hollywood practice for a star to select her own director, and few would have the nerve to try



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"Korōdless" (Stainless Steel) and Tinned Aircraft Controls and Tru-Loc Fittings are manufactured by the American Chain & Cable Company, Inc., and are among the 137 essential products we build for Industry, Agriculture and Transportation.

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*"We are going to win the war, and we are
going to win the peace that follows."*

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT



TOWARD V-DAY

Certainly, it is the clear duty of industry to organize all available manpower, materials, and facilities to increase war production to whatever levels are required for victory.

But the purpose of war is peace.

This lays upon industry yet another obligation.

V-Day must bring Opportunity. When the men on the fighting front and the producing front return, they must have jobs.

Now is the time to create *the sources* of those jobs.

The timbers out of which future employment can be built are at hand. The materials for investigation are infinite, and our knowledge of them is being sharpened daily by the special needs of war.

Needed only is the *will* to use those timbers—within the limits necessarily imposed by total war efforts—to create new products, to devise new ways of doing old things, and to reduce costs to make products buyable.

This is a clear call for a new kind of exploration, in which every industry re-examines and re-assesses the resources of other industries.

It is also a clear call for cooperation. It calls for all Americans—labor, and Government, and management—to work together in the common hope for the future, as well as in the common determination for victory.

For there *is* a peace to be won, as well as a war.



CHEMICAL MATERIALS FOR INDUSTRY

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BISCUITS

*The output of their
factories at Reading
is devoted to supplying
His Majesty's Forces
and helping feed
the Home Front.*

*Huntley & Palmers
will resume ship-
ments after the war
is won.*



OVERNIGHT From New York via Seaboard R.R.

it. But Katharine Hepburn has a way of getting what she wants. Her reason for choosing George Stevens was as direct as her own personality: "Because he's the best director in Hollywood."

Miss Hepburn's high regard for her favorite director is well founded—and mutual. He is one of the best in the business, and he brought his admirer back from obscurity seven years ago with *Alice Adams*. That picture, his first try at an A production, also made his name. The script was bad, and he made up many of the scenes himself. The love scenes were the first he had ever directed.

George Cooper Stevens is an unassuming, long-jawed, rugged roughneck with an innate intelligence (uninfluenced by formal education), an extreme sensitivity and a fine flow of good humor. He was raised in show business. His father, Landers Stevens, oldtime Shakespearean actor, was proprie-

tor of a popular Pacific Coast stock company. One of them had an unforgettable sequence: Laurel & Hardy delivering a piano up an impossibly long, steep set of narrow outdoor steps. Says Stevens: "The first theater audience that saw it cheered so hard at the finish that the house had to run the two-reeler over again before the customers would look at the feature."

Hal Roach made Stevens a director (of shorts) in 1929. The 25-year-old cameraman was more than ready. An incident at Universal studios had revealed his true ambitions. The studio sent him upcountry to take some fast-action cattle shots for a Western. It was apple-blossom time and—to a man with an itch to direct—irresistible. When the studio ran the film, it was charmingly interspersed with tender shots of dropping apple blossoms. They almost ran him off the lot.

As the maker of pictures such as *Penny Serenade*, *Vivacious Lady*, *Annie Oakley*,



TRACY, STEVENS, HEPBURN
She got what she wanted.

tor of a popular Pacific Coast stock company.

When Stevens went to Hollywood at 17 (1921), he had carried many a spear in his father's dramas, had stopped school after a year in high school, failed to make the grade at shortstop with the Oakland Acorns baseball team. Over his father's bitter remonstrances ("A cameraman's no better than a lousy stagehand"), he became the youngest and one of the best cameramen in motion pictures.

Like many another successful director (Frank Capra, Leo McCarey, William Wyler, etc.), Stevens learned his cinema technique on the roughhouse, two-reel comedy lots, where everyone from prop boy to producer had a hand in the story and no one knew how it was going to end. That is known as "shooting off the cuff," and Stevens does just that today with most of his pictures.

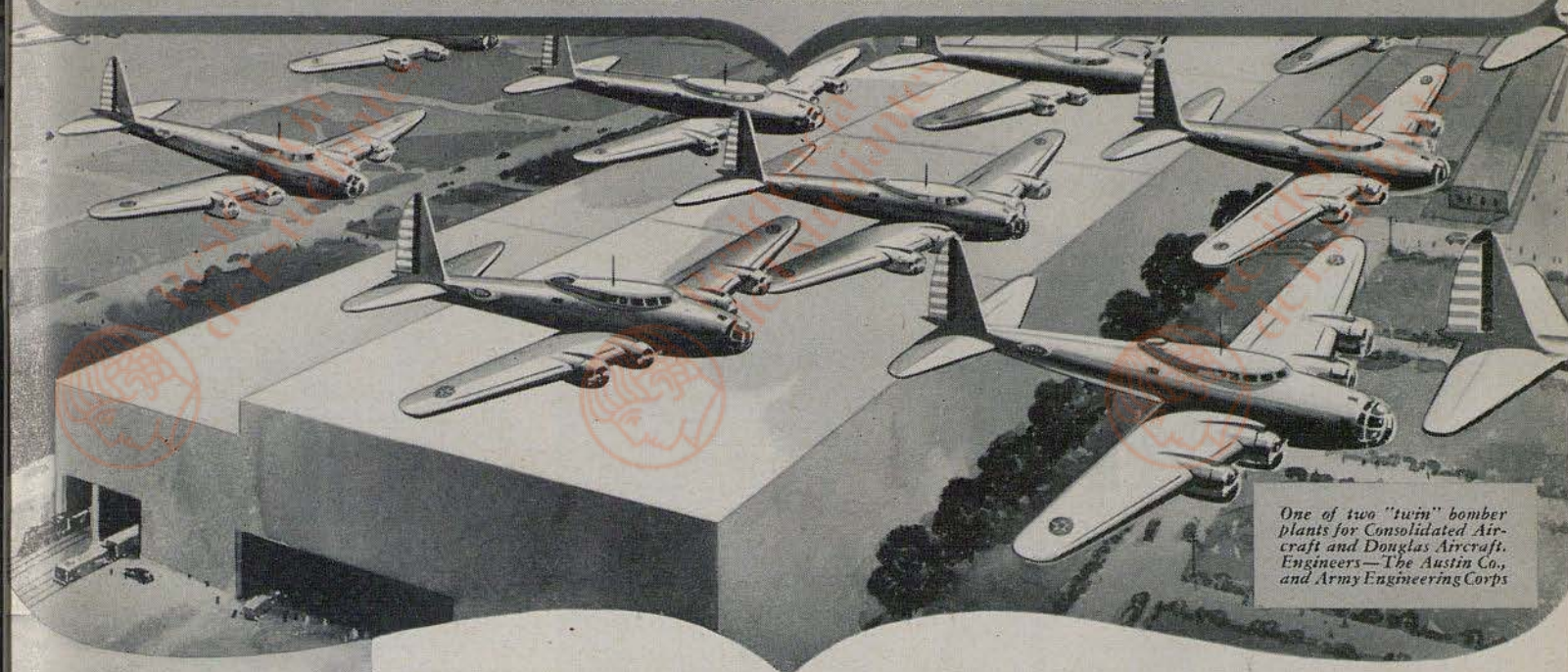
His comedy foundation was solid after he had worked as cameraman on 60 or more Laurel & Hardy and Harry Langdon

Gunga Din, one of the best Astaire-Rogers musicals (*Swing Time*). Director Stevens has exhibited a versatile talent, a wide range. He has never consciously tried to make a "great picture." But Columbia, which has him under one of Hollywood's favored producer-director contracts, is betting that he will. At 37 he is one of the youngest good directors in the business.

Actors like to work for him. His air of knowing what he is about puts them at ease; his ability to convey to them precisely what he wants reassures them; his enjoyment of what he is doing stimulates them. But two of Stevens' attributes are beyond the understanding of actors or anyone else. One is his capacity for putting anyone on the defensive at once by tightening his lips, removing all expression from his face and refusing to utter a word. Known to his friends as "the chill," it has been triumphantly successful at making studio executives behave.

The other is his antidote for getting over a bad spot in a picture. He just strides up

WORLD'S LARGEST INSULATION ORDER FOR HUGE BOMBER PLANTS



One of two "twin" bomber plants for Consolidated Aircraft and Douglas Aircraft. Engineers—The Austin Co., and Army Engineering Corps



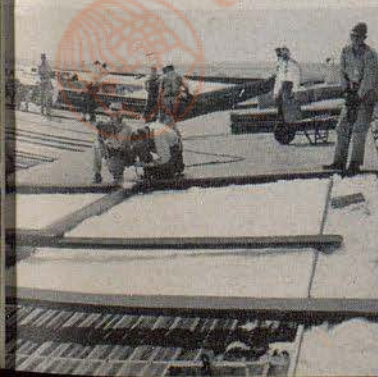
Preparing special bats of Red Top Insulating Wool for installation in plants



Red Top Wool—blankets roofs and walls



Installing insulation roof of Ft. Worth plant



Red Top Insulating Wool used on these projects would completely insulate walls and ceilings of 10,062 six-room homes—with insulation of medium thickness

The problem—Insulation for two windowless, air-conditioned plants, each longer than the world's 4 largest ocean liners, each demanding uniform temperatures in every square foot, plus high light reflectivity and sound insulation.

The solution—U. S. Gypsum provided an insulation that helps maintain constant temperatures throughout the huge plants, and meets the unusual structural requirements as well.

In addition, this light colored insulation, blanketing interior walls and ceilings, provides a surface which maintains a high level of light reflectivity, plus sound absorption of between 60% and 70% of factory and office noise.

In one application, Red Top Wool insulates, reduces sound, reflects light, saves

cooling and heating expense, saves lighting cost, reduces dead load—some job for one material!

The same features that make Red Top worth while on huge projects like these, apply proportionately and personally to the American Home Owner and his fuel supply.

Made of Fiberglas, in 3 thicknesses—in Rolls, Bats, and Junior Bats—Red Top fills varying job conditions and cost requirements. Red Top figured in cents per square foot, combined with money-saving speed in application, makes it the "Best Buy for Quality."

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THE BOND* OF FRIENDSHIP



YOUR GUESTS know they're truly welcome when Mount Vernon rye is served. For this peerless bond is rich in tradition and delicate in flavor—"the patrician of American ryes."

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Bottled in **BOND**
Straight Rye Whiskey



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& down interminably while everyone waits. The late Carole Lombard stood it as long as she could during the filming of *Vigil in the Night*, finally phoned her agent from her bed at 5 o'clock one morning: "I just thought what that pacing and thoughtful look of Stevens' mean." "What?" asked the sleepy agent. "Not a goddam thing," said she, and went back to sleep.

Joe Smith, American (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) is the man Hollywood forgot while it was busy glamorizing World War I doughboys. An aircraft factory worker, he is one of the 14 to 20 civilians it takes to keep a modern fighting man in the field. His story is just the kind of propaganda the U.S. would like to have Hollywood make more of. Adult, informative and entertaining, it klieg-lights the new warfare at a most important spot: the armament production line.

Joe Smith (Robert Young) is 30, born in Wisconsin of Norwegian and Austrian parents. He makes \$1 an hour (plus overtime) at Atlas Aircraft Corp., where he is a mechanic. He has a wife (Marsha Hunt), whom he loves; a child (Darryl Hickman), whom he spoils, and an FHA-financed home.

Until war hits him, Joe is just another untested American. Selected by his employers to install the new Army bomb-sight in their aircraft, he is snatched by enemy agents who want a blueprint of the sight. He is tortured, escapes, and his abductors are finally captured.

Without poaching on melodrama, Director Richard Thorpe manages to add triumphant suspense to his mauled hero's removal from the torture hideout by having him, though blindfolded, scratch the door jamb in departing, count the steps going down to the car, recall the turns, a dip in the pavement, a stop-&-go signal, the sound of a calliope, etc. All these well-noted clues come home to roost when he goes over the ground a second time.

The picture (from a story by Paul Gallico) is a credit to all concerned—especially to Director Thorpe and Producer Jack Chertok, Scenarist Allen Rivkin, pretty Mother Hunt, and Mechanic Young, who plays his All-American role with likable, natural, easygoing familiarity. Not a high-powered movie, it is a first-rate die for the new propaganda models which Hollywood is readying for mass production.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The New Spirit (Walt Disney's income tax short starring Donald Duck; TIME, Feb. 9).

Sullivan's Travels (Joel McCrea, Veronica Lake, William Demarest, Robert Greig; TIME, Feb. 9).

Kings Row (Betty Field, Robert Cummings, Ronald Reagan, Ann Sheridan; TIME, Feb. 2).

The Man Who Came to Dinner (Monty Woolley, Bette Davis, Jimmy Durante, Reginald Gardiner; TIME, Jan. 26).

Louisiana Purchase (Victor Moore, Bob Hope, Vera Zorina; TIME, Jan. 26).

H. M. Pulham, Esq. (Robert Young, Hedy Lamarr, Ruth Hussey, Charles Coburn; TIME, Jan. 5).

The little glass fireman that draws no pay...



TAKE a good look at this picture. It isn't often that you get a close-up view of a sprinkler head unless you are on a ladder. Here's how it works. When the heat of the fire reaches a certain point the "Quartzoid" bulb is shattered by its charge of expanding orange colored liquid. The water is directed onto the blaze by the little jigger on top. (Users claim that such a system quickly pays for itself in insurance savings.)

The "Quartzoid" which shatters at exactly the right temperature, comes from Corning, and was developed to replace metal alloy units. This is particularly interesting today with the real need to conserve metals.

Corning research has uncovered many unusual applications in recent years that may lead to a change in your thinking if you believe that all glass-like material is frail brittle stuff. Do you realize for instance that glass can be made into springs that will outlast metal in fatigue tests? Do you know that Corning has developed glasses to withstand heat that turns metals to liquid?

These examples give you an inkling of how much Corning has learned about glass in more than 50 years of research and manufacture. No wonder men in industry say, "If you have a glass problem—ask Corning!" If you have one, if you think that

a new use of glass may help you increase production, conserve metal, and cut costs, write today. Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

CORNING
—means—
Research in Glass



Grand Hotel

ATHENE PALACE—*Countess Waldeck—McBride* (\$2.75).

The Countess Waldeck takes current history out of the funeral parlor and puts it into the Grand Hotel. Her book is as perversely engrossing, gossipy and gamy as a clandestine conversation in the lobby. Her Grand Hotel is the Athene Palace in Bucharest, "the last cosmopolitan stage on which post-World-War Europe and the new-order Europe made a joint appearance." Theme of her book is the murder of a nation—Rumania.

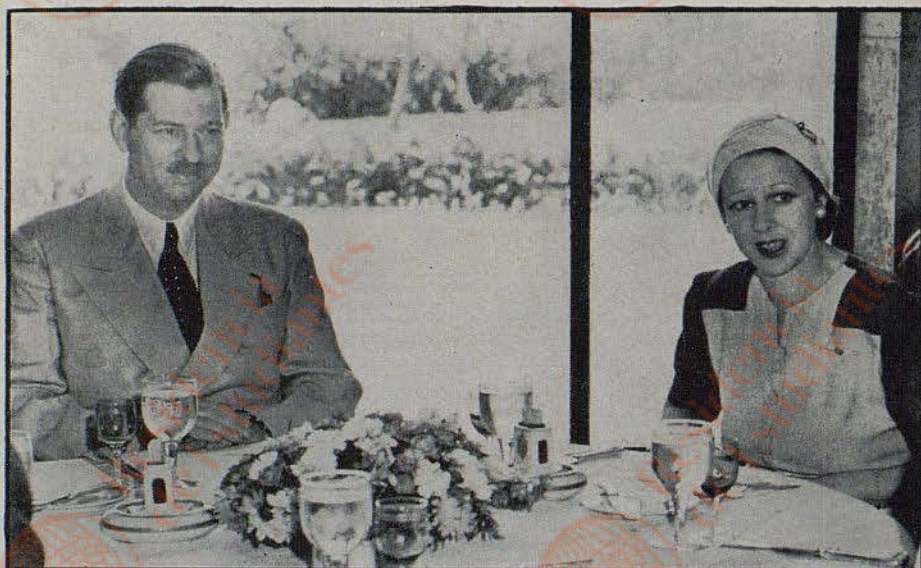
For this sensational subject the subtle and shrewd Countess Waldeck is almost the ideal reporter. When she was Frau Dr. Ullstein in 1930, she was the storm center of a sensational Berlin spy trial involving the once-great Ullstein publishing house. Later, as plain Rosie Goldschmidt, she wrote (under the initials R.G.) *Prelude to the Past*, in which she described with unusual candor the Ullstein affair and one or two of her own. Still later she married the Hungarian Count Waldeck, a marriage in which friendship and German passport considerations were deftly blended. She is now in Manhattan.

The Countess checked in at the Athene Palace the day Paris fell. She found the hotel swarming with "spies of every Intelligence Service in the world; the diplomats and military attachés of great and little powers; British and French oil men on their way out, and German and Italian oil men on their way in; Gestapo agents and Ovrá agents and OGPU agents, or men who were at least said to be agents; amiable Gauleiters and hardheaded economic experts; distinguished Rumanian appeasers and mink-clad German and Austrian beauties who were paid to keep them happy. . . . As the drama of bloodless German conquest later on drew to its bitter end, the old order dropped out of the play. Then wild-eyed greenshirt dignitaries, catapulted into power from a concentration camp, would make their debut in the lobby. Hopeful Axis businessmen would swarm here to buy themselves a Jewish department store or a mine for practically nothing. German generals, quiet and scholarly, would talk here of their old campaigns and think up new ones. At one time or another Franz von Papen, Hitler's ambassador to Ankara . . . would rest in the lobby. . . . Suave Dr. Clodius, Hitler's economic wizard, would recover his breath here after endless discussions with General Antonescu. . . . Even Frau Himmler, wife of the Gestapo chief, looking like Elsa Maxwell, came and ate big portions of whipped cream."

Spats & Monocles. But, for the Countess, the deathbed atmosphere of Rumania was best typified by the "Old Excellencies." There were two of these strange creatures in the lobby of the Athene Palace, "a kind of token force of a large army of some 700 living Rumanian former cabi-

net ministers, and of innumerable diplomats and generals." Wearing white linen spats and monocles, they sat at their table in the lobby from noon until midnight, studying "women's points." One Old Excellency had "the face of a sick greyhound." The other, "grey-haired and heavy-eyed," had a pointed beard like that of the late Rumanian premier, Ion Bratianu. They were wicked and pornographic old men, who always thought the worst about everybody, "with the distinction that they never thought the worst of the worst."

"That every lady had a price was a foregone conclusion . . . but only from 20,000 leis up did they consider her a lady. It was the same with the politicians . . .



CAROL & LUPESCU
Needed only a \$50-a-week publicity man?

if they were expensive enough they could be considered statesmen."

Once the Excellencies introduced the Countess to a deferential man who had "the face of a seal and breathed very loudly through his short nose." The old men were very cordial while the seal kissed the Countess' hand with "very moist lips." But as soon as he moved on, Bratianu-beard said: "*Voilà le gigolo le plus dangereux de Bucharest.*" All his friends in high Rumanian society knew, said the Old Excellencies, that "he lived on women and blackmail" and "worked for Moruzov's Secret Police." Nearly everybody in the Athene Palace worked for Moruzov, they said, from waiters and washroom attendants to "the apple-cheeked page boys . . . and, of course, the demimondaines who sat professionally in the lobby." Warned Bratianu-beard, "Watch your step, Madame, and confide in nobody except in us." Said the Greyhound: "*Nous sommes les seules personnes discrètes à Bucharest.*"

The Countess wondered what indiscreet Bucharestians were like. But just then the Old Excellencies bowed to an "extraor-

dinary dark beauty" who was slipping off her sables. "That," whispered the Greyhound, "is the friend of the German and the Hungarian and the Italian ministers. They all pay her for telling them what Udareanu [Carol's court chamberlain] does. And Udareanu pays her to tell him what the ministers are up to. The perfect arrangement."

Then there were the Germans. There was Gauleiter Conradi who had the head of a later Antonine on a body paralyzed from the waist down. He seldom got out of bed, but he knew everything and was dreaded by all Germans from the German minister to the charwoman at the legation—"the only difference being that the minister was more afraid than the charwoman."

There was Dr. Neubacher, German minister plenipotentiary for economic affairs in the Balkans. He had been mayor of Vienna when the Nazis made the Jews

clean the streets, liked to call himself an old revolutionary. Of Nazi aims in Rumania, Dr. Neubacher told the Countess: "We have only one aim, and that is to keep quiet in the raw-material sphere."

There was also Frau Edit von Coler. She lived at the Athene Palace, but never gave people more than a glimpse as she whisked across the lobby or drove down the Calea Victoriei in her "long grey Mercedes." Rumor said that she was Himmler's sister and a modern Mata Hari. Says the Countess Waldeck: "Mata Hari and her sisters were dumbbells in an era when bare skin was supposed to make generals lose their heads. . . . [Frau von Coler] was not Hitler's spy, but a Hitler propagandist. . . . And to make friends and influence people," adds the Countess authoritatively, "[is] a propagandist's business."

Part of Frau von Coler's business was to "find out trends and moods in influential circles, and the character, beliefs and weak spots of decisive figures in politics." She also opened a chicken farm on the outskirts of Bucharest, a "blood and soil" touch that brought her into earthy con-



Five years from now they'll call him "LUCKY"

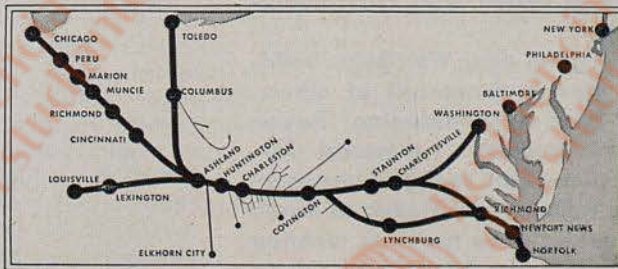
TODAY this man is thinking five years ahead of his time. But his competitors don't know it—yet.

Later on, when his company becomes a triple-threat in postwar markets . . . when his production costs are a third lower . . . competitors will call him "lucky." But he will remember that "way back in 1942" he was planning for a hard-fought tomorrow . . . building up a mass of vital information . . . such as you will find today in a book called "*The Chessie Corridor—Industry's Next Great Expansion Area*."

This book is no Aladdin's lamp, complete with jinni to conjure postwar dominance for your firm . . . but it may definitely point your way into an extraordinary industrial area. For *The Corridor* is a region where the industrial future of America is being reshaped . . . where a diversity of busy industries draw on the steady supply of power and raw materials produced for them from *The Chessie Corridor's* earth. Here—almost at the front door of many a plant—are endless resources of coal . . . oil . . . natural

gas . . . soft, pure water . . . limestone . . . silica sand . . . salt and other essential minerals. This important region is well peopled with native-born workers, is close to major markets, and served by excellent transportation.

Location in *The Corridor* may be a vital factor in your firm's success. So, shouldn't you study the facts—now? Copies of "*The Chessie Corridor*" will be mailed to executives requesting them from INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT SERVICE, Chesapeake and Ohio Lines, Huntington, W. Va.



THE CHESIE CORRIDOR, Served by
CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO LINES
 Geared to the **GO** of America!



"Let's stick to essentials"



Planes



Ships



Soldiers

And what are they? Most people would put planes, ships, and soldiers first. Equally important are food, munitions, housing. Clothing, hospitalization, manufacturing and transportation are vital.

To aid in supplying even half of these essentials would be a

privilege to any firm. It happens that Frick refrigerating, ice-making, or air conditioning equipment is used in all of them.

The Glenn L. Martin airplane plant has 19 Frick machines. Hundreds more are at work on Navy and merchant ships, and in Army cantonments. Frick refrigeration has played an indispensable part in the food industries for 60 years. Explosives, guns, and tanks are made or tested with Frick equipment.

The great new War Dept. Building, among thousands of others, uses Frick air conditioning. Rayon plants, hospitals, chemical factories, machine tool builders, gasoline refineries, refrigerated trucks and others—too many to mention—all prefer the Frick trademark on their cooling system.

Yours for essential cooling services,



Food



Munitions



Housing

tact with agricultural Rumanians. In her spare time ("It certainly seemed no sine-cure to be Hitler's agent") she threw parties for the "right" people.

Kultur Cardinal. At one such party the Countess met a Nazi Kultur-attaché, "a thin, aristocratic Austrian" with "the face of a young 16th-Century cardinal, who now and then delivered a heretic to the stakes without fanaticism and without pity. . . ." The cardinal glanced over at the sofa where Frau von Coler sat between "[a] Rumanian newspaper owner who looked like Haile Selassie, and the former Minister of Finance, who looked like a pasty-faced Rumanian. . . ." Said the cardinal, "Dear Edit has her hands full. . . . Until a few weeks ago all these Rumanians were pro-French, and we know it. Now they want desperately to be on the winning side, but feel embarrassed about switching so rapidly. Dear Edit has to convince them that they have been pro-German all their lives. . . . She is wonderful at such things."

Thereafter the Countess found the Count with the cardinal's face wherever she went. People warned her that he was a Gestapo agent. Once she asked him: "Do you watch me or do you just love me?" "He threw up his long, elegant hands in the exaggerated gesture of Bernini's saints and complained, 'Oh, don't go literal on me!'" They had great talks together. The Count told her the reason why the *Graf Spee* was scuttled and Captain Landsdorf killed himself. The reason: Landsdorf scuttled the *Graf Spee* on Hitler's personal order. Later it turned out that the British faked the order.

The Count also talked about the U.S. press ("He would discuss by the hour the relative merits of Mr. Bliven of the *New Republic* and Miss Kirchwey of the *Nation*"; about Jews ("Do you know, there is not one of us who has not a Gershwin record in the bottom of a drawer which he plays sometimes late at night?"); about a famous German beauty whose loyalty to Hitler was in question ("One more picture of her for *Vogue* . . ." said the Count, "then off with her to Dachau for life!").

Then there were the Rumanians. There was tall, dark, mystical Corneliu Zelea Codreanu, founder of the green-shirted Iron Guard. Carol's police had shot Codreanu before the Countess arrived at the Athene Palace, but his influence was everywhere. There was General Ion Antonescu, Rumania's Conducator (führer), for whose incorruptibility the Countess has great respect. There was Ernest Udareanu, all-powerful court chamberlain, who was said to powder and rouge, and whom young Prince Michael used to call "Murdareanu" (filth). There was King Carol, whom his subjects used to call "Mr. Popescu" (Rumanian for Mr. Big) when they discussed kicking him out.

"Popescu must go," the hairdresser at the Athene Palace told the Countess, "and she must be quartered." She was Elena (Magda) Lupescu, who followed Wife No. 1, Zizi Lambrino, and Wife No. 2, Queen Helen, in Carol's diversified domestic life. No matter how often he strayed, Carol

always returned to Magda's motherly care. Said the Old Excellencies: "*C'est une artiste.*" Says the Countess: "One is tempted to believe that here was real love." She adds that "any \$50-a-week American publicity man could have saved Carol's throne. . . and could have saved Lupescu all along."

The Countess stayed on at the Athene Palace during the seven great crises that



COUNTESS WALDECK

"Mata Hari and her sisters were dumb-bells."

completely shattered the "quiet of the Rumanian raw-material sphere," and left the Countess wondering whether the Nazis were as clever as she thought. The seven crises were: 1) the Russian seizure of Bessarabia; 2) the Hungarian seizure of Transylvania; 3) the Bulgarian seizure of the Dobruja; 4) King Carol's abdication; 5) the Iron Guard revolution and blood bath; 6) the earthquake; 7) the German occupation. The Countess has left a vivid picture of that year of Nazi terror, intensified by the terror of the trembling earth itself.

She has also left a picture of a less obvious kind of terror. The Nazis murder states, and the blow is swift and stunning. But the conquered populations survive. The special nightmare quality of their living death, which the Countess catches with unconscious clarity, is that of the captive caterpillar which the wasp stings and numbs but does not kill, so that its larvae may have living tissues on which to feed.

Omelet

BREAKFAST WITH THE NIKOLIDES—Rumer Godden—Little, Brown (\$2.50).

Rumer Godden is one of the most interesting of bad writers, or else one of the most unsatisfying of good ones. *Breakfast With the Nikolides* is much sharper and more mature than *Gypsy*, *Gypsy* (TIME, Aug. 12, 1940), yet as a whole the book is like an overcomplicated omelet prepared

by an amateur chef too late at night for those who must digest it.

The title is a fair sample. The Nikolides, Greeks who live down-river from a village in Bengal, never directly appear in the story. They are significant only because two English children are sent to their home for breakfast while a sick pet is put out of the way. For one of the children, eleven-year-old Emily, the meal is, to be sure, important; it marks "the last hour of her childhood." Yet the title typifies a certain trickiness that runs throughout the story.

It is a good story. The dog was killed too soon, and the children criminally deceived. This brings an intense crisis to 1) the parents, engaged in a cold battle for Emily's affections; 2) the half-caste veterinarian, who killed the dog against his better judgment; 3) a lordly young Brahmin friend of his; 4) Emily, whose ingenious resolve for vengeance lands her high & dry on the lonely edge of maturity; 5) at length, the whole community, in a plausible yet somehow ridiculous finale.

In the course of the telling, Miss Godden gets in some beautiful local color and some sharp child psychologizing. She shows a sensitivity to moods that is almost reminiscent of Virginia Woolf. But there is so much mystification, soft-focus symbolism and feminine theatricality that an almost fine novel becomes too dreamlike and sinister for words. Extreme sensitiveness breeds a type of melodrama, even of ham, all its own.

Mr. Cabell Goes South

THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF AMERICA—
Branch Cabell—Farrar & Rinehart
(\$2.50).

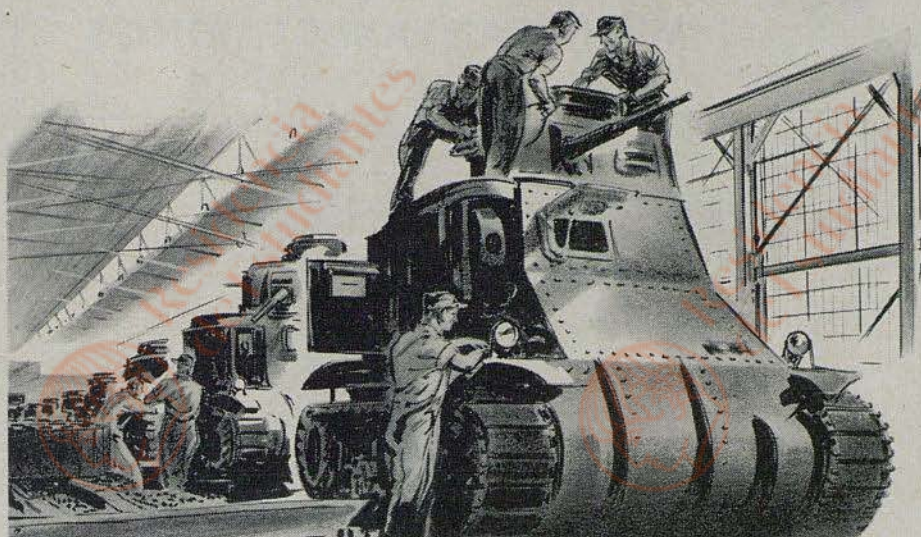
Author (James) Branch Cabell of Virginia spent several pleasant winters in St. Augustine, Fla., where he got interested in the character of Pedro Menéndez de Avilés, who founded the town (oldest continuous white settlement in the U.S.) in 1565. Cabell read in a guidebook that the headboard of Menéndez' coffin was in the City Hall.

He discovered not the headboard but the coffin itself, forgotten and dust-covered in an attic. Thereafter he so stirred up the civic pride of St. Augustine, even addressing the local Chamber of Commerce, that in 1940 the coffin was removed to a more seemly resting place in the Chapel of Nuestra Señora de la Leche, where in three months it was viewed by 16,000 tourists.

Mr. Cabell also set about composing an urbane and bloody tale of Menéndez' time, compact of history, folklore and imagination.

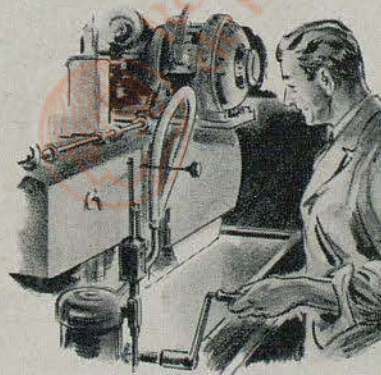
The "first gentleman" of *The First Gentleman of America* is not Menéndez but Nemattanon, Virginia Indian chief. Nemattanon learned the ways of the Spanish hidalgos, but returned to Virginia to protect his tribe from plundering, torture and slavery which the Spanish high-mindedly practiced. Despite their irreconcilable views, there was a grudging affection and respect between Menéndez and Nemattanon, and they managed with

The wheel that cuts tank armor like a sharp knife slices bread!



When steel men made tank armor that could withstand anti-tank fire, they put our army one up on the battlefield. But they posed a new problem in tank construction. Precision cutting of the armor plate is necessary at many places to insure contact for welding. But because of its toughness, ordinary mechanical cutting methods wouldn't do. What was the answer? With Carborundum Brand Cutting-Off Wheels, the 1-1/8" armor plate is now sliced like you'd slice a loaf of bread. And so accurately that mating parts fit perfectly.

These abrasive wheels have revolutionized cutting-off methods. Often of extreme thinness, they even perform such delicate operations as slotting the points of fountain pens! Today Carborundum-made Cutting-Off Wheels are used to cut plastics, glass, brick, tile, steel and non-ferrous metals in plate and bar stock ...faster, more safely, and more economically. In most cases further finishing is unnecessary.



This is not the only "short cut" in which Carborundum has pioneered. Our research, plant facilities, and sales engineering have helped manufacturers reduce costs and speed production in many ways. Perhaps they can do as much for you. The Carborundum Company, Niagara Falls, New York.

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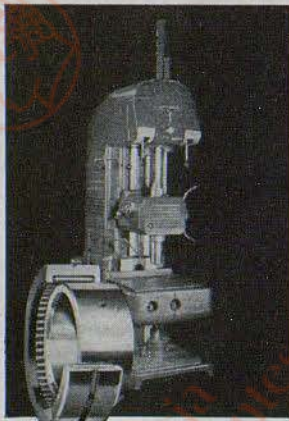


IN THE NEWS

WITH BANTAM BEARINGS



"KEEP 'EM FLYING" is the purpose of this high speed portable hydraulic elevator for "switching" plane engines right on the field. Built by LYON-Raymond Corporation for use in servicing the largest of aircraft engines, it can lift a two and one-half ton load with ease. Bantam Ball Thrust Bearings are used in the auto-type steering mechanism to assure efficient maneuverability of elevator and load at all times. This is another example of the wartime jobs Bantam Bearings are performing in the modern mechanization of America's fighting equipment.



IT TAKES MACHINE TOOLS to make machine tools—the backbone of wartime production for today's avalanche of orders for tanks, planes, guns, ships. This drill press, built by Sibley Machine & Foundry Corp., is designed for either toolroom or mass production use. Fifteen compact Bantam Quill Bearings are used in the multi-speed transmission to carry tremendous power and provide peak operating efficiency at all speeds. These bearings can be supplied promptly for wartime needs.

EACH PART PRECISION MADE and accurate to tenths of a thousandth of an inch, this Journal Roller Bearing, designed and built by Bantam for oil industry service, has a special thrust shoulder built in the outer race to simplify its construction and insure correct alignment at all times. This is another example of Bantam's ability to meet industry's needs.



BANTAM MAKES BEARINGS in every major type—straight roller, tapered roller, needle, and ball. Bantam engineers cooperate in selecting the bearings best suited to specific applications—or design special bearings to meet unusual requirements. If you have a bearing problem of any kind, **TURN TO BANTAM.**

BANTAM BEARINGS
STRAIGHT ROLLER • TAPERED ROLLER • NEEDLE • BALL
BANTAM BEARINGS CORPORATION • SOUTH BEND • INDIANA

some effort to avoid killing each other. All of Mr. Cabell's books have the urbanity and elegance, the polite understatement of enormous evil and the wily circumlocution of enormous sex, which Mr. Cabell's admirers admire. At 62, there seems no good reason why he should either stop his writing or change its character.

Medium Rare

WELCOME TO THE CITY—Irwin Shaw—Random House (\$2).

One of the most gifted U.S. short-story writers, Irwin Shaw is also one of the most successful. All but one of the 20 stories in this volume are collected from *The New Yorker*, *Story*, *Harper's Bazaar* and other magazines. Some of the best:

► *The Eighty-Yard Run* is a kindly study of the bewildered Young Republican of



Alfredo Valente

IRWIN SHAW

His make-up is too rich for natural light.

the early '30s with perceptive notes on one type of hopeless marriage.

► In *Main Currents of American Thought* a young radio hack who wants to do serious work trembles in a familiar trap—the support of his limp, whining family.

► In *The Dry Rock*, the most nearly immaculate story in the book, a decent young man betrays all human decency under wifely pressure, in his responsibility as witness of a street fight between a gangster and a proud little taxi driver.

► In *Free Conscience, Void of Offence* some smooth-motored Yale '12 classmates and their wives, softly convivial at a well-kempt bar, drink toasts to Chamberlain's success at Munich.

Irwin Shaw's material is fresh, and he handles it with rich understanding and superb technique—up to a point. Then he lays it on too thick or too pat. Perhaps his professionalism is to blame. Perhaps the author of *Bury The Dead* is more naturally a playwright than a storyteller. Tricks of overemphasis, which get by on stage, look as uneasy in print as theatrical make-up does in a living room.

TIME, February 16, 1942

CARNIVAL AT CANNES?

Look again—it's Mardi Gras in New Orleans!

1. "Last year, I stepped into the Arabian Nights—without ever leaving the reassuring boundaries of the United States," writes a friend, "when I headed New Orleans way for Mardi Gras.

"I knew I was going to have the time of my life the night I arrived, when I joined the crowds to watch my first Mardi Gras parade. Between the balconied houses the fantastic floats wove their way, lit by the flickering yellow flare of torches carried by dozens of white-robed Negroes.

2. "The next day I visited a costume shop in the Vieux Carré. I was having as much fun as a kid on Halloween, when I heard a voice say, 'Here's one that's more your style!' It was a friend I hadn't seen since college days!

3. "When he learned I was there for Mardi Gras, he said, 'We'll have to show you a sample of our famous New Orleans hospitality!' I had my first taste of it that evening—and it turned out my friend's favorite brand of hospitality was Canadian Club!

4. "The parties and parades lasted a glorious week—so no wonder I was tired that last night as we drove to a restaurant for a farewell drink.

5. "I tried to tell my friend how much I'd enjoyed the Mardi Gras. 'Thank New Orleans for a great part of it—but give Canadian Club a little credit, too,' he replied."

Why have so many Americans switched to Canadian Club lately? Because of its unique, delightful flavor. No other whisky in all the world tastes like Canadian Club.

For Canadian Club is *light* as Scotch—*rich* as rye—*satisfying* as bourbon. And you can stick with this superb whisky all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States (in Scotland, too!).

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois
Blended Canadian Whisky, 90.4 proof. Copr. 1942



IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS!

One in a series of notable paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



Scouting the crop before auctions open. Painted from life on a Southern farm by Georges Schreiber

WE PAID 34%* MORE IN MULLINS, S. C., TO GET THIS LIGHTER, NATURALLY MILDER LEAF

Down in Marion County, South Carolina, on a fertile sandy plain you'll find Mullins. Mullins is a tobacco town—one of the scores and scores of Southern towns where Luckies buy tobacco.

In Mullins this season, the makers of Luckies paid 34% above the average market price to get the finer leaf—yes, 34% more to bring you *naturally* milder, better-tasting tobaccos.

This was in no way unusual. Last season, in every one of 119 markets all through tobaccoland, we paid well above the average market price for tobacco—and the best we bought goes into Luckies.

To independent tobacco experts who know these facts, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. With these experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1. In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts!



**Based on average market price, U. S. Department of Agriculture.*

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1