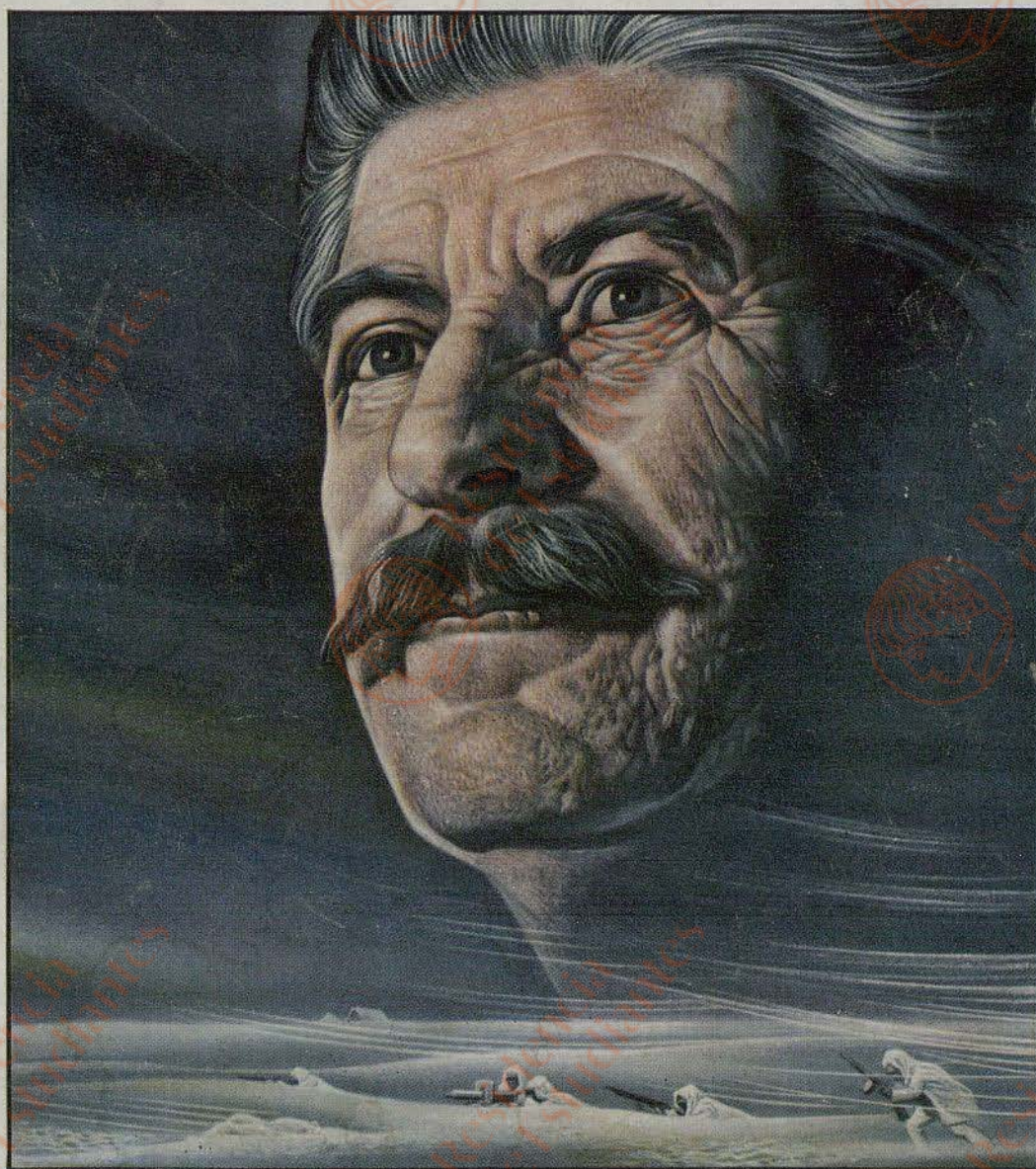


TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Artzybasheff

MAN OF THE YEAR

All that Hitler could give, he took—for a second time.

(Foreign News)

LUMARITH

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Plastics
REPLACE TIN



THE PLASTICS "STORY OF THE YEAR"

LATE in the year 1942, plastics won another victory through intensive cooperation between plastic manufacturer and custom molder. In 1942, Celanese Celluloid Corporation perfected a Lumarith Plastic formula capable of replacing tin for collapsible tubes.

Everybody had expected it to be done some day. And perhaps it was natural to expect the material to be born in the laboratories of the founder of the plastics industry.

The first run of one hundred million tubes being made of Lumarith by

Celluplastic Corporation for Colgate, Chesebrough and Ortho Products, will save over two million pounds of pure tin.

With transparent Lumarith sheets and molded materials doing such important jobs as transparent cockpit enclosures, and molded parts for planes and gliders, lenses and molded parts for gas masks, there might be many votes for other stories as the Lumarith "story of the year." But the collapsible tube is used by so many people, in and out of uni-

form, every day, that most people will remember the tube made of Lumarith as the plastics "story of the year."

Celanese Celluloid Corporation, 180 Madison Ave., New York City, a division of Celanese Corporation of America Sole Producer of Celluloid* (cellulose nitrate plastics) . . . Lumarith* (cellulose acetate plastics) . . . Lumarith* E. C. (ethyl cellulose molding materials) . . .

*Trademarks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**CELANESE
CORPORATION
OF AMERICA**

The first Name in Plastics

PLASTICS DIVISION: CELANESE CELLULOID CORPORATION

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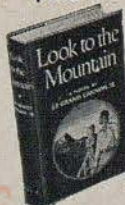
DRAGON SEED
BY PEARL S. BUCK
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**REVEILLE
IN WASHINGTON**
BY MARGARET LEACH
1942 Pulitzer Winner
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**VICTORY THROUGH
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**LOOK TO
THE MOUNTAIN**
BY LE GRAND CANNON, JR.
PRICE TO MEMBERS
\$2.50



**PAUL REVERE:
And The World He Lived In**
BY ESTHER FORBES
PRICE TO MEMBERS
\$2.75



**OUR HEARTS WERE
YOUNG AND GAY**
BY CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER
AND EMILY KIMBROUGH
and
**WE TOOK TO THE
WOODS**
BY LOUISE DICKINSON RICH
(double selection)
COMBINED PRICE TO MEMBERS
\$3.00

WHAT A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE CLUB INVOLVES:

Over 500,000 families now belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. They do so in order to keep themselves from missing the new books they are really interested in.

As a Club member, you receive an advance publication report about the judges' choice—and also reports about all other important coming books. If you decide you want the book-of-the-month, you let it come. If not (on a blank always provided) you can specify some other book you want, or simply say: "Send me nothing."

Last year over \$5,000,000 worth of free books (retail value) were given to the Club's members—given, not sold! These book-dividends could be distributed free because so many subscribers ordinarily want the book-

of-the-month that an enormous edition can be printed. The saving on this quantity-production enables the Club to buy the right to print other fine library volumes. These are then manufactured and distributed free among subscribers.

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BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB A21
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Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive a free copy of any one of your recent book-dividends shown at the top, and for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club I am to receive, free, the current book-dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month each year from the Club.

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Lockheed Hudson Bomber. Over 50 G-E MAZDA lamps of various types are used on bombers like this.

It takes a lot of G-E MAZDA lamps to keep 'em flying!

EVERY time a bomb is unloaded from an American bomber, a signal light from a tiny lamp notifies the bombardier that the bomb is on its way. Chances are it's a G-E lamp, one of over 200 developed by General Electric Research to meet the special needs of aviation. Making special lamps for special purposes is no new task for General Electric. Starting with Edison's first lamp in 1879, we have constantly striven to make every lamp give the best possible performance in the particular job it has to do.



Instrument Illuminator. Meets need for compact lighting source for airplane instruments.



Instrument Illuminator. Blue fluorescent light. Generates near-ultra-violet, making numerals on dials fluoresce. High efficiency, light weight.



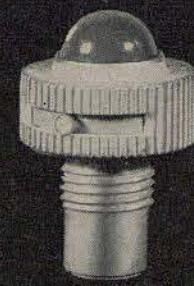
Instrument Illuminator. Provides visible light for certain instrument lighting. Overall length is one and three-eighths inches.



Instrument Illuminator. Tubular blue fluorescent lamps. Generates near-ultra-violet light for illuminating instrument dials.



Instrument Illuminator. Larger bulb for instrument illumination. Greater light output and maintenance where space permits.



Airplane Indicator. Special base insures positive action. Amber plastic dome diffuses light over wide angle. Dimmed by rotating head of base.



Bombardier Training. To outline target area for night practice. Projects both highly concentrated and wide angle beam. Simple, weather-proof.



Gun Sight Lamp. Provides even, well-diffused, high-intensity light for gunsight illumination. Inside frost.



Cockpit Spot. Used with lens to flood whole instrument panel. Bulb-shape developed especially for Air Forces' use.



Cabin Lamp. For general illumination in plane interior. Silvered Bowl minimizes glare.



Map Reading. Light source to be used in reflector to spread light over Navigator's work table.



Instrument Indicator. Tubular shape. A compact lamp built to fit a small space.



Signalling. Flashing signal lamp with special filaments.



Signalling. Hermetically-sealed, "All-Glass" lamp. Lens, reflector, and filament in one. Dust, dirt and moisture excluded.



Emergency. Compact, pocket flash-light lamp for use if other light sources are put out of action or for ground use.



Emergency. Life-raft marker lamp. Attach to life-raft or to clothing. Lamp is sometimes covered with red dome.



Landing. With all the advantages of hermetically-sealed all-glass units similar to those used on some automobiles.



Landing. High-wattage. Small bulb for use in large reflector.



Beacon. Projection lamp used for rotating beacons to guide planes along the airways. 1000 watts.



Bomb Indicator. Used to show bomb disposition. With amber, green, red or white plastic caps.



Traffic Control. Rugged projection-type lamp used with color-changing mechanism to signal planes for landing.



Airport Marker. Used in "contact" fixtures to outline runways. Mounted nearly flush with ground. Also used as boundary or obstruction marker.



Portable Airport Approach. Small, high-wattage, short light-center length for compactness. Helps planes land under poor seeing conditions.



Airport Floodlight. 3000-watts. Highly efficient lamp to flood airfields.

G-E MAZDA LAMPS



There's a G-E MAZDA Lamp for every essential lighting need. They are made to stay brighter longer.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

TO ANY WAR PLANT: You may not be able to use any of these lamps, but the G-E knowledge and experience behind them are available for your lighting problems . . . anything from eliminating glare on a production line to supplying lamps for a highly specialized service. See your G-E lamp supplier, or write General Electric, Nela Park, Cleveland, O.



The write incentive!
Writing need not be "one per cent inspiration, ninety-nine per cent perspiration." A Ticonderoga pencil is one of the best incentives to good writing. It feels good in your hand; it spurs you on. Yes, a Ticonderoga is the most un-lay-downable pencil you can buy. Requires 50% less writing energy. Do not wait for inspiration. Get a box of Dixon Ticonderoga pencils now!

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with a fine American name..

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Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 6-J1, Jersey City, N. J.
Canadian Plant: Dixon Pencil Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.

LETTERS

What Goes in the War

Sirs:

I wanted you to know that the boys of my son's battery, somewhere in Australia, use TIME as their barometer of "what goes" in the war. In every V-letter he sends, we are instructed: "For accurate war news, read TIME. They haven't missed yet on facts we can verify."

ADELE ROSS

New York City

Nautical Exactitude

Sirs:

As a lover of things nautical and of sailing ships in particular, I rise in protest against your description of the *Gertrude L. Thebaut* as a "full-rigged schooner" [TIME, Dec. 14]. Webster defines full-rigged as "having three or more masts, each with its full complement of square sails." As a schooner is fore-and-aft-rigged it could not conform to the requirements of this definition. A full-rigged schooner would be as anomalous as a two-legged centipede.

GEO. T. BUSH

Atlanta

► Reader Bush is not so salty as he thinks. A full-rigged ship and a schooner are two things. But of late years so many Gloucester fishing schooners have been built "bald-headed"—that is, without topmasts or topsails—that to distinguish the few which still carry all their rigging, it is expedient to speak of full-rigged schooners. A centipede may have anywhere from 38 to 400 legs.—Ed.

N.A.M. and the Future

Sirs:

TIME, in its Dec. 14 number, has misled its readers and has done an injustice to the 4,000 industrialists who attended N.A.M.'s recent War Congress of American Industry.

To report or to editorialize that the Congress "failed even to face" the problem of post-war world rehabilitation was grave distortion of the facts and the record.

At the very outset of the Congress on Dec. 2, I emphasized the heavy obligation of private capital not only to cooperate with Government in the immediate post-war relief of stricken areas, but to assume major responsibility for long-term economic rehabilitation here and abroad.

On Dec. 3, the Congress adopted unanimously a war program for industry, the result of months of study by nearly 100 manufacturers. This included a six-point statement of industry's post-war goals.

On Dec. 4, a whole session was devoted to discussions, through addresses and a symposium comprised of outstanding economists, of "industry's plan for the post-war period."

In addition to looking into the future of the post-war social structure, these manufacturers had some very practical discussions on what corporations can do even before hostilities cease. One of the most practical and definite talks of this nature, by D. C. Prince, vice president of General Electric, analyzed the techniques of market and product research which will stimulate after-war employment. This supplemented an earlier N.A.M. checklist of points for management to follow in aid of a better post-war economy.

Finally, the Congress adopted, again unanimously, a 15-point post-war program in which is detailed the factors which industrial management earnestly believes must be taken into action in any rehabilitation plan.

That record refutes the assertion that N.A.M. "failed even to face" the problem. Manufacturers, not only in this war conference but in deeper analysis throughout the year, have been studying their obligation of post-war leadership with the same earnestness and wholesome purpose that economists, Government officials and other interested groups are showing.

America can rest assured that when peace comes, the industry which is now forging the weapons of victory, will be prepared to play its equally essential and rightful role in the economic re-establishment of a better world.

W. P. WITHEROW
1942 President, N.A.M.

New York City

Do Queens & Bishops Fight?

Sirs:

Your "Little Wars" story in TIME for Dec. 14 omitted a discussion of the war game that has withstood the test of centuries and undoubtedly will be played when the modern games are wholly forgotten—chess.

ORVILLE A. BECKLUND

St. Paul

Macon County Health

Sirs:

In the article in the Dec. 14 issue of TIME entitled "Negro Health," you erroneously placed Macon County in Georgia instead of Alabama where it rightfully belongs. . . .

The campaign in Macon County, Alabama for the eradication of syphilis would not have been successful without the continued support of the Alabama State Department of Public Health. Probably no state has done any more in extending as many opportunities to Negro physicians and public-health nurses to engage in public-health activities among their own people as Alabama.

So let's give Alabama credit. . . .

WILLIAM B. PERRY, M.D.

Birmingham

► Right, but let's give Georgia credit for confusing TIME by also having a Macon County.—Ed.

Wave Lengths & Such

Sirs:

May I call your attention to a misleading statement made in the article "Seeing by Electron Waves" [TIME, Dec. 14].

The author of the article says: "Higher magnification requires shortest possible electron waves, hence higher voltage." As a matter of fact the wave length of electrons accelerated by say 15,000 volts is already roughly 50,000 times smaller than that of visible light. According to the information concerning magnification presented in the article the actual improvement gained by substituting electron waves for light is only 50-fold.

It is evident therefore that not "higher voltage" but improvement of the "optical" parts of the instrument is desirable.

I do not hesitate calling the electron microscope as it is a magnificent instrument. In view of future developments, however, it has to be admitted at the same time, that with respect to its lenses in their present state, no more favorable comparison can be made than with the microscope as it was at the time of Leeuwenhoek.

P. DEBYE

Ithaca, N.Y.

► Peter Debye, winner of the Nobel Prize for chemistry in 1936 (TIME, Dec. 28), is right. What the electron microscope needs is better definition

The DOLLAR that works three shifts

First shift

IT'S A SECURITY DOLLAR

—buying protection for you and your family in an unsettled world.

Second shift

IT'S A WAR DOLLAR

—helping, through War Bonds and other investments, to finance war production.

Third shift

IT'S AN ANTI-INFLATION DOLLAR

—a stabilizing force because it is not competing for consumer goods.

It's Your Life Insurance Dollar!

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS—FROM ANY METROPOLITAN AGENT, OR AT ANY METROPOLITAN OFFICE

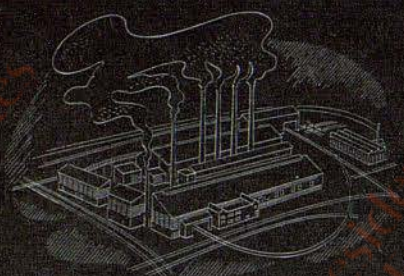
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company (A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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Leroy A. Lincoln, *President*

1 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.





Is "Victory" Just A Word?

☆ No—it's a signal! When it sounds, American industry will immediately start making again those products that are synonymous with the American Way of Life. With Victory, Weatherhead will help build cars, refrigerators and airplanes for you. We'll also make many strange new devices, now employed in the war, which have peacetime applications you'll marvel at. They will all contribute greatly to your comfort, your convenience and your enjoyment of life after the war.

Look Ahead with



Weatherhead

THE WEATHERHEAD COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Manufacturers of vital parts for the automotive, aviation,
refrigeration and other key industries.

Branch Offices: Detroit, Los Angeles, New York and St. Louis

by better focusing of electron waves. But when higher magnification is attained it will be by shorter waves, higher voltages.—Ed.

Grey Stronghold

Sirs:

This is to express appreciation, on the part of an ardent alumnus, for the very fine article on The Citadel [TIME, Dec. 21].

We alumni are extremely proud of the record made by Citadel men both in past wars and in peacetime, and we feel sure that they will live up to this record in the present conflict.

Your statement to the effect that The Citadel is the nation's staunchest stronghold of the Grey traditions is a high compliment, and well-deserved by the Old School.

Incidentally, there are approximately 3,300 Grads on active duty at present.

JOHN T. STONE, M.D.

Baltimore, Md.

Fighting Swiss

Sirs:

You made an amazing statement about General Eisenhower in TIME, Nov. 16:

"There was nothing about the Eisenhower tradition to suggest this choice [of being a soldier]. In the dim past the Eisenhowers were Swiss. . . ."

TIME would have a hard job to find a Swiss of any generation who has not in his past a military tradition. Military, mind you, not militaristic. Even though the Swiss have not fought actively in 100 years, the tradition is completely alive. In some parts of Switzerland, masses for the dead are said every year for soldiers who fell in the glorious encounter at Morgarten in 1315. That fight was against invading Habsburgs, who never could, nor apparently can, keep their rapacious hands off a free people.

The proportion of forces then, and in many later battles, was about 1 to 10. The Swiss by no means always won, but, make no mistake, they by all means always fought!

GERTRUDE ZURRER

Hartford, Conn.

No Suckers, No Slackers

Sirs:

Regarding your last issue of TIME, you ran an article about the Merchant Marine calling us *suckers* and *slackers*. Also stating that we were expected to boo the message from the President of the United States. I wish to inform you that we are not *slackers* and *suckers* and also we respect our Commander in Chief, the President of the United States. We Merchant Mariners, 10,000 strong, are trying to build up the reputation of the backbone of the American victory fleet.

ROBERT EIS

ROBERT ENSMINGER

JAMES MACKINTOSH

CLYDE M. WALKER

U.S. Maritime Service
Sheepshead Bay
Brooklyn, N.Y.

► TIME did not call the Merchant Mariners *suckers* and *slackers*, but reported that that is what Merchant Mariners jokingly call each other.—Ed.

The Threat of Priorities

Sirs:

. . . Under the caption Radio, you have an article (TIME, Dec. 7) on Messrs. Rodriguez & Sutherland in which you say:

"The team picked up a shampoo sponsor and tripled his business in six months. When priorities closed the business last August, the



Helen of Troy, U.S.A.

This was in truth the face that launched a thousand American ships. She was so beautiful, so serene . . . and so damned uncomfortable!

Not alone from the bustles and the corsets and the voluminous billows of tent cloth. Daily her life was besieged with the drudgery and the discomforts of the Gilded Age: The flat iron, the wood stove, the wash tub and the carpet beater, gaslight and the coal grate, horsecars and hansom cabs. But all these things have changed . . . miraculously and wonderfully changed.

And that's the theme of this story: *Change!*

For today the world is changing faster than ever before, and the first 5 years after this war will be equal to any 25 years of the past. Because this is true, we at Jones & Lamson have an important story to tell.

We were already 50 years old when Helen of

Troy was a girl. We began with the birth of the Machine Age in America, and even in the very birthplace. Many of the precision machine tools designed and developed by Jones & Lamson engineers during more than a century of the company's history have literally made possible much of America's industrial change.

Because of this background and reputation, Jones & Lamson engineers have actually been called upon by manufacturers — from the largest to the smallest — many thousands of times for counsel, service, or precision machine tools during a single year of this war!

If your business is manufacturing with metal . . . if you have problems today . . . and if you are looking ahead to the swiftly changing markets, products and methods of manufacturing after the war . . . Jones & Lamson engineers and service men can help you. They are at your call!

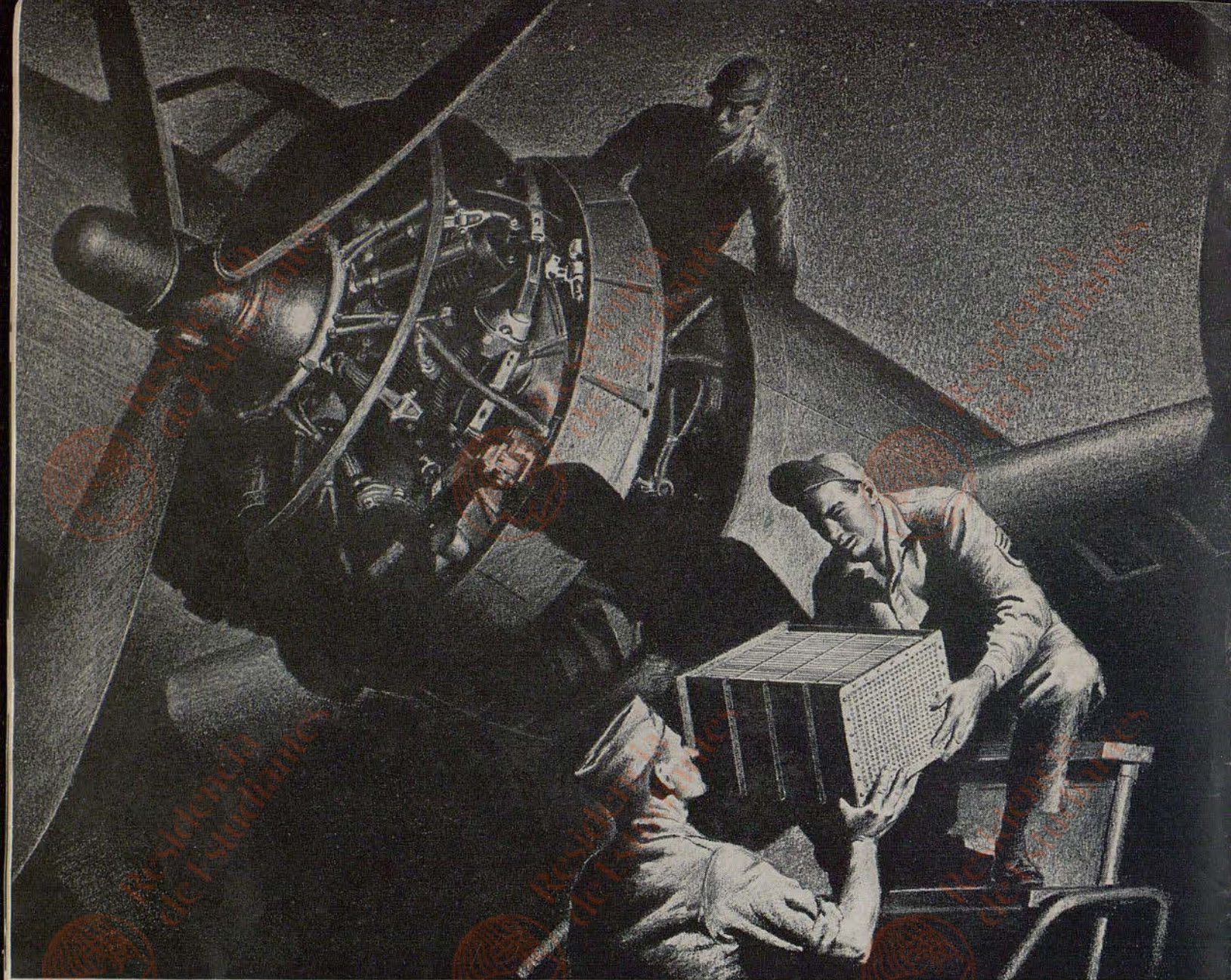


JONES & LAMSON

Universal Turret Lathes . Fay Automatic Lathes . Automatic Thread Grinders . Optical Comparators . Automatic Opening Die Heads

MACHINE CO., SPRINGFIELD, VERMONT, U.S.A.

Profit-producing Machine Tools



Do you know what the "intercooler" does?

PERHAPS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN the word before. Yet the *intercooler* is one of the developments that have helped make possible the pride of all Americans—the high-altitude U.S. bomber.

To propel heavy "air cruisers" flying 7 miles high, engines are equipped with superchargers. These superchargers compress the stratosphere's thin air to many times its normal density—then feed this compressed air to the engines. Only in that way can the engines get enough oxygen to operate at top power-output.

But when air is greatly compressed, it becomes hot—very hot—and unless such overheated air is cooled before reaching the combustion chambers it will result in harmful detonation or "knocking," and hence power loss.

To meet this set of circumstances aviation engineers developed *intercoolers*.

The duty of *intercoolers* is to condition hot supercharged air to a more efficient temperature and thus increase the effective altitude of U.S. warplanes.

The development of lightweight all-aluminum intercoolers has been one of our war assignments here at AiResearch.

In addition to intercoolers, our engineers have perfected new types of engine

oil coolers, aftercoolers, and exit flap controls—all now in large-scale production.

Some of the intricate war duties that AiResearch engineers have taught air to perform would astound you, if they could be told today . . . *After the war, you'll find us ready with amazing civilian helps created for you out of just this newer knowledge of what controlled air can do.*



"Where Controlled Air Does The Job" • Automatic Exit Flap Control Systems • Engine Coolant Systems • Engine Oil Cooling Systems • Engine Air Intercoolers • Supercharger Aftercooling Systems

pair continued over KECA on a sustaining basis."

The "shampoo sponsor" is my client "42" Products, Inc. It is decidedly in business and its shampoo is decidedly on the market. However, last August, when priorities threatened the business, the radio contract with Messrs. Rodriguez & Sutherland, which expired at the time, was not renewed. . . .

AARON B. ROSENTHAL

Los Angeles

Biddle in Brazil

Sirs:

In your issue of Dec. 21 why did you intentionally misquote the cable wired by your Rio de Janeiro representative in stating that tweedy Artist Biddle was "the first U.S. artist every commissioned by a South American country to decorate public buildings." He reported to you—did he not—that Biddle and Helene Sardeau were together commissioned to decorate the main lobby of the National Library with fresco and bronze bas-reliefs? . . .

GEORGE BIDDLE

Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

► It was an oversight that Helene Sardeau (Mrs. George Biddle) was not mentioned in TIME's story. She should have been credited with her bas-reliefs, entitled *Violence* and *Charity*. One depicted a brute strangling another brute; the other, figures with outstretched hands succoring a dying comrade. But let Mr. Biddle be advised that TIME does not intentionally misquote anything. Furthermore on the rare occasions when TIME undertakes to quote a correspondent, its readers are so advised.—Ed.

Background for Rubber

Sirs:

In your Aug. 14, 1939, issue, "Background for War," you out-drew Pearson, not by days, not by months, but by years.

Perhaps if some of those in Washington had followed your Background for War a little more carefully, some of our shortcomings might have been avoided.

SIDNEY H. STERN

Cleveland

► TIME said: "Modern war is mechanized. It rolls on rubber and is driven by oil. The U.S. will have to bid for rubber against desperate belligerents. Driving an automobile may become a luxury . . . the U.S. may turn to substitutes. . . . To create them may well require several billion dollars. . . ."—Ed.

Younger Lieut. Colonel

Sirs:

We have read your issue of Dec. 14 with great interest but we believe we have discovered an error in your story of Lieut. Colonel "Buzz" Wagner in which you state that he was (at 26) the youngest officer of his rank in the Army. Lieut. Colonel Chesley Gordon Peterson of Santaquin, Utah is his junior by four years. Lieut. Colonel Peterson, former leader of the American Eagle Squadron, is now stationed in England with the A.A.F.

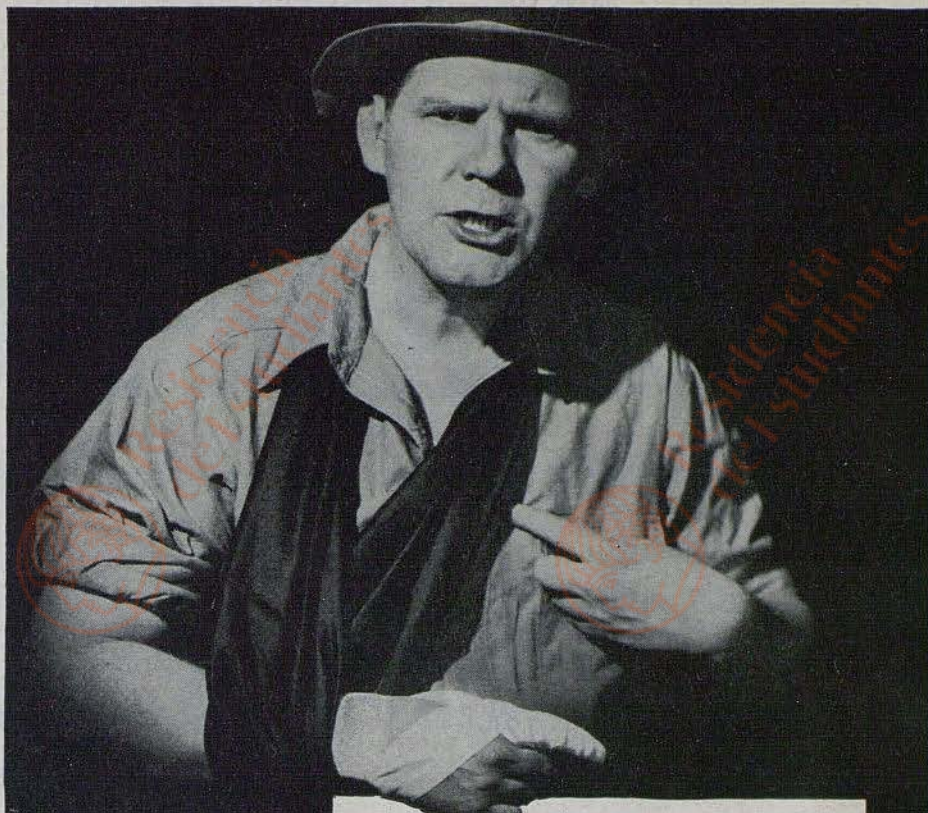
AVIATION CADET L. L. LOWRY

AVIATION CADET J. A. LINDQUIST

Aviation Cadet Center
San Antonio

► Lieut. Colonel Peterson is younger but not four years younger than the late Lieut. Colonel Boyd D. Wagner. He is 24.—Ed.

TIME, January 4, 1943



ME--- Help Hitler?

Yes, Mister, you and thousands of others like you—!

By having avoidable accidents you are costing your country millions of production hours and depriving our men who are fighting for their lives—and yours, of the munitions which they so desperately need.

Every accident—every fire—aids the enemy.

Your plant has safety rules and equipment to reduce needless injury. Patriotic American workers will follow them!



Insure through an
F. & C. Agent

He is trained and experienced in the preparation of policies to meet your individual requirements; he is always available to advise and serve you in the event of loss; he represents a company of this strong, capital stock group which has paid out more than \$1,150,000,000 in claims since 1853.

The Fidelity and Casualty Company

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THE AMERICA FORE INSURANCE AND INDEMNITY GROUP

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AMERICAN EAGLE FIRE INSURANCE CO.
MARYLAND INSURANCE CO.

“Know-How”

SAVES MANPOWER, MATERIALS AND MONEY—AND GETS THE JOB DONE!

*Fortunately for All of Us,
American Industry Has This “Know-How”*

THEY said that America was unprepared for war and could not arm in time. But they overlooked our “secret weapon”—industrial “know-how.”

They forgot that in America free enterprise had for years been encouraging—stimulating—urging men to learn how to make things better and better—in greater volume—at constantly lower costs.

Now that the needs of peace have given way to the demands of war—now that “Victory is our business”—our training in this mass production is making itself felt.

And today Victory is *your* business—just as it is ours.

And as a “stockholder” in Fighting

America you want to know how well your business is operating; whether the experience and skills developed under peaceful American free enterprise are proving valuable now; whether we have acquired an ability—a “know-how”—which is equal to the demands of total war.

So one organization gives you herein a few of the many examples of how American “know-how” is getting the job done—is saving manpower, materials and *hundreds of millions of dollars!*

These are some of the things being done to avoid the tragedy of “too little and too late”—to make sure that your boy at the front has every advantage of superior equipment and protection.

General Motors Employees Set New Record

Although 37,892 General Motors employees are in the armed forces, employment for November of this year in the United States was 20.2% above that of the same period in 1941. Payrolls were up 51.0%. Average hours of work were up 17.3%.

From their earnings, General Motors men and women are purchasing War Bonds in ever-increasing volume.

GENERAL MOTORS

An EXAMPLE—HOW GM APPLIES MASS-PRODUCTION TECHNIQUE TO MACHINE GUNS



This story of quantity production methods in the manufacture of one type of machine gun illustrates a principle exemplified throughout General Motors' production for war. Design improvements and production short-cuts have been made possible by the close cooperation and assistance of original manufacturers, machine tool producers and the Army Ordnance Department.

- 1. INCREASING OUTPUT**—Many new processes, new tools and design changes have made possible double the output in the same man-hours. Manufacturing capacity and manpower were released for additional vital war tasks.
- 2. REDUCING COST**—Production short-cuts, material savings and expanding output have reduced the original cost by half, with consequent important savings in the nation's expenditure for war material.
- 3. RAISING QUALITY**—Design changes for quantity production have likewise raised quality. Many of the more than 200 changes have helped to make possible superior performance, added durability.
- 4. CONSERVING MATERIALS**—Many thousands of pounds of vital materials were conserved through better processing and the substitution of less critical materials. The number of special steels was cut from 44 to 15.

STEEL REPLACES ALUMINUM



Aeroproducts Division is now building stronger, lighter propellers by substituting hollow steel construction for solid aluminum blades.

Saving—100 to 200 lb. of aluminum per propeller. Saving—75 lb. in weight of complete assembly

SPEEDING ENGINE PRODUCTION

At Allison Division, new multiple-spindle drills perform 14 lapping operations simultaneously, superseding single radial drill operation in these liquid-cooled aircraft engines. For this operation:



Time Reduced—80%
Production Up—393%
Machines released for other work

SUBCONTRACTING



Of 132 parts in an aircraft cannon, Oldsmobile, as prime contractor, builds three basic parts. Production of the remaining

129 parts is spread among 53 subcontractors, working under GM direction, who already had the necessary manufacturing equipment.

REDESIGNING REDUCES COST



As redesigned by Pontiac, shoulder rests for Oerlikon guns have been made simpler and less expensive. Shoulder rests are now completely adjustable for every size gunner.

This improvement reduced cost per gun \$45.00

NEW MACHINES DO NEW JOBS

Cadillac craftsmen designed completely new machines for producing this complex part, a supercharger rotator vane, effecting important savings in time and material.



Time per piece reduced from 125 man-hours to 10. Material saved, 496,000 lb. per year

CASTINGS FOR FORGINGS



"ArmaSteel" castings supplant steel forgings, save large quantities of vital materials and many man-hours of machining time because there is less excess metal to be removed. Development of GM

Research Laboratories and Saginaw Malleable Iron Division.

BIG SAVINGS FROM SMALL ITEMS

In tank manufacture at Fisher Body, attaching a 3-inch piece of common steel for electrical connection at the end of each welding rod is saving an important amount of critical welding material.



TWELVE TIMES AS FAST

At Buick, a newly designed electric welding machine makes it possible to speed up welding of Diesel engine crankshaft balancers from 3 to 36 per hour.



SUBSTITUTION SAVES MATERIALS



Previously drawn from brass and then nickel- and silver-plated, headlamp reflectors are now drawn at Guide Lamp Division from less critical steel, enameled and coated with vaporized aluminum. Metal used per 100,000 vehicles:

OLD TYPE	NEW TYPE
65,000 lb. Copper	78,000 lb. Steel
32,000 " Zinc	5 lb. Aluminum
275 " Nickel	
160 " Silver	

WEIGHS 1/5 AS MUCH

Developed by General Motors Research Laboratories and produced by Electro-Motive Division, this newly designed "Pancake" Diesel engine weighs 1/5 as much as and takes only 1/3 of the space of any previous ocean duty Diesel of the same horsepower. Helps provide new Navy sub chasers with:



Increased speed
Longer cruising radius

CONSERVING VITAL MATERIALS



Chevrolet engineering ingenuity has developed satisfactory substitutes resulting in the following critical materials saved per 100,000 military vehicles:

5,000,000 lb. Rubber	
1,200,000 " Nickel	
500,000 " Copper	
200,000 " Chrome	
125,000 lb. Latex	70,000 lb. Tin



IT TAKES A LOT
OF MONEY
TO WIN A WAR—
BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS



EVERYBODY Buy More War Bonds and Stamps

It's your boys—AND YOU!—who must win this war. They, with their daring and their fighting ability; you, backing them up with your money that must buy them their guns and ammunition, planes and tanks, equipment and supplies.

Don't fail the boys! Buy War Bonds and Stamps for all you're worth—the way they fight!

"Victory Is Our Business!"

THE AMERICAN WAY WILL WIN

"I'm getting a Million Dollars' Worth of Satisfaction... for \$9 a month!"

HE TOLD ME I'd create an estate of several thousand dollars for my family—far more than I could save in years.

He told me that my life insurance would make it possible for my wife to keep up a home for our growing children.

He told me the emergency values that my insurance policy set up would continue to increase in size, year by year.

In short, he told me: "The future belongs to those who prepare for it!"

But my Prudential agent didn't tell me—how could he?—about the wonderful way I'd feel inside, knowing I'd done what was right for my family. There's real satisfaction in knowing that, even if I'm not here, my family will be well started toward a secure future.

What About Your Family's Future?

It is The Prudential's business to help you, through a soundly planned life insurance program, make the future more secure for you and your family.



For today, as always since 1875, The Prudential's business is with tomorrow. A friendly Prudential representative is ready now to help you discover, as some 8,000,000 American families already are learning through their ownership of Prudential Life Insurance, the fundamental truth that "The future belongs to those who prepare for it."

The



PRUDENTIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



THE FUTURE BELONGS
TO THOSE WHO
PREPARE FOR IT

5 things you should know about Prudential protection

SAFETY . . . through diversified investment of funds, adequate premium rates, careful selection of policyholders.

LOW COST . . . savings through favorable mortality experience, earnings from investments, economies in operation provide funds for dividends which reduce insurance cost to policyholders.

STABILITY . . . since 1875. Through panics, depressions, wars, and epidemics, The Prudential has met its every obligation promptly and in full.

COMPLETE CHOICE OF POLICIES . . . from very small amounts to very large amounts . . . in all popular forms . . . with a wide choice of premium payment plans to suit the individual need.

FRIENDLY, EFFICIENT SERVICE . . . through 1200 local offices, by competent, helpful Prudential representatives.

AS A SERVICE to the government and to you, Prudential representatives sell War Savings Stamps. For victory—buy some today!

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BAUGH, SECRETARY. VOL. XLI, NO. 1

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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

Dear Subscriber

Picking the Man of the Year for
TIME's first January cover has be-
come such a tradition with *TIME*'s
readers that you might be amused to
learn that the whole thing began be-
cause the first week of January 1928
was so dull.

No one had done anything news-
worthy enough to put his picture on
TIME's cover, so somebody
suggested that we stop
looking for a Man of the
Year and pick a Man of
the Week. Choice of the
Man of 1927 was easy:
Hero *Charles Augustus*
Lindbergh, then busily
hopping all over North
America giving people a
look at the youngster who
had soloed the Atlantic in only 33
hours and 30 minutes.

The Man of the Year idea caught
on with a bang and, somewhat sur-
prised, we decided to make it an an-
nual event. The choice is in no way
an accolade or a Nobel Prize for do-
ing good. Nor is it a moral judgment.
(Al Capone came close to being
runner-up in riotous, bootleg 1928).
The two criteria for the choice are
always these: Who had the biggest
rise in fame; and who did most to
change the news for better (like *Stal-*
in this year) or for worse (like *Stal-*
in in 1939, when his flop to Hitler's
side unleashed this worldwide war).

Thirteen different men have been
chosen in sixteen years—with one man
picked three times and one man twice.

In 1928 we passed up Herbert Hoo-
ver, newly elected to put two chickens
in every pot—because 1928 was the
businessmen's year and *Walter P.*
Chrysler was their symbol. When
Business crashed in 1929 we passed
by Hoover again, skipped over Ex-
plorer Byrd and Peace-Pacter Kel-
logg in favor of *Owen D. Young*, just
back from Paris with his hopeful plan
for settling Europe's troubles.

Man of 1930 was in jail when his
selection was announced in *TIME*:
Mohandas K. Gandhi had
just launched civil diso-
bedience to get the British
out of India. Next year
was "a lean year for every-
body," as old Ramsay
MacDonald put it: Man of
1931 was *Pierre Laval*,

chosen for having steered France pros-
perously through twelve months which
had meant breadlines and apple sellers
in almost every other land. (Laval
is one choice we're not very proud
to look back on.)

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was
picked for the first time for 1932—for
winning a landslide election
on a program of government
economy and a balanced
budget. He was Man of
the Year again in 1934,
but not for economy. In
between came NRA Admini-
strator *Hugh Johnson*,
then flying high with the Blue Eagle.

Man of 1935 was a surprise to some.
We picked him because during that
year he had "carried his country up
& up into brilliant focus before a pop-
eyed world." He was *Haile Selassie*,
Emperor of Ethiopia, Power of Trini-
ty I, King of Kings, Elect of God,
Light of the World and Conquering
Lion of Judah. Man of 1936 was a
Woman—*Wallis Warfield Simpson*,
first to make a King of England swap
his throne for a woman—and 1937's
choice was a couple: *Generalissimo*
and *Mme. Chiang Kai-shek*.

No one but *Hitler* could be Man
of 1938, for in that year he twice
brought Europe to the brink of war
(in Austria and Czechoslovakia). De-
spite Hitler's victories, *Winston*
Churchill proved himself Man of
1940, and *Franklin Roosevelt* was
chosen for the third time in 1941,
after Pearl Harbor made him Ameri-
ca's sixth wartime President.

Helping us pick the Man of the
Year seems to give subscribers a lot
of fun, for every year the flood of
their nominations grows greater. But
the people who seem to like the idea
best are the movie-makers.
Gary Cooper played the
"Man of the Year" in
1941's "Meet John Doe."
—I think Jack Haley
made it too, as *The Aver-*
age American Male in a
movie called "Thanks for
Everything"—and of course last win-
ter Katharine Hepburn strutted her
way through one of her most mem-
orable roles as "Woman of the Year."

Cordially,

P. I. Prentice





It takes nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we can make just to supply the boys in uniform with their favorite dentifrice. They come first, so they will continue to get Pepsodent . . . even if the rest of us may have to use it more sparingly for the duration.



The biggest number of new customers in history are asking for Pepsodent these days. Yet, despite this record demand, there are wartime limitations on how much Pepsodent we can make. So it's easy to see why there may not always be enough to go around.



If your druggist disappoints you the first time you ask for Pepsodent, don't blame him. He, too, is limited. Try him again in a few days when his next allotment comes in. And remember: Don't hoard. Help save enough for others...and there will be enough for you.

Keep your smile bright...but

DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT



1. MOISTEN your brush before applying tooth paste. Otherwise paste may wash down the drain. Finish brushing teeth before rinsing brush.



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



3. POWDER should be held in the palm of the cupped hand. *Don't* sprinkle powder onto tooth brush. Dab—don't rub—moistened brush in powder to pick it up.



4. SHOW children that a small amount of tooth powder is all that is needed. About enough to cover a five-cent piece is plenty. Always measure it out for them.



5. GET the full effectiveness from tooth brushes by hanging them up to dry after you use them. Soggy, worn, wilted brushes are inefficient, waste Pepsodent.



6. DENTAL SCIENCE knows no more effective, safe ingredients than those in Pepsodent—so effective, in fact, you need only a little to make teeth far brighter.

U. S. AT WAR



International

AMERICAN GRAVES: NORTH AFRICA
Not to know was a great burden . . .

THE NATION

Sermon on the Desert

Back to U.S. soil came pictures of American graves in French North Africa: barren crosses in endlessly shifting sand, marking the bodies of boys who did not want to die in vain. And from North Africa also came the peculiar shifting tides of political forces bigger than any man, forming patterns whose size was a frightening reminder that human events sometimes move faster than the human spirit can follow.

One swift, numbing surprise was the assassination of Admiral Jean François Darlan, the onetime French collaborator who had become America's friend, or America's tool, or perhaps America's moral Frankenstein (*see p. 24*). The nation heard Franklin Roosevelt's angry reaction: "... first-degree murder." It listened to good grey Secretary of State Cordell Hull: "... an odious and cowardly act." But many Americans did not know whether to be horrified or relieved, and their not knowing was a heavy burden.

For Americans it was a troubled week. To them the holiday season had never been just a time of tinsel and gifts; it was

a great golden week of home and church, of cantatas and midnight mass, of mangers on the family hearth. Now, this year, in the solemnity of a Yuletide of war, the nation felt a vague anxiety.

Anxiety & Peace. One man who recognized the anxiety, and seemed to discover its cause, was Pundit Walter Lippmann. A few hours before a bullet ended Admiral Darlan's baffling career, he wrote:

"... We have been put to a very severe moral test in North Africa, and ... we are not meeting that test in a way which satisfies our consciences and keeps our spirits whole. . . .

"It is not our actions which are the cause of this anxiety—not that we maintained relations with Vichy, not that we used those relations to do espionage and to conspire, and not that we dealt with Admiral Darlan. . . . It is the way so many, and some in high places, are talking about these things that does such grave injury to our course, and to our self-respect, and to our confidence in the future.

"For no one doubts that the good warrior has the right to deceive his enemies. But what is inadmissible in the war we are fighting is that we should deceive ourselves—that we should make a virtue of



Thomas D. McAvoy

WALTER LIPPMANN

"... a very severe moral test."

necessity and boast of our guile, and turn the moral world upside down by insisting that wrong is right and bad is good.

"That is a sin, and we have been guilty of it, and of this sin we must purge ourselves. . . .

"Yet there is no need to give way to anxiety, certainly no ground whatever to despair. No one is going to commit this nation to a Machiavellian philosophy just because in a splendid achievement there has been some incidental moral confusion. . . . For the greater action is so sound, and so wholesome at its core that it will transcend the rest, and it will generate a moral energy which will sweep away, like a clean wind, the dusty leaves of sophistry."

WARTIME LIVING

Days of Necessity

Back in the teeth of half the nation winter flung an old, unheeded warning. Some people, unconvinced that the inevitable would happen, had not bothered to apply for fuel-oil rations. Some had already used up their quotas. And when winter's first frigid spell dropped thermometers toward the lowest point in 15 years (in Minneapolis) or 60 years (in Detroit) or any recorded year (in Pittsburgh), oil reserves ran dangerously low.

► In Boston hundreds of homes and schools had frozen water pipes. Householders who thawed them out caused flooded cellars and—indirectly—more than 250 fires. Mothers from Boston's West End section picketed the Statehouse with placards: "We want more oil for our children." Hundreds of users of small kerosene heaters besieged dealers for supplies (*see cut*). Governor Leverett Saltonstall issued an emergency order to establish shelters for half-frozen families.

► In Detroit thousands of trailer dwellers had to fetch oil in small cans from emergency stations. A critical oil shortage was on, but an oil-company official found that only one out of every 3,000 oil furnaces had been converted to coal.

► Connecticut's Governor Robert A. Hurley proclaimed a state of emergency on fuel oil in Connecticut, named a State Fuel Coordinator with powers to take needed action "to secure equitable distribution of fuel to all the people of Connecticut."

► In Minneapolis and St. Paul a 45-day backlog was cut to a 30-day supply; 100,000 homeowners besieged rationing boards with applications for oil. State officials ordered an inventory of Minnesota's oil supplies, planned to open schoolhouses for the suffering.

► In Pittsburgh a woman wrapped up her stove, trudged with it under her arm to the board to let them see how much kerosene she needed.

► In Washington, D.C., hundreds of people closed off rooms to save oil and got burst water pipes for their pains. One was North Dakota's Senator Gerald P. Nye:



OIL LINE IN BOSTON
Everybody blamed everybody else.

International

part of his house was flooded twice. Reported Mrs. Nye: "The Senator was pretty angry."

Whom to Blame. For the chaos everybody blamed everybody else. Homeowners scolded fuel-oil companies. Oil companies blamed divided authority in Washington for confusion in deliveries. Government officials blamed 1) slow rationing boards, 2) citizens' failure to turn in ration cards to the oil companies, 3) the draining of oil from other Eastern areas to New York.

Washington tried to ease the situation: ► Rationing coupons for the third heating period were moved up to Dec. 23 from Jan. 5. In 13 midwest states the coupon value was upped 10%.

► Petroleum Administrator Harold Ickes issued a new order: the total oil taken from supply tanks in 17 Eastern states "must be within the limits of the supply which the Petroleum Administration determines will be available in that area during any quota period."

► Economic Stabilizer James Byrnes conferred with Harold Ickes, Leon Henderson, Transportation Director Eastman. Immediate result: none. His warning: "No hope for any lessening of the restrictions upon the use of fuel oil."

Butter Facts

Housewives hurried from store to store, hunting butter. Sometimes they got a quarter pound for Christmas. Oftener they got the grocer's excuse: deliveries from his wholesaler had been cut a fourth or a half, and his small stocks had long ago been sold.*

* In Detroit, housewives bought butter at \$1.25 a lb. from farmers exempt from OPA ceilings because they had sold less than \$75 worth of produce the previous month.

Thus the housewives got an inkling of a bitter truth: they were face to face with the most serious butter shortage in the history of a country that once overflowed with milk. The huge stocks of butter in storage were almost gone, and just beginning was winter, when butter production normally sinks to the lowest levels of the year.

Of some of the reasons for the butter famine the homemakers were generally aware: labor shortages on farms (*TIME*, Nov. 23), transportation difficulties, mix-ups in the entire milk economy. The same thing had been true of sugar, meat, coffee, cheese; the same would be true, they could be sure, of a coming succession of canned, frozen and processed foodstuffs of almost all varieties (*see p. 17*).

But most important reason is bigger consumption: the Army & Navy are now eating some 200 million lb. a year—and will need more as the armed forces grow. Huge amounts of butter are being delivered for Lend-Lease—a total of 8.5 million lb. between April 1941 and October 1942, of which 5 million lb. were shipped in October alone. And U.S. civilian demand, said the Agriculture Department, could go up to 2,600 million lb. (from 2,300 million in 1941) under current ceiling prices because of the nation's increased buying power.

But in the face of these unusual demands, the estimated U.S. production for the year ending July 1943 is only 2,100 million lb.—130 million lb. below the 1940-41 production. Hence, to equalize supplies, the Agriculture Department last week forecast direct consumer rationing of butter. Likely level: 17.5 lb. per person a year, compared to the 20.5 lb. the average citizen would like to get.

Little Citizen, What Next?

Food Administrator Claude Wickard picked a logical but startling time. Right after dinner last Sunday night, when well-stuffed U.S. citizens were ready to tune in on their favorite comedians, he went on a coast-to-coast radio hookup to spread the worst food news yet: hard & fast rationing of canned, dried and frozen fruits and vegetables.

Foodman Wickard hastily explained that there was no real shortage of these foods: supplies are the biggest ever. Big hitch is that the Army, Navy and Lend-Lease will gobble up about half 1943's production, leave only 33 lb. for every U.S. citizen against a pre-war consumption of 46 lb. The only choice was rationing, under a point system to be started when new ration books are ready in February.

Painfully aware of the grocery runs started by other rationing announcements, Information Director Elmer Davis prefaced Claude Wickard's shocker with an explanation and a plea: Everybody knew that it would be better to keep rationing plans secret until they were ready to be enforced, said he. But this program had to be explained to hundreds of thousands of grocers and to 1,500,000 Office of Price Administration volunteers; "partial and mistaken stories" of the plans were bound to get around; "it seemed best to tell the people tonight what is intended and why."

Added Elmer Davis: "It is perfectly true that this interval gives chiselers and hoarders a chance to stock up, if they are so inclined—and if they can get away with it. But I am confident that the overwhelming majority of the American people are patriotic enough, and sensible enough, not to try to do that. . . ."

Some would disregard Elmer Davis' plea. But many citizens already were being rationed unofficially by their grocers. Most Americans greeted the announcement with a shrug of the shoulders—and wondered what comes next.

O, Simplicity

From the Office of Price Administration came a hopeful communiqué: food price ceilings will be revamped and simplified so that ordinary people can understand them.

On the way out is the General Maximum Price Regulation, unhonored & unsung. It pegged prices to March or other specified levels, but in its seven months got hopelessly bogged down in new costs and schedules, a dozen individual price regulations and a mess of confusing explanations.

Now, due in January, is a scheme to let every housewife know in cents per pound or package, what she is to pay for every item. Ceilings will be set (and may be published in handy booklets), community by community, first for meat and soap in key cities, later for all groceries in all places, as fast as newly enlarged OPA re-

gional offices can handle them. Some 400,000 retail food outlets will be affected.

Stores will be classed as independent, chain and super-market. To end frozen-price inequalities in competing stores and ease the small businessman's position, each store class will be assigned definite mark-ups above operating costs. The markups are to be based on studies (made by the Bureau of Labor Statistics) of margins of several thousand U.S. food stores. Independent grocers generally will be allowed wider margins than chains and big markets to allow for difference in business methods and operating costs. Similar controls will be extended to wholesalers.

The idea is to hold prices to current levels as far as possible, but there will be changes: some stores on high margins will be cut to lower ceilings; others with exceptionally low margins will be allowed to boost prices.

Explained Leon Henderson, with the enthusiasm of a man on the trail of a big idea: "The new program is designed to give the consumer effective protection from rising living costs and at the same time vastly simplify the regulations to which the food retailer is now subject." Echoed U.S. housewives and grocers: praise be.

Conversation Piece

On a bus in Portland (Ore.), there took place last week a conversation full of implications concerning U.S. manpower and transportation shortages.

Driver: Let's see. If I follow that Sandy Boulevard bus out, I'll get to 33rd Avenue—won't I?

Passengers: Right.

Woman at Bus Stop: Do you go to Alberta Street?

Driver: I don't know. Do I?

Passengers: Sure.

Driver: Okay. Hop on.

Man at Bus Stop: I want to go to the airport. You go there?

Driver: Airport? Hey, do I go to an airport?

Passengers: Yes, sir.

Driver: Okay, buddy. . . . Say, here's 33rd. I turn here, don't I?

Passengers: Sure do.

Driver: Left?

Passengers: Check.

Driver: Gosh, what's that building over there?

Passenger: That one? It's Grant High School.

Driver: Hmmm. Nothing like taking a bus ride and seeing the town.



HOW TO TRIM BEEF WITHOUT GOING TO JAIL

Deftly, without the aid of a theodolite, an OPA demonstrator shows wholesale butchers how to trim a full loin from a beef. Geometrically precise, anatomically specific was OPA's Maximum Price Regulation No. 169: "After the severance of the round from the hindquarter, the flank shall be severed from the full loin by a cut starting at the heavy end of the full loin at the ventral point of severance of the round from the hindquarter and continuing in a straight line to a fixed point on the inside of the 13th rib determined by measuring off ten inches in a straight line from the center of the protruding edge of the 13th thoracic vertebra, but in making the cut no more than one (1) inch of cod or udder fat shall be left on the flank side of the loin. The 10-inch measurement shall be made from the center of the protruding edge of the 13th thoracic vertebra and not from the hollow of the chine bone where the 13th rib joins the 13th thoracic vertebra." Said Nebraska's Senator Hugh A. Butler: "The whole thing's nutty."



WILLKIE & FRIENDS* (1940)
Old antagonisms now loomed large . . .

POLITICS

Whither Willkie?

Big, shaggy Wendell Willkie, the man who walks like a bear, was caught last week in a crushing bear trap. The springs and teeth had been fashioned out of his own party's machinery. He had fallen into it through his own stubborn disregard for danger signs. The result was that Wendell Willkie, while making his greatest impact on public life, was in jeopardy of being immobilized as a public figure.

In New York, Governor-elect Thomas E. Dewey, a longtime Willkie enemy, had read himself out of the 1944 Presidential race. Ohio's Senator Robert A. Taft, who will never forgive Willkie for taking the G.O.P. nomination away from him in 1940, had withdrawn in favor of Ohio's Governor John W. Bricker. Michigan's potent Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg had also withdrawn, in favor of nobody in particular.

If Wendell Willkie had a firm hand on G.O.P. "organization," all these moves might have added up to a clear field for him. But since he is still an amateur among professionals, they appeared to add up to an anti-Willkie plot—with most of the party's top leaders firmly united (perhaps behind Bricker, perhaps behind someone as yet undisclosed) to stop a repetition of 1940's Philadelphia convention.

The astute Scripps-Howard political correspondent, Thomas L. Stokes, wrote last week: "Willkie is regarded as too visionary by most of the other Republican leaders. They have, however, confined themselves either to vitriolic diatribes against him—mostly in private—or to joshing him as a sort of Don Quixote, this also privately. . . ." Even as Thomas Stokes wrote these words, the private antagonisms—of isolationists, of Old Guard Tories, of party professionals who hate upstarts, of good, sincere Republicans who just plain could not

figure what sort of creature Wendell Willkie was—were coming out in the open.

Sample reports from TIME correspondents last week on Wendell Willkie's status in the G.O.P.:

Pennsylvania (72 delegates to the 1940 national G.O.P. convention): "Wendell Willkie's chances here do not look bright. He is not considered by most party leaders and officers as the real leader of the Republican Party. . . . They do not consider his 'international meddling' in line with Republican policy. Pennsylvania's Pew-Grundy organization has been strengthened considerably by the election of Governor Edward Martin, an Old Guardsman. Both Pew and Grundy are New Deal haters and a little afraid of Willkie's progressiveness. They would be much happier with a quieter and more conservative man. . . ."

Ohio (52 delegates): "With Republican laymen, Willkie is the only party leader who arouses any enthusiasm. In prestige and personal appeal, he has no runner-up. But to the Republican machine, Willkie simply does not exist. In 1940, Ohio's professional Republicans had their own man in Senator Taft. Now they have Governor Bricker. And this time they think they have a winner. Ohio is sewed up tight for Bricker; right now Willkie couldn't swing a precinct committeeman. . . . The independent organization that fought for Willkie in 1940 is dead. . . ."

Illinois (58): "When he comes to Illinois, Wendell Willkie is a politician without a party. The Chicago Tribune's Colonel Robert R. McCormick, who probably has more to say than any other man about Illinois G.O.P. policy and candidates, hates him. . . ."

Indiana (28): "The Republican State organization is against Willkie, with four or five strong exceptions. In State headquarters hang the pictures of every

prominent Republican, from Abraham Lincoln on. The only ones missing are one-time Governor Ed Jackson, who was tried and acquitted of bribery; the late Governor Warren T. McCray, who served a Federal prison sentence for using the mails to defraud—and Wendell Willkie. . . . Yet among Indiana voters, Willkie has greater support than any other potential 1944 candidate."

New York (92): "Willkie lost his chances to control the State machinery when Thomas E. Dewey was nominated for Governor, over his opposition, and then won easily in the election. Willkie probably could have made a 'deal' with the Dewey forces—if he were the deal-making type. But now that New York Republicans have proved to themselves that they can win without Willkie, his enemies will be glad to do him any future disservice that presents itself."

California (44): "Even Willkie's staunchest supporters here concede that he would have trouble winning the nomination again. Said one of them this week: 'Frankly, I'm disappointed in Willkie. He seems to have everything that it takes to win the Presidency, but he also seems to lack the special kind of leadership ability that would make his election possible. When the last campaign was over, he had an army of 22,000,000 to help him fight for his cause. But he walked off the field and left them. If he had kept his organization together and sat down with the party leaders in Congress to map out a definite domestic program, the country would have been in much better shape today and he would have some definite accomplishments to point to. He could still start the ball rolling if he would spend the next two years doing some good, earnest political gumshoeing; he's got to forget about the front page and talk cold turkey with the men who can nominate him. . . .'"

The U.S. (654). In most of these States, Wendell Willkie still had some great & good friends in the G.O.P.'s high places. In other States (notably Oregon, Washington, much of New England) his friends were in control: at the recent St. Louis convention, 21 of the 106 Republican committeemen were definitely on his side, and another 19 voted with them. But the plain fact was that a potent majority—including many a pre-Philadelphia Willkieite like Colorado's Governor Ralph L. Carr—now opposed him. If he ever wanted to be the Republican candidate for President again, he would have a hard and discouraging row to hoe.

For his troubles, Wendell Willkie could thank many factors: human nature, because of which an outspoken man makes nearly as many enemies as friends; the American political system, whose rules are designed to discourage any man from starting at the top; the back-breaking labor of bringing off an ideological revolution inside a party still run largely by

U. S. AT WAR

men schooled in Smoot-Hawley foreign policy and Warren Harding "normalcy."

But he could also thank himself. In the first months after his defeat, he left many Republicans mistakenly believing he had deserted them for an alliance with Franklin Roosevelt. He has seldom shown other Republicans that he is interested in getting or keeping them in office. Said one cynical observer last week: "The only people Willkie has really gone out of his way to influence are the *New Republic* Liberals—and they like Henry Wallace better."

Yet, although he was a forthright, wholesomely vigorous force in U.S. politics, Willkie looked in a fair way to being consigned to the role of Elder Statesman unless he could 1) do a better job of playing politics according to the time-honored rules, 2) persuade ordinary Republicans to insist, as they did in 1940, that the rules be changed.

A Candidate is Picked

One night last week eleven Chicago Republicans, most of them ward heelers, were quietly eating dinner in the La Salle Hotel. As a special subcommittee on candidates, the eleven GOPsters were charged with the duty of picking the Cook County Republican Committee's official candidate for Mayor of Chicago in the February primary. For ten days they had been shuffling in & out of hotel rooms, conferring, dickering, laboriously going over a list of some 20 names; they were prepared to resume their deliberations.

In burst reporters with the first edition of Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick's *Tribune*. On the first page of the *Tribune*, committee members learned that they had already completed their job.



Acme

CHICAGO'S KELLY
The *Tribune* presented him ...

Announced the *Tribune*: the committee had picked burly, jovial Roger M. Faherty, 53, real-estate lawyer and almost a complete political unknown. There were a few astonished remarks, a few indignant outbursts. Then the committee retired to a room, soon announced that it had, indeed, "unanimously" chosen Mr. Faherty.

The son of a political ally of Chicago's British-hating, onetime Mayor Big Bill Thompson, Roger Faherty had kept out of politics most of his adult life. After graduation from De Paul University and Yale Law School, he quietly practiced law, served overseas in World War I. Going back into their files, reporters could find only one political pronouncement by him. That was last fall when he suggested the following platform for the Illinois G.O.P.:

"First, the Republican Party pledges itself to preserve the independence of the United States.

"Second, the Republican Party endorses the record of Senator Brooks in every particular, to the crossing of every 't' and the dotting of every 'i.'"

Dopesters pointed to the selection of unknown Roger Faherty as a boon to smooth-working, curly-haired Democratic Mayor Edward Joseph Kelly, who was making unmistakable gestures of getting ready to run for a fourth term. Ed Kelly's well-oiled machine had been having a few troubles: parent-teacher groups were denouncing the transfer of a high-school principal to make room for a political friend; public clamor forced the suspension of four policemen who had been charged with protecting petty gamblers. But Ed Kelly had picked the war as his big issue, worked mightily for civilian defense and entertained soldiers at two of the country's largest servicemen's centers. Day after the Faherty selection, Democrats at City Hall smiled broadly.

To the Chicago *Sun* the selection of Faherty by the G.O.P. seemed to be a move "to keep the Party in isolationist hands, keep supporters of Wendell Willkie throttled (see p. 18) and insure the selection of pro-*Tribune* men as delegates to the 1944 Republican convention.

POST-WAR

Super Social Security

One of Washington's tightest secrets is the "American Beveridge Plan," drawn up by Franklin Roosevelt's National Resources Planning Board and placed on the President's desk four weeks ago. But last week quidnuncs had learned enough details to prove that the Administration has under consideration a vast new program of planned prosperity. Chief points:

► An expanded Social Security program which would 1) blanket the 30,000,000 farmers, farm hands, domestic workers and others not now eligible for old-age and survivors' insurance; 2) add such benefits as hospital payments, maternity and burial insurance.

► A long-range public works program, designed to keep the U.S. at a permanent level of practically full employment.

► Increased public assistance grants for dependent children, the unemployed and disabled.

► A youth program (built around a re-born Civilian Conservation Corps and National Youth Administration) which would guarantee every child in the U.S. a chance for health and education.

How much of this plan will be presented to the new Congress was anybody's guess last week. Franklin Roosevelt has discussed it with some of his Congressional advisers, has received little encouragement about its present chances. But, presented or not, it is sure to pop up again—come peace or the next election.

PROHIBITION

Sober Army

Agitators for a return to prohibition got a douse of cold water this week when the Office of War Information released the findings of a survey on drinking in the U.S. armed forces. After gathering information from almost all U.S. camps and ports, from the adjacent "hot spots" and "sin zones," after interviewing commanding officers, provost marshals and chaplains, OWI concluded: 1) there is no excessive drinking among troops; 2) drinking is not a serious problem; 3) no American Army in history has been so well behaved. Some OWI findings:

► The night of a pay day at Camp Crowder (near Joplin, Mo.), when the troops had received about \$1,000,000 in pay, 16 soldiers were arrested for drunkenness—less than one in a thousand.

► A poll of an average Air Corps detach-



Acme

CHICAGO'S FAHERTY
... with an astonishing opponent.



HOLIDAY SEASON: 1942-43

These wounded seamen, sitting with Cinemactress Marjorie Weaver at a San Francisco holiday party, typified a great change that war brought to the U.S. at Yuletide. Never before had the soldier & sailor been such a great part of the holiday scene. In Chicago, 75,000 of them crowded into service centers for Christmas Day turkey dinners; so many Chicagoans offered to entertain soldiers at their own dinner tables that the United Service Organizations ran out of prospective guests. Seattle gathered nearly 150,000 presents for the men at near-by camps; 600 telephone operators were busy all day handling calls made to back home. In San Antonio, so many visiting wives turned up that many had to sleep on park benches or the banks of San Antonio River. In Tampa, the most popular Christmas bridal pair were Staff Sergeant Charles Stuart, who lost a leg in a bomber crash, and his sweetheart who once had given him up for dead.

ment showed that out of 100 soldiers, 58 drank no alcoholic beverages, 31 only beer, eleven hard liquor.

► The best-selling beverages in & around Army camps are: coffee, malted milk, milk, soft drinks. At Fort Lewis, Wash., 400,000 bottles of one soft drink were sold in one month at post dances.

► Less than 1% of all soldiers riding trains were nabbed by MPs for drunkenness.

► In one month last fall 25,970 soldiers from Camp Edwards, Mass., visited the near-by towns of Falmouth, Hyannis and Buzzards Bay. Of these, 42 were arrested for drunkenness.

Some reasons for this startling sobriety: hard training makes hangovers all but unendurable; strict penalties for drunkenness (30 days in the guardhouse at Randolph Field); liquor curfew hours in some towns adjacent to camps; sale of 3.2 beer in camp canteens (in World War I camps were bone dry and bootlegging was rife).

Concluded the OWI: "This is a civilian Army, as a Selective Service Army must be. Men do not change character when they put on a uniform. If they drank as civilians, they will probably drink as sol-

diers—but probably not so much. If they found their fun in tawdry places as civilians, they will hunt out the tawdry places as soldiers. . . . Because Selective Service is a lottery, it produces an Army which is nothing less than a cross section of the civilian population. Such an Army is certain to enroll a small percentage of delinquents, even actual criminals. These men are a police problem to the military just as, in peacetime, they would have been a police problem to their own communities. . . . This American Army may or may not be the best in history, but it is certainly the best behaved."

HEROES

Death on a Chinese Mountain

When the embattled American Volunteer Group broke up in China last July 4 some of the pilots came home, some donned the khaki and wings of the U.S. Army Air Forces. Last of these combat pilots still on duty in China was young (25), bronzed Major Frank Schiel of Prescott, Ariz.

Frank Schiel was poised and confident. He had been decorated (Silver Star, Dis-

tinguished Flying Cross) for more than 200 breathtaking reconnaissance flights over Burma, Siam, Indo-China and Occupied China. He had participated in every major campaign in China, had shot down six Jap planes; he had stayed on to help knowing Brigadier General Claire L. Chennault train the China Air Task Force.

Last week, exhausted from the grind, he too was ready to come home on leave. But he wanted to make one last reconnaissance flight to the front. As he hurried back to a rear base of the U.S. Air Forces, the weather settled down on him in the midst of the mountains, his plane crashed into a mountainside. Two days later a searching party found his smashed plane, his body beside it, lightly covered with snow.

Said General Chennault: "Schiel was outstanding. He had seen more of Asia than any other flyer of the AVG." His friends buried him in an ancient Chinese cemetery near Kunming.

JUDICIARY

Divorce Wins a Verdict

On Oct. 4, 1940 the Nevada divorce mill ground out another decree, like thousands before and since. Middle-aged O. B. Williams and Mrs. Lillie Shaver Hendrix stopped six weeks at a Las Vegas auto camp to qualify for residence. They divorced their former spouses and were married. Back in North Carolina, a strange homecoming awaited them: each was convicted of bigamous cohabitation and sentenced to jail.

Last week the U.S. Supreme Court set aside their conviction and instructed every State to recognize Nevada divorces. For the Williamses, for uncounted* Smiths, Joneses, Thompsons, for Elliott Roosevelt, Barbara Hutton and Edgar Rice Burroughs, a six-week divorce became as valid in strait-laced North Carolina as in tolerant Nevada.

The six-to-two Supreme Court decision not only sent the Williamses home to live as man & wife; it swept on to clear the legitimacy of children of divorced parents who remarry. It ducked the question of property rights. Overturned was a 37-year precedent, the Haddock v. Haddock case, in which the court held New York need not give full faith and credit to a Connecticut divorce decree.

Among stringent divorce States, New Jersey prepared to fight; New York, to yield. Said New Jersey's Representative Donald H. McLean: "There will be resentment from other States whose public policy has been to prevent mail-order and perfunctory divorces." New York's Solicitor General Henry Epstein disagreed. Said he: "This is a great step forward in securing uniform divorce laws for the country."

* In 1941 alone, 6,430 divorce suits were filed in Nevada. It seems safe to assume that all were granted.

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

Die, But Do Not Retreat

(See Cover)

The year 1942 was a year of blood and strength. The man whose name means steel in Russian, whose few words of English include the American expression "tough guy" was the man of 1942. Only Joseph Stalin fully knew how close Russia stood to defeat in 1942, and only Joseph Stalin fully knew how he brought Russia through.

But the whole world knew what the alternative would have been. The man who knew it best of all was Adolf Hitler, who found his past accomplishments turning into dust.

Had German legions swept past steel-

time since Cromwell's Roundheads. Temple challenged all Britain's well-established institutions of economic privilege, espoused the cause of mankind's economic freedom (which Britain loosely calls socialism), probably to leave a lasting mark on British history.

Another man who may leave a similar mark is Henry J. Kaiser, the man who launched one of his Liberty ships in four days and 15 hours and, more important, preached as a practical businessman "full production for full employment." His gospel challenged U.S. industry to lead the post-war world out of depression.

A third man who left a mark was Wendell Willkie, whose world-circling trip as the politician without office had an effect perhaps more lasting than the U.S. yet

year—although not against the greatest forces—were those of frog-legged Tomoyuki Yamashita, who blasted the British out of Singapore, the Dutch out of the Indies and the U.S. out of Bataan and Corregidor. Yamashita in one year successfully seized a great empire for his country. On his side were advantages in numbers, in preparation, in the stupidity of the Allied nations, but Yamashita successfully capitalized on them.

Quite different were the military triumphs of Yugoslavia's General Draja Mihailovich, who capitalized on a conquered nation's unconquerable urge for freedom to fight when fighting seemed impossible. But before the year was out thousands of his countrymen, probably distrusting the Yugoslav Government in



MOSCOW'S RED SQUARE IN DECEMBER

An immense disorderliness was converted into a great fighting machine.

stubborn Stalingrad and liquidated Russia's power of attack, Hitler would have been not only man of the year, but he would have been undisputed master of Europe, looking for other continents to conquer. He could have diverted at least 250 victorious divisions to new conquests in Asia and Africa. But Joseph Stalin stopped him. Stalin had done it before—in 1941—when he started with all of Russia intact. But Stalin's achievement of 1942 was far greater. All that Hitler could give he took—for the second time.

Men of Good Will. Above the heavy tread of nations on the march, above the staccato uproar of the battlefields, only a few men of peace were heard in 1942.

Britain's William Temple, who made his pilgrimage to Canterbury in 1942 and became the new Archbishop, was one of them. His church-approved program of reforms brought religion closer to the center of British national life than at any

realizes on U.S. relations with Russia and the Orient.

But Willkie's accomplishment was dimmed by his failure to command the firm support of his party (*see p. 18*), and the plain fact was that in 1942, a year of war, men of good will had no achievements to match those of men of arms and men of power.

Men of War. Flamboyant Erwin Rommel and cold-mouthed Fedor von Bock were Germany's two top generals in a year whose laurels were reserved primarily for fighting men. Rommel, who drove to within 70 miles of Alexandria before he was stopped by the British, established himself as one of the great virtuosos among field commanders. Bock directed a brilliant campaign which reached the west bank of the Volga, but the final spark that would have meant victory was not in him.

The greatest military conquests of the

Exile more than they did Mihailovich, supported the rival Partisan guerrillas who were carving out their own fighting front. From high on the crags of southern Serbia, Mihailovich, a great fighter, saw, instead of the unification of his country, a preview of rival aims and clashing ideologies which may bring out a rash of civil wars in post-war Europe.

As for the military men of the U.S., 1942 offered them few opportunities for great achievement. General Eisenhower's able occupation of North Africa only placed him on the threshold of his real test. Douglas MacArthur, whose brilliant skill and courage raised him to the rank of hero while he fought an inevitably losing fight, still lacked the means to win the crown of a great victory. Outstanding among Americans for accomplishment in battle stood the name of Admiral William Halsey, who, not once but again & again, took his task force into swift encounters



HALSEY

YAMASHITA

MACARTHUR

International, European, Wallace Kirkland
ROMMEL

Tanks, planes, guns and ships, in blue water, deep jungle, hot sands.

against the Japs to deal them telling blows.

Yet no military man from Rommel to Halsey was the man of 1942 for a good sufficient reason: there was no military victory of the year which showed signs of being conclusive.

Men of Power. There was perhaps no more unlikely place to look for a Man of 1942 than in prostrate France. Yet two Frenchmen, both of whom the U.S. disliked and distrusted, rose to the top of a soiled political heap. One of them was Pierre Laval, who rose to the honor of a meeting with Hitler to which the tragicomic Benito Mussolini was not invited. If Hitler wins, Pierre Laval may yet be a successful man. Jean François Darlan's deal with General Eisenhower might have profited him eventually, but his award was an assassin's bullet (*see p. 24*).

A far greater step to power was taken by a Japanese. From behind his horn-rimmed glasses and the ask-ack of his cigar smoke, Premier Hideki Tojo emerged as a character worthy of his nickname: The Razor. He, like Stalin, was tough. So were his people. He took the major political risk of the year in tackling Britain and the U.S., and, for the year, it turned out to be a good speculation. His armies conquered Hong Kong, the Philippines, Singapore, the Dutch East Indies and Burma. Never in history had one nation conquered so much so quickly. Seldom had any nation's fighting abilities been underestimated so badly. Tojo, or Emperor Hirohito, in whose name all Japanese wage holy war, might well have been the man of the year, if the explosive Japanese campaigns had not shown signs of burning out.

For the great leaders of the United Nations 1942 was another story. China's Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek struggled on stubbornly against China's internal problems and the invading Japanese. Britain's Winston Churchill, Man of 1940, delivered victory in Egypt after standing on the verge of defeat. Franklin Roosevelt, Man of 1941, shouldered mountainous problems, solved some, left others still crying to be solved. He successfully brought the weight of the U.S. to bear against the Axis. But the 1942 accomplishments of Chiang, of Churchill and of Roosevelt will not bear fruit till 1943.

And, worthy though they may prove, they inevitably pale by comparison with what Joseph Stalin did in 1942.

At the beginning of the year Stalin was in an unenviable spot. During the year before he had sold over 400,000 miles of territory at the price of saving most of his army. Gone was a big fraction—how large only he knew—of the precious tanks, planes and war equipment which he had been hoarding for years against the Nazi attack. Gone was roughly one-third of Russia's industrial capacity, on which he depended for replacements. Gone was nearly half of Russia's best farmland.

With all this gone, Stalin had to face another full-weight blow from the Nazi war machine. For every trained soldier the Germans had lost in the previous year's battles, he had probably lost as

many and more. For every bit of valuable experience which his soldiers and commanders had gained, the Germans had had the opportunity to gain an equal amount.

Stalin still had the magnificent will to resist of the Russian people—who had as much claim to glory as the British people had when they withstood the blitz of 1940. But a strong people had not prevented the loss of White Russia and the Ukraine. Would they be any better able to prevent the conquest of the Don basin, of Stalin-grad, of the Caucasus? The strongest will to resist can eventually crack under continued defeat.

Only one new resource had Stalin for 1942: the help of the U.S. And, as events were to prove, that was to come late and to be bottlenecked by German attacks on the North Sea route and the Caucasus.

With these reduced resources, Stalin tackled his problem, trying to pick abler leaders for his Army, trying to improve its resistance, trying to maintain the morale of his underfed people, trying to extract more aid from his Allies and to get them to open a second front.

Only Stalin knows how he managed to make 1942 a better year for Russia than 1941. But he did. Sevastopol was lost, the Don basin was nearly lost, the Germans reached the Caucasus. But Stalin-grad was held. The Russian people held. The Russian Army came back with four offensives that had the Germans in serious trouble at year's end (*see p. 28*).

Russia was displaying greater strength than at any point in the war. The general who had won that overall battle was the man who runs Russia.

The Man. In his birch-paneled office within the dark-towered Kremlin, Joseph Stalin (pronounced Stal-yn), an imponderable, soberly persistent Asiatic, worked at his desk 16 to 18 hours a day. Before him he kept a huge globe showing the course of campaigns over territory he himself defended in the civil wars of 1917-20. This time he again defended it, and mostly by will power. There were new streaks of grey in his hair and new etchings of fatigue in his granite face.* But there was no

* Stalin was 63 on Dec. 21, a date not recorded in the Soviet Encyclopedia and not mentioned in in the Soviet press for the past three years.



LENIN IN 1919
What the teacher began . . .



LAVAL



TEMPLE



Margaret Bourke-White, Oswald Wild, Hansel Mieth, Wide World
KAISER



Tojo

Treachery, ideals, skill and power in chancellery, church and shipyard.

break in his hold on Russia and there was long-neglected recognition of his abilities by nations outside the Soviet borders.

The problem for Stalin the statesman was to present the seriousness of the plight of Russia as an ally to Western leaders long suspicious of Stalin and his workers' State. Stalin, who had every reason to expect the city named for him to fall shortly after its heroic siege began on Aug. 24, desperately wanted aid from his allies. Stalin the politician made these desires the hope of the Russian people. He made them think that a continental second front had been promised to them, and thereby strengthened their will to hang on.

For his armies Stalin coined the slogan *Umeraitse No Ne Otsupaitse* (Die, But Do Not Retreat). It had been shown at Moscow that a strongly fortified city can be held as a strong point against attack by mechanized forces. Stalin chose to make Stalingrad another such point. While Germans and Russians were booting each other to death in the bomb-pocked streets, Stalin was organizing the winter offensive which burst into the Don basin with the fury of the snowstorms that accompanied it.

To keep his home front intact, Stalin had only work and black bread to offer. He added a promise of victory in 1942 and called to his people to sacrifice collectively to preserve the things they had built collectively. Children and women foraged in the forests for wood. A ballerina canceled one performance because she was stiff from chopping wood. Production norms were increased, apartments went unheated, electricity was turned off four days a week. At year's end the Russian children had no new toys for the New Year's celebration. There were no red-cloaked wooden replicas of *Dyed Moross* (Granddad Frost). There was no smoked salmon, no pickled herring, no goose, no vodka, no coffee for the grownups. But there was rejoicing. The *Rodina* (Motherland) had been saved for the second time in two years and now victory and peace could not be too far off.

The trek of world dignitaries to Moscow in 1942 brought Stalin out of his inscrutable shell, revealed a pleasant host and an expert at playing his cards in

international affairs. At banquets for such men as Winston Churchill, W. Averill Harriman and Wendell Willkie, Host Stalin drank his vodka straight, talked the same way. He sent Foreign Minister Viacheslav Molotov to London and Washington to promote the second front and jack up laggard shipments of war matériel. In two letters to Henry Cassidy of the A.P., Stalin shrewdly used the world's headlines to state the Russian case for more aid.

Stalin did not get his continental second front in 1942, but when a new front was opened in North Africa he publicly approved. On the 25th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, Stalin, in his big state speech of the year, reviewed the past and for the future struck the note of statesmanship.



STALIN IN 1929
... the pupil preserved.

The Past. The Revolution that was begun in 1917 by a handful of leather-coated working men and pallid intellectuals waving the red flag, by 1942 had congealed into a party government that has remained in power longer than any other major party in the world. It began under the leadership of Vladimir Ilyich Lenin, on Marxist principles of a moneyless economy which challenged the right to accumulate wealth by private initiative.

The world reviled and caricatured the early Bolsheviks as bush-whiskered anarchists with a bomb in each hand. But Lenin, faced with hard facts and a war-beaten, superstitious, illiterate people, compromised with Marxism. Stalin, succeeding him, compromised still further, concentrated on building socialism in one state. Retained through the years of Russia's great upheaval was the basic conception that the ownership and operation of the means of production must be kept in the hands of the state.

Within Russia's immense disorderliness, Stalin faced the fundamental problems of providing enough food for the people and improving their lot through 20th-Century industrial methods. He collectivized the farms and he built Russia into one of the four great industrial powers on earth. How well he succeeded was evident in Russia's world-surprising strength in World War II. Stalin's methods were tough, but they paid off.

The Present. The U.S., of all nations, should have been the first to understand Russia. Ignorance of Russia and suspicion of Stalin were two things that prevented it. Old prejudices and the antics of U.S. Communists dangling at the end of the Party line were others. As Allies fighting the common enemy, the Russians have fought the best fight so far. As post-war collaborators, they hold many of the keys to a successful peace.

The two peoples who talk the most and scheme the biggest schemes are the Americans and the Russians. Both can be sentimental one moment, blazingly angry the next. Both spend their money freely for goods and pleasures, drink too much, argue interminably. Both are builders. The U.S. built mills and factories and tamed the land across a continent 3,000 miles

wide. Russia tried to catch up by doing the same thing through a planned program that post-pioneer Americans would not have suffered. The rights as individuals that U.S. citizens have, the Russians want and believe they eventually will receive. Some of the discipline that the Russians have, the U.S. may need before the end of World War II.

The Future. In his 25th-anniversary speech Stalin emphasized that the most important event in foreign affairs, both for war and peace, was Allied collaboration. "We have the facts and events," he said, "pointing to a progressive rapprochement among the members of the Anglo-Soviet-American coalition and their uniting in a single fighting alliance." This was a frank approach to the post-war world, as realistically sensible as Stalin's expressed ideas on dealings with Germany. "Our aim," he said, "is not to destroy all armed force in Germany, because any intelligent man will understand that this is as impossible in the case of Germany as in the case of Russia. It would be unreasonable on the part of the victor to do so. To destroy Hitler's army is possible and necessary."

What other war aims Stalin has are not officially known, but there are reports in high circles that he wants no new territories except at points needed to make Russia impregnable against invasion. There is also a story in high places that, in keeping with the "tough-guy" tradition, credits Stalin with one other desire: permission from his allies to raze Berlin, as a lesson in psychology to the Germans and as a burnt offering to his own heroic people.

NORTH AFRICA

End of an Expediency

The afternoon sun was streaking the white porticoes of the Palais d'Eté in Algiers. It was 3:30 p.m. on Christmas Eve. Before the pretentious entrance an official car drew up. Out of it stepped Admiral Jean François Darlan, High Commissioner for French North and West Africa, followed by his orderly. Admiral Darlan mounted the steps of the palace and disappeared inside. He was walking to his death.

Through the dark corridors to his office the Admiral strode briskly. He approached the anteroom where visitors waited for interviews. The door opened; a young man stepped into the hall. He aimed a revolver at the Admiral's face and pressed the trigger. The Admiral staggered, lunged forward, blood spurting from his mouth. A second shot. He fell, and lay still.

Down the corridor the Admiral's orderly had just turned into his room. At the sound of the shots he whirled, rushed back to meet the assassin running toward him. At point-blank range the assassin fired twice again. The orderly fell, a bullet in his thigh. But others had arrived; the gunman was overpowered.

The small, stocky form of Admiral Darlan was lifted from the bloody floor. Outside his car still waited. He was carried into it, driven to a hospital. But it was too late. When he was taken from his car, Jean François Darlan, the turncoat collaborationist, was dead.

The Tangled Skein. Death came to the Admiral just six weeks after he had taken over the government of French

North and West Africa with the backing of the U.S. command. His swift change of allegiance was one of the war's greatest surprises.

In his brief career at the side of the anti-Axis powers he had wrought good and evil. Dakar had fallen to the Allies without a shot. The progress of the U.S. campaign had been sped. But Darlan's assumption of power had also unleashed a storm of anger and criticism among Allied peoples, widening dangerously the already existing split between the supporters of Vichy and De Gaulle. It had involved the U.S. in a tangled skein of international politics which was becoming more & more involved. Termed by President Roosevelt a "temporary expediency," the Darlan regime was gaining a firmer foothold with each day.

Now the assassin's bullet had brought the opportunity for a new beginning. In death Admiral Darlan opened the way for French unity, which he had rendered impossible as long as he had a voice in French affairs.

Unity at Last? There was one man on whom the Fighting French, the British and the U.S. could agree. General Henri Honoré Giraud, the old escapist, had been picked for this role before the U.S. forces landed, but when he reached North Africa Darlan was there ahead of him and he had voluntarily yielded to Darlan. Now it was a question whether those North African leaders who had remained loyal to Darlan and Vichy would accept Giraud as their chief.

The man who swung the deal in favor of Giraud was the same man who six weeks ago had forced the acceptance of Admiral Darlan. Astute, pro-Vichy General Auguste Noguès, as Resident General of Morocco, held in his hands the power to keep quiet or arouse the Arab tribes. If he said the wrong words, 60,000 Allied soldiers might have to fight a major military campaign in Morocco's bleak and rocky hills. But Noguès said the right words again. He agreed to recognize General Giraud as the new authority.

Pierre Boisson, Governor of French West Africa (Dakar) and second most powerful figure in empire politics, came out immediately for Giraud. With these two men taking the lead—they were the only other logical successors—the other two members of the Imperial Council (Yves Chatel, Governor of Algeria, and General Jean Marie Joseph Bergeret, one-time Vichy Air Minister) fell in line.

The Council's meeting lasted only one hour. When the five men walked out of the sparsely furnished room in the Palais d'Eté it was announced that General Giraud had been elected unanimously (with Giraud apparently voting for himself). The new High Commissioner promptly issued an Order of the Day calling for unity "to assure the support of our Allies and the success of our armies." Said he: "Only one thing counts: France



THE LATE ADMIRAL DARLAN & SUCCESSOR
Said the youth: "You may kill me now."

Associated Press

FOREIGN NEWS



Associated Press
DAKAR'S BOISSON
He looked to . . .

and her Empire. There is but one aim: Victory."

General Giraud was no politician, but, as a soldier, he could perhaps bring unity to France as no politician could. A Fighting French representative, General d'Astier de la Vigerie, second in command to De Gaulle, was already on the way to North Africa to confer with French and U.S. authorities there on steps to achieve unity between the French factions. The uncertainty which had at first characterized French reaction to the U.S. invasion was rapidly disappearing.

General Giraud's political stand was clear. In an interview granted just before Darlan's assassination he had promised French cooperation with the United Nations. "Most certainly," he said, would the French African Government cooperate, if not consolidate, with De Gaulle. For himself, he had renounced all political ambition, saying simply: "I am a soldier."

Plot or Pure Patriotism? Twenty-four hours after Admiral Darlan's death, the Imperial Council had held its first meeting to deliver judgment on the assassin. He stood before them, a 22-year-old French youth who had killed his man with a .25-caliber pistol. He had laid his plans with care, visiting Darlan's office in the morning to reconnoiter the ground. When informed that the Admiral was dead he had said only: "So much the better. You may kill me now."

Sentence was summarily delivered: death by firing squad. Next day it was announced that the sentence had been carried out at dawn in the midst of a German air raid, when the air was filled with the sound of ack-ack. Thus passed an anonymous killer, for those who knew

the assassin's name were as scarce—and as mum—as those who had seen the execution.

If the assassination had been a conspiracy, no one said so either. President Roosevelt condemned the deed as "murder in the first degree." Axis propaganda was quick to accuse both Britain and the U.S. of its instigation on the ground that the Allies profited the most thereby. But there was just as much reason to think that Darlan had been killed by Axis instigation: his death might well have led to an upheaval in French Africa and the frustration, temporarily at least, of Allied plans. The official announcement said the murderer's mother was Italian and lives in Italy, but it added that there was no indication that she had anything to do with the assassination.



International
MOROCCO'S NOGUES
The key man . . .

There was likewise the possibility that Darlan's assassination was an act of pure patriotism by a young Frenchman who hated collaboration. Said a Fighting French spokesman in a broadcast from Brazzaville: "Admiral Darlan's actions have finally caught up with him. . . . We can envisage thousands of reasons the assassin might have held as legitimate. . . . He can say: 'I wanted to avenge my country of two years of treason and shame. . . . I wanted to avenge so many of my comrades massacred at Dakar, Casablanca, Toulon. . . . I wanted to avenge so many of my comrades killed on the battlefields of Syria . . . massacred at Madagascar. . . . I wanted to avenge so many of my comrades who today live a convict's life in German factories, as a consequence of economic collaboration, the foundation of which was laid by Darlan.'"

SOUTH AFRICA

Black & White

Of the Union of South Africa's more than 7,000,000 native (Negro) population, nearly 1,000,000 work for the 10,400,000 whites. The Negroes have trade unions but the unions are not recognized by the Government. The average weekly wage of a Negro in industry: \$6. In their efforts to get better rights the natives have been swinging steadily leftward.

Last fortnight the Negro problem suddenly boiled over. In teeming Johannesburg thousands of native milk deliverymen, meat workers, municipal laborers and food factory employes went on strike. Negro pickets attacked scabs, defiant municipal workers barricaded themselves in compounds against the police.

Labor Minister Walter Bailey Madeley was helpless. The unrecognized native unions are not subject to anti-strike emergency regulations applicable to white workers in recognized unions. Prime Minister Jan Christiaan Smuts intervened. By decree he forbade native workers to strike, made all labor disputes subject to compulsory arbitration.

The strikes ended and the Negroes won some gains. But last week there was bitterness among the Afrikaners. To them the color bar remained a sacred thing. *Die Transvaler*, Johannesburg, supported by the fascist-minded Malanite *Herenigde*, warned of the trend toward equalization, cited "horrific" instances of white women offering cigarets to black soldiers. Spat *Die Transvaler* at Premier Smuts: "You have forfeited the right to be mentioned in the same breath with great Afrikaners. Do you want future generations to refer to your name with horror?"



Wide World
ALGERS' CHATEL
. . . while he followed.

GREAT BRITAIN

For the Workers

Britain's new Minister of Aircraft Production, socialistic Sir Stafford Cripps, last week took control of a big aircraft factory near London and installed a new manager. An editorial in Labor's *Daily Herald* showed how it could happen there:

"The workers . . . considered that there was a deficiency of planning and cooperation on the part of the management.

"At meetings called by their shop stewards they instructed the workers' repre-

or through bad direction or management."

Said new Boss Marden after a visit to the plant:

"We talked to shop stewards and they talked to us, and I don't mind saying what they said was straight. I told them we'd got to make that factory go flat out. I was very much impressed with their attitude."

Maneuver on the Left

There is a happy hobnobbing among politicians in Winston Churchill's Britain which cuts across most party lines. Tories, Liberals and Laborites govern together; Tories, Liberals and Communists speak for the same things from the same platforms. But top Laborites and Communists neither speak nor drink together. Labor's leadership, in fact, has decreed that no Laborite shall appear on the same platform as a Communist.

Last week Britain's biggest Communist, Harry Pollitt, asked that the Communist Party be allowed to affiliate with the Labor Party. Canny Harry's letter to Labor's Secretary James S. Middleton: "The Communist Party is fully prepared to accept all the obligations of being affiliated to the Labor Party and to carry out loyally all decisions reached at its annual conference." Ostensibly the Communists were willing to become good Laborites. Actually they would carry on as good Communists, while working overtime trying to influence the Labor Party.

Shrewd Harry Pollitt made his request at a time when Communist prestige is growing in Britain, not only because of Russia's great fight, but because the present British Communist line is anti-strike and pro-production for Russia's and Britain's Armies. If submitted to a Labor Party convention, the request might get a sizable approving vote.*

But with Labor's leaders still entertaining a robust distrust of British Communists, there was little chance of a Labor convention voting on the Communist request. Harry Pollitt was well aware of this when he wrote his letter last week. But Harry Pollitt had a purpose: the Communists are now on record in favor of unity on the Left, and this may win them new adherents—at Labor's expense.

FINLAND

New Low

U.S. sympathy with Finland hit a new low last week. An OWI broadcast to Finland, based on an "official report," informed the Finnish people that:

"Washington confirmation of reports that members of the Finnish Government in Helsinki on Dec. 8 viewed with approval a Japanese movie of the attack on Pearl Harbor has caused unfavorable reaction in the United States.

"The movie was shown by Japanese diplomats in Helsinki to Prime Minister
*In 1936 25% of the Labor Party's convention voted in favor of a request similar to Pollitt's.

Johan Rangell and other officials. . . .

"What Americans criticized most is the fact that some of these officials went out of their way to congratulate the Japanese Minister publicly on the Pearl Harbor attack.

"This is regarded in the United States as approval by the Finnish Government of a part of the war which the Finns have frequently claimed had no connection with their war against Russia."

Obviously the "official report" was made by the U.S. Legation in Helsinki. Obviously U.S. Minister Arthur F. Schoen-



Jarché

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS

"The country cannot afford . . ."

sentatives on the Joint Production Committee to protest.

"The shop stewards' committee and the workers' representatives on the Joint Production Committee together drew up a statement of the case, which was sent through the Trade Union District Production Committee to the Regional Production Board.

"The result was that Sir Stafford Cripps . . . appointed a new managing director [Steelman George Ernest Marden] with full powers, whom he personally introduced to the Joint Production Committee, and that he has promised to see the workers again two months hence if they still think that the organization of the factory is unsound."

Other newspapers were significantly mum on the matter, and the City was horrified at such bold Government interference with private enterprise. But uncompromising Vegetarian Cripps said coldly: "Inefficiency in management is as great a breach of duty to the country as absenteeism amongst the workers. The country cannot afford to and would not tolerate the waste of labor either by absenteeism



Wide World

HARRY POLLITT

"The Communist Party is prepared . . ."

(See Column 2)

field, now en route home, has become mightily disgusted by such goings-on in Helsinki. Reactionary Premier Rangell has accepted the highest Jap decoration, the Cordon of the Order of the Rising Sun, and last summer Finland gave its most sacred award, the Land Cross of the Order of the White Rose With Chains, to Emperor Hirohito.

JAPAN

Honorable Peace

Petite, witty, 48-year-old Mme. Wei Tao-ming, high-born wife of China's new Ambassador to Washington, has devoted her life to the expression and defense of new ideas. At eight she tore the painful bandages from her feet; at 14 she bolted a parentally arranged marriage with the son of the Governor of Canton; at 17 she joined Sun Yat-sen's revolutionaries, smuggled bombs for the assassination of Manchu officials. After a French education she became China's first woman lawyer and judge.

Last week Mme. Wei tossed a new idea

into the ring of Far Eastern planning: a couple of good sound lickings would melt Japanese "nerves of steel," pin-prick Japan's bubble empire. The annihilation of Japan would be unnecessary. The power of the military party broken, a Japanese republic could educate the people away from long-established habits of Emperor worship and blind obedience to war lords.

Mme. Wei's ideas clashed sharply with those of onetime Ambassador Joseph Grew, who warned: "We are up against a people whose morale cannot and will not be broken even by successive defeats." Besides differing on this important point with Ambassador Grew, Mme. Wei failed to suggest how a republic was to be set up in Japan.

CHINA

Noble End of Chang Ching-hui

Chang Ching-hui was an ambitious man who lived by the sword. Born in Manchuria, he rose to power among the Chinese, who distrust personal ambition and deprecate the sword. Worse, in the end, he betrayed China. But last week, according to Chungking reports, Chang Ching-hui redeemed himself: with a certain nobility, he ended his career.

Chang was trained to be a soldier. For years he fought under his kinsman, the overlord of Manchuria, Chang Tso-lin. Thereafter, in China's convulsive era of war lords, Chang Ching-hui traded his allegiance for whatever bowl of pottage smelled best at the time. In this respect he was only following the rule of most of the high-domed, mustachioed war lords of 1900-28.

He deserted Chang Tso-lin to join with Wu Pei-fu, war lord rival of Chang Tso-lin. He rejoined Chang Tso-lin and served as Minister of War at Peking. As control changed, he went back to Wu and served as Minister of Industry in Wu's Cabinet. Before the year was out he deserted Wu, made peace again with Chang Tso-lin and became governor of the Harbin district in Manchuria. He was there when Chiang Kai-shek marched into Nanking and consolidated his Nationalist Government. Most of the other war lords joined Chiang then. But not Chang. He sulked in Manchuria and tried a new bargain—this time with the Japanese. For that he earned the premiership of Manchukuo.

But it was the most unsavory pottage of all, as Chang soon found. For ten years he was a puppet in a conquered land. It was a mess he could not spit out, a mess from which he could not flee. The people of Free China would never again trust Chang. There was only one way out. Finally he took it.

First Chang Ching-hui, 69, one of the last of the war lords, considerably poisoned the members of his family to save them from the vengeance of the Japanese. Next he shot his Japanese "adviser" and five officials of the Manchukuoan Government. Then he committed honorable suicide.

THE AMERICAS

Comic-Strip Generals

One-armed, egg-bald "General Bruno" is a comic-strip character who can do with his one arm what most ordinary mortals would be proud to do with two. In the Bell Syndicate's strip, "Miss Fury" the General is frustrated by Brazilian guerrillas in his campaign to open the way for an Axis invasion. In his latest battle the Brazilians destroyed his soldiers' tanks, guns, helmets and even their belt buckles with metal-dissolving pellets, leaving the bewildered Germans unarmed and helpless under a hail of arrows.

Though General Bruno is pure fiction, he has his counterpart in mysterious General Gunther Niedenfuhr, onetime German Military Attaché in Argentina, subsequently Military Attaché in Brazil. About the time that General Bruno was getting his mechanized army set for battle, General Niedenfuhr was bounced back to Berlin with other Axis diplomats in South America. But, like his comic-strip colleague, the General had done some good work for his bosses while in Brazil. Last week Brazilians were beginning to learn what lay behind his ingratiating façade.



Underwood & Underwood
PUPPET CHANG
... made his last change.
(See Column 1)

General Niedenfuhr had organized an efficient espionage and propaganda organization. Down in the south of Brazil, where an estimated million people of German descent live, he had set about laying the foundation for an effective fifth-column force. Though he did not have the full equipment his fictional colleague enjoys, he organized "shooting clubs" in nearly every good-sized town, used yacht clubs, youth organizations, possibly even a glider school as other fronts. Given time, some Brazilians thought, he might have raised a force of several hundred thousand.

The ultimate goal of all this activity seemed to be the same as General Bruno's efforts: an army which would operate within the country while the Axis invaded from across the South Atlantic. Spy-busting Major Olinto Franca Almeida y Sa,* Police Chief of the State of São Paulo, said the Nazi plan was to invade by air last May. The plot was uncovered when the police intercepted a Nazi agent's message. Only the fact that Russia upset the German timetable, guessed the Major, prevented the plot from being carried out.

Count v. Embassy

A slippery spy was John Jacob Napp, who kept a Buenos Aires waterfront saloon. Arrested, he sang on his boss as well as his subordinates (TIME, Dec. 28) and last week furnished Argentina's Supreme Court with evidence necessary to open legal proceedings against German Naval Attaché Captain Dietrich Niebuhr. At the request of the Court, the Foreign Office demanded that the German Embassy waive Niebuhr's diplomatic immunity and permit him to stand trial.

This put the German Embassy in a hole. If the Embassy agreed, Niebuhr's conviction seemed inevitable; if it refused, the spying captain would be self-convicted by implication, and would probably have to sit in the safety of the extra-territorial German Embassy for the duration. In either case, Niebuhr would be of no further use as a spy.

Emergency Etiquette

Canada's wartime Prices and Trade Board decreed two simplifications for Canada's tables last week: 1) it rationed butter to half a pound per week per person; 2) it ordered porcelain manufacturers to abandon fripperies, especially cup handles.

The mortality rate in cups is higher than in other dishes, and Canadian housewives can no longer replace their cup losses with imports from England, Japan and Central Europe. Explained a Board member: "Nine million cups without handles can be turned out by the same plant capacity that produces three million with handles. . . . The handles have to be put on by hand."

* Credited last spring with having broken up a Nazi espionage system in southern Brazil, thereby incidentally saving the *Queen Mary*, with 10,000 troops aboard, from ambush by Nazi U-boats.

WORLD BATTLEFRONTS

BATTLE OF RUSSIA

History without Mercy

Last week the Red Army achieved its greatest offensive successes of the war—successes which may lead to victory in Russia. The fact that the Red Army had the men, weapons and skill for these advances testified to the acumen of Joseph Stalin and his military command in a year which might have brought defeat to Russia (see p. 21).

But, as never before, it was difficult for Russia's allies to see the winter battles as they were, rather than as they may eventually be. Once again, in dispatches brimming with winter hope, possibilities became actualities and distant objectives were made to seem very near. The Red Army was advancing—but it was well behind the world's headlines.

Its initial infiltrations (see map) were still to be consolidated and the decisive battles were still to be fought, for if the Axis armies were divided, so were the separate Russian columns. Only when the Russians have regained full possession of

all the chief rail routes can their driving winter offensive capitalize on its possibilities.

Greatest of these possibilities is the recapture of Rostov, the southern railway and factory city which the Russians lost and regained last year, then lost again last July. If the Russians once more take Rostov, the Germans in the Caucasus will be in immediate danger of losing their last route of supply or escape; the isolation of the Axis armies in the Don bend and at Stalingrad will then be complete. But Rostov last week was only the eventual objective of a campaign which was just beginning.

Fury in Fluid. A hopeful sign for the future was the Red Army's new way of fighting. Long the masters and victims of defensive warfare with infantry masses, the Russians now appeared to have mastered fluid, offensive warfare. Strong tank and motorized artillery columns plunged as much as 30 miles ahead of the infantry—a totally new departure for the Red Army, all the more remarkable because it was accomplished in winter snows. By

painful study, the Red Army Command had adapted the Germans' *Panzer* technique, and had now applied it when & where the Germans least expected this form of attack.

It was a kind of warfare which required much that the Red Army up to now had lacked: great numbers of trucks and other motorized equipment, the means and ability to keep huge supplies of gasoline and munitions moving up behind advancing forces. Upon this supply system, now functioning under difficulties, the outcome of the Russian offensives may depend.

For his tank successes, Lieut. General Vassily Mikhailovich Badanov this week received the Order of Suvórov, a new decoration for commanders. Commander of the drive down the Rostov railway was one of the few Russian soldiers known in the U.S.: Lieut. General Filip Ivanovich Golikov, who headed a Soviet military mission in Washington in 1941.

Fury on the Flanks. For the time being, the Red Army's earlier offensives on the Moscow front and at Stalingrad seemed to be great flank assaults, divert-



BELLY BLOW

The Russians' main new blow fell last week in an area where they retreated under grievous blows last summer—just east of the Ukraine, between Moscow and Rostov. There, on the plains between the Don River and the trunk Moscow-Rostov railway, the Germans had placed upwards of ten Italian divisions. Driving westward and southward, the Russians plunged past Axis strong points, cut and crossed the railway and all but surrounded one of its key towns, Millerovo. These advances placed the Red Army in position to disrupt many of the truck and air routes which supply the Axis armies between the railway and Stalingrad. Still to be reduced and occupied were the by-passed strong points and the junction towns (Millerovo, Likhaya) which alone could give the Red Army effective control of the Rostov railway and its tributaries.



Oswald Wild

THE RED ARMY'S GOLIKOV
The headlines moved faster.

ing the Germans from the drives in the middle Don.

At Rzhev and other points on the Moscow front the Red Army still battered at the Germans' interlaced strong points in a prolonged battle of attrition. Near Stalingrad U.P.'s Correspondent Henry Shapiro (see p. 40) discovered a mounting wave of confidence, along with evidence that the Russian armies were nearer defeat last September than the world then knew. Last week they held their lines on the Don's east bank. They slowly drove southward in an advance (toward Kotelnikov) which tightened the grip on the Germans at Stalingrad.

Stones in Berlin. In the areas of the chief Russian drives the Germans admitted that they had to "shorten their lines." They said that the Russians had opened some gaps; they failed to claim that all the holes had been closed. But nowhere did the Germans attempt strategic retreats, or show the slightest sign that they intended to withdraw to safer winter lines. Wherever Axis troops lost a position, they gave it up only when they were killed, wounded or captured. The Axis forces had to depend more & more upon air transport, but they still had alternate lines of supply to all the armies—and would have them until the key junction points west of the Don were seized.

The Germans' worries showed less in their accounts of the battles than in their home propaganda. Said Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels: "We are spared nothing. History is quite without grace or mercy. . . . Wherever we look, we see mountains of problems which must be mastered by us. Everywhere the path ascends at a steep and dangerous angle, and nowhere is there a shady spot where we may stay and rest."

BATTLE OF AFRICA

Slow Trot

Last week, full of Christmas pudding, General Montgomery's Eighth Army reached the vicinity of Beurât el-Hsun. At its recent rate of progress (15 miles a day) it would be at Tripoli within a fortnight.

Compared to its gallop across Egypt and the Cyrenaican hump (800 miles in 26 days), the Eighth's advance through Tripolitania was a slow trot. But the Army could not move faster than its supplies. Until Rommel decided to stand and fight, the Libyan campaign would continue to be a quartermaster's war.

The magnitude of that war was suggested by some statistics from Cairo, where small, neat, cherubic Lieut. General Sir Wilfrid Gordon Lindsell worried over the Middle East's Supply Service. Typical of the Eighth Army's weekly consumption: 28,000,000 cigarettes, 100,000 cans of meat, 250,000 chocolate bars. Christmas Day, in a holiday mood, the Army devoured 35,000 lb. of turkey, 65,000 lb. of Christmas cake and pudding, eight tons of mixed nuts.

These were only miscellanies on Sir Wilfrid's list. Vast quantities of fuel, ammunition and equipment had to be moved across deserts, wadis, steep hills, along the coast's broken, inadequate railway and over inadequate, torn-up roads. When Rommel ruined the wells of Egypt, Sir Wilfrid transported 33,000 44-gallon drums of water from Alexandria to Salûm.

Last week British engineers more or less tidied up the wreckage-strewn port of Bengasi, which British flyers had bombed as the Eighth advanced and which Rommel had scorched before he fled. In Bengasi Sir Wilfrid has a seaport base halfway along the coast, 600 miles from Tripoli by land, 400 miles by air. It lightens his problem a little.

Rommel was hurrying toward Tripoli. The chances were that he would not stop

there. His only reasons for defending Tripoli would be to keep it out of British hands, or delay Montgomery for a few days as he had done at El Aghêila. Unless he could turn on Montgomery and chase him back, or at least fight him to a standstill (neither of which he seemed to be able to do), there was little point in his making a stand in Libya. He would be more useful to the Axis in Tunisia.

"Fairly Good Margin"

The fog which censorship and inadequate communications have spread over the war in Tunisia became even foggier last week with the assassination of Admiral Darlan (see p. 24). Virtually the only official report on the progress of the campaign was this hopeful statement from War Secretary Stimson: "We seem to have a fairly good margin for the purposes we are aiming at."

But Axis troops and supplies, carried by ships, gliders and transport planes, continued to flow to Tunis and Bizerte. To maintain the margin, the Allies had also to keep pouring in, over vastly longer lines, reinforcements and supplies. That was one reason why U.S. East Coast civilians, who live between Texas oilfields and the African coast, had gas pains (see p. 16).

To Dakar last week went an Army & Navy mission to make plans for using its harbor facilities and airdromes. It was another step in capitalizing on the bloodless acquisition of the handy West Africa base. Head of the mission was poised, polished Vice Admiral William Glassford Jr., a veteran of the Java Sea. His choice for the job pointed up the importance which the U.S. placed upon African supply.

Aim. The fighting front was still a morass of mud, oozing under six weeks of rains. Patrol action and a British Commando hit-&-run raid were practically all the action in the north. Near Medjez-el-Bab, General Kenneth A. N. Anderson's



Associated Press

REINFORCEMENTS WAITING TO BE FLOWN TO ROMMEL
It was hot for them when they got there.

WORLD BATTLEFRONTS

British First Army lurched a few miles ahead. On Christmas Eve regiments of Guards fought a violent hand-to-hand battle for a "vital" hill, were thrown back twice by German counterattacks but finally, on Christmas morning, they charged up the hill again, captured the position and dug in.

Farther to the south, where the footing was firmer, French troops and mechanized U.S. units advanced toward the exotic holy Moslem city of Kairouan. Seizure of Kairouan would threaten Axis communication lines along the whole Tunisian east coast. In the air, the Allies "accounted for two to one in individual combat," Mr. Stimson said. At week's end, able to get in the air again after a stretch of bad weather which had grounded them, Flying Fortresses escorted by P-38s and P-40s bombed Bizerte and Sfax. The P-40s were Warhawks, newest version of the Hawks (others: Tomahawks, Kittyhawks), making their debut on the Tunisian front.

But "the purposes we are aiming at" were the capture of Tunis and Bizerte. The Axis ring of steel was tough and resilient.

Morrison Reports

The Chicago *Sun's* solemn little Chester Morrison last week had recovered sufficiently from a minor accident in Libya to broadcast this philosophic item over CBS:

"If a reporter stuck in Cairo wants to get to the front, he has to fly. The British didn't have a plane available when I wanted to go, but the Americans had dozens—so I was told by the handsome American major who runs that part of the show. Mind you, I don't think this was deliberate, but when I missed the plane, through no fault of his, and came trailing back to the hotel in the evening, dirty and disappointed, it was probably only coincidence that the major was sitting in the lobby having a pink tea with my girl.

"So I got away the next morning. And for three days I waited at Gambut . . . for another plane to Agedabia, and when that plane took off it was loaded with 30-gallon drums of gasoline lashed to the sides of the cabin with ropes. I was the only passenger.

"And when the dashing, young American pilot came into Agedabia, he landed downwind and bounced across the rough field like a kangaroo and poked the plane's nose into the mud. . . . The lashings on the gasoline drums broke, and strong men groaned as they lifted the drums off me. I groaned, too. And in the week I spent with broken ribs in a hospital tent at Agedabia, I missed the day we moved into El Aghéila. . . . But, lying in that tent, surrounded by men who had been blown up by mines, I discovered that no matter how badly a man's body may be hurt his spirit can remain undamaged. You get a new viewpoint of the war when you lie on your back and look at it. And my girl didn't like the major anyway."



VICE ADMIRAL GLASSFORD
... followed up a bloodless victory.
(See Column 1)

BATTLE OF EUROPE

Beginning of a Mission

The weather cleared in Britain and in western Europe. By night the moon was full and by day the mists were gone from R.A.F. and U.S. airdromes. Earthbound for many days, four-engined U.S. Fortresses and Liberators soared up from Britain and flew 180 miles into France—to the Nazi air and railway center at Romilly-Sur-Seine, 65 miles southeast of Paris and the farthest into German Europe that U.S. bombers had yet ventured.

So clear was the afternoon that some of the crews, passing well to the south of Paris, had their first sight of the Eiffel Tower. But most of them were too busy for rubbernecking: all the way in from the Channel coast, despite a strong escort of Allied fighters, the bombers were bedeviled by clouds of Focke-Wulf 190s and Messerschmitt 109s, based in great force in western France and manned by skillful pilots.

One tail gunner thought that he counted 106 German planes in two hours; half a dozen often bored in at a single bomber. Some of the Germans did insolent, casual "slow rolls" as they came in, wheeling their planes wing over wing and then straightening out to fire. Their daring and determination cost them dearly. The bombers (each carrying a tremendous wallop in thirteen .50-caliber machine guns) flew in close formation, which caught the Germans in murderous crossfire. The bomber crews claimed 44 German fighters certainly destroyed (six crashed, 23 fell in flames, 14 disintegrated in the air, one was abandoned by a parachuting German) plus 20 more probables. But the Americans had their heaviest loss to date: six bombers

shot down, several more badly shot up. The reward: stick after stick of high-explosive bombs and incendiaries dropped from 20,000 feet on the Romilly airdrome, which with its charred and heaving debris looked to one pilot "like flypaper on a July day."

Munich's Fifth. The R.A.F.'s higher load Lancasters and Stirlings bored deeper into Nazi Europe. On a bright night they gave Munich's railway shops, grenade factories and submarine-engine plants the city's fifth R.A.F. raid. Through broken clouds the crews saw great fires. Aloft they met Nazi night fighters "in some strength" but got surprisingly little ack-ack. Lost: twelve British planes.

Duisburg's Fifty-Sixth. On Duisburg in the Ruhr the R.A.F. made its 56th raid. Target: railway and river port facilities in the Rhineland's heart. *Luftwaffe* night fighters were again up in force and the R.A.F. lost eleven bombers.

Open the Veins. By day and night Hurribombers, the R.A.F.'s light, fast Mosquitoes and American-built Douglas Bostons bombed and gunned locomotives, other rolling stock, railway lines and stations, gasoline dumps—anything anywhere in the coastal belt of France and The Netherlands whose loss would drain Germany's transport and supply machine.

Italy had a momentary respite from new bombings but not from the aftereffects of earlier raids and the certainty of more to come. Every report from Italy testified to the progressive disintegration of internal morale, the difficulties of defense and to the prospect that beyond the Alps the R.A.F. had found its softest target.

Of Things to Come. Major General Henry J. F. Miller, new chief of the U.S. Eighth Air Force's ground services, said in Britain last week: "An all-out [air] offensive against the Axis is being prepared, and we will be able to accomplish this mission very soon."

City Inviolable?

Britons heard last week that their Government had agreed—or was about to agree—to declare Rome an open city, immune from R.A.F. (and presumably U.S.) bombing raids.

No one knew where the report originated. The dispatch to a London newspaper from Switzerland indicated an Axis source. A New York *Herald Tribune* dispatch from London surmised that the suggestion came originally from Pope Pius XII. Said the London *Catholic Times*: "If a sound agreement could be reached for claiming Rome an open city, it would be welcomed by the mass of Europeans, but no such agreement has been announced to date and there is no evidence of one being negotiated by the Holy See." No earthly power could guarantee safety for Pope Pius if bombers ever swarmed over Rome and Vatican City. A mistake in the night, a faulty bomb release or an Italian trick might ruin any hope or plan

WORLD BATTLEFRONTS

to spare the Vatican while raiding Rome itself.*

Whatever the source, few Britons liked the proposal. The argument that the Eternal City was rich in monuments and relics of a nobler Rome carried little weight with Britons, who had lost many of their own national shrines to Nazi bombs. Also unimpressive to most Britons was the suggestion that Rome might be saved by a trade: in return for Rome's immunity, Mussolini might move himself and his unhappy Government to some other city. If such a move would disrupt Italian life and resistance sufficiently to make it even worth discussing, bombs on Rome would do immeasurably more.

One argument against sparing any Italian city was produced last week by the Italian press. Mussolini's own *Popolo d'Italia* reported that the people of ravaged Turin welcomed the arrival of the city's first German ack-ack units. Already, in short, the R.A.F. had made Italy a minor second front.

BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC

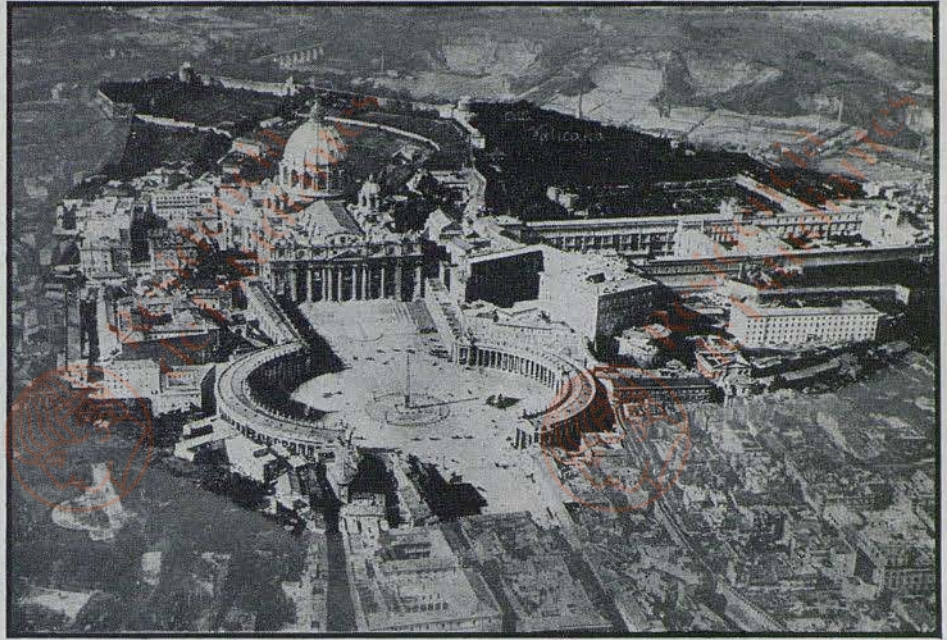
Voyage of the 3070

The CGR 3070 was hoisted to, riding out a gale, when the hurricane struck her. For a sickening moment she lay down on her side until her masts dipped into the sea. The two men on her deck grabbed lifelines and hung on. The 3070 righted herself, rolled over the other way. Her mizzenmast carried away with a crash. The 3070 floundered on across the whooping Atlantic like a drunk on a merry-go-round.

Below, the cabin had suddenly become a welter of men, clothes, dishes, gear. Water pouring down her hatch had hurled the skipper bodily out of the chartroom and into the galley. Around the cabin, like dice in a box, skittered 50-lb. chunks of lead ballast. A potbellied stove, torn from its moorings, crushed the ribs of Seaman James T. Watson. There were five other men below. They tried to lash things down and ladle the water out. The men on deck tried to clear the wreckage of the mizzenmast. The 3070 lurched wildly on.

Help! Before she became a Coast Guard Reserve boat, the 3070 was the yacht *Zaida*, property of the famed yacht sailmaker, George E. Ratsey (who died in New Rochelle after a long illness last week). She is a sleek, 58-ft. yawl, built for racing. Since October she had been in the Coast Guard's offshore patrol, hunting subs. Skipper Curtis Arnall in civilian life was a radio actor and well-known yachtsman; his mate, 33-year-old Joseph Choate, left a job at New York's Guaranty Trust Co. to join the Coast Guard; none of the 3070's crew had had more than a few months in the service. The 3070 was not

* No. 10 Downing St. issued a statement last year that the Italians had threatened to dump captured British bombs on the Vatican if the R.A.F. raided Rome.



Underwood & Underwood

ST. PETER'S AND VATICAN CITY
No earthly power could guarantee safety.
(See Column 1)

designed for this kind of work. Over the wireless telephone, which was petering out, the 3070 called for help.

That was Dec. 3, off Nantucket. At noon of the next day a British destroyer located her off the tip of Cape Cod. The seas were running too high to take anyone off, but the Britisher took her in tow and headed for Halifax. But the adventures of the 3070 had only begun. Seaman Toivo Koskinen was on deck trying to rig a chafing gear when a wave swept him overboard. Another wave picked him up and swept him back. This time a shipmate grabbed him. In the blackness of night the towline snapped; the destroyer was lost to sight. The 3070 wallowed on, lost and helpless.

The injured Watson was lashed in a bunk, where he chewed aspirin to kill the pain of his broken rib. The drinking water had salt in it. Food supplies ran short. Cigarets were soaked, so the crew smoked dried tea leaves and fresh coffee rolled in pages torn from the *Bluejacket's Manual*. The auxiliary engine was useless. It was impossible to sail her. Day after day, a chip in a maelstrom, the 3070 tossed on the heaving Atlantic, battered by 50-ft. waves, driven by the whims of one storm after another.

Hunt. As far as her would-be rescuers knew, the 3070 had vanished. Vice Admiral Adolphus A. Andrews of the Eastern Sea Frontier took personal charge of the hunt for her. British and Canadian planes, PBV planes, Flying Fortresses and patrol boats scoured the grey ocean. At last, on Dec. 9, a faint wireless voice was heard from the 3070. But she could not give her position, and before she could be located another hurricane swept along the New England coast.

A week later a Flying Fortress spotted her off Nags Head, N.C. The Fortress dropped a sack of food on a parachute, but the sack split when it hit the water. Before rescue boats could get to the 3070 another storm billowed along the coast, and she vanished like the Flying Dutchman. For five more days she went unsighted. Then, on Dec. 23, a Coast Guard cutter saw her 25 miles off Ocracoke Inlet, N.C., just before she disappeared into a rain squall.

But the 3070 was nearing the end of her travail. That same afternoon, while the North Carolina coast swarmed with aircraft and boats, a blimp located the 3070 and kept her in sight. Two patrol boats finally got alongside. An exhausted, bruised, unshaven crew was taken off and flown to New York. A relief crew brought the 3070 safely to port. In her erratic course she had covered some 3,100 miles in 21 days, had been the object of one of the biggest hunts in maritime history. At week's end, while her crew recovered, the ships and planes of the Eastern Sea Frontier went back to hunting submarines.

BATTLE OF THE PACIFIC

Buna is Like This

Lieut. Paul Schwartz had only 13 men at his command, but he manipulated them with the tactical care of a field marshal. His patrol in jungle-matted New Guinea was working through to the coast beyond Buna. Near the grass-thatched village of Tarakena a Jap machine gun fired on them. Japs in foxholes and trenches held the village. Young Schwartz, seeing his patrol outnumbered, deployed two men to pin down the machine gun, two others as snipers on the village's sea flank. The

remaining nine men and Schwartz charged the village firing. Surprised Japanese, apparently believing themselves outnumbered, retreated into the snipers' line of fire, fell like tenpins. The advance machine gun was knocked out by the two men detailed to it. Schwartz and his men cleaned out the village, held it until the Japs collected their wits and began an enveloping counterattack.

Said Schwartz: "I didn't have much defense in depth, so I decided we would have to pull out." Score: about 20 Japs killed, many more wounded; U.S. casualties, none. His charge was a minute action, but in the mosaic of New Guinea warfare it was typical of the bitter inch-by-inch,

day-by-day battle to throw out the Japs.

Between Gona and Buna, both in U.S.-Australian hands, Japs were still entrenched. General Douglas MacArthur called the Jap plight desperate, announced that "the last line" of Jap fortifications had been breached, indicated that it was only a matter of time before the U.S.-Australian forces, now aided by light tanks, had the entire Buna area firmly in hand.

Tanks had turned the tide. Until they were brought into action Dec. 8, the jungle battle had been at an impasse. Then 13-ton General Stuarts, U.S.-made, Australian-manned, blasted Jap bunkers that previously had been impregnable. Infantry followed into the maze of connect-

ing trenches with grenades, machine guns and bayonets. Bunker by bunker, as at Stalingrad, the process went on.

Slowly victory neared at Buna, but the nature of victory was as ominous as it was painfully slow. More important Japanese bases still were at Lae and Salamaua, about 150 miles farther north in New Guinea. And Lae and Salamaua, in turn, were outposts of Rabaul. Behind Rabaul were scores of Jap island bases. Buna was teaching how long and bitter would be the road to final victory in the South Pacific islands.

Feathered Guerrillas

Pilots back from Guadalcanal last week told a tall bird story. A marine, they said, captured a wild parrot and taught it to shout: "Hello, Joe!" as greeting to any Jap. He took the parrot to the front lines, where it shouted the greeting all day. Other parrots, free in the jungle, learned the greeting. Soon the jungle behind the Jap lines resounded with nerve-racking U.S. accents: "Hello, Joe! . . . Hello, Joe! . . . Hello, Joe! . . ."

And Then There Were None

On 13 successive days bombers from Guadalcanal flew 150 miles northward to the New Georgia Islands and bombed the Japs' advanced air base at Munda. Usually, in the first days, Zeros soared up from the battered runways. On the 13th no Zero appeared. In the skies around them and among the smoking hangars of Munda, the flyers from Guadalcanal saw no sign of Japanese life.

AIR

Gremlin Stuff

► An R.A.F. Ferry Command plane was 4,000 feet above Montreal when Harry Griffiths, 20, a civilian employe, fell through an open bomb bay. Griffiths grabbed a bay door and hung on, but could not pull himself back into the plane. Pilot Sidney Gerow, unable to leave the controls and help Griffiths, swooped low over frozen Lake St. Louis and shouted: "Let go!" Griffiths fell 30 feet, slid along the ice, got up and walked away—bruised, frostbitten, unharmed.

► Four R.A.F. aircraftsmen (ground crewmen) tugged and shoved at a Spitfire bogged in the sands of an African desert. When they finally freed the plane the South African pilot gunned his engine and took off. Then he noticed that the tail was heavy. In his cockpit mirror he saw the image of a wind-blown figure on the tail—no gremlin, but an aircraftsman who had not let go in time. The pilot quickly landed. Hopping from the fuselage, the aircraftsman respectfully asked whether the pilot was all right. The pilot returned the question. Said the aircraftsman: "The slip stream kept me pinned to the tail fairly well, but I don't think I could have held on for more than 100 miles."

—ALL YE FAITHFUL—

A church service came in fading, surging waves over half the earth's surface to the ears of TIME's Correspondent Teddy White. He was aboard a U.S. bomber in China, returning from a Christmas Eve visit to the Japanese army on the Salween River front. Afterward he cabled the following dispatch:

We crossed the Mekong and the Salween en route to the Japanese lines with lights out, our formation tight, the interlocking ships black against the rising moon behind them. Tengyueh lay absolutely still within the rectangular walls of its valley, with not a glimmer of light anywhere. But the brilliance of the moon traced the outlines of the walls and the main streets in clear, sharp shadows.

No Surprise. For a moment we thought we had surprised the Japanese. Then suddenly heavy machine guns began to scratch the heavens with fire. We were hedgehopping, coming directly out of the moonlight. Every Japanese machine gunner seemed to get the bead on our bombing run as we skimmed low. The tracers' red, blazing prongs of light flashed by our windows. I was up in the nose with the squadron bombardier, Lieut. George Stout, and it seemed as if we were darting through a corridor of flaming sheaves.

As soon as we dropped our bombs Lieut. Colonel William E. Basye, the flight leader, dipped his ship off the line of fire, wheeling furiously to get away. Behind us the other ships were getting hell. One machine-gun battery was blazing all-out at us—and then there was a puff of smoke from a bomb, and no more machine gun. Basye circled the town once more, getting a view of our work. Bombs had dropped, in a first-class string, right down the main street. Japanese machine guns were still firing at us. Basye banked steeply so that every gun in our flight could be trained on the machine-gun batteries, and then we let them have it. A flat, scarlet sheet of flame poured down from every turret, every gun of our planes. I could feel our ship rattling, re-echoing the clatter of the guns. Down below one

Japanese battery suddenly blinked out—whether from prudence or from our fire we could not tell. Stout had shifted the nose gun to the side panel. Empty cartridge cases were flying about like corn in a popper. "This is the most fun I get out of a raid," Stout yelled.

We Headed for Home. In a few minutes we were almost directly over the Salween gorge. As we crossed, Stout opened for the last time on the west bank of the river, spraying the hillside with fire to let the Chinese troops on the east bank know that their allies up above were helping.

Basye ordered the radioman to tune in San Francisco. As the ship rocked and pitched in the tremendous currents from the gorge, the first strains of Christmas carols began to penetrate the static of our tight earphones. We could make out a beautiful chorus of clear, feminine sopranos. The static cleared away briefly and a ringing male tenor took up *Come, All Ye Faithful*. Then there was an organ, and after that the entire chorus joined him. After that there was some news and a commentator telling how we were winning the war. We didn't listen to that.

I thought of General Chennault's Christmas greeting to Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek: "On this sixth wartime Christmas the China Air Task Force joins me in extending to Your Excellencies and our comrades in arms, the Chinese Army, our sincerest holiday greetings at this period of the year when all men gather to do honor to the Prince of Peace. The fighters and bombers of the American Air Forces in China pledge themselves in His name to keep faith and comradeship until they have brought peace to this land and to all free men everywhere."



Open for business

Somewhere today between Tokyo and Tulagi...or Naples and Narvik...bomb doors of hefty Vega Venturas are opening for the business of hitting the firm of Adolf-Benito-Hirôhito where it hurts...*plenty*.

Just where...and just how...communiques will tell—in stories of advance Jap air bases demolished, of vital Nazi shipping sunk.

For these are jobs Venturas were designed to do...the kind of Axis-smashing jobs their veteran brothers, the Lockheed Hudsons, have long been doing. And these Venturas...bigger, doubly-armed...are more than keeping up the family tradition. They're improving it! Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Vega Aircraft Corporation, Burbank, California.

A subsidiary of Lockheed

Vega

Aircraft Corporation

Member Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.



LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Scouting the crop before auctions open." Painted from life on a Southern farm by Georges Schreiber



**LUCKY
STRIKE**

"IT'S TOASTED"



So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed — So Free and Easy On The Draw

ART

The Baron of Souvenirs

In Belgium last fortnight an 82-year-old gentleman who has been described as "the greatest modern Belgian artist . . . the first of the Expressionists . . . a pre-Surrealist" was reported dead. He was Baron James Ensor, the son of an Englishman who sold sea shells and other souvenirs in a little shop at Ostend.

For 70 years James Ensor, who never set foot out of Belgium, remained an English citizen. In 1930 Belgium's King Albert created Ensor a baron for his contribution to Belgium's esthetic reputation. Ensor became a Belgian. A street was named after him in his native Ostend. A tablet was placed on the wall of his house saying that he lived there. A statue of him was erected in Ostend's Casino Gardens. He unveiled it himself.

When James Ensor was 19 he painted portraits from a palette like that of America's Albert Pinkham Ryder (then 32), two years later bourgeois interiors in the expressionistic manner of Jean Edouard Vuillard (then 14). At 29 Ensor painted a horse careening across a sky à la Marc Chagall (then 2). Fifty-four years ago Ensor scandalized even the most audacious art lovers with his *Entry of Christ into Brussels*. This canvas showed a vast crowd of leering men & women, one a skeleton, others with masks, around a hardly noticeable Christ, abject upon a mule.

Until recently, James Ensor kept open his father's little Ostend souvenir shop, did an average business of 35 francs a day. Before the war the painter was heavily represented in the museums of Antwerp, Brussels, Dresden and Vienna, and not at all in the museums of England, where he held his first British exhibition at the age of 76.

In the U.S. there are at least two im-



JOE MILONE'S SHOESHINE STAND

This object of art went on display last week at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art. Sicilian-born Joe Milone arrived in the U.S. 32 years ago, wanted to be a carpenter but injured his hand. Finally he took to shining shoes on an ornamented box at the corner of Manhattan's Seventh Street & Broadway. Said an admirer not long ago: "You have a beautiful shoeshine box there." Replied Joe Milone: "At home I have the most beautiful shoeshine stand in the world." The stand which Joe Milone had at home was worthy of a museum—completely encrusted with gay baubles gathered over years from pushcarts and 5-&-10¢ stores. Exclaimed Museum Director Alfred H. Barr Jr., "A superbly useless object without price!"

portant Ensors: his *Tribulation of St. Anthony* (1887), thrown out of the Cologne Museum by the Nazis as being "too modern," is now owned by Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art; his *Intrigue* (1890), owned by the Royal Museum of Antwerp, is in the Museum of Modern Art's safekeeping.

Draftsman of War

The Polish artist Feliks Topolski, whom George Bernard Shaw has called "perhaps the greatest of all impressionists in black & white," will shortly leave England for Gibraltar, Africa, Persia and India to continue drawing and painting the "entire phantasmagoria" of World War II. *Fortune* for January contains a ten-page portfolio of Topolski's masterly impressions of U.S. troops in Britain and Northern Ireland.

Enraged by the massacre of his country, Topolski has lacerated Fascism with numerous brilliantly satirical cartoons. Where Goya fought sadism in war with purposely sadistic drawings of actual fighting, Topolski expresses total war through images of Russian peasants, London women and children bombed out of their homes, soldiers worn out after battle, firemen exhausted after days & nights of blitz, crowds rushing for safety—pathetic rather than cruel facets of war.

Topolski's art is in the tradition of the great draftsmen Daumier, Callot, Hogarth, his earlier work astoundingly like that of France's Benjamin-Constant. Says Topolski: "My particular love, my aim, and object in art" is Descriptive Draftsmanship which he believes to be perishing.

Born in Warsaw in 1907, plump, humorous, brown-eyed Feliks Topolski studied at Warsaw's Academy of Art, decorated



U.S. RANGERS IN BOMBED LONDON

Topolski: "My particular love . . . is Descriptive Draftsmanship."

Warsaw night clubs, while doing his military service in a Polish Cavalry Regiment designed his own uniform of pure white with gold braid and buttons. One night, while a guest in one of his self-decorated nightclubs, he was approached by a captain who had been instructed by a major at another table to ask Topolski what uniform he was wearing. Answered Topolski: "My own." The major was amused and ordered Topolski to take it off. But the captain whispered that Topolski would not be court-martialed if he did not. Says Topolski: "I didn't."



FELIKS TOPOLSKI

... bombed into bed for five weeks.

In 1935 a Polish magazine commissioned Topolski to draw the ceremonies of King George V's Silver Jubilee. Topolski was so fascinated by such English institutions as pubs, the Derby and the Eton & Harrow cricket match that he stayed on, published a book of satirical drawings appreciatively lampooning Britain's pomps and humors. With the enthusiastic support of famed British Painter Augustus Edwin John, London's ultra-conservative Victoria & Albert Museum purchased three Topolski drawings. Only one member of the Museum's committee objected—on the ground that they were the work of a too young foreigner. The committeeman said: "We must draw the line somewhere." Cracked Augustus John: "But can you draw the line like Topolski?"

Bernard Shaw, who commissioned Topolski to illustrate three of his plays, remarked that Topolski "succeeds so admirably at what Picasso tries to do. When Feliks draws something it looks awkward until it is finished—when Picasso draws something it looks awkward after it is finished."

When the Nazis bombed England, Topolski "wandered about gaping, secure in a curious self-imagined sense of being only a spectator behind the footlights." While he was sketching a Wren church in the middle of a night blitz, a huge bomb blew the church away, hurled Topolski to the ground. He was five weeks in the hospital. Says he: "I was still trying not to miss anything of the show."

Says Topolski of a Russian trip: "I learned to mistrust 'foreign observers.'"

THE PRESS

Less Paper

Paper is going to war, which means that in 1943 there will be less of it on the newsstands. Reasons: 1) because of manpower and electric-power shortages, mills are not making as much paper as they did; 2) transportation difficulties mean less paper can be moved from mills to publishers; 3) the armed forces will use in 1943 roughly 1,000,000 more tons of paper of all sorts than they used in 1942.

To find out how U.S. newspaper publishers intend to solve the paper problem *Editor & Publisher* recently queried hundreds of them, got answers indicating they intend to save in varied ways: by going tabloid, publishing only five days a week, eliminating special editions and "extras," reducing the amount of space now devoted to sports and society news, reducing headline sizes, reducing the size of body type, editing stories more tightly, refraining from publishing on holidays, raising advertising rates to reduce advertising volume without incurring losses, cutting out circulation in non-profitable "fringe" districts, reducing widths of margins and column rules, eliminating special Sunday sections, dropping such features as "church pages." Many magazines will use lighter-weight paper than they have been using. Some will pare margins.

Many a publisher already had the ball rolling. The *Kansas City Star* has changed the appearance of its inside pages by reducing head sizes, explaining that newsprint shortage was the cause. Portland's *Oregon Journal* on Jan. 1 eliminated big inside headlines and ordered smaller picture cuts used. New York *Times* Managing Editor Edwin L. James said the *Times* would drop no departments but would tighten up all over. The *Times*, he said, saw the handwriting on the wall long ago, has already reduced its average daily size four pages with few complaints from readers.

For the first quarter of 1943, U.S. newspaper publishers will get only as much print paper (newsprint, rotogravure stock, etc.) as they used for their net paid circulation in the same period of 1941, plus 3% extra to allow for wrappers, press room "spoils," newsstand returns. Result will be an approximate 10% cut in the tonnage of paper the publishers use.* After that the restriction may be increased. Just as there will be fewer cars on the road and fewer radios for sale in 1943, there will be fewer words to read.

Third Scoop from First Front

Scoops are as rare as kulaks in wartime Russia. Two dozen U.S. and British correspondents cover Europe's First Front, but in its 18 months of war there have been only three clear beats. The third came last week.

* British papers are now limited to 19½% of the weight of paper they used in 1939, print mostly four- or six- (rarely eight-) page editions.

Correspondents live circumscribed routine lives in Moscow, have their most excitement trying to beat each other to the wire. After breakfast (tea, toast, and cold sausage, cold fish, occasionally an omelet), in their dimly lit, chill rooms at Moscow's squat Metropole Hotel each morning, they hurriedly compose stories culled from four Moscow papers—*Pravda*, *Red Star*, *Izvestia*, *Komsomolskaya Pravda*. They get their stories reviewed by Russia's sharp censors, then they race to the cable office. For a time Reuters' Harold King had the edge because he hired a motorcyclist. Nowadays U.P. and A.P., employing two fawn-fast girl runners, Venus and Zena, usually win. But mere speed is not enough for the real scoops. They come as reward, or as lightning surprise.

Chicago *Daily News's* alert, emotional Leland Stowe had the first. Last summer Correspondent Stowe won the Kremlin's gratitude by carrying a torch for aid to Russia. He was rewarded by a journalistic triumph—permission to visit the Rhzev front, west of Moscow.

Second scooper was Associated Pressman Henry C. Cassidy. Late in September, at the insistence of his Manhattan bosses, he wrote to Stalin asking for an interview, expected no results. But several days later he was roused by a midnight call from the Foreign Office. Cassidy rushed over, was amazed to find a letter from Stalin: "Dear Gospodin (Mr.) Cassidy: Owing to the pressure of work . . . I shall confine myself to a brief written answer. . . ." This was the famed letter in which Stalin called for Second Front aid.

Scoop No. 3 went to stocky, balding United Pressman Henry Shapiro, who has covered Russia longer than any other U.S. correspondent (six years) and has an ad-



Margaret Bourke-White

U.P.'s SHAPIRO

... beat his neighbors to Stalingrad.

TIME, January 4, 1943

FIFTEEN FEET AND MORE OF TROUBLE
-FOR THE AXIS!



ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN USED BY UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

Naturally, Chevrolet is devoting all its man power, all its plant power, all its production power, to the job of turning out *VOLUME FOR VICTORY*. . . . Our projects range from Army trucks to Pratt & Whitney airplane engines, and from armor-piercing shells to anti-aircraft guns—plus countless parts for other war producers, both within and without General Motors All of these, and many other weapons, continue to flow from Chevrolet plants *in ever-increasing volume*.

CHEVROLET
DIVISION OF
GENERAL MOTORS

vantage over others because, Russian-born, he speaks and reads Russian fluently, so that he does not have to rely on interpreters.

About three weeks ago U.P.'s Moscow dispatches began coming through signed by Shapiro's assistant, Meyer Handler (once in U.P.'s Paris office); Shapiro had disappeared. Last week, when he returned to Moscow and feverishly began cabling copy, the U.S. found out where he had gone—to Stalingrad, to become the first U.S. or British correspondent to eyewitness the Volga city's battered battlefields. How he got the break, Shapiro did not explain, but in his delayed and heavily-censored dispatches, datelined "With the Red Army on the Stalingrad Front," he predicted that Stalingrad would soon be entirely freed.

Best dispatch was an interview with a Red general, who told of Russian tricks in Stalingrad. Sample: "A man should not be afraid to take a position in the immediate neighborhood of the enemy. . . . Artillery and aviation hit their own troops if the distance between trenches is 20 to 40 meters. As soon as German planes appear over Stalingrad our artillery opens fire and the Germans send up rockets signaling: 'Don't hit our own troops.' We give exactly the same signal, and then the devil himself couldn't tell where or how to bomb."

From Times to Sun

One day a couple of months ago a wiry, bristly man with large ears and a happy Irish face strode into the editorial offices of the New York *Sun* and asked for a job. The *Sun's* executives snapped the applicant up. He was mnemonic John Kieran, for 16 years sports columnist for the New York *Times*, for four and a half years a Shakespeare quoter, birdlore expert, Latin scholar, jingle singer and general know-it-all of *Information, Please*.

Last week the *Sun* announced smugly: "... exciting news for New Yorkers . . . John Kieran is coming. . . . His daily column 'One Small Voice' will be limited only by the scope and fertility of the Kieran mind. . . ." The fertile Kieran mind had sprouted the seed which has been observed in other sportswriters, notably Heywood Broun and Westbrook Pegler—the desire to break away from the confinements of sports columning, to reach into the grab bag of memory, to write about anything and everything.

John Kieran had long admired Reporter Robert (Bob) Davis, the evening *Sun's* columnist who roamed the globe and wrote what he pleased. Bob Davis' death three months ago left a gap in the *Sun's* pages which Kieran felt he could fill.

Money was no factor in his decision to change, even though the *Sun* will probably pay less than the approximate \$12,000 a year he has made on the *Times*, for Kieran makes a reputed \$500 a week from *Information, Please*. He has also earned fame out of his *Information, Please* broadcasts, but the aloof *Times* has always looked down its nose at such programs and considered it an upstart in the field of information.



Vladenic Musinov

U.P.'s VENUS

... beats her neighbors to the street.
(See Column 1)

► Kieran's own formal explanation of why he quit the *Times*: what with newspapering and pleasing with information (not counting increasingly frequent, non-profitable radio appearances selling war bonds, etc.) he has been much too busy to do the traveling to sports events his *Times* job required. Sports fans had noticed his columns getting more erudite and less sporty. Whereas he did seven columns a week for the *Times* he will write only five for the *Sun*, and will be able to do them at home, sending his copy to the *Sun* office and to the Bell Syndicate, which will distribute the new column nationally.

Times readers found out about Kieran's departure only indirectly—when Sports Writer Arthur Daley began authoring Kieran's "Sports of the *Times*" column. Even then readers may have failed to notice the difference, because Daley's first effort was extremely Kieranesque. In a discussion of the Oregon State and New York City College basketball teams, both called "Beavers," Columnist Daley referred to an Oregon beaver as *Castor Oregonensis* and to a City College beaver as *Castor Nova Eboracensis*.



Schoal-Pix

KIERAN OF THE "SUN"
Asked for a job and got it.

MILESTONES

Married. Belle Wyatt Roosevelt, 22, daughter of the Major Kermit Roosevelts; and John Gorham Palfrey Jr., 23, Harvard '40; in Fairfax, Va. Among the wedding guests: Franklin D. Roosevelt and Eleanor Roosevelt, a cousin of the bride's father.

Married. Erskine Caldwell, 40, novelist (*Tobacco Road*, *God's Little Acre*); and June Johnson, 20, student at the University of Arizona; he for the third time, she for the first; two days after he was divorced from Photographer Margaret Bourke-White; in Phoenix.

Died. John Borican, 29, Negro middle-distance runner, record-breaking all-round athlete, only man ever to hold the national decathlon and pentathlon championships at the same time; after wasting away from 170 lb. to 110 in three months; in Bridge-ton, N.J.

Died. Christian Keener ("Red") Cagle, 37, All-America halfback (1927-29), captain of Army's '29 team; of a fractured skull after a fall downstairs; in Queens, L.I. Famed for his nimble open-field running and passing, he played during his four years at West Point, resigned just before graduation when his two-year-old secret marriage came to light. In recent years he was an insurance man.

Died. Thomas C. Neibaur, 44, World War I private whom General John J. Pershing called the war's third ranking hero; in a veterans' hospital in Walla Walla, Wash. Among his decorations were the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Purple Heart, the *Croix de guerre*. He was credited with stopping a German counter-attack singlehanded in the Argonne. Sent with two other men to enfilade machine-gun nests, he stood off an attack by 50 Germans, was shot four times, fainted, revived, faced a charge by eight more Germans, shot four of them dead, captured the others, ultimately returned to his lines with eleven prisoners. In 1939 he mailed his Congressional Medal to the late Senator Borah, explained that his WPA earnings were "not sufficient to support a Medal of Honor." The Governor of Idaho, his home State, quickly got him a \$125-a-month job as a Statehouse policeman.

Died. Edna Hibbard, 47, stage comedienne; in Manhattan. She made her biggest hit as Dorothy, the mercenary brunette companion of the mercenary blonde Lorelei Lee in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

Died. Edward Scott Beck, 74, the Chicago *Tribune's* longtime managing editor (1910-37), assistant editor in chief (1937 to last January); in Chicago.

'Nearth Every Lofty Spire are Four Cornerstones to Keep It in the Sky

BACK of the dramatic achievements of Flying Fortresses are hundreds of Iron men and women who make the sinews on which Fortresses fly.

In the engine room of Liberty ships that supply our fighting men in foreign lands are powerful triple expansion steam engines built in the new Iron Fireman engine plant.

In hundreds of factories that house the men and women of war production are Iron Fireman stokers, converting coal, America's permanent fuel supply, into warmth for workers—into steam for production boilers.

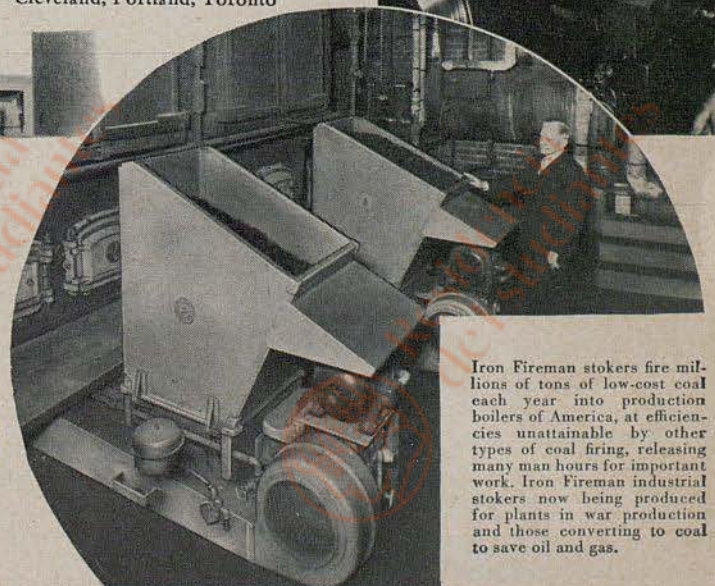
Just as every lofty spire requires four sturdy cornerstones to keep it in the sky, so every famous ship and tank and gun and warplane, requires the help of many groups of workers whose company names do not appear in the finished product.

The production of Iron Fireman workers—their airplane and ordnance parts, marine engines, and coal stokers—are "cornerstone products." You see little of them, but you see much evidence of the results which they help to make possible.

IRON FIREMAN MANUFACTURING CO.
Cleveland; Portland; Toronto



Iron men and Iron women—many of them trained by their fellow-workers at Iron Fireman—are turning out a steady and ever-growing stream of finely machined parts for airplanes, ordnance and the navy. Iron Fireman machining capacity has been increased more than 800 per cent.



Iron Fireman stokers fire millions of tons of low-cost coal each year into production boilers of America, at efficiencies unattainable by other types of coal firing, releasing many man hours for important work. Iron Fireman industrial stokers now being produced for plants in war production and those converting to coal to save oil and gas.

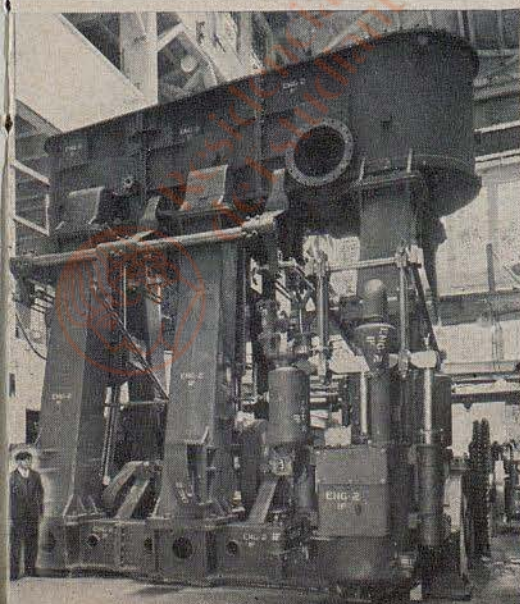
Many of the Liberty cargo ships, which are sliding down the ways in increasing numbers, are powered by Iron Fireman-built triple expansion steam engines. Taking over an abandoned plant in February, 1942, Iron Fireman transformed it into a modern heavy wartime tool plant and produced the first engine in less than 5 months.

This is the triple expansion engine Iron Fireman builds for Liberty ships. It weighs 270,000 lbs., delivers 2500 horsepower, stands 23 feet high.



IRON FIREMAN

AUTOMATIC COAL STOKERS



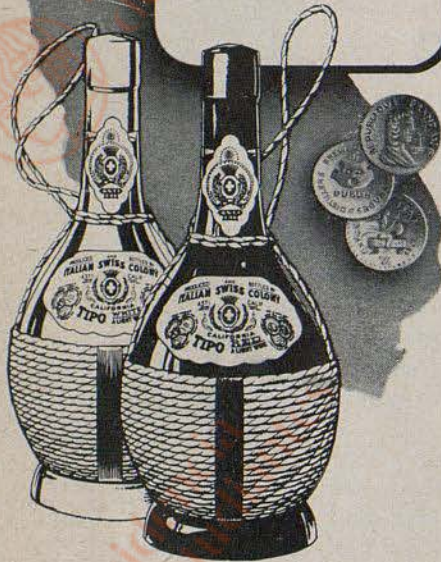
More than 300 parts of Flying Fortress bombers are made by the workers at Iron Fireman plants. You don't see these parts from the outside, but as Lieutenant-General William S. Knudsen remarked when on a trip through the Iron Fireman plant, "Without them there would be no Flying Fortresses and no flying."



Wines

from the
heart of
California's
fine wine
district

Tipo
RED & WHITE



Tipo Red and Tipo White
light dry dinner wines come from
our Colony's hillside vineyards
and winery at Asti, 80 miles north
of San Francisco. In this favored
spot selected in 1881 by our
Colony's vineyardists, choice vine
cuttings from the Old World have
thrived remarkably.

Here, soil, climate and the
vintners' art and skill have com-
bined to produce wines that have
won high honors in Europe as well
as at home. These distinguished
wines await your pleasure now.

Write for our free booklet—
"10 Wartime Dinners
Cooked With Wine."



**Italian Swiss
Colony**

FINE CALIFORNIA
WINES
ALL VARIETIES

GENERAL OFFICES • 781 BEACH STREET • SAN FRANCISCO

War and the Mind

The U.S. Army now discharges hundreds of mental cases a week. When a man has a mental crackup in battle, his local draft board may be to blame—chances are two to one that he showed signs of mental disease before he was inducted. Captain David J. Flicker of the Army Medical Corps estimates in *War Medicine* that draft boards oblivious to mental disease and overworked Army psychiatrists catch only 25% of future Army misfits.

The Weakling Fallacy. In July 1918, export of mental cases to the Army in France reached such proportions that General Pershing complained by cable. Among many laymen the idea still prevails that Army life will do a "weakling" good, a belief so strong that courts have even put psychopaths on probation provided they joined the service.

Obvious mental disease is usually detected by local boards. But there are four kinds of mental cases not so often ruled out: 1) psychopaths, 2) men of low-grade mentality, 3) manic depressives, 4) epileptics.

▶ A psychopath with normal intelligence anxious to get into the Army may, in his few minutes with a psychiatrist at the induction center, fool him completely. But draft-board members in a small community may know that he is a heavy drinker, or has attacked girls, or never keeps a job, or is a thief. In the Army such a man will sometimes win a medal through sheer love of action. More often he is the man who is A.W.O.L. With his quick suggestibility he spreads rumors. He may even sell out to the enemy.

▶ School records of morons and imbeciles usually give them away, yet many of them are inducted. Their mental inadequacy coupled with the strains of military life may bring out latent mental disease which would not appear in civilian life.

▶ A manic depressive between attacks of depression or elation may fool an Army psychiatrist on a quick test. But a draft board member who remembers how George sometimes got so blue that he never went out, sometimes got so high that he ran himself and his relatives into debt on a buying spree, can save the Army & Navy lot of trouble by insisting that George be kept at home.

▶ No branch of service wants any man who has ever had an epileptic fit.

Wounds of the Mind. Said an Army medical officer last week: "Every man has his breaking point." The breaking point of a psychotic soldier is, simply, more easily reached than that of a well-balanced man. In World War I, men's nerves snapped from inactive confinement to trenches under shellfire; in World War II, they break down from long-continued bombardment and strafing without the advantage of shelter. (Artillery fire anxiety is usually worse than that from aerial bombing—when a big gun gets the range,

a man begins to feel that each shell has his number on it.)

The conflict between duty-to-comrades-and-country (herd instinct) and the instinct for self-preservation may disturb even a well-balanced man in battle. Under stress, he may suffer from intestinal disturbances and disordered heart rate. A man with poor mental balance may develop hysterical blindness, paralysis, stiff joints, which will genuinely disqualify him as a fighter (hysteria rarely occurs in newly wounded men—presumably because real wounds eliminate them from battle). Another common type of war breakdown is the hallucinatory reliving of terrifying scenes. A psychopath may quit fighting, give way to panic, or commit suicide. Still other men will brood over every step of a battle, with remorse for their own inadequacy, or for having participated in killing.

The Greatest Gift. Psychiatrists say that soldiers should be taught that fear is a normal reaction. On this subject, World War I Veteran Ernest Hemingway makes a layman's observation in *Men at War*: "Cowardice, as distinguished from panic, is almost always simply a lack of ability to suspend the functioning of the imagination. Learning to suspend your imagination and live completely in the very second of the present minute with no before and no after is the greatest gift a soldier can acquire."

TB in Britain's Milk

Only .5% of U.S. cattle are infected, but according to the best British estimates, 40% of Britain's 3,500,000 dairy cattle are infected with tuberculosis.

Though not all infected cows give infected milk and only about 6% of British farms ship milk containing tubercle bacilli, all British bulk milk is suspect, because of much indiscriminate mixing. Dangerous milk occurs even in London (something so unheard of in any large U.S. city that recent Public Health Service reports on milk ordinance enforcement do not mention tuberculosis at all).

In October Britain's Medical Research Council Committee on Tuberculosis in Wartime blamed unsafe milk for part of the 45% rise in deaths of British children under ten from tuberculosis.

The high tuberculosis rate among Britain's milk cows cannot be simply solved. Public opinion and milk company pressure, which largely brought about regulation in the U.S. (where in 1917 only 5% of the cattle were infected), run into bigger obstacles in Britain. Immediate slaughter of infected animals would dangerously reduce the milk supply, make big demands on public funds for compensation,* bankrupt many dairymen, impair the fertility of Britain's fields by cutting down the manure supply.

* When farmers give up infected cows for slaughter, the Government pays them about £4, but the carcass belongs to the Government.



New propeller with a Destiny

After nearly two years of intensive development, Wickwire Spencer announces a revolutionary, *fully* automatic, variable pitch propeller. Now that it has passed repeated tests, and is in production, the news can be told.

In the Wickwire Automatic Propeller the pitch *adjusts itself* for maximum thrust at all airspeeds or altitudes, for all flight conditions. The action is instantaneous, smooth. The propeller is light in weight,

simple and dependable in construction. Eliminated are all electrical, hydraulic or mechanical equipment and circuits for changing the pitch.

What this engineering accomplishment means: It shrinks take-off distances required, produces faster climb. The highest airplane speed, at any throttle setting, is now obtainable automatically without the pilot's giving it a thought. It also means getting the most air-miles per

gallon. By doing away with the need for manual control, it marks a new milestone in safety.

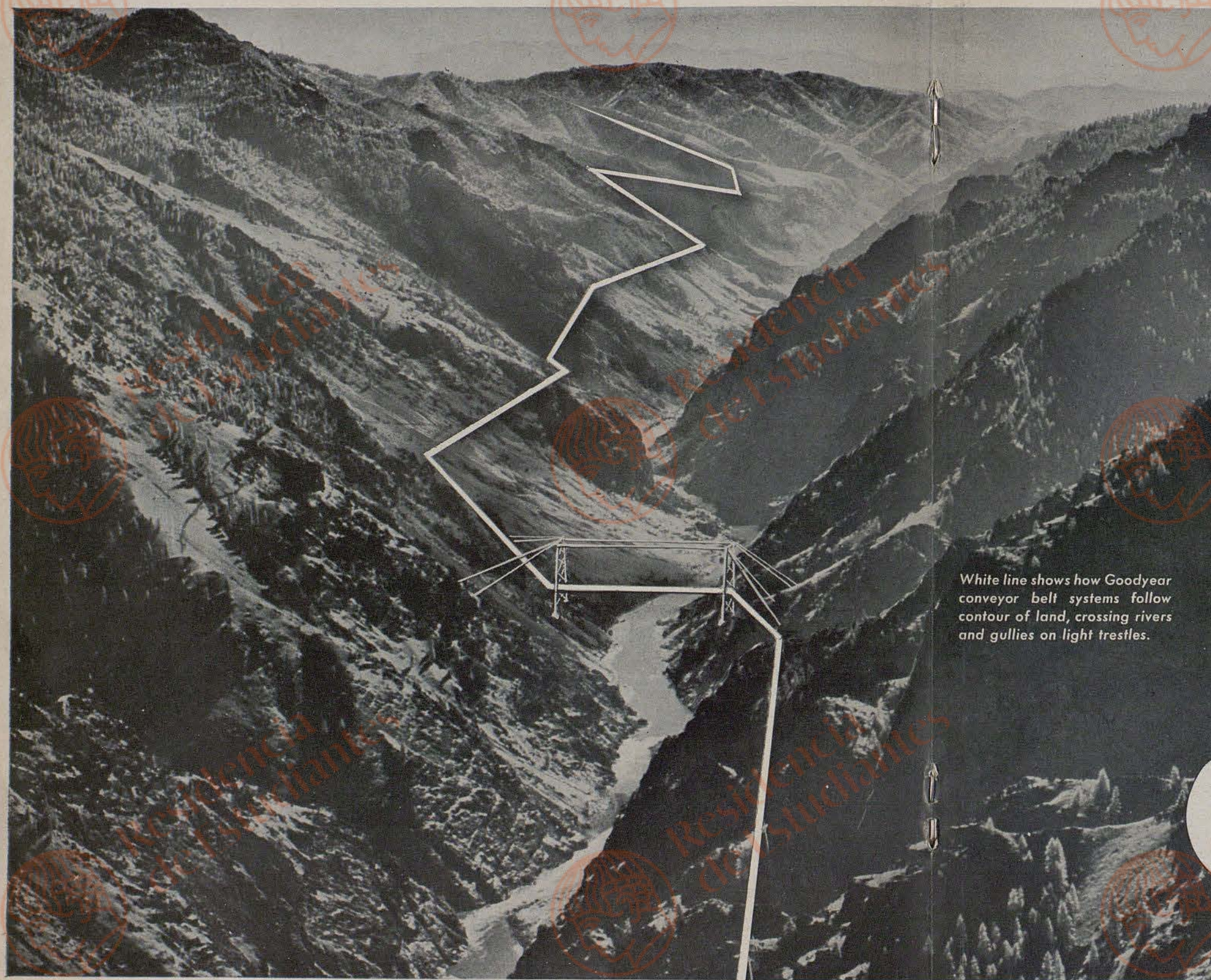
The immediate opportunity for the Wickwire Automatic Propeller is to help win the war. With Victory, its destiny will be to help make the world's peacetime flying simpler, speedier, safer.

Propeller Division, Wickwire Spencer Steel Company, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

WICKWIRE SPENCER STEEL COMPANY

Copyright 1942, Wickwire Spencer Steel Co.

Do you own a mine on the **WRONG** SIDE of the mountain?



White line shows how Goodyear conveyor belt systems follow contour of land, crossing rivers and gullies on light trestles.

• A new era is here in bulk transportation •

IN the mountainous regions of this nation are many valuable deposits of coal and other minerals that it has never been profitable to mine because of their inaccessibility to transportation.

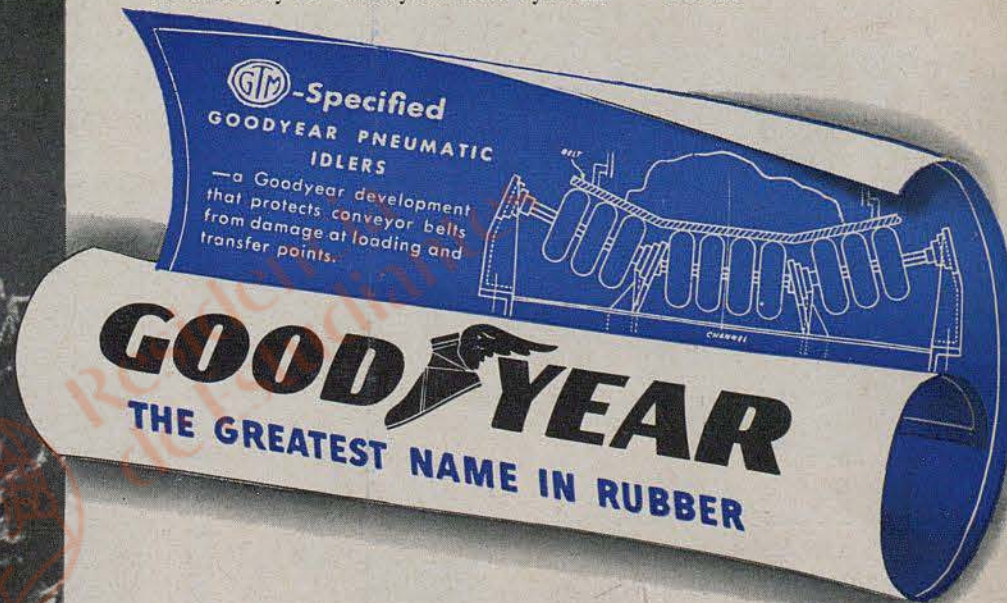
Many of these deposits are within ten to fifteen miles of a railroad, yet the rough terrain makes the cost of a spur line prohibitive. With grading, tunneling and bridges a rail outlet can easily cost many hundreds of thousands of dollars per mile, and that is more than the traffic will bear.

For owners of such properties Goodyear has developed a tested and proven method of transporting the output to rail or water at a small fraction of this cost. This is by means of the "rubber railroad," or Goodyear overland conveyor belt system—the world's lowest-cost-per-ton-mile carrier.

The ability of Goodyear belt systems

to transport huge tonnages for long distances cross-country has been demonstrated by installations from five to ten miles in length, and longer units are practical. The belt line requires no costly roadbed, no heavy structural work or fills, a minimum of cuts and grades. It follows the contour of the country, operating over gradients impossible to wheeled carriers, and its tonnage capacity is greater.

Opening up these inaccessible mines will mean a vast new source of minerals for American industry. Companies planning their postwar development will do well to investigate the many advantages of Goodyear conveyor belt haulage now. The G.T.M. — Goodyear Technical Man — will be glad to give you engineering data and cost estimates. Write Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.



(Reading Time: 41 Seconds)



MARK THIS NAME!

PROTECTO-RAY BATHROOMS! It comes up in conversations on Pullmans, airlines, steamships—wherever seasoned travelers discuss present day hotel service. You'll find Protecto-Ray Bathrooms (rendered absolutely sanitary by special portable ultra-violet ray equipment) only at New York's great Hotel New Yorker. After being treated, each bathroom is *sealed* to keep it in that sanitary state for your personal use! Yet this expensive service costs *you* nothing extra. Any wonder this is New York's most popular hotel?

F. L. Andrews

Make this your New York address from now on!



Home of America's sensational
new hotel service
PROTECTO-RAY BATHROOMS
...they're ultra-violet rayed!



MISCELLANY

Kept After School. In Los Angeles, a judge who found Schoolteacher Winifred Hunt guilty of a traffic violation produced a blackboard, had her write "I will obey all traffic laws" 100 times before she could go home.

Fellow Creature. In Petrusberg, South Africa, churchgoers voted not to get rid of a friend—a cobra who lived in the ceiling, always came out to listen when the organist played the organ's flute stops, fled back to its hole when the preaching started.

Thieving Santa. In Evansville, Ind., somebody who may or may not have arrived by reindeer climbed down the chimney of a barbecue, gathered up two shoulders of meat, 25 pounds of ribs, \$18, went up the chimney and jingled away.

Fuelishness. In Philadelphia, the fuel rationing office for the North Side had to shut up shop, having neglected to ration itself some fuel.

Hard Times. In Henry, Ill., county authorities took a look at the state of local affairs, decided to auction off the poorhouse.

Student. In Manhattan, Madeline Uttal sued for a separation from her husband, Fred, announcer for radio's *We Love & Learn* program.

Hopped Hogs. In Paducah, Ky., mystified Lewis Schmidt's hogs were finally cured of acute dopiness when a vet changed their bedding. The old bedding: marijuana leaves which, when warmed by the hogs' bodies, had given them pipe dreams.

Disorder in Bulk. In Chicago, Gus Stevens' wife had him charged with disorderly conduct for coming home with a 520-lb. friend and trying to get in through the window. The friend: a bear.



Acme

THE BALLAD OF GLACIER GULCH



MINER: *I ain't set eyes on a city since
I cremated Sam McGee.
And, my knock-kneed Arabian Husky,
You're a mighty strange sight to see!*

CAMEL: *Salaams, O Singer of the Snows.
But I really must get to Nome. I'm lec-
turing there on...*

MINER: *I'm only a miner of Glacier Gulch,
And not very bright, to boot.
But when you tell me you're givin' a speech,
I don't smile, pard—I shoot!*

CAMEL: *Effendi, you would not shoot if you
knew who I am. I have the honor to be
the Paul Jones camel—the living symbol
of a whiskey's most prized quality—dry-
ness. Surely you...*

MINER: *Camel, you have but a moment
To explain yourself to me.
Tell me why dryness in whiskey is
Such a wonderful qualitee.*

CAMEL: *What you desire, Hermit of the
Glaciers, is easy to give. You see, whiskey
connoisseurs know that dryness or lack of
sweetness, brings out all the rich, mag-
nificent flavor of Paul Jones.*

MINER: *All very fine, my Arabian friend,
But my pockets ain't lined with gold.
And I'm pretty certain I can't afford
The price at which Jones is sold.*

CAMEL: *You're wrong, Sahib. Paul Jones—
for all its magnificent flavor—is not an ex-
pensive whiskey. It sells for a truly mod-
erate price.*

MINER: *Camel, you've shown me the great-
ness of Paul Jones whiskey. Thank you,
O Noble Salesman, and permit me to drive
you into Nome... Doggone it, Camel, now
you got me talking like you!*

CAMEL: *I'll be happy to ride into Nome,
My pal of the icy waste.
And since we're heading for dry Paul Jones
Come on, my friend, make haste! Mush!*

THE VERY BEST BUY
IS THE WHISKEY THAT'S DRY

P PAUL



J JONES

*A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frank-
fort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*

When a Hut is Home

IT HAS TO BE LIVABLE!



Home in the army may be where you toss your barracks' bag, but it means a lot to morale if that place is warm and dry and light and snug . . . and the Victory Hut is all of those, and more!

In this war, our military leaders know the value of morale . . . that's why the Victory Hut is made to answer their specifications. For example:

Because of its Air-Space insulated construction, it's cool in hot climate and warm in cold. • Because it's light in daylight, and built to reflect electric lights at night, it saves eyesight, permits reading, writing or sewing at all allowed hours. • Because it's built to be erected quickly by men who may never even have put

up any kind of housing, Victory Huts literally spring up in a few hours actual over-all time, — and if the crew is experienced, in as little as six man-hours.

And — because it is mass produced to a standardized design, the Victory Hut saves our government \$30 to \$50 per man housed.

Above all — Victory Huts have been delivered in a matter of days after being ordered. They are ready when needed — *now!*



TEXAS PRE-FABRICATED HOUSE AND TENT CO.

Dallas, Texas

MAKERS OF "VICTORY" HUTS AND "VICTORY" HOMES

TRADE MARK

TRADE MARK

Solar Fuel

The sun is using up its fuel supply at an increasing rate, will gradually get hotter during the next ten billion years. By that time the earth's surface temperature will be lifted to about 750° Fahrenheit, hot enough to boil away the oceans, char organic matter, and melt tin, lead and zinc. Then the last of the sun's hydrogen atoms will be converted into helium. With no more fuel on hand, the sun will cool and fade.

Cornell's brilliant, Alsatian-born astrophysicist Hans Albrecht Bethe thus elaborated his already famed theory of the source of stellar energy (TIME, Feb. 27, 1939) in a lecture under the auspices of Sigma Xi, national science honor society, now published.*

His theory is the only one that accounts for the presumed age of the sun (some two billion years) and also for its enormous steady production of energy. Says Theorist Bethe: "At the rate of one cent per kilowatt hour we should have to pay a billion billion dollars to keep the sun going for a single second."

Ordinary chemical reactions are totally inadequate to explain stellar energy. Even if the sun were composed entirely of coal (carbon) and the right amount of oxygen to burn it, the energy of that combustion could supply the sun's heat for a mere 2,500 years. Helmholtz' old theory that the energy comes from contraction of the sun's mass (in effect from the falling inward of all its matter) is also inadequate because it would explain only 30 million years of sunniness. Even radioactivity, the spontaneous disintegration of atoms such as uranium and radium, will not answer: the sun would have to be composed entirely of uranium, and it is not.

But when four hydrogen atoms are combined into one helium atom, as is possible at the sun's center temperature of 20,000,000° Centigrade, there is a loss of 0.0286 units of atomic weight. It is this mass which is converted into energy, according to Einstein's relativity formulas. On this principle, for each gram of the sun's hydrogen there would be about 55,000 kilowatt hours of available energy. (A gram of coal burning yields about 1/100th of a kilowatt hour.) This is ample to explain the sun's energy, and the supply is big enough to last 30 billion years at its present rate of consumption.

The formation of helium from hydrogen is theoretical. It has not been done in the laboratory. It is also complex, involves six steps in which carbon atoms participate but are finally released unchanged. But it is the only theory which accounts for the sun. Further, it accounts for the energy of all the stars except the relatively cool "red giants." A star, in keeping with Bethe's theories on the sun, apparently

* Vol. III of *Science in Progress* (a collection of Sigma Xi lectures); Yale University Press; \$3.

The train with no caboose

YOU HEAR its deep, friendly voice echoing through the mountains and the valleys of the Southland. You hear its powerful engine pounding through many a bustling city. You hear its eager clickety-clack as it weaves across fertile farmlands and greenning pastures.

It's a freight train that never ends... with no last car... no caboose. It's the combined war-time freight haul of the Southern Railway System.

Day and night, this train hauls ore from the mines, oil from the wells, food from the fields and lumber from the forests. Day and night, it rushes bread and beef and bullets to America's fighting men. Day and night, it feeds American industry and sustains a nation grimly at work.

And when the war is over, this train with no caboose will still be humming over the rails of the Southern, proudly bearing the hard-won fruits of Victory.

For then another new South will have been born... a richer, greater South... ready with new plants,

new processes,
new products for the free
people of the better world that surely
lies ahead.

Ernest E. Harris

President

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Southern Serves the South





Wherever man goes . . . yes, even from the snowfields of the

Arctic, his voice now carries to the outer world through the two-way radiotelephone! In the future, you'll use the radiotelephone as a safeguard, as a convenience, as a business advantage. We are proud of the fact that Jefferson-Travis has pioneered in this form of radio-communication and has contributed to the science of electronics new and exclusive developments that are proving an invaluable aid to the United Nations on every front throughout the entire world.



JEFFERSON-TRAVIS

RADIOTELEPHONE EQUIPMENT

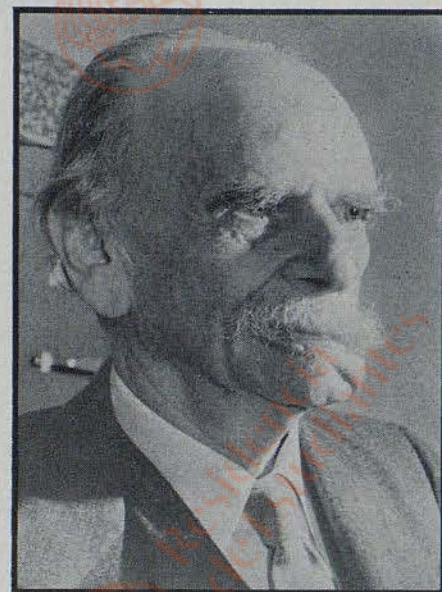
NEW YORK CITY • WASHINGTON, D. C.

gets hotter and brighter, "behaves very foolishly" toward the end, uses up the last of its fuel supply in a burst of glory and a "brilliant death."

For the Human Race

Death came in Manhattan last fortnight to Columbia's Professor Franz Boas, who more than 30 years ago scientifically demolished "this Nordic nonsense" in *The Mind of Primitive Man*, a book which has since been called the Magna Charta of self-respect for the so-called lower races. For 59 years he measured, compared, talked facts about humanity, trained most of the outstanding U.S. anthropologists of today.*

Boas wrote, in a letter to *TIME* in 1936: "The assumption of the biological homogeneity of any race is a fiction. Every race contains many family strains which are



Acme

THE LATE ANTHROPOLOGIST BOAS
Hitler taught him something.

biologically distinct. . . . The physiological and psychological behavior of the individual depends only in part upon his hereditary characteristics. These differ widely within every population and are strongly overlaid by outer, cultural influences which modify the hereditary traits. . . . Personality cannot be assumed to be determined by the so-called racial groups . . . but is a matter that must be determined individually."

After his retirement in 1936 Boas became an active crusader. Said he: "Hitler taught me that it is not only necessary to discover scientific truths about man; it is necessary to spread them in the world. Science alone was not enough to check the wide acceptance of the race nonsense of Naziism."

He also said: "If we were to select the most intelligent, imaginative, energetic and

* Among his students: Margaret Mead (*And Keep Your Powder Dry*, *TIME*, Nov. 30), Columbia's Ruth Benedict, Yale's Edward Sapir, Northwestern's Melville Jean Herskovits, the late Elsie Clews Parsons, University of California's Alfred L. Kroeber, Harvard's Alfred Marston Tozzer, University of New Mexico's Leslie Spier, University of Pennsylvania's John Alden Mason.

Synthetic rubber makers must have one-track minds!

1 If there ever was a business that called for keeping your eye on the ball, it's the manufacture of synthetic rubber. From raw materials to finished tires and other products for the armed forces, the process is so complex that it must be controlled entirely by instruments. Fortunately, ever since America's first synthetic "pilot plant", Taylor Accuracy has been helping to speed up every phase of this important job!



2 Heart of the synthetic rubber "tree" is the polymerization process, where styrene and butadiene (which Taylor Instruments also help to make) are transformed into liquid latex. To accomplish this finicky process on the gigantic scale required calls for such accurate control of time, temperature, and pressure that Taylor Instruments have become standard for the purpose.



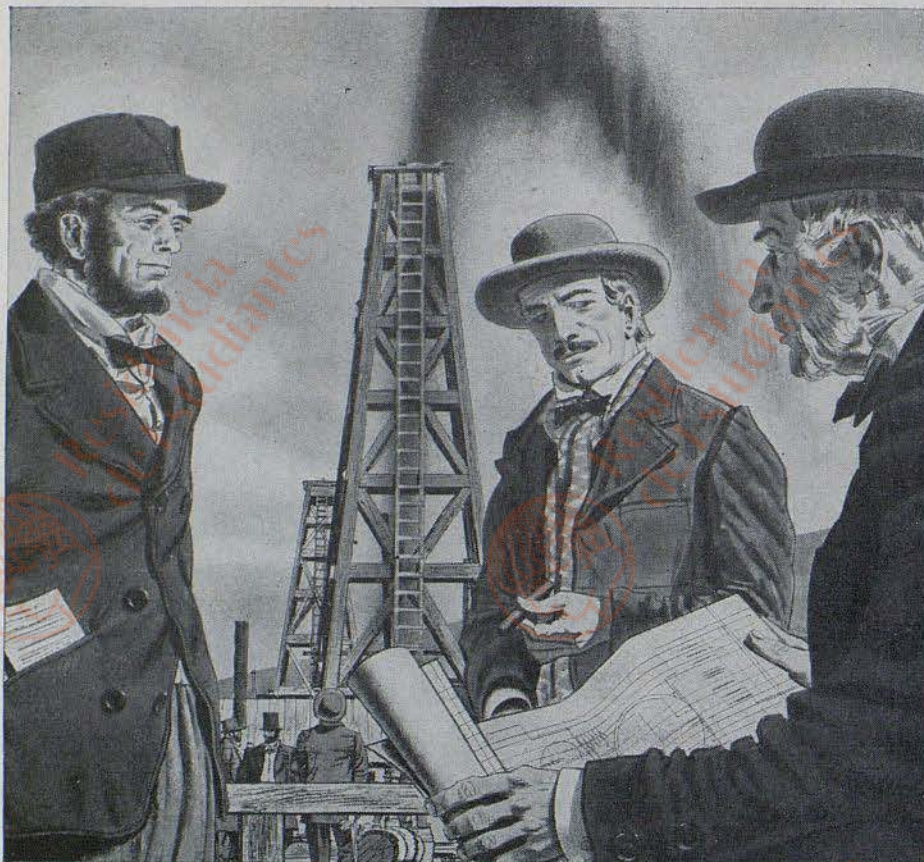
3 When you bring home your first synthetic rubber tire, you can give a vote of thanks to Taylor. In fact, many things you'll buy after the war, made of materials that don't even exist today, will be due in some measure to the vast reservoir of new skills and new discoveries that Taylor engineers are now accumulating in their all-out war effort.



4 Speaking of tires, you can save your doctor's tires by taking temperatures with a Taylor Binoc fever thermometer before you call him. It's 3 times easier to read! Fever thermometers are the only household instruments Taylor is still making. The rest have gone to war, which explains why you may not be able to buy the instrument you want—though most stores still have some.



5 If you're in war production your Taylor Field Engineer is anxious to help you solve any instrumentation problem. If you're in essential non-war business, he can help maintain present instruments, or call on Taylor facilities for prompt repairs. Call your local Taylor office, or write Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y., or Toronto, Canada.



They started beating Hitler 84 years ago!

These men were "petroleum pioneers." They would be proud of their successors—today's men of petroleum who measure up to their heritage of vision and courage and *will to win*. The enemy covets our oil resources. These would avail him little without the *personnel* of the oil industry.

For Example:

The Air Corps called for 100-octane gasoline in tremendous quantities—the Service of Supply demanded oil to "keep 'em rolling" on our far-flung battlefronts—War Plants needed more and finer lubricants for machines running 24 hours a day—and the oil industry provided them.

General American Transportation can testify to Petroleum's achievements, because of our close work with the Industry for many years. By supplying the necessary cars for every product, by furnishing bulk liquid terminal service at strategic locations, General American Transportation extends the efficiency of the Petroleum Industry.



A SYMBOL OF INTEGRITY FOR OVER 40 YEARS

GENERAL AMERICAN TRANSPORTATION CORPORATION

Chicago

BUILDERS AND SUPPLIERS OF RAILROAD FREIGHT CARS

emotionally stable third of mankind, all races would be represented."

When death came to Franz Boas, 84, he had earned the title of a great humanitarian.

Earth Tides

That the surface of the earth itself may be subject to tides like those of the ocean has long seemed probable,* but there has been no tidal gauge to measure these heavings accurately. At the University of Texas last fortnight a gravitimeter was announced which indicates a daily tidal movement of the solid earth at Austin amounting to two or three inches—larger than ever suspected.

The instrument, a refinement of the commercial gravitimeter used in locating oilfields, is a strong spring with a weight attached to its lower end. Any change in the pull of gravity changes the pull of the weight, shortens or lengthens the spring by an invisible amount. The instrument records fluctuations in gravity of one part in a billion.

At the University of Texas, Professor A. E. Lockenvitz is recording the local earth fluctuations. With gravimeters installed at various points, he hopes to be able to predict earthquakes by noting prior increases in earth tides.

Plain Tale from Brazil

An "infuriating story" is told in FORTUNE for January: the futile effort of Drury A. McMillen, Yale graduate, engineer and businessman of São Paulo, Brazil, to persuade the U.S. armed forces to adopt a new, simplified system of aviation navigation.

Minutes count in the air. With McMillen's system, much faster than previous methods, only ten minutes is needed to calculate a plane's position, accurate to ten miles, often as close as three.

The system uses a blank globe and four drawing instruments to locate positions graphically. The navigator must "shoot the angle" of two stars with a sextant. He marks on his globe the exact substellar spots of these two stars (i.e., the spots where these stars are directly overhead—obtained from star tables). Then he uses these two spots as centers of circles, drawn with the angle measured by sextant. The two circles intersect at two widely distant points; one is the location of the plane. At high speeds and at mind-fogging altitudes the quickness of the method may be literally lifesaving.

Yet Drury McMillen has gone back to Brazil with his method applauded but unused. He encountered the same obstacles that many U.S. scientists and engineers have protested. Visits to numerous Army and Navy groups, to the Office of Scientific Research & Development in Washington and to the National Defense Research Committee in Boston all convinced him that there is no agency that can give an outsider any practical assistance toward the adoption by the armed forces of a revolutionary idea.

* The gravitational pull of the earth and the counterpull of the sun & moon, which produce ocean tides, would logically also affect dry land.

COLUMBUS DISCOVERED RUBBER



Firestone

DISCOVERED BUTAPRENE



*** THE SYNTHETIC RUBBER THAT IS HELPING THE UNITED STATES WIN THE WAR AND WRITE THE PEACE!**

ON ONE of his voyages to the New World, Columbus found the Indians playing a game with a bouncing ball made of "caoutchouc," the dried, gum-like milk of the Hevea tree. Little did he know that some day this strange substance would become one of the world's most vital raw materials. Today, we call it "rubber" and with the United States cut off from its principal sources of supply, Americans everywhere are keenly aware of its tremendous importance to modern transportation and to the cause of Victory.

Without rubber, we could lose this war! But Firestone Butaprene is effectively taking the place of crude rubber and in many instances performing better than the natural product. As a result, it is not only helping to win the war, but also write the peace—for after the Victory is won, America can, if necessary, remain independent for its rubber requirements. Thus, 23 years after Harvey S. Firestone said "Americans Should Produce Their Own Rubber," his vision is rapidly becoming an amazing reality.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone with Richard Crooks, Margaret Speaks and Alfred Wallenstein, Monday evenings, over N. B. C.



THE FIRST COMPANY IN THE RUBBER INDUSTRY TO WIN THE ARMY-NAVY "E" AWARD FOR HIGH ACHIEVEMENT IN THE PRODUCTION OF WAR MATERIALS

Commuters' Special, 1943



America makes the best of everything!

Making the best of a situation is the great American trait. Offering the best of whiskies...Schenley Royal Reserve...is the great American gesture. And buying War Bonds is the great American privilege. Buy War Bonds regularly.

Schenley Royal Reserve, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.



RADIO

WINX's Grynwich

Discontented radio listeners everywhere could take heart last week from the story of big, deliberate William Grynwich, a music lover in the War Department in Washington, D.C. For a year on his favorite radio program, the *Symphony Hour* over Washington's WINX, he patiently suffered the inanities of a musically illiterate announcer. When the announcer finally played a recording of the second part of a Hungarian rhapsody before the first,



Marie Hansen

ANNOUNCER GRAYSON

He wants his rhapsodies in order.

Listener Grynwich lumbered into resentful action.

He telephoned WINX and got the announcer himself on the phone. This was not very satisfactory. So Grynwich beefed heavily to WINX's program director, Sam Lawder. Lawder replied that if Grynwich thought he could do any better himself, he should come in and try. Grynwich marched to the station. Last week the Sunday *Symphony Hour* went off without a hitch. The slow, deliberate, fairly rich voice of the announcer, who was very right about his musical lore, belonged to Announcer William (Grynwich) Grayson.

The Lunts v. the Air

When the theater's Alfred Lunt & Lynn Fontanne took to the air last week, the result was added proof that radio acting is a specialized art, that great ability on the stage is no guarantee of a pay-off before the microphone. For Russian War Relief (WOR-Mutual) and *The Cavalcade of America* (NBC) respectively the lusty pair played a Russian metalworker & wife, a Bethlehem innkeeper & wife. These roles were not designed to exploit the Lunts' facility with bang and banter. Further,

they were not favored by WOR-Mutual's jerky dramatization of the life and death of Russia's hero Nikolai Gastello, who dived into a German gasoline stock pile. The Lunts could not make Gastello's parents even as convincing as the script made his act—which was not too convincing.

But the Lunts had a very good thing in Stephen Vincent Benét's story of the Nativity for *Cavalcade* and they did better by it. Benét drew a parallel between the birthtime of Christ and World War II. Herod was *Gauleiter* of Egypt, and the Romans his masters. Middle-aged Alfred Lunt kept the inn of the Nativity and spoke for all adaptable World War II innkeepers:

The country's occupied. We have no country.

You've heard of that perhaps?

You've seen their soldiers, haven't you?

You know

Just what can happen to our sort of people

Once there's a little trouble? . . .

I'm reasonable enough. I know the world.

It's a bad world but it must last our time.

Herod is Herod but my inn's my inn.

I do the best I can. I pay my taxes,

Here in this conquered and forsaken land,

And, as for all your fine rebellious souls Who hide out in the hills and stir up trouble!

Call themselves prophets, too, and prophesy

That something new is coming to the world,

The Lord knows what!

Well, it's a long time coming.

And, meanwhile, we're the wheat between the stones. . . .

Who Listens to What?

U.S. advertisers, who spend some \$200,000,000 a year trying to persuade people to buy things, have never been quite sure what they were getting for their money, who was listening to their programs or for how long. Even replies to questions asked of radio listeners are not conclusive (few people watch their own radio habits like hawks). But last week the radio industry for a price—had a good chance of increasing considerably its knowledge of its audiences.

Chicago's A. C. Nielsen Co., whose food, drug and liquor indexes are gospel to U.S. merchandisers, announced the coming of age of its Audimeter, a gadget installed in radio sets that keeps an exact record of the radio's tuning. Seven big-time clients* and their ad agencies are already using the Nielsen Radio Index based on the gadget.

The Audimeter is the product of seven years' research, four years' field trials. It is now installed in 1,000 radio sets in homes between Wisconsin and Missouri

* Lever Bros., General Mills, General Foods, Colgate-Palmolive-Peet, Carter Products, Miles Laboratories, Sterling Drug Inc.

YALE SHIRTS

Worn by the Men who are Winning this War!



American Army Officers, accustomed to the finest

in every type of equipment, show an overwhelming preference for YALE Military Shirts. You'll discover why when you put on your first YALE Shirt. Full cut and roomy, for freedom in action, in the sleeves and shoulders, it is form fitting to prevent bunching around the waist. Wherever you are . . . wherever you expect to be, from Iceland to the tropics . . . there are YALE Shirts made of fabrics appropriate to the climate. All in all the quality of their style, fabric and workmanship is worthy of America's finest traditions.

Nationally Known

YALE
Shirts

YALE MILITARY SHIRT COMPANY

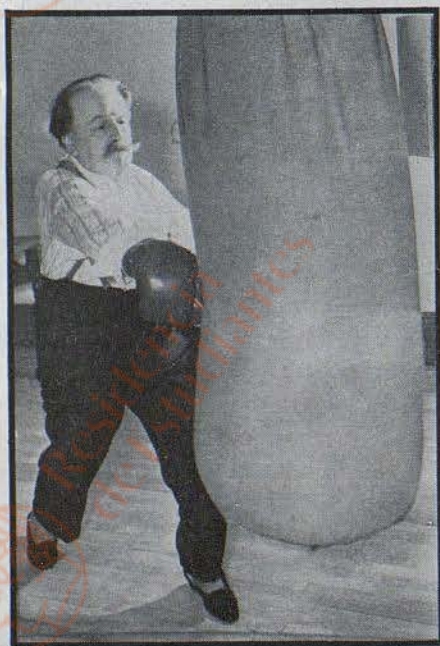
1239 BROADWAY • NEW YORK, N. Y.
Makers of shirts for all branches of the Armed Forces

and the Atlantic Coast—an area containing over one-fourth of the U.S.'s 30,000,000 radio homes. The Audimeter records with a stylus on moving tape every twist of the radio switch and dials, whether a program is found by dial cruising, whether it is kept on through the full period, tuned out at any point, etc.

In addition to its detailed tuning record, the Nielsen Radio Index can claim a further advantage over radio's two most successful audience surveys, the Crossley and Hooper, which get their information by telephone: the Nielsen Audimeter can tap the great rural majority of radio homes which are without telephone service. But not even the Audimeter can tell whether anyone is listening to a turned-on radio.

To gain its clients, Nielsen showed them results obtained during four years from a pilot operation of Audimeters in a selected cross section of 200 radio homes. One Nielsen client was so impressed that he agreed to pay \$50,000 for a year's service. Some pilot-survey findings:

- ▶ When the star of one of radio's most popular nighttime shows said "Good night," listening dropped sharply. The sponsor's closing commercial was heard by only a fraction of the program's audience.
- ▶ People with telephones used the radio 44% less than those without. The heavier radio use in homes without telephones varied from 19% on Sundays to 45% on weekdays, 62% on Saturdays.
- ▶ More than half the tested listeners changed their tuning every 15 minutes or less. Only 5% tuned to one station uninterruptedly for more than an hour.
- ▶ The tested family radios were turned on an average of five and a half hours a day. Only about 8% were used for less than an hour daily. Although short-wave tuning increased tenfold, it was still less than 1% of the total.
- ▶ Peak month of radio use was February—40% above the July bottom.



LISZT'S PUPIL ROSENTHAL
"Hah!"

(See Column 2)

Acme

MUSIC

Bouquet for Moriz

Concert artists, like dogs, always grow to resemble their patrons. Most of today's (examples: Gieseking, Casadesu, Heifetz, Serkin) resemble bank presidents or New Deal intellectuals. Most of yesterday's (examples: Paderewski, de Pachmann) resembled haughty princes of the blood. One lordly, athletic survivor of the time when artists wore the royal purple is orange-whiskered Polish Pianist Moriz Rosenthal, pupil of Franz Liszt, who in Manhattan last week was recovering from his 80th birthday celebration.

When Moriz Rosenthal made his U.S. debut in 1888 the audience reached such a frenzy it had to be forcibly calmed by the police. Swooned the critic of the *New York Sun*: "A giant of ability, a hero, a demigod, a perfect pianist." Echoed the *New York Post*: "His powers are so extraordinary that it is difficult to speak of them in measured language."

Last fortnight Critic Olin Downes paid Moriz Rosenthal homage in a nostalgic vein with the purplest passage in the modern, if not the entire, history of the *New York Times*. Wrote Critic Downes:

"We didn't hear him till 1907, in Symphony Hall, Boston, when Rosenthal, of the stocky, powerful figure, eagle-beaked, massive-jawed, with black mane and Kaiser mustache, played the Liszt E-flat concerto, and Karl Muck leered over him on the conductor's stand, snapping the chords from the orchestra as a Mephistopheles would crack a whip over his minions, and the two played into each other's hands with a devilry beyond words. Hah! The intrepidity, the dash, the saber and spur of it, the wild exhilaration, the reckless mastery of the whole business!"

Chocolate Cream Chanteuse

Manhattan's quietly swank Savoy-Plaza Café Lounge was last week doing the biggest business in its history as a nightspot. Its Mondays had begun to look like Saturdays. No opulent floor show was packing in the customers. The attraction was the face and the shyly sultry singing of a milk-chocolate-colored Brooklyn girl, Lena Horne.

Unlike most Negro chanteuses, Lena Horne eschews the barrel-house manner, claws no walls, conducts herself with the seductive reserve of a Hildegard (TIME, March 13, 1939). But when Lena sings at dinner and supper, forks are halted in mid-career. Flashing one of the most magnificent sets of teeth visible outside a store, she seethes her songs with the air of a bashful volcano. As she reaches the end of *Honeysuckle Rose* ("When I'm takin' sips from your tasty lips, seems the honey fairly drips")* her audience is gasping.

Says Lena: "It frightens me a little, but I haven't got any voice. I don't know anything about music. I feel like the
* Reprinted by permission of copyright owners, Santly-Joy, Inc.



Yank

LENA HORNE

... seethes like a bashful volcano.

fellow who was dreaming: all he could say was 'Don't wake me up.'"

Daughter of a Negro actress named Edna Scotchron, 25-year-old Lena Horne was graduated from Brooklyn's Girls' High School into a job as a chorus girl in an Ethel Waters Show at Manhattan's Cotton Club. She was put in big time by a spell at Hollywood's Little Troc cabaret. Her first film appearance, a sequence in *Panama Hattie*, proved the high point of a dull show. She continued as Georgia Brown in the cinema version of Broadway's *Cabin in the Sky*, and is scheduled for M.G.M.'s *Meet the People*.

Lena Horne and her four-year-old daughter by an early, unsuccessful marriage occupy a five-room duplex apartment in Hollywood across the street from Humphrey Bogart's. In Manhattan Lena lives obscurely in a small room in Harlem's Theresa Hotel. Every day her aging mother makes the trip from Brooklyn to the Theresa to see that Lena eats properly and wears her rubbers.

January Records

Strauss: Don Quixote (Pittsburgh Symphony, Fritz Reiner conducting, with Gregor Piatigorsky, cellist; Columbia; 10 sides). Cellist Piatigorsky brilliantly performs what many regard as Strauss's finest symphonic score.

Rimsky-Korsakoff: Scheherazade (San Francisco Symphony, Pierre Monteux conducting; Victor; 9 sides). The Pacific crew delivers an especially spicy version of this Oriental tale.

Beethoven: Concerto No. 4 for Piano and Orchestra (Chicago Symphony, Frederick Stock conducting, with Artur Schnabel; Victor; 8 sides). Famed Beethoven Specialist Schnabel gives one of Beethoven's greatest concertos a thorough workout. As a teammate, the late Frederic Stock is somewhat heavy-footed. Result: though distinguished, it still leaves the prize to Schnabel's older Victor recording with the London Philharmonic, or to Pianist Walter Gieseking and the Saxon State Orchestra (Columbia).

Bendix Aviation Corporation Reports to the Nation on "The Invisible Crew"

WAR PRODUCTION 20 TIMES EXPANDED!

*61,000 Bendix Soldiers of Production and More Tens of
Thousands in Subcontractors' Plants are Pledged to Carry Through*

A Partial List of "THE INVISIBLE CREW"

Essential to Our Fighting Forces:

- ★ "STROMBERG" Aircraft Carburetors
- ★ "SCINTILLA" Aircraft Magnets
- ★ "PIONEER" Remote Indicating Equipment
- ★ "PIONEER" Aircraft Navigation and Engine Instruments
- ★ "ECLIPSE" Aviation Starters & Generators
- ★ Aviation De-Icing Systems
- ★ Airplane Fuel Pumps & Motors
- ★ Supercharger Regulators
- ★ "BENDIX RADIO" Transmitters, Receivers, Compasses, etc.
- ★ "BENDIX" Aircraft and Tank Radio Intercommunicating Systems
- ★ "BENDIX" Aircraft Landing Gear
- ★ "BENDIX" Marine Signalling Devices
- ★ Aircraft Gun Turrets
- ★ Automatic Aircraft Cannon
- ★ Fire Control Equipment
- ★ Gun Shells and Fuses

1938†

\$30,800,000

1939

\$42,000,000

1940

\$47,000,000

1941

\$156,000,000

1942

\$460,000,000

†Each head represents thirty million dollars

Some members of "The Invisible Crew"—often many of them—are aboard every American plane, ship, tank, and combat car . . . and many also are serving with our Allies on other fighting fronts.

An invincible host of silent partners who eliminate the elements of human error, assuring mechanical safety to our men at the front as they hurl our bombers, fighting planes and tanks at the enemy!

BENDIX SOLDIERS OF PRODUCTION WILL MAKE THIS RECORD 30 TIMES EXPANDED IN 1943

*In 1938 only 50% of the total shown was for products which comprise the staggering total for 1942.

Millions of dollars have been spent annually by Bendix since 1929 in the research and development of principal aircraft accessories and equip-

ment for mechanized units which form the basis for today's production for war purposes.

Because, too, of greater efficiency in increased production Bendix voluntary reductions to our Government have exceeded \$100,000,000 during the year 1942.



★ FROM COAST TO COAST, 25 BENDIX PLANTS ARE SPEEDING MEMBERS OF "THE INVISIBLE CREW" TO WORLD BATTLE FRONTS ★

PEOPLE

O. K. from on High

Social Arbitress **Emily Post** informed OWI of her decision that it was all right for women war workers to go ahead and thumb rides to work. But she insisted that good taste imposes certain rules. One's identification badge is to be raised aloft instead of a thumb; only cars with B or C ration stickers should be hailed; between girl and driver "conversation is not necessary. If they must talk, they should stick to impersonal subjects." And Miss Post emphasized: "If the driver is not going in her direction, he does not stop."

The Literary Life

To an American private in the Canadian Army who had sent him a rhymed tribute, one-eyed General Sir **Archibald Percival Wavell**, commander of the British forces in India, sent back a rhymed reply, in the course of it confided:

It's true I've one eye only,

My aide has but one, too.

So he looks east and I look west

When we want a wider view.

Against **Gypsy Rose** (*The G-String Murders*) **Lee** a suit for \$5,000 and half the *G-String* royalties was filed by *Harper's Bazaar* associate editor **Dorothy Wheelock**, who charged she collaborated with the ecdysiast on "a literary work with a burlesque-theater background," found a publisher for it, and was then ditched. **Gypsy** says the editor wrote "a sample book," but not *G-String*.

"I dislike intensely the way I look," said Columnist **Dorothy Thompson** to an interviewer. "I cannot bear it! But I haven't the character to get thin. Getting thin is a life in itself. I can't integrate it with my life."

Pinch-hitting for Lieut. Commander **Walter Winchell**, eccentric Bridge Systematizer **Ely Culbertson** devoted most of a column to explaining how the war should be fought and how it will go, disclosed "the real reason why I have been out of circulation these last three years." The reason: he has been "building a concrete and comprehensive system—a Treaty of Peace—for the coming world settlement." Without describing the system, the bridge player characterized it as "a blueprint that works, not dreams," declared that it had been endorsed by "hundreds of professors, statesmen and specialists."

Lucius Beebe cast his eye back over the bloody year of 1942, recalled baked lobster Savannah, soft-shell crabs, roulade of sand crabs, jugged saddle of hare, *moules marinières*, rack of lamb, shrimp Creole, Strasbourg *foie gras*, Dom Perignon champagne, pompano *belle meunière*, venison steak *grand veneur*, shad roe *bonne femme*, terrapin stew, *escallopini* of veal, oysters Rockefeller, pheasant in casserole and eggs gashouse. . . . Concluded the Lucullan **Lucius**: "Betcha it won't be like this next year!"



MIMI CHANDLER
... \$150 on the line.

Dames & Dough

Approved by a Los Angeles court was a seven-year cinecontract to pay a weekly minimum of \$150, a maximum of \$1,250, to Hollywood Newcomer **Mimi Chandler**, 16-year-old daughter of Kentucky's Senator A. B. ("Happy").

Temporary alimony of \$4,000 a month was asked by ex-Musicomediennne **June Knight** from Husband **Arthur A. Cameron**. A Houston court put his Texas oil properties in receivership pending her divorce suit.

To be auctioned off New Year's Eve for the benefit of the American Theater Wing War Service was a super-mink coat, on **Tallulah Bankhead's** shoulders worth a picture (*see cut*); on the hoof, \$30,400.



TALLULAH BANKHEAD
... \$30,400 on the hoof.

Settled at last were the claims of Manhattan (Kans.) creditors against **Gloria Vanderbilt di Cicco** & husband. The local suits were all dismissed and possible auction of such Vanderbiltiana as the family coat of arms and Father Reginald's gold polo trophies was avoided.

Family Matters

In a little cabin on the eastern slopes of Tennessee's Cumberland Mountains a child was born to a young married woman famous in the annals of Tennessee. Fourteen-year-old **Eunice Johns**, whose marriage had become a national sensation in 1937 (Husband **Charlie** gave her a doll for a wedding present), became the mother of a 7-lb. girl. The child's name was undisclosed. "I think Eunice wants to name it after my nephew's boy," **Charlie** told a visiting reporter and photographer. Asked what the boy's name was, **Charlie** said: "I can't recollect." "See yan branch," he said, pointing with his squirrel rifle, "well, that's the dividing line. No photographers can cross it." The newsmen went away.

In the suburbs of Ottawa, Princess **Juliana** of The Netherlands awaited the birth of her third child. If the child should be a boy, he might some day rule The Netherlands, but birth on British soil might make him technically a Briton, would complicate matters. Therefore to smooth the path of the Dutch succession, the Dominion Government last week decreed that during the hours of childbirth (expected this month) Canada will grant extraterritorial rights to the birthplace and suspend all its sovereign claims to that part of the earth under the delivery room.

Golden Gang

Movie exhibitors reported that the cinemactor who had made them the most money in 1942 was a team: (Bud) **Abbott** & (Lou) **Costello**. The boisterous comics shouldered out boisterous **Mickey Rooney**, who slipped to fourth in the poll after leading it for three years. Second biggest moneymaker has been in the Army five months—**Clark Gable**, one of the top ten ever since the poll was first taken eleven years ago. **Gary Cooper** ran third. Newcomer to the golden gang: golden **Betty Grable**, who ran eighth.

Hearth & Home

A night fire broke out in the old Harry Payne Whitney mansion in Newport, drove the occupants to the gardener's cottage. The refugees: Countess **László Széchényi** (the former Gladys Vanderbilt), Daughters **Sylvia** and **Nandine**, the countess' grandchildren, son and daughter of the Earl and Countess of Winchelsea. Estimated damage: \$50,000.

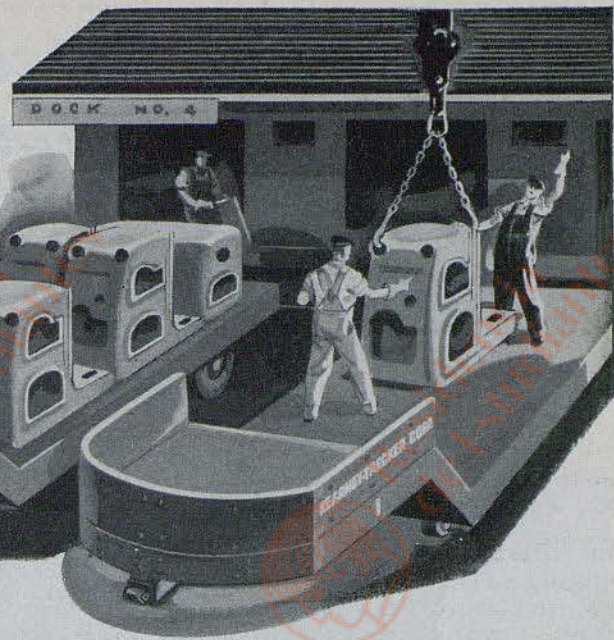
A night fire broke out in a Manhattan building, drove out the residents next door. The refugees: wealthy **Jules Brulatour** & wife, glitteringly blonde ex-Star **Hope Hampton**. Their refuge: the neighboring home of veteran Humorist **Arthur ("Bugs") Baer**.

A kitchen range exploded in the country home of Showman **Billy Rose**, blew Housekeeper **Mary Post** galley-west, blew her teeth out.

TRUCK-TRAILERS

TAKE OVER

a Different Kind of Job



An Inter-Plant Bottleneck is Broken in an Essential Industry!

YOU'LL find Milwaukee Milling Machines, by Kearney & Trecker Corporation, doing vital work in most American factories producing war goods. In fact, Kearney & Trecker build more milling machines than any other company in the world... and group membership in the Army Ordnance Association attests the importance of their work.

Some time ago, when the need for machine tools zoomed Kearney & Trecker's production, a bottleneck developed... heavy material couldn't be moved quickly enough between their three adjacent plants.

Dependable carriers were required... carriers capable of handling tremendously heavy loads day after day. A tough, bruising job for any equipment.

Truck-Trailers might be the answer, Kearney & Trecker officials thought. So they bought one truck-tractor and four Fruehauf Trailers designed to carry machinery, metal parts and similar loads.

And Truck-Trailers were the answer! Shuttling... with the tractor pulling one Trailer while the others were being loaded or unloaded at the various plants... quickly broke the bottleneck. A storage and handling problem was solved, too, for the Trailers, while being loaded, serve as dock space and eliminate the need for docks and multiple handling of material.

After six months, as Kearney & Trecker's production expanded still further, another tractor and four more Fruehauf Trailers were added to the fleet.

Thousands of American companies, in scores of industries essential to the war, many of them with unusual and distinctive hauling problems, have found Truck-Trailers to be the complete solution.



World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers
FRUEHAUF TRAILER CO., DETROIT
Sales and Service in Principal Cities

Truck-Trailers Conserve Rubber, Steel, Gasoline, Motor Power!

SMALLER TRUCKS USED—

Since a truck, pulling a Trailer, can haul as much or more than a far bigger truck can carry, the large motor units are released for military work for which they are essential.

RUBBER AND STEEL CONSERVED—

A Truck-and-Trailer combination uses about 16% less weight of tires and 25% less steel than do the two trucks required to carry the same payload.

FEWER TRUCKS USED—

Many companies, previously operating fleets of trucks, replaced some of them with Trailers... and now move the same tonnage with fewer units. "Shuttling" saves still more trucks.

GASOLINE CONSERVED—

A motor truck, pulling a Trailer, uses far less gasoline and oil than the one large truck or several small trucks it replaces.



Fruehauf Trailers

"Engineered Transportation"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Truck-Trailer Transport is Doing an Essential Job for All America

*"Here's wealth tae th' generous
an' power tae th' gentle"*

And here's to the quality of Teacher's
Scotch that sets it apart . . .



Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

TEACHER'S
Perfection of **Blended Scotch Whisky**

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

SINGLE FROM \$4 DOUBLE FROM \$6

Just
a half-block
from the New Weston is
Rockefeller Center, home
of more "big business"
than any other spot
in America

HOTEL New Weston
MADISON AVE. AT 50th STREET
NEW YORK
Y. A. PRICE, Manager

TRAIN-SICK?

Nausea, dizziness, stomach
distress may be prevented
and relieved with the aid of



Mothersill's
SEASICK REMEDY

SAVE TIME IN ST. LOUIS
STOP AT HOTEL
Wennox
ALL ROOMS NOISE-PROOFED
RATES FROM \$3.00

Paid
Clemenceau,
Borah,
Douglas . . .

Paid Clemenceau in 1918, "War
is too important to leave to the
generals."

Paid the late great U.S. Senator
William E. Borah in 1939, "A well-
informed people is a strong people,
and these are days when our de-
mocracy needs all its strength."

Paid U.S. Supreme Court Justice
William O. Douglas in 1942, "The
people do not want their news sugar-
coated. They look to the press for
leadership, not for cheer-leading."

TIME the Weekly Newsmagazine
TIME & LIFE BUILDING
ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK, U.S.A.

EDUCATION

Red Schools Rocking

The little red schoolhouse, an institution already badly battered by the winds of modernity, last week faced a tornado. One thousand Illinois schools have closed recently because poorly paid teachers are taking war jobs. Most of the shut-downs are one-room rural schools—the 9,703 one-room schools of Illinois outnumber those of any other state.

Most states have been consolidating their rural schools:

► Consolidated schools are cheaper. In one-room Illinois schools, the cost per pupil is from three to 19 times as high as the state average, although teachers are sometimes paid as little as \$400 per year. About half the one-room schools have fewer than 15 pupils.

► Sanitary facilities in Illinois one-room schools are often dreadful. Many do not even have outhouses. A 1941 survey deemed that the water supply was "defective" in 88% of the one-room schools, and the toilet facilities "unsatisfactory" in 54%.

► Better-paid, better-trained teachers and better facilities in consolidated schools make for better education.

The toughest obstacle to school consolidation in Illinois is its archaic patchwork of 11,957 autonomous boards of education (there is no state board), which are a minor but profitable branch of politics. Today their schools, even though they have only three pupils, get state aid based on a minimum of 18. But beginning next July no more state funds will be given to schools enrolling fewer than seven students. This, as well as the teacher shortage, should speed the trend toward consolidation.

Willard v. Profits

Over in their graves whirled many dead educators recently when a remarkable criticism was leveled at the University of Illinois: "The driving force of the profit motive which characterizes American industry is lacking." This was the opinion of the Chicago firm of Booz, Fry, Allen & Hamilton, business analysts, who had been hired (for \$20,000) by the Illinois Board of Trustees to look over the university.

The criticism outraged the university's president, Engineer Arthur C. Willard, who had supposed that the central character and achievement of a university was cultural, would be intangible on a balance sheet.

Snorted President Willard: "A university has only one major function, which is education and research. . . . The business operations of the institution are secondary and incidental to this function and so are its general public relations."

Last week the University of Illinois, while accepting some other suggestions in the report, was still running like an educational institution, without the profit motive.



Today's Keys that Will Open the Markets of Tomorrow

Today every American has one aim—to win the war. The Bohn organization is dedicated 100% to that policy.

During this period of all-out-for-war-production, Bohn engineers are making exhaustive studies and conducting extensive research by which they are developing new applications for Bohn aluminum, magnesium and brass alloys.

Bohn light alloys are lighter—tougher—stronger. For years Bohn's advanced engineering experi-

ence has been most helpful to many leading American manufacturers. The post-war world will see a large variety of new products, in many of which Bohn light alloys will play an important part.

Remember the name Bohn—one of the world's foremost sources for non-ferrous alloys and aircraft-type bearings. These products will be most useful in America's merchandising plans of the future.

KNOW THE NAME

BOHN

BOHN ALUMINUM AND BRASS CORPORATION • DETROIT, MICHIGAN

GENERAL OFFICES—LAFAYETTE BUILDING

Designers and Fabricators

**ALUMINUM • MAGNESIUM • BRASS
AIRCRAFT-TYPE BEARINGS**



RELIGION

What the Pope Said

Optimists had hoped Myron Taylor's hush-hush visit to the Vatican last September might persuade the Pope to say a veiled good word for the United Nations. They were disappointed. In his annual Christmas Eve message, Pius XII said: "The Church does not intend to take sides." Some were comforted, however, by the fact that he: 1) condemned states banning "ethics or religion" and "herding men as if they were a mass without a soul"; 2) upheld educational and religious freedom; 3) flayed racial persecution; 4) urged legislation to defend the worker's "rights as a person"; 5) called for an international crusade ("God wills it") to achieve world justice.

Report on Buchmanism

For the first time in history, last week, a certain measure of clinical objectivity was brought to bear on the work of famed Evangelist Frank ("Soul Surgeon") Buchman, founder of the movement variously known as "The Oxford Group," "A First Century Christian Fellowship" and "Moral Re-Armament (MRA)." An investigator tabulated the results of a questionnaire he had sent 92 men & women who had come into contact with Buchmanism an average of 18 years ago—whose acquaintance with it is a little out of date but who have had the opportunity for a long-range view. The investigator: Walter H.

* Evangelist Buchman, 64, was last week in Saratoga Springs, N. Y., convalescing from a heart attack in November. His patriotic pageant *You Can Defend America* (TIME, May 25), his chief activity nowadays, has been temporarily suspended, but its north-of-the-border adaptation, *Pull Together, Canada*, is going great guns in Nova Scotia.



Associated Press

EVANGELIST BUCHMAN

After 18 years only 12% were still active.

Clark, a master at the Lenox School in Lenox, Mass., who is writing his Harvard Ph.D. thesis on Buchmanism. Findings:

► Only 12% of those responding were still active in the movement.

► The median family income of those questioned had been between \$5-10,000, with 28% over \$10,000. (Buchmanism aims at "the up-&-outs".)

► When asked "Did the movement add anything to your intellectual equipment?" 45% said no and "only seven answered yes and at the same time supplied convincing illustration." One man declared that while he was a Buchmanite, "thinking seemed to me atheism." Said another: "I put my trust in guidance and failed my examinations."

► Both those who had left Buchmanism and those who had stayed agreed that the chief benefit of their experience was an emotional release for the individual. Many, but not all, felt they had been on an emotional spree which left them self-disgusted and often distrustful of all religion.

► Opinion was divided as to the sexual effects of the experience. Of those answering, 59% said it had been beneficial.

Flat-Top Chaplain

A chubby, smiling U.S. Navy chaplain told a Manhattan audience last week about his precarious ministry aboard the aircraft carrier *Wasp*, sunk in the Solomons (TIME, Nov. 2). In peacetime Chaplain Merritt F. Williams was a canon of Washington, D.C.'s great unfinished Episcopal Cathedral of SS. Peter & Paul. He had since learned what battle action was like. One afternoon last September, when the 14,700-ton *Wasp* was struck by three Jap torpedoes and twanged like the string of a bass viol, Chaplain Williams had pitched in to help move the wounded across surging decks, heat-pocked with six-inch blisters.

"We got the wounded off," said he, "then got the rest of the men off. I had to kick one man in the pants to get him to leave. The captain told us all to get off, and I went over into the water on a line. The water was covered with oil and was on fire forward. We were in the water about two and a half hours, collecting in little groups."

Chaplain Williams looked forward to returning to shipboard. Like any good chaplain, he had never closed his door except when a caller wished. Men came in at all hours to discuss personal or family problems—or perhaps just to chat. Chaplain Williams had to follow up many of these visits by correspondence with families or relief agencies. He kept one yeoman typing all the time. The Chaplain's activities ranged from running the *Wasp's* athletics, film shows, library and newspaper, to defending men in court-martial.

But religion remained Chaplain Williams' prime function. He summed it up last week: "Religion, to be of importance to the soldier or sailor, must have some-



Associated Press

THE "WASP'S" CHAPLAIN

... had to kick one man in the pants.

thing convincing to say to them about the meaning of God and the meaning of their own souls. . . . The chaplain who talks to his men about God will be respected and listened to. The chaplain who uses his few precious minutes talking about the wickedness of shooting craps will be largely ignored. When men are living cheek by jowl with death they rapidly get down to essentials. Religion at war, if it is to win, its battles, must likewise get down to essentials."

Outside the Walls

Top book on Roman Catholic America's monthly popularity poll is the work of a Jewish refugee from Czechoslovakia: Franz Werfel's *The Song of Bernadette*, which has sold half a million copies since its publication eight months ago. Many Roman Catholics have been amazed that anyone not of their faith could write so reverently and eloquently about the French girl, Bernadette Soubirous (1844-79), to whom the Blessed Virgin appeared 18 times telling her to spread the news that the waters of Lourdes had been endowed with miraculous healing powers.

Last week plump, 52-year-old Franz Werfel, now living in California, did much to satisfy the curiosity of his Catholic admirers. In a letter to Archbishop Joseph Francis Rummel of New Orleans, he wrote: "I am . . . a Jew by origin and have never been baptized. On the other hand, I wish to profess here before you and the world that . . . I have been decisively influenced and molded by the spiritual forces of Christianity and the Catholic Church. I see in the holy Catholic Church the purest power and emanation sent by God to this earth to fight the evils of materialism and atheism, and to bring revelation to the poor soul of mankind. That is why, although standing *extra muros* [outside the walls], I have made it my purpose to support with my modest and humble abilities the struggle which the Catholic Church fights against those evils and for the divine truth."

FROM STREAMLINERS TO SHIPS



The building of one of these patrol boats consumes as many man-hours as the construction of a 14-car streamliner

THANKS TO THE WORKERS OF PULLMAN-STANDARD WHO TAKE IT IN THEIR STRIDE

WHEN Pullman-Standard started to build patrol craft, it entered another entirely new field. New problems had to be solved by applying known techniques and methods—workers were trained in adapting to shipbuilding, trades and skills employed in the building of the world's crack trains. And so, carbuilders became shipwrights, and, with the 82 years of know-how that built streamliners, passenger and freight cars, the shipbuilding program was launched.

The Watchword: Speed and More Speed
Since Pearl Harbor the men and women of Pullman-Standard have set a remarkable record of armament production. Speed and more speed has been achieved in all 8 plants where, as in the two expansions now building, the Company is confident that they will raise their sights even higher to better their present fine records of accomplishment.

Pullman-Standard, in co-operation with 984 sub-contractors, is producing huge quantities of:

**TANKS • HOWITZER CARRIAGES
TRENCH MORTARS • BOMBS
SHELLS OF VARIOUS CALIBERS AND TYPES
PARTS FOR ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN MOUNTS
AIRCRAFT MAJOR SUB-ASSEMBLIES
NAVAL VESSELS • FREIGHT CARS
FOR THE ARMY, NAVY, AND RAILROADS**

The workers may well be proud of this record—proud, too, of the 2,000 members of the Pullman-Standard family in the armed forces, and of the thousands of sons and daughters also serving.

Almost 2,000 Suggestion Awards Made
In the last 12 months workers have received almost 2,000 awards for suggestions which have helped increase produc-

tion, conserve materials, improve products and reduce accident hazards. Their remarkable safety record together with the high level of physical fitness, plays an important part in maintaining production schedules that will insure ultimate victory and the American Way of Life.

Congratulations are due those men and women who by their purchases of war bonds and stamps have earned the award of the Treasury Department's Minute Man flag.

To all Pullman-Standard's men and women in the armed forces and plants, to the firms with whom we have placed 5,500 sub-contracts, and to the Army and Navy officers for their fine co-operation, we say "Thank You" sincerely.

C. H. Liddle
PRESIDENT
Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing Company

Pullman-Standard's armament production IN 1942 WAS NEARLY 5 TIMES AS GREAT AS IN 1941



Tanks whose maneuverability, greater speed and heavier firing power amaze and spell defeat for the Axis on many fronts.



Trench Mortars to lob bad news to our enemies and clear the way for advances on many widely dispersed battle fronts.



Aircraft Major Sub-Assemblies for our transport planes that are carrying supplies and men to the battle fronts overseas.



Howitzer Carriages mounting the big guns to blast the enemy out of his entrenched positions wherever we find him.



Freight Cars in foreign service to haul supplies for our Army and Navy to our far-flung battle fronts in many lands.



Shells and Bombs: Vast quantities of these messages to the axis are being shipped to our fighting fronts everywhere.

PULLMAN-STANDARD CAR MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Chicago, Illinois... Offices in seven cities... Manufacturing plants in six cities

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ARMY & NAVY

ENGINEERS

Infernal Machines

Of all the devices for killing men which have been elaborated upon in World War II, none is more insidious than the land mine. British troops pursuing Rommel were delayed last week while their sappers (engineers) fished in the earth to remove land mines buried beneath the African desert. Moscow reported that several Russian tanks had hit mines buried deep in the snow, but that the way had been cleared by mortar fire.

Land mines are generally divided into two classes: anti-tank and anti-personnel. The German IP-2 is a typical anti-tank mine, disc-shaped, 10½ in. in diameter, 2¼ in. thick, weight 9 lb. (5 lb. TNT, 4 lb. steel casing, detonator, etc.). Anti-tank mines are buried in the ground at strategic points through which approaching enemy tanks must pass. The number used may run into astronomical figures: a field 400 by 750 yards containing mines placed 1½ yards apart requires 5,000 mines. As many as 25,000 Russian mines have been dug out of one field by Nazi engineers (a path is cleared first; the rest of the field later).

The resulting explosion, even of a 19-lb. German Teller mine which contains 11 lb. of TNT, is no more than enough to blow the tread off a tank, or sometimes to blast a hole in its thin-skinned belly. But stalled tanks are vulnerable targets.

Booby traps are the most frequently used anti-personnel mines, and no more devilish contraption has been found since gunpowder was invented. Nazis and Japanese are equally adept at using booby traps to blow to shreds unsuspecting men who pick up letters, light fires in stoves, turn doorknobs in onetime enemy territory, or pick up dead soldiers to bury them.

Not all anti-personnel land mines are secreted booby traps. Some, usually sensitive two-pounders, are buried like anti-tank mines. Since they kill comparatively few of the enemy, their psychological hazard is greater than their apparent value.

No man can pursue his enemy as wholeheartedly if he knows his own next step may be his eternal undoing. From Russia last fortnight came reports that Germans had contrived the most ingenious anti-personnel mine yet: a small mine which, when tripped, blasts a larger mine into the air, where it explodes and scatters lethal fragments 100 yards.

Anti-personnel mines are a development of World War II. French patrols during the "phony" war of 1939-40 went out and never returned. Several patrols were thus annihilated before it was found that the Germans had strung thin wires through no man's land. Thereafter, the French patrols drove cattle and pigs ahead of them. Says Lieut. Colonel Paul W. Thompson, U.S. authority on land mines: "As long as the supply of animals holds out, the method has its points. Its efficacy is indicated in German reports describing the odor of decaying swine flesh which pervaded the Arndt Forest."

The removal of land mines is the sort of horrifying job that defies description. All armies depend on their engineers to do it. One detector is a sort of divining rod that works on an electromagnetic circuit, creates a buzz in the engineer's earphones when held over a buried mine. Such equipment is cumbersome on a battlefield, and British sappers prefer the old poke-&-dig method (*see cut*). Once the mines are discovered, each—whether there are 250 or 25,000—must be dug up with a fine touch.

When the British cleared pathways for their tanks through the German mine fields at El Alamein they sent out sappers to do the job. All night long they dug their way through, a fresh man stepping in each time to take up the work when the man ahead of him was blown to kingdom come. For some of the battalions who did the job it was as costly as a charge into the face of machine-gun fire—and required a far cooler type of courage. Mines were responsible for a big share of the British casualties at El Alamein.



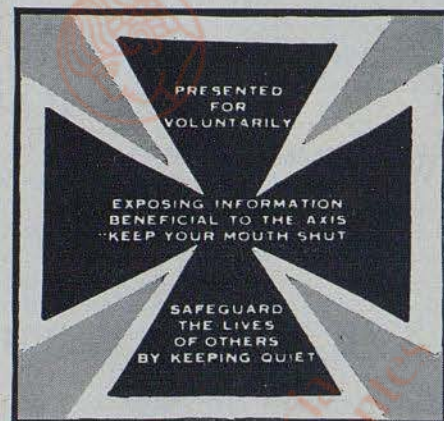
BRITISH SAPPERS PROBING FOR LAND MINES
The next step may be the last.

SECURITY

Serve in Silence, Soldier

A new decoration was handed out last week at Fort Clark, Tex. It was unofficial and it was for anything but heroism. Inspired by a sergeant's report that soldiers on furlough were talking too much, officers created a paper Maltese cross:

Each Fort Clark soldier going on furlough is handed three or four "iron crosses." If he hears another soldier spilling secrets over a beer, he hands the miscreant a cross



and walks away. "The theory being," said Lieut. Colonel C. B. Wales, the post executive officer, "if he walks up to him and tells him to shut up, the fellow might take a swing at the fellow who tells him to pipe down. With the cross, by the time he turns it over and reads the printing the lad who handed it to him will be out of the play."

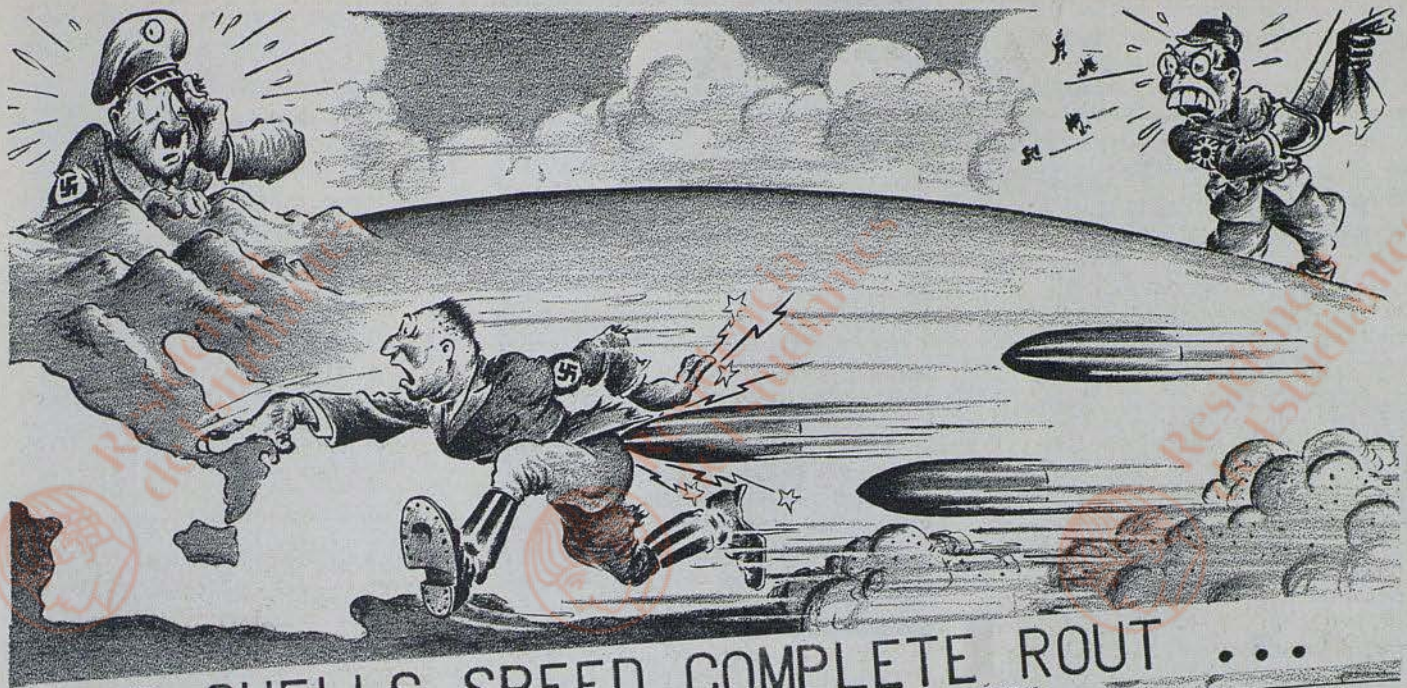
► At Camp Roberts (Calif.) a soldier was sentenced to six months at hard labor. His crime: telephoning a friend the details of a departing convoy.

AIR

Death of the Young Colonel

To the U.S. last week came news of the end of one of the most spectacular careers in the Army's history. Donald M. Keiser had died Dec. 11, "of natural causes," somewhere in Africa, where he was chief of staff of the Bomber Command in Major General Lewis H. Brereton's Middle East Air Force.

Five years ago Michigan-born Don Keiser was a private in the Air Corps. When he died at 28 he was probably the youngest man in the U.S. Army to wear a colonel's eagles. He went from the ranks to become a flying cadet, got his commission and his pilot's wings in 1939. He received the D.F.C. for flying a Fortress with the famed 19th Bombardment Group to the Philippines in September 1941, added an Oak Leaf Cluster for bombing a Jap battleship Jan. 9, 1942. Six weeks later in Java he earned a Silver Star by saving a fellow officer in the face of enemy fire, later got an Oak Leaf Cluster to add to



R-R SHELLS SPEED COMPLETE ROUT ... MORE THAN 500 TANKS DESTROYED

The Remington Rand organization was the first producer of large-calibre armor-piercing projectiles, used with such conspicuous success in the new high-velocity anti-tank guns in North Africa. The factory formerly devoted to the building of Remington Noiseless Typewriters produced the first of these shells, and to date, several million of them have been delivered.

This is but the beginning of the good news about American armament which you can confidently expect to receive, with growing frequency, from battlefronts all over the world. For the nation's industrial capacity is now fully geared for war output... today, every original Remington Rand factory, plus several new ones just completed, are producing solely for war. Our major war contracts are shown graphically at the right.

We are proud of our production of weapons and war equipment. We are equally proud that the typewriters, business machines and control systems we normally make are helping the armed forces and

government departments do the thorough planning so essential to successful campaigns. And we are proud that these same machines and systems are helping thousands of war manufacturers deliver tremendous production increases. For example, more than two-thirds of all winners of the Army-Navy "E" use our Kardex Production Control System to speed the flow of war goods from factory to fighting men.

We will continue to increase our production of war materials and to help others increase theirs.

We will continue to back up our 2295 employees, from every branch and factory, now serving with the colors.

We will fight the war not only with our skill and ability but with the dollars which thousands of us are regularly putting into War Bonds and Stamps.

Current War Contracts in chart represent major prime and sub contracts in process and partially completed and are shown in direct relation to production of regular products in 1941 and to all production in 1942.

PROJECTILES,
FUZES &
SHELL PARTS

SMALL ARMS
&
GUN PARTS

AMMUNITION
LOADING

AIRCRAFT
EQUIPMENT
&
ASSEMBLIES

AIRPLANE
PROPELLERS

REGULAR
PRODUCTION

PEACETIME
PRODUCTS

PRODUCTION FOR
ARMED FORCES
&
WAR
INDUSTRIES

FOR OTHERS

1941

1942

CURRENT
WAR CONTRACTS

VICTORY, absolute and final, is our only objective ☆☆☆

Remington Rand

IN PEACETIME, the world's largest manufacturers of adding, accounting and tabulating machines, typewriters, record systems, office supplies and electric shavers.



OUT FOR THE DURATION, ONLY HE WON'T BE BACK... Remington Rand's PRODUCTS WILL!

that medal. News of Colonel Keiser's death has probably not reached his wife Margaret, who is still interned in Manila.

With the death of Don Keiser, Army men believed the title of youngest colonel passed to Richard H. Carmichael, 29, commander of the 19th Group (TIME, Dec. 7), promoted last month following his return to the U.S.

35 Days on Guadal

Casually the U.S. Navy announced last week that, in five weeks of operations based on Guadalcanal, a single Navy dive-bomber squadron had attacked 94 ships, had sunk or damaged 18. By this record the squadron, under Lieut. Commander Louis J. ("Bullet Lou") Kirm, became easily the most experienced dive-bombing squadron in the Navy. The squadron's story:

For those men there was no difference, except for darkness and light, between day and night. Take, for example, Oct. 5.

At 3 a.m. eleven of Kirm's SBDs took off in unusually bad weather for a dawn attack on the Jap seaplane base at Rekata Bay. Weymouth and Mildahn, with four other pilots, reached their target and gave the Japs a nasty surprise. From Henderson Field at dawn, four more SBDs took off on search flights, Weary leading one section, Purdum the other. They sighted five destroyers just out of range for dive-bombing attack. Other pilots took off for anti-sub patrol off Tulagi, to smoke out Jap land positions on northwest Guadal, to search for some lost pilots.

After the usual Japanese raid at midday (known as Tojo Time) six more SBDs set out to look for the Tokyo Express (enemy warships coming down from Bougainville for night landing operations). Just before 4 p.m. they sighted six destroyers in parallel columns. Lou Kirm led nine SBDs out to intercept them. Kirm, Weary and Frank got hits; one destroyer was seen to sink, another was left floundering. Forty minutes later Purdum and Russell led six more SBDs out and finished off a third destroyer. But the three remaining destroyers came on, so from time to time during the night eleven SBDs took off to drop flares and heckle them with night dives as they tried to land men and battle-stuff near Cape Esperance.

The last plane landed at 4:45 a.m. That was the end of a 26-hour day—but it was also the beginning of another day. There were 35 days.

The Squadron. Kirm's squadron was a quiet one. It flew with a steady hand and did not stunt. It did its job and then talked about something else. It grouched a bit for the good of its health, but on the whole it was brave, cooperative, steady, unboastful. Its pet swearword, which it picked up from Al Frank, was "Oh, Krause!" Its pet salute was what Red Wages described as a Jap salute: both hands, fingers spread.

The squadron was about half skipper. Bullet Lou Kirm (he got his nickname and his cagey heart at Annapolis, playing football) was all Navy: a bear for work, a hater but an understander of red tape, not a liberty hound, never so tired he



Associated Press

LOU KIRM

Destroyers are like cockroaches.

could not jack his tired men. Bob Milner, the squadron's Executive Officer, was the opposite of relaxed Lou Kirm. In the cockpit he jumped around like a monkey, twisting knobs, pushing levers, pulling his hood open and slamming it shut again, punching out Morse-code messages to his wing-men with his fist. But he was a smooth flyer who led a dangerous division. On the cots in front of their tents in the evenings he would start bull sessions on the squadron's weaknesses.

Al Frank, of Princeton and the University of Chicago, was a gentle guy, who carried books right to Guadal. The red-haired MacNair, big, burly and a slave laborer, was Flight Officer: he used to discuss religion and marriage and the mystery of becoming a father 6,000 miles from the delivery room. Bill Henry and Al Russell were incurable souvenir hunters who came out loaded with doodads like a couple of Cook's tourists. Ralph Weymouth, married to a French girl, talked world affairs. Neil Weary was the playboy. Dick Bamenti was called The Chief because his Indian blood showed. Al Wright passed the cigars every evening and told magic tales of Hollywood. They and their companions all leaned on the enlisted men—Gunter, Johnston, Farrell and the others.

The Lessons. These men learned lessons which will help beat the Japs. They learned the difficulties of dive-bombing destroyers, which are as hard to catch in the open sea as a cockroach on a kitchen floor. They learned the most advantageous level to begin dives into ack-ack. They learned the best way to deal with Zeros. Some squadrons boast of the number of lives they have given for their country. But Kirm's men are proud of how much they did with so little loss. The lessons learned by Kirm's men will be of service to the country because they came back alive.

Emory S. ("Red") Wages Jr., the pudgy, genial Georgian who regaled the squadron's junior officers with tales of his amours,

went out on a search one day, tapped out a last message about low gas, and went in. Oran ("Fig") Newton Jr., who had animal nicknames for most of the boys, such as Al Dog for Wright and Red Bird for Wages, was shot out of a dive by A.A. That was all: two pilots. Four enlisted men are missing.

This conservatism was not a lack of daring. It was due to smart soldiering and to Lou Kirm's emphasis on drill, drill, drill. Bullet Lou Kirm will be proudest of his men if they go through the war killing Japs with this saying in the back of their heads: "I don't want to be the best pilot, I just want to be the oldest."

The What's What of Airplanes

Published last week was a weighty volume which is accorded such importance that the U.S. Government demands the name of everyone purchasing a copy. The 1942 edition of *Aerosphere* weighs nine pounds, costs \$12.50, contains 1,156 pages and just about everything publishable about the world's airplanes, including more than 1,000 photographs. Circulation: 10,000 to 15,000.

For a time it seemed that young Publisher Charles E. Thorp (Harvard '25) would be forced to pass up the publication of the third edition of his mammoth work. But he and Editor Glenn D. Angle, onetime chief engine designer for the Air Corps, managed to talk their way past a War Department order which would have stopped all scientific compendia. Finally, after approving the *Aerosphere's* text (and deleting much recent data which manufacturers had offered), the War Department ordered 300 copies. Publisher Thorp intends to present copies to the Chinese, British and Russian Embassies for forwarding to Chiang Kai-shek, Churchill and Stalin. Other foreigners who order copies must be approved.

Aerosphere is an American answer to the English *Jane's All the World's Aircraft*, with many improvements over *Jane's*, including better pictures, better printing and a listing of every U.S. manufacturer with an interest in planes (3,559 firms as against 2,919 last year). Nonetheless, *Aerosphere* is indebted to the English magazines *Flight* and *The Aeroplane* for its best drawings. Highlights:

► *Aerosphere* foresees cannon displacing machine guns almost completely as plane armament before the war ends. "The steel men are manufacturing better armor plate, against which only guns of high caliber can be pitted, calibers which may run as high as 75 mm."

► "There is now a tendency towards low-level bombing to the displacement of high-level bombing altogether. . . . Normal anti-aircraft guns mounted on the ground cannot follow low-flying aircraft more than a few seconds [and] fighter planes cannot dive down upon the bombers."

► *Aerosphere* refuses to throw up its hands at Japanese planes, doggedly reprints pre-war information "which had not rated the Japanese planes very high," but admits that "such destruction of life and property . . . from a presumably weak air force caused most everyone to wonder."



A bomber lands like a cat... thanks to Rayon!



EVER WONDER how those big bombers manage to land as sure-footed as any cat?

Coming in... they hit the runway at something over 90 m.p.h. To get an idea of the impact their tires must absorb... remember that these behemoths weigh some 20-tons!

Then there's friction-heat to consider. Heat generated inside the walls of those huge tires.

These were just two of the problems that tire manufacturers brought to American Viscose Corporation's laboratories for joint research in developing tire-cords that could take it.

By any laboratory measurements... it's a big jump from the Rayon you're so familiar with in sheer lingerie and sport slacks to the Rayon that helps make our bomb-

ers' tires so safe. It meant developing a Rayon fiber with very special characteristics. This new Rayon fiber has high resistance to heat. It is tough. So tough, it can absorb great shocks. In fact, the faster you apply the load, the greater resistance it develops. Translate these facts into a Flying Fortress coming in on a *temporary* landing field at the fighting fronts and you get sure-footed safety for our pilots and crews.

After the war... you can depend on this special Rayon fiber to give you longer life, greater mileage, and more protection in the tires for *your* car... or perhaps for your own plane.

This is one phase of the vast scope of American Viscose Corporation research... dedicated to the creation of new Rayon fibers for people and industry.



AMERICAN VISCOSCE CORPORATION

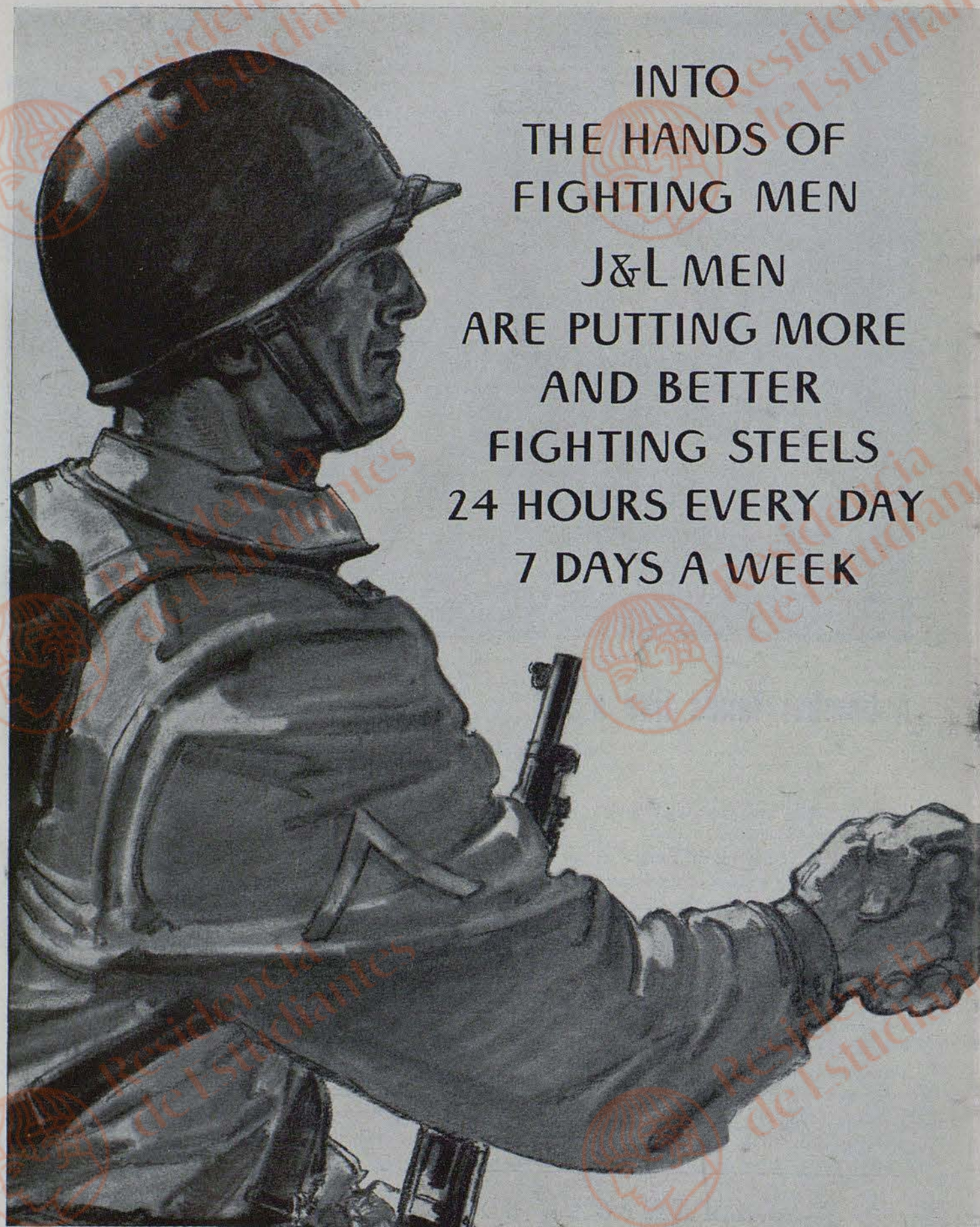
Producers of CROWN® Rayon Yarns and Staple Fibers

Sales Offices: 350 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Providence, R. I.; Charlotte, N. C.; Philadelphia, Pa.

★ BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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INTO
THE HANDS OF
FIGHTING MEN
J&L MEN
ARE PUTTING MORE
AND BETTER
FIGHTING STEELS
24 HOURS EVERY DAY
7 DAYS A WEEK

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FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY ORISON MACPHERSON

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA • CONTROLLED QUALITY STEEL FOR WAR

**J&L
STEEL**



Bringing the Desert to the Jungle

In this war of many fronts...this war in which communications are more vital than ever before...this war involving the most delicate and complicated machines that man has ever devised...weather must often be made-to-order!

To protect highly sensitive Signal Corps equipment* in the steaming jungle and on dank

island bases from equator to pole, York is providing rooms full of desert air. Specially built equipment, designed for the protection of instruments and not the comfort of man, will play its part in the victories to come...the victories that *must* come if America is to live!

York Ice Machinery Corporation,
York, Pennsylvania.



*The nature, purpose and locations of this equipment are military secrets.

YORK REFRIGERATION AND AIR CONDITIONING FOR WAR

HEADQUARTERS FOR MECHANICAL COOLING SINCE 1885

BUSINESS & FINANCE

MANAGEMENT

Biggest Job

As the year 1943 opened, one of the biggest management jobs in the world remained to be filled—the presidency of the two billion dollar Standard Oil Co. (N.J.) left vacant by the death last November of William S. Farish.

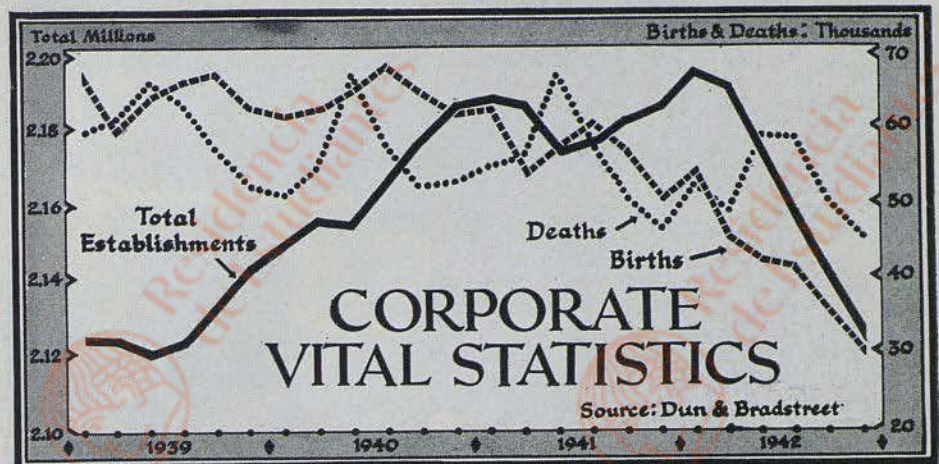
When Farish died he left behind him a task that in its scope and importance makes the position of all but the very top Washington politicians look like small change. A big war producer (including synthetic rubber) at home; in the thick of war itself abroad and on the high seas where it commands the largest private fleet in the world; deep in Good Neighbor policy especially in Venezuela; snapped at by Thurman Arnold for its former connections with Germany's I. G. Farbenindustrie—Standard Oil is the most far-flung industrial empire U.S. enterprise ever put together. It is less a business than a public trust.

Finding the man with the ability and the integrity for this trust has never been easy since Rockefeller I put aside its active management in the early part of the century. Though there is plenty of talent in Standard's executive offices high in Rockefeller Center three out of four likely candidates are either nearing the retirement limit or in ill health. They are R. W. Gallagher, 46 years with Standard but now 62 years old; Wallace E. Pratt, aged 57, one of the nation's outstanding geologists; and Orville Harden, perhaps the most brilliant of Standard's board but in ill health.

Most likely candidate would seem to be tall, big-framed Eugene Holman, now 47 and in charge of all production. Starting with Standard's great subsidiary Humble Oil, Holman became president of Lago Petroleum in Venezuela, Standard's other big crude producer. Holman still maintains a first name basis with many a Texas driller, is also respected in Washington where he has been serving on the Petroleum Industry War Council. Last week it looked as if the mantle of Rockefeller, Teagle and Farish would fall on him.

Big Blow

No clearer proof of the terrible responsibility which sits on the shoulders of U.S. management could be had than was given last week in the shocking case of Anaconda Wire & Cable Co. From a grand jury sitting in Fort Wayne, Ind., came a blistering indictment charging the company and the officials of its Marion, Ind. plant with faking on Government tests for wire and cable, and with transferring inspection labels from tested to untested materials with a view to defrauding the Government. Material already sold to Russia, it was reported, has proven defective; material sold to the U.S. Army is now used only on maneuvers, is kept away from the battlefronts.



TIME Chart by James Cutter

While the charges reverberated in Congress and throughout the country U.S. business wanted to know just one thing: how could it have happened? The facts were scanty enough. From Marion came news that the plant's superintendent and assistant chief inspector left on Dec. 1. In Manhattan, Henry Donnelly Keresey denied that top company personnel had any knowledge that defective equipment had been sold to the Government. All that was certain was that U.S. business prestige and integrity had been dealt a blow such as it had not suffered since the McKesson & Robbins scandal or the defalcation of Richard Whitney.

LITTLE BUSINESS

Tougher New Year

In the year just ended the most important—and least publicized—fact about the alleged plight of the little businessman was that he did *not* go out of business. In the coming year it is a fairly safe prediction that the going for the small businessman is going to be a lot tougher.

The Miracle. The survival of small business in 1942 against all the bets of the experts is now no longer subject to argument. It is a matter of cold statistical year-end fact. All through the year, according to Dun & Bradstreet, the total number of U.S. corporations declined (see chart above). But this decline was due to a decreased rate of business births (infant mortality among businesses is always high). Business deaths by November stood at the lowest figure since 1933. Perhaps the most outstanding survivor was the auto dealer, whose ingenuity in turning his business inside out to cope with the complete loss of his normal stock in trade was a 1942 miracle.

This survival of the small businessman had two explanations. First, many a small firm converted to war work and is now doing a bang-up production job at subcontracting. But, a much more important factor was the huge boom in the production of goods and services which, despite war, stood above the 1929 level. It is because

this boom cannot continue in 1943 if the U.S. is to produce a maximum amount of war goods that the problem of the small businessman is so acute. For of almost 3,000,000 business establishments in the U.S. all but 184,000 are in the service industries (wholesaling, retailing, etc.). Hence the debate over subcontracting which went on all through 1942 is largely academic. For the real small business problem is not how to save the relatively few firms which can get into war production, but how to cushion the shock of eliminating many more which cannot.

Planning for Casualties. The man who knows most about this problem in the U.S. is WPB's Civilian Supply boss, small, able Joseph L. Weiner, who is no Washington axman bureaucrat. His first job was to work out an estimate of "bedrock civilian requirements." That, at long last, he has before him. His second job is to "concentrate" those requirements in a small number of firms. Of that he says humbly: "It is a terrific job but we must make the effort because it takes a long time to do it and we may need it desperately later on."

Joe Weiner's guinea-pig industry for concentration was stove manufacturing (TIME, Oct. 19), quotas for which were sharply reduced some months ago and put in the hands of smaller producers. First the plan almost collapsed because the stovemakers left in business could not get enough metal to keep going. Yet last month WPB had to revise its stove quotas sharply upwards to keep people from freezing owing to fuel-oil shortage in the East. Despite these complications the stove industry was relatively easy to handle because most stovemakers can be converted to some degree to war work. Much tougher will be the pulp and paper industry (due for early concentration) which is not geared to make anything but paper. Tougher still will be service industries.

Cushion for Casualties. Yet soon or late and probably soon, more concentration will be on the way. To carry it out much will depend on the good sense of the Government and the small businessman himself. For the latter the hardest lesson



NO PRICE CEILING—*but it's the most precious thing you can buy*

WATER—pure water from your kitchen faucet. Without it the human race would become extinct in 10 days. Without it, not a plane, nor a ship, nor a gun, nor a shell, nor a pound of metal could be produced. Yet the cost of a hundred gallons delivered to your faucet is about the price of a newspaper.

* * *

Today your water works officials and engineers are doing their job with less materials, less equipment and less labor than ever before. For instance, cast iron pipe is the standard material for water mains, but very little has been available for the past two years

except for war projects such as training camps, airfields, naval bases, ordnance arsenals, tank and airplane plants and shipyards, and their housing requirements.

* * *

Therefore, do not blame your water works officials if needed extensions and improvements to your water supply system are not being made. Meanwhile, remember that *more than nine-tenths* of the water mains of this country are constructed of dependable, long-lived cast iron pipe—the pipe that serves for a century. Those mains can be confidently expected to carry on for the duration and generations thereafter.

CAST IRON PIPE RESEARCH ASSOCIATION, CHICAGO



NO. 1 TAX SAVER

of all is that though he is fighting for his life, so after all is his country. For Government the biggest problem is to provide some means of compensation, without engaging in monumental subsidies, so that businesses which are squeezed out now can reappear later. Best notion yet advanced is Donald Nelson's recommendation to Congress last fall that it set up a war liabilities adjustment agency (TIME, Oct. 12). Last week, in a letter to the Senate Small Business Committee, Don Nelson reiterated his plea:

"As I see it, we are all vitally interested in providing for a sound economy when the war is over. To me a sound economy calls for ample opportunity for small enterprises to enter particular fields and add their imagination, initiative and drive to the competitive struggle to provide more & better goods—at continually lower prices. But to me this objective should not involve putting machinery or labor or management brains in cold storage for the duration of the war."

The Nazi Way

While Washington officials last week were struggling with the problem of Little Business (see above) a significant letter from a little businessman in Wehrmacht uniform addressed to the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* reached the outside world. It said:

"With open eyes we followed and understood the meaning of all the economic laws of the past few years. Whether they dealt with the closing of factories, the naming of new administrators, expanding the authority of Government agencies, they always, without exception, have been measures whose ultimate results were directed against the little businessman. Or did anybody ever perchance hear of just one case wherein a profitable, large industry closed and its capital, labor and contracts were handed over to the small entrepreneur? Or that any Government administrator ever assigned interesting, lucrative contracts to small firms and less profitable contracts to big ones?"

The history of small business under Hitler:

► From 1933 to war's outbreak, the number of joint stock companies (a kind of partnership) in Germany dropped from 9,100 to 5,300, while their average capital doubled to four million Reichsmarks. Limited companies were reduced from 35,000 to 22,000.

► In 1940, 364 stock companies and 1,900 corporations were liquidated. In the occupied countries little businesses were either killed or incorporated into monster Reich state concerns, such as Göring's Gustloff Works.

► In 1941, 22 stock companies and 1,400 corporations went under. But now the little man was being told that the rich occupied regions of Russia would yield enough loot to satisfy big & little men.

But by autumn of 1942, this last dream was dead. Göring, Krupp and other mammoths were taller and fatter, little businesses were withering away. In December the official Reich Office of Statistics announced that by September 1942, state

**WHEN YOU DESIGN
NEW PRODUCTS
remember**

Only JOHNSON BRONZE *makes every type of* **SLEEVE BEARING**

New methods . . . new materials . . . new competition . . . three problems every manufacturer will have to face in the post war market.

How are you going to solve them in your product?

If your new design contains a motive unit . . . start with the bearings. They are vital to the performance . . . the operating life . . . the customer satisfaction. They can exert a big influence on your final design . . . the assembly method . . . the replacement problem.

Before you decide which bearing to use . . . consult with Johnson Bronze. Take advantage of our more than thirty years exclusive bearing experience. As we manufacture ALL types of SLEEVE BEARINGS, we base our recommendations on facts . . . free from all prejudice.

There's a Johnson Sales-Engineer as near as your phone. He will be glad to call at your office . . . to review your applications . . . to help you decide *which type* will best serve your purpose. Why not call him in . . . TODAY?

SLEEVE TYPE BEARINGS

Cast Bronze Bearings
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Sheet Bronze Bearings
Sheet Bronze Graphited
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Automotive Bearings
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Plain or graphited



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BABBITT**



**STEEL and
BABBITT**



JOHNSON BRONZE CO.
SLEEVE BEARING HEADQUARTERS
700 S. MILL STREET · NEW CASTLE, PA.

BUSINESS PAPERS

Headache Relief

Remedy for many an office headache has arrived when executives permitted their printer to make a survey of all their business stationery and submit a plan for its improvement. Result is that letterheads, envelopes, invoices, statements and forms are tailor-made for their particular jobs.

Thus office printing is given new efficiency, added life and sparkle. In some cases the printer's plan points the way to worthwhile savings by combining various runs, setting up a perpetual inventory system, eliminating hit and miss buying.



PRINTER DEMONSTRATES

How Planning Improves Office Printing

To see what such a plan will do for you, ask your printer to show you the Nekoosa Bond "Plan With Your Printer" portfolio, an interesting presentation of modern office stationery and suggestions for its development. Then let him survey your needs and work out a complete plan for you. There's no charge, no obligation. Call him today.

► **Paper Recommendation.** As part of his plan your printer will suggest Nekoosa Bond, the paper that's "Pre-Tested from the Start". He knows it has every quality to deliver perfect performance, both in your office and his pressroom. It has plentiful strength and opacity, plus attractive appearance. Its surface is specially conditioned for typing and pen and ink, permits easy, smudgeless erasures.

Matching envelopes of Nekoosa Bond are also available.

Paper is an important war weapon. The Nekoosa-Edwards mills are going "all-out" to give the armed forces all of the many types of paper they require. But, despite wartime demands, there's no skimping on the quality of Nekoosa Business Papers. They continue outstanding in their field.

IT PAYS TO PLAN WITH
YOUR PRINTER

Nekoosa Bond

One of the Pre-Tested Business Papers manufactured by the Nekoosa-Edwards Paper Company, Port Edwards, Wisconsin. Companion papers are JOHN EDWARDS BOND, NEKOOSA MIMEO BOND, NEKOOSA DUPLICATION BOND and NEKOOSA LEDGER.

insurance paid to firms closed by war had reached 44 million Reichsmarks—more than double the amount paid out in 1941. A recent issue of the *Essener National Zeitung* (Göring's paper) announced, as evidence of the success of Industrial Dictator Albert Speer's rationalization program, that in the past six months the number of firms producing special artillery shells was reduced from 54 to 4; those manufacturing certain war-vehicle parts from 402 to 173; those making rifle bullets cut 50%.

All this is dully ironic in view of the fact that little business in Germany feels that it played a major role in bringing Hitler to power. But Hitler was not alone responsible for the betrayal of Germany's small businessman. For the fact is that war, which demands the utmost in efficiency and the elimination of many a consumer product, always plays into hands of bigness.

RAILROADS

Gremlins Ride the Rails

Up & down the U.S., ice, snow, winds and subzero temperatures last week slowed the greatest long-distance movement of holiday travelers on record. Rail-riding Gremlins (who were harrying railroad operations long before the Wright brothers ever flew) were out in force. They clogged switches with snow, short-circuited signal lights, froze steam connecting lines between cars, iced the rails on steep grades, drank all the coffee in dining cars. Morning after morning the swank *Twentieth Century Limited* slid into Manhattan two to four hours late. On many another train, four to 13 hours late, passengers stood in vestibules, slept in aisles, heaped baggage and bundles to roof tops.

Added trouble for the railroads was the new high volume of Christmas mail.

Trains waited at way stations five to 20 minutes while mountains of mail sacks, tons of parcel post were transferred on windswept platforms. At some stations mail loads were 75% greater than last year. Meanwhile the heroic railroads kept a firm grip on the vital flow of war freight moving to the dark, silent ships at icy ports, switched the daily average of 6,000 carloads of supplies to U.S. camps and plants.

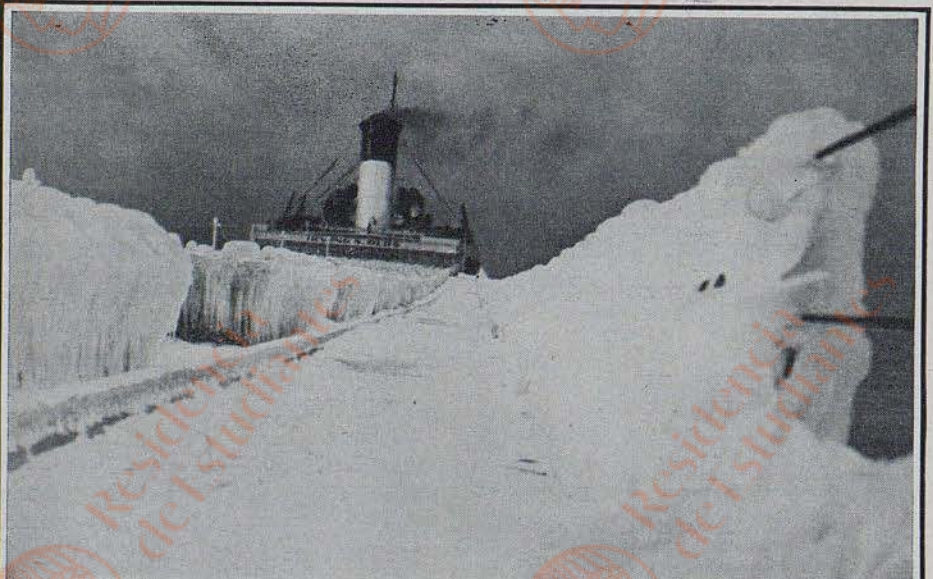
POWER

Giant in the Hills

Somewhere in the vast wilderness beyond the rocky Laurentian hills a giant of World War II is rising to harness the power of Canada's white waters for the production of aluminum. Men have been toiling in these wooded hills, in rain and snow and ice, to build a dam which will rank among the world's greatest power developments.

The turbines at the Canadian dam will generate 1,020,000 horsepower, about 25% more than the output of Russia's huge Dneprostroy dam, which was destroyed before the Germans came. In the U.S., Grand Coulee and Boulder will each ultimately generate around twice as much power, but Canada's mammoth (nameless for military reasons) outstrips the current capacity of both of them. And it was completed in two and a half years, half the time it took to get Boulder into Production.

The dam is part of a great expansion planned for Canada's aluminum industry. First steps in this direction were taken two years ago in the aluminum city of Arvida, near Lake St. John. Today—with the aid of U.S. as well as Canadian capital—the aluminum industry in Canada has expanded sevenfold over its pre-war capacity, supplies fully 40% of the entire Allied demand. Around the new dam—which may



ICE ENDS A RECORD SEASON

The final cargoes of iron ore for this season came down the Great Lakes the hard way last week. But before this 18-inch ice coat blanketed the 18,000-ton ore carrier *Irving S. Olds*, she and 336 other ships had delivered a new record of over 92 million tons of iron ore from Lake Superior ports. Now stock piled at lower lake ports is enough ore to keep the U.S. steel mills operating until next summer.

International



Rubber Planter

OF 1943

THE man who grows your rubber today runs a Cooper-Bessemer compressor. With the aid of this big engine he forges petroleum vapors into strange new compounds. Rubber manufacturers combine these compounds with other materials to make synthetic rubber for America's 1943 combat equipment.

A 60-ton G-MV compresses gases easier than you inflate a bicycle tire with an old-fashioned air pump. This giant compressor develops pressures up to 5000 pounds per square inch—or higher if needed to change the characteristics of a gas completely. The compressor is the key instrument of the synthesis industries—synthetic rubber, aviation gasoline, toluol, synthetic ammonia for explosives.

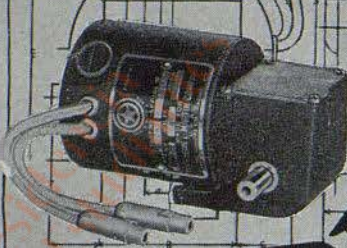
Cooper-Bessemer has built hundreds of thousands of compressor horsepower for war industries since Pearl Harbor—and after Victory will continue to serve the chemical process industries with compressors to win the peace.

THE **Cooper-Bessemer**
CORPORATION
MOUNT VERNON, O. • GROVE CITY, PA.

BUILDERS OF DEPENDABLE ENGINES FOR 110 YEARS

TIME, January 4, 1943

This Little Motor Used to be Twins



DUMORE ENGINEERING
PROBLEM NO. 5276

"Design one motor to take the place of two. You must eliminate the weight and bulk of one — yet maintain the power of the two we are now using on our ammunition booster device!" Dumore went into action. Night and day sessions in Dumore laboratories created a motor that met every specification and produced power plus. Within 90 days thousands of the new units were being installed in combat planes. Problem No. 5276 is another example of how Dumore coordinates engineering skill with quantity production.

THE DUMORE CO., Dept. 453-A RACINE, WIS.

Dumore
FRACTIONAL HORSEPOWER
AIRCRAFT MOTORS



"Call for
PHILIP MORRIS"

New York, N. Y.
December 16, 1942.

Philip Morris & Co. Ltd. Inc.

A regular quarterly dividend of \$1.06 1/4 per share on the Cumulative Preferred Stock, 4 1/4% Series, and a regular quarterly dividend of \$1.12 1/2 per share on the Cumulative Preferred Stock, 4 1/2% Series, have been declared payable February 1, 1943 to holders of Preferred Stock of the respective series of record at the close of business on January 15, 1943.

There also has been declared a regular quarterly dividend of 75¢ per share on the Common Stock, payable January 15, 1943 to holders of Common Stock of record at the close of business on December 28, 1942.

L. G. HANSON, Treasurer.

TIME FOR A LET UP!

Soak Up Sunshine Outdoors
in the PIKES PEAK REGION

Restore lost energy by a stay at the beautiful Broadmoor, in the shadow of Pikes Peak. Send for brochure.

CHARLES R. DRAKE, MANAGER

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COLORADO
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NEW YORK'S FAVORED HOTEL...



famous for its Continental Breakfast
at no extra cost—served piping
hot to guest's room. Rates as low
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private bath, radio and rates
include Continental Breakfast.

Write for booklet TM

BARBIZON PLAZA

58th ST. AT 6th AVE., CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, NEW YORK

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25¢ and 50¢ at druggists. ... If your druggist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10¢ and we will mail you a generous trial box.

© I. P. INC.
KLUTCH CO., 3017-A, ELMIRA, N. Y.

IF YOU WANT US TO CHANGE THE ADDRESS to which TIME is being mailed, please let us know at least three weeks ahead, so you will not miss even one issue during these news-crowded weeks. Thank you.

TIME • 330 E. 22 St., CHICAGO, ILL.

or may not be near Arvida—the biggest aluminum plant in the world is growing up to turn out the material for United Nations planes.

ADVERTISING

End of a Name

Announced this week was the end of one of the oldest, most famous names in U.S. advertising. From now on Lord & Thomas, which has made a household byword of hundreds of other names from Lucky Strike to Pepsodent and Sunkist oranges, will be known as Foote, Cone & Belding—after the present active heads of its New York, Chicago and Los Angeles offices, Executive Vice Presidents Emerson Foote, Fairfax Cone and Don Belding.

To the advertising world it was almost as if Tiffany had announced that from now on it would be known as Jones, Smith & Johnson. For Lord & Thomas, in its 70 years of life, has placed well over three-quarters of a billion dollars' worth of advertising, has for years been among the largest agencies in the U.S. It was a pioneer in radio, in the early days placed over 30% of all national radio advertising.

L. & T. also pioneered (in 1908) the then-revolutionary concept of "salesmanship in print," out of which grew today's range of product, consumer and copy testing that enables the advertising world to speak of its work as scientific. Scratch almost any leading agency today and you will find at least one major executive who got his start at L. & T.

Reason for liquidating such a triple-plated, diamond-studded corporate asset as the name of Lord & Thomas: the retirement of its owner and president, Chicago Philanthropist Albert Davis Lasker. Albert Lasker's name has been synonymous with Lord & Thomas for more than 30 years. Dopesters figured that he took his identification with the name too personally to leave it to someone else.

FOREIGN TRADE

Too Many Bananas

Through half a century and three wars United Fruit Co. has grown to a \$192 million empire. Before the war it raised and merchandised about 65% of the world's banana crop, operated a banana fleet of 80-odd trim white ships, had 126,000 acres of banana land under cultivation. Today all but a dozen of the oldest and slowest of these ships have gone to war (some of the best refrigerated ships have ignobly hauled steel ingots across the Atlantic), and the old hulks still in the Caribbean service must load high priority coffee, sugar, cocoa before hoisting one banana into their holds.

All this means much more than just another corporate dislocation caused by the war. United Fruit's troubles are also the troubles of Central America, 80% of whose monthly crop of 100,000 tons of bananas rots in the fields for lack of shipping to the U.S. Broke and disillusioned, the people of five banana-exporting Central American republics (Panama, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Honduras) are now

angry at the United Nations' policy that annihilated their chief export but failed to provide them with any other means of employment. The problem is all the more acute since Government revenues, which might be used for unemployment relief, in most cases are largely dependent on the banana trade.

For the U.S., bound to a good-neighbor policy for better or worse, there are two loser's choices: 1) divert more shipping to Central America—not a very likely possibility in view of Army needs; 2) try to work out some system such as Britain last week was planning to do for her Caribbean colonies (Jamaica, Barbados, Trinidad, etc.). The British scheme includes buying up colonial products just as the U.S. is now buying Brazilian coffee and Peruvian cotton, and let the Caribbean countries use the cash for made-work projects such as road building and swamp clearance. Such a subsidy will cost Britain \$24 million per year in the Caribbean, but might cost the U.S. less than \$20 million in Central America.

GOVERNMENT

Brighter Treasury

The U.S. Treasury and the nation's security dealers last month showed what careful preparation and attention to public demand can do in the business of financing the Government. Starting Dec. 1 to raise \$9 billions, it succeeded in raising well over \$11 billions before Christmas—the biggest single bond campaign in any country's history.

More significant than the huge figures was the fact that in the New York City area, where over half of the bonds were sold, sales to noncommercial banking sources (individuals, corporations, insurance companies, savings banks) ran to about 68% of the total. As a general rule such sales can be counted as less inflationary than sales to commercial banks which create new deposit money.

Nevertheless, part of the Treasury's success in getting the bonds out into the hands of the public was illusory and had little to do with curbing inflation. Many an insurance company, for instance, bought Governments under public pressure by dumping other securities (municipal bonds fell during the month) and may later sell their Governments to the commercial banks. A big proportion of purchases made by corporations represented only a conversion into bonds of idle cash which was having no inflationary effect since it was not being used.

Proof that the issue had relatively little effect on the real cause of inflation—namely individual spending—was that retail sales all during December were the highest on record. The Treasury has climbed several steps up the ladder leading to sound fiscal policy; but it is still not out of purgatory.

Little FBI

One hundred years ago, one of the first credit correspondents in the U.S. reported to the Mercantile Agency that Peddler James Sampson "drinks two glasses of



Combat Champions in the Making

This creamy-looking stuff may soon be flying over Tokyo or Berlin, on the cylinder heads of Flying Fortresses and Warhawks. It's called "ceramic slip"—the material of which Champion aircraft spark plug insulators are made.

★ It's one of the world's *toughest* materials to pump—so abrasive that it *ruins* the pistons and valves of conventional pumps in a short time. That's why Champion engineers trust this vital job to the pump that has *no* pistons or valves—the revolutionary R & M Moyno. Practically wear-proof, and with a delivery that's constant and bubble-free, the Moyno is making this difficult pumping job look as easy as the countless other "impossible" jobs it has tackled and whipped for America's war industries.

★ If you have a problem that involves pumping, materials-handling, converting machines to direct drive, ventilating, or "special" motor applications—*write us!* We're always ready to help you. The address is Robbins & Myers, Inc., Springfield, Ohio. In Canada: Robbins & Myers Co. of Canada, Ltd., Brantford, Ontario. (Moyno Pumps are manufactured under R. Moineau patents.)

ROBBINS & MYERS, INC.
FOUNDED 1878

MOTORS • HOISTS • CRANES • MACHINE DRIVES • FANS • MOYNO PUMPS

PRIDE AND PLEASURE

are combined in your enjoyment of a Magnavox radio-phonograph. Pride in ownership of really fine furniture. Pleasure in endless hours of glorious music and entertainment so delightfully life-like and clear in quality.

MAGNAVOX

THE OLDEST NAME IN RADIO

THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA, U.S.A.



TRANSFORMERS • SOLENOIDS RELAYS • R. F. COILS

Layer-Wound — Random-Wound — Basket-Weave
Cotton-Interweave — Paper and Glass Insulated

Custom made with PRECISION and SPEED

Here, where production is devoted exclusively to coils of all types and sizes, precision isn't just a word . . . it's a law! Contact us for qualified engineering service on coils of all kinds.



ENGINEERING AND MFG. CO., INC.
Roanoke, Indiana, U.S.A.

cider brandy [applejack], plain, every morning and evening—never more; has lost a large double tooth on lower jaw, back, second from throat on left side; has a scar an inch long on his left leg kneecap; cause: cut himself with a hatchet when only three years old." Credit sleuths have been weighing financial responsibility with the most intimate details of a man's personal life ever since.

Last week, with no fanfare at all, 101-year-old Dun & Bradstreet (which grew out of the Mercantile Agency) celebrated its first anniversary of special sleuthing for the U.S. Government and its war contractors. D. & B.'s 7,000 trained investigators are now answering some 100,000 inquiries a month for war agencies and contractors, thus freeing J. Edgar Hoover's G-men for more sinister detective problems. D. & B.'s sleuthing involves no special FBI or police-court tactics, but its routine provides a careful check on where people have traveled, and what their jobs, friends and loyalties have been.

When Donald Nelson gets a letter from John Doe in San Francisco asking for an appointment, D. & B. tells Mr. Nelson (in the short space of one hour, if need be) whether John is a substantial citizen or a time-wasting crackpot. When a new or expanding Federal agency has to hire a big staff in haste, D. & B. rechecks on its appointees at leisure. It checks up on the character as well as the financial status of war contractors for Government agencies handing out contracts, checks on new employees for a contractor faced with a sudden increase in his staff.

Many firms forearm themselves with a clean-slate report from D. & B. before going out to look for war work. One such investigation recently proved to the startled head of a large war plant that his own secretary was a Japanese agent. A similar check for a high Washington war man had him in a cold sweat last week. Said a terse D. & B. report on a man he was about to promote: "This man has held several responsible jobs. His habits are good. But he is of German extraction and his loyalty is questioned. His closest associates refer to him as 'the Nazi.'" Last week, thanks to D. & B., "the Nazi's" days in Washington were numbered.

Freedom of the Air

In Washington last week President Roosevelt reappointed Iowa farm-born Lloyd Welch Pogue chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board. Coming on the heels of the highly political CAB appointment of ex-Senator Josh Lee of Oklahoma, Pogue's reappointment was reassuring. For Pogue, a specialist in aviation law (Harvard), is no patronage-loving politician. He is a man who believes in a principle: that freedom of the air to competing air transport companies of all nations is just as important as freedom of the seas.

Even before the war such freedom did not exist. One big reason was sheer military necessity, which made nations anxious to control the air above them. But another reason was simply trade jealousy. Thus, U.S. service to Alaska is dependent upon Ottawa's permission to fly over Canadian

soil. Early transatlantic services dickered with Portugal for landing rights at the Azores. In the South Pacific Australia-bound Pan American was blocked 1,300 miles away at New Zealand until after Pearl Harbor. So far the U.S. has failed to permit TACA and British West Indian Airways to make scheduled flights into Miami because their head, New Zealand-born Lowell Yerex, is a British subject.

More serious is the thorny problem of air bases in Africa. Pan American's pioneering of these war-compelled African routes so alarmed British Overseas Airways that the Army's Air Transport Command has taken over. The question that needs answering soon is: at war's end, what is to become of these U.S.-built air



Acme

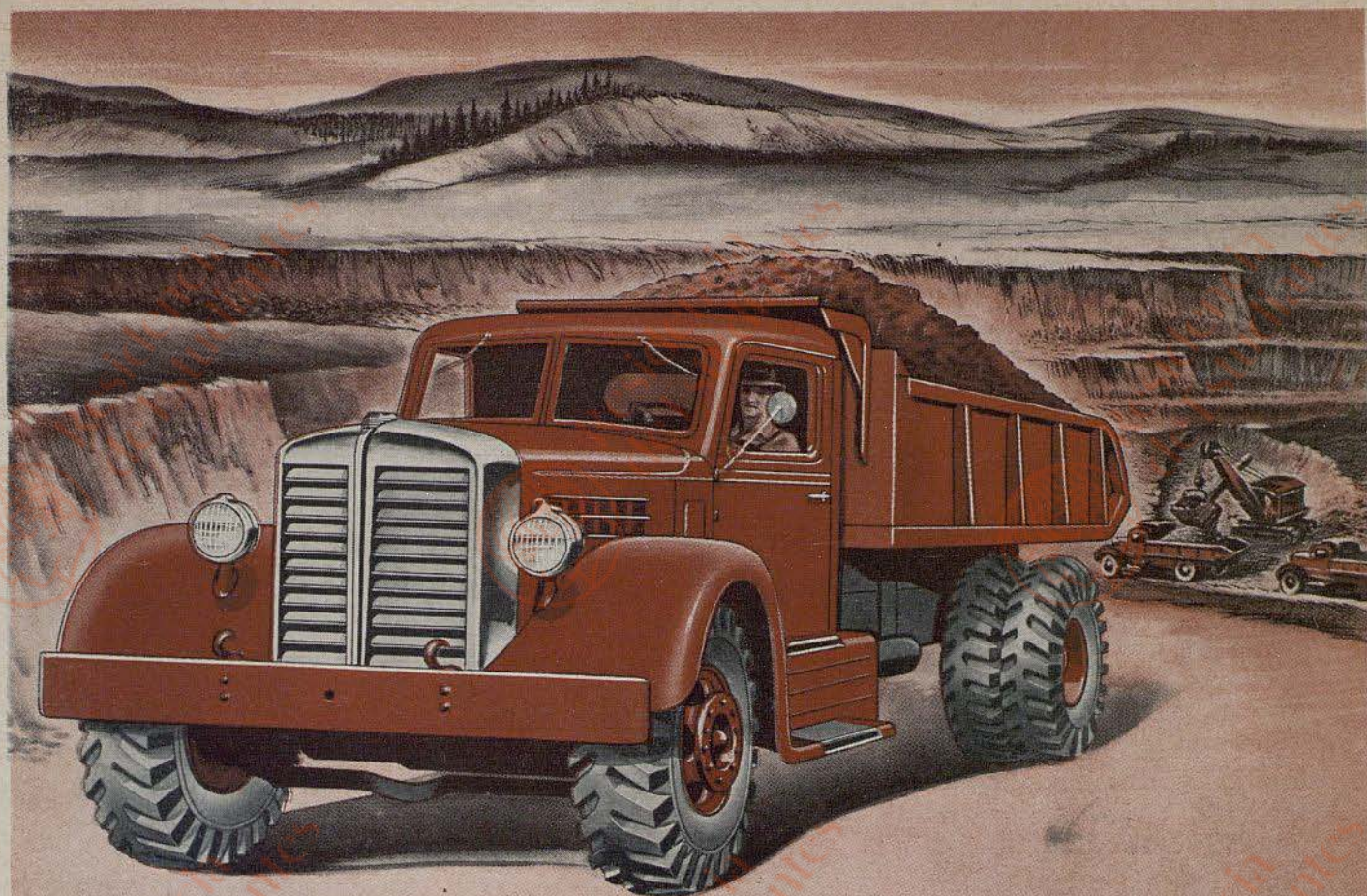
CABOSS POGUE

... farm boy to internationalist.

bases on foreign soil? They represent great future air-caravan routes to rich new territory, and they cost a fortune. Who shall dictate how many, how often, and on what terms U.S., Brazilian, British, Dutch or Chinese planes shall use them?

Pogue believes the answer is reasonable freedom of the air. For like many another air-minded expert he knows that the shortest route from Washington to Manila is not across the Pacific but passes over the Great Lakes to Canada, on to Alaska, then down the coast of Siberia. He knows, too, that the air oceans are not bounded by ocean shorelines; that European planes will someday want to fly over U.S. territory direct to Chicago from London, just as U.S. air transports may want to take off from St. Louis for Cairo and way ports.

All this ought to be possible in the event of a United Nations victory and a realization of world security. But the State Department is yet to be convinced that now is the time to make plans. And London, when it thinks of air routes, should not forget that Singapore became rich and great not because it controlled a trade route, but because it was open to the roaming ships of all peaceful nations.



A HUSKY TASK FORCE OF FEDERALS PROVES ITS METTLE IN THE BATTLE OF STEEL



MESABI—GUYUNA—GOGBIC—MENOMINEE—strange sounding, yet mighty important names in the fierce battle of steel now waged on the work fronts of America. From the great open pit iron mines of these famous ranges comes a gigantic flood of ore, feeding the Bessemer and open hearth furnaces of our war girded industry.

It's a production flood—swelling to 90 million tons or more for 1942. This all-time high in iron ore output tops the previous war peak of 1916 by over 35%. To set this record, unsung heroes of these pit mines have been toiling and sweating 24 hours a day, six days a week, to make sure our industrial effort

shall not fail—to serve the ends of swifter victory. Into the production breach have gone fleets of husky ore trucks to match the back-breaking performance of both producers and miners with a brand of consistent, round-the-clock dependability that has won the everlasting respect and esteem of men who have the “know how” to really deliver the goods.

“KEEP ‘EM ROLLING!”



● America's trucks—YOUR TRUCKS—must keep working for Victory. Frequent and thorough check-ups with any Federal Dealer will help keep trucks on the job. Pledge yourself to “keep ‘em rolling” for Uncle Sam.

Federal's part in helping speed this essential work is added evidence of the inherent qualities of heavy duty, all-truck performance so consistently built into its transport units of varying tonnage capacities. Again we repeat: “Toss the Tough Jobs to Federal!”
FEDERAL MOTOR TRUCK CO., DETROIT, MICH.

FEDERAL TRUCKS

Since 1910 ... Known in Every Country — Sold on Every Continent



WILLIAM SCHALL, chief inspector at Stromberg-Carlson, radio manufacturer now converted to 100% war production, hits an all-time high in efficiency and comfort with his new Shuron glasses. "I am more accurate at my work, enjoy comfortable vision for the evening's recreation—and my friends tell me I look better, too," said Mr. Schall to Bob Chick, the photographer who snapped this picture.

All of us need good eyesight for Victory, whether we work in a war factory, in an office or help our country in other ways. Have your eyes examined now—and ask for Shuron Shurset Ful-Vue glasses.

Shuron

QUALITY BEYOND QUESTION SINCE 1864

A WISP OF *Smoke*

A warning whisper

Smudge

may be on your teeth

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The New Pictures

Stand By for Action (M.G.M.), the story of a U.S. destroyer, is a Hollywood counterpart of Noel Coward's *In Which We Serve* (TIME, Dec. 28). As such it brilliantly exhibits Hollywood's limitations. Its action is fully as exciting, its battle scenes even more spectacular than those in *In Which We Serve*. The only thing it lacks is real people.

Stand By tells the adventures of a patched-up 26-year-old four-stacker in the Pacific. The story is given a piquant twist by the fact that the destroyer goes into its big battle with a maternity ward below decks—survivors of a torpedoed ship. While infants wail and the ship's carpenter does his best to midwife a new baby, the destroyer drives in on a Jap battleship and, with a display of fireworks which alone is worth the price of admission, sinks her.

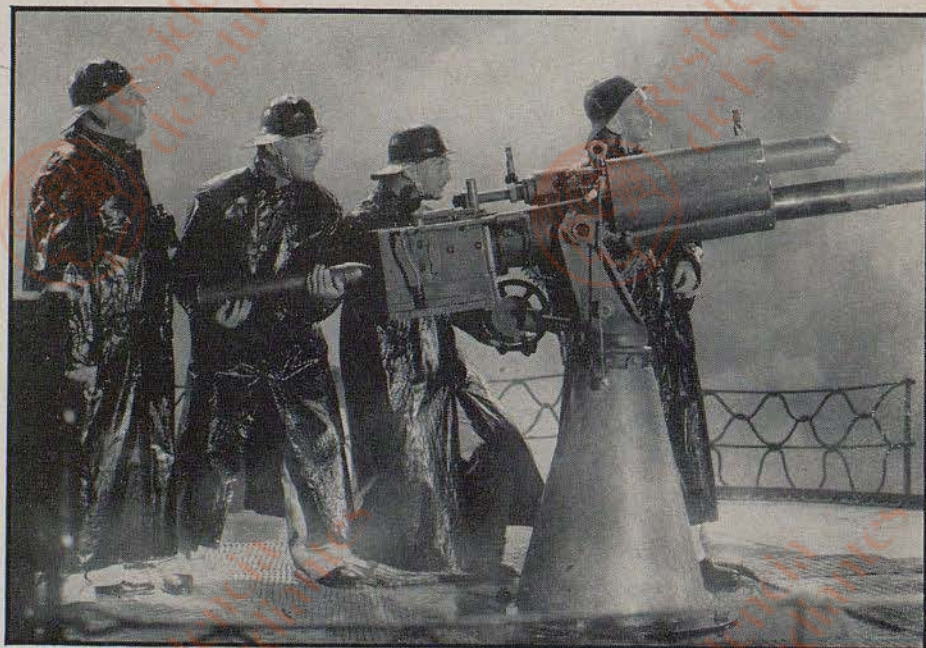
Despite its infantile plot and characters who bear no convincing resemblance to men of the U.S. or any other navy, *Stand By* is fast, better-than-average entertainment. With technical advice from the Navy, Hollywood has at least learned how to stage a realistic-looking sea battle.

Of the three stars (Charles Laughton, Brian Donlevy, Robert Taylor) who attempt to impersonate naval officers in the

The Cat People (RKO-Radio) is a brain-cracking story of a girl who turns cat. It is not quite so horrifying as its makers wanted it to be because Simone Simon does not give people real feline shudders.

Cats enthrall Heroine Irene Dubrovna (Simone Simon). When she is awake, her subcutaneous felinity makes real cats arch & spit; when she is asleep, cats pad across her brain. She believes legends to the effect that her medieval Serbian ancestors were half-cats, and that she cannot let husband Oliver Reed (Kent Smith) kiss her lest she sprout claws and rip him apart. Psychiatrist Dr. Judd (Tom Conway) delivers sermons on over-imagination. The tactless husband discusses Simone with Alice-at-the-office (Jane Randolph), gradually succumbs to her sympathy. After Alice is ambushed three times by Simone *à la* cat, husband decides to put Simone in an asylum. In the showdown, the pragmatic psychiatrist kisses Simone, gets the shock of his life.

Reunion in France (M.G.M.) is a Joan Crawford version of the fall of France. As history is made, Miss Crawford looks big-eyed, weeps, sighs, registers disillusionment, at length throws her elegantly gowned self into the French underground



LAUGHTON, DONLEVY & TAYLOR

Rear Admiral Laughton is loudest & funniest.

picture, Mr. Laughton, as an irascible old rear admiral, is the loudest and funniest. His climactic line comes when he is handed a signaled message from the destroyer just after the battle. He pauses before reading it to declaim to his fellow officers on the bridge of his flagship: "This message... will probably be as famous in the American Navy as Perry's 'We have met the enemy and they are ours.'..." The message: IT'S A BOY!

movement—all with unclear effect. Whatever it is, it is not France.

Philip Dorn, who has his first starring role in this picture, shows that he deserves a better one. As a French industrialist who stays in Paris to collaborate with the Nazis, he has moments in which he almost makes the picture seem important. But the film, which starts as if it were going to be a portrait of a traitor, soon becomes just another melodrama.

The Palm Beach Story (Paramount), a wacky, sexy comedy written and directed by imaginative Preston Sturges, gives Rudy Vallée his first chance to do something besides croon, and he does it in a surprisingly winning way. As a pince-nez, third-generation Rockefeller (screen name: John D. Hackensacker III) who pursues slinky Claudette Colbert like an expectant collector after a particularly fine butterfly, Rudy is a sketch.

Other ingredients in Mr. Sturges' glittering cocktail are Joel McCrea (as Claudette's husband), and a gay new Mary Astor (as Rudy's sister) with her hair dyed blonde for the first time to distinguish her from



MCCREA & COLBERT
Topic A is everything.

brunette Claudette. The plot sometimes seems in need of sign posts to keep things straight. It has to do with Miss Colbert's flight from her husband to Florida and high jinks—which end with Miss Colbert being disrobed by her husband while Rudy croons to her from the garden.

The picture is ably summed up by Mr. McCrea, who observes to Miss Astor: "You never think of anything but Topic A, do you?"

Miss Astor: "Is there anything else?"

CURRENT & CHOICE

In Which We Serve (Noel Coward, Bernard Miles, John Mills, Celia Johnson; TIME, Dec. 28).

Random Harvest (Greer Garson, Ronald Colman, Susan Peters; TIME, Dec. 28).

Gentleman Jim (Errol Flynn, Alexis Smith, Alan Hale, Jack Carson; TIME, Dec. 14).

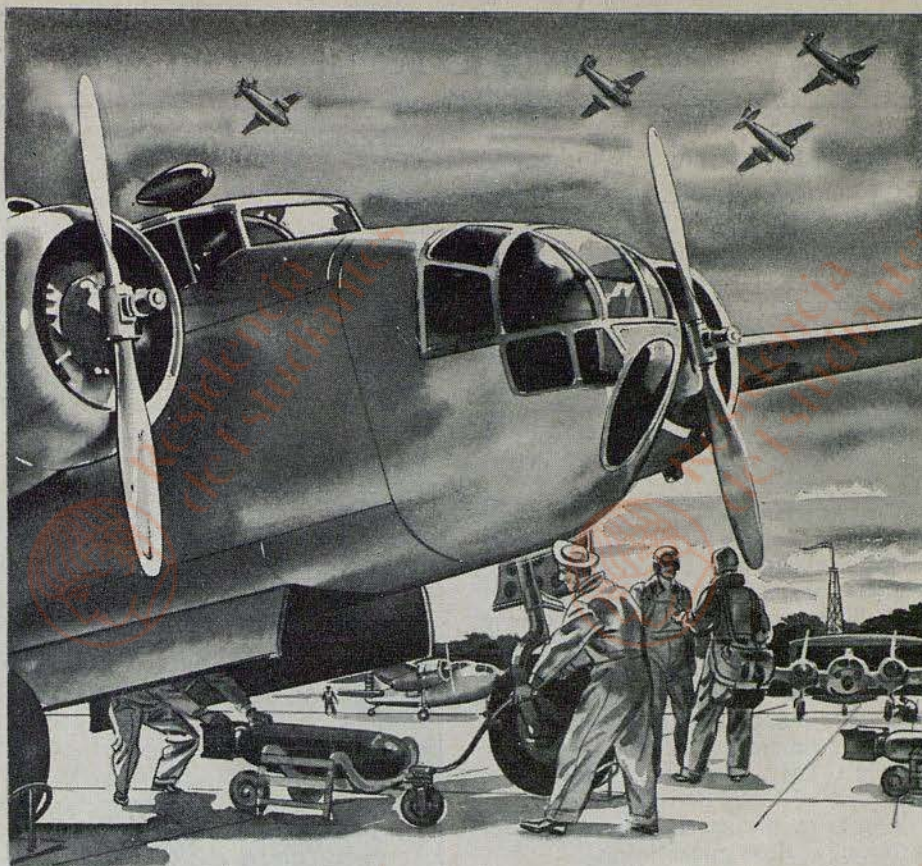
George Washington Slept Here (Jack Benny, Ann Sheridan, Percy Kilbride; TIME, Nov. 30).

Casablanca (Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, Paul Henreid, Conrad Veidt, Claude Rains; TIME, Nov. 30).

For Me and My Gal (Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, George Murphy, TIME, Nov. 16).

You Were Never Lovelier (Rita Hayworth, Fred Astaire, Adolphe Menjou; TIME, Nov. 16).

TIME, January 4, 1943



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Human Being

MR. JUSTICE HOLMES—*Francis Biddle*—Scribner (\$2.50).

One day in 1911 Mr. Justice Holmes of the U.S. Supreme Court welcomed a new secretary just out of Harvard Law School. "My son," said Holmes, "my philosophy is divided into two parts, each equally important: the first—keep your bowels open; and the second—well, the second is somewhat more complex and a part of your duties is to hear it during the next nine months."

The secretary so humanly addressed was young Francis Biddle of the Philadelphia Biddles, now U.S. Attorney General. He has made an offering in the form of a biography to the memory of the man he thinks may come to rank with Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Lincoln. Biddle's vivid sketching reinforces a central impression of Holmes also to be had from the monumental *Holmes-Pollock Letters* (TIME, April 14, 1941)—that this giant of U.S. law will ultimately be valued as a phenomenally warm, wise, skeptical, humble human being.

The man who went to dinner with Emerson, Lowell, Dana and others at the Saturday Club in Boston sat down one evening with a new novel *The Sun Also Rises*, by a new author, Ernest Hemingway. Wrote he to the friend who had sent the book, Owen Wister:

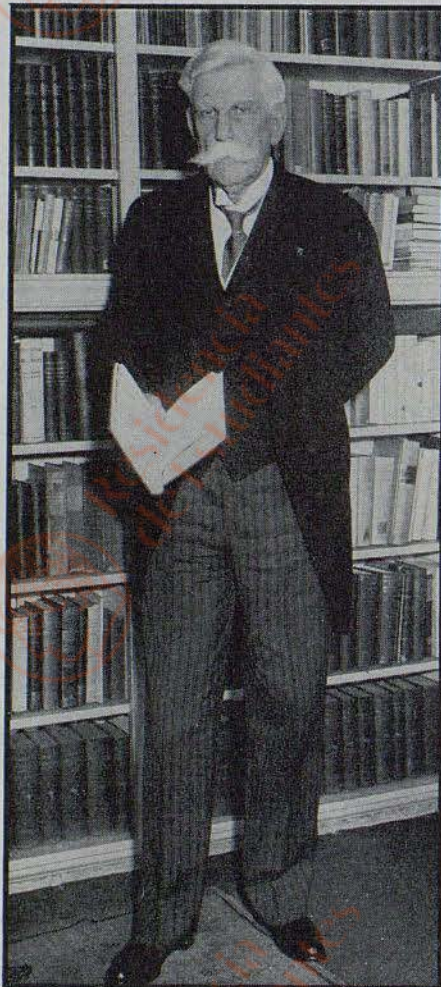
"It is singular. An account of eating and drinking with a lot of fornication accompanied by conversations on the lowest level, with some slight intelligence but no ideas, and nothing else—and yet it seems a slice of life, and you are not bored with details of an ordinary day. It reminds me of a reflection that I often make on how large a part of the time and thoughts of even the best of us are taken up by animal wants. . . . But then this lad could write this book, which must be a work of art. It can't be accident and naiveté. So let him survive. . . ."

To a nation at war, Holmes has eloquent things to say. He was no stranger to war. Walking down Boston's staid Beacon Street one afternoon in 1861, with his eyes glued to the pages of Hobbes's *Leviathan* which he had just borrowed from the Athenaeum, he felt a touch on his shoulder. "Holmes," a friend said, "you've got your first lieutenant's commission in the Twentieth." Holmes returned the copy of *Leviathan*, went off to war and a wound in the throat at Antietam. "As he grew older," writes Biddle, "the thought of war came to mean . . . a selfless surrender of individual comfort and ambition to some mystic faith that drew brave men together." Said Holmes in a Memorial Day address:

"In this snug, over-safe corner of the world we need it [war], that we may realize that our comfortable routine is no eternal necessity of things, but merely a little space of calm in the midst of the

tempestuous untamed streaming of the world. . . . High and dangerous action teaches us to believe as right beyond dispute things for which our doubting minds are slow to find words of proof. Out of heroism grows faith in the worth of heroism."

Home from the war, Holmes went to spend an evening with Emerson. The young soldier still had a trace of the old longing to be a philosopher. "It had burned in his mind as an undergraduate, and he felt himself seduced again by the wonderful talk. But when at the end he closed the door he knew that . . . he wanted to put his teeth into something hard and exact; to work like anyone else for a living. Law might be worthy of



Wide World

THE LATE JUSTICE HOLMES
"The skeptic cannot be a pessimist."

the interest of an intelligent man, for one could look out of the window of law when one had the facts, and then begin to speculate on life and destiny."

Maverick Justice. Thenceforward he was to look from one window of the law after the other, finally arriving in 1902 at the high, broad casement of the U.S. Supreme Court. Sixty-one, he counted on about ten more years of active service. Twenty-nine years later he was still on the bench.

Having been a maverick philosopher who strayed into law, Holmes increasingly became a maverick justice who strayed into philosophy. His skepticism ("The skeptic cannot be a pessimist") brought him into conflict with the uncritical optimism of those liberals and progressives who claimed him for their own. Said he: "I believe that the wholesale social regeneration which so many now seem to expect . . . cannot be affected appreciably by tinkering with the institution of property, but only by taking in hand life. . . . The notion that with socialized property we should have women free and a piano for everybody seems to me an empty humbug." He added: "It is a pleasure to see more faith and enthusiasm in the young men, and I thought that one of them made a good answer to some of my skeptical talk when he said, 'You would base legislation upon regrets rather than upon hopes.'"

No System. Holmes never got around to formulating a philosophical system. The current of his thought must be sought in letters, speeches, opinions, and between the lines of his classic volume *The Common Law*. Biddle suggests "there was but one end, life itself; and life was the getting of all there was out of it, physically, mentally, and in that deeper loneliness of the spirit." "On the whole," Holmes himself wrote, "I am on the side of the unregenerate who affirm the worth of life as an end in itself as against the saints who deny it."

To his end at 93, Holmes preserved the unregenerate spirit he confessed, at 27, to William James: "There are not infrequent times when a bottle of wine, a good dinner, a girl of some trivial sort can fill the hour for me." But that was not the whole of it. On the night of his 70th birthday he picked up his pen: "One learns from time an amiable latitude with regard to beliefs and tastes. Life is painting a picture, not doing a sum. . . . Man is born a predestined idealist, for he is born to act. To act is to affirm the worth of an end, and to persist in affirming the worth of an end is to make an ideal. . . . There rises a mystic spiritual tone that gives meaning to the whole. . . ."

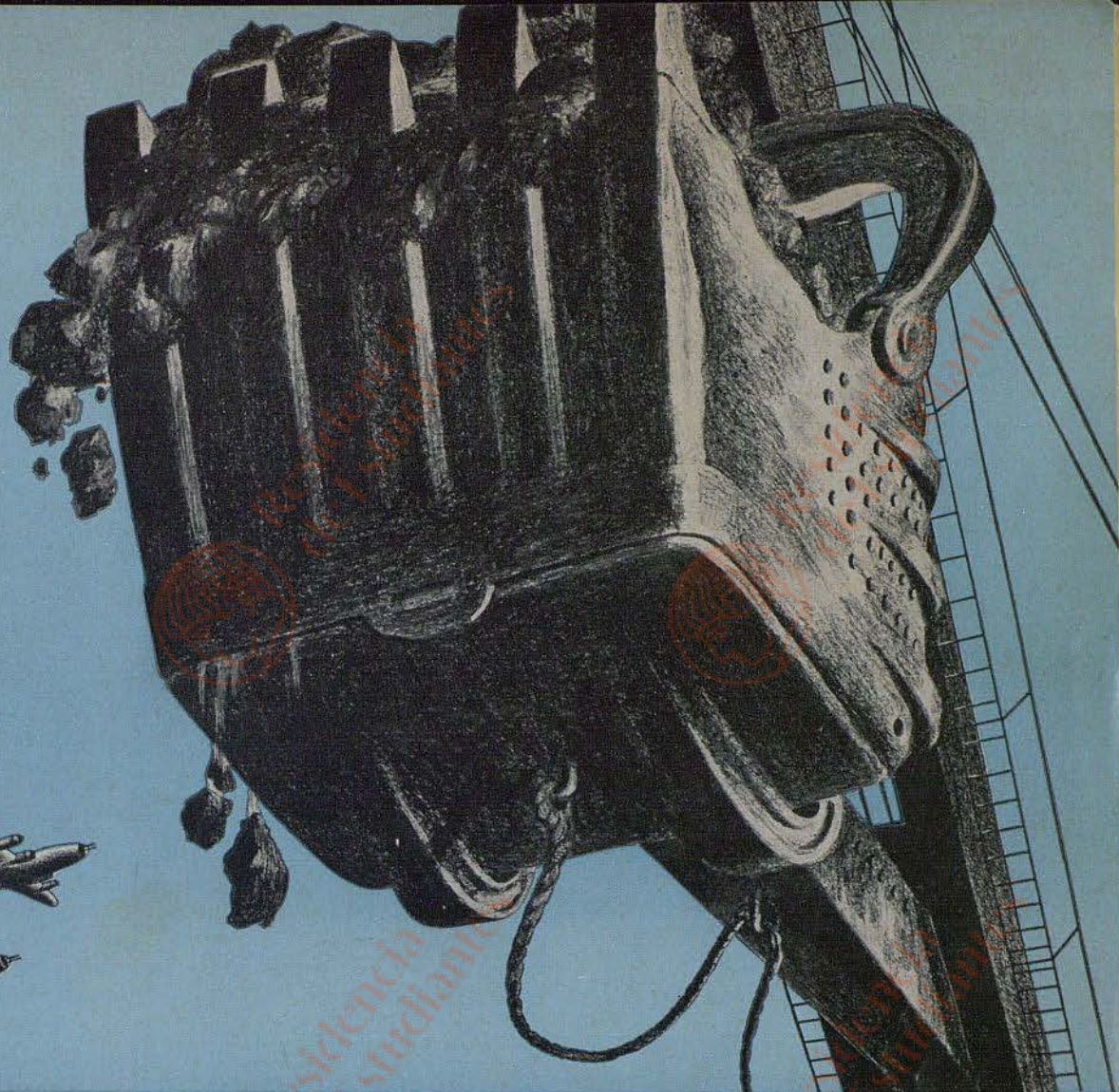
"Justice Holmes's greatest service as a lawyer," wrote Boston Lawyer Arthur D. Hill, "was that he showed to all men that the law need not be a dreary competition of sordid interests and that 'a man may live greatly in the law as well as elsewhere.'" Future generations of U.S. citizens will probably concur.

Fish Story

THE GAUNT WOMAN—*Edmund Gilligan*—Scribner (\$2.50).

Broad-beamed, baric Edmund Gilligan (*White Sails Crowding*) knows a lot about sailing vessels, good violent storytelling, and wild Irish prose. In *The Gaunt Woman* his triple talents are contributed to the war effort with a driving energy that sometimes bruises the story and the prose. But the book as a whole has the glow and momentum of a particularly likable Grade B movie.

Young Captain Patrick Bannon, a "sound



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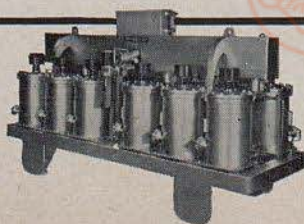
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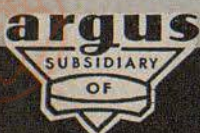
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chip off an old Gloucester block" ("God rest his iron soul"), is a Reservist whom the Navy has told to "fish a little longer." Obeying the order with a true seaman's pleasure ("his mighty nose snuffed up the spray's champagne"), he takes the "sweet sailer and . . . good earner" *Daniel Webster* out to the Grand Banks with a weather eye peeled for wartime trouble. Aboard are two new men, Danes by their claim—Conrad and Holger.

Bannon becomes suspicious of a Danish square-rigger, *Den Magre Kvind*. His suspicions mount when the *Daniel* finds, in an open boat, three slaughtered Danes whom Holger mourns too loudly and whom Conrad deduces, from their pallor and their oily hands, to be U-boat engineers executed for a breach of discipline. The square-rigger has been shelled into half-ruin and her Captain Skalder, whose curses fall "like bars of iron" through his great red block of beard, says he is bound for Halifax with a cargo of rum. But Bannon notices that the shell wounds were made with axes and he suspects the cargo.

Snooping, he learns that the cargo is a good hundred torpedoes, enough mines to drive a hole through the seabottom. The *Gaunt Woman* is a U-boat supply ship, "the bitch at whose dugs they must feed or starve." With the aid of Conrad and Margaret MacLean ("a strapping girl, done up in seagoing style"), Bannon sets about forcing the devils to eat their own brimstone. He succeeds in making the *Gaunt Woman* one gigantic time bomb for the ruin of her U-boat offspring. As she blows, Bannon lifts "his clenched hands in a gesture of malediction," says "so perish the enemies of free men." With his incipient "Navy wife" Margaret nestling to leeward, he sets off after his halibut.

When Edmund Gilligan is at his best, as in *White Sails Crowding*, he is one of few men living who can galvanize the dying art of literate romancing. But in *The Gaunt Woman* his Hibernian lilt and lustiness often overshoot the mark. Like most Irish storytellers, he must beware of riding with his Erse too high.

Scientists' Scientist

WILLARD GIBBS—Muriel Rukeyser—Doubleday, Doran (\$3.50).

"They laugh best who laugh last," Biographer Rukeyser quotes from William James. "Wait till we're dead twenty years. Look at the way they're now treating poor Willard Gibbs, who during his lifetime can hardly have been considered any great shakes at New Haven." Readers unable to place (Josiah) Willard Gibbs need not fret about it. Paradoxically, Gibbs is perhaps best known for his obscurity, a personal blackout which has become legendary. Professors, publicists, prominent Yale men for years have publicly confessed ignorance of Yale's most distinguished son. But by those in the know he has been acclaimed repeatedly as one of the greatest men of his time:

► "Greatest of Americans, judged by his rank in science" (contemporary Henry Adams);

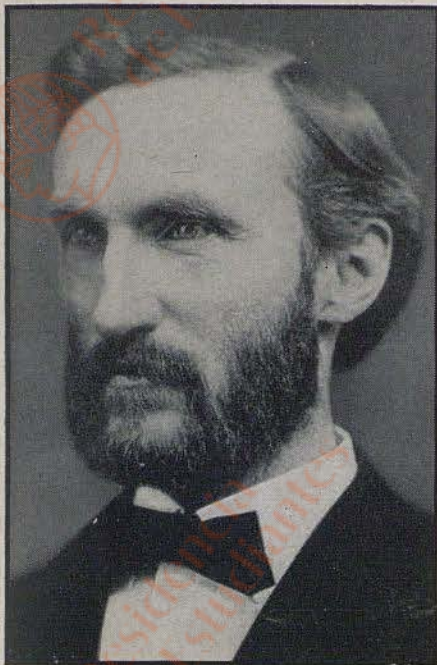
► "To physical chemistry he gave form

and content for a hundred years" (Wilhelm Ostwald, outstanding Leipzig chemist, Nobel Prizewinner in 1909);

► "The greatest synthetic philosopher since Newton" (noted Austrian Physicist Ludwig Boltzmann);

► "One of the most original and important creative minds in the field of science America has produced" (Albert Einstein).

The facts of Gibbs's life offer little temptation to a biographer. He was born in New Haven (1839). He went to Yale. He taught at Yale. He died in New Haven (1903). He never married. Save for a



Culver

THE LATE WILLARD GIBBS

... no great shakes at New Haven.

brief period of postgraduate work in France and Germany, he saw little more of the world outside than Philosopher Immanuel Kant (who never left his native Königsberg). "His life was nothing but self and science and then he tore the self away."

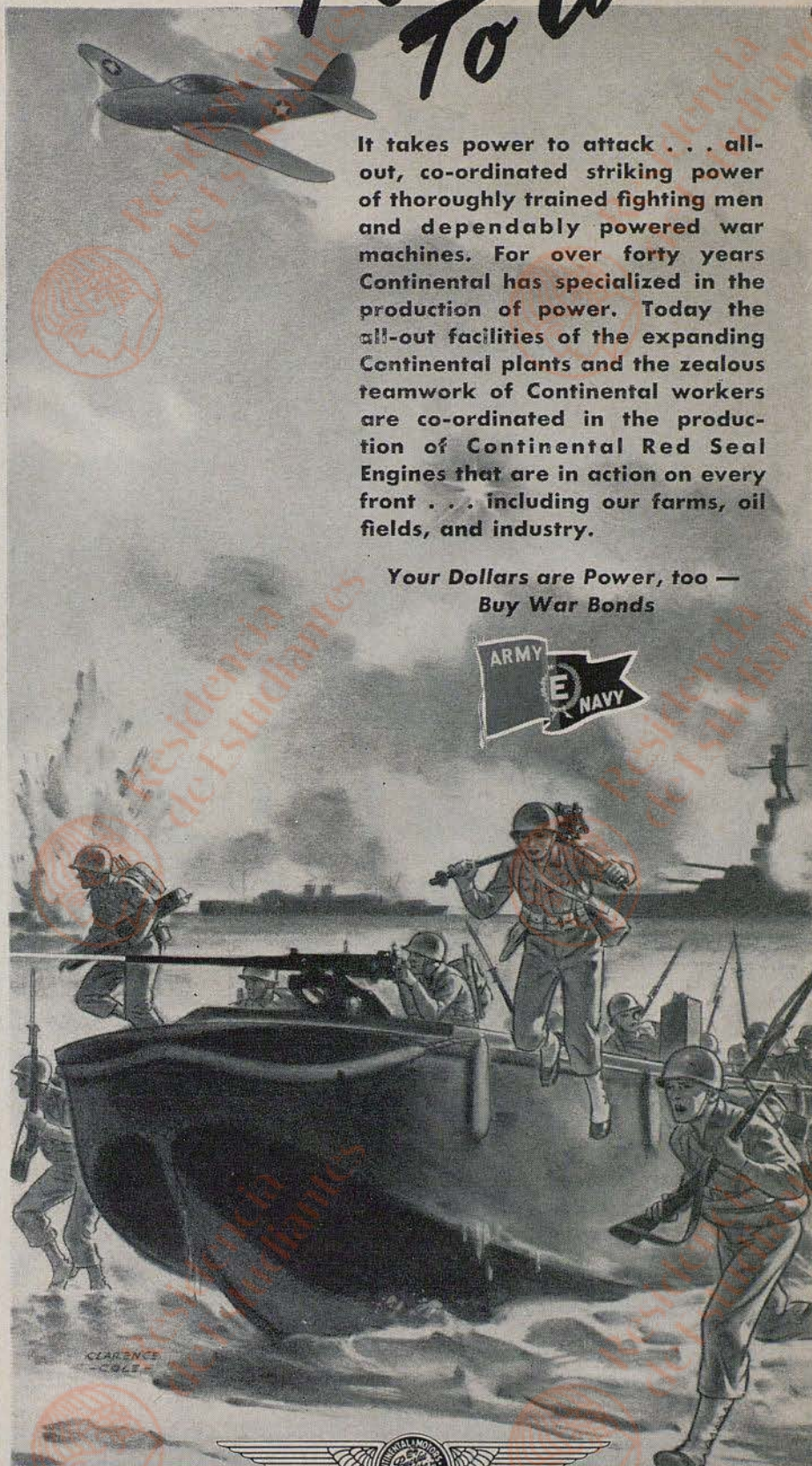
His quiet fame and continuing and increasing reputation as a mathematical physicist, and as the "father of physical chemistry," rests on a series of papers, from his *Graphical Methods in the Thermodynamics of Fluids* (1873) to his final *Elementary Principles of Statistical Mechanics* (1902).

His was the age of steam. The field of thermodynamics was the springboard from which Gibbs launched his powerful thought of "universal application" in science—and beyond. His work lay not in experiment but in synthesis—the formulation of universal laws. ("The whole is simpler than the sum of all its parts.") Frequently he anticipated practical problems—so he is continually rediscovered.

Book & Author. It has remained for a young woman poet,* author of an earlier poem in his honor, to write the first full-length biography of Willard Gibbs. (She explains, "The world of the poet . . . is the scientist's world. Their claim on sys-

* *Wake Island, The Soul and Body of John Brown, A Turning Wind, U.S. 1, Theory of Flight.*

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tems is the same claim. Their writings anticipate each other; welcome each other; indeed embrace. As Lucretius answered Epicurus, Gibbs answers Whitman. . . .") The result is a book frequently verging on the apocalyptic in language; a *Moby Dick* of a book in intention and intimations, touching on "the sum of things."

Most readers will find much of the strictly scientific exposition difficult where not unintelligible, some of the flights into pure metaphysical speculation far-fetched, perfervid. But there are passages of rare poetic storytelling quality, as in the chapter on "The *Amistad* Mutiny," which re-creates a remarkable bit of illicit slave-trade history, in which Gibbs's father, along with the aged but still eloquent John Quincy Adams, played a leading role.

Rejoycings

NOTE-BOOKS OF NIGHT—Edmund Wilson—Colt Press (\$2.50).

Edmund Wilson's latest book is chiefly interesting because it shows an outstanding U.S. literary critic as a satirist in verse and prose. Two of the best pieces are wicked parodies, one in prose, one in verse.

Verse parody is the salty *Omelet* of A. MacLeish, in which Critic Wilson paraphrases the Librarian of Congress' smooth pentameters, feminine endings, assonance and love of colons:

*I was wired for sound as I started again
down the river:*

*And my colons went out on the air to
the clang of a gong:*

*O when shall I ring with the perilous
pain and the fever?*

*A clean and clever lad
who is doing
his best*

to get on. . . .

The prose parody, *The Three Limperary Cripples*, written in the manner of James Joyce, is less malicious, more successful. Wrote Justice Holmes (see p. 84) to Sir Frederick Pollock: "[It] made me laugh consumedly. . . . The writer[']s . . . indecency . . . must have escaped the editors." Critic Wilson's subject: book reviewers ("What a wonderful is liquorary quiddicism! What fastidily! . . . What unapproachable stammards and crytearia!"). Parodist Wilson's chief victims are "Library clinics Carl von Doorman, Herbert S. Goren, Gorman B. Munson"):

"Carl . . . was The-Book-of-the-Munch-Club . . . the giver-away of a mahogany Britannica with every subscription." He gave Munch-Club readers: "*Elizabeth and Sex* by Lytton Scratchy, *John Brown's Benny* by Steve Brody, *The Bridge of San Louis Bromfield* by Ray Long, *A Farewell to Farms* by Mark van Doorman, *How to be Happy: A Preface to Morons* by Walter B. Pipkin, Pfui D., *Tristram Coffin*, a fine-spun obituary by Edwinson Arlington Cemetery, *Black Majesty* by Dark van Moron, *The Life of Joseph Wood Peacock* by his uncle Doc van Doren, and *Training the Giant Pander* by quaint old Trader van Horen." Concludes Satirist Wilson: "And there was also Granville van Arven and his League of American Vipers, but that is another snory."

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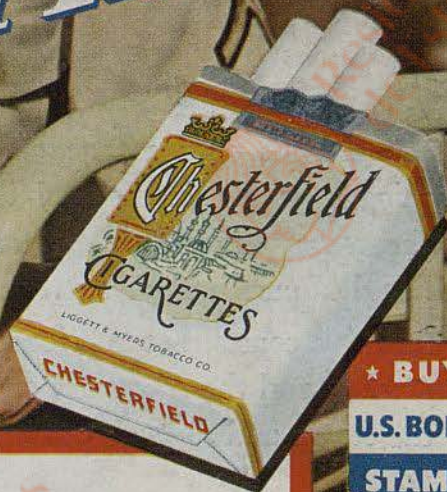


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