

LIFE



Revista
de las Américas



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PRESIDENT TRUMAN

APRIL 23, 1945 10 CENTS
BY SUBSCRIPTION: TWO YEARS \$8.50



©1945 The Studebaker Corporation

Studebaker Weasels help pace the drive to Tokyo

LET'S read what they said about this amazing new personnel and cargo carrier not so long ago, in a Philippines dispatch to "Yank," the Army weekly. Here's the quotation:

"The Weasel is still getting to the front in this tough sector (Leyte) after every other type of vehicle has bogged down in the rice paddies and swamps... To the infantrymen stretching one day's rations to three, the sight of these little jobs, churning through the bog past swamped trucks, is a fine and heart-warming spectacle."

Designed by Studebaker engineers and built in the Studebaker factories, the Weasel finds footing on all kinds of terrain—sand, snow, mud, swamp or solid ground. It clammers up and down steep, slippery banks and takes to deep water like a boat—propelled from shore to shore by the movement of its wide, flexible, rubber-padded tracks.

Power plant of the Weasel is the brilliantly responsive 6-cylinder engine of the famous Stude-

baker Champion motor car—the automobile engine of advanced design that has provided civilian Champion drivers with astonishing gasoline mileage under peace as well as war conditions.

Studebaker proudly adds the versatile new Weasel personnel and cargo carrier to a list of Studebaker-built war equipment for our valiant fighting forces that includes heavy-duty Studebaker military trucks and Wright Cyclone engines for the famous Boeing Flying Fortress.

Awarded To All  Studebaker Plants

Studebaker
PEACETIME BUILDER OF FINE CARS AND TRUCKS

Wartime builder of Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress—heavy-duty Studebaker military trucks—Weasel personnel and cargo carriers



Your bonds help pay for every
Flying Fortress flight

Don't let up in buying War Bonds—they're your link with every man and woman in uniform—your promise that our America must and will stay strong.



Pityrosporum ovale, regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Does Your Scalp Look Like This Under a Microscope?

Above is shown the stubborn "bottle bacillus", known to science as Pityrosporum ovale, which means bran-like in texture and oval-shaped.

When infectious dandruff is present, vast numbers of this ugly little customer grow on scalp.

A great amount of research tends to confirm the opinion of many leading dermatologists that this stubborn invader is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

It is one of the first things hair specialists look for and, when accompanied by excess flakes and scales, is often evidence that infectious dandruff exists.



Get after Infectious Dandruff with Listerine Antiseptic Now!

Quick Germicidal Action Kills the "Bottle Bacillus" by millions, and Helps to Restore Scalp to Normal Condition.

If there's a telltale shower of excess flakes and scales when you comb your hair...take heed!

They can be evidence that a case of infectious dandruff is getting started and may be well on its way.

This is no time for "over-night" remedies that have no germ-killing power. The emergency calls for real germicidal action and massage—right now!

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Start immediately with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day, a tested treatment which has brought help to so many and which may bring help to you. Remember, this is the treatment that in clinical tests brought improvement, or complete relief, to 76% of dandruff sufferers in 30 days.

Listerine Antiseptic gets after the germs themselves. Kills literally millions of the threatening "bottle bacillus" before they can multiply further. Meantime those nasty flakes and scales that distress you so begin to disappear, and that painful itching is quickly relieved. Your scalp glows and tingles with a new feeling of health. Your hair feels wonderfully fresh. The treatment is as simple and easy as it is delightful.

You simply douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and follow with vigorous, rotary, fingertip massage for several minutes.

Thousands who are not troubled with infectious dandruff use Listerine Antiseptic as a precaution against it, making it a part of their usual hair-washing.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

the tested treatment



The TREATMENT

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic. **MEN:** Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.



Amazing new ink ends most pen troubles!

CONTAINS PEN-PROTECTING SOLV-X



Her pen was getting her quite vexed —
It clogged, it gummed, it acted hexed!



'Twas then she heard of Parker Quink
And tried this pen-protecting ink...



The solv-x in it cleaned her pen —
So Quink's the ink she'll buy again!

Every drop of Quink contains
solv-x — protects pens
4 ways:

1. Ends gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting—even flow.
2. Actually cleans your pen as it writes... keeps it out of the repair shop.
3. Dissolves, flushes away sediment left by ordinary inks.
4. Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot caused by high-acid inks.



Copr. 1945 by
The Parker Pen Company

Stop most pen troubles before they start—switch to protective Quink today. Quink is the only ink containing solv-x, yet it costs no more than ordinary inks! Brilliant, smooth-flowing, fast-drying. Perfect for every type of pen. 7 permanent colors. 2 washable. Regular size, 25¢. School size, 15¢. Also in pints and quarts. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS!

PARKER Quink
THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

PYLE FANS

Sirs:

Thank you for your splendid article on Ernie Pyle (LIFE, April 2). He's doing a splendid job and deserves all the praises you gave him.

MRS. R. B. BUSHNELL
St. Charles, Mo.

Sirs:

To show you that the State of New Mexico has shown its appreciation, House Bill No. 1, introduced by Representatives Joe A. Montoya and Mrs. Will Rogers of Albuquerque, N. Mex., designated Aug. 3 (Ernie's birthday) as Ernie Pyle Day. This bill was passed by the New Mexico House of Representatives on March 13, 1945 by a vote of 45 to 0.

God willing, the State of New Mexico and the nation await the safe return of our hero Ernie Pyle.

JOE B. GARCIA
Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Sirs:

LIFE is a well-known and widespread magazine which is read with enthusiasm in foreign countries as well as the U. S. Think of the impression any cultured person, foreign or otherwise, would get when reading those praising words on Ernie Pyle's internationally known belch, which was described to the minutest detail.... The author, Mr. Barnett, apparently thought it good taste to elaborate so glowingly about this vulgarism. A lowly Mexican peon would hang his head in shame for being famous for his belch. Foreigners will get a rather bad opinion of the manners of Americans if such an eminent man as Mr. Pyle takes pride in this detestable "feat." I know lots of Americans are disgusted also.

ADRIENNE DE PAREDES
Ithaca, N. Y.

• On the contrary, readers in parts of Russia, India, Arabia and Sweden will be pleased. To them a hearty belch is the highest compliment a guest can pay his host at the end of a fine dinner.—ED.

(continued on p. 4)

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LIFE
April 23, 1945

Volume 18
Number 17



UNFASTENING IT AUTOMATICALLY

— that was the
hard part

Uncle Sam put one of his toughest fastener problems up to us... How to get a chin-strap buckle to unfasten automatically so as to prevent any sudden helmet-raising blast from injuring the wearer.

The Army's new Chin Strap Release is the result. It was designed and developed by United-Carr engineers who started from scratch with nothing but their ingenuity to go on.

Now one of our most careful inspections makes sure that these buckles hold fast on a 12-pound pull; and let go automatically at 15 pounds. For within that narrow tolerance — as engineers say — may lie the difference between life and death.

United-Carr Fastener Corp., Cambridge 42, Mass.

DOT
FASTENERS



In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER



Cooking by radio tried out on string

A typical example of B.F. Goodrich improvement in tires

WHEN heating is done by "electronics" or radio waves, the oven itself is cool. Inside is an electrical field that alternates a million times a second. Articles inside this cool oven are heated internally. There's just as much heat down inside the article as at the surface (bread could be cooked without crust in an electronic oven).

B.F. Goodrich men are now applying this kind of cooking to spools of

rayon string to make better truck tires. With rayon cord, tires usually run cooler. But the rayon was hard to handle; it kinked and wouldn't lie straight while the tires were being built, unless held in place by cross threads or interlacing strands. In the finished tires those cross threads caused more heat and made them wear out faster.

Electronic heating or cooking "sets"

the twist; the cord lies straight, can be handled as easily as cotton cords. So B.F. Goodrich installed the equipment shown in the picture in its own cord mills, is making tires of rayon without any crossing strands. Each cord is completely surrounded by rubber; cords just can't touch each other.

No other tire manufacturer makes tires in this modern way with "weftless" rayon cord, as it's called. It's especially important with synthetic rubber because synthetics get hotter than

natural rubber. It's just one more step in the B.F. Goodrich program of constant improvement in every type of tire and every other rubber product. It's a policy that brings you more value in tires whether they're for auto, truck, airplane, farm implement or any other use. *The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
Truck & Bus Tires

eenie...

SOMEBODY'S BABIES—but whose? It's hard to tell, when your eyes are overtaxed by the strains of modern living—by glare and longer hours, by the greater demands every day makes on vision. Must you strain to see?

...meenie

UTTER CONFUSION! Tired eyes sometimes trick you into seeing double. And the longer you neglect them, the more insistent and uncomfortable their desperate warning signals become. Find time to have your eyes examined *regularly!*

...minie, mo

..Which one looks like **you?**

NOW YOU KNOW what a thrill it is to see with eyes that are always clear, keen, comfortable. To keep your eyes that way, take advantage of the skills and services of the Optometrist, Ophthalmologist, Dispensing Optician in your community. *Better vision means better living.*

R... Professionally prescribed when needed to make seeing more comfortable.

Soft-Lite Lenses

... Tone down harsh light, reduce overbrightness
Slightly flesh-toned... less conspicuous... better looking
There is only one Soft-Lite—identified by this certificate

SOFT-LITE LENS COMPANY, INC.
NEW YORK • TORONTO • LONDON

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

CHRISTIANITY AND CREEDS

Sirs:

I was so glad to see your editorial "Christianity and Creeds" in LIFE, April 2. This is a subject that needs much airing. There is nothing wrong about investigating the truth of traditional beliefs. In this scientific age it is imperative that it be done for the purpose of intellectual enlightenment so essential to future progress . . .

MRS. STEWART M. DODD
Mena, Ark.

Sirs:

With great pleasure and encouragement I have just finished reading your exceptionally fine editorial, "Christianity and Creeds." Your editorials on the Christian religion are doing more for the Holy Catholic Church throughout the world than all the official church magazines combined . . .

REV. MILES W. RENEAR
Neligh, Neb.

WAR CEMETERY

Sirs:

The April 2 issue of LIFE included an excellent article and photographs entitled "War Cemetery." However, no mention is made of the Quartermaster Corps which is responsible for the supervision of the collection, identification and burial of the dead, collection and disposition of personal effects, location and registration of battlefield graves and cemeteries.

Quartermaster Graves Registration Units overseas are doing a great job, important enough to include familiarization of this type of unglamorous work in the program of the Quartermaster School. We of the school's faculty feel that credit should definitely be given to the branch of service concerned.

LIEUT. JOSEPH L. RATKE
Camp Lee, Va.

SUB DEBS

Sirs:

That article on clubs was really hep. All the kids in my club were thrilled at the swell story. We'll probably paste it in our annals for posterity.

JEANNINE KEHL
President of the ? Club

Sirs:

Rodger, Gates, now you're cooking on the front burner. I believe I think as most teen-agers do when I classify your article as "all reet."

PETE BEMENT
Asheville, N.C.

Sirs:

... pretty solid.

ESTHER HANDLEMAN
Penn Yan, N.Y.

Sirs:

LIFE has erred in confining its essay to Indianapolis, thereby slighting Minneapolis. The members of girls' clubs in our city are by far the nicest, prettiest and the most fun in the U.S.

TOM BARNES
Minneapolis, Minn.

Sirs:

How amazing! I never realized that sub-deb clubs were so widespread. I didn't know they existed outside of Yonkers . . .

JOAN BOODEY
Yonkers, N.Y.

Sirs:

Sub-Deb and Squire Clubs are quite popular in Ohio, too . . .

MARTY HUEBNER
Elyria, Ohio

INSIDE Paramount

Published Here Every 4 Weeks



ALAN LADD

is gunning for trouble again!

For the first time since his screen return, he's got the kind of role you love and the kind that made him an overnight sensation. • • •

He's living and loving the Ladd way, as

"SALTY O'ROURKE"

... the king gambler in the sport of kings! • • •

He proves he's master over a man-killing horse, and tames the toughest kid who ever booted home a winner. • • •



The kid is "Stash" Clements, whom you saw as the riotous roughneck of "Going My Way." • • •

And Laddie gets that look in his eye when he falls for sultry Gail Russell . . . who's got stars in her eyes! • • •



From then on it's guns, girls and the galloping gee-gees, with William Demarest (Papa Kockenlocker of "Morgan's Creek") getting a new "Conquering Hero" to hail! • • •

While you're enjoying all those thrills of big time racing that you can't see now in real life. • • •

Ace Director Raoul Walsh has fashioned a tense, mile-a-minute drama that takes the lid off race track gambling and a syndicate of killers who make it their business. • • •

If you go for sure things, you'll surely go for Alan Ladd as "SALTY O'ROURKE." • • •

And that's a hot tip from

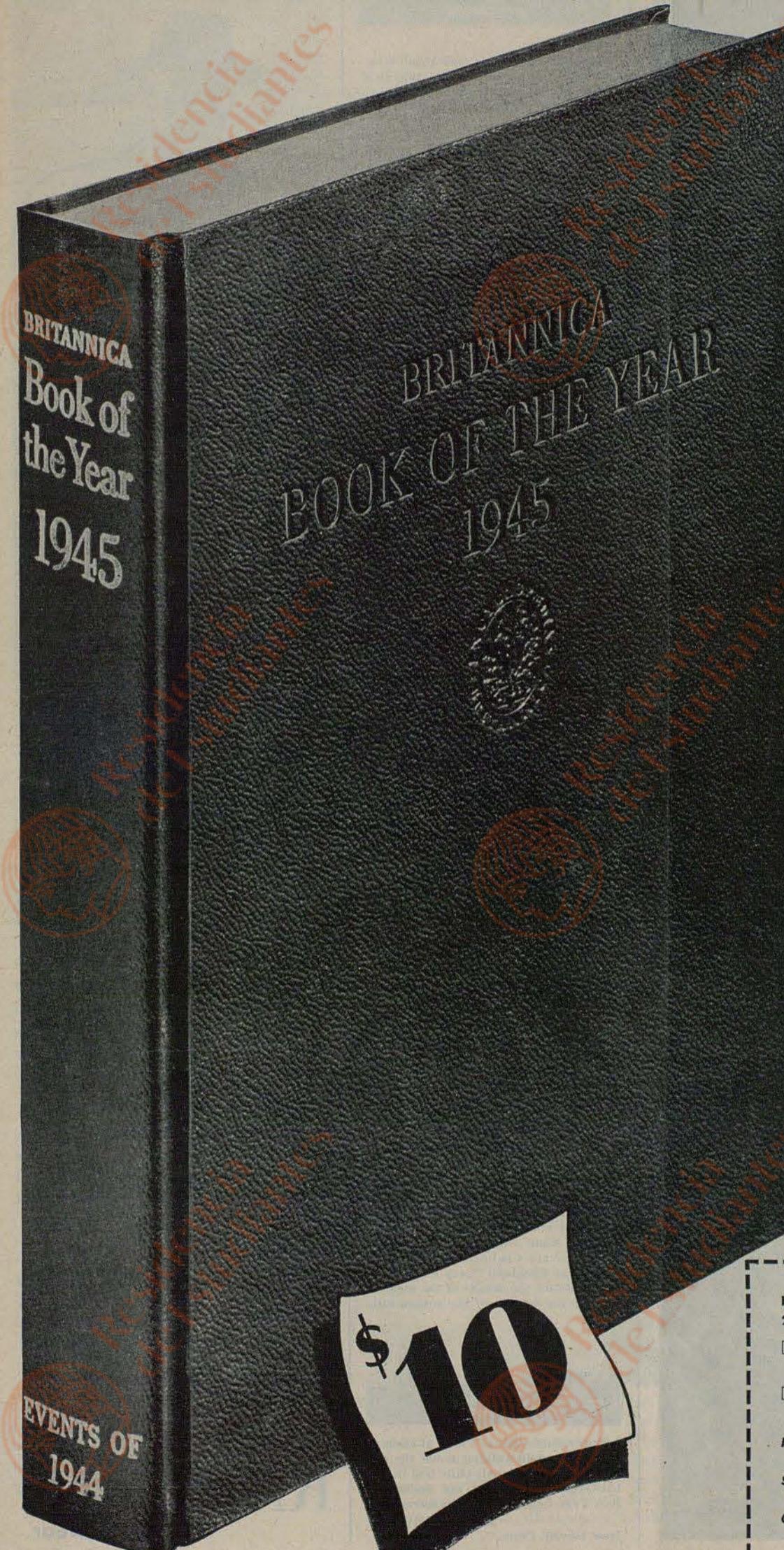
Paramount Pictures

The World's Most Honored Film Company!

(continued on p. 6)

FOR YOU *HISTORY'S GREATEST YEAR*

IN ONE BEAUTIFUL BOOK



Your life, and your children's, were profoundly influenced by the great events of 1944, the year that set the direction of world progress for decades to come.

Now you may own the authoritative record of that fateful year, in one handsome BOOK of the YEAR, created and published by world-famous Encyclopaedia Britannica . . . a volume you will cherish for a lifetime . . . a gift you may give proudly.

832 pages . . . 400 historical photographs and drawings (including the three outstanding news photos of the year) . . . more than a million words by more than 500 of the world's leading authorities in every field. This is the story of 1944 in politics, labor, business, religion, medicine, education, science, art, and of the stirring victories of the United Nations that turned the course of the war.

We urge you to use the coupon below promptly. We were unable to fill many late orders for last year's book. Price \$10 per copy.

Britannica BOOK of the YEAR is a vital, timely member of the world-famous Britannica family . . . Encyclopaedia Britannica, Britannica Junior for children, the Encyclopaedia Britannica World Atlas, and Encyclopaedia Britannica Films.

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It puts a new light on things when you discover the coolness of Munsingwear sleepers like these abbreviated p.j.'s. Of breeze-light knitted rayon, they give such a feeling of long-legged freedom...look so mint-fresh in their gay fabric patterns. And you know all this will last through many a moon because it's Munsingwear. At better stores everywhere.

MUNSINGWEAR

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Underwear • Sleeping-and-Lounging Wear • Foundation Garments • Hosiery

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Sirs:

Our girls' club was very much interested in your account of the Ohio girls' clubs. We have them up here, too.

GLADYS ATWOOD
Boston, Mass.

• The article was about girls' clubs in Indianapolis—Indianapolis, Indiana.—ED.

Sirs:

... And as for your cover, Huba, Huba, Huba!

ROBERT HOEBEE
Waldwick, N. J.

Sirs:

The young lady whose picture appeared on the cover of the April 2 issue has been chosen the Sweetheart of Flight 466, Squadron U, "Fighting 54th," AAFBTU, Keesler Field, Mississippi. . . .

FLIGHT 466
Keesler Field, Miss.



SWEETHEART OF FLIGHT 466

Sirs:

As a 16-year-old Hi-Y member I think it is bad for Joan Geisendorf to go steady at her age. "Gruesome Twosome" certainly is the right word for it. All "smart" girls at that age are getting around and seeing different boys—me for instance.

ROBERT McBURNEY

• For the benefit of its older readers LIFE has done some research on the meaning of the patois of LIFE's sub-deb letter writers. "Hep," "all reet" and "cooking on the front burner" seem to signify the same thing, i.e., an expression of compliment. "Huba, Huba, Huba!" evidently denotes more enthusiastic approval. "Gruesome twosome," not so violent as it appears to be, carries a mild connotation of disapproval. "Rodger," or "Roger," is borrowed from Air Forces intercommunication language and is best translated as "Okay." "Gates" is a universal salutation.—ED.

SEA GULLS AND SAILS

Sirs:

In your article concerning the Kennebunkport mural (LIFE, April 2) you say that some people might not think Gordon Grant's painting is artistically as good as Elizabeth Tracy's.

Just notice the details of the scene. I can feel the texture of the square sails



with my finger tips as I look at them. I can feel myself walking down the old gangplank on the half-built hull in the background, feeling it sag under my feet. I can hear the sea gulls screaming.

JAMES HOUSE
New Haven, Conn.

topcoat smartness
plus
showerproof protection



buy war bonds first

smart as a topcoat, and ready for rain

In a Rainfair you're dressed for the day, whether it brings sunshine or showers. And well-dressed, too. For every Rainfair gives you raincoat protection...plus the smartness of a fine topcoat. Choose your Rainfair from the spring models available at better stores everywhere.

Grafton...\$11.50 Topcoat style in long-wearing, showerproofed gabardine. Carefully tailored raglan shoulders, seams, fly front. Collar buttons neatly at neck for full protection. Three smart colors: fawn, light olive, taupe.

FREE BOOKLET... How to make your raincoat last...our new free booklet gives you detailed instructions, and illustrates the latest Rainfair styles. Write for it...and for the name of your nearest dealer...today!

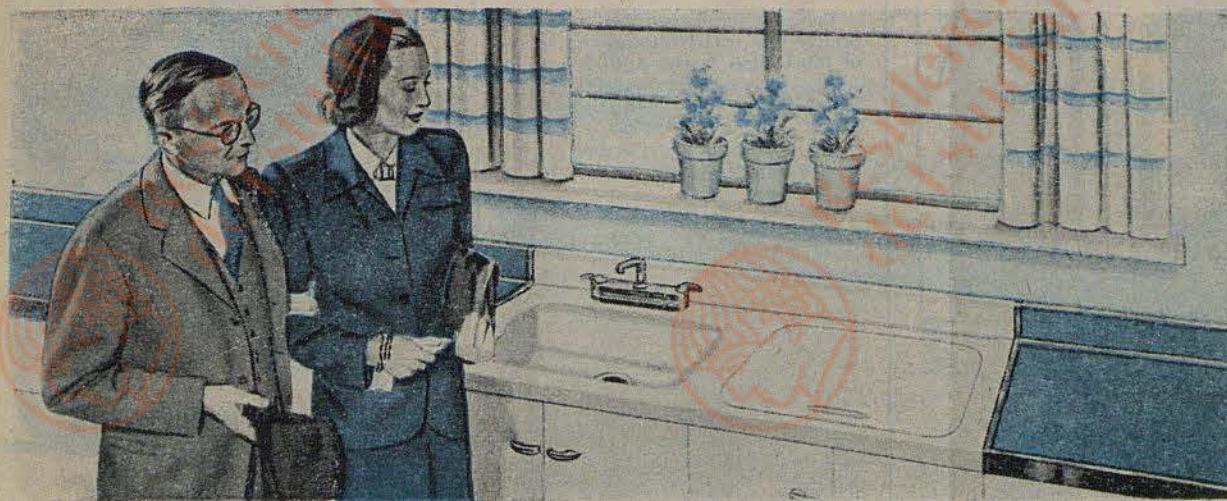
Watch for Rainfair's V-Seald and Zephyr Plastic-Coated Rainwear

RAINFAR, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin

RAINFAR
rainwear

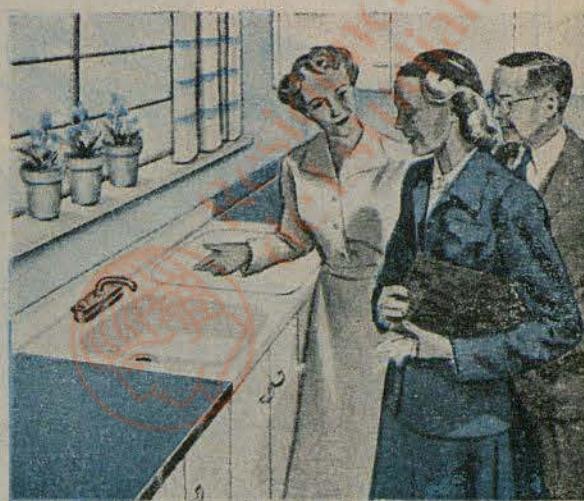
(continued on p. 8)

MR. AND MRS. TED GARRETT MEET AMAZING NEW G-E ELECTRIC WORK-SAVERS!

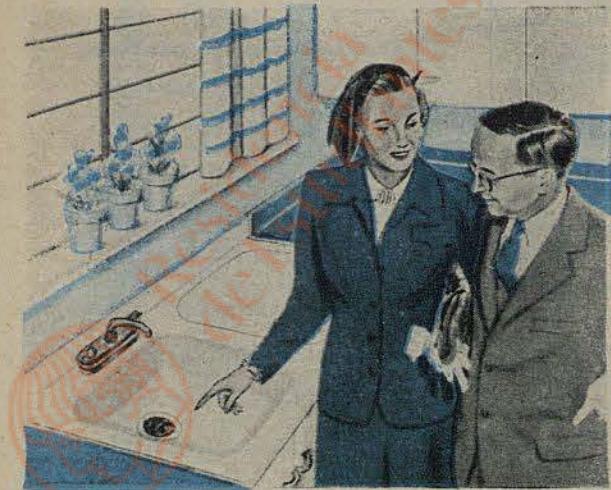


"We've just seen the most amazing thing!" says Mrs. Garrett of New York City, after a preview of General Electric's postwar All-Electric Kitchen. "G. E. has a new *completely automatic* Dishwasher which washes and dries a whole day's dishes in only a few minutes!"

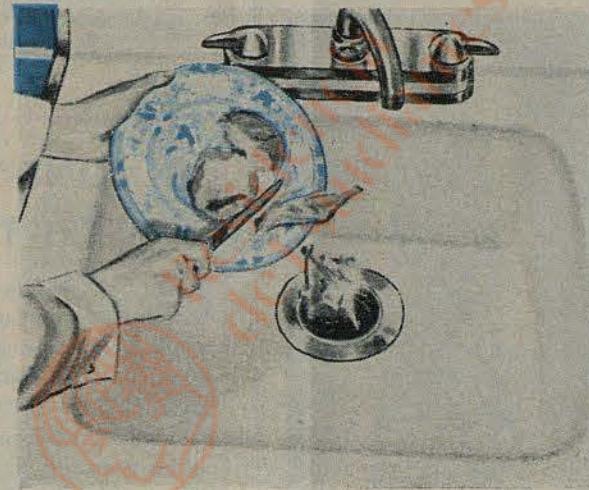
And it's teamed up with the G-E Disposall which disposes of garbage *electrically!* Of course, you'll be able to buy the G-E Dishwasher and G-E Disposall separately—after the war. But it's *together* that they do the most efficient time-saving, work-saving job!



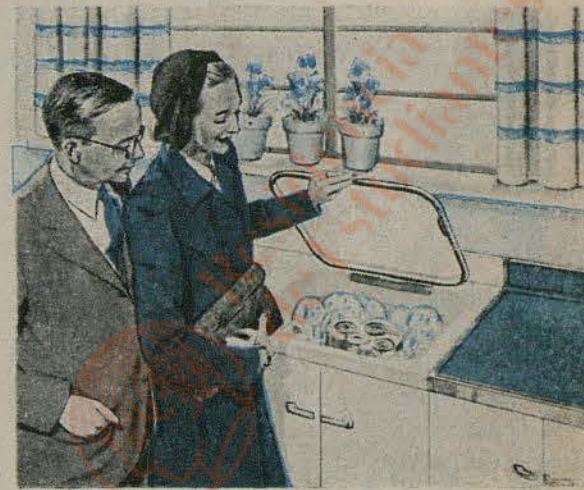
"Imagine an electrical appliance that shreds and flushes away food waste in a flash! Why, even *bones* disappear down the new G-E Disposall—just like magic! You just can't believe it until you see it right before your eyes!"



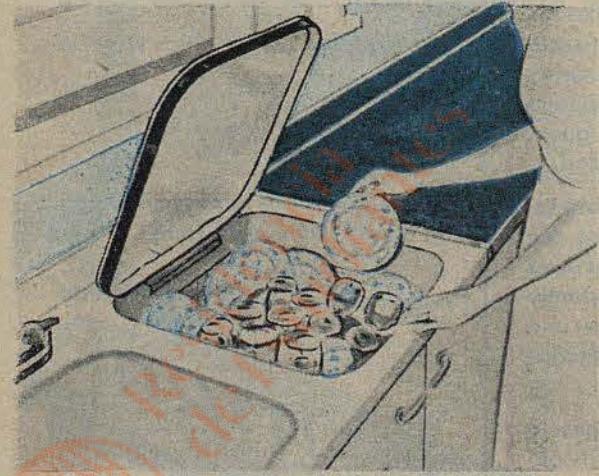
"This is the Disposall. A self-cleaning electrical drain that fits into almost any kitchen sink. Just scrape the food waste off the plates and down the Disposall, turn the cover—whirr! It's gone!"



"Think of what that means! A completely sanitary kitchen at last! No more garbage cans. And no more stormy-weather trips to the backyard with a load of drippy garbage."



"And this is the new G-E Dishwasher which cuts dish-washing time in three! Small families will wash dishes *only once a day*, because the automatic G-E Dishwasher will hold a day's dishes all at one time!"



"Put in dishes, silver, glass, turn a handle, that's that. Go to the movies, walk the baby. Everything will be automatically washed sparkling clean, rinsed thoroughly, dried to a high sparkle . . . *much, much cleaner than by human hand!*"



"The lucky people who got G-E Dishwashers before the war say their dish-breakage has gone down to almost zero. And think of it—no more hands in dishwater! Yes, the one thing I want most after the war is a G-E Electric Sink!" General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.



**Dishwasher
and
Disposall**

For the complete table-to-shelf dish job

GENERAL ELECTRIC

TUNE IN: "The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., E. W. T., CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E. W. T., NBC. "The World Today," news, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p. m., E. W. T., CBS.

FOR VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS

MENNEN BETS

2 to 1 ON YOUR NEXT SHAVE

LEARN HOW TO
WIN BETTER SHAVES
FOR THE REST
OF YOUR LIFE!



MENNEN BETS 2 to 1 on their famous shave creams. A bet that you can't possibly lose! Either you prefer Mennen Shave Cream to your present brand—or you get a handsome necktie for which we actually pay \$1.

MENNEN BETS that you'll get extra comfort and the smoothest, slickest shave of your life! A cleaner shave that keeps you presentable longer. We'll take your word for the results you see in the mirror, sir!



MENNEN BETS you'll win better shaves for life...or simply mail us the empty carton with a letter of explanation and we'll send you the necktie. Accept this sensational 2 to 1 bet today. Get your choice of Mennen Shave Cream—Lather or Brushless!

Bet expires June 23, 1945



MENNEN Shave Cream

- Lather Shave (Plain)
- Lather Shave (Menthol-Iced)
- Brushless (Tube or Jar)



For a Luxury-Finish after a Perfect Mennen Shave... COOL... SOOTHE... PROTECT Your Skin with MENNEN SKIN BALM.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

MISS JANET BLAIR

Sirs:

You abandoned good taste when you printed that utterly disgraceful picture of Janet Blair in the April 2 issue of LIFE, especially in connection with such a worthy cause as the United National Clothing Collection.

My opinion of your action in this matter is best expressed by one word—disgusting.

JOHN C. HARNED
Deerfield, Mass.



DISGUSTING? OSCARWORTHY?

Sirs:

An Oscar, or a couple of them, to LIFE and Photographer Martha Holmes for the picture of Janet Blair . . .

B. B. WILLIAMS
Roanoke, Va.

NO ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTIONS

Because it will be some time before paper supplies and printing capacity can be substantially increased—and because LIFE's war-limited supplies and press capacity cannot be stretched any further—LIFE cannot possibly print enough copies to supply all who want subscriptions.

New subscriptions have been—and will continue to be—deferred for as much as three months until places on the subscription roll are available. But this necessary delay has not reduced the demand for subscriptions to the quantity that can be produced.

Therefore, to limit subscriptions to the number that can be supplied and serviced each week, LIFE is reluctantly forced to refuse both new and renewal one-year subscriptions.

By this step LIFE hopes to protect the interests of its old friends . . . make sure that there will be enough copies for those who know LIFE best and want LIFE enough to subscribe for two years at \$8.50 or three years at \$12.50.



once again
you can get

IMRA

the odorless, painless,
cosmetic depilatory

Once again IMRA* is available to smart women. Here is the sweet way to keep your arms, legs and under-arms smooth and completely feminine—free of unwanted hair. Odorless, painless IMRA creams hair off in just a few minutes. No razor nicks, no ugly razor bristle. Just smooth it on. Later rinse it off. Get IMRA today...the exquisite cosmetic way to defuzz. In tube or jar, 2 1/2 oz. 65c (plus Federal Tax).

At fine department
and drug stores

BUY WAR BONDS

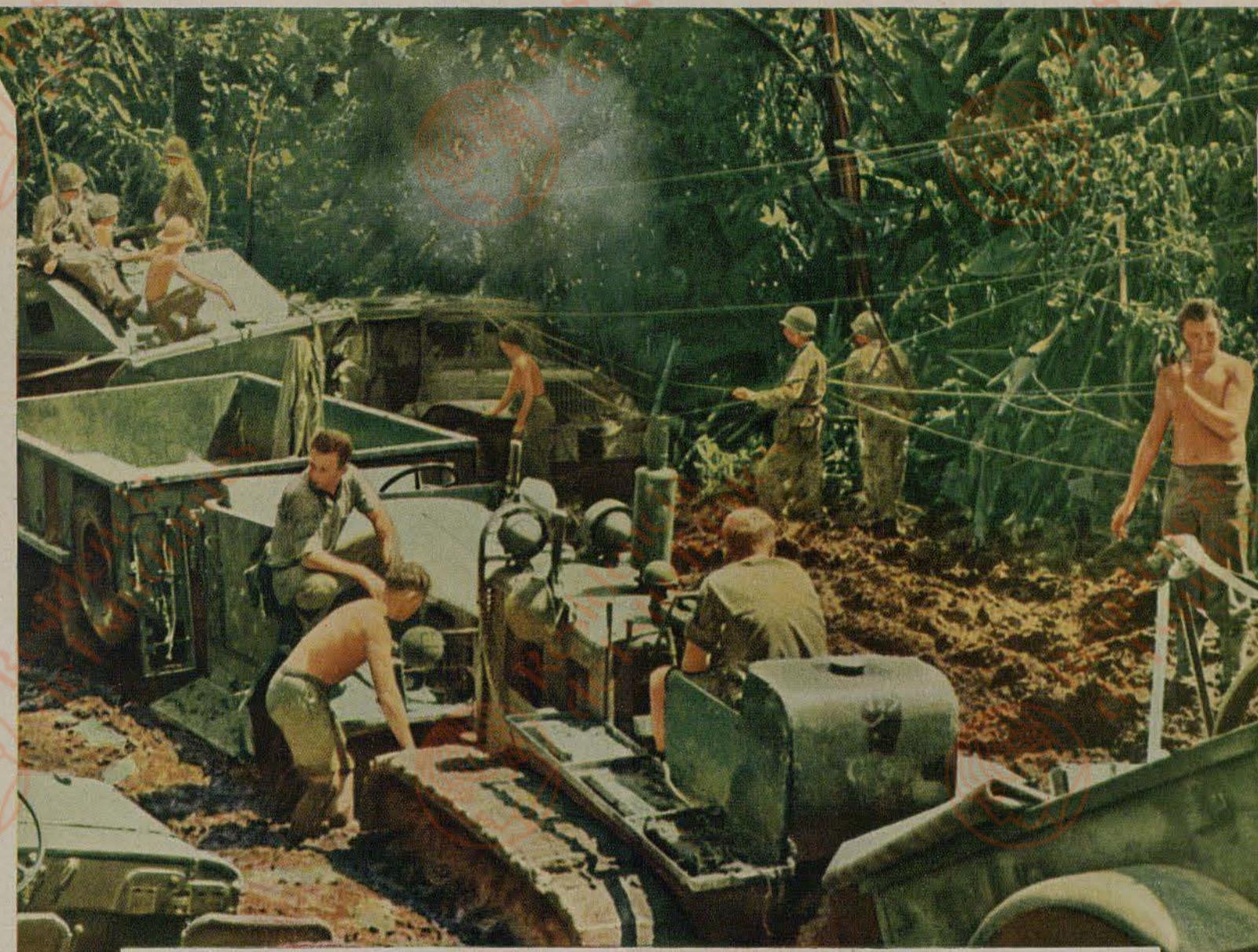
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
U. S. Pat. Pending



ARTRA COSMETICS, INC.
Bloomfield, N. J.

Protect Your Car for Summer the Army Way—

WITH QUALITY LUBRICANTS—
REGULAR SCIENTIFIC SERVICE



Get Complete Mobilubrication Now!

Ever wonder how our motorized equipment can stand up under today's brutal combat conditions?...

Give a lot of credit to the U. S. Army experts who've made machine maintenance a science—with highest quality lubricants and regular, systematic service.

This spring—more than ever—your *older car* needs the same scientific protection. See your Mobilgas dealer for complete Mobilubrication.

Have him replace dirty winter oil with the world's largest-selling motor oil, *Mobiloil*...protect chassis parts with special Summer Mobilgreases...protect gears...remove winter rust and scale from your radiator. He'll also check spark plugs, air cleaner and many other parts...give you a car that not only lasts longer but uses less gas. Older cars need better care and *get it* at Mobilgas dealers!

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night of Serenity

Day is easily endured. But in the darkness of the night, the lonely heart wants comforting. Restlessly it seeks assurance from the stars, an omen from the moon. Asks one moment of serenity . . . unspoiled by disillusion . . . in which to dream anew.

Music provides this tranquil interlude in happiest form. That is why, when night falls, the Capehart or the Farnsworth becomes the center of the home. Interpreting, eloquently, music's deepest message,

these great instruments bring an evening of release, of magic-touched beauty, to all who hear their voice.

If you are one who has yet to know that pleasure, a rich experience is coming. Coming when the Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation presents the glorious phonograph-radios and radios so eagerly anticipated during these war years.

Created by men with a heritage of outstanding achievements in musical reproduction, these

planned-for finer Capeharts and reasonably priced Farnsworths will reflect new advances in electronic engineering . . . in fuller tone . . . in FM reception . . . in faithful record-changers. Even television will one day be available to you.

Ahead, too, are cabinet styles and sizes in a rich selection. Each of quality unsurpassed . . . whether its cost be moderate or precious. Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Ind.



Beethoven's beloved "MOONLIGHT SONATA" inspired artist Bernard Lamotte . . . as it did the critic who christened the composition with its present name . . . to envision an Old World lake in which the silver moon watches its lengthened reflection cast a pathway across the waters. A scene tinged with melancholy, for the moon, too, stands sentinel over ruined towers where troubadours once sang to ladies fair. Portfolios of reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal cost from your Capehart dealer, or Capehart Division, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.



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THE FARNSWORTH**

Television · Radio · Phonographs

FARNSWORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION

LIFE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF..... Henry R. Luce
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EDITORIAL DIRECTOR, John Shaw Billings



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LIFE'S COVER

Harry S. Truman, 33rd President of the U. S., was born in Lamar, Mo. on May 8, 1884, son of a farmer. An artillery captain in World War I, he fought in St. Mihiel and the Argonne. After serving as county judge, he was elected to the Senate in 1934. He is the first Missourian ever to become a Chief Executive, the seventh vice president to be elected by a death in the White House. He will serve without a vice president. This portrait of him was made by Yousuf Karsh.

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2. Apply *BAND-AID, the ready-made adhesive bandage preferred by so many doctors that 8 out of 10 specify it when recommending such a bandage! (From 1944 doctors' survey.)



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Band-Aid is the registered Trade-mark of the adhesive bandage made exclusively by Johnson & Johnson.

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The limit of value in work clothes! For a quarter century BIG YANK has stood for all that's good in fabrics and workmanship.

The shirts have Reliance patented elbow-action safety sleeves, strain proof yoke and convenient watch or cigarette pocket.

Better stores everywhere feature Big Yanks as often as our military obligations permit civilian shipments.

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SPEAKING OF PICTURES

... NEW YORK CITY'S "MISS SUBWAYS" IS 4 YEARS OLD

MEET MISS SUBWAYS

November 1941

Muriel Schott is changing her name to Suzanne Saunders. A Brooklyn girl, Madison High graduate, with secretarial training, hopes to become a successful model, get a Hollywood screen test. Loves to swim, play handball.

John Robert Powers
247 Park Avenue



MEET MISS SUBWAYS

October 1941

Helen Borgia has earned her law degree at Fordham—hopes to practice Law. Lives on Riverside Drive—subways regularly. Says her brothers are much better looking, likes to cook—wear distinctive hats.

John Robert Powers
247 Park Avenue

P. S. Miss Borgia shares honors this month with another (look around the car) local beauty. I'd appreciate your comments as to my selections.

MEET MISS SUBWAYS

APRIL 1945

LOVELY RITA CUDDY
Blue-eyed Rita is a Junior at the College of Mount St. Vincent. She majors in biology, and hopes to be an oculist.

John Robert Powers
247 PARK AVENUE
PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. A. Russo



MEET MISS SUBWAYS

AUGUST 1944

LOVELY Mary Radchuck
Russian by birth, Mary has a throaty voice and blue eyes. This Queens College co-ed has charm, beauty and brains. She's studying to be an interpreter.

John Robert Powers
247 PARK AVENUE
PHOTOGRAPHED BY Muky

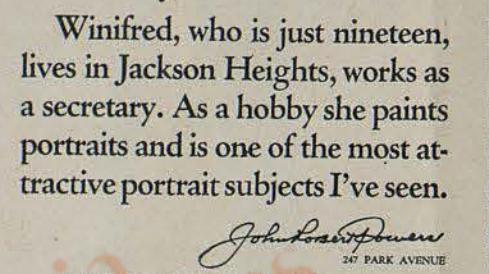


MEET MISS SUBWAYS

Petite Winifred McAleer

Winifred, who is just nineteen, lives in Jackson Heights, works as a secretary. As a hobby she paints portraits and is one of the most attractive portrait subjects I've seen.

John Robert Powers
247 PARK AVENUE
PHOTOGRAPHED BY Muky



MEET MISS SUBWAYS

Lovely Eileen Henry

A Sophomore at Brooklyn College, Eileen wants to be a radio director. You'll find her in Madison Square Garden at almost every basketball game. She admits she's a jitterbug and loves spaghetti.

John Robert Powers
247 PARK AVENUE
PHOTOGRAPHED BY Muky



MEET MISS SUBWAYS

AUGUST, 1943

She's just 5 ft. tall and 22. Her ambition—to own a horse farm. Spencer Tracy her rave. Is receptionist at United Yugoslav Relief Fund.

John Robert Powers
247 Park Avenue



MEET MISS SUBWAYS

JUNE, 1943

Five feet two, eyes blue-green, this young secretary is a Brooklynite. Likes Chinese food. Admires Navy men. Confesses her pet extravagance is phonograph records—especially Frank Sinatra's.

John Robert Powers
247 Park Avenue
PHOTOGRAPHED BY Muky



The 16 girls shown on these pages are all New Yorkers who have achieved the local glory of being "Miss Subways" for a whole month. Each of them competed against an average of 250 other New Yorkers and was finally selected by John Robert Powers, who runs the big Powers' model agency. Each winner had her picture posted in New York's subway cars for a

month and, according to Elmo Roper, was stared at by 5,638,800 people, half of whom saw her twice a day.

The Miss Subways campaign, which is 4 years old this month, is a publicity stunt dreamed up by the New York Subways Advertising Company to help attract the subway riders' attention to the paid advertising in the car. It has also helped a few of the winning

Miss Subways to become successful models. It has even landed a few in Hollywood. The only substantial movie success has been Mona Freeman (bottom) who was the second Miss Subways and who has since appeared in four movie parts. But most of the real Miss Subways are still riding New York subways. For what happened to a make-believe Miss Subways, turn the page.

MEET MISS SUBWAYS

August '42

Rosemary subways from Manhattan, to her job at the Sperry Gyroscope plant. Studied ballet, but feels her war work the most important thing now. Her ambition: to have a trailer and roam the U.S.—after Victory.

John Robert Powers
247 Park Avenue



MEET MISS SUBWAYS

June '42

Dorothea lives in Manhattan and celebrates her first wedding anniversary this month. She serves as a volunteer worker for the O.E.M. and writes short stories—but says being a housewife is the greatest career in the world.

John Robert Powers
247 Park Avenue

MEET MISS SUBWAYS

JULY 1944

GRACEFUL Peggy Healy
Peg lives in the Bronx. She was chosen Pin-Up Girl of the defense plant where she works as a payroll clerk. She's tall, dark and delightful.

John Robert Powers
247 PARK AVENUE
PHOTOGRAPHED BY Muky



MEET MISS SUBWAYS

November '42

Assistant buyer in a Manhattan department store. Cecile's big interests are her job and the Navy. Enthusiastically okays sailing, skiing, Mozart and Katharine Hepburn. Ambition—to be a buyer.

John Robert Powers
247 Park Avenue

Glamorous New Yorker
CECILE WOODLEY
AS PHOTOGRAPHED BY VICTOR KEPPLER

MEET MISS SUBWAYS

FEBRUARY, 1944

Attractive Joan Cashman
Joan says she's a chatterbox and doodler. Loves cold weather, bowling, Ann Sheridan and being told she looks like her. Saw 32 shows within 2 years.

John Robert Powers
247 PARK AVENUE
PHOTOGRAPHED BY Muky



MEET MISS SUBWAYS

March '42

Famous photographer Keppler predicts a great future in modeling, theatre or movies for this Tilden High senior. Elaine is an IRT traveler. Likes the rhumba, Katharine Cornell and men who dance well. Elaine sells Defense Bonds in her spare time. She sold me.

John Robert Powers
247 Park Avenue



MEET MISS SUBWAYS

December '41

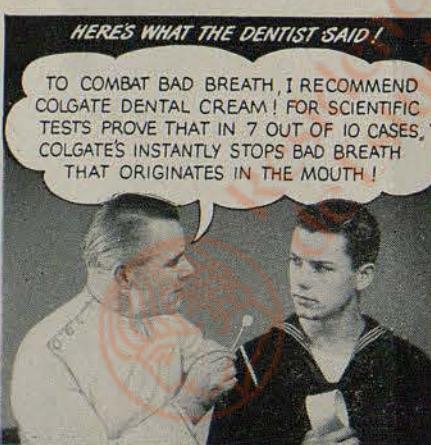
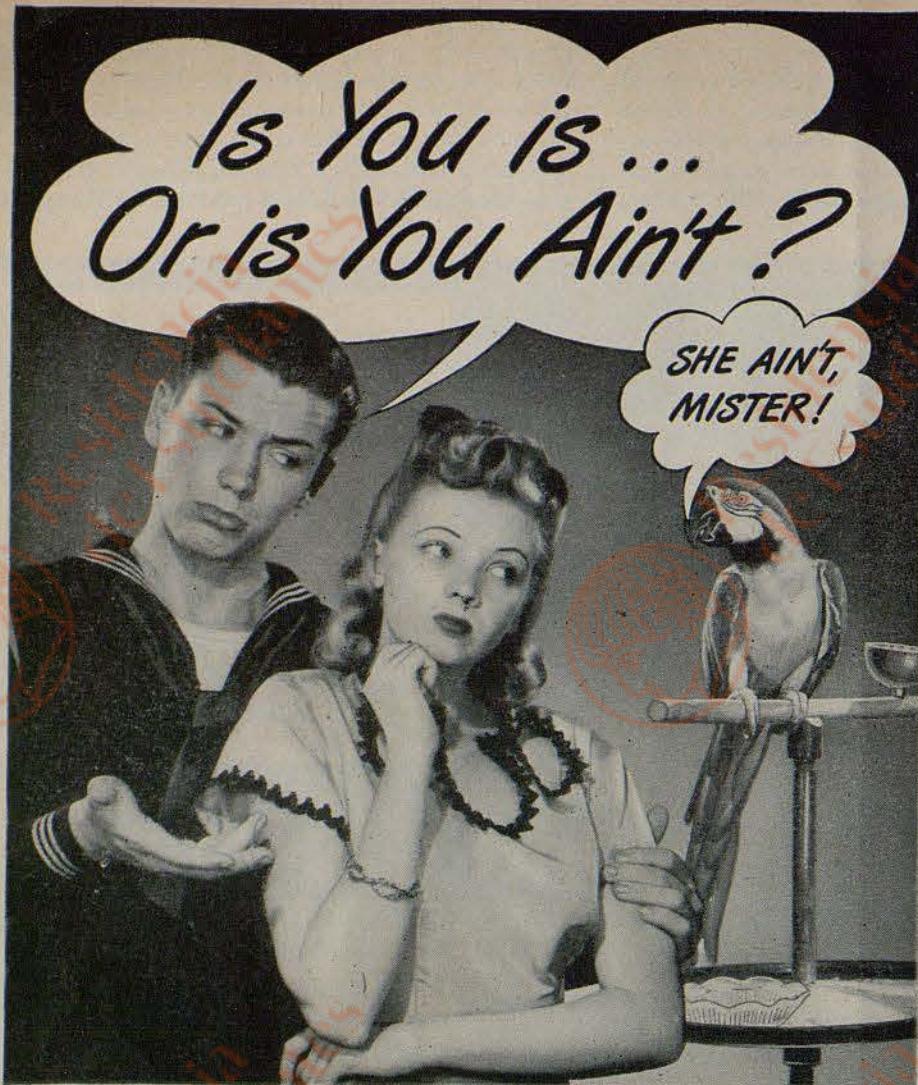
Ruth Ericsson manicures at the Waldorf. Born in Sweden, Miss Ericsson was graduated from P.S. 69 and Bronx Industrial High School.

Each month Mr. Powers selects Miss Subways from among those who use the greatest transportation system in the world. Look around this car. Next month's selection may be riding with you.

John Robert Powers
247 Park Avenue

Lovely New Yorker
RUTH ERICSSON





Tune In! KAY KYSER Wednesday Night—NBC Network

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

CONTINUED

STAGE MISS SUBWAYS SUCCEEDS

The big Miss Subways success involves none of the real ones shown on the previous pages but a fictitious one called "Miss Turnstiles," who is the heroine of musical comedy *On the Town* (LIFE, Jan. 15). Miss Turnstiles is played by Sono Osato, who has played only one previous Broadway role. Miss Turnstiles has thrust Miss Osato overnight into stardom, big money.

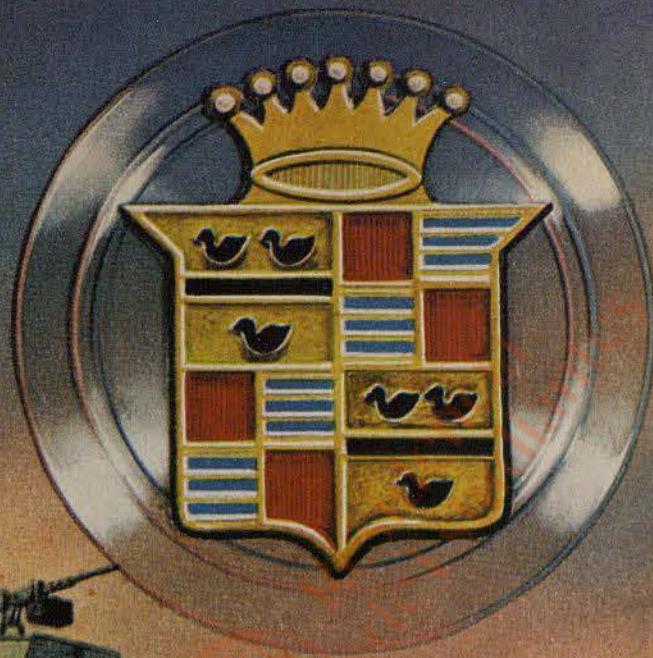


As Miss Turnstiles Sono Osato burlesques the Miss Subways campaign, is pursued throughout play by a sailor who has fallen in love with her picture in the subway.



As a glamour girl she appears constantly in fashion magazines, a sure sign of stage success. This April 15 *Vogue* color portrait is one of finest fashion pictures of year.

Cadillac



Imprint of Cadillac Power!

Deep in German mud, this M-24 has left its imprint of Cadillac power. For, like more than 10,000 tanks that have gone before it, the M-24 is powered by two Cadillac V-type engines, driving through two Cadillac Hydra-Matic transmissions.

It is no longer a secret that tanks built and powered by Cadillac have long been laying tracks to Victory in every battle sector of the globe. For, with the help of Army

Ordnance Engineers, we started building tanks for Army use more than 3 years ago. We have been steadily at it ever since.

The success of the Cadillac V-type engine and Hydra-Matic transmission in powering tanks—the ease with which these power units were adapted to tank use—and their inherent ability to bring a new degree of maneuverability to tank warfare—are all conclusive evidence of their fundamental soundness of design.

Abnormal wartime use has subjected both engine and transmission to tests never encountered in civilian service. As a result, they have been improved in many ways.



BUY MORE

WAR BONDS

KEEP WHAT YOU HAVE

Every Sunday Afternoon . . . GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

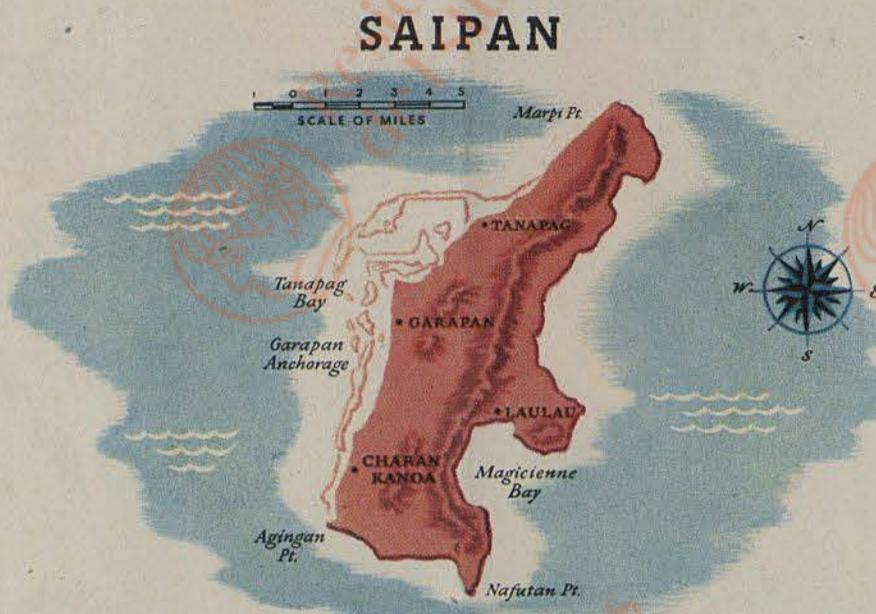
CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION



GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



This tiny dot in the Pacific...



has more communications equipment than a city of 190,000 people!

The little island of Saipan today has communications facilities greater than those of Hartford, Connecticut.

Without this vast array of telephone, teletype and radio apparatus—much of it made by Western Electric—Saipan could not play its key part as an army, navy and air base in the great drive our fighting forces are making toward Tokyo.

When you realize that Saipan is only *one small island*—and that many more bases must be taken and similarly developed—you get some idea of the job still ahead.

In peacetime Western Electric makes your Bell telephone equipment. Today its manpower and manufacturing facilities are devoted to meeting our fighters' increased needs. That's why there is not enough telephone equipment to take care of all civilian requirements.

To speed final Victory, buy all the War Bonds you can—and keep them!

Western Electric

IN PEACE...SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM.
IN WAR...ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.

TELEPHONES are everywhere on Saipan, to provide instant communications throughout this island base.



SWITCHBOARDS serving air fields, naval bases and army establishments speed vital reports and orders.



CABLE, much of it plowed underground, and open wire lines provide thousands of miles of telephone circuits.



RADIO equipment of many kinds keeps Saipan in touch with Washington, Hawaii, other islands, ships and planes.

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LIFE'S PICTURES

Yousuf Karsh of Ottawa, Canada, took the portraits of the men around the late President Roosevelt in LIFE's retrospective essay on pages 73 to 81, a monumental portrait gallery for LIFE of prominent men throughout the Roosevelt administrations. With an appointment often for no more than 15 minutes, Karsh spent long hours in preparation for every portrait, even to the point of digging out facts about a subject beforehand in order to start conversation. During such animated talks he caught characteristic poses of these historic figures of our time.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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41—MARIE HANSEN	

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That's where you walk, when you wear Yardley English Lavender! So airy-light, so irresistible . . . it's a scent that carries you to cobble lanes, leaf-dappled country roads . . . and carries those about you quite away as well!

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Yardley English Lavender Soap, box of 3 tablets, \$1
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EVEN A

Princess in Pigtails

NEEDS SEE-ABILITY



Her eyes are a precious heritage. Nature gave them to her for *daylight* seeing. Yet every child must read,



write, and do other close tasks under *artificial* light. That's why all indoor seeing

jobs need well-diffused, glareless, abundant light.

Why let a child go without enough light when you can fill every socket with bright, long-lasting

Westinghouse bulbs? You can get the 25, 40 and 60 watt sizes for 10¢—and the big

100 watt size is only 15¢. So for better

See-ability, better buy Westinghouse bulbs ... right away. And for your free, illustrated copy of "The Lighter Side of Life" the *modern* lighting booklet—send at once to Dept. F-3, Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.,

Bloomfield, New Jersey.

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OFFICES EVERYWHERE

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MAZDA

WESTINGHOUSE PRESENTS John Charles Thomas • Sundays 2:30 E. W. T. N. B. C. • Ted Malone • Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, 8:00 P. M. E. W. T., Blue Network.



PEOPLE WILL REMEMBER ROOSEVELT FOR HIS SMILE. THIS PORTRAIT WAS MADE NOVEMBER 1944

ROOSEVELT'S DEATH

The President went to Warm Springs to get in shape for the San Francisco Conference. There the air was soft, the sun warm. By day he went for drives through the green forests. At night he slept in the "Little White House," a frame cottage atop Pine Mountain.

Friends who were with him watched for the ruddy glow of health to come back to his cheeks. At Warm Springs they had always seen it come before. But this time, though he picked up a slight tan, his face stayed gray and drawn.

At 1 p.m. on the afternoon of April 12 he was working in his study. Two of his cousins sat nearby. He had just signed a bill extending the life of the Commodity Credit Corporation. He sat at a card table beside the fireplace while an artist made sketches of him. The sun came through the glass-paneled wall

and brightened the outlines of the ship model over his head.

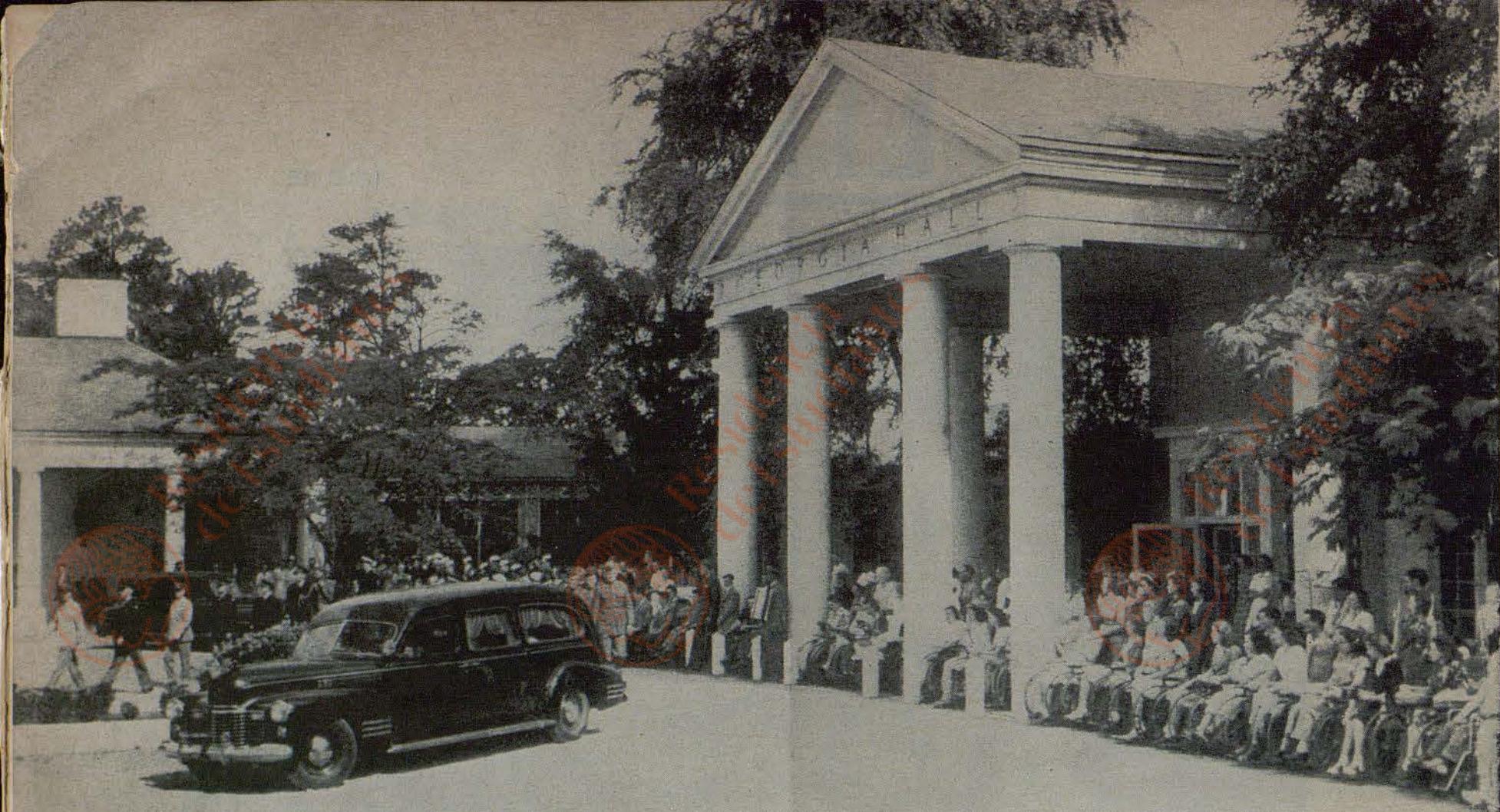
Suddenly he said, "I have a terrific headache." In a few minutes he lost consciousness. His Negro valet and a Filipino mess boy carried him to the bedroom, laid him on the single bed made of maple. To the little room, with its one large chair, mahogany desk, and ship's chronometer, came Commander H. G. Bruenn, a Navy doctor, Lieut. Commander George Fox, medical aide, and Dr. James Paullin, Atlanta physician.

They were the people with him at 3:35 p.m. when Franklin Delano Roosevelt, 32nd President of the United States, died. The cause of death was a "massive cerebral hemorrhage."

For 12 years, in war and peace, Roosevelt had been the leader of America. Americans will not soon forget the jut of his chin, the angle of his cigaret

holder, his smile. This gallant, fearless man, who could not stand on his own feet without help, strode his country like a giant through great and changeful years. Franklin Roosevelt was leader of his country in a time when its might, military and moral, was powerful throughout the world as it never had been before. His death had an immediate impact on the world that the death of no other American has ever had.

He died with victory for all he believed in at last in sight. His armies were storming the gates of Berlin and Tokyo. He died on a crest of his country's power. Said the New York Times, "Men will thank God on their knees, a hundred years from now, that Franklin D. Roosevelt was in the White House . . . in that dark hour when a powerful and ruthless barbarism threatened to overrun . . . civilization. . . ."



LEAVING WARM SPRINGS on Friday, the hearse rolls slowly past rows of patients at the infantile paralysis founda-

tion. Hearse went to the Warm Springs railroad station, where the body began the journey to Hyde Park. In front of the

portico at right is Chief Petty Officer Graham Jackson, who played the accordion as the procession moved by (see page 24).

GOING HOME THE TRIP NORTH

AT THE WHITE HOUSE the crowds gather after the announcement of the President's death. Quiet and sad-faced,

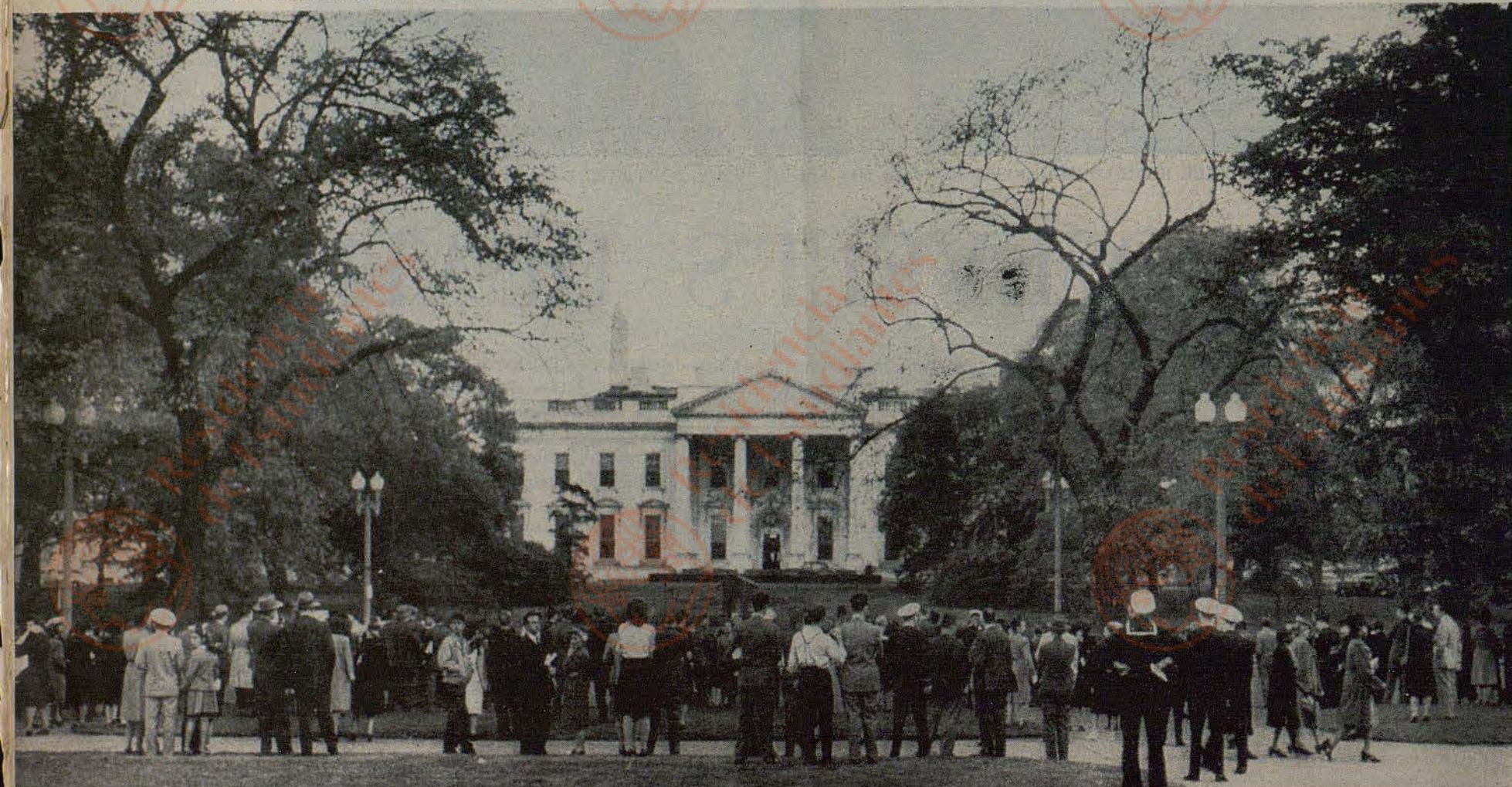
On Friday morning the body of Franklin Roosevelt left his "second home," a cottage at the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation, to the sound of muffled drums and tolling church bells. Leading the funeral procession were an Army band and 1,200 infantrymen from near-by Fort Benning, their colors hung with black streamers. The procession wound along the red dirt roads of the Foundation to the Warm Springs railroad station, where the 11-car presidential train took up the journey to Washington. On the train were Mrs. Roosevelt, Stephen Early, Vice Admiral Ross T.

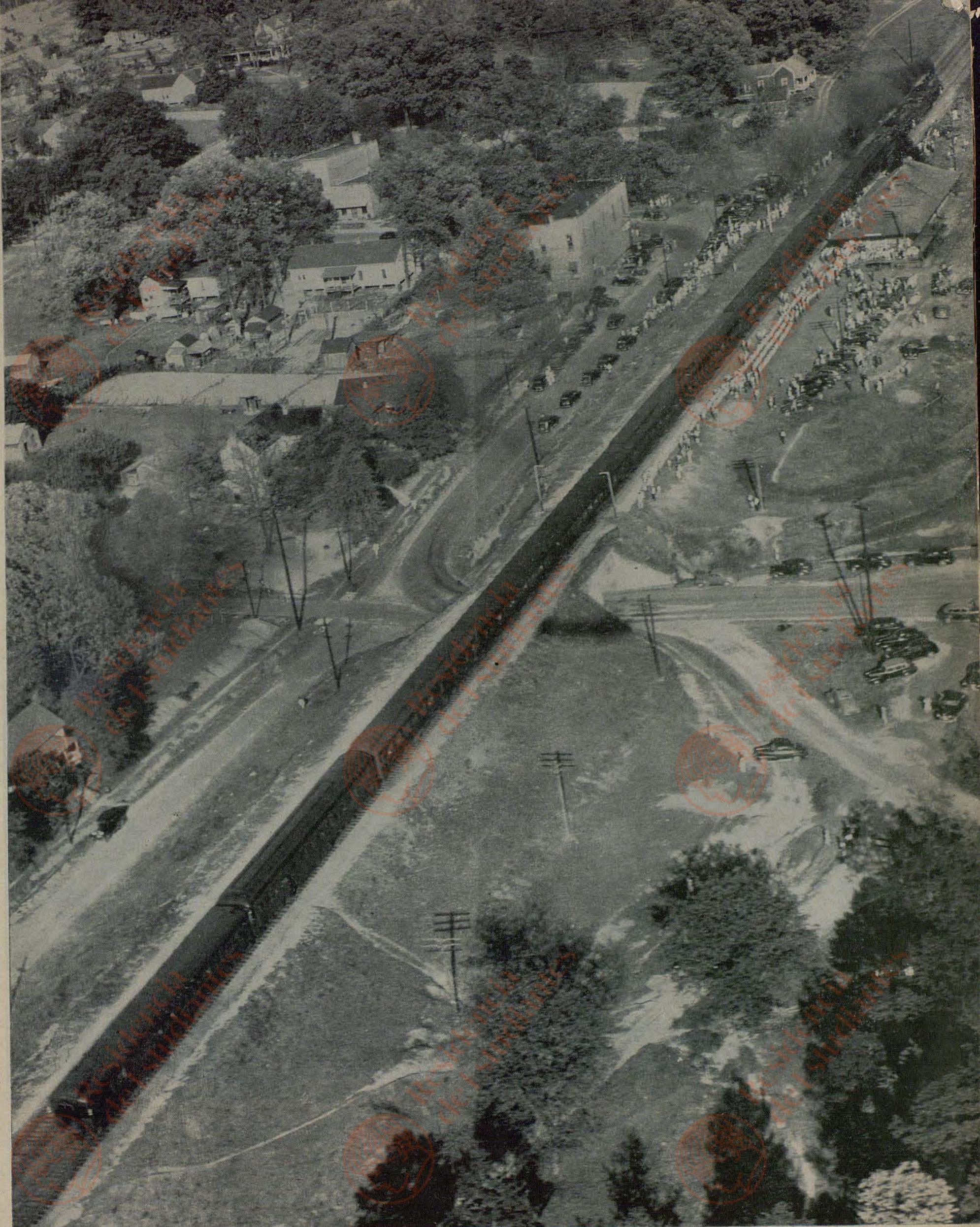
they watched the lighted windows beneath portico. Guards kept them back from the fence which surrounds the grounds.

McIntire and two Roosevelt cousins who had been in Warm Springs with the President when he died, the Misses Laura Delano and Margaret Suckley.

At Atlanta, Greenville, Charlotte, Danville, at every station along the way, the crowds were massed. The people did not wave. They wept. As the locomotives pulling the train passed, many dropped to their knees and prayed. Across the Carolinas and Virginia, the crowds waited on. When night came the last car of the train, where the body lay with its escort of honor, was brilliantly lighted so the people could see inside.

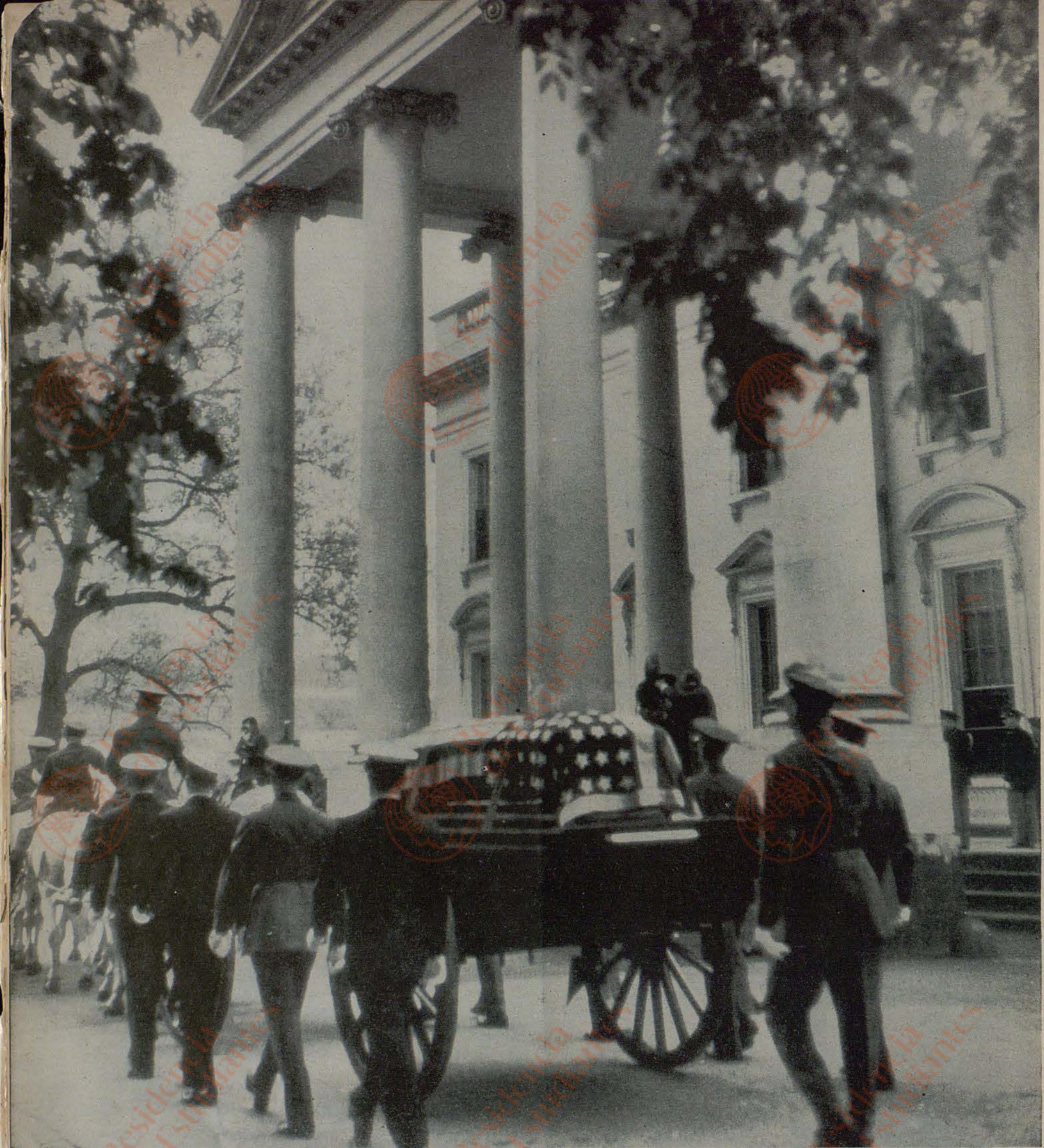
By 7 p. m. there were 2,000 people in the little park opposite the main entrance. At midnight 1,000 still stood there.





THE FUNERAL TRAIN, drawn by two locomotives, passes through a station on Southern Railway to Washington. Drawn up along the tracks are the cars of people who have come

to mourn. The body lay in the last car, which had been the President's office when he traveled. The train moved slowly, taking 23 hours for the trip between Warm Springs and Washington.

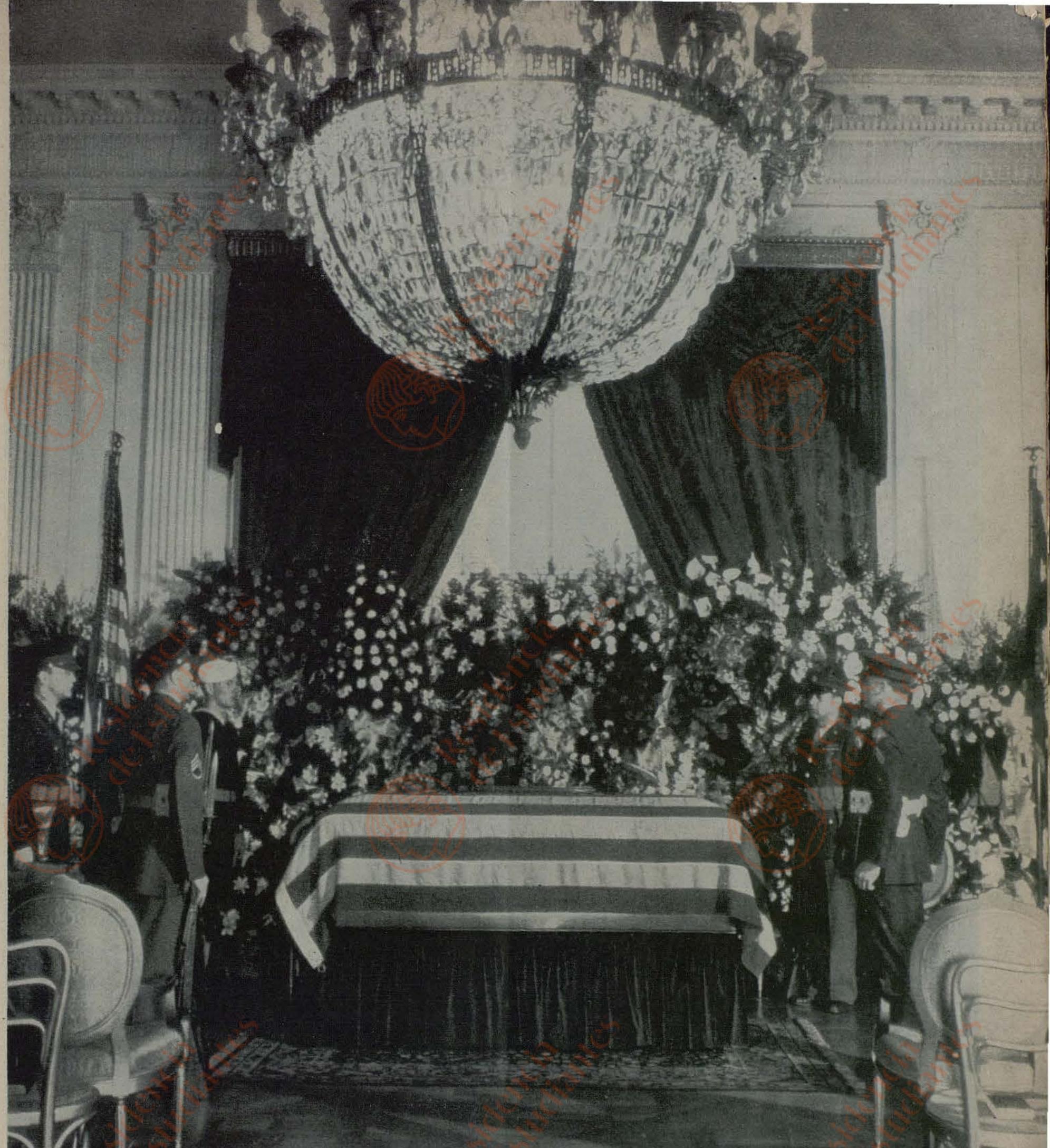


FLANKED BY A MILITARY HONOR GUARD, THE PRESIDENTIAL CATAFALQUE DRAWS UP AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE WHITE HOUSE

THE FUNERAL A SIMPLE, SOLEMN SERVICE IS HELD IN WHITE HOUSE

At 9:50 on Saturday morning the Presidential train arrived at Washington's Union Station. The coffin was placed on a caisson. Down Pennsylvania Avenue, lined with the people of Washington, it was drawn by six white horses. Inside the main entrance to the White House it was placed on a carrier and wheeled across the bronze Presidential seal in the lobby floor and into the East Room.

The private funeral services in the afternoon reflected the simple taste of Mrs. Roosevelt and the Roosevelt family. None of the 13 grandchildren was there because the family believed the children would want to remember their grandfather as they last saw him at his Fourth Inauguration—laughing and gay. Mrs. Roosevelt



CASKET LIES IN THE EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE WHERE 80 YEARS AGO, ALMOST TO THE DAY, LINCOLN'S BODY LAY IN STATE

herself sat clear-eyed during the 23-minute Episcopal service. On her black dress she wore a small gold brooch, a wedding present from her husband. Nearest her sat Anna Boettiger, her eldest child and only daughter. Close to her was Brig. General Elliott Roosevelt, only one of her four sons able to return from overseas. Near by were the wives of Elliott, James, Franklin Jr. and John.

Two vacant chairs separated the family from the friends, great and small. Seated among them were President Truman with Mrs. Truman and daughter Margaret, the Earl of Athlone representing King George of England, Anthony Eden, Governor Dewey, the Earl of Halifax, General Marshall, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, Mrs. Cordell

Hull, Harry Hopkins, Charles E. Hughes, and members of the White House staff.

As part of the ceremony the Right Reverend Angus Dun, Episcopal Bishop of Washington, included President Roosevelt's expression of faith, uttered in his first inaugural address: "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself." He did this at the request of Mrs. Roosevelt who told him that sentiment best expressed the message her husband would have wanted to leave with the people.

In the evening, after a band had played *The Star-Spangled Banner* and *Lead, Kindly Light*, the President's body was once more placed aboard the train. With the lights in the coach shining dimly on the casket, the train headed north for Hyde Park.



NAVY MUSICIAN SADLY PLAYS "NEARER MY GOD TO THEE" AS PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S BODY IS CARRIED FROM WARM SPRINGS FOUNDATION

THE GRIEF CITIZENS SHOW THEIR SORROW

On the afternoon of the day he died President Roosevelt was scheduled to attend a barbecue at Warm Springs. That afternoon he would have heard Chief Petty Officer Graham Jackson, a Georgia Negro, play his accordion. The President had enjoyed Jackson's songs many times in the past. The next day when the President's body was borne slowly past the main dormitory at Warm Springs, where often he used to wave at the patients convalescing in the sun's rays, Jackson

stepped out of the watching circle, sadly fingered the strains of *Going Home*. As he played, C.P.O. Jackson wept open-eyed to the mournful phrases of his own lament.

The funeral weekend was a time of national mourning. The citizens deeply felt and plainly showed their sense of personal loss. Pictures on the opposite page set down the spontaneous sorrow of one American when she first learned of Franklin Roosevelt's death.



YOUNG CHICAGO MOTHER ACCIDENTALLY SPIES THE SAD HEADLINE



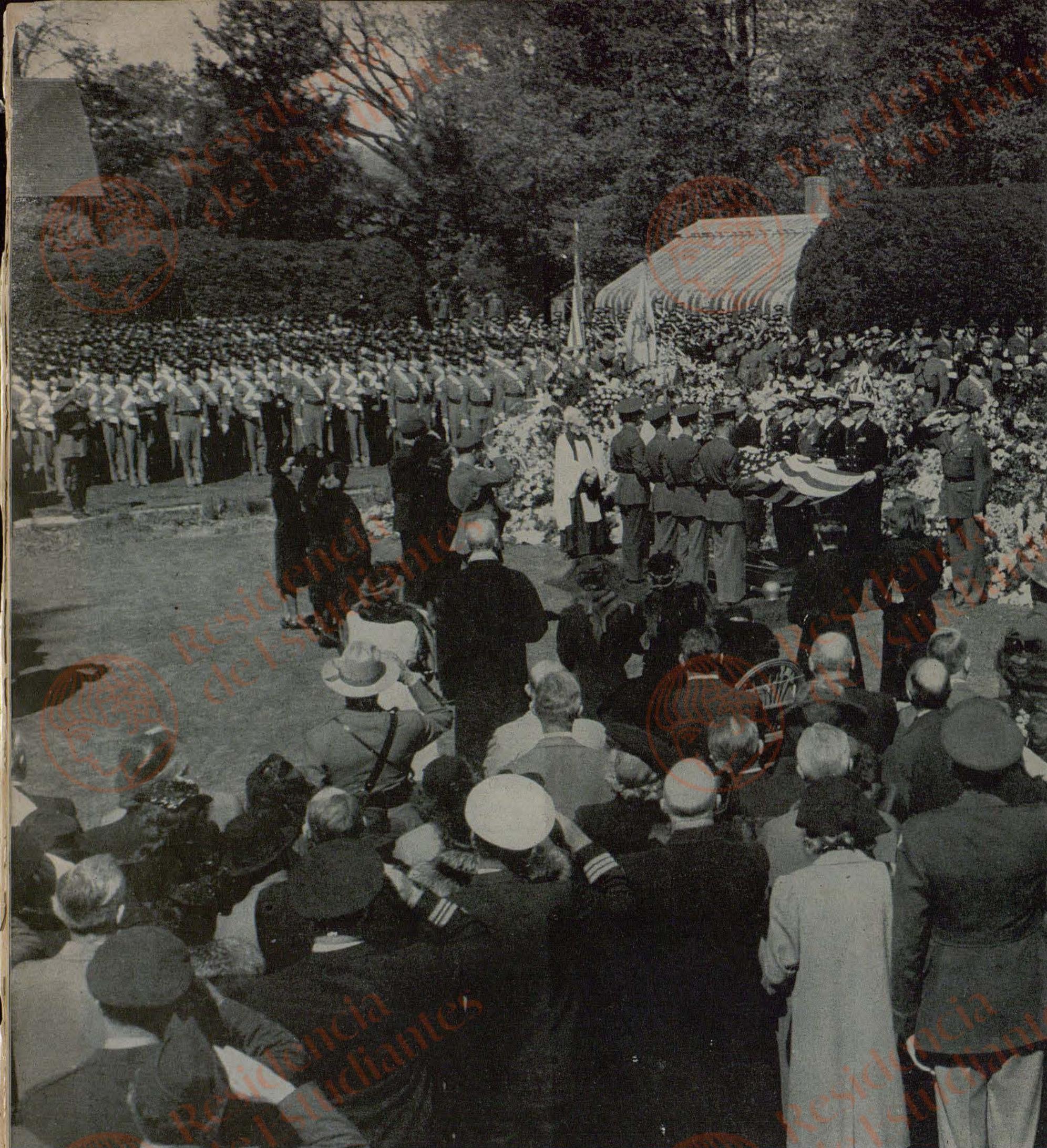
SHE BURSTS INTO TEARS. HER SMALL SON DOES NOT COMPREHEND



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, MOMMY?" HE ASKS. "THE PRESIDENT IS DEAD"



HUSBAND SHEPHERDS STRICKEN WIFE AND SON ACROSS THE STREET



THREE VOLLEYS ARE FIRED AND TAPS SOUNDED AS THE BURIAL SERVICE ENDS. AT THE LEFT OF THE GRAVE IS MRS. ROOSEVELT IN A

THE BURIAL HE IS LAID TO REST IN HIS GARDEN AT HYDE PARK

The Hudson River was shimmering in the Sunday morning sun as the train stopped at the Roosevelt estate in Hyde Park. Violets and apple blossoms bloomed in the lowlands there and a brook bubbled down the hill where 200 friends and neighbors waited in the hemlock-hedged garden between the Roosevelt house and the new library.

At 9:56 o'clock a 21-gun salute was fired from a battery beyond the garden. The beat of muffled drums rolled around the hills and in the distance a band played *Hail to the Chief* for President Truman and Chopin's funeral march as the caisson bearing the casket rolled slowly near. Into the garden marched an honor guard of 600 West



BLACK VEIL. BESIDE HER ARE ELLIOTT AND ANNA. EACH TIME A VOLLEY SOUNDED, FALA, THE ROOSEVELTS' BLACK SCOTTIE, BARKED

Point cadets. Softly the cadet band played *Nearer My God to Thee* as the casket came in. Mrs. Roosevelt, wearing a black veil, stood facing the grave. Elliott was at her left and Anna on her right. Outside the garden waited a coal black riderless horse draped in black—traditional symbol of a cavalry funeral.

The casket was lowered. Then the Episcopal service was read by the Reverend W. George W. Anthony, rector of Hyde Park's St. James Episcopal Church where the President was a senior warden for 17 years. After service a salute of three volleys was fired and taps sounded. As notes faded the military guard folded the flag and the master sergeant in command gave it to Mrs. Roosevelt. She handed it to Elliott.

Mrs. Roosevelt was the first to leave the garden. But when all others had left, she walked back alone to look again at the grave of her husband. Someday it will probably become a national monument. Mrs. Roosevelt did not walk to St. James Episcopal Church where the rector was holding a memorial service. There 300 villagers paid tribute to their neighbor by singing *The Star-Spangled Banner*. The Reverend Mr. Anthony read from the President's favorite Biblical passage, the First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians: "For now we see through a glass, darkly, but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."



ON THE EVENING OF APRIL 12, 1945, as the clock underneath the portrait of Woodrow Wilson showed 7:09, President Harry S. Truman took the oath of office from Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone. Left to right are Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of Commerce

Henry Wallace, War Production Board Chairman J. A. Krug, Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal, Secretary of Agriculture Claude Wickard, Deputy Chairman of WMC Frank McNamee, Attorney General Francis Biddle, President Truman, Secretary of State Edward McNamee, Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, Economic Stabilizer Fred Vinson, House Minority Leader Joseph Martin, Representative Robert Ramspeck and Representative John McCormack.

It was late in the afternoon of a warm, early spring day. Vice President Harry S. Truman was sitting in Speaker Sam Rayburn's office after having presided over a Senate debate on the U.S.-Mexican water treaty.

At 5:15 the phone rang. Presidential Secretary Steve Early asked the Vice President to get to the White House as quickly as possible. At the White House he was shown to Mrs. Roosevelt's study on the second floor, where the First Lady told him the President was dead. "What can I do?" asked Truman. Replied Mrs. Roosevelt, "Tell us what we can do. Is there any way we can help you?"

Down below in the press room Steve Early was giving the story to reporters. Into

R. Stettinius, Mrs. Truman, Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes, Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone, Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, Economic Stabilizer Fred Vinson, House Minority Leader Joseph Martin, Representative Robert Ramspeck and Representative John McCormack. Out of the picture at the left stood Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins, in tears. Mrs. Truman was also in tears. On the faces of all these people were the signs of shock and sorrow. So overcome was Henry Wallace that he was half-helped from the room by Stettinius,

hand, saying, "Mr. President." Truman smiled a sad smile. The time was 7:10 p. m.

That night President Truman slept in his old apartment. In the morning he drove to the White House and set up his office in the Oval Room, from the desk of which President Roosevelt's pictures and gadgets had already been cleared. At noon he went up to the Capitol for a luncheon with Congressional leaders. Near by stood a group of reporters who had covered his career as Senator and Vice President. Truman greeted them with tears in his eyes. "I don't know whether any of you...ever had a load of hay or a bull fall on you," he said, "but last night the whole weight of the moon and stars fell on me. If you fellows ever pray, please pray for me."

TRUMAN SWORN IN IN THE WHITE HOUSE HE BECOMES 33RD PRESIDENT

F.D.R. 1882-1945

In the minds of millions of people everywhere over the globe Franklin Roosevelt was the greatest world citizen of their time. They found in the inspiring words he spoke their hope of a better world. When he died, statesmen eulogized him as the great humanitarian. But it remained for the people themselves to speak. Around the world, in hamlets and in cities, LIFE's correspondents heard them speak as follows:

LONDON

A black-coated secretary knocked and turned the crystal doorknob of Mr. Churchill's room in 10 Downing Street. The secretary handed the Prime Minister a note and said, "Sir, President Roosevelt died a short time ago." Mr. Churchill sat motionless for fully five minutes. Finally he raised his head and said quietly, "Get me the palace." For the first time in history Commons adjourned out of respect to an American. Lloyds rang the famed Lutine Bell. Rainbow Corner, the main hangout for GIs in London, was quiet. Pfc Richard Holder of Vrendenburgh, Ala. cabled Mrs. Roosevelt, "Deepest and fondest sympathy from the 1561st Ordnance Company. God bless you." The British thought of Roosevelt as their country's best friend and, next to Churchill, the greatest man in the world. To them he was an internationalist of the highest integrity. Toward Truman they are curious. They say that he must have something in him "or he wouldn't have satisfied Roosevelt."—WALTER GRAEBNER

MOSCOW

The Russians haven't felt they had many friends in the world but they've known that one of their best was Franklin Delano Roosevelt. It was he who restored relations between the two countries in 1933, and in the Russian minds it was he who sent them tanks, airplanes, trucks and jeeps. His long, arduous trip to Yalta in search of future peace endeared him more than ever, for the Russians are tired, too, and they passionately want peace. The government showed this by breaking precedents to honor Roosevelt. Over the Kremlin and all government buildings was raised the black-fringed red banner of national mourning, hitherto flown only for Russia's own great. High Soviet officials, including Foreign Commissar Molotov, attended a memorial service conducted by a U. S. sergeant at Ambassador Harriman's residence. The people stopped Americans on the streets, saying "Kak jhalko" ("What a pity").—CRAIG THOMPSON

CHUNGKING

The strangest immediate reaction to Roosevelt's death was from the Japanese. A Tokyo domestic broadcast in the Japanese language said, "We indeed grieve to learn of the death of President Roosevelt. We didn't expect that he could pass away when the whole world is in such a state of chaos...." But whatever the Japanese people thought of this remarkable broadcast, the Chinese people took the news with a sense of helplessness and shock. For Roosevelt had been their symbol of goodwill, the man who had helped them in their fight against the Japanese, the man who was going to protect them. Around wall newspapers, hastily scrawled and pasted wet and shiny with black ink, the people clustered, spelling out the characters with silently moving lips. One coolie kept repeating, "But who killed him? Who killed him?" Another read the characters slowly and turned away muttering, "Tai tsam sso liao" ("It was too soon that he died").—TEDDY WHITE

PARIS

To the French, President Roosevelt was the man who sent over the soldiers who poured endlessly through their country, liberating it by sections and cities and relentlessly moving on into Germany. As General de Gaulle was the symbol of their own resistance, so Roosevelt had been the symbol of their hope during the long, ghastly years of occupation. The people felt he was a friend, almost a relative. They had never blamed him somehow for the things they didn't like about America and were bewildered when they thought he did not like their General de Gaulle. Now they forgot that. "He was so good, your President," said the cook when she brought the paper with its black banner: "Roosevelt est mort." She was holding it at arm's length and crying.—LAEL TUCKER

ROME

Meal-smudged bakers of the Vatican City, going to work under the stars, heard the news and all said the same thing, "We have lost our best friend." Soon priests inside St. Peter's were saying Mass and whispering a private and intimate prayer for "Roosevelt, most Christian among statesmen." Not far off in orphanages tiny tots dressed in clothes "which Roosevelt sent us from America" earnestly said Our Fathers and Hail Marys "for their benefactor." Refugees in temporary quarters all over Rome were stunned at the loss of "a friend" to whom they felt they owed the clothes in which they stood and the bread which kept them alive. Declaring three days of national mourning, Premier Bonomi said, "The great American President was a friend of Italy, of its efforts to contribute in the war, of its new democratic spirit. It is certain he would have uttered a word of justice...."—BILL ROSPIGLIOSI

BELGRADE

Belgrade has lately been more noisy than usual with strolling bands of Partisans singing in the streets. But on the day after President Roosevelt's death four days of national mourning were declared. Americans were stopped by strangers, some of them actually in tears, who wanted to shake hands and express their sympathy. Balkan people rarely agree about anything, yet in speaking of the President's death they showed a special unanimity in their choice of words. Simply and sincerely they said, "We have lost our best friend."—NOEL F. BUSCH

RIO DE JANEIRO

The people cried openly in the streets and said, "We, too, are sad." No one before has ever seen one man, a beggar whose leg is horribly swollen with elephantiasis, rise from his street corner. But today he pulled himself up, removed his battered old cap and said, "Senhora, I am desolated."—EILEEN MACKENZIE

CANADA

Canadians knew Franklin Roosevelt was a great leader of the U. S. and a great statesman of the world. But it was their deep feeling that he was a special friend of Canada that made them love him. They put some of this into a title they sometimes gave him—"President of the United States and Canada." Now they feel a personal anguish deeply, almost inarticulately, quietly. That feeling was sensed in the

House of Commons which promptly adjourned. At almost the same moment 56 Canadian soldiers arrived in Ottawa's Union Station, home from the fighting in Europe. While their friends were crowding around them, the station loudspeaker broke in. The crowd shuddered. No one moved or spoke when the announcement asked for a minute's silence. Finally one voice said, "Why couldn't it have been Hitler or Himmler or one of them? All of the good fellows are taken off."—LAWRENCE LAYBOURNE

GUAM

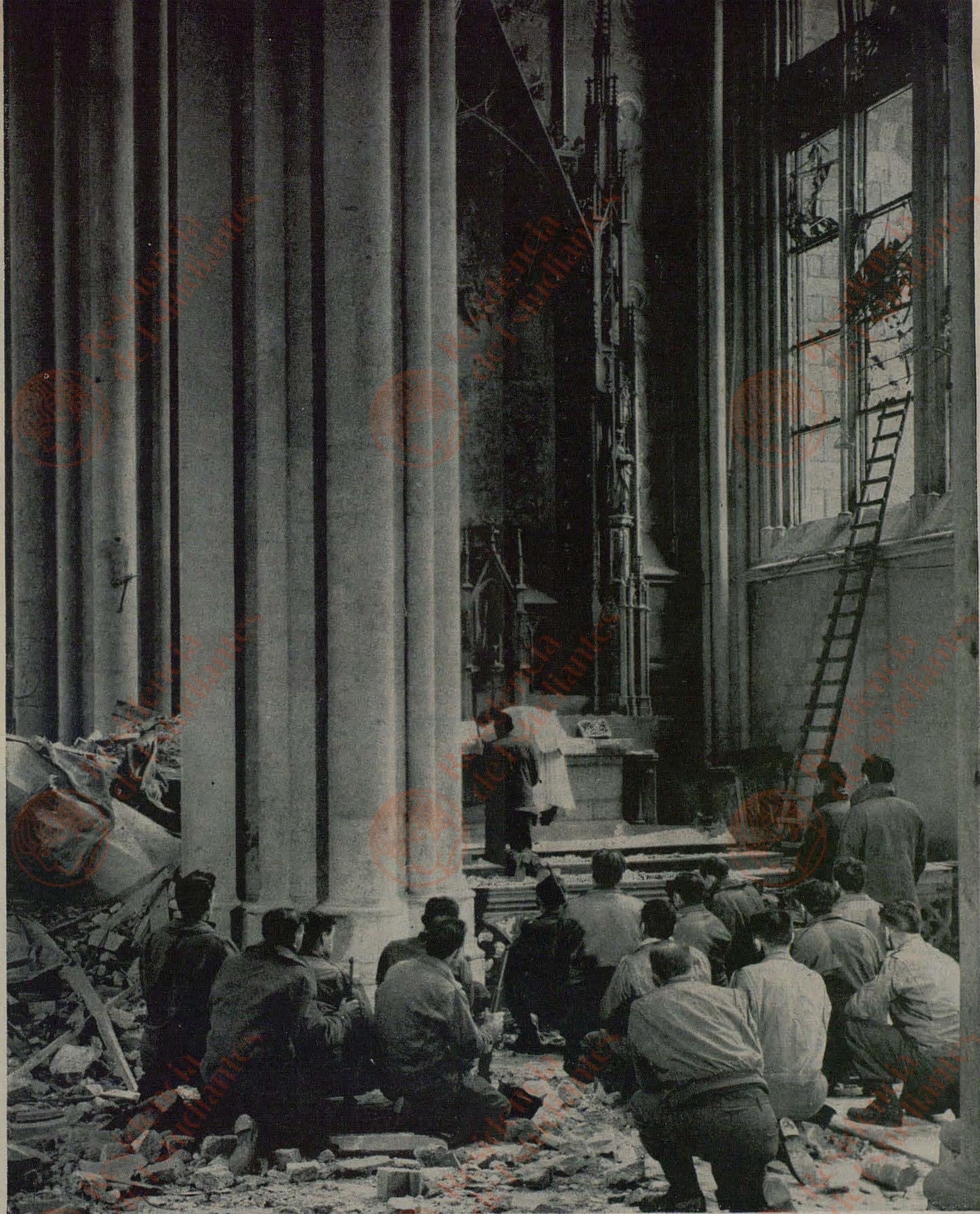
Mostly the men here just went on working—maybe a little wearily. A Navy doctor explained, "We have come to accept death out here without shock or comment." Admiral Forrest Sherman, deputy chief of staff, said, "The Navy has lost a good friend, but the war is in good shape and we will carry on." Everybody carried on all right. A 50-year-old Seabee, standing by his asphalt spreader that spins hard-topped roads out like Scotch tape across the Guam hillsides, said, "The boys have been talking about it since we heard. Different men take it differently. I wonder how it will affect the war out here—and after the war?" And then he and his men went on working. It was not until the next day when flags were raised, hung high a moment, and were slowly lowered to half staff, that we thought unselfishly of Franklin Roosevelt himself and of his life and death. A helmeted MP with rifle slung stood saluting to the colors. When the flag was secured, trembling on the staff like a song in a minor key, he snapped from his salute and said without preamble, "I wish we could have taken him out at the half and then had him fresh to put back in right now. I hate to lose him."—CARL MYDANS

MANILA

Along Manila's sweltering, rubble-strewn streets a ragged little Filipino boy handed one of his newspapers to an American and said softly, "I am sorry, sir." U. S. soldiers felt let down and anxious, as did the Filipinos. But all nodded their heads in agreement at one statement: "To us, so recently liberated from Japanese oppression, it seems significant that God allowed him to live long enough to fulfill his pledge of redemption for our country. In this age of broken promises this leader kept his word."—BILL GRAY

GERMANY

In Frankfurt a copy of the *Stars and Stripes* was tacked up with its black headline: "Roosevelt dies." GI guards marched slowly up and down in front of it but ack-ack crews near by went on with their work and trucks kept rolling on to the front. Soldiers said, "It's rugged," but to them death is so ever-present that they put it aside, believing that when victory is won there will be time enough to think of the comrades who fell, the great ones and the small. German civilians at first thought the reports were only blatant propaganda from Goebbels. A very few sincerely anti-Nazi Germans were shocked for they looked to Roosevelt to strike a balance between "Imperialism and Bolshevism" and for an impartial understanding of their own fight against the Nazis. But most of the people didn't pay much attention. You might think that the Germans, more than most people, would realize what the death of one man would mean to the world. But they didn't seem to.—PERCY KNAUTH



U. S. SOLDIERS WITH RIFLES PRAY AS CHAPLAIN HOLDS FIRST SERVICE IN MAIN BODY OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL SINCE MARCH 2 BOMBING

VICTORY IT DRAWS NEAR FOR U. S. ARMIES

American troops had fought to the brink of victory when the news of their leader's death reached them. Their reaction was to fight harder. In Germany, despite frenzied opposition in spots, U. S. armored spearheads were closing on Berlin and making contact with Red Army patrols. By these advances Germany was virtually bisected into north and south pockets of resistance. Their plans for a last-ditch stand in mountains of the south was menaced by Rus-

sians speeding westward toward the Austrian Alps after liberating Vienna, and by Allied armies pressing southwest from Karlsruhe. Back near the Rhine U. S. troops mopped up trapped Germans in ruined industrial Germany. They also paused to pray in the damaged but undestroyed Cologne cathedral (above).

Although SHAEF warned against overconfidence, Prime Minister Winston Churchill did not attend President Roosevelt's funeral because V-E Day was so close.

ROOSEVELT

“Among all the peoples of the earth the cruelties and oppressions of its would-be masters have taught this generation what its liberties can mean. . . . Thomas Jefferson believed, as we believe, in man. He believed, as we believe, that men are capable of their own government and that no king, no tyrant, no dictator can govern for them as wisely as they can govern for themselves.”

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

The most striking thing about Roosevelt's death was that millions and millions of people felt a personal sense of loss and found tears for it. “I'd been depending on him in such a personal way,” they said; or, “I feel as though I'd lost my father.”

That is how Walt Whitman expressed the country's grief at Lincoln's death; he called him “my father.” Like great shafts driven into the national consciousness, these two deaths struck a stratum of grief which had lain untouched by any event in the 80 years between.

“My father!” It was more than a figure of speech. It was a confession of loving dependence. Even those who opposed Roosevelt, even some who hated him shared the abrupt sense of dizziness, as though a whole wall of the nation had been blown away. At the moment of his death he was the most important man in the world. He was the one American who knew, or seemed to know, where the world was going. The plans were all in his head. Whether one liked this or that policy or not, one knew that he would do what he would do. It was easier to let him worry for the whole country.

One of his “Young Guard” Democrats, Representative Lyndon Johnson of Texas said, “There are plenty of us left here to try to block and run interference, as he had taught us, but the man who carried the ball is gone—gone. . . . He was just like a daddy to me always; he always talked to me just that way. He was the one person I ever knew—anywhere—who was never afraid. . . . God, how he could take it for us all!”

Roosevelt had been “taking it for us all” for so many years that some Americans, or so it seemed, had forgotten how to take it for themselves. The younger people especially, who could remember no other President, seemed at times to show—along with their faith in Roosevelt—a strange indifference to the consequences of their own acts. That, more than anything else about Roosevelt, made the older generation shake its head.

But the day after he died one of the young ones, a pretty Pennsylvania Railroad clerk named Mary Harron, summed up the situation in three sentences. “We've stood on our own feet before,” she said. “Now is our chance to do it again . . . And it might be a good time to do a little praying.”

Prayerful is the mood in which the country turns to Truman. This modest, perhaps too modest, man obviously did not want the job that Roosevelt so obviously loved. There

was something finally elusive about Roosevelt's character, the elusiveness that suggests magic and breeds myths. Truman's character is anything but elusive and invites no more and no less confidence than your next-door neighbor's. The people therefore turn to Truman as to a neighbor, tendering a readiness to help. They know they will have to take a little more political responsibility on themselves from now on. Nobody can do their thinking for them any more.

The best tribute the people can pay to Roosevelt is to show that they can get along without him. Although he always denied that he was indispensable, his death gives us our first chance to prove it. The Long Presidency, as Borgese calls it, was one long emergency, broken only by a few months' breathing spell in 1937. Roosevelt threw on emergencies and declared them oftener than he had to; but fundamentally, of course, the national emergency was real and it still is. Unlike Lincoln's, our “fearful trip” is *not* done. The captain died barely within sight of shore.

Ordinarily there would be no doubt of our ability to make port. But the other characteristic of the Long Presidency was a kind of paternalism which culminated in the filial piety so widely felt on his death. The “aristocrat of democracy” befriended the meek and lowly of this earth in ways which often made them more dependent on his continued help rather than independent of it. So he left us with an unanswered question about our ability to help ourselves: is it greater or less than it was before the New Deal?

We cannot believe that it is less. Roosevelt said, “. . . the fate of America cannot depend on any one man. The greatness of America is grounded in principle and not on any single personality.” He said that in 1932, but it is still true.

For what is the life of a nation, the source of its character and strength? It is experience; it is “struggle with evil and blind chance.” The Long Presidency contained more of this struggle, more of the raw material of history, than any other 12 years since the republic was born. The pageantry, the effort, the noble battles of those 12 years! Bureaucrat against congressman, whim against precedent, science against nature, money against want, the human spirit against its shackles, fighting on the brink of the millennial pitfall of pride! But all of it was experience. “We refused to leave the problems of our common welfare to

be solved by the winds of chance and the hurricanes of disaster,” said Roosevelt. He did not solve them either. But in his gay, resolute, generous way, he tried.

He divided the people, he stirred them, patronized them, flattered them, moved them around. Then, when war came, he held them together. Toward the end he used all his great political genius to one goal—unity. Left and right, bloc and bloc, all his old friends and enemies were staved off by his calculated preoccupation with what the great majority most wanted, a speedy victory and end to the war.

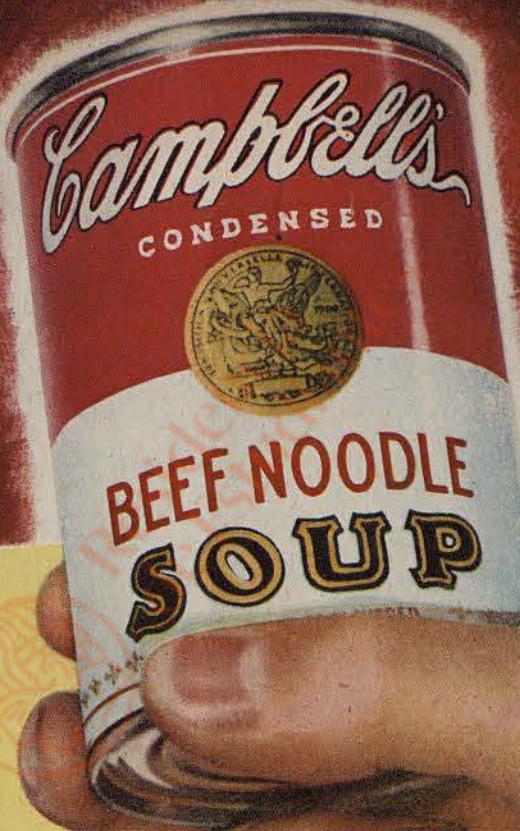
Roosevelt's death stunned the common people of other countries, who identified him with everything they hoped and hope omnipotent America will do. Ecuadorians no less than Kansans said, “I feel like I had lost a member of my family.” British, Chinese and Russians mourned; so did humble people in small countries everywhere (see page 30). And in their mourning was a whisper of fear. Without him, was America their friend?

It is strange how many of them relied on him rather than on America; they even thought of Lend-Lease as his personal gift. They had heard of his long battle with isolationism and were not quite sure it was won. Now they will know. The knowledge will be pleasanter than their fear.

At San Francisco, as in our domestic politics, the people will be on their own again. The “great organizer” (as Stalin called him) will be missing. But the groundwork was all laid before he died, and if it was sound it cannot be easily destroyed.

Indeed peace may be the firmer if humbler hands take more responsibility for it. The first great cathedrals were built by the people, the anonymous people, to the glory of God. Now it is for us, the American people, to prove to the other people of the world that we are their friends; that the friendship they saw in Roosevelt was a true reading of American friendliness and strength.

“O sane and sacred death.” As it released him, so it releases us all from illusion and restores us against our will to a sense of our limitations. Only the Supreme Dramatist of history ever knows whether a great man has died at the right time. “We Americans of today, together with our Allies, are making history—and I hope it will be better history than ever has been made before,” Franklin Roosevelt said last January. It will be different history without him. Now it is for us to make it better.



NEWEST OF THE CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

GETS A ROUSING *WELCOME!*

It became a hit from the very start—became a new favorite soup in record time. And that's not surprising. Family after family tried it and just naturally went for its wonderful deep "beefiness". They found it a soup that's hearty and homey, nourishing and good . . . a soup that's BEEF through and through. They liked its rich, invigorating beef broth, slow-simmered from lean beef. They enjoyed the tender pieces of beef in it and the golden egg noodles, steeped as they are in the taste of beef.

Families everywhere are making this latest triumph in fine soup-making a frequent visitor at lunch and supper tables these days. They're adding Campbell's Beef Noodle to their list of all-time favorite soups. Are you at your house?

COMING SOON—Campbell's Cream of Spinach Soup! Grocers in some parts of the country already have it. It's new—delicious—and a fine way to enjoy spinach without any of the bother of fixing it. Children love it . . . so will you.

Here I stand
Before the "mike"
To tell you 'bout
A soup you'll like!



Hey Mom!



WANT A BATH-HAPPY BABY WITH A ROSE-PETAL SKIN?

Then pay attention to my nice doctor—and float Swan in my tub. He says it's perfect for a baby's tender, pink skin. Pure as fine castiles.



WANT TO "BABY" YOUR HANDS?

Then put 'em in baby-mild suds—whenever you wash dishes. You'll whisk through stacks of dishes with those fast, gentle Swan suds. And your hands 'll feel dreamy and soft when you tickle my chin.



WANT NICE DUDS TO STAY PERKY AS A BABY'S BONNET?

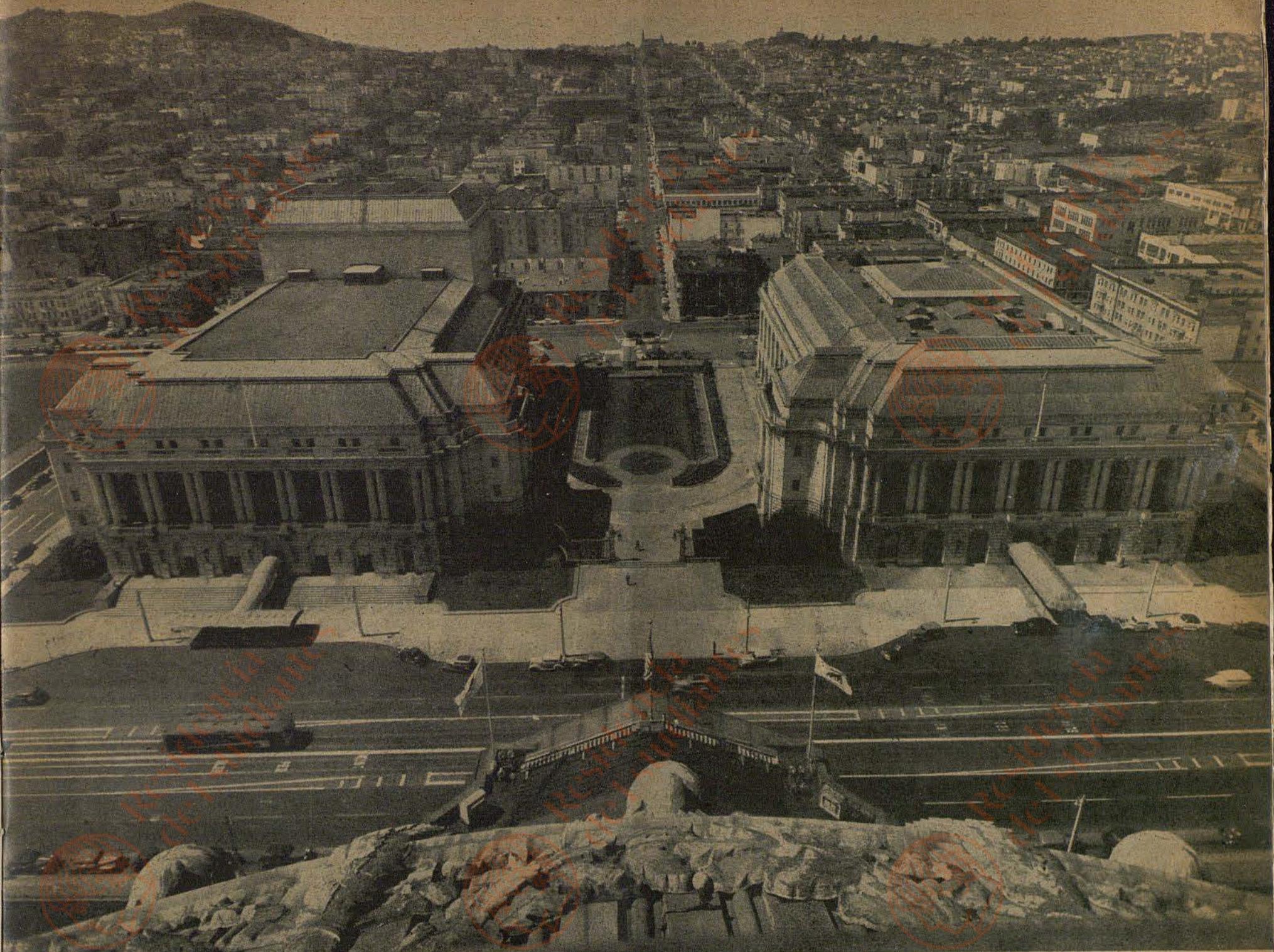
Then give 'em a bath with pure and gentle Swan. In fact, if I were you, I'd grab my hat, I'd get a big cake of Swan right now—and use my wonderful, new, baby-mild soap for *everything* in our house!



FREE!
A cake of pure Swan
to every baby born
in the U.S. in 1945.
Ask your dealer for
coupon. (Offer ends
Dec. 31, 1945.)

Baby-Mild
for everything **SWAN** is pure as Fine Castiles

Uncle Sam says Don't Waste Soap—
it's made from vital war materials!



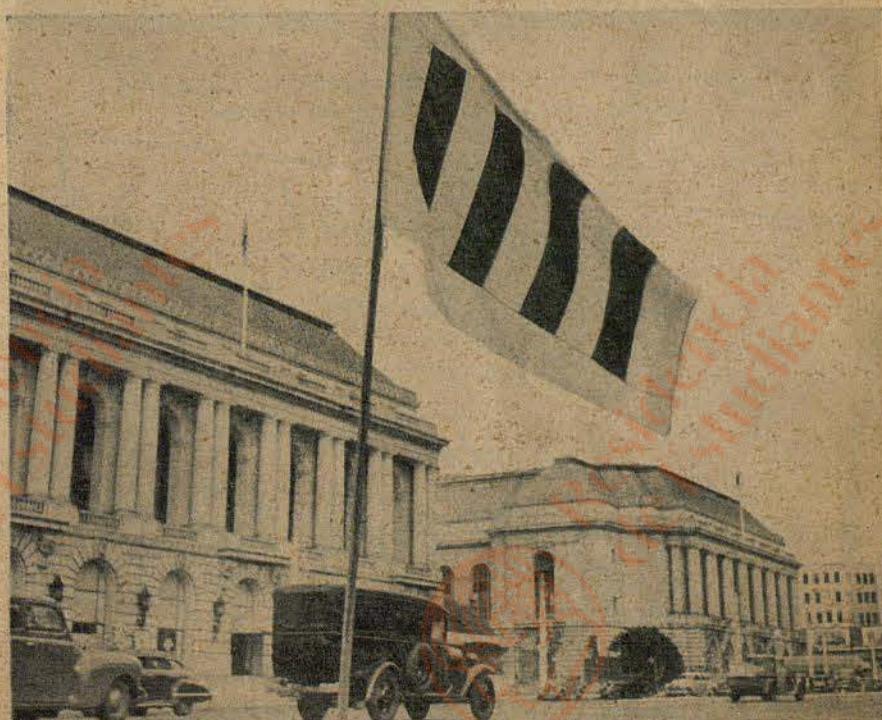
CONFERENCE SCENE IS SAN FRANCISCO'S CIVIC CENTER. DELEGATES WILL MEET IN OPERA HOUSE (LEFT), VETERANS' BUILDING (RIGHT)

SAN FRANCISCO CONFERENCE IT WILL GO ON AS PLANNED

Franklin Roosevelt's death occurred 13 days before the United Nations Conference on International Organization was to begin in San Francisco. For a stunned moment the machinery of conference organization faltered. Then, immediately, President Truman announced the conference would be held as planned.

San Francisco was ready for it. Its civic center (*above*), stateliest clubs and lushest apartments awaited the dignitaries. Clerical quarters for an army of typists were installed, streets were cleaned, fences gilded.

But the man who among Big Three leaders wanted most to hold it would be absent. The role of Roosevelt as architect of the conference seemed uppermost in Marshal Stalin's mind when, in messages to Mrs. Roosevelt and President Truman, he appraised Roosevelt as the "leader in the cause of insuring the security of the whole world." Still, Franklin Roosevelt's mighty ambition for a durable peace would pervade the conference—the more powerfully, perhaps, because of his death than might his living presence. Men all over the world silently agreed with Senator Arthur Vandenberg: "A successful peace must be his monument."



UNITED NATIONS FLAG, in use since 1943, flies before Opera House. Its symbolism: four (for four freedoms) red (blood dedicated to freedom) bars on white field (peace).



"I know we're becalmed but there must be something we can do — now that you're rid of your '5 o'clock Shadow'."

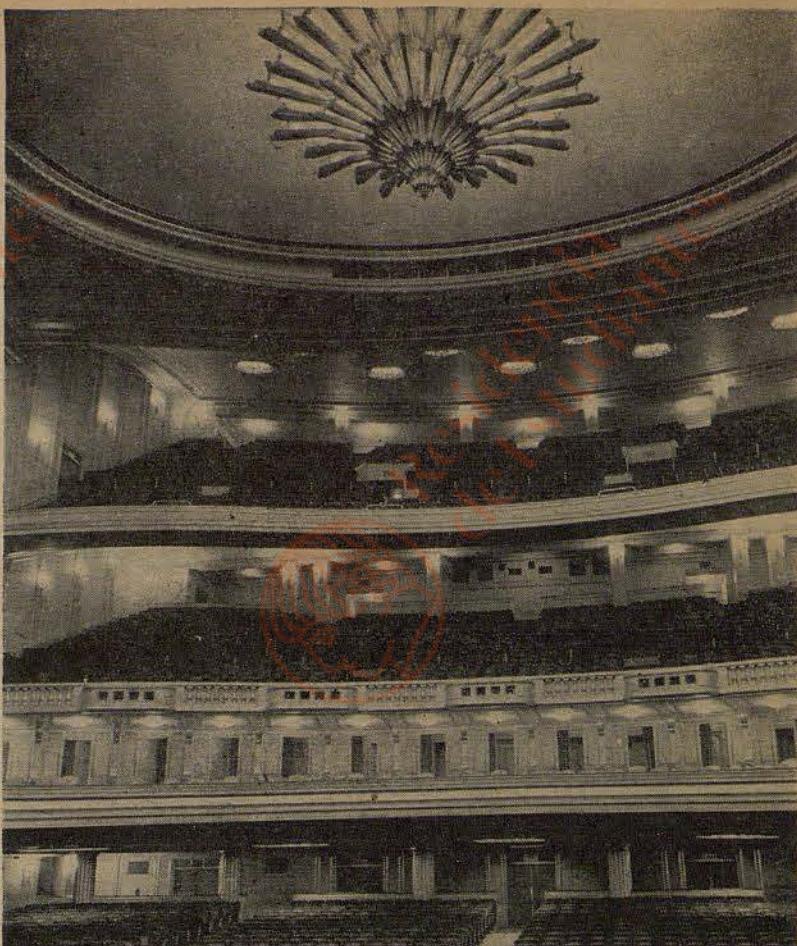
BE PREPARED!

Gem Blades are made by the makers of your Gem Razor. They fit precisely. This famous combination positively prevents "5 o'clock Shadow"; it's the last word in shaving comfort. Always use a Gem Blade in your Gem Razor!

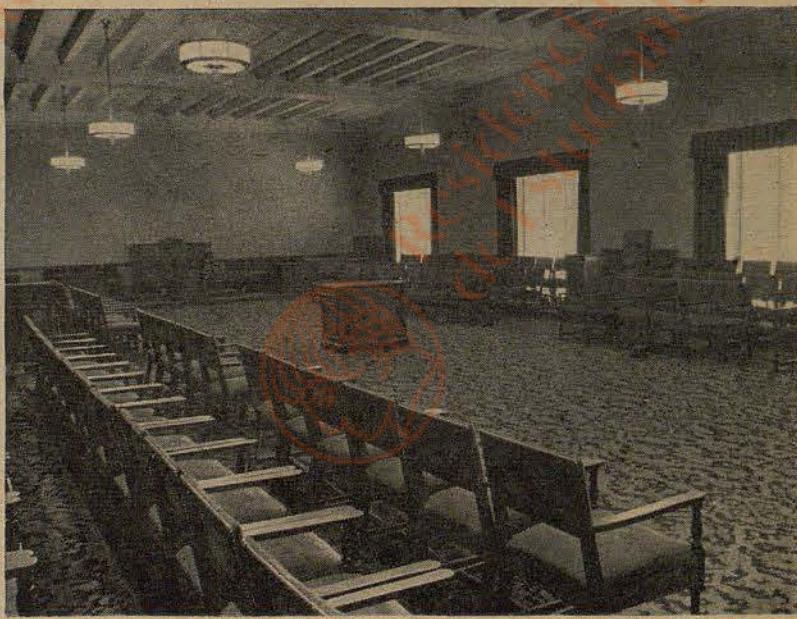
AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH
GEM
RAZORS and BLADES



KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE INFANTRY—
The Doughboys are on the job!



INTERIOR OF OPERA HOUSE seats 3,285, will be used for the formal plenary sessions. Delegates will occupy orchestra, public the Diamond Horseshoe, balconies.



VETERANS' BUILDING'S ROOM 223 is largest of 17 such rooms where committees on phases of peace structure will meet. Building is World War I Memorial.



IN MAIN AUDITORIUM of the Veterans' Building State Department men discuss allocation of space. Much of conference's actual committee work will go on here.



"What does it cost to ship a Ton a Mile?"

FOR moving one ton one mile by rail, the average charge—and note that word "average"—is less than one cent.

O.K., you may say, that ought to make freight rates simple. Why not "sell a ticket" for moving freight, just like selling a passenger ticket? Take the number of tons, the number of miles, the average charge, and figure it out?

We wish it could be that easy. But here is the problem.

LOAD WORTH	LOAD WORTH	LOAD WORTH
\$100,000	\$10,000	\$100

Some freight is cheap, heavy, little subject to loss and damage. Some is valuable, light and bulky, difficult, risky and expensive to handle. Such differences in the character of freight call for differences in rate making. No one would suppose that charges should be the same on a ton of coal as on a ton of diamonds.

To charge even as little as one cent per mile for hauling a ton of some of the heavy, low-priced commodities would mean, in many cases, making rates so much higher than they are now that such commodities could not move over the long distances we have in this country and be sold at a profit in distant markets.

On the other hand, rates on more valuable articles can be much higher than the average without making any appreciable difference in the price at which they are sold. So, to make it possible for all sorts of freight to be moved to market, and at the same time meet the necessary costs to

the railroad of doing the job, there came to be these differences in freight rates—with the result that shippers, railroads and the public benefit from the amazingly wide distribution and use of all sorts of commodities all over America.

"Prices" tailored to the public interest

Rate-making seems complex. But that's because commerce is complex. Rates, or transportation prices, must be made for the movement of tens of thousands of different articles over various routes between tens of thousands of places, all over the country, and under all sorts of conditions. If those prices, as a whole, are too low, the railroads won't be able to meet the costs of doing business. But if transportation is priced too high, the traffic doesn't move—and that is not good for either railroads or shippers.



And so it is that over the years the railroads have worked on a basis of "what is best for our customers is best for us." It is to the interest of every railroad to build up the area it serves. It wants to encourage the growth of industries. It wants to encourage agriculture. It wants to encourage mining, lumbering,

every other type of business. Rates are figured out for just that purpose—to meet the needs of commerce—and are revised to respond to changes in those needs as they come about.

Where the I.C.C. comes in

Many years ago, the Interstate Commerce Commission was established to prevent undue discrimination in railroad rates as between shippers and communities, and to see that rates are "just and reasonable."

All railroad rates are open covenants openly arrived at after discussion between the railroads and shippers. All rates are published, are filed with the I.C.C., and are open to anyone to see.

But in any case, a shipper who isn't satisfied has the right to ask that the I.C.C.



step in and investigate. And more than 250 volumes of I.C.C. reports show how active the Commission has been in this respect.

This principle of tailoring transportation prices to the public interest has stood the test of time—and no man who has made a sincere and expert study of the problem has found a better system for all concerned.



ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
All United for Victory

THEY'RE CUT TO FIT...TO FIGHT FATIGUE

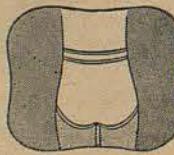


"Smartest move I ever made . . .
changing to **REIS Scandals**"

Treat yourself to *Scandals* comfort! Enjoy
the manly underwear that's scientifically
designed and cut to follow male anatomy.

Reis Scandals, with the exclusive *Dart*-stitched
pouch, provide the mild, athletic support that helps
fight fatigue . . . keeps you looking
and feeling your trim best. Exclusive "Hi-waist" design
for perfect fit. Concealed no-gap fly. Seamless
seat for extra comfort. Yes, *Scandals* fit
better . . . feel better . . . look better.

Get genuine Reis *Scandals*—at leading
retailers everywhere.



FULL SEAT Coverage looks better and
feels better. No
seams to sit on.



MATCHING SHIRT
absorbs perspiration.
Cut to follow leg line
of *Scandals*.



CHANGE TO

REIS

UNDERWEAR
PAJAMAS

SPORTSWEAR
HOSIERY

ROBERT REIS & COMPANY • 2 PARK AVENUE • NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

SAN FRANCISCO CONFERENCE CONTINUED



BOHEMIAN CLUB, whose swank main lounge is shown here, will house some of the delegates. The city's chefs have been briefed in preparation of unfamiliar dishes.



CARTOON ROOM of the Bohemian Club features art work by and about members. San Francisco will be host to some 3,500 delegates, advisers, correspondents.



CIRCULAR LIBRARY adorns James Flood penthouse on the Fairmont Hotel, where Roosevelt reportedly would have stayed and where Secretary Stettinius may.



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

A **husky youngster** of a car was born in Detroit 17 years ago. De Soto . . . born of brilliant engineers whose sole aim was *to make a better car*. As De Soto grew, these engineers gave it advantages that made De Soto famous . . . floating power, fluid drive, superfinished parts, safety-steel bodies. Which helps explain why so many

De Sotos are rolling up 100,000 . . . 200,000 miles . . . and more. Today, we're making bomber sections, airplane wings, parts of anti-aircraft guns, and other war goods. But watch for the day when we'll again be making De Soto cars for you . . . cars *designed to endure*.

DE SOTO DIVISION, CHRYSLER CORPORATION

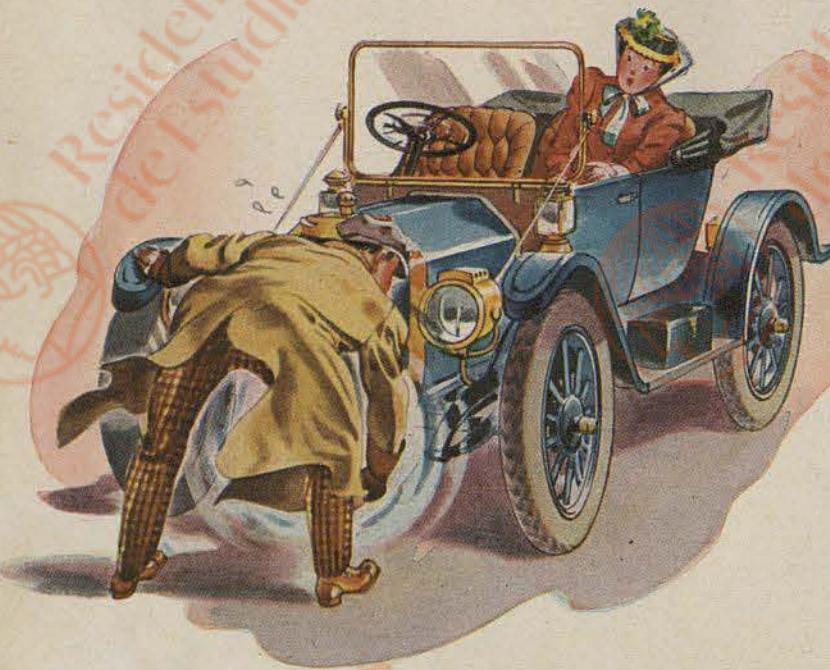
Tune in on Major Bowes' Program every Thursday, 9:00 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern War Time.

DeSoto

DESIGNED TO ENDURE

BACK THE ATTACK - BUY MORE WAR BONDS THAN BEFORE

MILESTONES... on the Motor Road



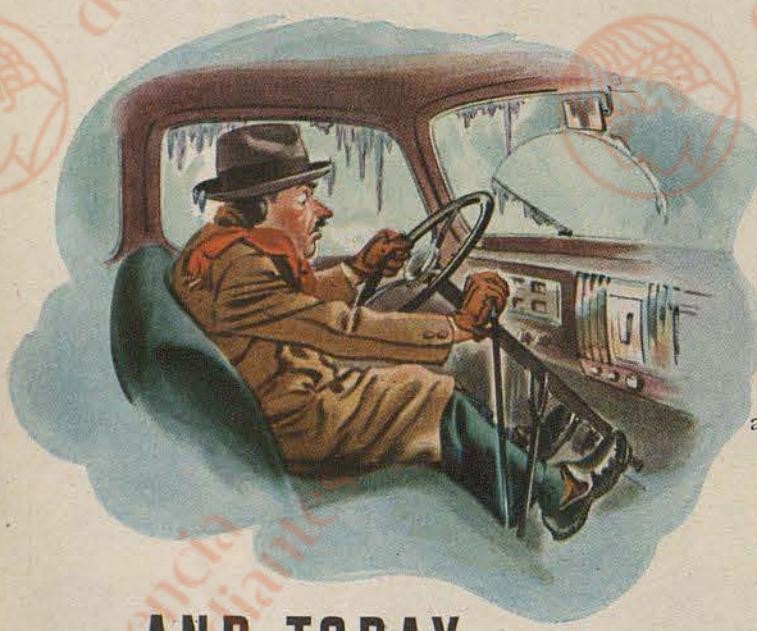
In 1910 better starting was needed

You had to be pretty rugged to wind-up the old pre-1911 "machine" — even though Havoline had been making it easier each year since 1904 by improving motor oil. Then came the self-starter, and lots of elbow-grease was saved.



In 1920 better stopping was needed

It took strength and foresight to stop, too — until hydraulic brakes took over the hard work in the middle 20's. Not long after that Havoline put a stop to much of the carbon that often stopped motors — with the introduction of 100% distilled oil.



In 1937 better shifting was needed

On a cold morning it was real exercise to shift gears. But in 1938 two things brought better, easier driving. Gear-shift on the steering post — and Havoline's introduction of *insulated* oil. It *flowed* when cold, yet stood up at high heat.

AND TODAY...

As a result of more than 40 years of improvement, Havoline is the safe motor oil for your car today. It insures a cleaner engine, more power and "go," more mileage per gallon of precious gas, less engine wear — longer life for your car, lower upkeep costs.



Don't miss the **TEXACO STAR THEATRE** on Sunday nights with **JAMES MELTON** and famous guest stars. See your newspaper for time and station.



THE TEXAS COMPANY

*You're welcome at **TEXACO DEALERS***



PLEXIGLAS CANOPY FORMS A TRANSPARENT OXYGEN "TENT" FOR PATIENT IN HOSPITAL BED. OXYGEN IS FED FROM METAL TANK (REAR) THROUGH BACK OF TENT

PLEXIGLAS

Plastic with a "memory" is shaped
into oxygen "tents" and plane parts

Plexiglas is one of the plastic substances which designers love to put in their glittering postwar plans. Nearly all the Plexiglas being made today is formed into clear, bubble-shaped domes, turrets, noses and cockpit enclosures for combat airplanes. Civilians nevertheless have been experimenting with a few of its possibilities. One of these is the Plexiglas oxygen "tent" shown above. Among other advantages this transparent tent diminishes patient's possible fear of smothering when something is placed over the head.

Plexiglas is wonderfully easy to work with. When sheets of it are heated they are as pliable as putty. Plexiglas is made into round shapes not by using dies and molds but simply by blowing or sucking it into shape with air pressure, much as a glassblower makes a bowl. When it cools, Plexiglas stays rigidly in its new form. But it has one fascinating eccentricity. When it is heated again Plexiglas "remembers" its original shape and returns to it. A demonstration of this effect, called "plastic memory," is shown on the next page.

COLORS OF AMERICA'S GREAT OUTDOORS

Wembley

NOR-EAST NON-CRUSH TIES



Quality Far Beyond the Price

ONE DOLLAR

WEMBLEY TIES of imported Nor-East Non-Crush fabric maintain high quality, but are limited in quantity. When more fabric is available from England, you'll be able to get all you want. Meanwhile, select Everglades Green in Wembley's new wartime all-wool fabric—at better stores everywhere.

COPYRIGHT 1945, WEMBLEY, INC., NEW ORLEANS

Plexiglas CONTINUED



③ MEMORY STARTS WITH SQUARE FORMING ON SURFACE

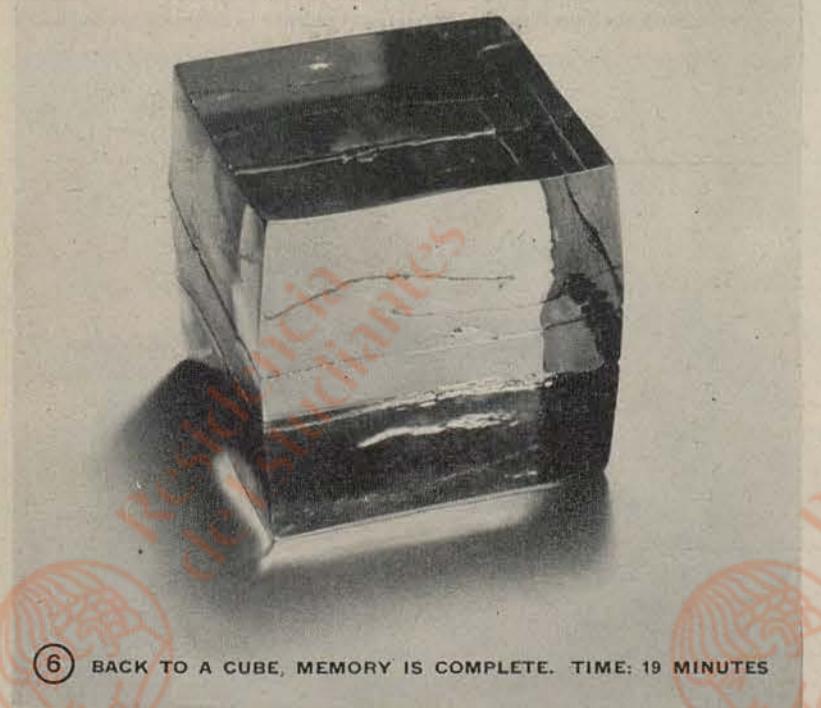
Plastic memory is demonstrated in pictures taken at Rohm & Haas Co., Philadelphia. A cube of Plexiglas (1) is heated to 250°F and compressed into the shape of a disk (2). If disk were allowed to cool and stay cool it would retain pressed shape. In this demonstration the disk was cooled and reheated. After reheating (3), plastic



④ SIDES OF DISK ARE TURNED UP TO FORM A HOLLOW SQUARE



⑤ HEATED PLASTIC NOW ASSUMES A ROUGH, BULGING FORM



⑥ BACK TO A CUBE, MEMORY IS COMPLETE. TIME: 19 MINUTES

memory starts to assert itself. Memory continues through stages (4 and 5) until cube is reformed (6). In unnatural shape of disk plastic is under tension. Heat relaxes tension, allowing Plexiglas to return to natural form. If, after cooling, disk were pressed into another shape and reheated, plastic memory would still return it to cube form.

No curative power is claimed for **PHILIP MORRIS** ... but

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE

PHILIP MORRIS

are scientifically proved far less
irritating to the nose and throat

When smokers changed to **PHILIP MORRIS**, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat — due to smoking — either cleared up completely, or definitely improved.

—findings reported in a leading medical journal.

FAR
FINER PLEASURE
plus
FAR MORE
PROTECTION



FALSE TEETH WEARERS



How YOU Can Avoid
The Danger of
DENTURE BREATH

Don't think Janet doesn't love you, Mother. She does! But how can *anyone* love you... Denture Breath? Avoid offending. Don't brush with ordinary cleans-

ers that scratch your plate material. Such scratches help food particles and film to collect faster, cling tighter, causing offensive Denture Breath.

PLAY SAFE—SOAK DENTURES IN POLIDENT DAILY

It's Easy! It's Quick!



Soak your plate or bridge in Polident fifteen minutes or overnight... rinse... and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach—keeps your plate sparkling clean and odor-free.



What's more... your plate material is 60 times softer than natural teeth, and brushing with ordinary tooth pastes, tooth powders or soaps, often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your

plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens. But, since there is no need for brushing when using Polident—there's no danger. And, besides, the *safe* Polident way is so easy and sure!

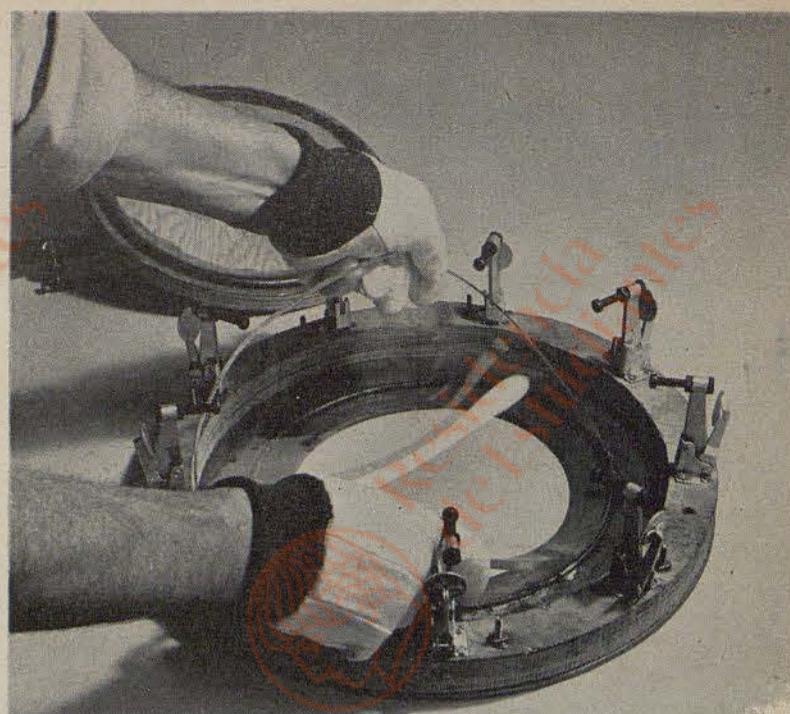


Later—Now it's home sweet home again. No fear of offending with Denture Breath. Mother's one of the delighted millions who have found Polident the new, easy way to keep dental plates and bridges sparkling clean, odor-free. If you wear a removable bridge, a partial or complete dental plate, play safe. Use Polident every day to help maintain the original natural appearance of your dental plate. Costs less than 1¢ a day. All drug counters; 30¢, 60¢.

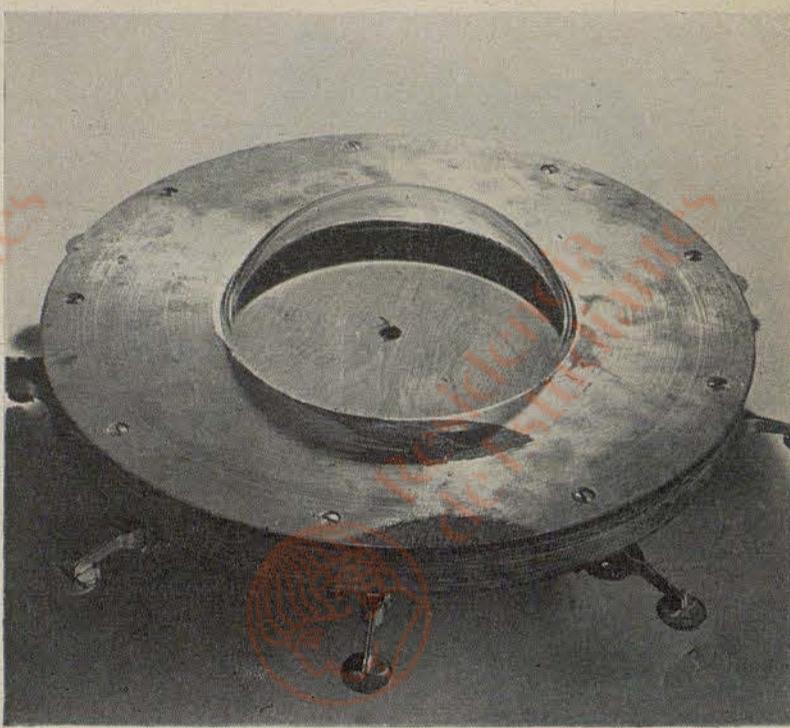
Use POLIDENT Daily TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN... AND ODOR-FREE!

NEW!
Another
Polident Product
DENTU-GRIP
Pleasant Powder to
Hold Plates Tight

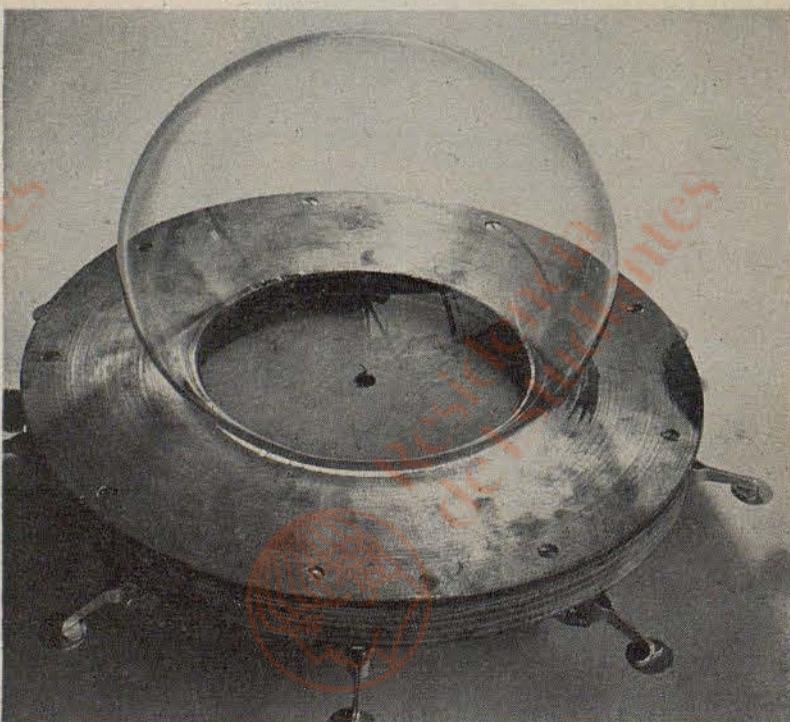
Plexiglas CONTINUED



The forming of a **Plexiglas bubble** is shown in these pictures. First a sheet of hot, pliable Plexiglas is placed on a form and clamped to the sides to make the form airtight.



A small bulge swells upward from the airtight form as air is pumped in through tiny hole underneath the limp Plexiglas. Plastic has tendency to assume a spherical form.



The bubble is completed as the air pressure, acting as a mold, shapes the Plexiglas. Allowed to cool, the plastic hardens in the blown shape and is lifted from the form.

COLUMBIA PRESENTS

Ormandy and The Philadelphia Orchestra

IN A SUPERB RECORDING OF BEETHOVEN'S SEVENTH



Trade Marks "Columbia," "Masterworks" and  Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Prices shown are exclusive of taxes.

Columbia Recording Corporation  A Subsidiary of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.



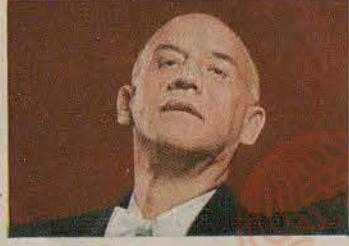
Robert Casadesus (Piano): Mozart's Concerto No. 24 in C Minor (K. 491) with Orch. Symphonique de Paris cond. by Eugène Bigot. Set M-MM-356. \$4.50
Weber's Concertstück in F Minor, Op. 79. Set X-MX-59. . . . \$2.50



Bidú Sayão (Soprano): Batti, Batti, and Vedrai, Cariño from *Don Giovanni*, by Mozart. 71577-D. . . . \$1.00
Puccini's *Un Bel Di, Vedremo* from *Madame Butterfly* and *Mi Chiamano Mimi* from *La Bohème*. 71320-D. \$1.00



Salvatore Baccaloni (Basso-Buffo): *Udite, Udite, O' Rustici* from *L'Elisir d'Amore* by Donizetti. 71383-D. \$1.00
Filippi's *El Ti*, Buzzi-Pecchia's *Serenata Gelata*, and Nutile's *Mamma mia che vo' sape?* 71609-D. . . . \$1.00



Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, in *Fantasia and Fugue in G Minor* by Bach. Set X-MX-244. . . . \$2.50
Tchaikovsky's *Symphony No. 4 in F Minor*, Op. 36. Set M-MM-468. \$5.50



Morton Gould and his Orchestra in "After Dark," a new album of nostalgic love songs. Set C-107. . . . \$3.50
A Morton Gould Concert, including his own lovely composition, *Pavanne*, and other favorites. Set C-96. . . . \$2.75

THE LATE great pianist and composer, Sergei Rachmaninoff, rated The Philadelphia Orchestra "the finest in the world." Now, after two years of recording silence, this magnificent symphonic instrument, under the inspired direction of its famed conductor, Eugene Ormandy, has made its first records as an exclusive Columbia orchestra . . . interpreting one of the great classics of all time, Beethoven's rhythmic *Symphony No. 7 in A Major, Opus 92*.



This work, one of the best-loved in symphonic literature, was written at the noontide of Beethoven's vigor. With typical Ormandy brilliance, its magnificent movements have been given an exalted reading by The Philadelphia Orchestra . . . a reading that makes this superb Columbia recording a classic collector's item, a "must" for all lovers of fine music.



Like so many of America's most renowned orchestras and artists, The Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy, now records exclusively on Columbia Masterworks Records.



These records, engineered to the highest standards of acoustical science, are laminated . . . pressed in layers . . . with surfaces of highly sensitized material. It is this Sensitone-Surface, exclusive with Columbia, that makes possible far richer tone, greater durability, amazing freedom from needle noise. On Columbia Masterworks Records *Great Music is More Faithfully Yours*.

COLUMBIA
Masterworks
RECORDS

JELLIED VEAL LOAF. Have 1 lb. veal knuckles sawed in 3 or 4 pieces. Simmer with 1 lb. veal shoulder, 1 sliced onion, 1 stalk celery, and 1 tbsp. salt in water to cover, about 2 hrs. Strain broth; cook till reduced to 1 cupful; add 1 tbsp. Worcestershire. Place sliced hard cooked egg and stuffed olives in 8½" ring mold; add chopped veal and broth. Chill. Serve with potato salad. (Serves 5)



VEAL BROCHETTES. Ask for about 1½ lb. veal from breast, leg, or shoulder sliced 1" thick. Cut into 1½" squares; put 3 on each skewer, alternately with mushroom caps and small whole onions. Season; dredge with flour; brown in hot fat. Cover and simmer on top of range, or bake slowly in a mod. (350° F.) oven, for about 1 hour, or until tender. (Serves 6)



IT'S A REAL RED-LETTER DAY when you can serve chops of Swift's branded Veal. For veal so delicate in flavor, so juicy and tender, that it can be branded *Swift's Premium* or *Swift's Select* is scarce this season. Veal that carries these famous brands is not just the best on the market . . . it is veal fine enough to meet Swift's own undeviating standards. So watch out for it; get it when you can.



Variety with Veal

These recipes will help you use whatever veal cuts are available. Of course, they're specially delicious when you're lucky enough to get Swift's Brands of Veal

Meals are more interesting—and your marketing job less difficult!—if you know how to make the most of whatever meat cuts your dealer may have. This is especially wise with *veal*, for the supply is very limited this season.

So if you have trouble getting those extra tender, extra juicy veal cuts which alone can be branded Swift's Premium or Swift's Select, use whatever is available in the recipes shown here. However, some of that finest of all veal is still on the market so keep on the lookout for those famous brand names.

Your family will enjoy the delicious variety of these dishes, planned by Martha Logan, Swift's chief Home Economist. And remember, *all* veal is highly—and equally—nutritious!



Swift's brands of Veal

Swift's Premium • Swift's Select

These brand names—displayed right on the meat—are your guide to the finest veal. As an added protection while in transit to your dealer, Swift's Premium Veal is Saniseal-Wrapt an exclusive way to keep it extra fresh and juicy.



ROLLED SHOULDER ROAST. A grand cut—cook it like this: Place a 4-5 lb. rolled shoulder of veal in an open pan. Roast in a mod. slow oven (325° F.) about 40 min. to the pound. If you use a meat thermometer, roast to 180° F. internal temperature. Parboil 6 large onions. Drain; remove core. Add this onion pulp to ½ cup pan-fried chopped mushrooms and ¼ cup cooked peas. Mix with 1 cup medium white sauce; fill onion cups; bake in shallow pan in a moderate (325° F.) oven for about 30 minutes. (Serves 6)



LIEUT. COLONEL CREIGHTON ABRAMS (LEFT) AND A RUNNING MATE LOOK OVER TERRAIN BEFORE ABRAMS LAUNCHED HIS FAMOUS DRIVE TO RESCUE BASTOGNE

"COLONEL ABE"

TANKMAN CREIGHTON ABRAMS OF THE 4TH ARMORED DIVISION, SPEARHEAD OF PATTON'S ADVANCES, MAKES HIMSELF A TERROR TO GERMANS BY BASING HIS OPERATIONS ON OVERPOWERING VIOLENCE

BY WIRELESS

Just before the U. S. armies plunged across the Rhine a captured American soldier, one of thousands subsequently freed, was brought up for questioning before a scowling German officer.

"So, you are from the 4th Armored Division?" the German asked.

The American looked the German straight in the eye and with the aggressiveness of a good tankman said, "You bet I am."

The German leaned back in his chair, smiled broadly and in the tone of one anxious to hear all about an old friend, asked, "Well, and how is Colonel Abrams?"

Lieut. Colonel Creighton William Abrams Jr., the object of this intimate interest on the part of the German officer, is largely unknown among U. S. civilians. It is one of the ironies of this sprawling global war that outstanding young combat officers are better known to the enemy than in their own country. Yet it is they who execute the battle plans of the well-publicized higher officers.

As the rampaging commander of the 37th Tank Battalion of the 4th Armored Division of the Third Army, Abrams is the cutting edge of the U. S. spearhead. An even more pertinent ques-

tion about him might have been, "Where is Colonel Abrams?" For where Colonel Abrams is, that spot is likely to be the farthest point of U. S. armored penetration into Germany. Last week, as advance man for the equally aggressive George Patton, commander of the Third Army, he was reported to be cutting clear across prewar Germany into Czechoslovakia. His present whereabouts is cloaked in a security news blackout and at any given time may not even be known to his commander. In his own words, Abrams likes to be "way out on the goddam point of the attack, where there's nothing but me and the goddam Germans and we can fight by ourselves without stopping to report back to headquarters."

SHAEF headquarters by now is accustomed to having him and his running mate, Lieut. Colonel Delk Oden of the 35th Tank Battalion, turn up unexpectedly in places far in advance of the theoretical battlelines. This habit inspired a wisecrack by one of Abrams' officers that has since been borrowed by half the other units on the Western Front. While looking over a field map showing concentrated German positions all around them in the forward areas, the officer

shook his head in feigned dismay. "They've got us surrounded again," he said, "the poor bastards!"

The surroundings of Abrams' and other units of the 4th Armored by the Germans has almost invariably resulted in the 4th Armored's soon surrounding the Germans. This pattern, repeated elsewhere along the front, has made the great campaign in the west a series of encircling movements which have broken the back of the German defenders and captured them in massive blocks of tens of thousands. The 4th's special skill in this technique recently won it a Presidential citation which followed a peculiar accolade from the Germans that was almost as flattering in its own way. According to captured documents the Wehrmacht rank and file, among whom the 4th is regarded with both respect and terror, were told that each individual soldier in the division was chosen because he was a professional murderer in civilian life. Moreover, the documents charged, an American was entitled to membership in the division only after he had first proved: 1) he had killed his mother; 2) he had been born out of wedlock.

These documents are cherished at divisional headquarters along with the records of the 4th's



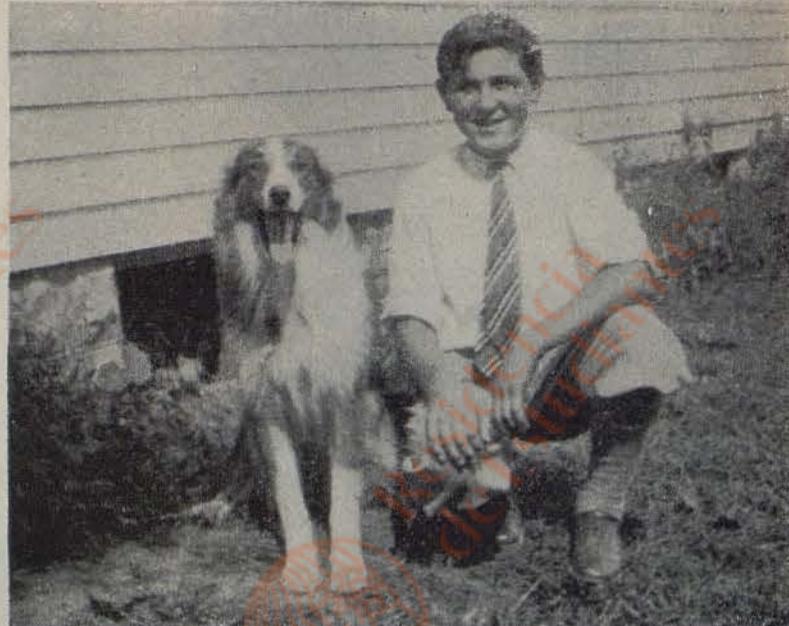
ONE OF A SERIES OF PORTRAITS BY DOROTHY THOMPSON INTERPRETING AMERICA'S ATTRACTIVE WOMEN

You're the outdoor type

You know the secret of being
yourself, of looking glamorous
when windswept, dressed in the
simplest tweeds. For *You* espe-
cially Kayser is planning properly
casual fabric gloves, hosiery,
underthings, and lingerie.

KAYSER

Be Wiser... Buy **KAYSER** buy war bonds too!



"Toots" and Pal, the family collie, were photographed together outside Abrams home in Feeding Hills, Mass. when young Abrams, then 15, was active in 4-H Club work.

"COLONEL ABE" CONTINUED

career through a series of bold and critically important field operations. It was the 4th, with Abrams always out on the point of contact, that broke loose from the Normandy beachhead and led the entire Third Army in sealing off the Normandy peninsula in only 11 days' fighting, a feat that has been described as "astounding the Allies as well as the Huns."

After that it was the 4th that led the Third Army in the breakthrough at St. Lô, which drove the Germans back to their Siegfried fortifications. In that epic drive the division destroyed 317 German tanks and captured 20,000 prisoners, even though on several occasions Abrams radioed back that "we are moving ahead without opposition." Division Headquarters, following up, would find the "unopposed" route strewn with German tanks and gun batteries and littered with hundreds of German bodies.

When the Germans mounted their Ardennes counteroffensive, it was the 4th Armored, under command of Patton's former chief of staff, Major General Hugh Gaffey, that buttressed the southern flank. Later, with Abrams in the lead, it broke through in a spectacular and devastating dash to relieve the besieged 101st Division paratroopers in Bastogne. More recently, in the drive from the Kyll River to the Rhine, it plunged ahead more than 50 miles in 58 hours of concentrated mayhem. Abrams and his outfit destroyed more than 300 German motor vehicles, 75 artillery pieces, 75 antitank guns, 15 Tiger and Panther tanks, 20 "screaming meemies" and overran a rear-area German hospital with 80 patients, three enemy ammunition dumps, one ordnance depot, one fuel dump and a German army corps headquarters where an annoyed German lieutenant general and most of his staff were captured while still at their desks.

Such accomplishments, in which Abrams has always been a leading performer, have draped the cape of a legendary hero around Abrams' shoulders. At 30, he is mature enough to be truly modest, and he does not cultivate the hero worship that surrounds him. But there is a dynamic quality about him and a great flair for leadership that cause his men to idolize him. "We can always spot his tank," says Lieut. John Whitehill, a company commander, "because it doesn't roll ahead like others. It gallops." "Abe's tank," says Lieut. Colonel George "Jiggers" Jaques of the 53rd Armored Infantry, whom Abrams addresses over the tank radio as "Sad Sack," "looks bigger than anyone else's in the field just because Abe's in it."

As he rides along, Abrams gnaws on a long, black, unlighted cigar. "It looks just like another gun," his men say. His present tank, successor to six he has worn out, is named *Thunderbolt VII*. One of the latest improved models of the M4 medium tank, it arrived just after Christmas, when the battalion was resting after the breakthrough to Bastogne. It has a 76-mm. gun, a 17-inch tread, a cast turret and a welded hull. Abrams spent a happy holiday wheeling it through its vocabulary of paces within artillery range of the Germans. The tank it replaced, *Thunderbolt VI*, had its name in letters eight inches high on a background of billowing white clouds punctured by jagged red streaks of lightning. In the interests of winter camouflage *Thunderbolt VII* was painted a drab white, but with spring well along Abrams' driver, Sgt. Robert Stillwell, is giving thought to another appropriate motif for *VII*.

One reason why the Germans are particularly fascinated and terrified by Abrams is that they assume because of his name that he is Jewish, and they imagine that race vengeance plays some part in his destructiveness. Actually Abrams is a New England Methodist but he lets people think what they like. However, Major Harold Cohen of the division's 10th Armored Infantry Battalion is Jewish and is not only a close friend but an operational business partner of Abrams. Cohen's infantry usually either accompanies or follows Abrams' tanks, so that the two units are often indistinguishable. To the Germans the team of Abrams and Cohen seems like the instruments of a wrathful Jehovah.

Perhaps, if the Germans could ever understand it, it would be instructive to them to know more about Abrams and the background that molded him. He was born in Springfield, Mass. on Sept. 16, 1914 and grew up like any normal American boy whose parents see that he goes to Sunday school, eats his vegetables and has plenty of milk to drink. World War I was finished by the time he went to grade school, and the only military background in the family was the story of his great-grandfather, who served with distinction as a drummer boy in the Civil War until his left arm was blown off by a nervous comrade behind him. Out of the fuzziness of most childhood memories Abrams retains a sharp picture of how the old man carried a pail hanging from a hook on the stump of his arm during long walks through the woods in search of blueberries.

"Tootsie," the Hi-Y president

In Agawam High School, across the Connecticut River from Springfield, young Abrams was known as "Toots." His friends picked up the nickname from the Abrams family, who started calling him "Tootsie" because he was such a cute baby. He was able to live this down in high school, however, where he was captain of a football team that went through its season undefeated, untied and unscorched upon. He was class president in his senior year, editor in chief of the school paper, president of Hi-Y, a member of the senior-class play and class orator at graduation. In summers he worked on the Jenks farm near by and in his spare time took part in 4-H Club garden activities. He also raised chickens and later raised and exhibited steers for the 4-H Baby Beef Club.

After high school Abrams considered a scholarship to Brown University but a friend persuaded him to try the competitive examinations for West Point. He was third in a field of 57 and entered when the two candidates ahead of him failed in their physical examinations. At West Point he was too busy to spend much time on his studies and graduated 216th in a class of more than 480. He had his nose broken playing hockey and was considered one of the most efficient hazers on the academy's "beast detail." It took him four years to make his letter in football because he was never able to get his weight up much above 165 pounds, which is light for a guard. The 1936 *Howitzer*, the academy yearbook, said he held the football "warm-up record" as well as "the undisputed title of the loudest, happiest, 'fightin'est' man on the squad." "Indeed," said the *Howitzer*, "a team of Abrams might conceivably prove a champion."

From West Point, Abrams went to the Cavalry School at Fort Bliss, where his restlessness soon gave him a reputation as a prankster. During one period he had a room directly across a court from

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



The Colonel's lady met her husband on a blind date during his second year at West Point. They married after he graduated. She is now the mother of two small children.

IT'S ★ ARA LAC!

A crisp, worsted weave Brighton fabric of rayon and ARA LAC that tailors superbly.

The very sophisticated slacks and jacket are about \$40.



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Breeze through Summer

IN BOSTONIAN AIR COOLS

Take the simmer out of summer in ventilated Bostonians—a cool answer to heat and humidity! Airy and light as a cloud, they give you breeze-catching comfort and friendly "pick-up" support. Refreshing to the eyes, relaxing to the feet—Walk-fitted Air Cools really hurdle the heat. \$8.95 to \$12.50. Made by Bostonians, Whitman, Mass.



BREEZEWAY (above) gives you air-conditioned comfort in a neatly ventilated, cool calf for summer. Its clean, fresh feel is a sure-cure for those dog-day doldrums!

*

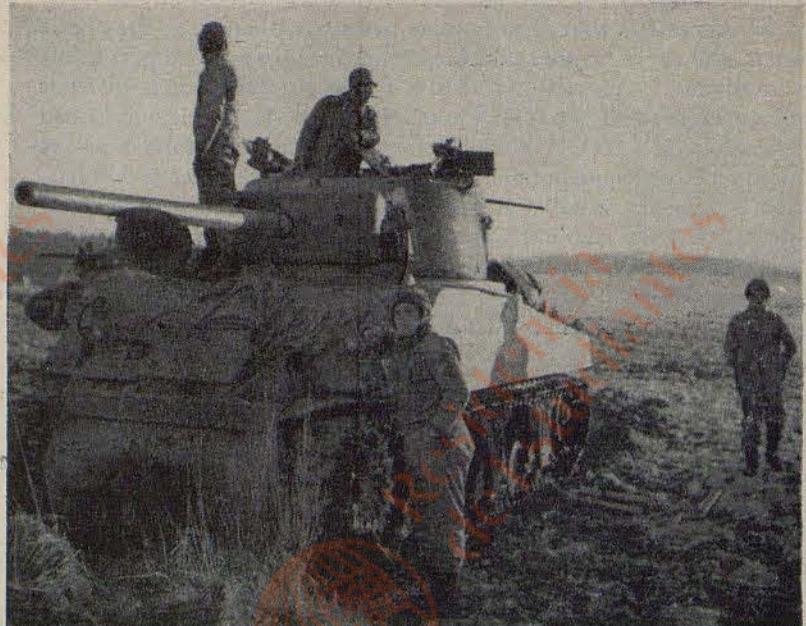
SPRUCE (left) — Comfortably cool Bostonian oxford in brown tropical leather, smooth-lined. Ventilated to let the cool breezes in . . . keep the hot air out.

Bostonians

FIT RIGHT · FEEL RIGHT



THEY'RE WALK-FITTED



"Thunderbolt VI," shown with its crew resting and with cigar-chewing Abrams in the turret, was Abrams' sixth tank of the war. It was recently replaced by *Thunderbolt VII*.

"COLONEL ABE" CONTINUED

the officers' club of the post. On Saturday nights, after other officers and their friends had parked their automobiles in the court and entered the club for an evening of fun, Abrams would sneak out and attach smoke-producing firecrackers to the spark plugs of the cars. Then he retired to the window of his room to watch and wait. When the officers' club eventually closed, gay, teetering officers climbed into their cars and pressed the starters. The loud explosion and ensuing clouds of black smoke, curses and frightened cries gave Abrams much saturnine merriment. Intoxicated by a series of successes, one night he wired a firecracker in the automobile of the general commanding the post. Abrams never was identified as the culprit in the inquiry which followed, but having achieved the ultimate he felt justified in giving up his pastime.

In his second year at West Point Abrams had met Miss Julia Harvey of West Newton, Mass., an attractive Vassar student who came down for a hop as the guest of one of Abe's friends. The friend got sick, Abe got the date, fell in love and he and Miss Harvey were married two months after he was graduated. Now the mother of 6-year-old Noel Abrams and 4-year-old Creighton William Abrams III, she lives in St. Petersburg, Fla. with her mother, waiting and hoping like millions of other Army wives for the war to end quickly.

Abrams, too, wants the war to end quickly and as a cavalryman who turned to tank warfare in 1940 his theories about how it can be done quickly are illuminating. To a cavalryman's belief in mobility he has added a belief in the efficiency of violence properly and unsparingly applied. "We don't want the Germans to fall back," Abrams insists. "We want them to try to defend their positions so we can destroy them and their equipment. There's entirely too much emphasis on getting prisoners and not enough on destruction. Whenever the Germans get us in the wringer they show no quarter, so why should we? We've got to set our minds to destroying them—that's the only way to get this job done, and done fast."

"When we go into those pretty little towns in Germany," Abrams explains, "we don't aspire to damage anything. But if there are Germans there we use our violence, everything that can be burned is burned and every building is destroyed."

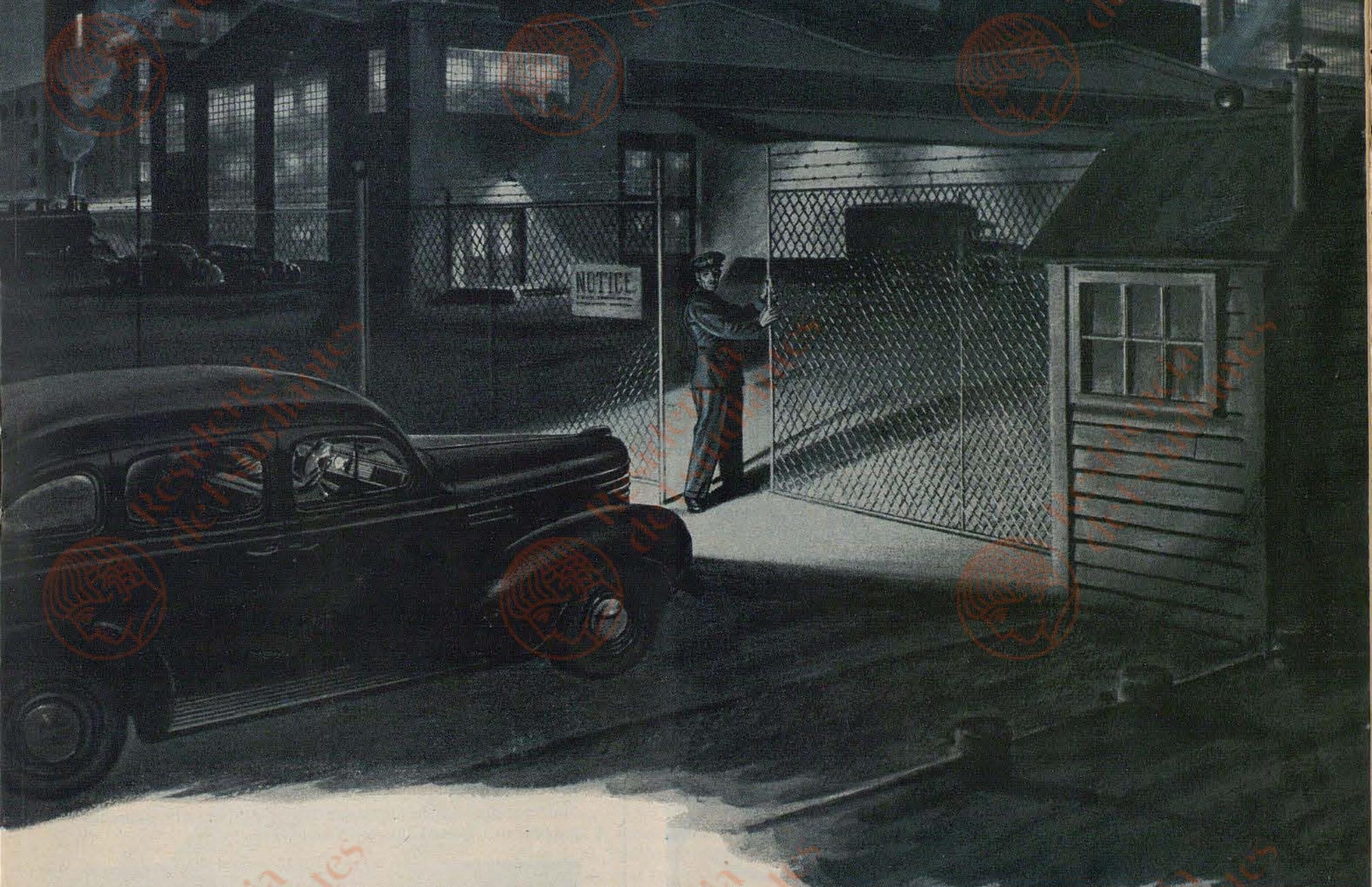
Abrams' theory is that overpowering violence not only destroys the enemy's soldiers and does it quickly but it also keeps down American casualties. In one town in Belgium, for instance, German resistance was mean and stubborn. In house-to-house fighting Abrams' tankmen, working with Lieut. Colonel Jaques's armored infantry, systematically chucked grenades into every window and directed flame throwers through every door. Before the village was completely cleared of Germans it was necessary to burn every building in the area. The score was 427 prisoners of war, 50 Germans killed and 42 wounded. American casualties were negligible.

"Our operations are all based on violence," Abrams says. "An infantry division doesn't have the type of violence we have. We have more firepower than any infantry division in the world—

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

"BEST-ENGINEERED"

said independent garage men back in 1941



And here's what F. James Riley, of Chicago, has to tell you about it now:

"It's lucky for me that Plymouth was engineered for long, trouble-free life. It's my transportation in the job of maintaining essential electrical equipment and machinery for thousands in a war plant. I rely on the Plymouth for service at night when my work is heaviest and there's no other way to travel. If the car should fail, production of war goods would stop or suffer. But my Plymouth has never failed me."

Engineering cars that would give more service and need less service attention always has been the Plymouth program. But even while achieving this, Plymouth worked with its nation-wide dealer organization in seeing that essential servicing should be unsurpassed. Supplied with factory-engineered

parts . . . equipped with special tools . . . the experienced members of this dealer network are working for you—to help keep your best-engineered car running at its very best. They are playing a big part in maintaining wartime driving as Plymouth factories continue wholeheartedly in war production.

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★ BUY WAR BONDS! . . . TO HAVE AND TO HOLD



We're both riding on New Departures!

If your bike has a New Departure Coaster Brake, you're "like-that" with the B-29 pilot roaring over Tokyo. In fact, you're riding high with 'most every Yank fighting man on every front.

For the *ball bearings* in that brake are made by the same outfit that makes them by the *hundreds of millions* for most everything that flies, swims, rolls or fights for Uncle Sam!

Yes, our army and navy and allies know what's good—and so does the college crowd—and so do the millions of other "in-the-know" cyclists who will have no other coaster brake than New Departure!

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RONSON REDSKIN FLINTS,
WICKS AND RONSONOL FUEL.
Demands from all fighting
fronts limit civilian sup-
plies, so please be patient.

"COLONEL ABE" CONTINUED

German, British or Russian. We have mobility, better communications and support artillery which is right behind us. Why, I'd no sooner tackle an American tank battalion having all that violence than I'd try to trap a wildcat in my sleeping bag."

How Abrams relieved Bastogne

When Abrams' tank battalion starts rolling, it goes fast, with every gun in its tremendous arsenal firing throughout the charge. "Even the best German troops, like the 11th Panzer," says Abrams, who occasionally speaks in MacArthur-like formalisms, "cannot collect themselves fast enough. Our firepower spreads confusion and chaos in the German command and fear in the German soldier. Perhaps the more stouthearted fellow will hang on. But the vast majority take counsel with but one thing—fear."

The best illustration of the effectiveness of this blasting program occurred during the 4th Armored Division's dash to relieve the Bastogne garrison. Just before dusk on the day after Christmas, Abrams' tank battalion and the 53rd Armored Infantry under Jaques had fought their way to the crest of the last hill before Bastogne. Ahead a secondary road rolled over the countryside for more than three miles before it finally reached the outskirts of the town. Two villages, Clochimont and Assinois, straddled the road, both defended by fanatical German paratroopers.

While supporting artillery laid down a heavy concentration on the two villages, Abrams' armor stood poised on the hillside, ready for the swift downward swoop. Finally Abrams stood up in his turret and over the interphone came his terse signal, "Let 'er roll!" Like one great snake, the chain of armored vehicles jerked into motion and, gathering momentum, raced down the road towards Clochimont with guns blazing. The column whipped through the village and then rolled on to Assinois where our artillery shells were still pounding German hideouts. Four lead tanks sped through the inferno safely, but a half-track next in line caught a direct hit which disabled the vehicle, killing two infantrymen and wounding four others. The next tank was pinned by a falling telephone pole and still another Sherman floundered under half a ton of debris. In the street the remainder of the column ground to a halt behind the immobilized vehicles. Abrams and his crew scrambled out of their tank and wrested the telephone pole from the trapped tank as infantry engaged German paratroopers in a hot sniping duel. Once back in his tank, Abrams waved the column forward and it roared ahead, leaving doughboys behind to clear the burning village.

Thus Bastogne was relieved in a daring plunge which sent the Germans reeling. As against their high casualties and equipment losses, ours were few: 30 men killed, 180 wounded, and several tanks destroyed.

While Abrams has never had a tank shot out from under him nor sustained an injury in combat, his long periods spent in the vanguard of the fighting have brought him close to death many times. One of his narrowest escapes occurred north of Bastogne when a sudden heavy German artillery barrage caught him standing in the open with two of his officers. The trio instantly dove under the stern of a light tank near by. While shells, mortars and rockets sliced the area to ribbons, one officer had his helmet rapped by shrapnel and "Colonel Abe's" pants were torn by fragments. "I was considerably concerned at the time," Abrams commented later, "but our division headquarters later reported only 'sporadic' enemy fire, so I guess I shouldn't have been."



White flags fluttered from houses in Gross Gerau when tanks of the 4th Armored Division rolled into the village en route to Frankfurt after having crossed the Rhine.



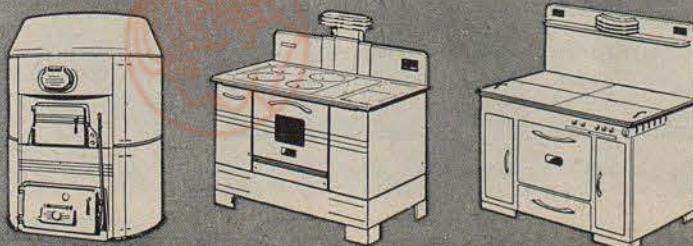
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Public Misconceptions —about Dogs —about Glasses



YOU CAN BE BITTEN BY A BARKING DOG

Dog experts warn us not to put too much faith in the old misconception, "Barking dogs never bite." Even the friendliest dog can be abused and frightened until he bites in self-defense.

However, there are other barks that can be dangerous. For example, take the merchandiser who blatantly advertises "bargain glasses" and "eyes examined free." The implication is that glasses are the primary factor and that examination is so unimportant that it can be given away. That is a serious misconception—don't let it bite you.

Glasses are important, of course, but your eye

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GLASSES ALONE CAN'T CORRECT FAULTY VISION

comfort and visual efficiency depend upon proper professional care. That means a careful examination and a great deal more; your eyes must also be refracted, your glasses prescribed, your prescription interpreted, your glasses fitted, re-evaluated and serviced.

It is for these professional services that you pay a fee.

Glasses, alone, cannot correct faulty vision. What counts most is the professional skill and the technical services of your Ophthalmologist, Optometrist, Ophthalmic Dispenser.

Don't be satisfied with anything less than

thorough eye care. Seek the professional skill and services that your priceless vision demands.

Seek professional advice—not glasses at a price.



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FITTING



RE-EVALUATING



SERVICING



"IRON MEN AND WOODEN SHIPS" LAUNCHED WILSON'S FAME AS BOOK ILLUSTRATOR

BOOK ILLUSTRATOR

Edward A. Wilson interprets classic adventure tales

Modern American book illustration is a vigorous art which has been revitalized in the past two decades. Now at an all-time peak, it owes its present high state to the taste and energy of such publishers as the Limited Editions Club, Random House and Doubleday, Doran. These publishers have made book illustration a field for artists like Boardman Robinson, Thomas Benton, Doris Lee and Reginald Marsh; have pulled it out of the hack-work doldrums into which it fell in 1911 after the death of Howard Pyle, famed U.S. illustrator of adventure tales.

Of first rank among modern U.S. book illustrators is Edward A. Wilson, whose best work LIFE presents on these pages. Glasgow-born Edward Wilson was once a pupil of Howard Pyle and has his teacher's deep affection for

ships, adventurous old salts and the sea. Wilson's early childhood was spent in the deep-sea port of Rotterdam and, ever since he came to the U.S. with his parents in 1893 at the age of 7, he has managed to live near water. Wilson calls himself "just a rocking-chair sailor" who spends his winters on Long Island and his summers at Cape Cod. In both homes he is surrounded by nautical books, harpoons, pirate chests and whale guns.

In 1924 Doubleday brought out first important Wilson-illustrated book, *Iron Men and Wooden Ships* (above). Since then the artist has interpreted so many adventure classics like *Two Years Before the Mast*, *Treasure Island* and *Robinson Crusoe* (below) that the Heritage Press plans to publish a "complete Wilson" this year. For more characters re-created by Wilson, see following pages.

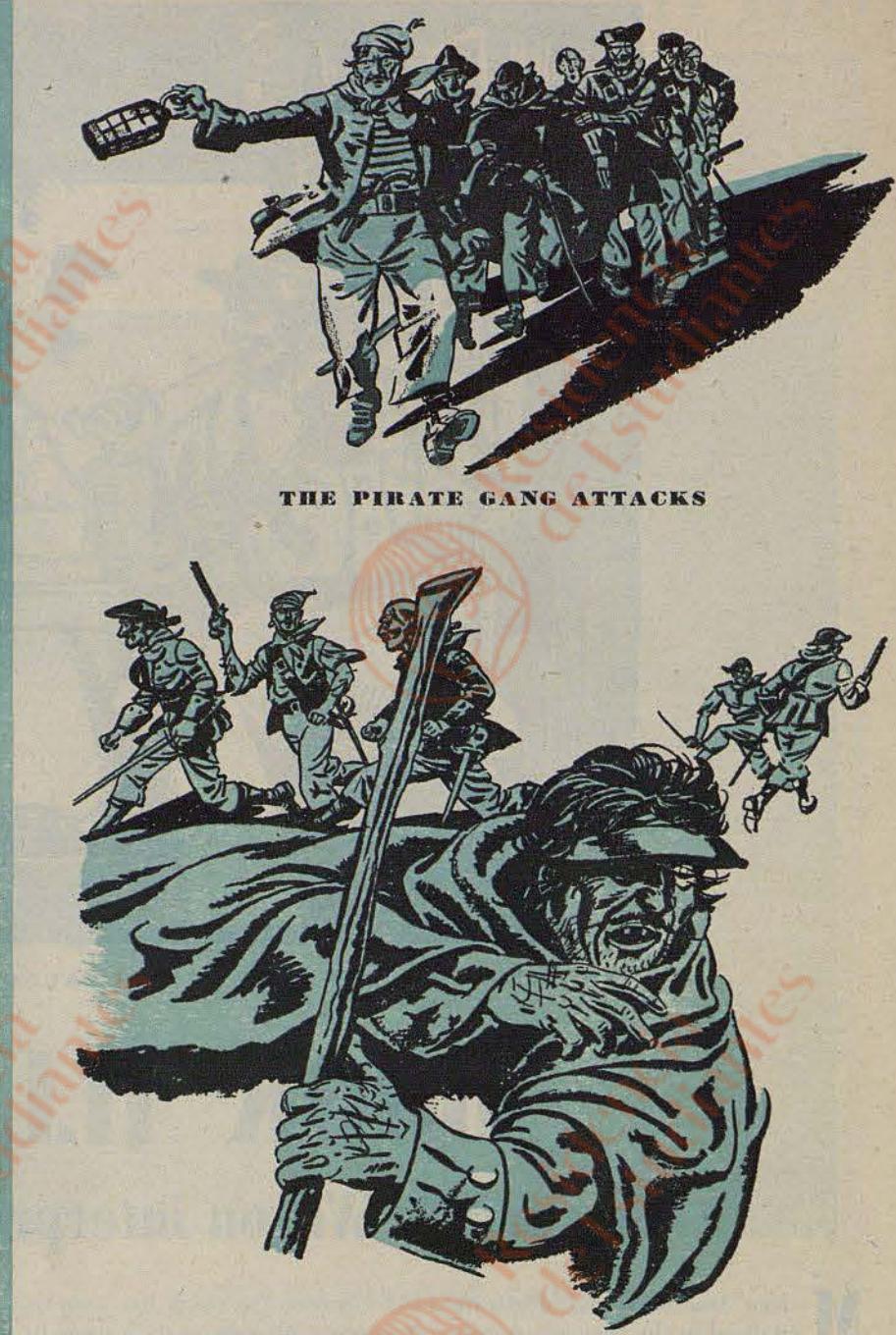


WILSON'S ROBINSON CRUSOE discovers Friday's footprints (left), chats with parrot (above), pursues natives with Friday (right). *Crusoe* was Wilson's tenth book, was published by Limited Editions.





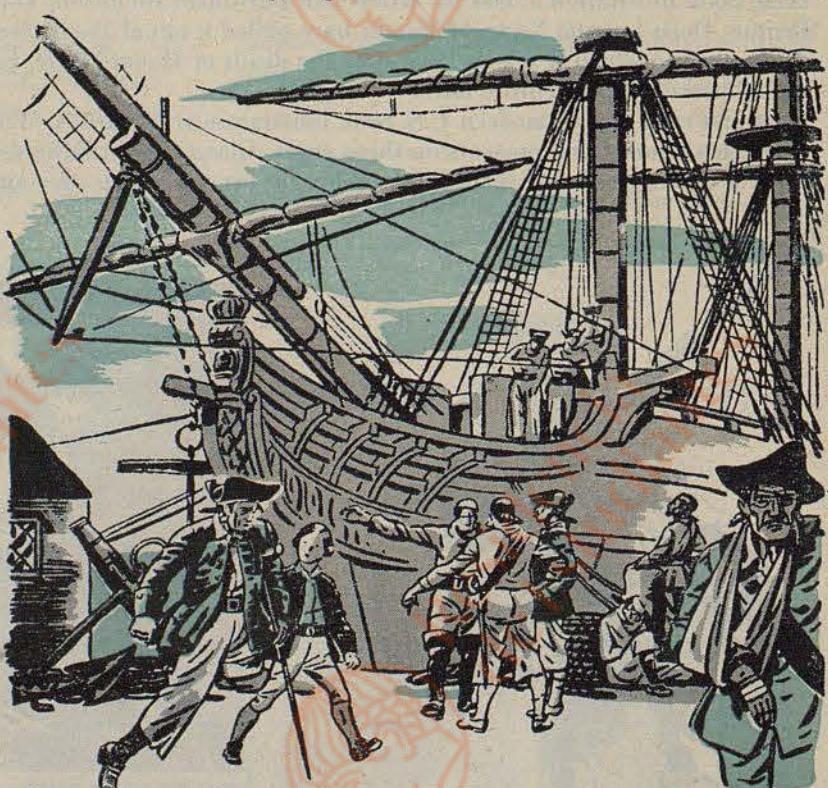
IN "TREASURE ISLAND" Long John Silver, the pirate, discovers that the buried treasure has been removed and angrily brandishes his double-barreled pistol. Wilson illustrated Stevenson's classic, the book he had most wanted to do, for Limited Editions Club in 1941.



OLD BLIND PEW is one of the pirates who tried to rob the boy Jim Hawkins of the map of Treasure Island. During the gang's attack on the inn run by Jim's mother, Pew is deserted by his pals and killed by the horses of revenue officers.



ABOARD THE "HISPANIOLA." anchored off the shores of Treasure Island, two of Long John Silver's pirates are left to guard the pirate ship, but get into a drunken brawl. The intrepid Jim seizes this opportunity to pull down the skull-and-bones flag and take command.



ON THE BRISTOL DOCKS just before the voyage to Treasure Island, young Jim first meets treacherous Long John. A simple country lad, he knows nothing of bloodcurdling adventure and wealth that lie ahead of him on Treasure Island.



"RANGING THE MAINE COAST" is an account by Alfred F. Loomis of three summer cruises in his knockabout sailboat, *Hotspur*. Wilson accompanied Loomis on

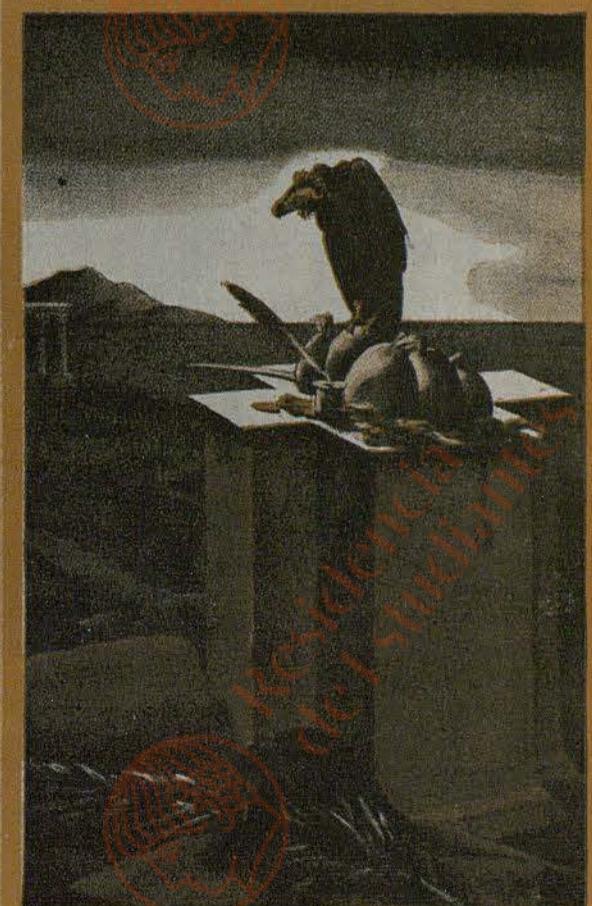
his 1939 trip and made this wash drawing of *Hotspur* lying at sunset off Tenants Harbor. Protected bay ringed in by dark-forested islands is characteristic of Maine shore.



"ANTHONY ADVERSE" gave Wilson opportunity to use symbolism. Young Anthony leaves convent, suggested by priest's hat (at left), and re-enters the world.



ABOARD A SQUARE-RIGGER. Anthony sets out for Italy, fame and fortune. The tumbling Roman column is reminder that wealthiest empires collapse.



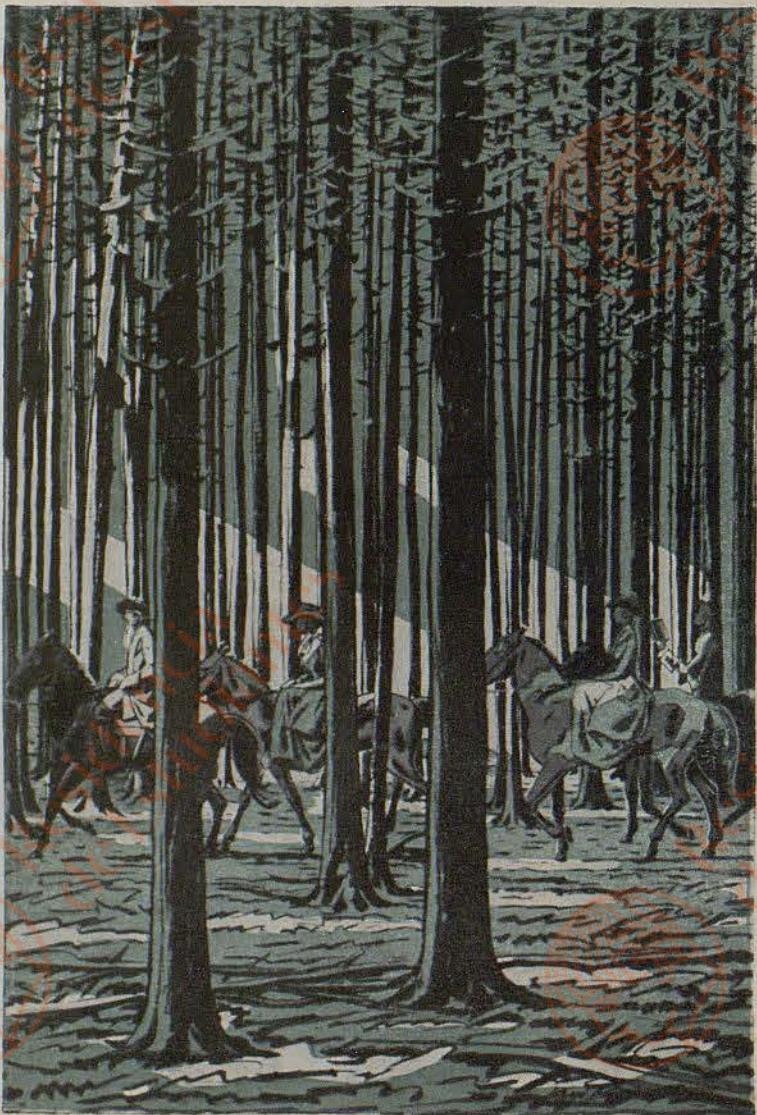
ANTHONY'S WORLDLY SUCCESS and his belated recognition of its futility are symbolized by the hungry-looking vulture brooding over a pile of money bags.



THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY, immortalized by Edward E. Hale, gazes toward America, land he betrayed and was condemned never to see.



MEMENTOS OF HIS NATIVE LAND, its flag and a portrait of Washington, were always kept in his ship's cabin by the man without a country.



"THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS." Cooper's frontier tale, opens with this Wilson drawing of British major escorting heroines through forest.



HAWKEYE, British scout, prepares to kill Magua, the Indian chief whose braves ambushed party in forest and stabbed one of Cooper's heroines.

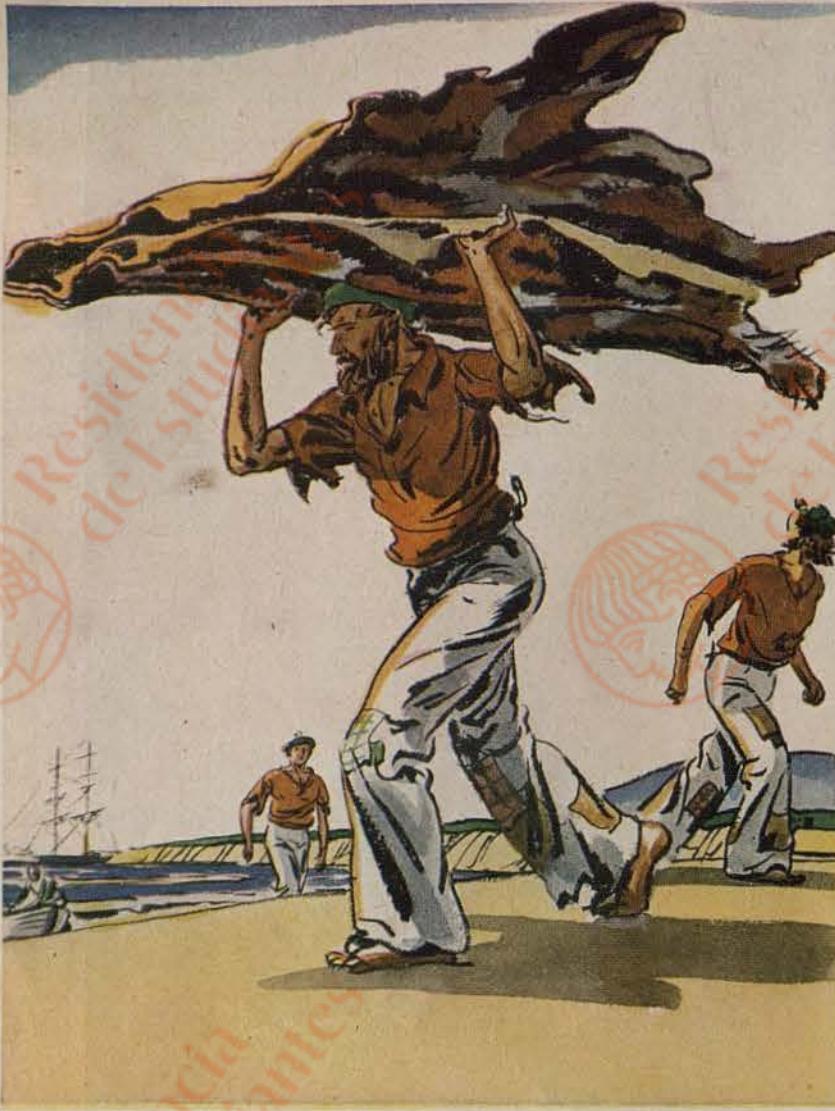


THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH of Longfellow's poem displays the muscles of his brawny arms to an admiring barefoot schoolboy. Above the smithy with

its flaming forge is the spreading chestnut tree. This painting is in the new Wilson-illustrated edition of Longfellow to be published by Doubleday, Doran.

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WILSON (continued)



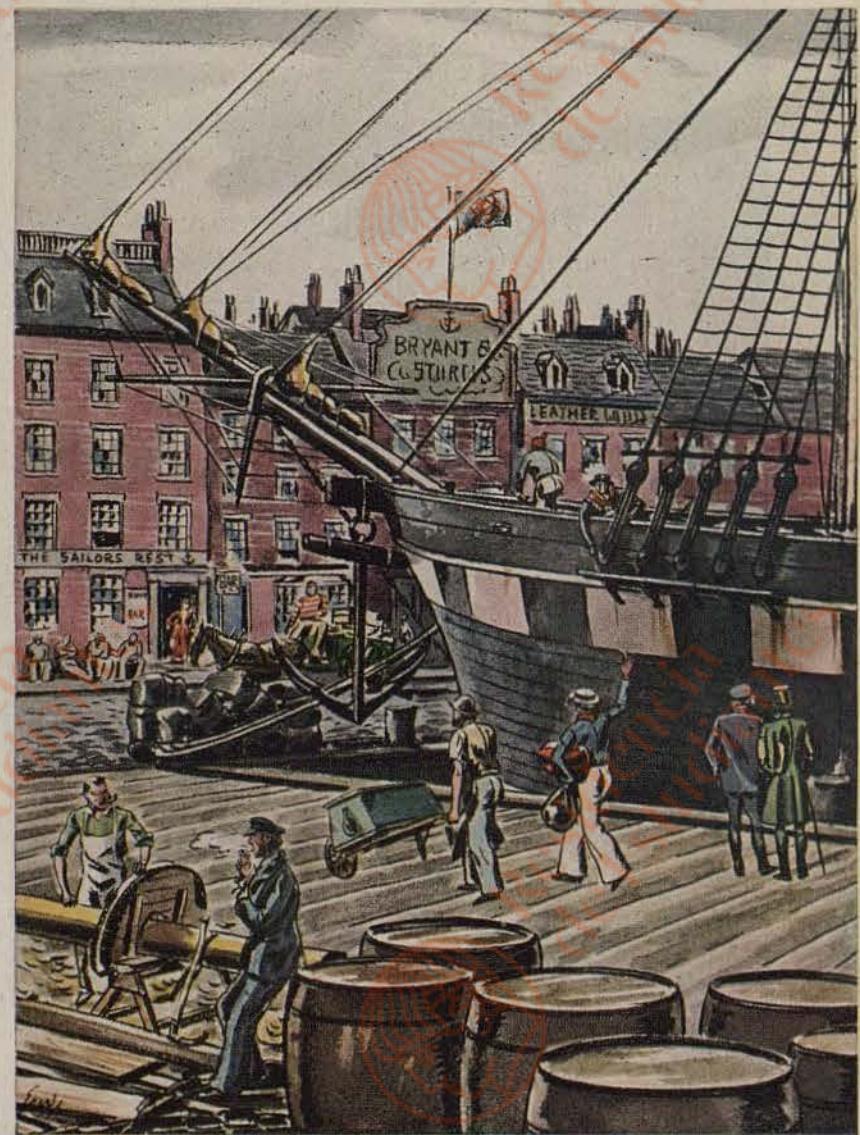
"TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST," the famous sea story by Richard Dana, was a notable Wilson work. The sailors above are carrying heavy dried hides to a dory.



A SAILOR IS FLOGGED by ship's brutal captain. Author Dana, a Harvard undergraduate, shipped out to sea for his health, sailed around Cape Horn to California.



TROPICAL STORM burst over Dana's ship during the return journey. Although lightning struck near, ship was in center of storm and sea remained strangely calm.



BOSTON DOCKS were reached after two years at sea. During trip Dana had become a healthy, hardened sailor. Four years later he published story of adventure.

Who's Who on the "Century"

... calling the roll aboard the flagship
of New York Central's wartime fleet

Ticket Team

New York Central and Pullman Conductors collect tickets together. Yet that's the least of their jobs. Former is responsible for operation of the train, while the latter's exacting task is to make passengers as comfortable as possible under wartime conditions.

DORMITORY
FOR CREW

The Press of War

Sudden errands of war often allow little time for packing, and may last longer than expected. So the services of the Valet on the 20th Century Limited in pressing and repairing clothes are particularly helpful in these hectic days.

Commissary Commander

Your Steward holds a difficult post. He strives to maintain standards of food and service despite rationing and the fact that many experienced cooks and waiters have changed their New York Central uniforms for Uncle Sam's.

"Key" Man in Wartime

With thousands of production executives riding the Century, the Secretary is a "key" man in more ways than one. He types many a war-important letter or document. And he registers passengers so as to reach them quickly if telegrams arrive en route.

Rear Guard Action

The Rear Brakeman is the train's "rear guard." Among his duties is checking with signal tower men, station agents and other railroaders along the route. They inspect each car as it speeds past, then signal a safety report to him.

First Aid to First-Timers

War has brought many "first-timers" to the railroads. Porter shows each the air-conditioning regulator, reading lights, clothes closets, disappearing bed and toilette facilities, and other new comforts that foreshadow the "Trains of Tomorrow."

Time for Dinner

Today, hundreds of busy executives count their meals en route among the few they have time and freedom to enjoy. Chefs, kitchen staffs and New York Central's Commissary Department do their utmost to see that those meals are enjoyed.



BUY MORE
WAR BONDS

New York Central

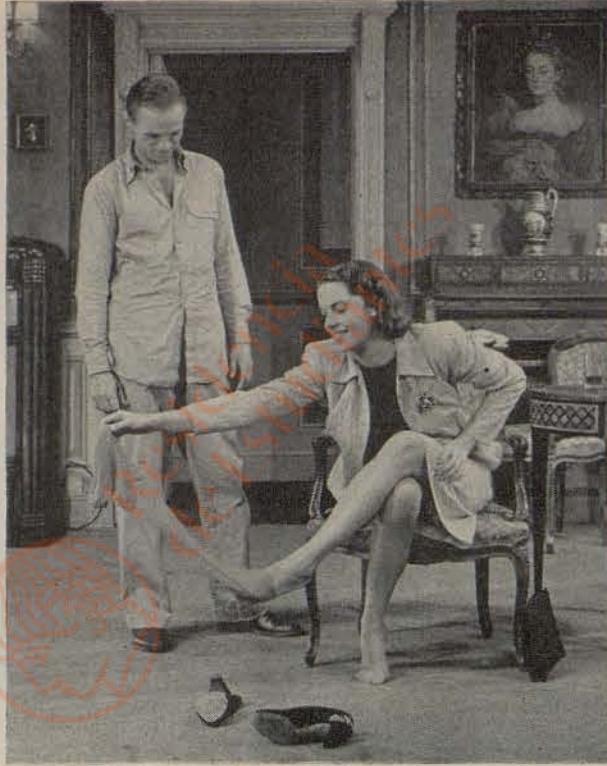
THE WATER LEVEL ROUTE

THESE are the men you see. But up ahead, the engineer and fireman handle your train with smooth efficiency. The baggage man and mail car crew care for their important cargoes. And all along the line are dispatchers, signalmen, track maintainers, shop workers and many others . . . each helping to man New York Central's fleet of some 800 passenger trains a day.

With fellow railroaders of America, they're learning new efficiencies from the wartime task of moving the greatest traffic in history. And tomorrow, they'll apply those lessons to bring you still finer travel aboard America's post-war trains.



The thrill of seeing an American girl's legs again is expressed here. Mocking Crewson's trick of luring girls to his suite by pretending that he has nylons, Gwynneth (Jayne Cotter) repulses



his attempts to make love by giving him her own nylons. Crewson: "Listen, Gwynneth, listen, I've got three days more! Three days and three nights." Gwynneth: "And only one pair of



The hero act is satirized by Crewson, Mississip and Mac when a public relations officer tries to induce them to address a group of shipyard workers on the subject of their bravery in the



South Pacific. Crewson jeeringly suggests that they might give "Interview 32, Suitable for Being Graved in Granite." Then, to the bewilderment of the public relations man, they proceed

"KISS THEM FOR ME"

THREE WAR HEROES ARE DISILLUSIONED BY LIFE IN THE U.S.

Last year a novel named *Shore Leave*, (Farrar and Rhinehart; \$2.50), written by Frederic Wakeman during his convalescence at a naval hospital, worked its way close to the best seller lists. *Shore Leave* told the story of some Navy fliers who, returned from the South Pacific for convalescence, wangled a leave in San Francisco which they wanted to spend drinking stingers, entertaining pretty girls and listening to hot records. The brief adventures of the fliers were conducted in a heavy haze of alcohol, cigaret smoke, sex and hangovers.

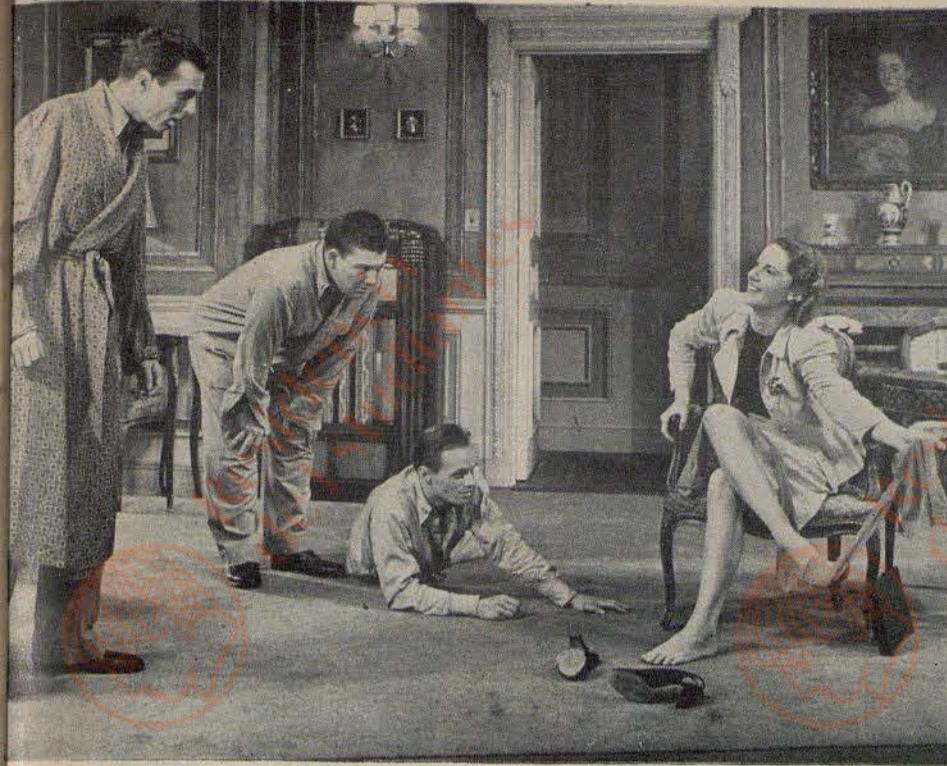
Shore Leave started a small but heated controversy among Navy men. Some thought that it gave an exaggerated picture of World War II's lost generation. Others maintained just as firmly its irreverence and bitterness were accurate reflections of the attitude of servicemen back in the U.S. on leave. But at least one of *Shore Leave*'s lines, "There I was on my back at 30,000 feet" (above), has become a classic gag for Navy pilots.

A pretty good novel, *Shore Leave* has been made into a play called *Kiss Them for Me*. Less tough and uncompromising than the book, the play starts off strong, weakens, fades off at the end. Though well-acted, the play has drawn small audiences and may not long survive on Broadway.

But despite its weaknesses, *Kiss Them for Me* has a discerning eye for some aspects of fighting men home on leave. Some of the reactions of the three Navy fliers—Crewson, Mississip and Mac—to the home front are conveyed with wry and honest humor—the pleasure of looking at an American girl's legs again (top), the mocking contempt for returning heroes' stories of their deeds (above), the lonely need not for just any girl but for love (right), the suspicion of wartime money-makers (page 64). Strung loosely on a plot which gets the three fliers involved with girls, profiteers, shore police and Navy regulations, these incidents are a lively, revealing record of the home-coming of today's heroes.



The loneliness for loved ones is expressed by the idealistic Mac, who continues to talk dreamily about his wife Anna while



nylons! Poor kid! I want you to have a good time." (Takes off her nylons.) C: "I think you're a hell of a girl." Mississip (Dennis King Jr.) enters, sees Gwynneth's legs and whistles. Crew-



son gets down on floor. Mac (Richard Davis) enters. He and Mississip join Crewson on floor. Mac: "I'd almost forgotten—American legs!" Thereupon Crewson sings *God Bless America!*



with elaborate gestures to poke fun at what they call the "Hero act." Crewson and Mississip: "There I was on my back at 30,000 feet." Crewson and Mac: "Two Zeroes above me, four Mit-



subishis below." Mississip: "And there in the drink was a battleship of the *Haruna* class..." Crewson: "... which I was able to recognize because I am an avid reader of *LIFE* magazine."



Alice knowingly makes love to him. Alice: "You're sweet." (She puts her hand on his knee.) Mac: "She's so soft, Alice. (He touches her arm.) She has a way of putting her lips against my



neck. (Alice does so.) Yes, like that. (He kisses her.) Oh, Anna, Anna, I mean, Alice—" (He tries to draw away.) Alice: "Would she mind so much?" Mac: "I think she'd mind terribly."





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The anger toward profiteers is shown when a shipyard owner (Robert Allen) asks the fliers to talk to his workers. Crewson: "... maybe you can have your stock room boys and vice presidents pushed around, but you don't rate ... with the U. S. Navy!"



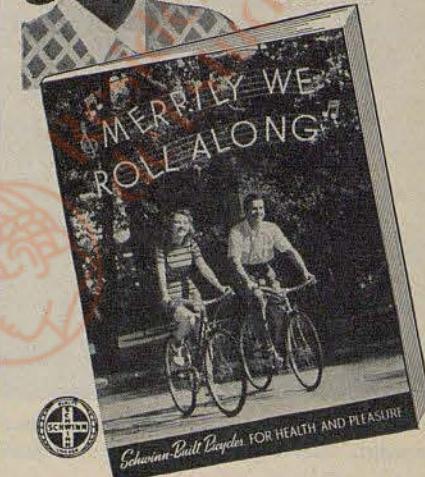
The victory girl, Alice (Judy Holliday), tries to make people think she is an intellectual by carrying *Fortune* around with her. "Do you ever read *Fortune* magazine?" she asks Gwynneth. Then, to be more impressive, she explains, "It costs a dollar."

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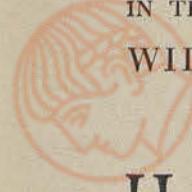


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There's a fresh-as-a-breeze look about Air Steps. And there's a fresh-as-a-new-morning feel to them, too. This light and comfortable walking ease comes from Air Step's hidden feature — the Magic Sole, an airy cushion that cradles your foot, absorbing every shock and jolt resiliently.



PHILLIES' PITCHING STAFF is shown here, with their ages indicated by numerals above their heads. Pitchers (left to right) are: Charles Ripple, Charles Schanz, Charles Sproul, Mitchell Chetkovich, Louis Lucier, Kenneth Raffensburger, Anton Karl, Vernon Kennedy, Richard Coffman, Richard Barrett and Fred Fitzsimmons.



INFILDEERS are Ralph Caballero, Granville Hamner, George Broome, Garvin Hamner, Nicholas Piccuto, Elisha Mott, James Wasdell, James Foxx. In peacetime a big-league team rarely had players under 21 or over 35. Five of this year's Phillies are under 21, nine over 35. The others are mostly of minor-league caliber.



OUTFIELDERS are William Sanders, Nicholas Goulish, Vance Dinges, René Montea-
gudo, Coaker Triplett, Vincent DiMaggio (the only DiMaggio now playing), Charles Klein.



CATCHERS are Andrew Latchic, Andrew Seminick, Joseph Antolic, John Peacock, Augustus Mancuso and Mervyn Shea. Phillies' catching is weak.

THE PHILLIES

Big leagues face a tough season
with players too old or too young

For managers of the 16 teams in the major leagues the fourth season of wartime baseball looks like the hardest. Their training camps in the north have been uncomfortable, travel has been difficult and their ersatz equipment has been awful. But a manager's biggest headache of all is manpower. Even if he can make a well-organized team from his assortment of creaky veterans and callow rookies, he still stands to lose some of his best players before the season is over.

The prize 1945 example of a team in trouble is the National League Phillies, managed by Fred Fitzsimmons. They have not won a pennant since 1915. This year's team is made up of untried youngsters from his new farm system and old men from everywhere. Six players are already in 1A. But Fitzsimmons' worst problem, shared by six other National League managers, is as simple as it is frustrating: The St. Louis Cardinals are apparently just as good as ever.

The Phillies CONTINUED

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
***F-N TEST?**



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1. It's F-N, the test for men! The "Finger Nail Test!" Scratch your head and see if you find dryness or loose, ugly dandruff. If so, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size.

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2. Only a little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long without a trace of that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks good and feels good!

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3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to preparations formerly used. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long way. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

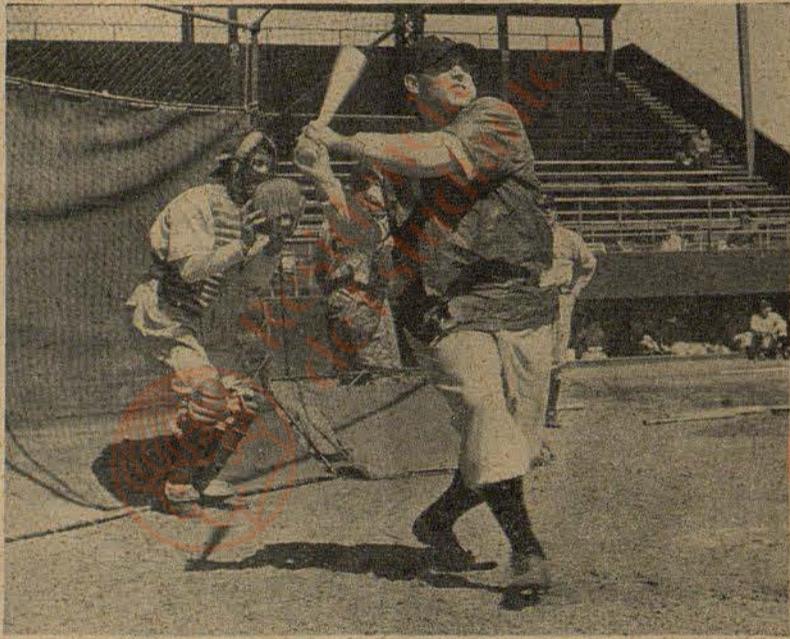
SPECIAL NOTE
TO WOMEN...

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BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!



Fred Fitzsimmons, old-time Giants pitcher who is manager of the Phillies, will be 44 this July. He put himself on the active list but he will not have to pitch very much.



Bill Nicholson, 30, belongs to the Chicago Cubs, trained with Phillies this spring, fearing that if he left his Maryland war job his draft board would put him in 1A.



Gus Mancuso, Phillies' catcher, is 39, has played big-league baseball for 16 years, notably with the Giants. He would have retired this year but joined Phillies to help out.

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Many druggists are now offering NUJOL at only **69¢ a quart instead of 89¢**. This offer is good for limited time only. So buy this fine mineral oil—**TODAY—save 20 cents on every bottle!**

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Sizes for everyone—men,
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Ford dealer, you'll get better service for it... and continue to get more service from it.

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More than 30,000,000 Ford, Mercury and Lincoln cars—and Ford trucks—have been built.

The Phillies CONTINUED

Even weathered
old faces like his



feel almost as
smooth as his



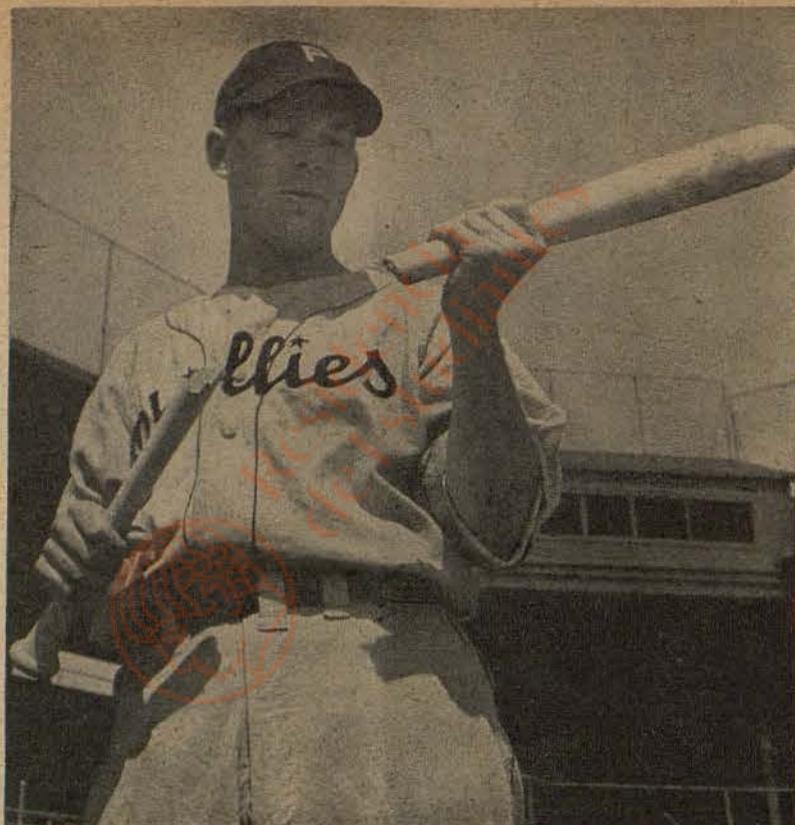
after a cool,
cool Ingram
shave...



• Friend, meet Ingram—just about the cooling-est, soothing-est shaving cream that ever made life easier for man or blade. Helps condition your skin for shaving, wilts whiskers fast, cools and soothes razor scrapes and stings. And the coolness lingers on. Breeze through shaving tomorrow. Get Ingram Shaving Cream today!

INGRAM
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Product of Bristol-Myers



Broken bats are commonplace because of the scarcity of seasoned ash. Phillies broke three dozen in training. Player is Rookie George Broome, discharged D-day veteran.



Jimmy Foxx, 37, long the Athletics' and Red Sox's home-run star, is now Phillies' pinch hitter. But he is having some trouble with his ankles, has to soak them in brine.



Petitioner WITH PEN!

Massachusetts' resolute delegate to the first turbulent Continental Congress, John Adams in 1774 aided in draft of the courageous petition to the king and the declaration of rights... fired the lethargic with—"Let us dare to read, think, speak and write..."

An able author, patriot Adams penned his immortal messages with a fresh-nibbed quill, inked in a curious well made from horn. Today, men have better pens—Inkographs, with 14 kt solid gold ball-like point... smooth flowing, fast-acting, reliable... writes like a soft lead pencil, good for millions of words.

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IMPORTANT!

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so please—

- 1) Share this magazine with friends, since the shortage of paper limits the number of copies printed;
- 2) Then put this magazine into paper salvage.

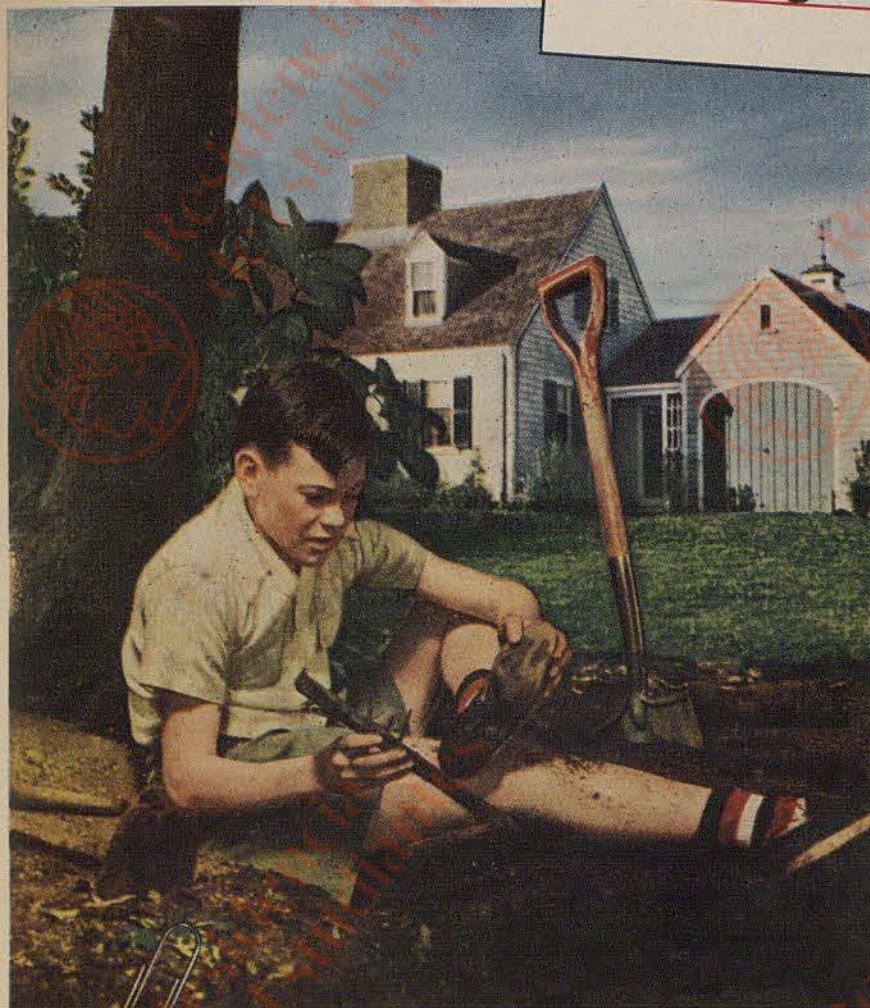


Dealers—
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AT ALL GOOD STORES

AGENCY PAPER CO., New York 13

Which One Is Best Protected Against LOCKJAW?



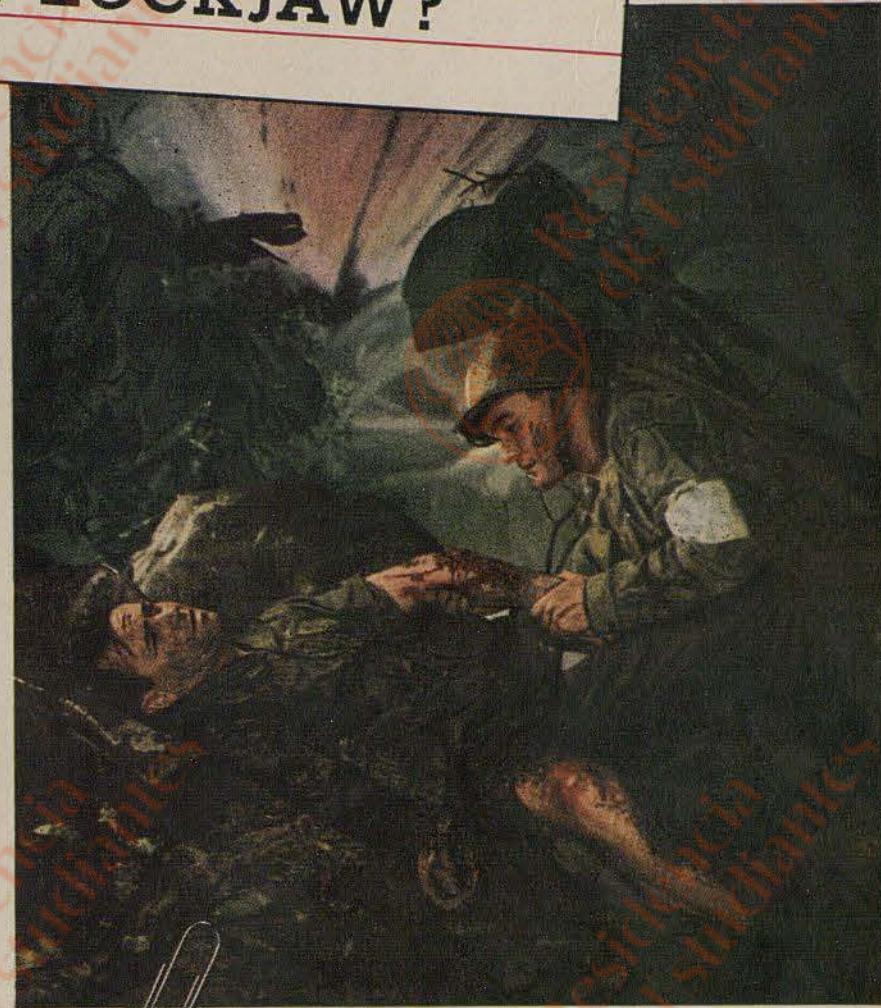
Johnny J.

Stepped on rusty nail, got small "puncture wound."

Accident happened in garden where soil has good chance of containing tetanus germs.

Had never been immunized against lockjaw. Wasn't taken to see doctor.

Several days later, stiff neck. Followed by rigidity of jaws, convulsions. Days of agony. Finally pulled through.



Pfc. Harry H.

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Casualty same type which caused such large numbers of fatal lockjaw cases in World War I.

This soldier had been immunized against lockjaw when he entered the Army.

To date, neither this soldier nor a single other member of the armed forces, thus protected, has developed lockjaw.

TETANUS (lockjaw) is now added to those diseases which can be controlled.

This same immunization which has been so effective in the Army and the Navy is also available to civilians.

Consult your doctor about a well-

balanced program of protection for your child . . .

He will tell you about immunizations not only against tetanus, but against other diseases such as whooping cough, diphtheria and scarlet fever.

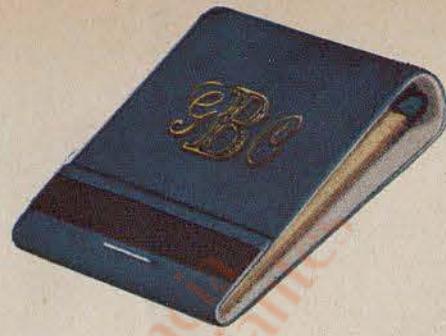
A HEALTHY NATION FIGHTS BEST-SEE YOUR DOCTOR

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RESEARCH AND MANUFACTURING LABORATORIES
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Advertisement No. 194 in a Parke, Davis & Co. series
on the importance of prompt and proper medical care.



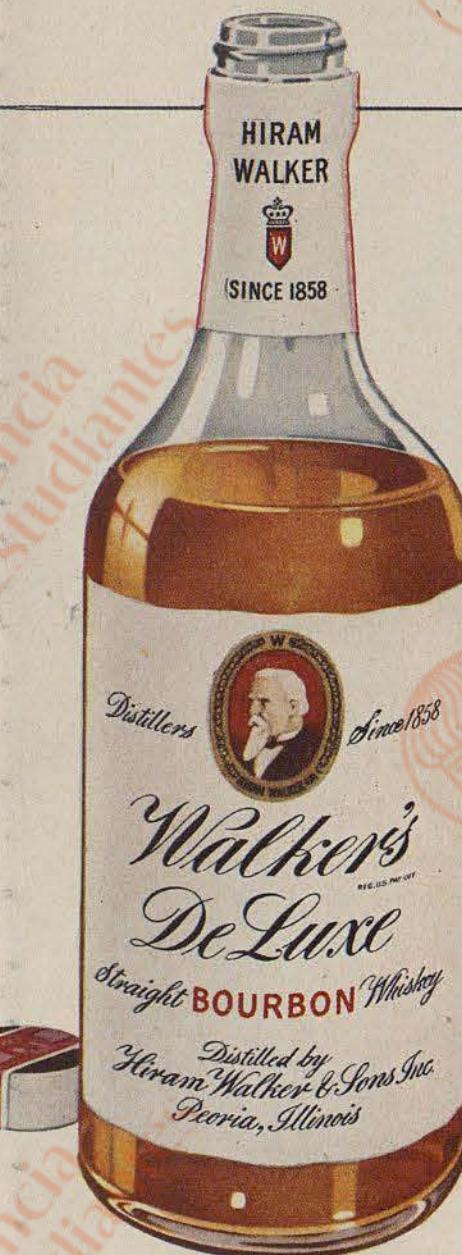
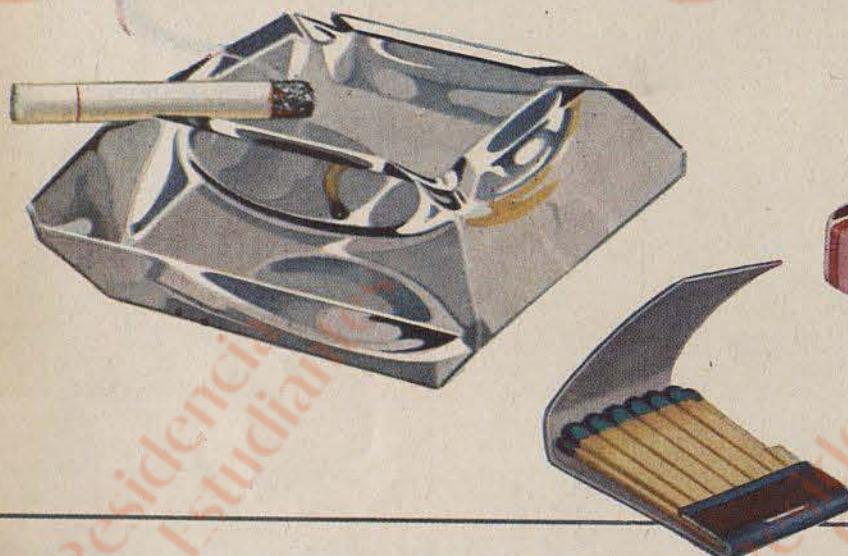
What's a match-book got to do with it?

DOES IT GIVE YOU an insight to a man's character? Well, it's an inkling, perhaps.

You might assume that a man is particular or fastidious or discriminating because you see his initials on a book of matches. You *might*—and you might be right.

But—when you find that book of matches beside a bottle of Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon, *then* it has a real significance.

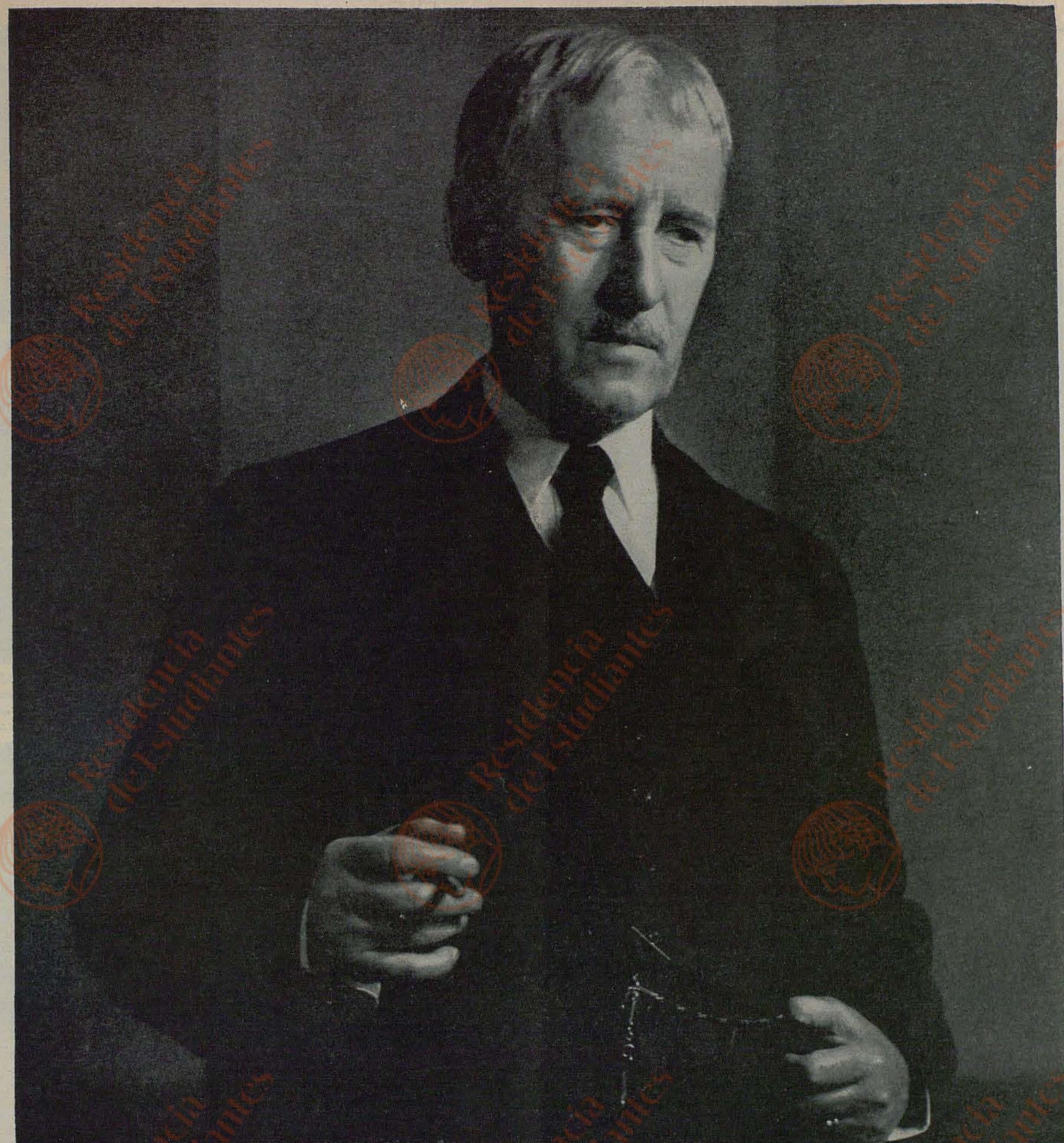
That combination tells you beyond doubt that he's a very discriminating fellow—even his matches have to be something special, something better than the usual.



Walker's DeLuxe

These two words mean a great straight bourbon

Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.



WAR SECRETARY HENRY L. STIMSON, A CABINET OFFICER UNDER THREE PRESIDENTS, THOUGHTFULLY PREPARES TO SERVE A FOURTH

ROOSEVELT'S MEN

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS © 1945, KARSH, OTTAWA

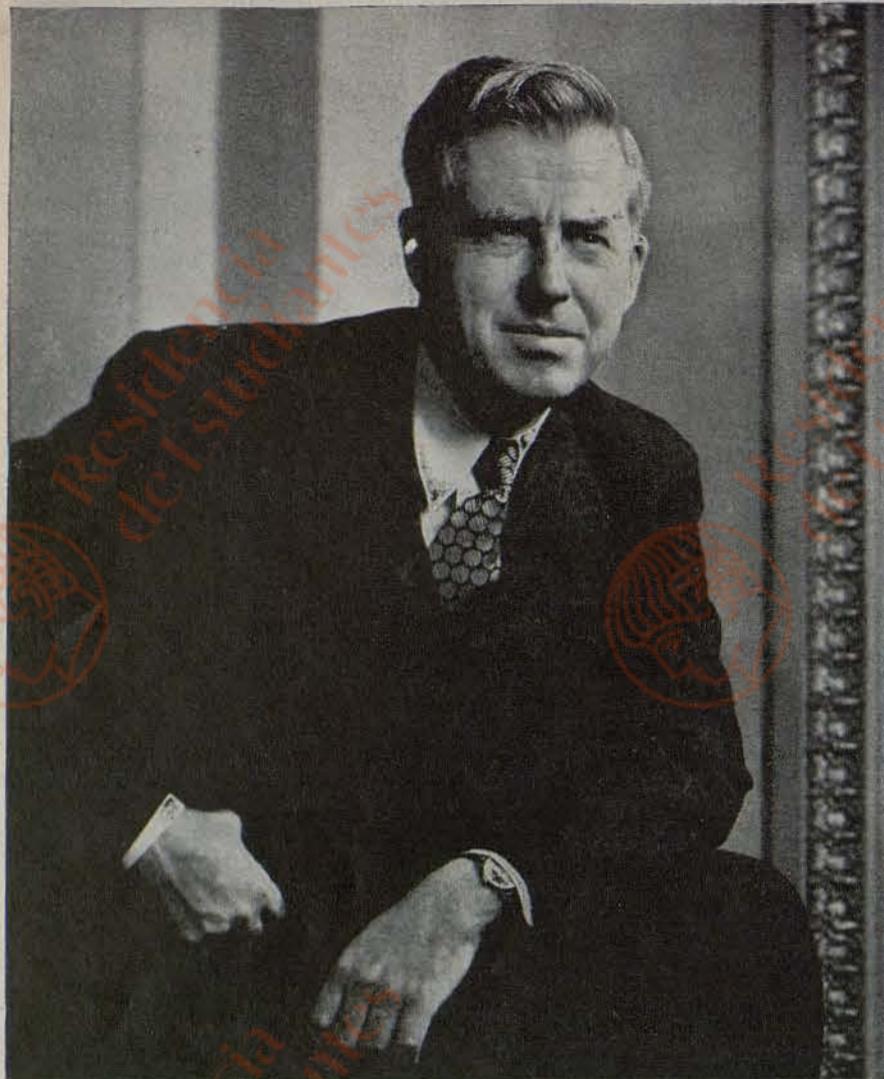
The death of Franklin Roosevelt last week ended an American era. On these pages LIFE presents a gallery of some leading men of that era who served under Roosevelt as President and Commander in Chief. Some are great men and some are not. All of them were overshadowed by their Chief, but they all helped to make the great events of last 12 years.

Almost all of these men are the men of World War II. Some are New Dealers who survived the transition

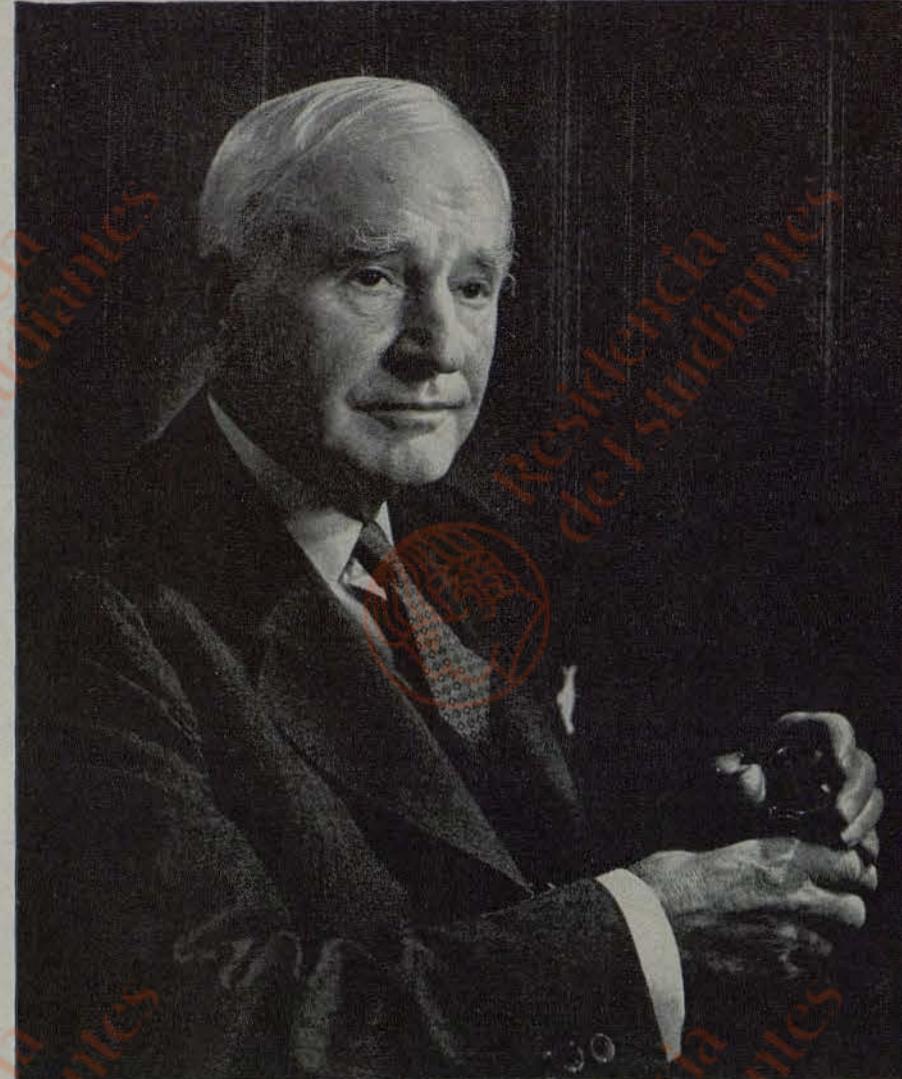
into the war period and served their country usefully. By 1940 Roosevelt was acting preponderantly as a war President. Into his Cabinet he invited one of the nation's elder statesmen, Henry L. Stimson, Republican Secretary of War under Taft and Secretary of State under Hoover. Stimson had early raised his voice to warn of the world's dangers and of the country's need to prepare practically to meet them. As head of Roosevelt's War Department, he built up

the nation's present superb civilian and military fighting machine. He may retire after V-E Day because of age; he will be 78 Sept. 21.

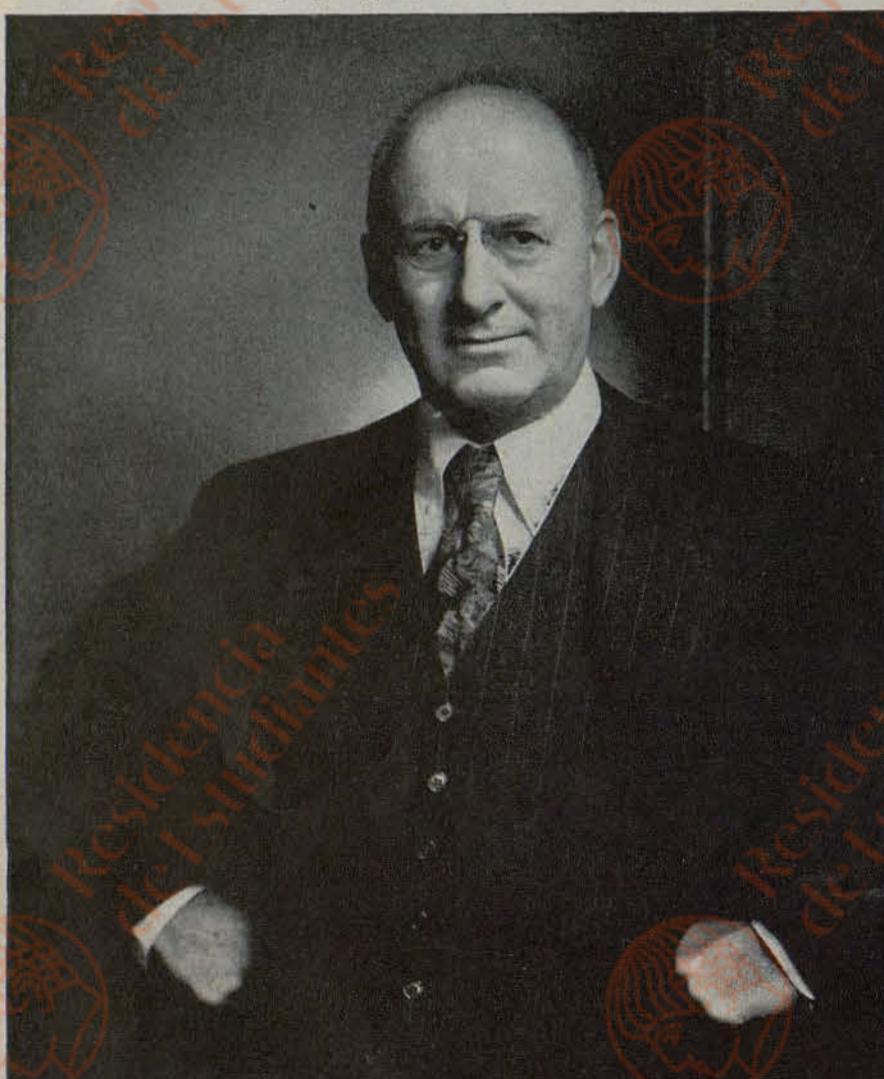
Now some of these people would fade from scene. With them would go Harry Hopkins, whose vast power was based on his intimate friendship with Roosevelt. But many would stay on, notably the military men and James Byrnes, who promises to be the strong connecting link between old and new administrations.



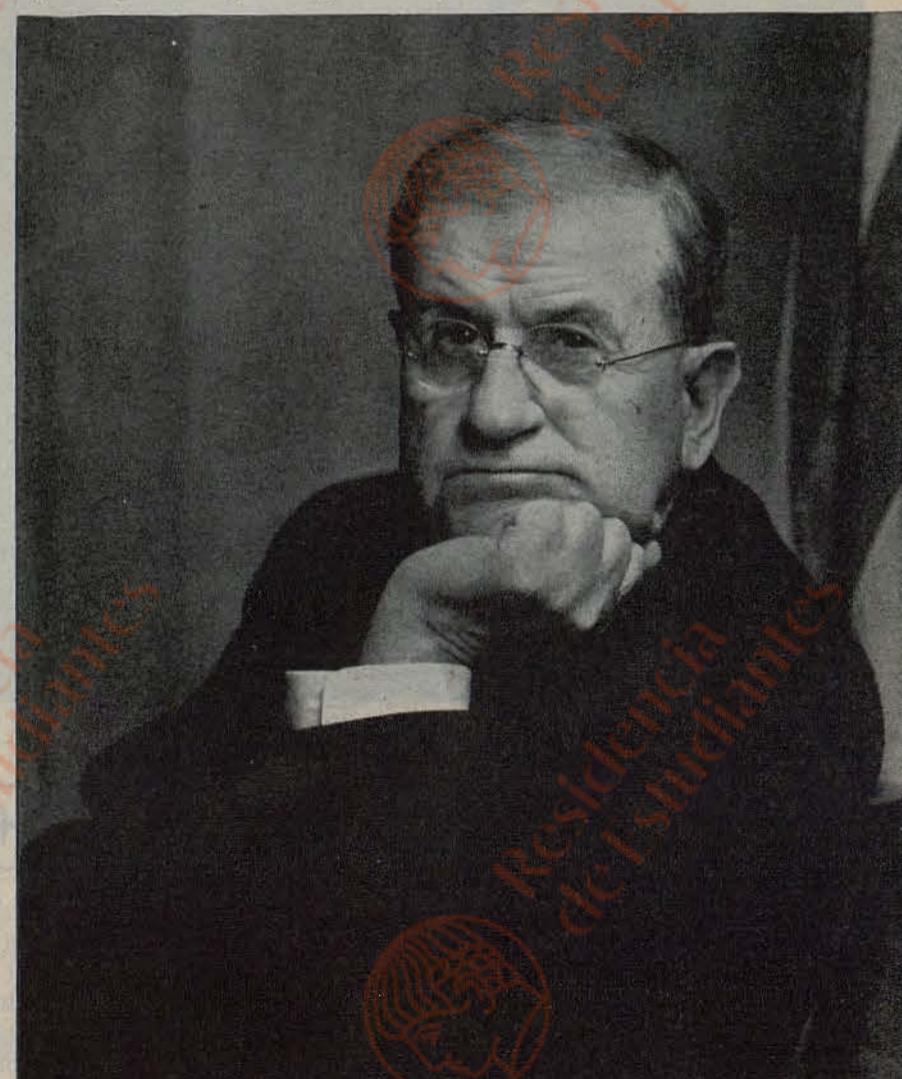
HENRY A. WALLACE, greatest of remaining New Deal symbols, was editor of farm paper, owner of a corn-seed company when he became Secretary of Agriculture in 1933. Roosevelt made him Vice President in 1940, gave him equivocal support in 1944 when he lost nomination to Truman. For his later campaign support, Roosevelt made Wallace Secretary of Commerce.



CORDELL HULL was Roosevelt's Secretary of State for almost 12 years. Internationally, he worked hard to lower world trade barriers. Domestically, he carried great weight among former colleagues in the Senate. On Dec. 7, 1941 he delivered to the Japanese envoys in Washington the hottest tongue-lashing in U. S. diplomatic history. Last November he retired at 73.



HENRY MORGENTHAU JR., known to some as "Henry the Morgue," was a money-making gentleman farmer and Dutchess County neighbor of Roosevelt when he was made Secretary of the Treasury in 1934. Cold, standoffish, politically inept, he taxed and borrowed more money for the U. S. Treasury than any other man for any treasury in the world's history.



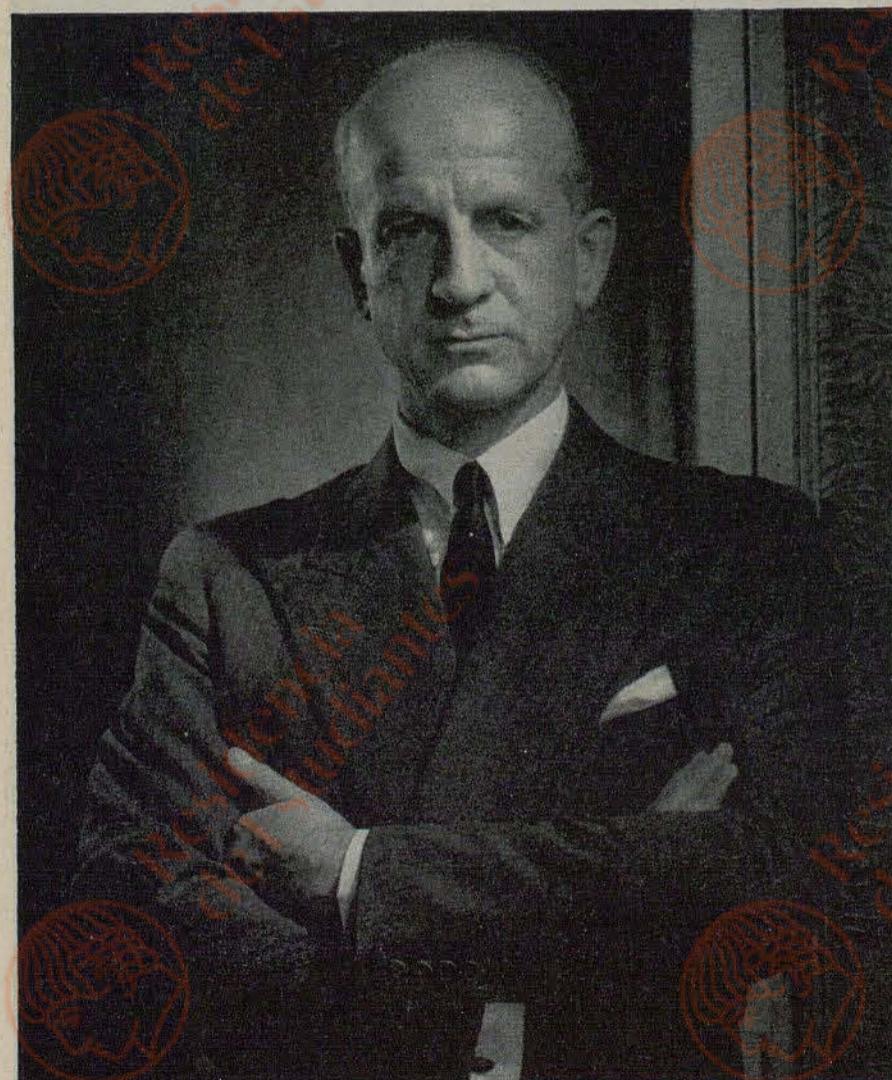
HAROLD L. ICKES has been a Chicago reformer since 1897 (he is 71) and backed almost every losing candidate for President up to 1932, when he supported Roosevelt. He was made Secretary of the Interior in 1933 and ever since has been the New Deal's most enthusiastic name-caller and hardest worker. Up to last December he had held 141 Roosevelt-appointed jobs.



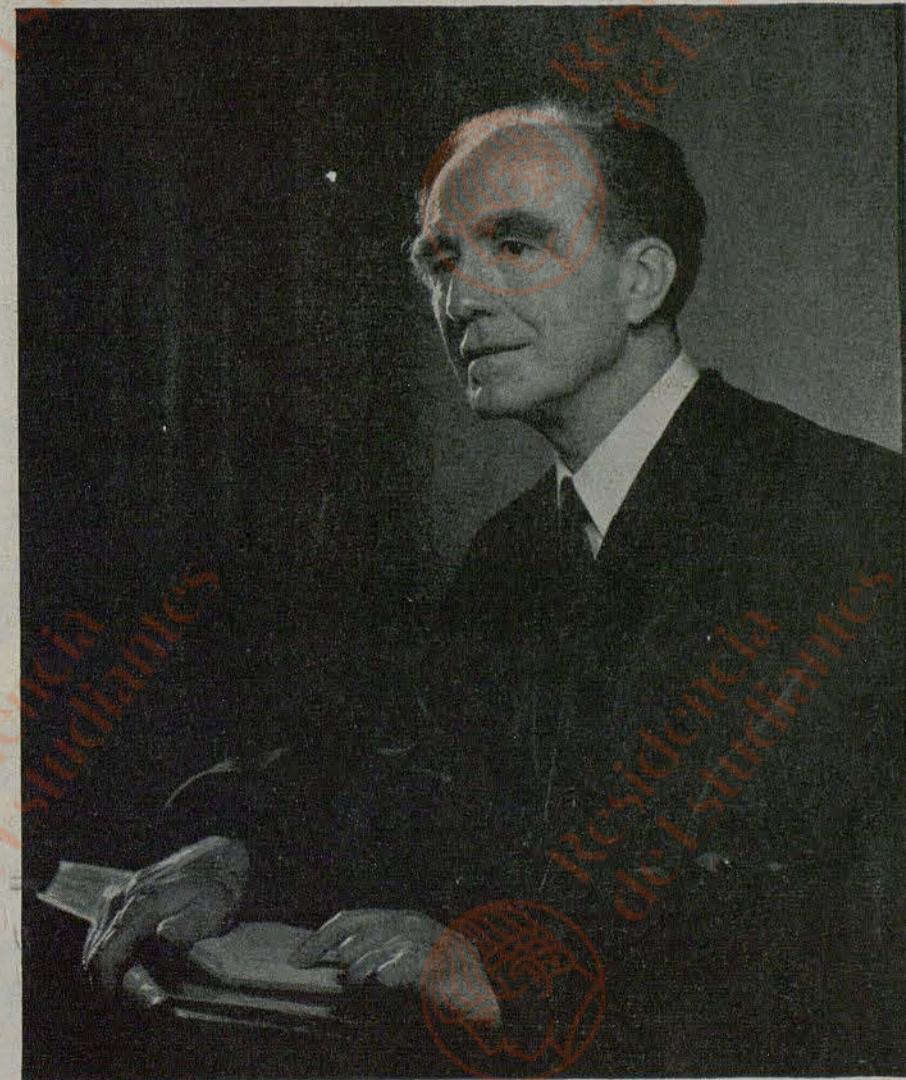
FELIX FRANKFURTER, Harvard law professor, sponsored so many young government appointees in the early New Deal that he was called the most influential man in U. S. Among his protégés were Ben Cohen, John G. Winant, James M. Landis. Frankfurter had done the same thing, though, for Republican Presidents. Roosevelt put him on Supreme Court in 1939.



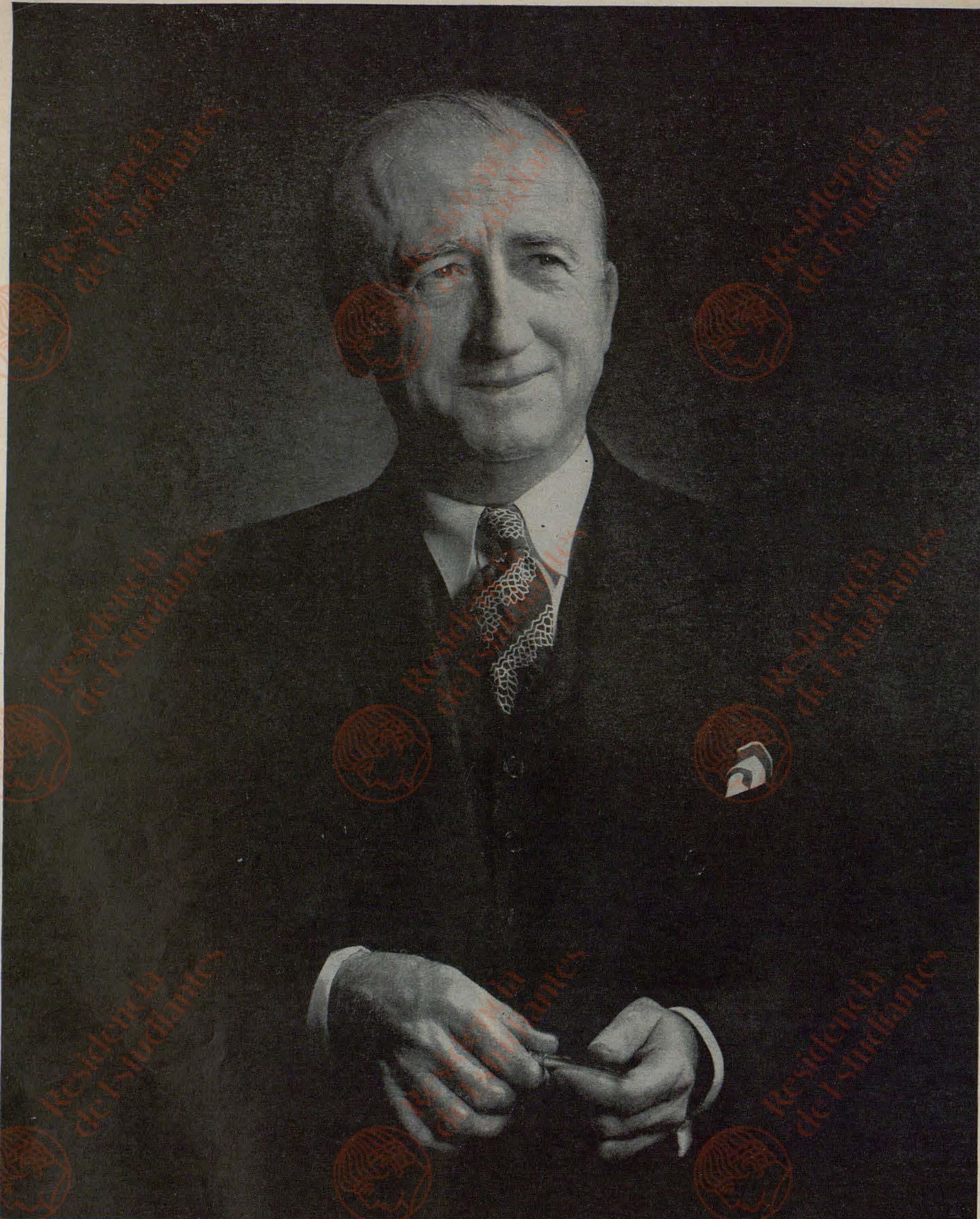
ALBEN W. BARKLEY was Roosevelt's long-suffering majority leader in the Senate. He had many trials and tribulations, and last year he resigned for 15 minutes over some harsh words in a Roosevelt veto but soon went back to being 100% loyal. He once made the statement that if being faithful to the President was hanging on to his coattails, "I am proud to hang on."



SUMNER WELLES, as Under Secretary of State, was the country's No. 1 professional diplomat when Roosevelt sent him to Europe in the spring of 1940 to find out whether peace could still be negotiated. He reported unfavorably. In 1943 he quit because of differences with Hull. He has since been busy and influential writing books, notably *The Time for Decision*.



FRANK MURPHY became an early and controversial New Deal figure when, as Governor of Michigan, he refused to crack down on the automobile sitdown strikers in Detroit. Roosevelt made him High Commissioner to the Philippines, then Attorney General and, in 1940, a Supreme Court justice. He is one of seven present justices Roosevelt appointed to that bench.

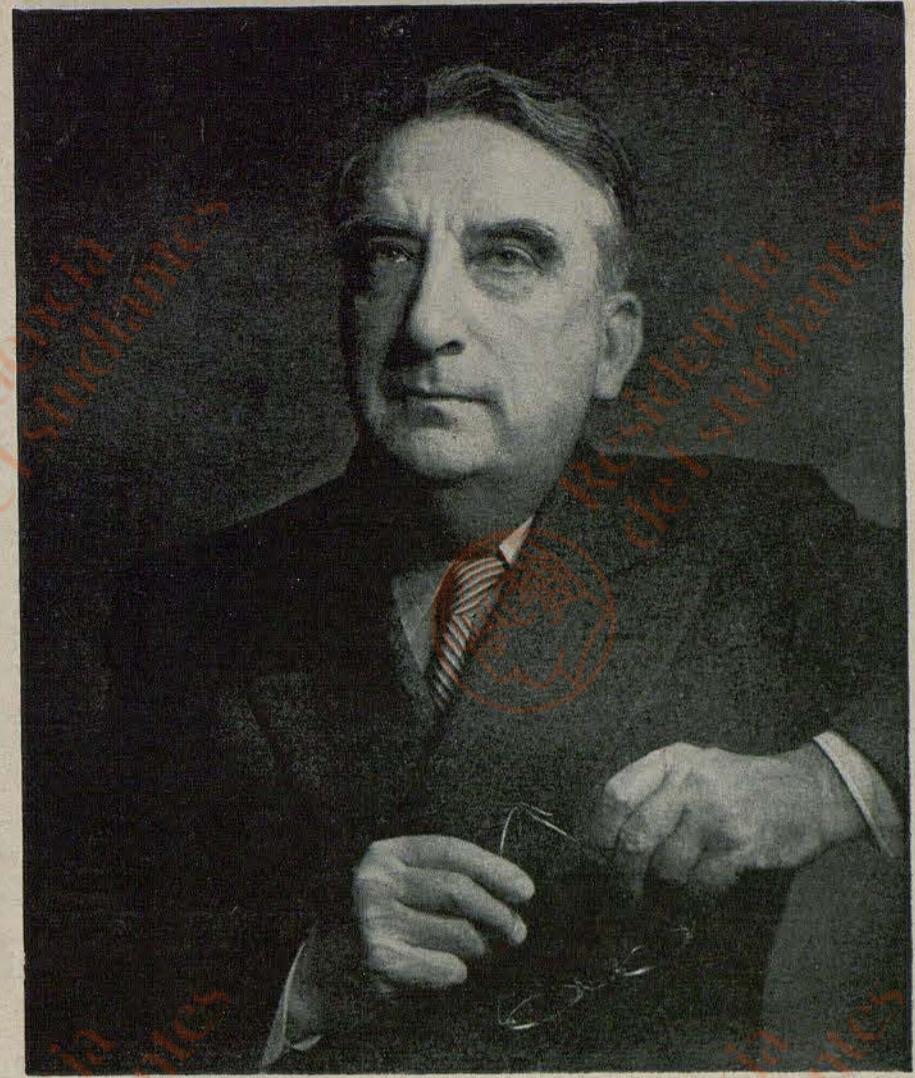


JAMES F. BYRNES was Roosevelt's "assistant president" and top home-front mobilizer. He had just retired, at 65, to his old home in Spartanburg, S. C., when the new President called him back to the White House. For the present Byrnes seems slated to take Harry Hopkins' place as No. 1 Presidential adviser on all things, including the placing of close Truman asso-

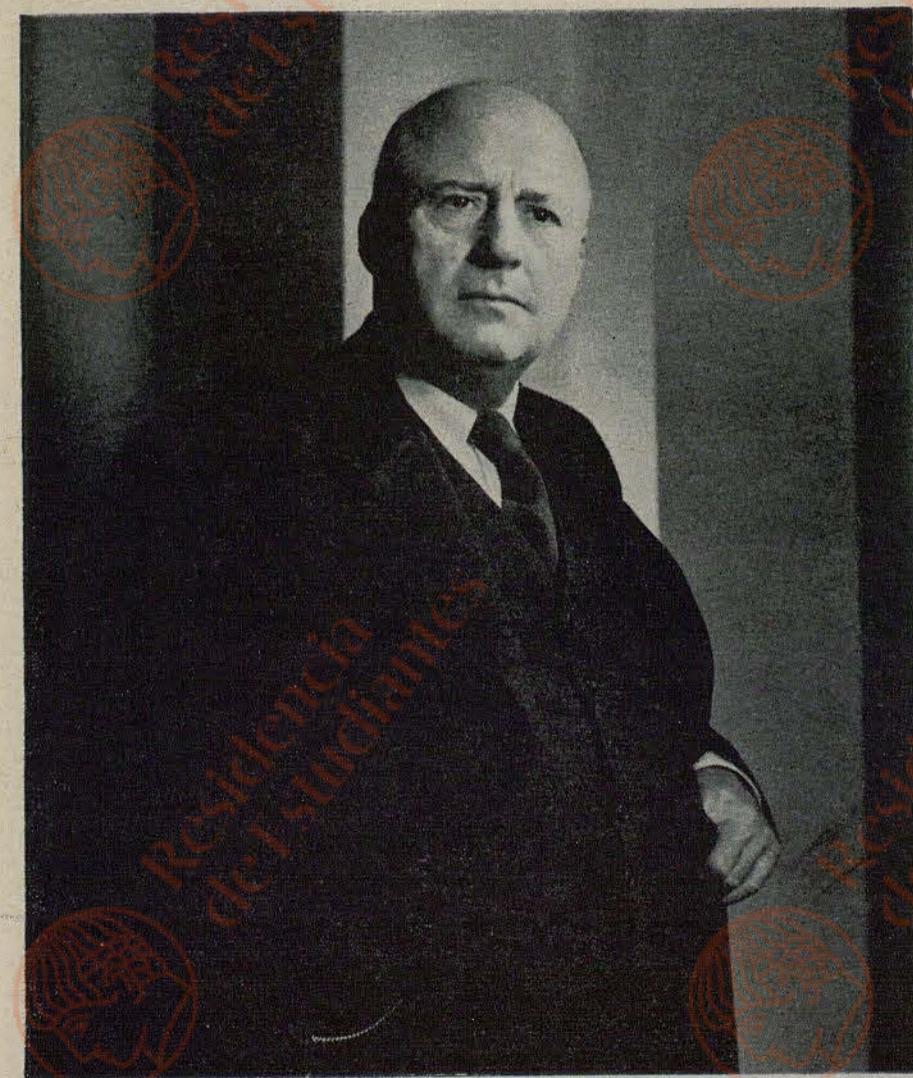
ciates like Lawyer Hugh A. Fulton and St. Louis Banker John Snyder in official posts. He was at Yalta with Roosevelt and knows most of what happened there. Now he will be Truman's personal representative at San Francisco Conference. He is an ex-senator and ex-Supreme Court justice, shrewd, well-seasoned in practical politics, a little right of center, like the President.



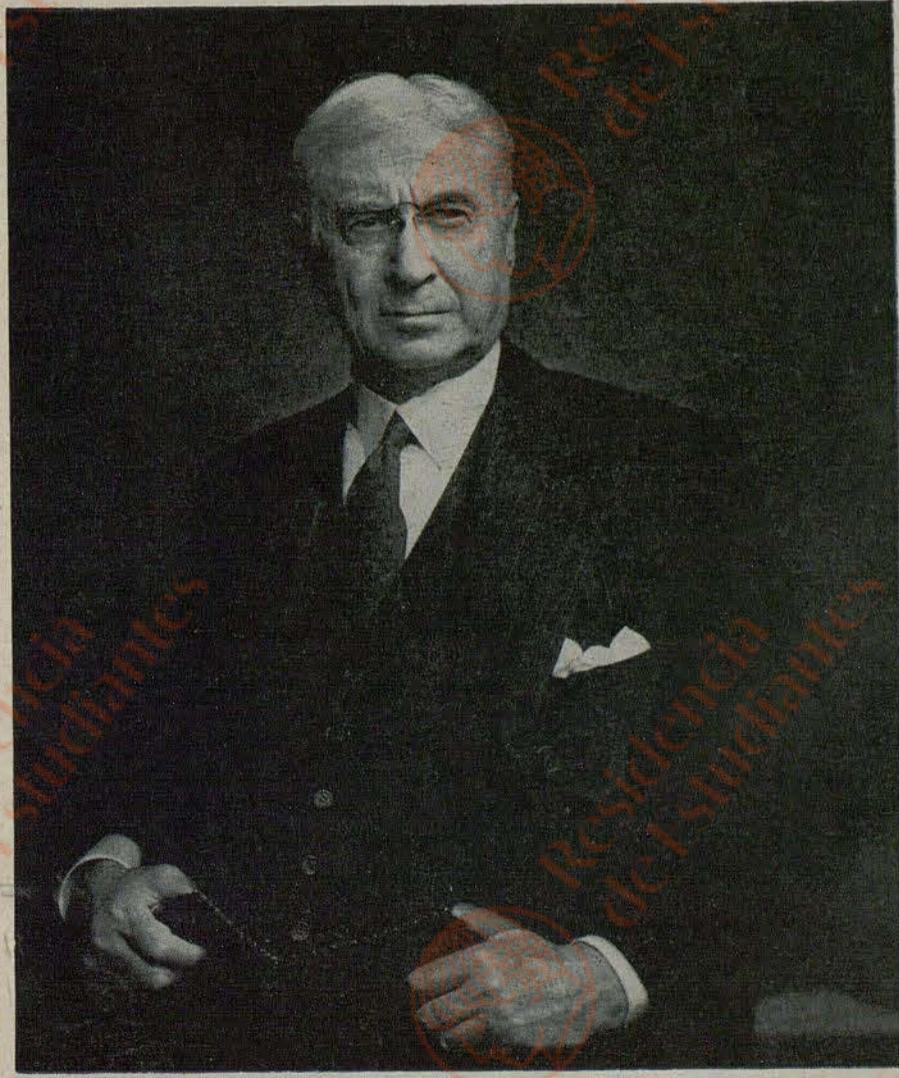
DONALD M. NELSON, after Pearl Harbor, was assigned the "biggest job in the world" — organizing all U. S. war production. Formerly Sears, Roebuck's executive vice president, he was one of the few big businessmen to mesh with the New Deal. His plodding hard work guided the U. S. to miracles of production. Recently he was sent to China to build a WPB there.



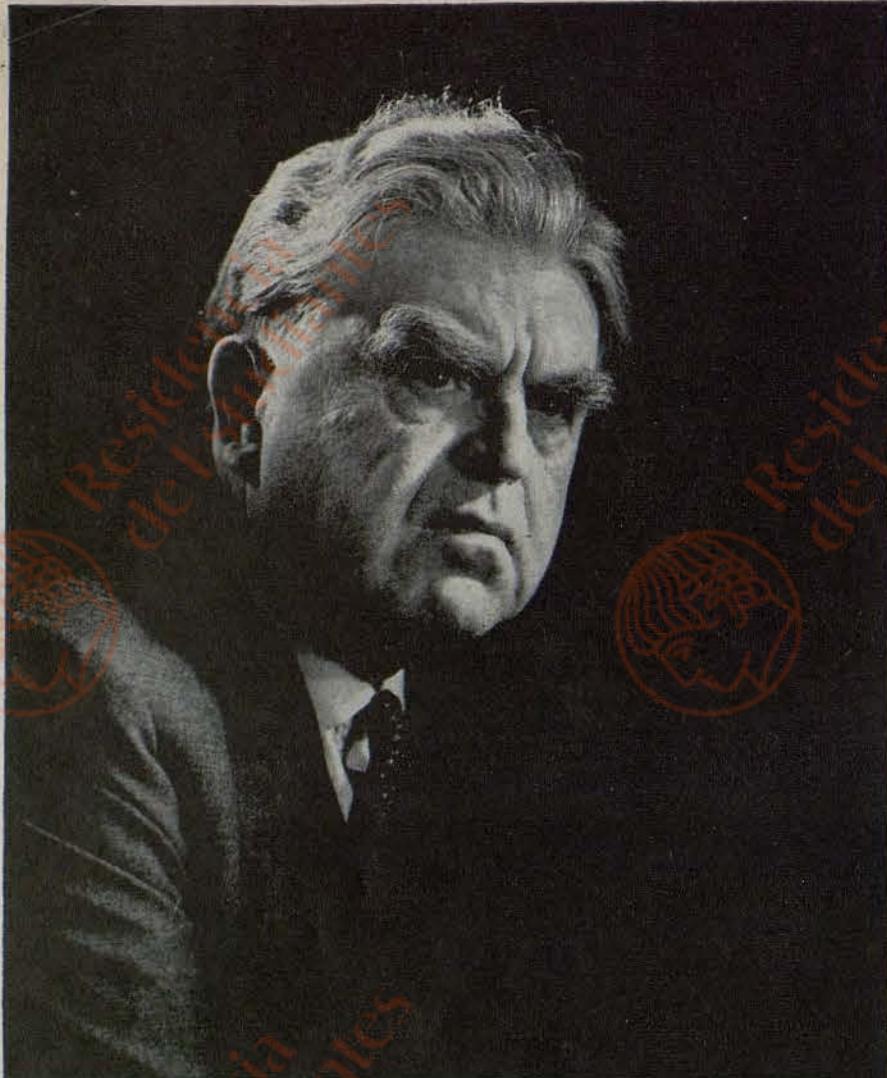
FRED M. VINSON learned politics in the House, where he served seven terms. Roosevelt made him a federal judge, Economic Stabilizer, Federal Loan Administrator and finally War Mobilization and Reconversion Director to succeed Byrnes. Unostentatiously, the big, iron-gray Kentuckian has won many a political fight, is popular with Congress, knows how to say no.



SAM RAYBURN has thrived on a job that helped kill his three predecessors under Roosevelt—Democratic Speaker of the House of Representatives. Under his leadership the House has made all-time records in speeding war legislation. Rayburn is a conservative Texas Democrat, but he loyally stood by President in putting through controversial New Deal measures.



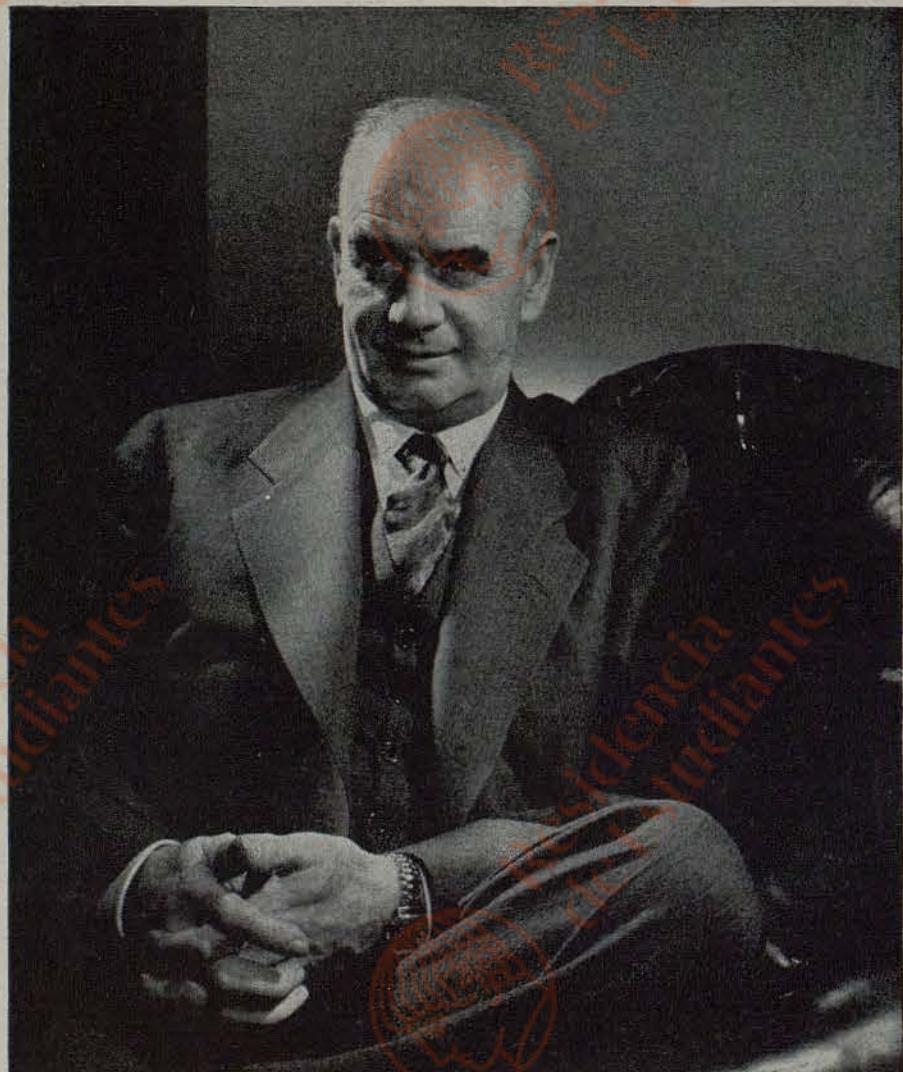
BERNARD M. BARUCH, tough-minded adviser to many Presidents, became for Franklin Roosevelt a peerless trouble shooter on rubber, manpower and reconversion problems. A millionaire, now 75, Baruch did not always agree with the President, but they were always friends. This year Roosevelt gave him a last job, sending him to Europe as a reparations expert.



JOHN L. LEWIS, the angry man of U. S. labor, was behind much New Deal legislation and organized C. I. O. under the early New Deal's friendly eye. Then Roosevelt made his "plague on both your houses" remark during the Little Steel Strike of 1937, and Lewis became his most violent enemy. He broke with the C. I. O., too, and now goes his lonely but powerful way.

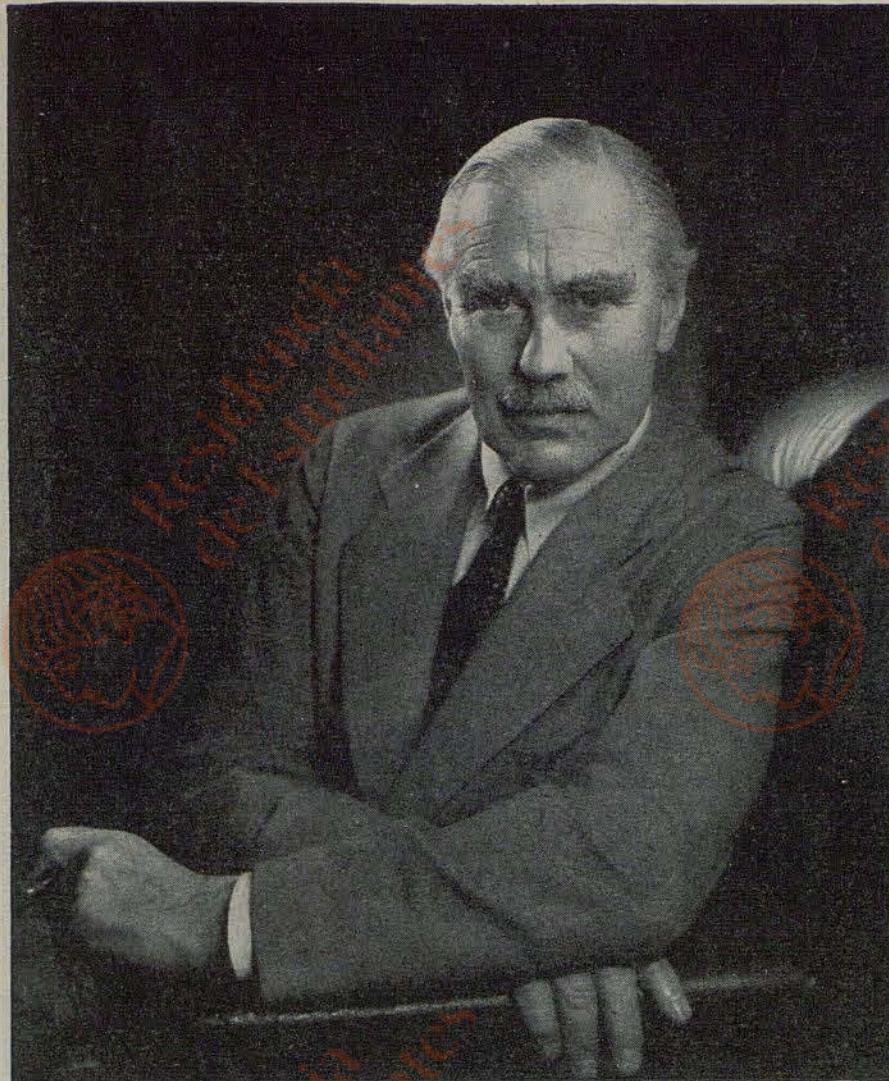


PAUL V. McNUTT, handsome, white-haired hopeful of Indiana's Democrats, was one of the many politicians who rose, shone and then went into slow decline during Roosevelt's long domination of the party. Regarded in 1940 as a threat to the Third Term, McNutt has since served without brilliance as Federal Security Administrator, War Manpower Commissioner.

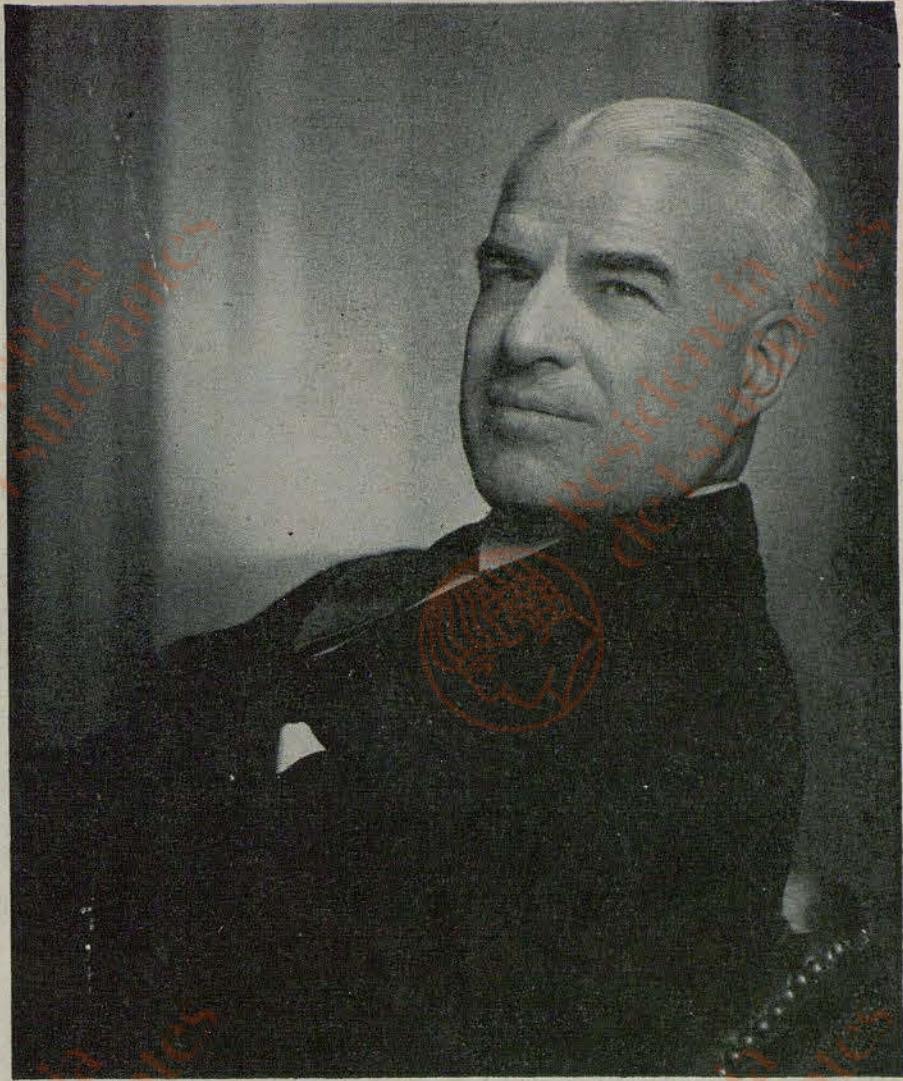


WILLIAM GREEN, though he had no special ties with the White House, spoke for the old-line labor unions of the A. F. of L. during Roosevelt's 12 years. He often accused the New Deal of favoring his lusty rival, the C.I.O. But the A.F. of L. expanded greatly under Roosevelt, now claims nearly 7,000,000 members, including most of the war workers of the Pacific Northwest.

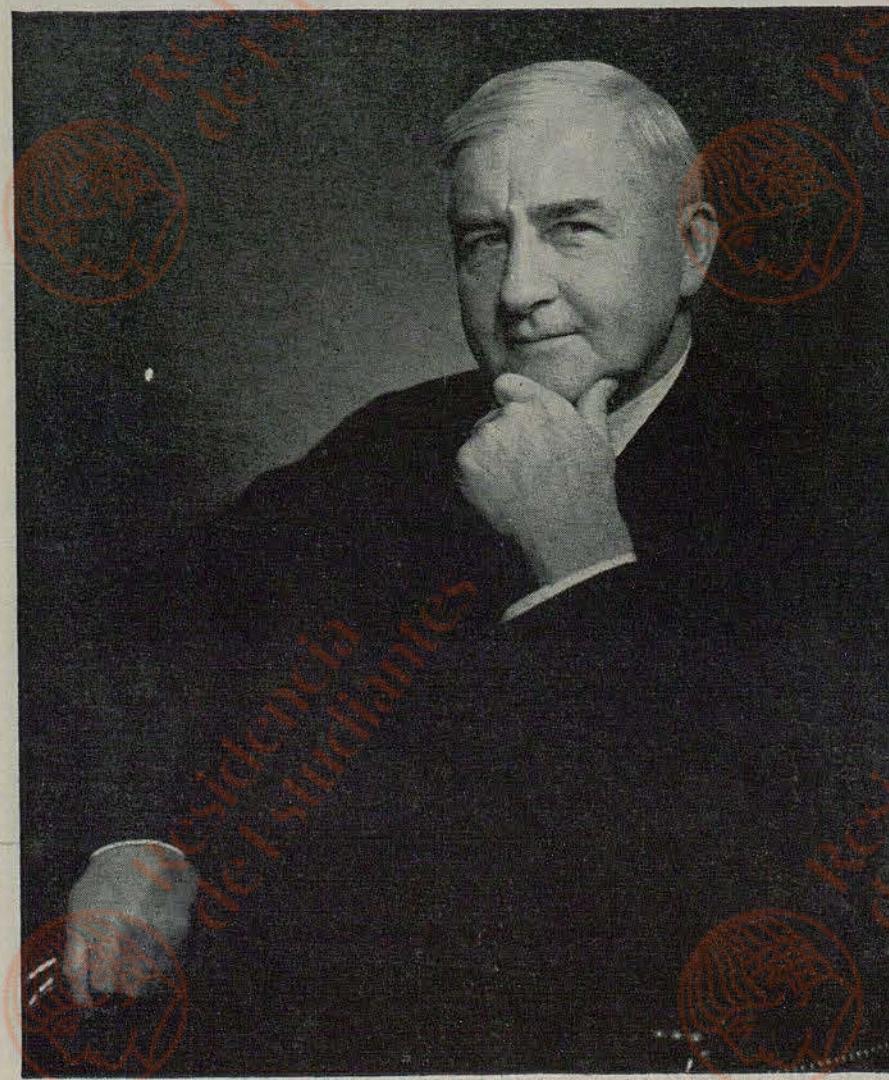
PHILIP MURRAY in 1940 became President of the C. I. O., which was started and developed enormous political power under Roosevelt. Last year the C. I. O. put on a better organized Fourth Term Campaign than the Democratic Party. Phil Murray did not get all that he wanted from Roosevelt. But for U. S. labor the Roosevelt era was the most fruitful in history.



JOSEPH C. GREW was the able career diplomat who did his best all during the Roosevelt years to warn the U. S. of coming Japanese aggression. Like Sumner Welles and Roosevelt, he attended Groton and Harvard and has always moved in wealthy, socially impeccable circles. In 1937 he got Jap apologies for the bombing of the *Panay*. He is now Under Secretary of State.



EDWARD R. STETTINIUS was a boy wonder of U. S. corporate business (a board chairman of U. S. Steel at 37) who had an itch for public service. He did so well for Roosevelt as Lend-Lease Administrator that now he is Secretary of State, in charge of plans for the United Nations organization. Handsome and friendly, he depended on Roosevelt for policy guidance.



JESSE H. JONES, the big banker from Houston, was Roosevelt's man of lending, finance and business for almost 12 years. He was wealthy, conservative and cautious, and most American businessmen had more confidence in him than in anybody around Roosevelt. Then this January, Roosevelt made him resign as Commerce Secretary so Henry Wallace could have the place.



JAMES FORRESTAL was a top-notch Wall Street banker (Dillon, Read) when Roosevelt made him Under Secretary of the Navy in 1940. He became Secretary in 1944, when Knox died, and has developed into one of the Navy's best. He has a passion for clear-cut facts and for seeing the war at first hand (Iwo Jima). He wants a big post-war Navy to guarantee peace.



ERNEST J. KING, whose full-dress title is Commander in Chief of the U.S. Fleet and Chief of Naval Operations, is No. 1 man in history's biggest navy. An Annapolis man (1901) who knew Roosevelt when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, King was appointed *Cominch* in December 1941. He learned to fly and won his Navy wings when he was 49. He is now 66.



WILLIAM D. LEAHY, another of Roosevelt's early Navy friends, is Chief of Staff to the Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy, who is the President. His job is to maintain good liaison between the President and General Marshall and Admiral King. Leahy, 69, retired in 1939. But in 1940 Roosevelt gave him the delicate job of being Ambassador to Vichy France.



HENRY H. ARNOLD, an affable master of military politics, is Commanding General of the Army Air Forces. Here he wears four-star insignia but he is now a five-star General of the Army. A West Pointer, Arnold learned to fly with the Wright brothers and was deeply influenced by his friend Billy Mitchell. Roosevelt appointed him commander of the AAF in 1938.



BREHON D. SOMERVELL, Commanding General of the Army Service Forces, worked for Franklin Roosevelt in the WPA as early as 1935, was appointed to his present post in March 1942. His biggest job is to keep supply moving to the Army and tell civilians what the Army must have. He has been less popular with Congress than most high-ranking officers.



GEORGE C. MARSHALL, Army Chief of Staff since 1939, is as responsible as any single man for the strong and steady growth of the biggest U. S. Army. His career began at Virginia Military Institute in 1897. Since then he has served overseas in the Philippines, China and France and has advanced through all grades to major general, which is still his permanent

rank. A protégé of General John J. Pershing, Marshall has often been compared to him as the driving spirit behind the U. S. Army in time of war. He is held in highest esteem by members of both political parties. The four chevrons on his sleeve in the picture above, made before he had been raised to five-star rank, denote two years of service in Europe during the last war.



THIS IS THE KIND OF MOB SCENE THE ALLIES ARE TRYING TO ERASE. IT WAS PHOTOGRAPHED AT BÜCKEBURG IN 1934 AS HITLER MOUNTED HITLER'S PERSONAL PHOTOGRAPHER, HEINRICH HOFFMANN, SHOWED FÜHRER WITH CHILDREN AS OFTEN AS POSSIBLE. THE MOST GOULISH



HITLER

In the great drama of our century the evil Nazi tyrant has brought defeat to his country and people

by WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

With the passage of time it may be that Franklin Roosevelt will emerge above all as the protagonist in a drama of immense proportions in which he grappled with the most monstrous embodiment of inhumanity the modern world has yet produced. His antagonist was Adolf Hitler, who came into complete power in Germany the day after Roosevelt was inaugurated in 1933. For 12 years the conflict between these two men was embedded in their philosophies and their actions. Again and again the smiling American blocked the evil genius of the Austrian. It was the American's fire and steel that finally carried ruin to the tyrant's empire. When Roosevelt died, Hitlerism had already been overcome and, although the fact was of small importance, Hitler himself was persistently rumored to be dead. The following article examines the man whom Roosevelt defeated.

Adolf Hitler was allergic to the universe. He listened to voices, particularly his own, believed every word he heard and understood none. He was chosen, he felt, to eradicate the Jews, to destroy Bolshevism and to make Germany the master of the world. When he was through he had reconciled Christendom with the Jews, had made Bolshevism the strongest power of Eurasia and had destroyed Germany. There will be no cross on his grave. Most likely there will be no grave.

* * *

Adolf Hitler came from the Austrian equivalent of nowhere—the obscure border town of Braunau on the River Inn. His family tree is as awkward as his career and not less crooked.

His father, Alois, was the illegitimate son of one Maria Anna Schicklgruber, but it has never been established beyond reasonable doubt who had fathered him. In the church registers the credit goes to Johann Georg Hiedler, a wandering miller's helper. Yet Hiedler's brother Johann (who spelled his family name Hütler) assumed some of the fatherly responsibilities: little Alois grew up in Hütler's home.

At the age of 39 Alois Schicklgruber assumed legally the name of Hitler. He married first a woman 14 years his senior, then another one, and finally Klara Pöhlz, Johann Hütler's granddaughter. She was 23 years younger than her husband, who, very likely, was also her uncle. By profession a Habsburgian customs official, Alois Schicklgruber-Hitler tried hard to enliven such a dreary career. He loved wine (he died in an inn) and sired three children out of wedlock. When finally Adolf arrived (on April 20, 1889), the active man was almost 52 and choleric. But Alois Schicklgruber-Hitler's responsibility does not end with a biological incident. The old man seems to have laid the foundation for the worst case of maladjustment ever to be taken out on the world.

Mother Klara was kind to Adolf, but when father wanted him to come, he whistled on two fingers. Such lack of social grace put into the head of little Adolf some queer ideas about human relations. He was not allowed to speak in his father's presence unless asked to, and soon he baffled the good people of Leonding (a suburb of Linz where the Hitlers were then living) with a habit no little Leondinger had ever had before: the kid used to climb a near-by hill, preferably on moonlight nights, and make passionate speeches to nonexistent audiences. Some people of Leonding thought the boy "moon-struck."

Little Adolf learned easily. The first book to influence the author of *Mein Kampf* was the one-volume library of his father—an illustrated history of Bismarck's war against France. But at the age of 11 the boy became so sluggish, obdurate and lazy that father Alois felt personally insulted, raised incessant hell and drank more than ever. Somehow Adolf finally managed to go through the fourth year of high school. From there on he was intellectually forever on his own.

Adolf was 14 when his father died. He had hated his father and now he was all mother's darling. Frau Klara was only too willing to spend her very modest widow's pension on the education of her son, yet whatever she tried invariably failed. For a while the lad was apprenticed to a decorator but soon convinced himself that manual work was a disgrace for a young man of his talents.

Adolf decided he was an artist, had to go to Vienna. Mother gave in. After a few years of slovenly floundering in Linz, Adolf Hitler applied for admis-

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HITLER'S BIRTHPLACE was the Austrian town of Braunau, on River Inn.



HITLER'S FIRST PICTURE showed a wide-eyed young baby in white bootees.



HITLER'S SCHOOLMATES in Leonding posed for class portrait, but Adolf (top, center) mugged, tried to steal picture. He recalled himself as the "little ringleader."

HITLER CONTINUED

sion to the painting school of Vienna's Academy of Fine Arts. What he had to show was so poor that he was not even admitted to the test.

Two months after this utter humiliation his mother died. He was alone. He was cut off from all means of support. He was a good-for-nothing. Around him was a Vienna that enjoyed life because it knew how to live it. He did not. He decided this world was against him. He decided to be against the world.

School of degradation

For Vienna the sun began to set even before the first World War. All Adolf Hitler learned in the four years he spent there was to hate; but this he learned to perfection. These were indeed the formative years of the man whose trade secret as a dictator was to bet on man's meanness, corruptibility and fears.

The invaluable course led him through the lower depths of Viennese society and almost to regular hard work. This latter fate, to him worse than death, Hitler escaped after a short ordeal as a bricklayer's assistant. But his exploration of Vienna's flophouses, cloister soup-kitchens and filthy "warming rooms" was thorough. In these years of degradation Hitler was kept alive by dreams of revenge and by one Reinhold Hanisch.

Reinhold Hanisch, alias Fritz Walter, patronized the same flophouses but had retained a spirit of enterprise. He was the first bum to find out that one could make money on Adolf Hitler: he had a hunch that Hitler's drawings could be successfully peddled in taverns or sold to frame dealers in need of colored paper to go with cheap frames. He got up to ten crowns for a Hitler (about \$2) and kept half of it. Hitler, to be sure, could never draw a human figure; in fact, all he could do was copy "views" from paintings or photos. But if he had only worked hard enough, Hanisch & Hitler would have made a modest living.

Yet whenever Hitler came into the possession of a few crowns he stopped working and devoted himself to what he later described as tireless political studies. Actually he sat for whole days in a small cafe, devouring newspapers and cream puffs. Hanisch got mad at such laziness, Hitler got mad at Hanisch and the partnership ended in the first Hitlerian purge: Hitler got Hanisch arrested for alleged embezzlement.

In 1913 Adolf Hitler, 24, went to Munich. He had at last arrived in



HITLER'S MOTHER, Klara Pöhlz, 23 years her husband's junior, coddled son.



HITLER'S FATHER, who was illegitimate, was an autocratic family head.



HITLER'S FRIENDS posed with him in Pascwalk hospital after Hitler (standing, second right) was gassed and temporarily blinded by hysterical shock at front in 1918.

Germany which he had worshipped since his childhood days, since he first had read about Bismarck. Personally, he was just as lonesome and destitute in Munich as in Vienna. (He occasionally sold a poster for a store window, or water-color postcards in beer halls.) But at last he could say in public that Austria, which his stern father had been so proud of serving, was doomed or anyway ought to be destroyed, with a few pogroms thrown in. And after the fourth pint of beer the average inhabitant of Munich is receptive to any invitation to violence. Hitler had at last found an audience.

A year later the war broke out, and Hitler had at last found a home—the German army. In Austria he had been registered as a deserter. In Germany he immediately volunteered. A Bavarian regiment made the bargain.

The happy soldier

It is always the maladjusted who crave for all-embracing, unqualified, stark order and this was the stuff the German army was made of. Where there is no alternative, there is peace of mind: you know precisely the right thing to do because you have been told, and—oh, happiness!—everything is planned. Indeed, Adolf Hitler was happy for the first time in his life.

He was a passionate soldier, utterly obedient, physically courageous, but perpetually brooding. No liquor, no cussing, no girls for him. He even avoided the innocently boisterous bull sessions with fellow soldiers unless they gave him a chance to toss off a lecture. He was extremely unpopular among the men. "We all cursed him," said one of them after the war, "and found him intolerable. There was this white crow among us that didn't get along with us when we damned the war to hell." The officers found him useful. Corporal Hitler, who did not get along with the soldiers, faithfully served his superiors as dispatch carrier. He was gassed shortly before the Armistice, developed hysterical blindness for a short time, received the Iron Cross and his final spiritual education.

First of all, the German army gave validity to his old suspicion: economic man, the fellow who simply wants to make a living, is contemptible dust. Secondly, he was taught the omnipotence of organization: an integrated body of men can browbeat a diffuse multitude many times its size. Thirdly, he was imbued with the fundamental principle of power in relation to truth: the most penetrating argument is a bullet.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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TENDER LEAF TEA

HITLER CONTINUED

In November 1918 the German army was beaten. But was it? Adolf Hitler knew better. The mere thought that this beautiful beast could have been licked in battle was too ludicrous for words. Something profoundly fishy must have happened, he sensed—just as some monstrous secret had always robbed him of the love and the glory and the riches he, Adolf Hitler, so undoubtedly deserved. He was going to uncover the filthy cabal that had swindled him out of the Academy of Fine Arts and the Reich out of victory.

Reconversion problems were worries of that imbecile, the economic man. Adolf Hitler remained in military service. Covered up by Germany's "revolutionary" government, the army carried on at home. Hitler remained until 1920 on the payroll of a military espionage center in Munich, called the political department of the District Army Command. Once he got the order to look into the doings of a small, eccentric group which called itself the German Workers' Party. It was to become Hitler's chosen instrument for conquering the world.

Blueprint for conspiracy

Mentally Adolf Hitler was a sponge. He never had an idea of his own, but his capacity for snatching bits of other people's notions, shreds of phrases, morsels of information, was tremendous. The slick idea of merging the two strongest mass emotions of the 20th Century—nationalism and socialism—was decidedly not his. For decades it had been public property: every other political alchemist on the Continent, at one time or another, had worked on such a scheme. Long before the first World War dozens of parties had tried, all over Europe, to market the potion. One of the latest comers was the German Workers' Party, a conglomeration of stale literati and cranky reformers.

But though he neither conceived the idea nor founded his party, Adolf Hitler was indeed the whole movement. In less than four years Hitler's National Socialist German Workers' Party (as it now was called) achieved national stature, although it took Germany's politicos another six years to notice that something very serious had happened in their domain. A political temperament of elementary passion had stirred up the dregs of more than a century of romantic German history. The hot breath of an unashamed primitive hit Germany and the thin crust of Western make-up began to melt.

All of Hitler's predecessors in this strange business of re-Germanizing the Germans had failed because each of them was still tied to the patterns of Western civilization—by a profession, by some sort of education, by property or at least by a vice. Adolf Hitler had no profession, no education, no property, no vice.

Hitler discovered his powers bit by bit and not without naive surprise. Why, he was able to fascinate such college-educated sons of well-bred families as Rudolf Hess and Alfred Rosenberg! Professional officers like Captains Ernst Röhm and Hermann Göring subordinated themselves to him, the inspired corporal. And above all, he knew at last exactly what to do: he had received A Message.

The message was a copy of *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* which Alfred Rosenberg had brought from Russia in 1919. The notorious falsification had been concocted at the end of the last century by the Ochrana, Russia's secret police. The Ochrana needed some ammunition to lure the weakling czar into state-sponsored pogroms and got it from the chief of its French division, General Ratchkovsky, who faked it from a forgotten political satire by Maurice Joly, published in 1864. Monsieur Joly's dressed-up satire impressed the czar for a while, until he discovered the falsification, and ordered it banned. "We must not fight for a pure cause with unclean weapons," said the czar's ukase.

Alfred Rosenberg was less scrupulous. He promoted the *Protocols* as revelation. And this is indeed what they became to Adolf Hitler—in two ways. Here was, black on white, the concept of a satanic Jewish world conspiracy and it gave him the key to all mysteries: whatever had gone wrong, for Adolf Hitler and for Germany, was the work of diabolic conspirators. But even more, in the *Protocols* he had a perfect manual for his own action: they told how to manipulate masses into supporting a conspiracy. True, he could have learned it long before just by reading Machiavelli. But Adolf Hitler never took directly what he could get secondhand.

In general approach the *Protocols* became the blueprint of Adolf Hitler's fantastic campaign. The genuine conspirator learned from a falsified exposé of a phony conspiracy how to conspire in earnest. He learned fast and well. With his keen instinct for power he realized, above all, that big conspiracies have to be carried out in public.

And "in public" meant to him just that—in the bodily presence of thousands, of tens of thousands, of millions. He invited them to come and be raped. They came and he raped them with a kind of

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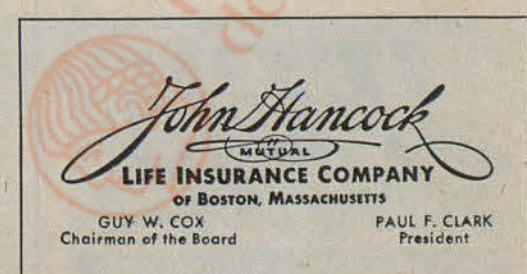
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HITLER CONTINUED

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oratory that had no precedent. A man who looked like a worried grocery clerk told the Germans in language which was more ungrammatical than colorful that he was going to rule over them. They swooned.

The actor-tyrant

No actor was ever able to personify Hitler believably because Hitler, so unbelievably himself, was already the actor personifying Hitler. It was as simple as that. Yet it was also a mirror trick which Gertrude Stein might have borrowed for her immortal definition of a rose—a man seeing himself seeing himself seeing himself—and there is no end to it but to smash the mirrors.

There he stood, supermen's superman, the mascara of powerful energy dripping down his face; the eyes piercing all riddles; masculinity, though clipped, right under his nose; the chin firm as lard—the whole face a leader's strong features hewn in soap.

When the cue came for a smile, he went through all the motions: the mouth broadened, the cheeks went roundly up, a dimple or two seemed to appear, tiny wrinkles showed around the eyes, the nostrils expanded—all the ingredients of a smile were generously spread on the face. But no, there was no smile.

Then came a cue for humble sincerity. So there he was, a poor but honest man, so candid that it hurt, actually putting the right hand across his heart of gold—and yes, there was that voice again, this time sonorous like an unspoiled lumberman's, vibrating with decency, lubricated with all the oils of goodwill, and you made sure that your billfold was still there.

For a while Adolf Hitler had studied speech delivery with a retired Munich actor, but he had clearly wasted time and money. There was nothing he could have learned from a pro. He was a natural. His routine might have improved, but fundamentally he was the finished product from the start. True, he was a one-role man, he never could have played anyone but Adolf Hitler, and in this sense he may have been no actor at all. But then, to have created this one unforgettable character from such poor material is surely a histrionic achievement matched by few actors.

And yet there was something unmistakably genuine in him, an elementary force of nature—his yearning for power. To modern man, even the professional soldier, power has become impersonal and almost abstract. To Adolf Hitler—and you felt it—power was a physical experience of unspeakable lure. He could grasp it with all five senses and a few more. Power was the only thing he understood throughout and in all its reverberations. A poor lover, he consummated greater ecstasies in his affairs with power, fancied or real, than any man has ever felt in a woman's arms.

Adolf Hitler, the all-round dilettante, may well have been history's most knowing expert in achieving and enjoying power. He comprehended better than any ringleader before him that the despot is made of other people's weak brains and twisted characters. He had the good fortune to be thrown into an epoch and a nation that produced both in abundance.

The Führer's gang

Inside this peculiar but effective orator lived a peculiar and even more effective organizer. True, Hitler selected a strange personnel. But his was the extraordinary job of re-creating the world and this, he knew, needed to be done with an extraordinary staff.

He picked his band of lieutenants with canny instinct from among a new social group that is by no means an exclusively German plague—the semi-educated "ideologists" who know everything except how to make a normal living. Distinctly no "economic men," they are sad flops under competitive conditions but surprisingly able executors once they can make the rules. They are, we have been told to believe, the new "political men."

They had flocked to him because it was the next best thing to being at war. Cutthroats, perverts, dope addicts, thieves, lunatics—yes, they were all this. But they had something in common that made them mysteriously attuned to their times—a genuine resentment against plain normalcy and a notion that common man is "manageable."

There were three distinguishable types: cops, cranks and crooks. The cops were simply modern upshots of Germany's age-old militaristic tradition—men like Hermann Göring, Ernst Röhm, Heinrich Himmler—who realized that only unconventional means could restore a soldierly regimented Germany. The cranks—men like Rudolf Hess and Alfred Rosenberg—had caught the blues from reading such prophets of doom as the French Count de Gobineau and the Prussian misanthrope Oswald Spengler. A terrific witchbrew was stewing anyhow and they wanted to be in on the cooking. The crooks—

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Er Gulliver

IN EAST CHICAGO

ALMOST everything in East Chicago is normally large—buildings, streets and traffic are "life size." But if you were permitted to enter one big building, you'd immediately feel like Gulliver in Lilliput...

Inside are pipelines—like those used to transport petroleum products from refinery to market—but these are miniatures, like the model railroad every boy dreams about.

Everything is scaled down. One pipeline is 6/10-inch in diameter, another is 2 inches. Tiny valves and pumps control the flow of products. Instead of hundreds of miles long, these lines are one mile—yet that's quite a distance, inside a building.

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HITLER CONTINUED

men like Streicher, Esser and, the most gifted of them all, Dr. Goebbels—saw a chance to take society for a ride and have a good time.

All three groups had it their way. Germany went through a veritable apotheosis of militarism, a good time was had by everyone and the doom came indeed.

The Führer's creed

Hitler's first bid for power, the miscarried Munich putsch of November 1923, was already indicative of the one miscalculation in his otherwise foolproof scheme: reality refused to fit it.

He had it all figured out in advance. Bavaria in 1923 was governed by reliable nationalists who, Hitler did not doubt, could be bribed into partnership. Since the legendary Ludendorff was on his side, surely no German soldier would dare to interfere with the Hitler-Ludendorff march to power. But if something should go wrong, Hitler had promised in public, he would commit suicide. As it happened, the Bavarian government double-crossed him, the soldiers did shoot and Adolf Hitler broke his promise.

The German Republic, a fiction, sentenced the putschist to a fictional term in a fictional jail. In nine comfortable months—a suite of friendly rooms, a valet, piles of gifts, daily visitors—Adolf Hitler composed *Mein Kampf*, a poor book. He dictated it to his fellow-martyr Rudolf Hess, who knew grammar but knew also his inferior place in Hitler's solar system. Hess, a disciple of the geopolitician General Haushofer, may have presented the author of *Mein Kampf* with some ideas on world strategy, but he certainly did not edit the Nazi bible.

To make Hitler prose sound in English as it does in German is more than can be expected from translators who care to stay in business. There never existed a faithful Hitler translation because the translators' linguistic ambition interfered. The following is a literal rendition of an official Hitler text:

"The picture of the human culture can build itself upon the entirely unconscious, because purely intuitive, realization of an internally, bloodily conditioned longing and its command. But moreover, it also can be influenced and formed by an external infection in a national body, coming there to an indisputable importance without being internally related with it as to essence."

The moronic evil so shapelessly coagulated in *Mein Kampf* was to become the creed of the German nation. This the outside world did not want to be true. (Lord Lothian, throughout the crucial '30s one of England's chief advisers in German matters, confessed in 1939 that he had never before opened Hitler's lengthy declaration of intent.) Inside Germany the creed permeated the entire body politic.

This Nazi creed has never been condensed into a coherent thesis. Aside from a few belches ("Hang the Jew!" or "We are a master race!" or "The French are syphilitics.") neither an adherent nor an opponent was ever able to recite the program in fewer than 200,000 oblique words. But the Germans seem to have grasped it even so, perhaps due to a special faculty of mental osmosis.

It is entirely beside the point whether a majority or "only" 44% of the German electorate wanted Nazism when they had their last free election 12 years ago. True, Adolf Hitler was a remarkable doer, but even he could not have done what he did, had he not been profoundly in tune with the German people.

To explain their eruption, or submission, as a nervous breakdown, the result of protracted economic misery due to Versailles, is of course rubbish. In 1929 per capita income was \$480 in "defeated" Germany, \$300 in "victorious" France. The annual reparations payments to be paid for 59 years equaled about 2% of Germany's normal annual national income. And as to the old chestnut of "have-nots versus haves," Germany paid on the world market not one cent more for copper, rubber or what not than Great Britain and the U. S.

The hero of the whodunit that sold under the title "Adolf Hitler" was the German people. But what complicated the case so considerably was that some of the best friends of everybody in the world were Germans.

* * *

Yes, everybody knows what nice people Germans can be, how neat and good-looking and hard-working and able and neighborly. Nor is this a complete list of their virtues. The average Prussian general, for instance, speaks fluent French or English, plays Chopin nocturnes by heart and with much soul, has practically unobjectionable table manners, loves children, birds and flowers, and loathes to invade a neighbor's country without a few volumes of Kant, Goethe and Shakespeare in his baggage.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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HITLER CONTINUED

In addition to their attractive generals the Germans, as everybody knows, can boast of many a great man they have given to the world of letters, science and arts. Also, the Germans always had such a high per-capita consumption of soap, toilet paper and beer that the civilized world simply refused to consider them a case of savagery. And the civilized world is right. The Germans are no savages. In fact, they are idealists. They step on your feet only because they are always reaching for the stars.

The Germans, in short, are suckers for *Weltanschauung*—which is so uniquely a German trait that other languages, for lack of an equivalent, adopted the German word. It means, for all practical purposes, a conclusive philosophy as to how the world can be explained and how it ought to be run. Rarely, if ever, did it occur to a German to wonder whether the world ought to be run at all.

Every self-respecting German owed it to himself to get his own personal *Weltanschauung*, because to be without one was worse than to be naked. This hustle made for a pretty confused state of collective mind and therefore collided with another significantly German urge—their stubborn insistence on unequivocal regulation, always and everywhere, from traffic to dreams.

Adolf Hitler was the answer to their prayers, their true common denominator. He had, in the first place, a *Weltanschauung*. No one, indeed, can comprehend the whole piece of witchcraft without granting that the Germans are a constitutionally high-minded people and would do anything, even live in peace, rather than embark upon a war that lacks *Weltanschauung*.

German stew

Came Adolf Hitler, and he was all scheme. This alone would have made him a big hit among the Germans, but not necessarily their Great Unifier. His additional asset, however, was what every intelligent foreign observer of Germany at that time considered his biggest liability—the hodgepodge character of his program.

The Germans had become tired of each brooding for himself and were now in the market for the one and only *Weltanschauung* to end all *Weltanschauungen*. But on the other hand, the Germans are only human and it pleased each of them very much to discover in Hitler's grandiose German stew shreds of his own little pet lunacy. And everything, indeed, had gone into the pot: vegetarianism and Anglophobia, socialism and numerology, free trade and autarchy, science worship and tribal superstitions, anticlericalism and mysticism, contempt of the mass and adoration of the "common man," monetary nostrums and chiropractics, Love-Thy-Mother, Love-Thyself and, above all, Hate-The-Jew.

The Germans, in fact, are not so much prejudiced against the Jew as fascinated by him. To the common-variety anti-Semite all over the world, the Jew is sort of a nuisance; to the Germans, he is a problem. It was Hitler's genius to have sensed that all German brooding could be telescoped into the "Jewish problem."

To sell his Germans a Jewish world conspiracy was actually the easiest part of Hitler's educational venture. It was a cinch to convince them that something very sinister was "behind" everything; that much they had always suspected. Adolescents, as all parents and teachers can tell, are unwilling to settle for less than absolute certainty. They do not take "I am not sure myself" for an answer but for a confession that a secret is being kept from them. And they try to solve the riddle for themselves. You want to know the reasons for poverty? Why, it's simple—the Banks! The reasons for wars? It's so obvious—the Merchants of Death! The reasons for everything? It's easy—the Jews! (And the adolescent mind, gone politically left, discovered the simple reason for Nazism—the German Monopolists, the Elders of Essen!)

The Germans, an inquisitive people, asked all the questions and Adolf Hitler, an enchanted fool, had all the answers. It was a perfect match. They fitted each other as the sword fits the sheath. A happy people, relieved of all doubts and responsibility, went to work. They built pretty *Autobahnen* that could carry fast military transports, *Volkswagen* plants that never produced a civilian car, *kraft durch freude* boats that served well in invasions. A whole nation had found the same certainty the dispatch rider Adolf Hitler had once experienced in the Kaiser's army. They worked well and hard because Germans always do. Everything was figured out in advance, prepared in detail and lost in toto.

* * *

If Hitler had been given a chance to write *Meine Niederlage* (My Defeat), a sequel to *Mein Kampf*, he could have shown how he had been double-crossed by everybody. For ten years, from 1930 to 1940, the whole world behaved exactly as Hitler thought it would. The

Germans, he knew, would yield to him because they loved him. They did. His nation, he thought, would create the most gigantic, most modern, shrewdest and in every other respect superlative war machine. It did. The other continental powers, he speculated, would give up one piece of territory after another because they abhorred war. They did. Either the capitalist West would accept a pact against the Bolshevik East, he schemed, or the other way around, just so that the lightning strikes the other fellow's house. The East did.

So far everything had worked out all right. Now only the war had to be won. To make the Germans feel misunderstood by the whole world (nothing makes them more righteous and aggressive), he thought it a good idea to finagle the Western powers into declaring war on him. They did. They would have neither the will nor the means to attack him while he was gobbling up the Poles. Right again. Thereafter he would turn west, he planned, and France would simply collapse. She did. From there on it would be easy. Once he was in possession of Europe's entire Atlantic coast, he was convinced, Great Britain would give up, the rest of the world would hurry with gifts to the throne of the new regent and—and here the entire scheme went haywire.

The double-cross

He had heard voices, particularly his own (and Ribbentrop's), and he had believed the others were listening, too. Neville Chamberlain recognized *Anschluss*; could an old-school diplomat issue any clearer invitation for dismembering Czechoslovakia? When the wretched old man called the Munich pact "peace in our time"—wasn't that a go-ahead signal for the march to Prague? Honest Adolf had expected that everybody was going to play it straight, *i.e.*, straight along the lines laid down once and for all in his book. What destroyed Adolf Hitler ultimately was that the author of *Mein Kampf* was also its most credulous reader.

When England did not surrender and the plan broke down, the "sleepwalker" lost his certainty. Up to July 1940 he had not slipped once. Thereafter he moved continually in the wrong direction. He did not realize what had happened. The surrender of France was so obscenely total that even a less vain character than Hitler might have felt tempted to assume that the Western world was all dead and gone. In this sense some future historian may well credit Marshal Pétain with the salvation of Europe, in spite of himself.

By the time Hitler had finally comprehended, he could not beat the British Isles to pulp from the air, because he did not dare to sacrifice the entire Luftwaffe while Russia was not yet taken care of; and he could not force the Channel with seapower because he had none. The pupil of General Haushofer was entirely sold on the "heartland" proposition and never understood the oceanic world. Still, he might have thrown himself against the Suez Canal, into the Near East and toward a junction with Japan. He didn't. The safest, simplest explanation is that he just made a mistake. After July 1940 he made nothing but mistakes.

The worst one was to attack Russia. Nothing forced him to, certainly not Joseph Stalin, who had the most sincere intention to sit it out. Maybe Hitler saw no other way of pulling Japan into the war against America. Maybe he was utterly misinformed about Russia's military strength (as practically everybody else was). Perhaps he was just too gullible a reader of his own book and believed seriously that "Jewish" Bolshevism would jump at poor Germania's throat. Only one thing is certain: the war he had politically lost at the Channel and was ultimately going to lose in Germany was strategically lost in Russia. And the Russian campaign was avoidable.

But the dumbest mistake Hitler ever committed was to declare war on the U.S. Not that it made much difference: America would have gone all the way, in any case, because the defeat of Japan presupposed the defeat of Germany. Even so, by declaring war on the U.S., Adolf Hitler robbed the self-pitying Germans of the claim that they, the pure defenders of civilization, had been wantonly attacked by America's "motorized barbarians." Maybe Hitler had promised Tojo he would immediately second the Pearl Harbor motion. But why did Hitler, of all things, keep a promise?

The rest are yesterday's headlines. Hitler did not believe in the existence of seapower—but there was seapower, and North Africa fell. He believed in the existence of an Atlantic Wall—but there was none. There was no Westwall, the Watch on the Rhine was caught napping, decayed American drugstore clerks fought better than Wagnerian gods, the secret weapons were duds, everything had been a dream—everything, except the world that was real.

The German army had been torn to pieces—infamously, beyond repair and even beyond survival in legends. Nothing was left but to



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HITLER CONTINUED

play just a few bars of *Götterdämmerung*. For those Germans who had refused to die with him, Adolf Hitler bequeathed as he himself put it, "nothing but ruins, rats and epidemics." The last emotion of this great hater was hatred of his own people.

* * *

Nobody indeed had double-crossed Hitler worse than the German people. The majority of them did not defend their cities, did not prefer death in battle to ignominious defeat. And yet they were the same people whose overwhelming majority had worshipped Hitler as their savior. Now they would gladly offer the German kaiser crown to one of the "Elders of Zion," if there only were such a person and such a crown—*anything* to prove that they never had been Nazi, that everything was just a horrible misunderstanding and that they, at any rate, had been irresponsible, terrorized victims of Himmler—"just little people." To Hitler this must have been a fantastic inconsistency. But if it broke his heart, he should blame his mind. For the German majority, far from being inconsistent, acted both times under the same impulses.

The Germans, an idealistic people, also overrate science, as romanticists so often do. Their yardstick of valuation has always been, "Does it work?"—not, "Should it work?" They killed children in Warsaw, scientifically, and burned Jews everywhere, methodically, not because they were sadists, but because they thought it would work. They will never blame Adolf Hitler for what he tried, but most of them will blame him for not having succeeded. They will remain in the market for a scheme that promises to work. In spite of Hitler's ruins, rats and epidemics, there will be 60,000,000 Germans left and they will again be neat and good-looking and hard-working and able. Next time they might discover a scheme that works without exploding in God's face. But who knows?

As to Adolf Hitler, he receded where he came from—to the nowhere along the Austro-German border. In the last analysis, he was a victim of the most magic trick he knew—to mix 50% truth with 50% lie into dynamite. He said the truth, because man is indeed mean, corruptible, manageable. He lied, because man is also kind, noble, his own master. Adolf Hitler exploded himself. The universe was allergic to Adolf Hitler.

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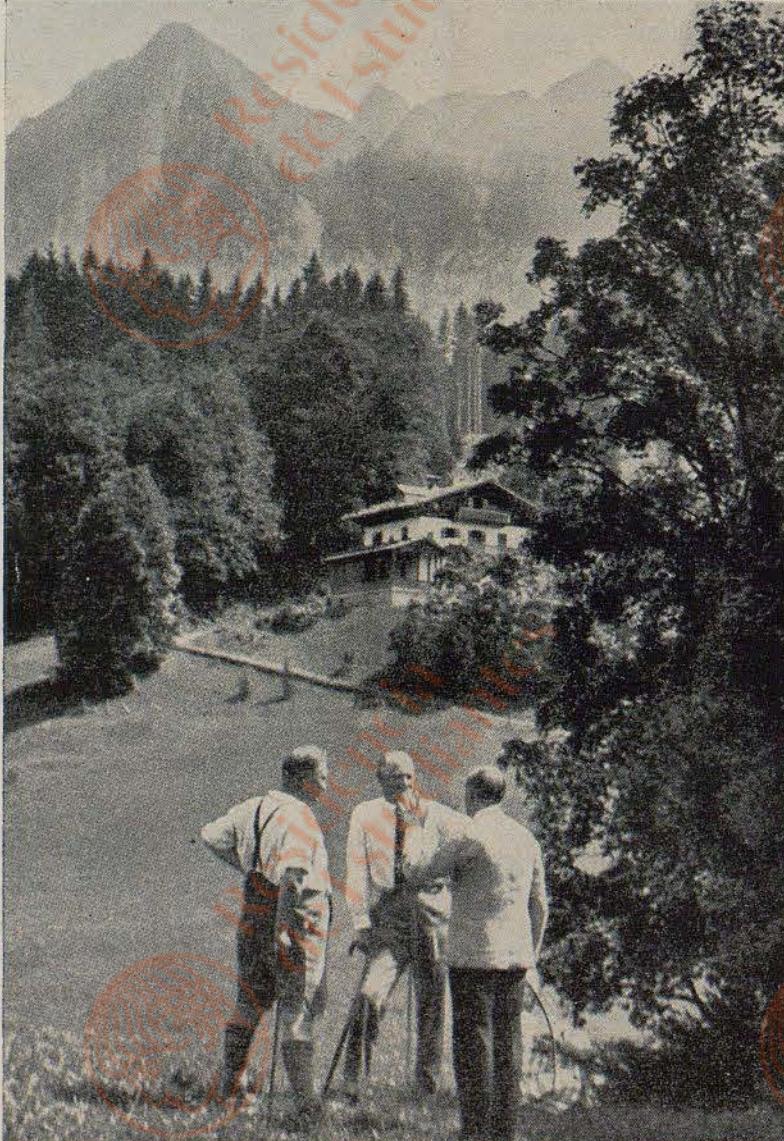
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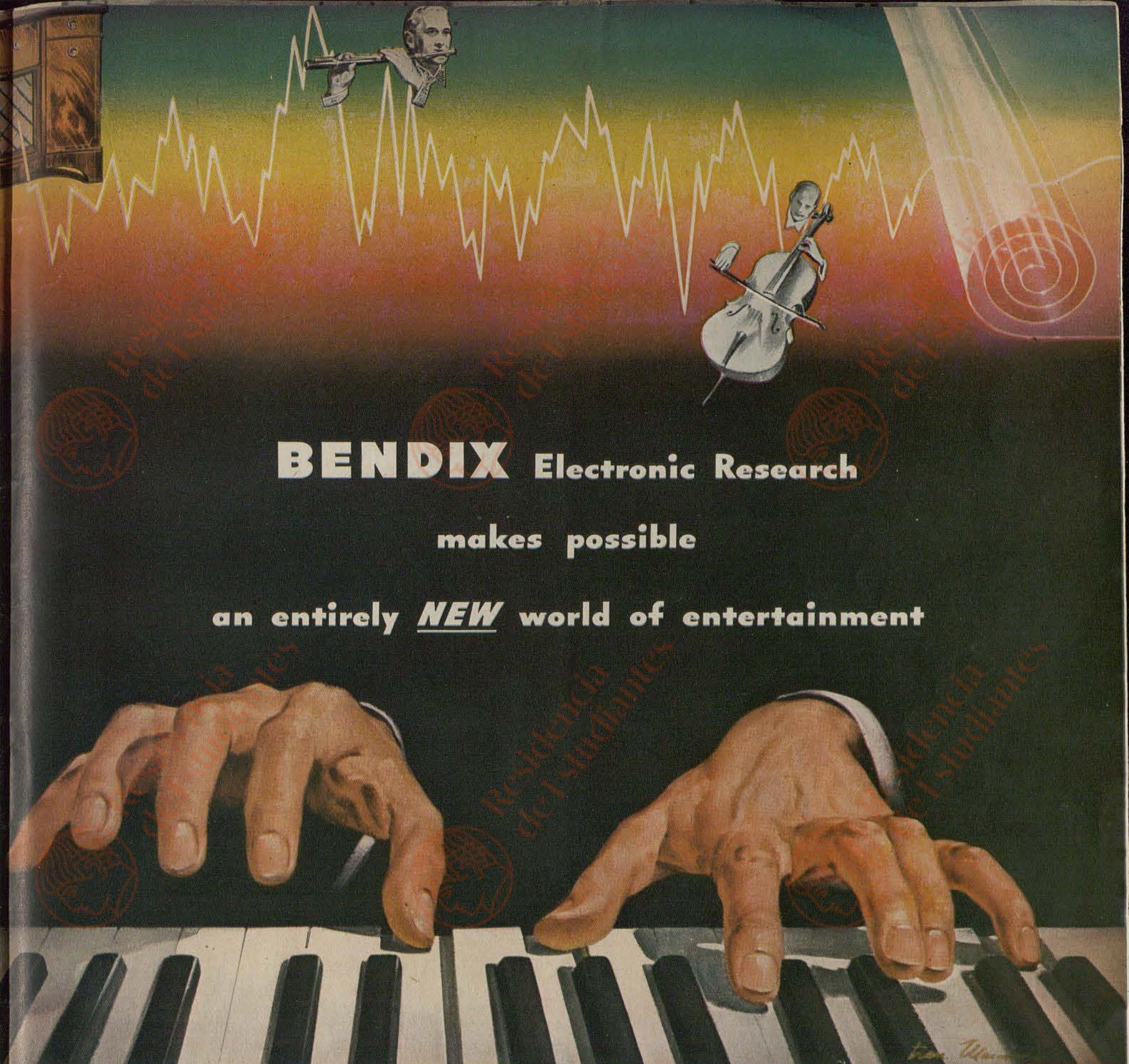
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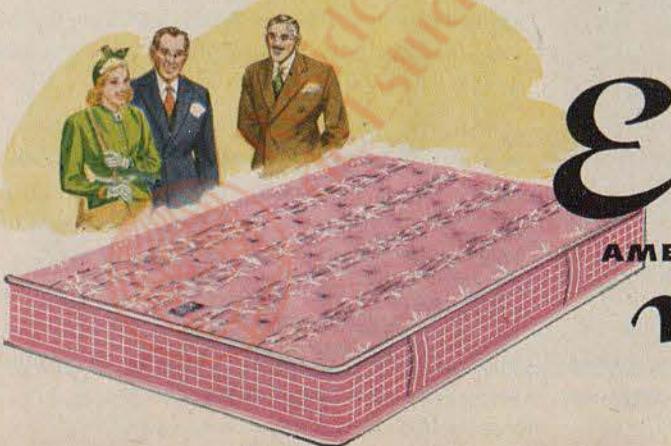
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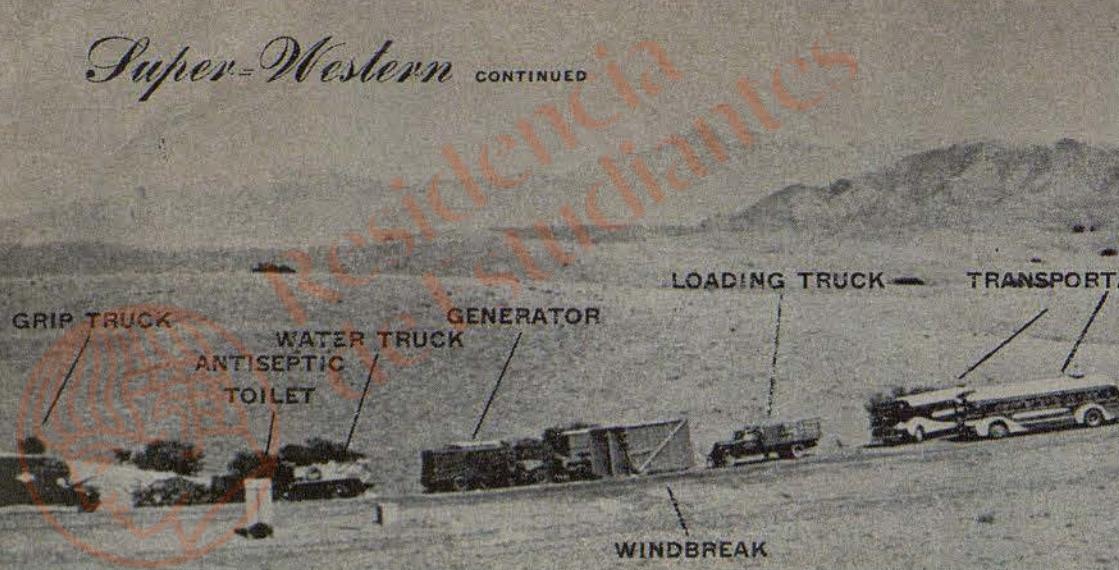
Arizona filming of "Duel in the Sun" required logistic preparation of a minor military campaign

Niven Busch's novel, *Duel in the Sun*, was much tougher and more realistic than most western novels. The movie David O. Selznick is making from the book will be more expensive and more elaborate than almost any movie western ever produced. It will cost \$3,000,000. A sizable chunk of this is being spent on the expenses of going out to location in Arizona, a job whose planning, transportation and construction

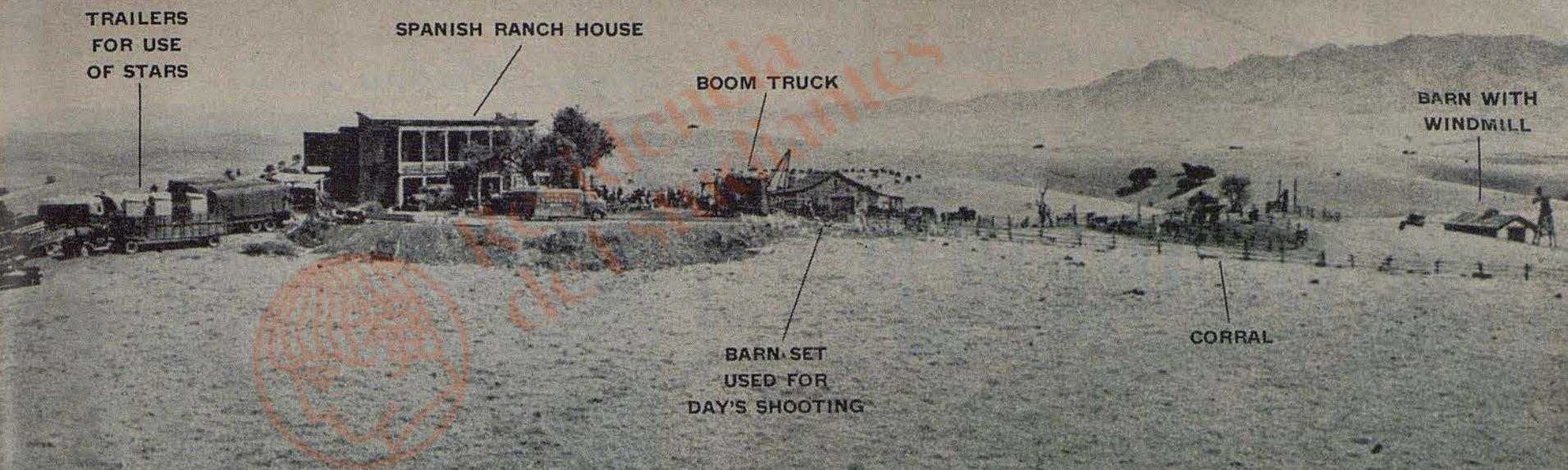
suggested the logistics of a small-scale military campaign. Along with the expedition went Gregory Peck, who plays a cowboy killer; Joseph Cotten, who plays his easygoing brother, and the usually demure and pious Jennifer Jones, who plays an earthy murderess.

The filming, done on a stretch of desert 41 miles from Tucson, Ariz., required 152 people, three van-loads of generators and other electrical equipment, 400

horses, 400 head of cattle, 20 tons of props including 107 revolvers, 100 poker chips and one horsefly chaser. To prepare the set a construction crew of 40 men worked for nearly two months, leveling a hill, building a two-story ranch house, two barns and a windmill out of artificially weatherbeaten timber. Delays due to rain, snow and high winds sometimes cost as much as \$15,000 a day exclusive of the stars' salaries.



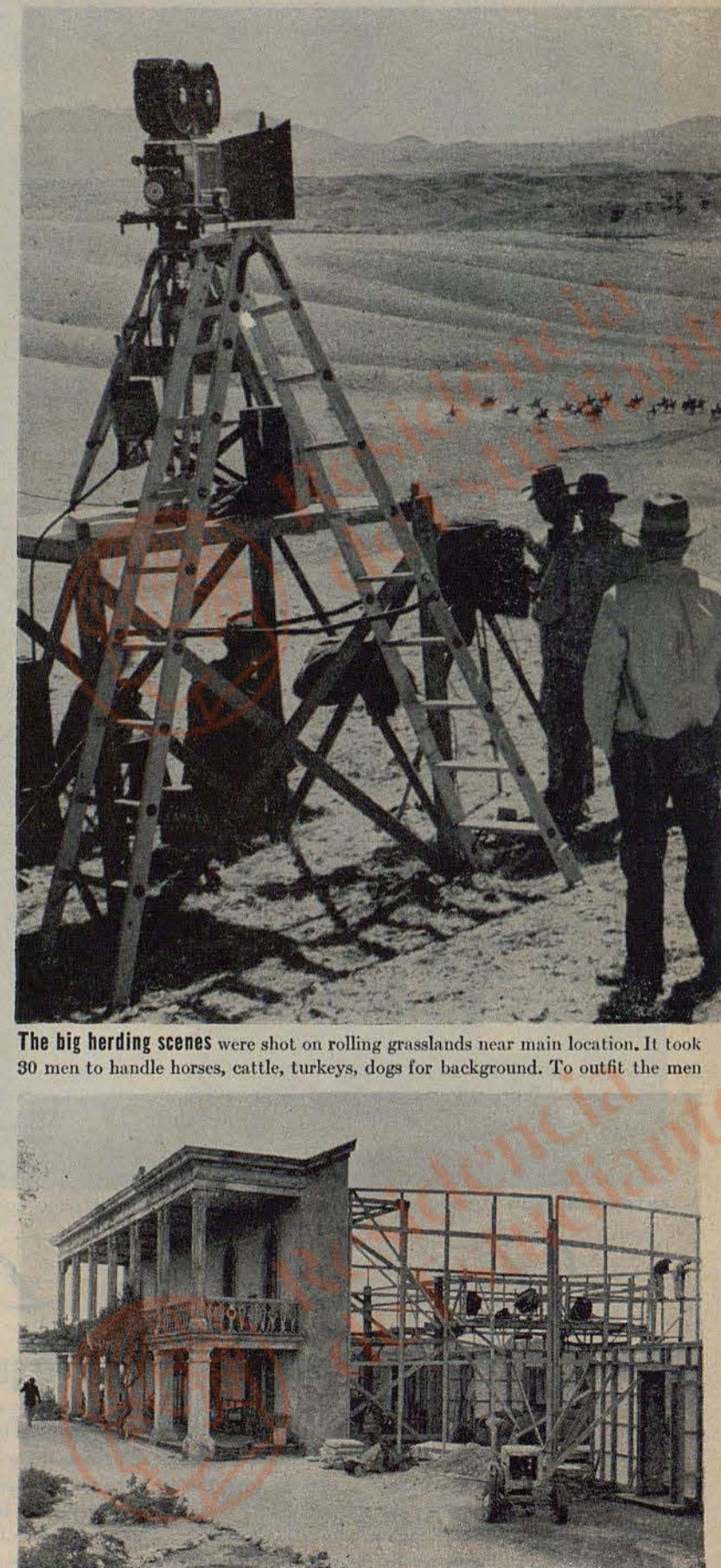
LIKE AN OLD-FASHIONED CIRCUS CARAVAN, SELZNICK-INTERNATIONAL'S LONG TRAIN OF TRUCKS AND BUSES ARRIVES ON LOCATION IN THE DESERT NEAR TUCSON



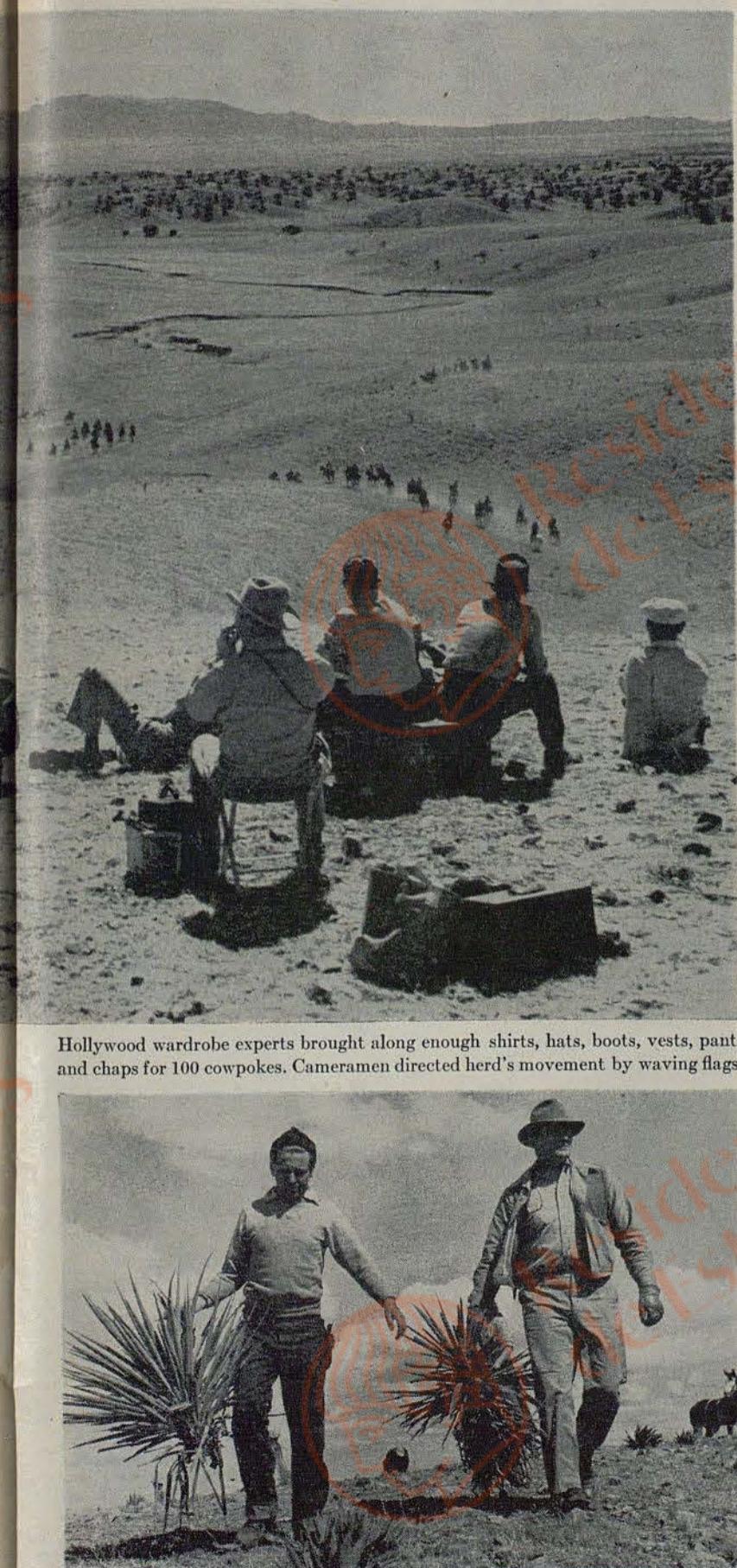
LOCATION (ALTITUDE 5,000 FEET) IS ON LAND OWNED BY THE CORONADO NATIONAL PARK AND LEASED BY ARIZONA'S HIGH HAVEN RANCH. RENT OF LAND COST \$650



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The big herding scenes were shot on rolling grasslands near main location. It took 30 men to handle horses, cattle, turkeys, dogs for background. To outfit the men



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Jennifer Jones eats her lunch on a modern table in the open. Some days were so cold that her lips kept turning blue, thus affecting some of the Technicolor shots. For this role Jennifer learned horseback riding.

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It's in the spotlight—deservedly in the spotlight—the superb new 1945 Wearever Zenith. Graceful as a shaft of light. Efficient as a bomb sight. Produced with the same devotion to precision that characterizes a fine telescope. The value of Telescope Precision is reflected in the durability of Zenith...in its finely wrought 14-carat gold point...its exclusive "C-Flow" feed...in the very beauty, balance and write-ability of this exquisite writing instrument. See, try, buy the guaranteed Wearever Zenith. Made by David Kahn, Inc., (Est. 1896).

WEAREVER LEADS
FOR RELIABLE WRITING CHOOSE WEAREVER REFILL LEADS

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Super-Western CONTINUED



In make-up room at Santa Rita Hotel, Star Gregory Peck gets application of grease paint while Steve Dunhill (center) watches. At left, Scott McKay has false hair added.



The wives of Actor Gregory Peck (left) and Director King Vidor sun themselves on roof of the Santa Rita Hotel while their husbands spend long days out on location.



Gregory Peck rides Dice, one of Hollywood's finest performing horses, in the dining room of the Hotel Santa Rita. The purpose is publicity. A news photographer takes



pictures in background. During one day's shooting Peck was thrown three times from his horse but picked himself up before worried cameramen, got right on again.



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PARIS
The patented "Free-Swing"
FREE-SWING SUSPENDERS
Can't skid off
leather-link rotary action back



IN SAME NOBLESVILLE, IND. COURTROOM WHERE HE WAS CONVICTED,

LIBERTY AFTER 20 YEARS

"I am the law," gloated Grand Dragon David C. Stephenson of the Indiana Ku Klux Klan in 1924, and he very nearly was. But last week, a dragon no more, Stephenson was pleading with the law to let him out of jail where he went 20 years ago, after one of the 1920s' most garish murder trials.

In 1920 David Stephenson, a smalltime politician, began to organize the Klan in Indiana. Soon its claimed half-million Hoosier members had made him rich from membership fees and sales of hoods. More, they made him the unelected ruler of Indiana politics. Politicians vied to backslap him, call him the "old man," as he liked. He was only 32.

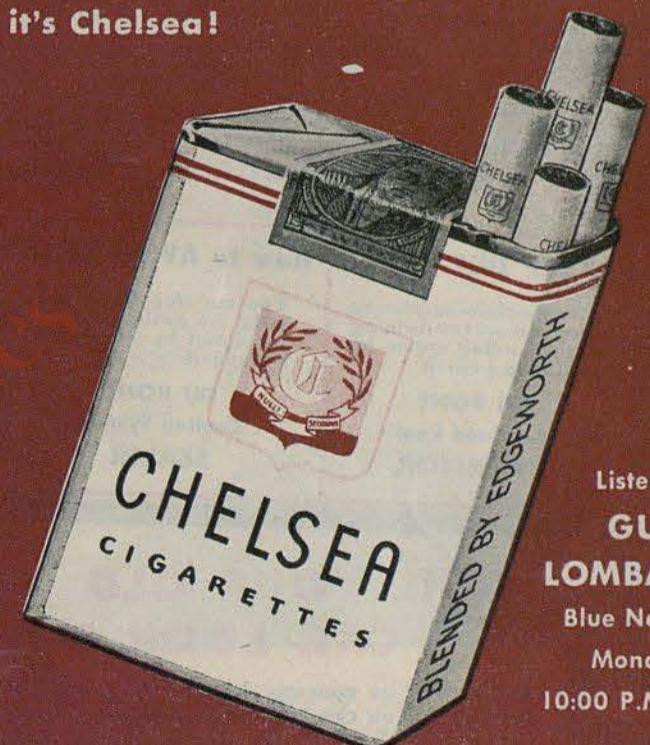
But the Dragon, sworn upholder of prohibition and womanly virtue, loved liquor and pretty faces. On the night of March 15, 1925 he invited

Madge Oberholtzer, a comely, respectable state government clerk, to his Indianapolis home. He forced several drinks on her and then, while his ever-present bodyguards flourished pistols, made her board a Chicago-bound train and raped her. They got off the train at Hammond, Ind., where Madge secured poison, and drank it. Terrified, Stephenson drove her back to Indianapolis, refused her screams for medical aid, kept her prisoner, then sent her home. Madge Oberholtzer died. Stephenson was charged with murder and, while Indiana looked on dumfounded, was convicted. He went to jail for life and Indiana's Klan dropped into oblivion. Since then Stephenson has engaged in a series of court actions to win freedom. Current one is the 39th. Its chance of success looks no better than the others.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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Cooling System Cleanser

How to KEEP OUT RUST



After the cleaning, you can prevent more rust forming in the cooling system by putting in a can of

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Acid and Rust
INHIBITOR

How to AVOID LEAKS

You can stop leaks, and make the cooling system leak-proof by pouring in a bottle of

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MAKE YOUR OLD CAR LOOK NEW



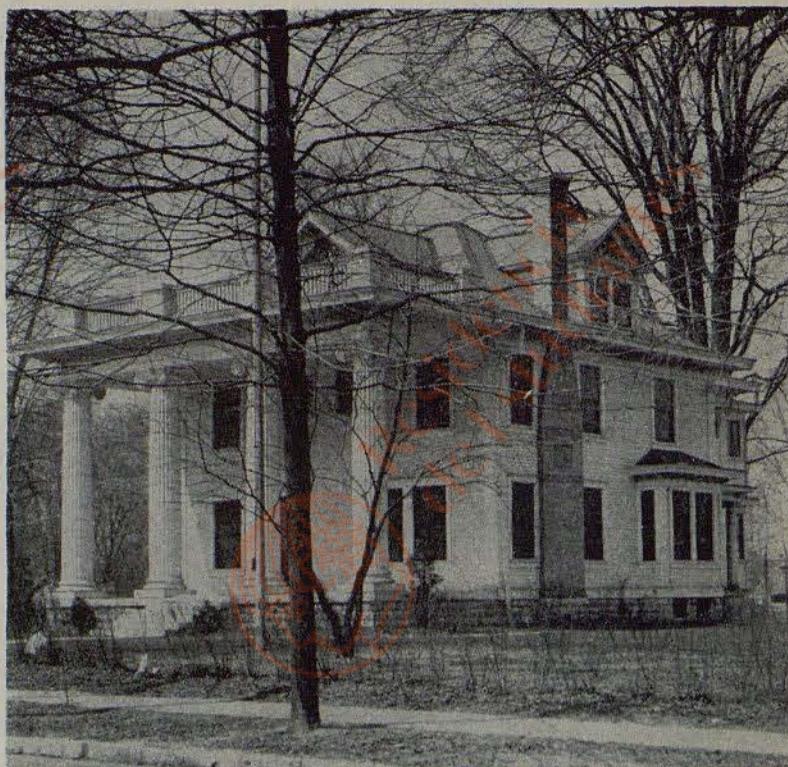
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...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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Indiana's "Dragon" CONTINUED



Handsome mansion in Indianapolis was Stephenson's home in 1925. He also maintained a swank hotel suite, a yacht, costly cars, loved to give wild drinking parties.



Madge Oberholtzer was plump, brown-haired girl who met Stephenson at party.



As Grand Dragon, Stephenson wore outlandish regalia officiating at Klan rites.



At pretrial hearing in 1925, Judge Gentry (arrow, left) was a spectator. Stephenson (arrow, right), with many lawyers, smiled confidently. New hearing is in same room.



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