This is TIME's Issue of May 22, 1950

ATLANTIC OVERSEAS EDITION

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Boris Chaliapin

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He likes his work.

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VOL. LV NO. 21

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LETTERS

Voice of America

Sir:

We Americans present ourselves and our way of life to other peoples in many and various ways: through the press, the movies, the radio, ECA, world trade, and as tourists, to mention a few. The more conscious we are of this, the more careful we are likely to be to see that these contacts are friendly, honest and helpful. You have earned the thanks of many by giving a sampling of what one important contact, the Voice of America [TIME, May 1], is telling the world, and of the world's reaction. It is a reassuring report.

DWIGHT C. LONG

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir:

In your X-ray study of the Voice of America, your physician-reporters have diagnosed the Voice's ailment perfectly: "What the Voice needs above all is not more money or more memoranda from Washington, but simply better writing, sharper thinking, and plenty of blue pencils to cut the dull stretches which still pervade too many of its programs."

The day that policymakers of the Voice change their attitude . . . I'm sure the U.S. can sell her product (freedom) much more effectively. Would you buy the product of a sponsor whose program is nothing but a continuous commercial?

NADIR KAMRAN

New York City

Car of Distinction

Sir:

Re your comment, "The trade-in value of British autos was low" [TIME, April 24]: Why trade them in? A Rolls-Royce or a Daimler will last a lifetime, and very little has been added to any car in the world that these two did not have 20 years ago except chrome . . .

The loveliest car that I ever owned, incidentally, was a 1924 Lancia (Italian) upon which there has been no particular mechanical improvement since, except perhaps automatic gear changing, which is a dubious improvement and which the Lancaster (English) incorporated as far back as 1934. An old car, like an old house, gathers a personality—my friends dubbed the Lancia "Lord Calvert."

JOHN R. BOWLES

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

Friday Special

Sir:

You carried a crack by Mr. H. L. Mencken . . . bemoaning the fact that Luchow's Restaurant had been sold [said Mencken: "It's the end of civilization"—TIME, May 8].

As the corresponding secretary of *Stamm-Tisch Hinterhaus,* a luncheon club meeting regularly at Luchow's, I have been authorized to refute Mr. Mencken's dire prediction that civilization is coming to an end with the aforementioned sale. To the contrary . . . the only change noticed recently is that the portion of Coconut Cream Pie (regularly served on Fridays since time immemorial) is a quarter of an inch larger . . .

ERNEST H. VOIGT

New York City

Bats

Sir:

Repeating Dr. Donald Griffin's experiment [for his sonar navigation experiments, he used bats which had been made to hibernate in a humidified refrigerator—TIME, May 1], I removed a bat from my belfry, chucked him in my refrigerator, rigged my oscillograph, and turned him loose.

Carrying the experiment one step further, I asked the bat how he managed to make a 120,000 cycle, 60 dyne noise. "Cripes!" said the bat, "with my teeth—it's cold in that refrigerator."

JESSE BERRY

Seattle, Wash.

No Knots

Sir:

Re the new $5,000,000 Great Lakes ore boat [TIME, May 1]:

No boat is rated by m.p.h.—not even the multi-million-dollar better than "two football fields" in length, *Wilfred Sykes* . . .

RALPH L. AVERY

Oakland, Calif.

¶ Let Reader Avery try fresh water; speeds of Great Lakes vessels are always computed in m.p.h., never in knots.—ED.

Cover Boy

Sir:

A million musical bravos (with crescendo) on your wonderful Gian-Carlo Menotti cover story [TIME, May 1] . . . Now I have a better picture of the man who has given me many hours of enjoyment, mingled with pathos and sentiments . . .

ALEX D'AMATO

New York City

Sir:

TIME has created a furor in our office . . . Mr. Menotti is a real cover boy . . .

BESS SILVERSTONE,
for the girls of Sterling Bolt Co.

Chicago, Ill.

Cold War

Sir:

Hats off to Dr. William Kerr for his effort to clear up the mystery of the common cold [TIME, May 1]. If other doctors and bacteriologists would be open-minded and alert on the subject, the virus theory would soon die its well-deserved death.

The report indicates that Dr. Kerr considers changes in weather as the most important factor causing colds, but he also includes dust, gases and emotions among the "usual causes." Four years' observation of colds in myself, relatives and friends would place emotions much higher on the list of causes—probably as high as weather changes. By avoiding, accepting or ignoring the adverse factors of the "physical surroundings"—cold ankles, anxiety, disappointments, etc.—I have reduced my colds to less than one per year. I believe that everyone, if so minded and so advised by physicians, would do likewise and not have to waste the millions of dollars now spent on pills, drops and salves.

HARRY HAMILTON

Talladega, Ala.

Sir:

Colds are not infectious? Phooey! I have been plagued with colds for many years, and at least nine out of ten have followed an exposure to someone's coughing and sneezing . . . Dr. Kerr's subjects were either too healthy or his cold sufferers had hay fever or some other non-infectious disturbance.

To approximate a rather severe common type of exposure, let it be suggested to Dr. Kerr that he place his subjects (for about 30 minutes) in a small closed room in which the atmosphere has been sprayed with a solution

of various strains of live bacteria found in respiratory infections. Place in this solution, just before using, some of the secretion from a new cold, and results will be forthcoming. Intuitively this type of exposure is expected to be more effective than if the material were merely placed on drinking glasses, etc., since the causative agent, getting into the blood stream through the lungs, seems more direct than if it were only deposited on the mucous membranes of the mouth, nose and throat.

AUSTIN W. NELSON

Seattle, Wash.

Whose Aspidistra?

Sir:

TIME [May 1] says: "Comedienne Gracie (*The Biggest Aspidistra in the World*) Fields . . ."

And all the time I thought this song should be remembered because of Bea Lillie.

Who is right?

MERRITT R. HOLLOWAY

Cincinnati, Ohio

¶ Gracie Fields introduced *The Biggest Aspidistra* in London in 1938, has been singing it off and on ever since. Bea Lillie's agent thinks she has never sung it.—ED.

Bureaucratic Calm

Sir:

TIME's April 24 article on Governor Lee of Utah . . . states in effect that the Bureau of the Budget was concerned because "Utah wasn't spending enough money, wasn't drawing her full allowance of Federal grants-in-aid," and that soon "an investigator was winging his way toward Salt Lake City to find out what was the trouble" . . .

TIME must be referring to a visit by a staff member of our Denver field office in April 1949 . . . An employee of the Denver field office went to several states, including Utah, to make a brief survey of the effects of Federally financed research grants on teaching personnel and programs of higher education . . . Contrary to TIME's statement, the Bureau of the Budget was not excited over the grant-in-aid situation in Utah . . .

F. J. LAWTON
Director

Bureau of the Budget
Washington, D.C.

Rabid Foxes & Hats

Sir:

Regarding your article concerning my recent efforts to rid Henderson County of rabid foxes [TIME, May 1]:

1) "They've extincted themselves"!—an ungrammatical statement attributed to me by your correspondent—is strictly a figment of his imagination designed to titillate your sophisticated (self-appointed) readers. I didn't say it.

2) Contrary to the implication of the article, my and Judge Spencer's motives in bringing about the hunt were genuinely altruistic, with nary an eye on either the rural vote or sales potential.

3) My "gadget" really works, as can be substantiated by incontrovertible evidence.

4) To the TIME correspondent who went along on the hunt: What the hell did you do with my hat?

Thanks for an excellent publication which, I assure you, is read and comprehended in these unlearned parts.

ADAM L. LINDSEY

Brownwood, Texas

¶ Reader Lindsey's hat (a Royal Stetson) was left in the back seat of the TIME correspondent's car, found in need of cleaning and blocking—which work is now in progress.—ED.

TIME
May 22, 1950

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Volume LIV
No. 21

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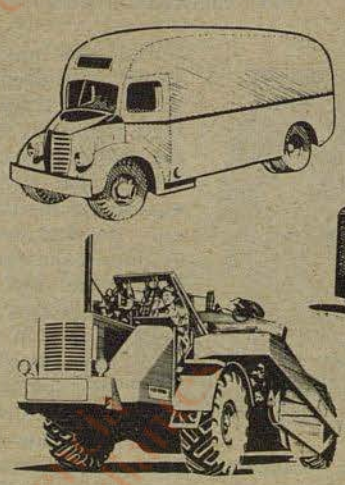

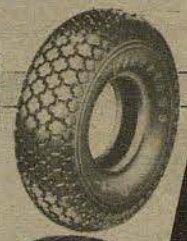

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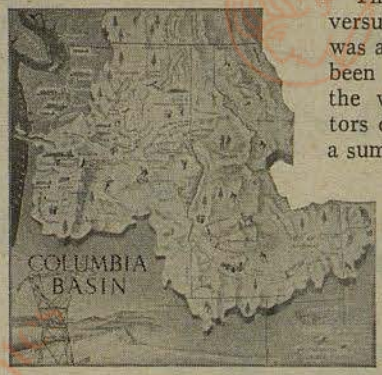
A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

In last week's TIME appeared a section devoted to the Pacific Northwest and its immense water power projects on the Columbia River. This is a special kind of news story which the editors have turned to more and more during the last year.

In terms of immediacy of interest most of TIME's news subjects are precisely the same as those that confront all U.S. editors: Senator McCarthy's hunt for Communists, the Cold War, the flying saucer legends, the pensions strike at Chrysler, the shooting of Charlie Binaggio, the high level of steel production, etc. Most of TIME's stories, like most newspaper stories, concern spot news.



Some facts, of course, can be told an hour after the event just as well as they will ever be told. If the reader wants to know who won the third race at Belmont and what he paid, TIME can't help him—although it might be of use to a reader who wants to know how the race was run and why the winner paid so much, or so little. Other facts cannot be told until long after the event began. They offer no dramatic turn in the news every week, and so are likely to be ignored. They do, however, form a continuing news story which at some point can be put in its proper perspective.

Land of the Big Blue River in last week's issue is such a story. Grand Coulee Dam has been abuilding for 17 years, and TIME has reported on it from time to time. Now Grand Coulee and the whole Columbia River power system have begun to change the face of the Northwest, and the editors thought that this was the proper time to show you its new face—in words, pictures and map. It takes time and space to tell this story, and that is what the special section provides. It is for the news of the times rather than the week's spot news.

During the last year there have been other stories that demanded such treatment. One examined the progress of color television (Nov. 28). Another, which broke new ground, was *Report on Yugoslavia* in the Jan. 30 issue. Up to that time the editors had been reporting the cold war between Stalin and Tito as it developed from week to week. Some Americans had begun to assume that Tito, since he was (in a way) a political ally, was moving toward a more democratic regime. The editors decided to send one of our most experienced European political correspondents to Yugoslavia to find out what Tito's regime was really like. His comprehensive report demonstrated that in its way Yugoslavia is as much a Communist police state as Russia.

The problem of "free" versus "socialized" medicine was another story which had been frequently reported in the week's news. The editors decided it was time for a summing up. They decided to find out whether a mandatory Government health plan is necessary. How many people in the U. S. are already covered by voluntary health plans? How many are not? How did the voluntary plans work? The result appeared in a special section called *The Price of Health: Two Ways to Pay It.* (TIME, Feb. 20).

Other stories from the news of the times that the editors singled out for special treatment were *The Defense of Europe* (April 10) and *The Voice of America: What It Tells the World* (May 1). The former examined the ability of Western Europe to defend itself against a Russian attack and found that Western Europe's defense was largely a bluff. The latter told what the Voice of America broadcasts were doing to combat Russian propaganda and advance America's cause among the world's people's.

Coming: Pensions

These stories which like TIME's cover stories, get behind and beyond the spot news of the week will be continued. The next scheduled: Old age pensions. . . . one of the most difficult and controversial problems now facing the U.S.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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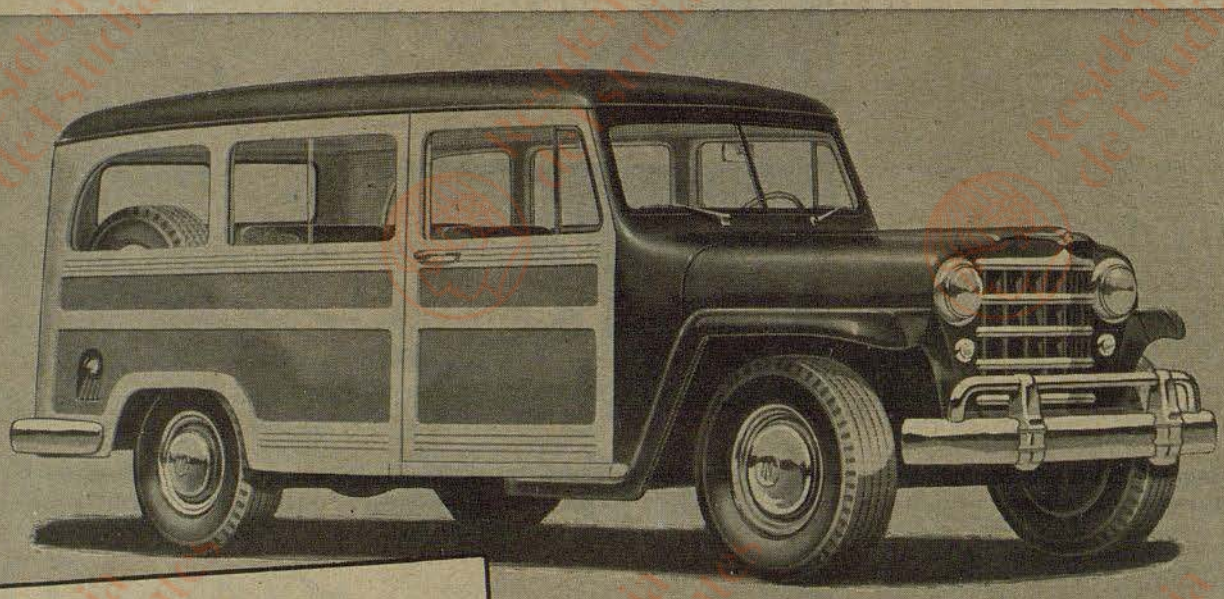

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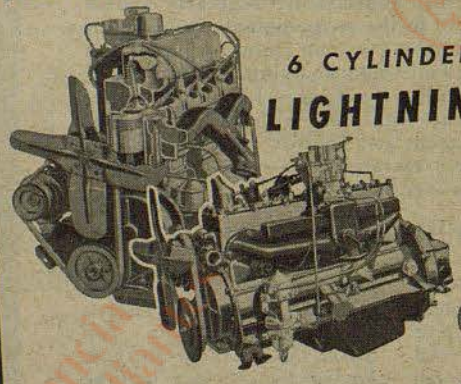

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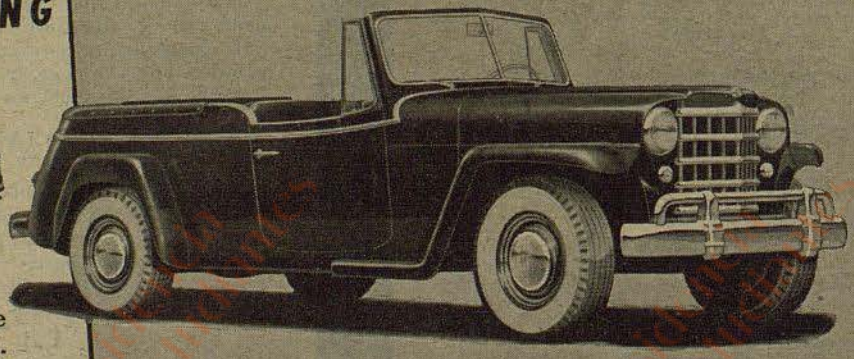

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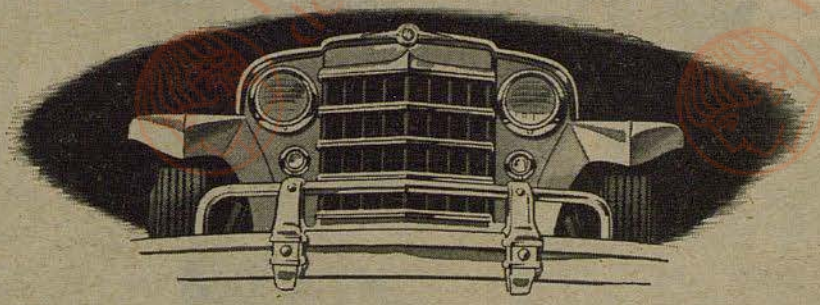

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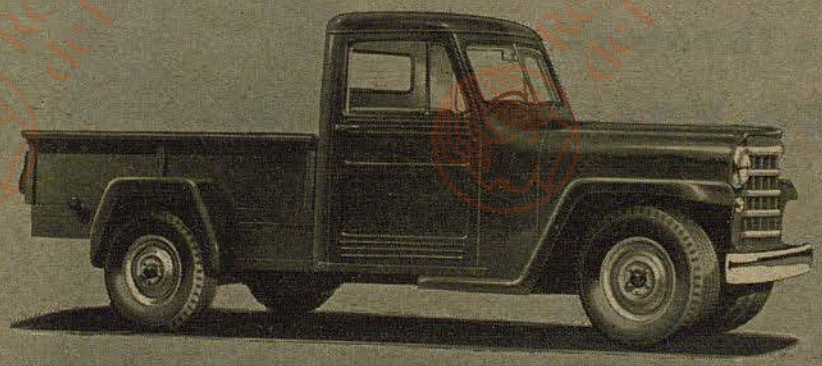

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BETTER LIVING THROUGH BETTER ROADS

Vol. LV No. 21

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

May 22, 1950

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Another Slice

The first steps had been taken quietly, not to say timidly, but last week it was plain that U.S. foreign policy had taken on a new responsibility. The Administration had at last decided to go to the defense of another big slice of the world against the assaults of Communism.

That area was Southeast Asia; the prescription for it would be like the military and economic aid program which had saved Greece and Turkey. The State Department, though it still refused to take any interest in saving strategically vital Formosa (*see* FOREIGN NEWS), had finally reached a key decision as to other threatened lands: if the Communists were to be kept from Burma, Siam, Malaya and even Indonesia, they must be stopped now in Indo-China.

In Paris, Secretary of State Dean Acheson came to quick agreement with France's Foreign Minister Robert Schuman on deeding additional grants of power to the young French-blessed Emperor Bao Dai. Then Acheson flashed Washington to speed a $15 million program for military aid to the 180,000 French and native troops already locked in battle with the Indo-Chinese Communists. (The money had long been available in the $75 million that Congress had pressed on the Administration seven months ago for containment of Communism in Asia.) Within a few weeks the first shipment of tactical aircraft should be on its way for close support of anti-Communist troops.

But military aid was, at the moment, the lesser part of the battle, reported ruddy California Publisher Robert Allen Griffin of the Monterey *Peninsula Herald* last week, after a two months' survey of Southeast Asia for the State Department. Griffin and his six-man team thought the wobbly non-Communist governments could be well buttressed within 15 months. The cost: $60 million in economic help—to be administered by a small crew of U.S. engineers and technicians. Indo-China should get $23 million for agricultural and public-health improvements, he said. About $11 million apiece should go to Indonesia, Burma and Siam, and $5,000,000 to Malaya. There were no legislative problems about the money: it could come out of the $100 million ECA appropriation for the "general area of China" which Congress was expected to send to the President this week.

Dollarwise, these sums were small when compared to the billions already invested in Europe and Asia. But in terms of responsibility and challenge—finally seen and finally accepted—they represented a crucial commitment by the U.S.

Jack Birns—LIFE

EMPEROR BAO DAI
With agreement, challenge.

THE PRESIDENCY

The Hired Man

(See Cover)

In depots and on porches, at crossings and atop boxcars, people gathered in little clots to watch the train roll through. When it stopped in the tank towns of Nebraska and Iowa, in the farming centers of Idaho and Washington, in the mining towns in Montana, the crowds swarmed around the rear platform yelling "Hi, Harry." Harry Truman, President of the U.S. and crack politician, was on tour.

"I am talking to you as your hired man," Harry Truman told them. "I have come out here to tell you just exactly what I am trying to do, and I am telling it to you firsthand so it can't be garbled. There is no way for me to get the truth to you but to come out and tell it to you."

Back in Washington, he had left a party uneasy about the effect of Senator Joe McCarthy's assault on the State Department and slow to come to his Administration's defense, a Democratic Congress that had flatly refused to enact most of his Fair Deal program. His legislative leaders were rebellious, disgruntled by his failure to consult them, annoyed by his disregard for their views. Congress spent the week ignoring, disregarding or repudiating several of his proposals (*see below*).

Glowing Vision. But Harry Truman, on tour, radiated confidence and well-being. In no position to berate a Congress controlled by his own party, he lumped all opponents of his policy with all the opponents of 17 years of Democratic rule and happily thumped away at them as "reactionaries," "timid men," "calamity howlers" and "greed boys." He wanted, he made it clear, what "the common man" wanted. If he didn't get it, that was not Harry Truman's fault—he was always trying. He was the buoyant salesman of good intentions.

And what he intended was a glowing vision of "prosperity, cooperation, expansion." Harry Truman wanted the best for everybody—workers, businessmen and farmers. Keeping them all prosperous meant more Government services, more welfare programs, more dams, more irrigation canals, an expanding economy.

In his flat, homey, Western Missouri twang, Harry Truman made it all sound as easy as gathering eggs, and about as familiar. Those who raised objections were just old fogies.

Old as the Hills. At one Wyoming whistle stop, he reminded a little crowd that Wyoming was the first state to give the women the right to vote. Said Truman: "Can you imagine what some of the stuffy reactionary Easterners had to say? Listen—listen to this—you will like this, you will want to remember it. The editor of a prominent magazine* published in New York said: 'This unblushing female socialism defies alike the Apostles and the Prophets.' The editor said: 'Nothing could be more anti-biblical than letting women vote.' So you see that the cry of socialism is as old as the hills. They used it against woman suffrage, against the federal reserve, against social security . . . [But] I am going to keep right on working for better houses, better schools . . . and I don't intend to be scared away by anybody who calls that program socialism."

Fighting a Slump. As his train clanked westward, the single word "POTUS"—railroad code for President of the U.S.—flashed from dispatcher to dispatcher,

* *Harper's* magazine, in November 1853. Truman conveniently telescoped his dates: Wyoming did not approve woman suffrage until 1869.

clearing the tracks. A pilot train rolled ten minutes ahead of him as a safety precaution and special guards were posted at crossings.

Truman was trying to do what Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt had failed to do—to plead for his policies over the head of Congress to the people, fighting the traditional off-year slump for the party in power. Harry Truman, too, had lost ground. The burst of post-election affection and admiration had subsided, and his popularity, according to polls, had sagged badly.

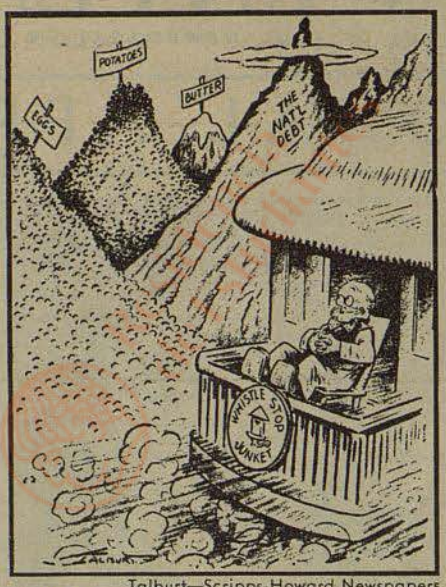
But Harry Truman was supremely confident of the political effectiveness of the character he had so successfully created in his 1948 whistle-stop campaign. So, apparently, were the Democratic politicians, who hustled aboard at every stop to shake the presidential hand. It was a sharp contrast to 1946, when a harassed Harry Truman was under orders of Democratic leaders to stay out of sight. Some still remembered a 1946 stop at Jefferson City, Mo., the capital of his home state, when Truman grinned at a crowd, clamped his hand over his mouth, and wagged his head dolefully.

Caps & Spurs. Nobody—not even Truman—bothered to take seriously the "non-political" side of last week's trip, if there was one. The President, who had begun by defending the trip as "a report to the nation" which was "my privilege and my duty," soon was saying slyly: "This is a non-political trip but I may come back later and be a little more interested in politics"—sticking his tongue under his lower lip and grinning as the crowd laughed.

There was no disputing it; Harry Truman did well. Like mythical Antaeus, he seemed to draw strength from fresh contact with the earth. He had an enormous talent for identifying himself with people at each stop. At Galesburg, Ill., he remarked that a great-aunt of Mrs. Truman's came from there, and recalled his first "sashay" into politics, when as a little boy he wore a white campaign cap to school. "Well, some big Republican boys took my cap away from me and tore it up," said Truman, "and the Republican boys have been trying to do that to me ever since." Such familiar little yarns sounded wonderfully casual, but they were not as casual as they seemed: the President had been fitted out with a thick loose-leaf notebook full of homey facts about every place he was to visit; he read it over before he reached each town, usually worked in some happy local reference.

Grand Island, Neb. was typical. The file had supplied the information that he had been presented with a pair of spurs there in 1948. Truman remarked: "I told you I was going to make good use of them, and I did. I used them on the 80th Congress."

At the end, Truman turned around with the air of a man with a surprise, peered back into his special car. Then he came back to the microphone, looking pleased as all get-out. "Here's Mrs. Truman," he said. The crowd cheered. Then he peered back in again. "Margaret's coming too," he announced happily. More cheers.



Talburt—Scripps-Howard Newspapers

"ENJOYING THE SCENERY, HARRY?"
No town too small.

Demanded one impressed newsman: "Could Taft have done that? Stassen? Dewey? No. Eisenhower? Maybe. A New York crowd would laugh—but these people thought it was wonderful."

Along the Snake. As the presidential train rolled across the black-loam Iowa fields laced with corn stubble and patched with rain-fed lakes, it became clear that Harry Truman was concentrating much of his fire on the Republicans' 1950 slogan: "Liberty against socialism." Time after time he cited instances in the past when "calamity howlers" had hung a "socialist" label on programs that were now farmer gospel—rural electrification, soil conservation, public power, flood control.

Through the wide, empty Nebraska prairies, up into the gulch-seamed Wyoming plateaus where the snow still lay in the ditches, on up the old Oregon Trail along the Snake River canyon, Harry Truman unfurled his pattern for an expanding economy in a free world. Sure, he wanted to balance the budget and cut taxes, he said, "just as soon as we safely can. But I will not join in slashing Government expenses at the cost of our national security or national progress." His programs were not really expenditures; they were investments in the future. Cried Truman: "Don't let anyone tell you that the Government should retire to the sidelines while the national economy goes back to the days of boom & bust. The power of Government exists for the people to use. It would be folly for the people to be afraid to use their collective strength through the Government."

Tom Little—*The Nashville Tennessean*

"THAT'S DANGEROUS, JUMBO"
No problem too big.

In the best of all Democratic worlds he had something for everybody. For the businessman, he had his new program of Government loan insurance and other aids to small business. For the farmer and the consumer there was the Brannan Plan. In Nebraska, where he had once faced 8,000 empty seats in an Omaha auditorium, 30,000 people stood through a pouring rain in a public square at Lincoln. Though his own congressional leaders had refused any part of it and most organized agriculture opposed it, Politician Truman still seemed convinced that the Brannan formula would catch on.

Following Man. Everywhere there were the high-school bands, swarms of schoolchildren. In little towns where a President had never been seen, crowds were often bigger than the population. A large man with a speckled mustache appeared among them, listening intently. Reporters quickly spotted him. He was Vic Johnston, a hireling of the G.O.P. National Committee, sent to keep tabs on Truman. Johnston had chartered a private plane, was waiting on the platform at every major stop, issuing depreciatory statements. Truman was amused, genially invited him aboard. Johnston sheepishly declined.

Truman glowed with optimism. There was not going to be a war, the deficit would take care of itself, there were no problems that he could not solve. He made his opponents sound like common scolds. Only on the subject of the cold war was he soberly restrained. It "will be with us for a long, long time. There is no quick way, no easy way, to end it."

At Laramie, in the University of Wyoming's auditorium ("You know, I never had the opportunity to go to college," Truman told the students), the President referred for the first time to the McCarthy vendetta aimed at his Secretary of State. Acheson, he noted, was now in Europe. "In this work that means so much to the peace of the world," said Truman with indignant emphasis, "I

know that he has the confidence and support of the vast majority of the American people." His audience applauded.

"Men of Little Faith." In Idaho, Truman declared that if Congress had adopted the Brannan Plan, it would have "prevented all this talk about potatoes." Booming, bustling Pendleton, Ore. was picked for his prediction of an average $4,000-a-year income for every family by 1960.

By the time the tour reached Coulee City, Harry Truman was in high good spirits. He motored across 27 miles of sagebrush, most of which will be under water in 15 months, to the Columbia River's Upper Grand Coulee, where the dam, locked between bare hills, rises beside the desert. The formal purpose of his trip had been the dedication of the dam, Franklin Roosevelt Lake, and the whole Columbia Basin project. Above the roar of the huge torrent in the distant spillway, Harry Truman cried: "Thousands of family-sized farms will replace the sagebrush. Men of little faith . . . can't tell the difference between a waste of funds and a sensible investment . . ."

Bison & Birthdays. By this time reporters were exhausted, but 66-year-old Harry Truman was going strong. "This is a vacation for me," he said. Harry Truman liked people, and obviously, people liked him in a way that included no awe and not necessarily admiration. "Come back again, Mr. President," one woman called. "Thanks, I will," said Harry Truman. A railroad conductor beamed delightedly: "I went right up and shook hands with him." A reporter who had also traveled with Franklin Roosevelt noted the difference: Roosevelt had inspired worship, but from a distance. Harry Truman was one of the folks.

At nearly every stop there were banks of flowers for the Truman ladies, gifts for Harry. He got an Indian blanket in Pendleton, a miner's outfit in Butte, gold cuff links, bronze bison, six birthday cakes, and a peace pipe from Chief Bill Buffalo Hide of Montana's Blackfeet Indians. "You and Uncle Joe smoke that," said Chief Buffalo Hide. "O.K.," said Truman amiably but without conviction.

As the train, eastbound again, topped the Continental divide and swung down into the Missouri valley, the radio teletype clacked with queries to Washington on the Dakota floods for use in Dakota speeches. Truman spent a quiet Mother's Day in Wisconsin. In Joe McCarthy's home state, where the great vendetta might be a touchy subject, he talked only of world peace. But in Chicago, the greatest Democratic show in years was warming up.

Machine-Tooled Welcome. Truman might be plain Harry Truman at the whistle stops, but he was also a veteran machine politician who could appraise well-organized enthusiasm with a practiced eye. Chicago's Democratic machine—an old-fashioned, well-oiled affair in whose disciplined ranks a precinct captain is a failure unless he can predict his total within a couple of votes—was supposed to organize it down to the last cheer.

The object was to "create a Democratic atmosphere" and to give aid to Majority Leader Scott Lucas, who badly needed it in his campaign against Republican Everett Dirksen (Lucas, no red-hot campaigner, agreed to run again only on Truman's promise of active help). By the sort of happy chance that is possible in a machine run city, the Democrats' show coincided with a civic "Jefferson Jubilee" celebrating the 150th anniversary of Jefferson's election. A nonpartisan "host committee" was organized to raise $250,000, and Democratic wards briskly funneled contributions to it. Explained "Botchy" Connors, a cigar-smoking ward boss: "If there are any businessmen in the ward, we ask them to contribute a float or something." The U.S. Treasury helpfully ruled that contributions for "floats or something" were deductible as business expense.

The Democrats gathered 10 governors, 56 Congressmen and assorted politicos for dinners, panels and conferences, topped off by "bringing the Government to the people," a first-time-in-history meeting of the U.S. Cabinet in public (Acheson, Johnson and Snyder were missing)—fully televised from the Civic Opera House.* Then came the big parade.

Headed by 6,750 national guardsmen and followed by 30 drum & bugle corps, herds of mechanized floats, Harry Truman rolled down Madison Street to Chicago Stadium. Each Cook County committeeman was instructed to provide 30 men holding giant-size flares. Some 25,000 balloons soared into the night ("You have to have something for the kids," explained a committeeman).

Outside the stadium, bleachers were set for the overflow crowd. As the lights beat down on the stage, Harry Truman spoke the ritualized words of political benediction over Scott Lucas ("fine work . . . excellent manner in which he has measured up to that difficult task . . . entitled to gratitude of entire nation").

H. G. Walker—LIFE

THE PRESIDENT AT WILBUR, WASH.
"Listen—listen to this—you will like this."

Town-Size. How had Harry Truman made out? He had talked to 525,000 people in 15 states which would elect twelve Senators and 147 Congressmen this fall. Whether he had helped local Democrats much was debatable (except for Lucas in Illinois and Mike Mansfield in Montana, he had done little plugging of candidates). But there was no doubt that he had done himself a lot of good. He reduces the issues, said the New York *Times* correspondent admiringly, "to town-size so any dirt farmer can understand them." There were no Republicans aboard to complain "Yes, but how about the deficit?" There were no Southern Democrats to point out how little he had accomplished. There had been only Harry Truman, the salesman of good intentions and the man with the common touch, wearing the aura of the presidency, doing what he did best—meeting the people. In the year 1950, there was still no one around who did it better.

* The show flopped; nobody remembered to turn out the people. The Cabinet faced a lonely 900 spectators in the 4,000-seat auditorium. The question period ("an unprecedented working of the democratic process") consisted of careful answers to planted questions. Sample: "Is organized labor making any contribution to the fight on Communism?" Secretary of Labor Tobin: "A tremendous contribution."

DEMOCRATS

Southern Discomfort

All one afternoon in Chicago, 16 Democratic party bigwigs sat around a discussion table assuring each other and a part-Negro audience of the unyielding Democratic support for the Fair Employment Practices bill. "You're either for civil rights or you're not," declaimed Minnesota's Senator Hubert Humphrey, to whom all issues are just that simple. "We don't have to dance around the pinpoint on that needle."

But when they had finished, Jonathan Daniels, national committeeman from North Carolina and onetime White House assistant, walked to the microphone. "I was one of the eleven Southern delegates who voted for Harry Truman in 1948, so I don't have to prove my allegiance," he began. "I come as a representative of southern Democrats—not Dixiecrats. I want to see an advance in the liberties of all the people. But I'm opposed to a compulsory FEPC, not because I want to keep people in slavery, but because we are making progress in the South . . . We cannot have a prohibition law against segregation in the South . . ."

There was a polite murmur of applause, and the meeting broke up.

THE ADMINISTRATION

The Hobgoblin

In the midst of reassuring everyone else last week, President Truman popped a hobgoblin on U.S. businessmen. With an offhand gesture he appointed 42-year-old Leon Keyserling his chief seer on economic affairs.

Ever since Dr. Edwin G. Nourse threw up his hands and quit as chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers ("I'm too old for such nonsense"), moon-faced Vice Chairman Keyserling had been hungering for the job. It was the nourishing climax to a 17-year Government career.

Peggy Plummer—Black Star

KEYSERLING
A face behind a corner.

The career had followed a somewhat familiar path. Born in South Carolina, educated at Columbia University, Keyserling went to Harvard Law School. From there he entered the murky Washington labyrinth by way of Henry Wallace's AAA. He helped frame the Wagner Act. He worked his way onward & upward through the Housing agencies. He mastered the gobbledygook of economic language and the fast footwork needed for intramural debate. He learned to jump out from behind corners, making Keynesian faces at businessmen. In 1946, with a boost from Harry Truman, he landed on the newly constituted CEA.

Thermometer or Tool? He and Chairman Nourse were constantly at loggerheads. Nourse, onetime vice president of Brookings Institution, who thought of himself as an economist and nothing else, stuck pretty close to economic orthodoxy. Keyserling, an avid Government planner, was further to the left. The council's third member, John D. Clark, skittered around vaguely somewhere in between. The chief difference between Nourse and Keyserling was in their interpretations of CEA's job. Nourse thought it was chiefly to hold a thermometer under the nation's tongue and dispassionately report the results. Keyserling thought of the CEA as a tool of the Fair Deal, to be used in promoting Harry Truman's political philosophy and economic schemes.

Planner Keyserling could find plenty of pat reasons for assuring the President that there was nothing to worry about in the staggering $255 billion national debt. He could find fair-sounding reasons for supporting Harry Truman's threat to break into the steel industry with Government-run plants, reasons why the President should demand new curbs over business. Such glib reasoning was too much for Dr. Nourse, but judging from last week's appointment, it was just right with Mr. Truman. Businessmen, whom Keyserling recently had been trying to win over by soft words, kept their fingers crossed when they heard that he had succeeded Nourse. To them he was still the No. 1 woodpile character in the Fair Deal.

Yeoman at Work. To fill the third spot on the CEA, Harry Truman named 48-year-old Dr. Roy Blough (rhymes with how), Pittsburgh-born son of a Church of the Brethren minister. President Truman got him from the University of Chicago, where he taught economics and political science.

Boyish-faced Dr. Blough is no stranger to Washington. He worked for Harry Hopkins in the early days of the relief program, later served Henry Morgenthau as a tax adviser when Morgenthau was Secretary of the Treasury. He did quiet, yeoman's work in both departments, has a national reputation as a tax expert.

Keyserling pronounced Blough's a "fine appointment." Senator Taft snorted: "The President now has three left-fielders" on his team. The consensus was that Blough, for whatever consolation it might be, plays a mite closer to center field.

THE CONGRESS

Into the Jaws

While the President was away, Congress took stock of itself and the nation, then settled down to the task of chewing parts of the President's legislative program into pulp.

First the House fastened its teeth to the $29 billion omnibus appropriation bill. The more the House looked at the thing, the bigger the bill had grown—an additional $385 million for national defense, millions for creeks, dams and other sordid items of pork-barrel politics. It had become just too much to digest; besides, members had been getting letters from constituents demanding an end to reckless spending. With more courage than it had shown all year, the House put its jaws to work.

One of the bravest of the brave was 34-year-old, World War II Navy Hero (Silver Star, D.S.C.) Pat Sutton, Democrat. Conceding that "it seems queer and funny," Pat offered an amendment to eliminate a $1,800,000 dam planned for his own district in Tennessee. His astonished colleagues, obviously impressed, passed the amendment.

For an Overgrown Bureaucracy. On a bigger front, New York's tough old trumpet-voiced John Taber (R.) proposed an

Acme

BLOUGH
A spot near center field.

International

CONNALLY
A rumbling in the stomach.

amendment that sent shivers running up & down the spines of Washington's bureaucracy. Taber proposed that Congress cut 200,000 employees off Government payrolls; reduce travel allowances by 20% for civilians, by 5% for the military; reduce allotments for Government transportation by 10%, for communications by 10%, for printing by 10%, for contractual services (*e.g.*, law work, special expertizing, etc.) by 10%. Taber estimated his amendment would save $600 million. Not to be outdone, Iowa's big Ben Jensen (R.) offered an amendment that would forbid filling more than 10% of the some 200,000 job vacancies which occur every year in federal agencies.

It was a day of wild parliamentary scuffles, and it lasted for almost nine hours. With Democrats bolting the Administration in droves, both amendments passed and the whole omnibus bill was finally voted out, with $2 billion eliminated from Harry Truman's original requests. The bill, at $28.9 billion, was sent on to the Senate.

For a Little, Nasty Vote. Meanwhile the Senate was busy chewing over the President's FEPC bill, which would impose penalties on employers who discriminate against their workers on account of race or religion. Faithful Majority Leader Scott Lucas had insisted on making it the next order of business. An amiable but determined Southern filibuster promptly developed, and Southerners jawed along comfortably until Illinois' Fair Dealing Paul Douglas began some needling in favor of the FEPC bill. Texas' Tom Connally exploded.

"I am surprised," said Connally irascibly, "that the learned Senator from Illinois, with all his academic background . . . for the sake of a few, little, nasty soiled votes—little, dirty votes all covered with slime and corruption—for the sake of a few of that kind of votes would advocate a bill such as this . . ."

But outside of Connally's stomach rumbling, the FEPC debate hardly made a noise. The Senate even laid it aside at one point, at the urging of Ohio's Taft, to give parliamentary privilege to one of the executive reorganization proposals which would automatically become law unless either the House or Senate killed it by May 23. The plan, not recommended by the Hoover Commission, but dear to the heart of Mr. Truman, would abolish the office of general counsel of the NLRB, whose present occupant, Robert N. Denham, annoys the President and union labor. Taft argued that the plan was just a devious trick partly to nullify the Taft-Hartley Act. The Senate went along with Taft, killed the President's measure by a 53-to-30 vote. It was another flat rebuff for the White House.

At week's end the Senate took up FEPC again with a leisurely movement of senatorial chins.

Spare That Postman

When Postmaster General Donaldson announced (TIME, May 1) that he was going to fire or furlough 10,000 postal employees and cut home deliveries down to one a day, many a member of Congress thought the Postmaster General was maneuvering them up against an electric fence in an effort to get more appropriations and higher postal rates. Last week the Senate's Post Office Committee 1) resolved unanimously to ban reduction of mail service, and 2) reported out a bill by which the reduction order could be forbidden by law. Since the Senate Appropriations Committee was also on the verge of adding $28 million to the postal budget, it seemed certain that all concerned could claim a political victory and that the postman would still ring twice.

LABOR

Little David & the Diesels

After 15 years of argument, a railroad dispute came to a head last week: 18,000 firemen walked off the job on four of the country's biggest railroads.

The roads struck were the Pennsylvania west and north of Harrisburg, the New York Central west of Buffalo, the Southern, and the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, plus, at week's end, 100 miles of Santa Fe track in California used by the Union Pacific. By this kind of piecemeal attack, the firemen tangled up the nation's heartland without causing a national emergency that might have brought the President into the fight.

The Third Man. The argument began around 1935 when imperious, pint-sized David Robertson, boss of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen,* woke up to a new fact of industrial life. Oil-burning diesel engines, which railroads were using in increasing numbers, were being operated with only one man, an engineer. A lot of firemen were going to be out of work. Robertson demanded that a fireman be put on every diesel (to tend no fires, but to make an occasional check in the engine room, keep an eye on gauges, and help the engineer look out the window). The railroads agreed.

Acme

ROBERTSON
An eye out the window.

Then the firemen reached out for another concession—a second fireman in every diesel engine crew. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers had been trying to get in on the deal, arguing that there should be a second engineer. The railroads turned both brotherhoods down, on the ground that their demands were out & out featherbedding. Over a period of six years three presidential boards had a careful look at the facts, decided that the brotherhoods were unreasonable. Railroads estimated that adding a third man would cost them at least $40 million a year.

Two Sides. But it was going to take more than presidential boards to stop 74-year-old Davey Robertson. As wheels stopped moving on the four struck roads, ticket agents sweated out the chaotic task of rerouting stranded passengers over other routes. Buses and airlines were clogged with suddenly shifted loads. Freight piled up in yards, railroad towns took on a Sunday quiet. In Altoona, Pa., at the base of the Pennsylvania's climb over the Alleghenies, almost two-thirds of the town's workers were idle.

It was not a popular strike; some 200,-

* Not to be confused with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, although Robertson's enginemen also drive engines.

000 men were unwillingly out of work. By week's end, all four railroads were moving some passengers, some freight behind diesels manned by supervisory personnel, regular engineers and in some instances even by regular firemen. In Chicago, negotiators for the two sides had holed up in separate hotels, arguing with each other through exhausted federal mediators. This week the two sides reached an agreement and the strike ended. The union, said the railroad happily, had given up on the third man, and other issues would be arbitrated later.

COMMUNISTS

The Time Is Now

Three years after he refused to answer questions of the House Un-American Activities Committee, pudgy Eugene Dennis, general secretary of the U.S. Communist Party, trudged off to a Washington, D.C. jail last week to begin serving his one-year (plus $1,000 fine) sentence for contempt of Congress. Dennis protested that it wasn't fair to jail him while he was busy appealing two other sentences which he had incurred since: five years and a $10,000 fine for conspiring to advocate the overthrow of the U.S. Government, and six months for contempt of court for his disruptive conduct while defending himself against the conspiracy charge. Federal Judge David A. Pine turned him down. "Litigation at some time must come to an end," said the judge. "The time for the law to take effect is now."

THE SUPREME COURT

Force Meeting Force

The Supreme Court of the U.S. has yet to pass on Federal Judge Harold Medina's formula for handling the Communist Party. Seven months ago, in the trial of the party's top leaders, Judge Medina ruled: if it can be shown that a group of Reds is actually plotting to destroy the U.S. "at the earliest time that circumstances would permit," then the state has the right to deal with them, even to the extent of limiting free speech. Last week, in their opinions on another case, five Supreme Court justices sounded as if they might be going even one step further.

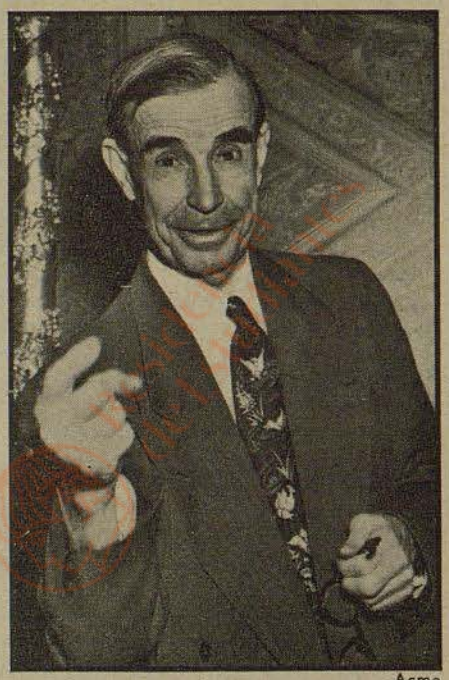
Writing the majority opinion upholding the Taft-Hartley clause which requires labor leaders to sign non-Communist oaths, Chief Justice Vinson declared in effect that mere Communist membership can be construed as a threat to the U.S. and thus dealt with. "Force may and must be met with force. [The oath] is designed to protect the public not against what Communists and others identified therein advocate or believe, but against what Congress has concluded they have done and are likely to do again."

As to what they are likely to do, Associate Justice Jackson expounded: "The Communist Party is a conspiratorial and revolutionary junta, organized to reach ends and to use methods which are incompatible with our constitutional system . . . The Communist program purposes forcibly to recast our whole social and political structure after the Muscovite model of police-state dictatorship . . . The Communist Party alone among American parties past or present is dominated by a foreign government . . ."

INVESTIGATIONS

The Cloak & the Dagger

One day last week ailing, 62-year-old Dennis Chavez, whose political roots are firm and fast in heavily Catholic New Mexico, rose in the Senate for one of his infrequent speeches. "Mr. President," said he, "for the first time in my 19 years in Congress, I make the deliberate point of referring to my religion. I speak as a Roman Catholic."



Acme

SENATOR CHAVEZ
Over his shoulder, a spray of buckshot.

Because the Catholic Church is unalterably opposed to Communism, he said, any man "who claims he is a Catholic is accorded special attention and authority when discussing Communism." Therefore he felt bound to protest "not only as a Catholic but as an American when I feel that the church . . . is being used by an individual as a shield and a cloak."

The man in the cloak, said Dennis Chavez, is Senator Joe McCarthy's key witness, ex-Communist editor-turned-convert, Louis Francis Budenz, "who has now been elevated to the unique position of America's No. 1 professional witness in all matters concerning loyalty, patriotism and political reliability." Actually, said Chavez cuttingly, Budenz had led a life of "bawdy personal excesses," had three children by his present wife before marrying her in 1945, and had been arrested 21 times "before he joined the Communists in 1935 at the tender age of 44 . . .

"I believe in clemency for sinners, but with repentance should go humility, not hypocrisy . . . My ancestors brought the cross to this hemisphere. Louis Budenz has been using the cross as a club."

Then, while he was in the neighborhood, the Senator fired a spray of buckshot over his shoulder at all renegade Communists. "It has become the fashion to lionize and extol the ex-Communist in America today," said he. "Ex-Communists are treated as heroes of the republic. They are rushed to forums from which to denounce good citizens who always opposed Communism, but refused to make merchandise of their patriotism."

Joe McCarthy was not on the Senate floor when Chavez spoke, but, never at a loss for words, he soon answered: "Poor Dennis Chavez" was a "dupe" in an Administration plot. An angrier retort came from the Very Rev. Laurence J. McGinley, S.J., president of Fordham University, where Budenz teaches economics. Senator Chavez, said Father McGinley, had been guilty of slander, hypocrisy, cowardliness and "personal vilification . . . even lower than that reached in the columns of the *Daily Worker*." Budenz had Fordham's "full confidence . . . The Senator had the effrontery, moreover, to pose as a Catholic while publicly enacting this vicious offense against Christian charity." Replied Chavez: "I'll depend on my Creator's judgment on that."

WYOMING

The Return of Big Nose George

The citizens of Rawlins, Wyo. (pop. 8,634) had no end of trouble after they decided, one night back in 1880, to lynch a bandit named George Parrott. It was easy enough to get him out of jail. "Big Nose George," intent on escape, had thoughtfully filed off his leg irons and knocked the jailer cold with them, thus had left himself undefended. But he was a hard man to hang.

The lynching party stood him up on a box, roped him to a telegraph pole and told him to jump. He refused. They kicked the box out from under him and the rope parted. They grabbed him, put a ladder against the pole, forced him up, strung him up again and yanked the ladder away. George wrapped his arms & legs around the pole and hung on. But George eventually got tired, and the lynching was a success.

The manner of his death, and the details of his life, made Big Nose George something of a folk hero around Rawlins. He had made a career of shooting men and chasing women and had climaxed it by removing spikes from the Union Pacific Railroad's main line in an attempt to derail a pay train. The attempt failed. But

when a posse set out after him, George and a companion named "Dutch Charley" Burris bushwhacked two of them, killed them, and also stole their horses—about as low a crime as a man could commit. Dutch Charley was lynched almost as soon as he was caught; Big Nose George managed to survive until that night on the telegraph pole.

After his demise a Rawlins physician, Dr. John E. Osborne—who later became governor of the state—sawed off the top of Big Nose George's skull as a present for a girl medical student and then skinned him, tanned the hide and made a medicine case and a pair of shoes from the leather. The shoes are still on display at the Rawlins National Bank.

Last week a crew of workmen in downtown Rawlins dug up an old whisky barrel containing human bones. Whose were they? Somebody remembered that Dr. Lillian Heath, the girl who had received the top of Big Nose's skull, was still alive and still had her memento. It took only a few minutes to prove that the whisky barrel contained the bandit's remains: the lower section of the skull fitted the memento perfectly. The discoverers of Big Nose George's bones proudly offered them to the Carbon County museum for all to see.

NEW YORK

The Well-Digger's Ordeal

When he began digging the well under Brooklyn's Sixteenth Avenue Garage, brawny, heavy-shouldered Dominick Atteo took all the short cuts he could. He had done hundreds of such sweaty, commonplace jobs, and all the garage owner wanted was a hole to supply water for car washing during the New York water shortage. At 50, Dominick had six children and a pretty auburn-haired wife, and had to stretch dollars as far as they would go.

He didn't bother to take out a city permit (which would have called for inspection of the job) or to bring timber to shore up his shaft. He just ripped up a patch of concrete flooring near the garage's main support pillar and began to dig. At 18 feet, as he was trying to dislodge a big rock, a cave-in buried him up to the waist in loose sand and gravel. When he tried to wriggle out, he discovered that he was trapped; his right leg was doubled beneath him and pinned immovably by the boulder.

Help. Overalled cops from the police emergency squad were finally called in. They cut the ends from an oil drum, lowered it around him as protection against further caving and then began to shore the well with lumber and rig supports under the roof in case digging weakened the pillar. A crowd gathered. Photographers fired flashbulbs down the hole; Dominick grinned up sheepishly.

But as evening came it was evident that he would be down in the well a long time. Encased in his oil drum, he filled the bottom of the hole; it was virtually impossible to dig beneath him. For a while he tried to dig himself out. But finally, dirty and aching with fatigue, he gave up.

Associated Press

WIFE (WITH SON & DOCTOR)
"How are you feeling, Dom?"

Fire. His wife arrived and peered down the hole in fright. He reassured her. But the police sent for a doctor and a priest. Oxygen was piped down the hole. Big floodlights were brought in; they threw a harsh, garish light over the scene and heated the air until the toiling cops were wet with sweat. At 8:30 there was a terrible interruption. A lighted cigarette was lowered down the well in a tin can; a few minutes after it reached the bottom there was an explosion—apparently caused by oxygen and seeping gasoline fumes. Fire filled the well.

N. Y. *Daily Mirror*—International

HUSBAND
"I am going to die."

A workman threw a bucketful of water down on Dominick. Another squirted a fire extinguisher at him. The fire puffed out. Dominick had made no sound, but he had endured fearful burns. His shirt was all but gone, he had breathed flame, and his throat and lungs were scorched. The rescue work stopped and Dr. Harold Berson, a young intern from Coney Island Hospital, was lowered to him. He greased the burns and gave Dominick morphine; a priest was lowered, performed the last rites of the Catholic Church.

As the night wore on, rescue workers—now numbering 150—tried a new scheme: men with pneumatic jack hammers began the ear-splitting job of tearing up the garage floor. A huge bucket crane rumbled ponderously into the garage. The rescuers began digging a deep slanting ditch to connect with the well. All night, all through the early morning, as the frantic work went on, people took turns kneeling at the mouth of the well to encourage Dominick.

Death. The doctor made five trips into the hole to give the trapped man stimulants, and a transfusion of plasma. Warm milk was lowered to him. He sipped at it listlessly. After daylight, his wife knelt at the mouth of the well and dropped religious medals into the excavation; she rose with her face white, her hands fumbling with her rosary. A policeman called, "How are you feeling, Dom?" The well-digger replied quietly, "I am going to die."

His eldest son, John, a black-haired husky of 27, called in a quavering voice: "Pa . . . Pa, don't get excited." Dominick moaned, and his blackened head dropped. But at 2:40 in the afternoon, as the excavators reached him and began digging the dirt away from his legs he was still conscious and still uncomplaining. He asked for a bottle of Coca-Cola and drank it.

Lifting tackle was rigged under his arms, hauled tight. He groaned with pain. Fifteen minutes, a half hour, three-quarters of an hour passed before his rescuers freed his leg. Then, after 27½ hours, he sagged limply. "Pa!" his son called. "Pop!" There was no answer. The mud-stained, exhausted doctor climbed down into the pit, came up slowly with his face lined and sad. Dominick was dead.

MANNERS & MORALS

The Vanishing Nickel

The New York State Public Service Commission threw the once ubiquitous U.S. nickel for another fall. The commission told the New York Telephone Co. that it might raise its basic coin-box charge to 10¢. The Rochester Telephone Corp. had already done it, New Jersey, California, Washington and Oregon companies had asked for the same boost.

OLD AGE PENSIONS: How Big? Who Should Pay For Them? Will They Cripple Business? Can "Security" Be Guaranteed?

"The harvest of old age," said Cicero, "is the recollection and abundance of blessings previously secured." Cicero wrote of the blessing of serenity achieved by a mellow and philosophical mind. Modern industrial man has a different blessing in view: economic security. And, like Cicero, he feels that it should be "previously secured."

This is easier said than done for two reasons: medical science has made it possible for men to live longer at the same time that high taxes and high prices are making it harder to save a nest egg for old age. Since the turn of the century, 18 years have been added to the average life expectancy at birth, which is now 65.5 years for the white male infant, 71 for the female; the average man (white) now 65 can expect to live to 77.4, the average woman to 79.4. The number of people in the U.S. past 65 years old has increased from 3,000,000 in 1900 to 11,500,000 today. Though total U.S. savings are near their alltime peak ($170 billion), more than a third of all U.S. families are saving nothing at all—and they are mostly families in the lower-income brackets who will need savings most in old age.

The drive for old age security caused two of the biggest strikes of the postwar era. Last fall nearly 500,000 steelworkers were out for more than a month to get a $100 pension. The bitter Chrysler strike, for a $100-a-month pension, ended last fortnight, after 100 days of idleness. The two strikes, costly to both management & labor, had one significant point in common: they were fought over the method of paying for the pension, not over the pension itself. The U.S. is so security-minded that the real question asked about pension plans is no longer "Why?" It is "How?"

Who Started Them?

The history of pensions in the U.S. throws some light on the "how." The first industrial pension plan was set up by the American Express Co. in 1875. It provided company-paid benefits (maximum: $500 a year) for incapacitated workers over 60 whom the company deemed worthy and who had been with the company for 20 years or more. The railroads soon followed; by 1908, railroad retirement plans covered two-thirds of all U.S. railroad workers.

Manufacturers who installed pension plans at the time did so on a highly informal, unilateral basis. "The company," one of the early plans stipulated, "may cancel any pension whenever . . . the pensioner displays a decided lack of appreciation . . . or is guilty of other serious misconduct . . ." By 1929 industrial pension plans covered 1,451,485 workers. Most of the benefits were paid entirely by the employer, and employees contributed nothing; most of the plans were on a pay-as-you-go basis, *i.e.*, the benefits were paid out of current earnings.

When the Depression put the pension plans to their first great test, many flunked it. As profits vanished, so did the pay-as-you-go pensions. Even the long-standing railroad plans faltered and had to be taken over by the Government.* When thousands of elderly workers finally realized the chilling fact that they would probably never find jobs again, a spate of fuzzy-brained solutions sprang up, *e.g.*, the Townsend Plan, Upton Sinclair's E.P.I.C. (End Poverty in California). It was partially as a counterattack to them that federal Social Security—handled by the Government and paid for by both the employer & employee—was born.

Of the 61.6 million men & women in the U.S. working force today, only 35 million are currently earning credits (*i.e.*, putting something aside) under Social Security. But millions more are covered by other public programs. Some 3,000,000 veterans and their widows and dependents are now covered under tax-supported pension plans. The Federal Government has a complex system for its 2,300,000 employees; special plans also cover members of Congress,* the foreign service, the armed forces, and a sprinkling of minor bureaus from the Tennessee Valley Authority to the Office of the Comptroller of the Currency. State and local governments also provide for 2,100,000 of their workers; most policemen, firemen and teachers have retirement and welfare programs of their own.

How Much a Year?

Once the U.S. had accepted the idea of pensions on a broad scale, private industrial plans spread rapidly, notably during World War II when the sky-high excess-profits tax made it possible for an employer to put $1,000,000 into a pension fund at a net cost of only $150,000. Today U.S. corporations have 13,000 retirement plans covering some 7,000,000 workers. On their own initiative, Americans have individually bought annuities that will pay them at least $750 million annually in their declining years, and are adding to this prospective income at a rate of $25 million each year.

The result of this patch-quilt cushion for old age is that some workers are not covered at all, while some will enjoy as many as three or four pensions. The big reason a worker has to lean on other plans in addition to Social Security is that after 15 years, Social Security benefits are still too small to give security.

Since it began benefits in 1935, Social Security has paid out $3.1 billion in pensions. But the average payment to a man who has reached 65 is only $26 a month. If his wife is also over 65, he gets more; the average payment is $41. Yet Government agencies have reckoned that in 13 major cities an elderly couple needs at least $120 a month to squeak by.

The C.I.O. Auto Workers' President Walter Reuther puts the figure much higher. Said he: a $2,089 annual budget (more than four times the average Social Security old-age payment to married men) is the minimum for an elderly couple who are "too old to work and too young to die."

How Big a Reserve?

To Congressmen and some industrialists, the first objective is to improve Social Security. Under a bill passed by the House and revised by the Senate Finance Committee, coverage would be extended to another 9,500,000 U.S. workers, including domestics, state and local government workers (on a voluntary basis), employees of nonprofit enterprises and the self-employed (except for ten categories ranging from doctors and lawyers to publishers and engineers). Still excluded: 7,900,000 farmers and farmhands. The new bill would double the present benefits, boosting the average individual payment to about $50 a month and setting a family maximum at $150. To pay for the new benefits, employer & employee contributions would be stepped up from 3% of all wages up to $3,600, to 7% by 1970, split evenly between employee & employer.

But many a Senator contends that a sharp step-up in contributions is not needed, that larger pensions could be paid out of current Social Security receipts. The Federal Government is

* Which still operates a pension program for some 240,000 retired railroad workers, collects $286,970,846 a year from roads and employees, pays out around $240 million a year in benefits.

* Harry Truman, who left the Senate before he became eligible for its plan (maximum: $7,040 a year), is entitled to no pension as President. Nevertheless, he can collect $90 a month as a retired colonel in the Army Reserve.

now taking in $3 for every $1 it pays out in benefits. It has already built up a reserve (in Treasury certificates) of $12 billion. While outgo from Social Security contributions would rise as the U.S. population gets older, the contributions would rise much faster under the new bill. By 1990, according to Congress' own estimates, the reserves would be more than $90 billion, while outgo in that year would be $11 billion. Although the reserve would start dropping after that, some businessmen doubt that such an enormous reserve fund would be necessary.

In fact, some feel that in a free-enterprising economy, which depends upon a constantly increasing supply of capital to finance expansion and create jobs, a siphoning-off of $90 billion in cash, plus the reserves of private funds, might be dangerous. Thus, there are prospects that if & when the Senate finally approves the new bill, Congress may start another study to decide whether Social Security should move towards a pay-as-you-go basis, with only a modest reserve for emergencies.

How Many Plans?

While Social Security is a basically simple pension system, private industry plans vary greatly, and are enormously complex because of the varying ages of workers, employment turnover, profits, and a score of other factors in every company.

In general, industrial pension plans are either contributory (employer & employee share the cost of the plan), or non-contributory (employer pays the full cost). Theoretically, either system may be financed and maintained on a pay-as-you-go basis, or funded (a reserve fund is set up to guarantee payments in good & bad years alike). Some plans—usually the contributory type—allow an employee to build up credits ("vesting"), and cash them in if he leaves the company before retirement. Still others permit an employee—should he leave the company before retirement—to leave his vested share in the company plan, collect a reduced pension when he gets to retirement age. Some offer a combination of pensions and profit-sharing.

Of all the employee retirement plans, one of the most spectacularly successful has been the profit-sharing system of Sears, Roebuck & Co. Under Sears's 34-year-old plan, an employee may contribute 5%—up to $250—of his annual pay. The company, for its part, contributes anywhere from 5% to 9% of its net profits each year. The employee's contribution is kept in cash or Government bonds, thus guaranteeing that he will get back at least what he put in. The company's share is used to buy Sears stock; thus the employees benefit from dividends and any increase in the stock's value. (The pension fund owns 21% of Sears stock, and is the company's largest stockholder.)

As the company has expanded and dividends have increased, thanks partly to the employees' interest in making the company more successful, the payoffs to retiring employees have jumped sharply. Sample payoff last year: a $4,600-a-year clerk who had contributed $3,561 to the fund in 34 years got $95,626. The technical drawback to the plan is that most of the employees' pension eggs are in one basket. But under the circumstances, Sears and its employees are not worried: they do not know where they could find a more productive basket.

The biggest—and among the oldest—of the non-contributory plans are those of the Bell system—A.T. & T. and its subsidiaries—which roll sickness, accident, disability, death and pension benefits all into one jumbo package. Bell started the plans in 1913 on a pay-as-you-go basis, but in 1927 started setting up a reserve fund for pensions ("funding") because it thought the method sounder. (A.T. & T. now has more than $1 billion in its pension funds.) In computing Bell pensions, an employee's length of service is taken as a percentage (*e.g.*, 20 years=20%) and multiplied by his average annual pay for his ten highest-paid years (usually the ten years preceding retirement). The minimum pension, including Social Security: $100 a month.

Which Plan for Unions?

Although union leaders have fought bitterly to impose such non-contributory pensions on management, do the rank & file of unionists really want them? Last month the same C.I.O. steelworkers who had struck last fall for non-contributory pensions at Inland Steel Co. got a choice of a non-contributory plan and one in which they would contribute a small portion (never more than 4%) of their weekly salaries. By a vote of 3 to 1, Inland workers accepted the contributory plan. One reason: under the contributory plan, workers would get a vested interest, and most of them would get bigger pensions.

Experts on pensions, including some labor leaders, agree that there are five basic goals toward which management & labor should work in retirement plans:

¶ The benefits should be paid for in part by the employees (*i.e.*, a contributory plan), because such a system generally provides bigger benefits, is less of a financial burden on the company.

¶ The plan should provide that an employee may withdraw at least part of the benefits he has earned if he leaves the company before retirement; such "vesting" gives the employee a real sense of security and participation.

¶ The plan should be conceived and administered by actuaries; it should not be worked out by hit-or-miss bargaining.

¶ An adequate pension reserve fund, invested largely in Government or top-rated corporate bonds, and to a lesser extent in good common stocks, should be set up to assure the payment of benefits in good & bad years alike. In a feast & famine industry such as textiles, the reserve should be higher than in such steadier industries as chemicals and public utilities.

¶ The plan should be flexible. Benefits should vary with length of service and rates of pay. Instead of a mandatory retirement age, the employer should have the option of keeping valuable employees, who are willing to stay, beyond retirement age.

With the great upsurge in pension demands, there is increasing talk about lowering the retirement age. But some economists, noting that the life span is increasing, are beginning to think that the trend should be in just the opposite direction. "Few retirements," said Harvard's Professor Sumner Slichter, "occur because the worker wishes to quit. The great majority are at the insistence of the employer or because of . . . ill health . . . Adequate pensions cannot be provided at moderate cost if the usual pensions age is as low as 65. Employers and trade unions should face that fact without delay . . . Raising the usual retirement age from 65 to 70 . . . would probably increase by at least a million the number of persons between 65 and 70 years of age who are at work. These persons would add nearly one-sixtieth to the national product—in other words, they would increase it by almost $4 billion a year. The whole community would benefit from this additional output."

Lighter Jobs? Lower Pay?

For such a farsighted plan to work, there would have to be much greater flexibility in retirement policies and wages for the older man. Management would have to provide lighter jobs for the aging worker; labor might even have to agree, in some cases, to an hourly wage cut for the older man. One thing is certain: higher pensions, like higher wages, will have to be paid for by industry—either by higher prices or higher productivity. And higher prices are not the answer. Said Eastman Kodak Co.'s Treasurer Marion B. Folsom, long an expert on pensions: "If we are to give more goods and services to those who no longer work, those who are working must produce more. Otherwise, everybody's standard of living will fall."

That is no new problem. The U.S. economy has met it before, notably in shortening the work week. Since 1909, manufacturing hours have been cut from 52.7 to 40, while wages have risen from $10 a week to $56.33. The U.S. could lick the pension problem without devastating strikes, provided that pensions were regarded not as a gift, but as something to be earned.

No one could guarantee that any pension plan would work perfectly and give workers absolute security in their old age. But since the soundness of all pension plans is based, in the last analysis, on the soundness of the U.S. economy, the expansion of Social Security and spread of soundly financed private pension plans would contribute a great deal toward making the economy stronger. They would help iron out the economic ups & downs by putting an enormous amount of buying power in the hands of the elderly 7.6% of the population. In securing for them the good sociological harvest of old age, the U.S. might also help stabilize its economy and benefit everyone.

CONFERENCES

Breakthrough?

Around the blue baize table in London's gloomy Lancaster House, the Western Big Three Foreign Ministers conferred for three days. Dean Acheson, crisp, clear and didactic, drove home his sharp points with a wagging forefinger. Britain's ailing Ernest Bevin, chomping away at his dentures, was his usual solid and grumpy self. France's Robert Schuman punctuated his speeches with faint smiles and exquisite little gestures of courtesy; he sat modestly hunched over the table, as if he were the least important man in the room.

In fact, last week, Schuman was the most important. The conference was dominated by his dramatic proposal to merge the French and German coal and steel industries (*see below*). The proposal was far more than an imaginative economic project; it was the offer of full partnership to Germany by its thrice-invaded, long-suffering and long-hating enemy.

From the Dreamers' Realm. Dean Acheson had gone to London haunted by the feeling that the West had to do something—but he did not know just what. Ernie Bevin was not in the mood to do anything. For nearly two years, the U.S. had insistently told Western Europe that it must integrate economically—and perhaps politically. For nearly two years, the British had quietly blocked all moves toward genuine integration—partly because Britain's Socialist government wanted nothing to do with the non-socialist economies on the Continent. Long before the Foreign Ministers met in London last week, it was amply clear that the British would not assume leadership of Western Europe. The Schuman plan—the most important act of Western statesmanship since the launching of the Marshall Plan—was a totally unexpected assertion that France could and would assume the leadership. It swept into the brains of Western policymakers like a gust of fresh wind into a musty study long unaired. It gave genuine promise that the idea of Western European integration would finally emerge from the realm of dreamers and talkers into regions as real as coal and steel.

The Foreign Ministers did not officially commit themselves on the Schuman plan, merely reaffirmed the West's intentions of guiding West Germany back into the community of nations. The Foreign Ministers said that there would not be a peace treaty with Germany as long as the Russians held on to the country's eastern half. Meanwhile, the conference assigned experts to work out a plan to ease the technical state of war which exists between the Allies and West Germany. As many occupation controls as possible would be lifted—according to "the rate at which Germany advances toward . . . true democracy . . ." The ministers also declared that the West would not budge from Berlin.

Clearer & Firmer. France had assumed crucial importance not only in Western Europe, but in a more immediately dangerous cold war zone—Southeast Asia. Washington now feels that the French position in Indo-China is a key to the entire area. Last week, on the eve of the London conference, Dean Acheson formally decided to help the French in their costly war against Indo-China's Communist guerrillas (*see* NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

The Foreign Ministers also: 1) agreed it was high time to do something about the political, social and economic development of Africa; 2) assigned experts to study the problem of "excess population" in many countries and start "systematic exploration of opportunities for greater population mobility," *i.e.*, migration; 3) agreed to meet again soon.

Acme

FRANCE'S SCHUMAN
In musty studies, a gust of fresh wind.

The conference produced no sensational results; but, chiefly thanks to shy Robert Schuman's bold initiative, the West's position seemed a great deal firmer and clearer than it had in some time. Reported TIME's Washington Bureau: "Washington estimated tentatively that the Western Allies may be on the edge of their most important strategic breakthrough in the cold war since the Kremlin was forced, a year ago, to abandon the siege of Berlin."

"I Have Something Here"

The French cabinet listened attentively as Foreign Minister Robert Schuman reported a conversation he had had the day before with U.S. Secretary of State Dean Acheson. The Secretary, on his way to the London conference (*see above*), had in effect said that Western Europe had better get going in its conduct of the cold war and it had better lift its defenses out of the blueprint stage. As Schuman interpreted the Secretary's views, Acheson meant that everyone would have to make real sacrifices for a real defense system—and a real defense would be impossible if Western Germany were to be left out of it.

Schuman summed up his own stand: "It has often been said that security is indivisible. In any case, security is not supernatural. One can't add to it by subtracting from it."

Schuman's colleagues stirred uneasily in their gilt and cherry chairs. In theory they were all for adding Western Germany to Western Europe's defense front. In practice, they were dead set against any real German participation, *e.g.*, German membership in the North Atlantic Treaty. As politicians, almost all of them still believed that damning the boche was the cheapest way of getting votes in France. A week before, they had instructed Schuman to stall on the whole issue. But now Schuman said: "*J'ai quelque chose ici* . . . [I have something here]."

Schuman fumbled in his bulging black briefcase, first brought out a wrong document, then produced the right one. It was a plan that would bring West Germany more surely into the West European camp than anything proposed so far; it would also lay the beginnings of real Western European integration. The plan called for pooling of the French and German coal and steel industries.

"A Broader Community." These industries now operate under precisely the kind of artificial conditions which ECA's Paul Hoffman and other U.S. preachers of "integration" want abolished. The Germans sell their Ruhr coal to French steelmakers at a price up to 30% higher than the coal price for domestic German buyers. The French sell their Lorraine iron ore to German steelmakers at far higher prices than they charge at home. Tariffs, import quotas and government subsidies further protect the French steel industry from competition by lower-priced German steel, keep prices high, markets divided and output lower than it should be.

The Schuman plan would establish a single steel and coal market for France and Germany, plus any other European countries that want to join. It would abolish customs duties and discriminatory freight rates on coal and steel. A joint international authority of the member nations would be set up to run the industries, with the specific tasks of 1) modernizing production; 2) supplying coal and steel to France, Germany and other members of the combine "on equal terms"; 3) developing joint exports to other countries.

Unlike most international bodies existing or proposed these days, the coal-steel authority would have real powers. Its members, while appointed by governments, would be "independent personal-

ities" able to make binding commitments. There would be no veto—majority rule would prevail. The authority's decision would be enforceable in all member nations. With a polite bow to U.N., the Schuman plan also called for a U.N. representative to sit on the new organization, make periodic reports "particularly with respect to protecting its peaceful aims."

Anticipating charges that the proposed coal-steel pool would merely be a vast cartel, the Schuman plan carefully points out that the new organization would not, like a cartel, divide markets and keep prices artificially high; on the contrary, it would create a larger market, see to it that member industries produced the most coal and steel at the cheapest possible price. It would in fact enforce competition.

Schuman also mentioned an important but rarely considered task: the industrial development of Africa, which the new coal-steel combine could get started.

Said the Schuman plan: "A united Europe will not be achieved all at once . . . It will be formed by concrete measures which first of all create a solidarity in fact . . . The pooling of coal and steel production . . . will change the destiny of these regions [Lorraine, the Saar and the Ruhr] which have long been devoted to the production of arms to which they themselves were first to fall constantly victim . . . [It will] introduce a broader and deeper community of interest between countries which have long been divided by bloody conflict . . ."

"It Is 1936 Again." The surprisingly and refreshingly "concrete measures" proposed by the Schuman plan were worked out by shrewd Jean Monnet, France's commissioner for economic planning, and three of his aides, who had been busy with the plan for weeks. Apart from these four, only three other Frenchmen (Schuman, one of his aides, and Premier Bidault) had known about the plan before Schuman submitted it to the French cabinet. Secretary Acheson got a brief fill-in from Schuman the day before he left for London but was asked not to tell even his aides about it for 24 hours. After prompt cabinet approval, Schuman sprang it on the British through diplomatic channels and handed it to the press. One of the best-kept secrets of the cold war, it came as an electrifying surprise.

In London, Dean Acheson expressed "sympathy and approval." Later, in Washington, Paul Hoffman sent up a fervent cheer. West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, an old advocate of closer Franco-German relations, beamed and called the Schuman plan a "gracious step," an event of "world historic importance." The British Labor government growled and gruffed. But in the House of Commons, Prime Minister Clement Attlee promised "very careful study," added with an almost audible gulp "His Majesty's Government will approach the problem with a sympathetic spirit . . ."

In the past, even enlightened Frenchmen like Schuman, who do not overestimate the boche bogey, had been reluctant about Franco-German economic integration because they were afraid that, without the British in on the deal to help outbalance German productive capacity, French industry would be swamped by Germany. But the French government had overcome this fear. Said one French diplomat last week: "In 1936, when Hitler occupied the Rhineland, we refrained from moving in because the British wouldn't come with us. Afterwards, the British told us, 'If you had marched, we should have been obliged to come with you.' Now it is 1936 again, but this time we are going ahead. When the British are convinced that we mean it, they will come with us."

If the plan was adopted, the sprawling, intricate industries could probably not be geared to work together in less than a year's time.

The Scars

Not all the Secretary of State's attention was focused on matters of high policy. He arrived in London with the attacks of Senator Joseph McCarthy still buzzing in his ears—a fact solicitously noted in the British press. Wrote the London *Economist*: "It would not be surprising if he and his advisers were to arrive with nothing in their heads except lists of organizations to which they had never belonged, subversive characters they had never met . . . It is certainly unlikely that they can bring much in the way of new thought and sparkling policies . . . The fault will not be in them but in their scars . . ."

At a dinner given in his honor by London's Society of Pilgrims, Acheson referred to his scars. Said he: "In the past months some of you may have felt that a strange and confusing dissonance has crowded the transatlantic frequencies from America . . . I should say that the dissonance flows from the very awareness that difficult decisions must be made . . .

During his difficult talks on cold war strategy, Acheson was painfully reminded of one recent cold war victim. From Vienna, Mrs. Robert Vogeler had flown to see the Secretary and plead for U.S. action to win freedom for her husband, whom the Hungarians had jailed as a spy (TIME, Feb. 27). Acheson spent an hour with Mrs. Vogeler, assured her that the U.S. was doing everything in its power to obtain her husband's release. Said Mrs. Vogeler: "The Secretary was most charming and I am greatly encouraged . . ."

Associated Press

DEAN ACHESON & MRS. VOGELER
On transatlantic frequencies, a strange dissonance.

UNITED NATIONS

Setback

Relief workers in rural Greece after the war found that Greek peasants had a horror of canned food. Little by little, through persuasion and example, the peasant prejudice was worn down. Last week, however, it stood in grave danger of returning in full force. After long argument, agents of the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund had succeeded in persuading two expectant mothers in the town of Polykastron to try some canned powdered milk. Shortly after trying it, both mothers gave birth on the same day to twins, the first to be born in Polykastron in ten years.

CHINA

Invasion Season

May, June, July and August are the best months for an invasion of Formosa. During the rest of the year weather conditions, including typhoons, protect the island. This summer, then, may bring an event to which the U.S. has already officially resigned itself—the Communist conquest of Formosa. When the Reds attack, there will undoubtedly be a great clatter in the U.S., a sudden recognition that Formosa's fall may touch off a chain of reactions throughout Asia and change basically the U.S. position in the cold war.

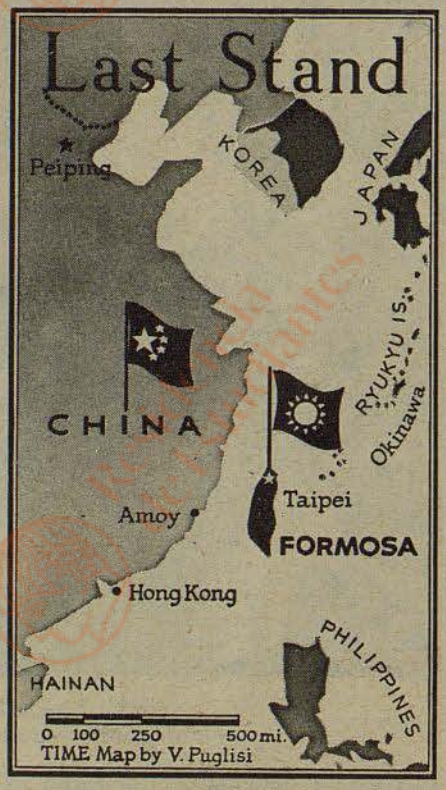
Big strategic decisions, such as the one to abandon Formosa, are the responsibility of the President of the U.S. To advise him on these matters, the President has the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the National Security Council composed of the Vice President, Secretaries of State and Defense, and the chairman of the National Security Resources Board. Last year when the Communists had conquered all of the Chinese mainland, the Joint Chiefs of Staff decided that the U.S. should not help the Chinese government hold Formosa. Later, persuaded by the views of General MacArthur, the Joint Chiefs reversed themselves, decided that the U.S. should at least send a military mission to advise the Chinese Nationalists.

Secretary of State Dean Acheson objected to this position and the matter was put on the agenda of a National Security Council meeting Dec. 29, 1949. General Omar Bradley stated the case for holding Formosa. He made a bad job of it. Acheson dominated the meeting with a few well-chosen questions. Example: Were the armed forces ready & willing to commit the necessary forces to hold Formosa?

Representatives of the armed forces answered that they were not willing to commit major portions of U.S. strength to the island. Nobody asked the pertinent question: Would it cost the U.S. more in terms of commitment of armed strength to hold Formosa or to lose Formosa? The discussion degenerated into fuzzy agreement with Acheson that nothing could or should be done. When Truman looked around the room for dissenters to the Acheson view, he did not hear any, although several of the officials went away muttering that the wrong policy had been adopted.

In Washington today, responsible people will agree on the following points: 1) The U.S. could hold Formosa. 2) The Chinese Nationalists cannot hold Formosa without U.S. help. 3) The fall of Formosa will make much less difficult the Communist conquest of Indo-China and the Philippines. 4) A Communist Formosa may call for a 20-40% increase of U.S. strength in the Pacific. 5) This increase will cost a great deal more than the cost of holding Formosa.

In spite of the implications of these five propositions, there is no serious move in Washington to reverse the December Formosa decision. Any effort to revive the issue gets lost in the old argument about whether the U.S. can cooperate with Chiang Kai-shek. Chiang said last week (*see below*) that he would be willing to see General MacArthur assume responsibility for the integrity of Formosa. If the U.S. through MacArthur did assume responsibility, such questions as Chiang's personality would recede into proper perspective. Formosa could then be weighed in terms of future peril to the free world rather than in terms of past U.S. and Chinese mistakes. So weighed, Formosa could and would be defended.



Backs to the Wall

As chief of TIME's Shanghai Bureau from 1945 to 1948, William Gray watched the disintegration of Nationalist China at first hand, came home doubtful that the Nationalists would ever be able to wage effective war against the Chinese Communists. Recently Gray, now a LIFE editor, visited Formosa, Nationalist China's last outpost. His cabled report:

Formosa represents the greatest irony in Asia today. Here, in its last refuge, Chiang Kai-shek's government has shed the chaos and despair of the mainland, and, at least temporarily, appears to be leading an almost serene and even well-managed existence. Nobody expects that this favorable state of affairs can last indefinitely, but for the present it must be regarded as a major phenomenon in the struggle for Asia. This rich, green, formerly Japanese-ruled island is a spot of unaccustomed order. The Nationalist government has pulled itself into presentable shape.

Chiang's government has come to a working peace with Formosa's people, so well that about 4,500 young Formosans are willingly training to help fight the Communists when the expected invasion attempt comes, probably this summer.

No Beggars. A young U.S. diplomat in Formosa's capital of Taipei remarked the other day: "This is a situation that China has not seen in years." It is a situation in which trains run on time, the island countryside is peaceful, the currency is gold-backed and for months has been stable. There are no ragged refugees or beggars on the streets, no agitators inflaming the students, no discernible great abuses of economic power or large-scale corruption.

The Prime Minister, grey, smiling little General Chen Cheng, claims with evident pleasure that "in the whole of Asia, Formosa is perhaps the most stable and prosperous area." It is at least equally important, as the island's Princeton-educated Governor K. C. Wu points out, that Formosa "is the only place in the Far East that has no serious Communist menace from within."

The exact strength of Nationalist troops on Formosa is a military secret, but including some 60,000 to 80,000 troops who arrived last week after the abandonment of Hainan Island, the island's defensive force probably numbers around 400,000. There is some indication that this force, like the latest government on Formosa, is a better force than the dispirited armies that lost the mainland. The recent abandonment of Hainan Island, the Nationalists point out, was a tactical decision taken two months before by Generalissimo Chiang and his staff.

The evacuation of Hainan, it was observed, came off without the mass defections to the Communists which had marked similar Nationalist retreats during the campaign on the mainland. At a south Formosan port where Hainan evacuees were disembarking, I asked a wounded young captain: "Could you have defeated the Communists on Hainan if you had not been ordered to withdraw?" "Without question," he snapped back. His answer was probably a fair indication of the spirit of Hainan's five defending armies.

What do the Nationalists now ask of the U.S.? First of all, further economic aid: a $30 million currency stabilization fund, which would release their own gold for economic development, and another $20 million worth of economic assistance up to June 30, when the present ECA program ends. After that, Governor Wu has a simple formula: $10 million a month in American economic aid until Formosa can get on its feet.

But the Nationalists on Formosa are also renewing their hope of military aid.

Chiang Kai-shek's formula: "The U.S. should match the forms of aid given to the Communists by Soviet Russia. We do not expect more than what the Soviet is giving." This would imply everything up to jet planes manned by American pilots, since the Russians now provide them for the Chinese Communists.

No Denial. What about this durable and much-debated personality, the Generalissimo, now that he has taken back the presidency? Chiang has done nothing at all to revive himself as a hero; if he is a reviving force, it is because the Communists, Chinese and Russian, have made him so.

Chiang neither ducks the sorry facts of his government's failures on the mainland, nor denies that much past aid was dissipated in those disasters. Chiang suggests a military ECA, in effect an effort similar to that directed by U.S. Lieut. General James A. Van Fleet in Greece. Who would direct such an undertaking in Formosa? The Generalissimo would consider it "reasonable" for General MacArthur, as Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers, to assume responsibility for Formosa's integrity pending the signing of a Japanese peace treaty. But Chiang insists that there be no infringement of China's sovereignty or administrative integrity. Such a move, of course, would take the Nationalists off the hook, and place a U.S. guarantee on the retention of Formosa.

No Doubt. It seems clear that the defenders of Formosa, fighting a 5,000,000-man army drawn from the cheap and endless manpower of China's mainland, are almost hopelessly doomed by sheer numbers if the Reds are ready to waste Chinese lives freely, as no doubt they are. Further, remembering the past, I think it is still easy to wonder whether or not the Nationalist high command seriously wants to stage a last-ditch fight to save Formosa.

But I am impressed by the earnestness of younger men far beneath the stature of Chiang—Chinese who still seem to want to save their people from Communism. They are the men who cannot escape: they have no place else to go. They include the troops trained by V.M.I.-educated General Sun Li-jen with U.S. Army methods, and they include U.S.-trained Navy men whose destroyer escorts are running out of three-inch shells. Somewhere along the ragged route of failure, the U.S. rightly or wrongly assumed a moral obligation to these younger Chinese. The look of a hungry friend is in their eyes now.

The moral question of America's right to supply arms in a civil war seems to have vanished when the Russians moved in wholesale on the other side. The Russians are now supplying the Chinese Red army not only with jet planes and Soviet advisers but with highly modern artillery and other weapons.

In this situation, as long as there are anti-Communist forces on Formosa who say they want to resist, the morality of renewed U.S. aid is hard to challenge.

Sovfoto

SOVIET SPHERE

"Death-defying cyclodromes," in which circus motorcyclists pit centrifugal force against gravity by riding around the vertical walls of cylindrical tracks, are common enough in the Western world. The Russians, however, claim to be the first to put the cyclodrome on a global basis. Shown here at the Moscow State Circus is Petr Mayatsky, who daily develops enough centrifugal force to cycle along the inside walls and roof of a meshwork sphere. Even when the hemispheres are parted, Petr continues to spin in mad circles on one half of the parted globe.

THE PHILIPPINES

Priest on the Picket Line

By night, Colonel Andres Soriano, a tall, imperious gentleman with a bristling mustache, is a glittering figure at Manila's diplomatic receptions and society soirees. Soriano loves to dance, is frequently seen cutting elegant capers at the Riviera, Manila's fanciest nightclub. By day, Soriano is an industrial tycoon whose multimillion-dollar interests include the Magnolia Dairy, the San Miguel Brewery, and the Philippine Air Lines. He is also a powerful figure behind the government of President Elpidio Quirino.

Soriano's polar opposite in Manila is stocky, cleft-chinned Father Walter B. Hogan, 37, a Jesuit priest from Philadelphia who arrived in the Philippines in 1933, became a teacher at Ateneo de Manila, a Jesuit college. He was professor of classics and the clarinet-toting mentor of the school band; the boys called him "Benny Goodman in a cassock." He also developed a deep interest in Filipino workers and Catholic trade unionism; in 1947 he established Ateneo's Institute of Social Order.

Father Hogan has said: "Religion is a pretty abstract thing if a guy isn't getting three square meals a day." He knows that three square meals a day are not possible for most Filipino wage earners, who average $2.46 a day for unskilled labor, $3.80 for skilled. When Manila capitalists recently complained of Father Hogan to Apostolic Delegate Egidio Vagnozzi, the Vatican envoy firmly replied: "Father Hogan is preaching the doctrine of the church."

A Cry of Anger. At 6:15 one morning last week, two hours after Philippine Air Line workers, backed by the National Labor Union, had thrown a picket line around Manila's International Airport in a protest strike against anti-union firings, Colonel Soriano swept through the line in his Cadillac Fleetwood to see what was going on. A little later, escorted by two P.A.L. vice presidents and an armed guard, Soriano made a speech summoning the workers to return to their jobs.

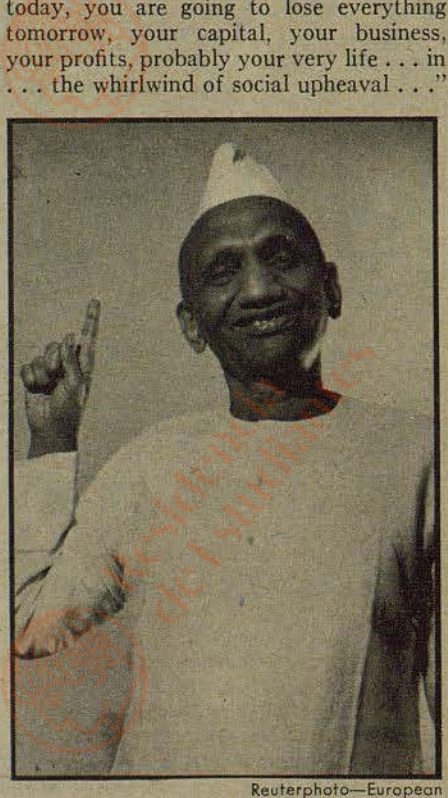
As Soriano was speaking, Father Hogan took a place at the head of the picket line, earnestly urged the workers to stay out until their demands were met. This was too much for Philippine Labor Secretary Primitivo Lovina, who also happens to be a close friend of Colonel Soriano. Hogan, Lovina said, was "an undesirable alien and a mere agitator."

Undeterred, Jesuit Hogan answered: "I will not stop while there is reason to fight . . . What makes the situation critical here is that the worker still lives in a shack, eats an inadequate diet and is not prepared for any emergency. This is all wrong."

A Cry of Peril. Many Filipinos felt sure that Father Hogan's action was not an individual protest; they thought that the P.A.L. dispute might grow into a major rift between the church and the Philippine government. Manila remembered an eloquent address last fall to Catholic lay leaders in which Apostolic Delegate Vagnozzi had exhorted "the wealthy people [and] businessmen":

"Do not be blind, look into the stark reality; if you insist on exploiting God's poor for the fattest profit you can get today, you are going to lose everything tomorrow, your capital, your business, your profits, probably your very life . . . in . . . the whirlwind of social upheaval . . ."

FATHER HOGAN
Three square meals a day.



Reuterphoto—European

TYCOON DALMIA
All the comforts that rupees can buy.

INDIA

The Proper Place to Confess

In Kentucky, when a man begins to call attention to himself, his neighbors are apt to suspect that he is running for sheriff. In India, where the climate is more spiritual, unconventional behavior is often taken as a sign that a man is angling to become a mahatma, a saintly soul. Last week the talk in New Delhi was that Seth Ramkrishna Dalmia, wealthy owner of the *Times of India*, was an active candidate for mahatma.

From Shekels to Sainthood. In his 57 years Dalmia has won for himself four wives, India's second largest industrial fortune and all the comforts that rupees can buy. About two years ago the tycoon's ambition began to shift from shekels to sainthood. In a frank autobiography Dalmia made it clear that he possessed unusual spiritual qualities: "I shall die peacefully with a smile on my face—an enviable state unattainable by ordinary men."

Since a penchant for public confession is one of the most essential items of equipment for a would-be mahatma, Dalmia concentrated on owning up past misdeeds. He admitted that he had once been seized with passion for a distant female relative. "Shamelessly, I proposed a meeting to [my first wife] . . . She lost no time in getting friendly with the lady and persuaded her to agree to my beastly proposal." He admitted, too, that his business morality had been shaky: "I feel as if I had sucked the blood of the poor in establishing the big name of Dalmia." And in his youth, he said, he had often underpaid his creditors. Since many of them were dead, he had decided to make a "sanctifying payment of five lakhs" ($105,000) to a fund for refugees from Pakistan. "This charity will bring peace to the departed souls [of dead creditors]. If any living creditors want to serve on the [fund] committees, I may request the committees to consider cooperating with them."

Not Out of Reverence. Two weeks ago, in a newspaper statement, Dalmia reminded the public that he and other Indian industrialists had contributed heavily to the Gandhi Memorial Fund, one of the government's pet charity projects. "But," said Dalmia, "truly speaking, this was not pure charity . . . We gave . . . not because of reverence for the departed high soul, but because many of us were expecting that by so doing we would not be dragged into the sphere of action of the Income Tax Investigation Commission."

Many Indians found a disturbing plausibility in this statement, for some of the largest contributors to the Gandhi Memorial Fund are also widely suspected of being high on the government's list of 1,365 major tax evaders. Others were angry at Dalmia for having associated the memory of Mahatma Gandhi with anything so unsavory.

Angriest of all was Deputy Prime Min-

ister Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, who had been the Gandhi Fund's most persuasive agent among the industrialists. Last week Indian newspapers featured Patel's public reply to Dalmia. Said Patel: "If you will let me know what contributions you have made [I will return the money] and cleanse the fund from any taint which you have communicated to it . . . I do not see any possible connection between contribution to such a sacred object and escape from punishment for tax evasion."

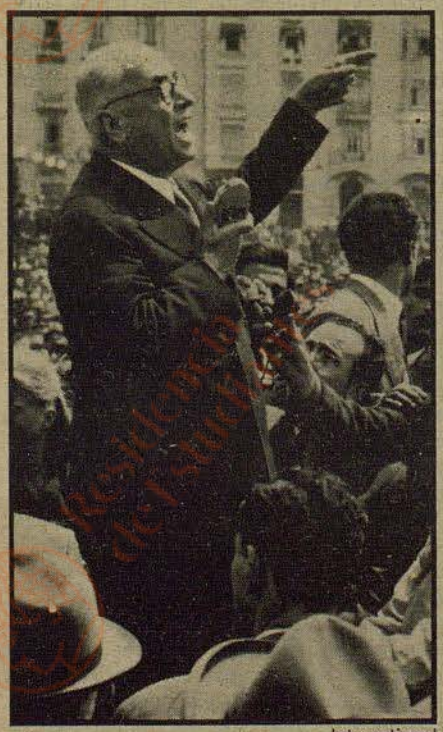
Then practical Politician Patel delivered a sadly unspiritual attack on Seth Ramkrishna Dalmia's efforts to acquire saintly virtue. "If you have any feeling of guilt or repentance for having evaded taxes . . ." said Patel, "the proper place for you to make a confession is not in a press statement, but at the Income Tax Investigation Commission. I suggest you go there . . ."

TURKEY

Virtue's Reward

Early this year President Ismet Inönü and his Republican People's Party won wide respect by promising Turkey the first unrigged elections in her history, but some Turks felt the respect had been cheaply earned. Nearly everyone thought that the People's Party would come through the elections with a safe majority and that it would keep on running the government as it had ever since the founding of the Turkish Republic in 1923.

Last week, however, the "first honest elections" lived up to their advance billing in a surprising way. Almost 80% of the country's voters turned out to cast their ballots. The majority of them plumped for the five-year-old Democratic Party.



International

CELÂL BAYAR
Istanbul businessmen were pleased.

The Democrats, headed by Banker-Politician Celâl Bayar, had promised to free the Turkish economy from government control. This promise had won for them the support of Istanbul and Smyrna businessmen.

At week's end with the returns still coming in, the Democrats claimed they would control at least 375 of the National Assembly's 487 seats. Likeliest candidate to replace Inönü as President was Halil Ozyoruk, the judge who led in the framing of the "honest election law." (Under Turkish law a President's term ends when his party loses its majority in the Assembly.) Democratic Boss Bayar, however, had become Turkey's new top political figure.

The Bettmann Archive

IVAN STEPANOVICH MAZEPA
The lady's husband was annoyed.

RUSSIA

Neither Czar nor Commissar

Inside the U.S.S.R. there is a scattered anti-Communist underground. Last week in a Berlin cellar café, a leading representative of the Ukrainian nationalist movement told a TIME correspondent a bit of the story of its trials and works.

"Let's not say anything about me," said the Ukrainian. "It isn't safe. But let me tell you something which I heard from a girl who fled last year. In 1948 she lived in Kharkov in the Ukraine. That summer a rumor spread that the Americans had landed on the Black Sea coast and were marching north. So one day there was a big argument in the Kharkov market. A farmer who was about to sell a goat refused rubles in payment. He demanded dollars. Soon thereafter, the arrests came in waves. I suppose the MVD had spread the rumor to provoke us and find us out."

The Fifth Wave. Both the tale and the man who told it were in an old Ukrainian tradition. "Look!" he said. "I belong to the fifth wave of Ukrainian emigration. We have been fighting Moscow since our hetman Mazepa* made an alliance with Charles XII of Sweden in 1709."

Sipping slowly at his Pilsener, the man in the Berlin café recalled that the German invasion of Russia in 1940 had given the Ukrainians new hope of winning their 240-year-old fight for independence. Throughout the Ukraine, guerrilla units sprang up and took advantage of the confusion to fight both Germans and Russians. By the end of World War II, the guerrilla Ukrainian Partisan Army (U.P.A.) had 200,000 men and ruled much of the Ukrainian countryside.

At first Soviet forces reoccupying the Ukraine kept to the cities. "But by and by," said the refugee leader, "the NKVD troops got stronger. They burned whole villages and killed thousands of people in

* In his youth Ivan Stepanovich Mazepa (1644-1709) was sent to Warsaw to pick up a courtly education as a page to King John Casimir V of Poland. Mazepa, the story goes, picked up the wife of a Polish nobleman. The lady's husband surprised the lovers and ended the courtly phase of Mazepa's education by tying him naked on the back of a wild horse and turning the horse out onto the steppes. Rescued by Ukrainian Cossacks, Mazepa soon rose to leadership among them. When Charles XII began his invasion of Russia, Mazepa, to the disgust of most of his Cossacks, seemed to be loyal to Czar Peter the Great. Later he switched his allegiance, thereby thoroughly confusing nearly everybody. Defeated with his Swedish allies at the battle of Poltava, Mazepa fled into Turkey where he soon died of exhaustion.

Acme

AMERICANS IN PILSEN, 1945*
"We shall never forget."

reprisal [for U.P.A. attacks]. Three million Ukrainians were shipped to the Ural mines and to the Manchurian border."

Horror & Hope. Today the U.P.A., its forces scattered and its captured German supplies gone, operates only at night and in small bands. Most Ukrainians have shifted from active to passive resistance. "Life in my homeland is very hard," said the refugee, "and the deportations haven't stopped. But the people still hope."

The people's hope for aid from America, however, has been weakened. In their camouflaged forest bunkers the U.P.A. men listen to the Voice of America. "Sometimes it drives them crazy," said the Ukrainian. "For example, when your Secretary of State says that the U.S. does not intend to undermine the Soviet government. When we hear things like that from America, we clutch our heads in horror . . . My people say to me: 'The Soviet Union has a complete plan for the whole world. And the United States? What plans does it have for eastern Europe?' "

When they had finished their beer the correspondent and the Ukrainian walked out of the café into Berlin's brilliant May sunshine. Before they parted the correspondent asked: "What do your people really hope for?" The answer was quick and passionate: "The thing we've hoped for for years. The end of foreign rule and exploitation by Moscow, either through czars or commissars. A life where we can travel more than 20 kilometers without an MVD permit, where we can be without fear and terror, where we are free."

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

A Small Ceremony

On May 6, 1945 the 16th Armored Division of General George Patton's Third Army freed the Czech city of Pilsen from the Germans. Two weeks ago the U.S. Embassy in Prague notified the Czechoslovak government of American intentions to hold a small ceremony in Pilsen in celebration of the fifth anniversary of the freeing of the city. From the Czech Foreign Ministry came a prompt and frigid reply: "In view of the fact that the Czechoslovak government is organizing the celebrations of the . . . liberation of the Republic . . . it does not consider the celebrations by the American Embassy as desirable."

Last week, as the Foreign Office had foreseen, Czech Premier Antonin Zapotocky went to Pilsen to celebrate liberation after his own fashion. Speaking in the assembly hall of the Pilsen Skoda works, Zapotocky said: "We shall never forget that it was our former Western allies who in Munich . . . weakened and destroyed our defenses . . . Therefore, we cannot believe that the Western capitalist states were at all concerned with our liberty and independence. If anyone fought for our freedom, really defeated and drove out the German invaders, it was solely the heroic Soviet army." Then, on behalf of the workers of the Skoda plant, Zapotocky presented a locomotive to a Russian delegation as a gift to "our beloved Stalin."

Not far from where the Premier spoke stood the foundation stone for a monument to the American troops who had liberated Pilsen; work on the monument has been stopped.

* With President Eduard Benes (*left*).

ITALY

Death of a Salesman

Knife-nosed Ludovico Monti was a dedicated man. The most energetic news vendor in Borgo San Lorenzo, near Florence, he had been offered the local agency for many daily papers. But, with the support of his pretty wife Armida, Monti was determined to sell only *Unità*, the Communist paper which commanded all his faith and ambition.

On Sunday mornings Monti invariably aroused Borgo's citizens with his cries: "Buy *Unità!* Read *Unità!* Here is *Unità!*" Peasants for miles around knew the peal of Monti's bicycle bell as he flashed by, a huge stack of papers thrown across the handlebars, a small red flag flying on his front mudguard. Those who looked up late saw the word *"Unità"* in huge letters on the back of Monti's sweater as he pedaled briskly about his business.

The news vendor's tireless efforts brought their reward. For four years running, Communist provincial headquarters had acclaimed him "Tuscany's Best *Unità* Salesman," and he had been named inspector over all other *Unità* salesmen in the Borgo San Lorenzo area. Monti's fine record even led party headquarters to take a tolerant attitude when early this year he failed for the first time to turn in promptly the proceeds of his *Unità* sales.

But as months went by and the money owed by Monti on papers consigned to him mounted to 50,000 lire (about $80), party headquarters grew worried, then angry. Finally the party told him he must pay up. Ludovico ran all over town trying to borrow money; he even tried to borrow from the priest. Last week Ludovico Monti was finally expelled from the Communist Party for mishandling of funds.

On the day of his public humiliation Monti and his wife shut themselves in their small house. That night the Montis' lights did not go on, and the house was silent except for the call of a pet blackbird which Monti had taught to whistle *Red Flag*. After two such nights, the neighbors called the *carabinieri*, who had to knock down the door to get into the house.

In its cage the blackbird sat motionless, silent and weak from hunger. On the bed lay the bodies of Ludovico and Armida Monti, and between them was the pistol with which Monti had shot first his wife, then himself. Piled beside the bed and about the house were 50,000 lire's worth of copies of *Unità*. Proud Ludovico Monti had not embezzled money; he had simply been unable to admit that the best *Unità* salesman in Tuscany could not sell as many papers as *Unità* had sent him.

THE HEMISPHERE

VENEZUELA

Twelfth

Having brought a Communist-led oil workers' strike under control (TIME, May 15), Venezuela's military junta last week became the twelfth Latin American government to outlaw the Communist Party.

ARGENTINA

Calculated Risk

Argentina's energetic little Finance Minister, Ramón Cereijo, bounced aboard his FAMA plane at New York's Idlewild Airport one morning last week, and flew homeward with gladsome news. Argentina had been promised $200 million in U.S. Government and private bank credits. A formal announcement was expected within a few days.

Some $125 million of the credits already had been approved by President Truman's National Advisory Council. All of that sum will go to liquidate Argentina's outstanding commercial debts and help re-establish her good credit abroad. In addition, friendly, persuasive Cereijo had got a promise of $75 million from the National City Bank and Chase National Bank of New York, and the First National Bank of Boston, to finance future purchases of badly needed farm machinery from U.S. manufacturers.

If U.S. bankers and Government officials had ever felt reluctant about extending Argentina credit, that feeling had evaporated. At least six U.S. Government agencies—the Departments of State, Commerce and Treasury, ECA, the Federal Reserve Bank and the Export-Import Bank—had rated Argentina a good credit risk. The State Department hoped that this economic assistance might also help to make Argentina a better political risk. But that remained to be seen.

CANADA

Red Ramp

From a makeshift command post in the Manitoba legislature building last week, a composed, greying soldier in the red-tabbed battledress of a brigadier defended besieged Winnipeg against the city's worst flood in a century. His orders flowed by field telephone and radio to 50,000 men sweating on 15 miles of soggy, sandbagged dikes along the surging Red River of the North. Occasionally he hopped into a helicopter for a hurried look at a new danger point. By week's end, as hope mounted that the main crisis had been met with only two lives lost, many a Winnipegger sent up a waterlogged cheer for Brigadier Ronald Morton, 49, veteran of D-day in Normandy.

Dogged Battle. As boss of "Operation Red Ramp" (for Red rampage), with nearly 5,000 army, navy and air force men under his command, Morton's job was to prevent complete inundation of Canada's fourth largest city (pop. 320,000). At least 10,000 houses and eight of greater Winnipeg's 75 square miles were already flooded; traffic on two of the city's key bridges was cut off, dividing the area into semi-isolated segments. The water level stood twelve feet above the point of first flooding. The city's vital power stations were entrenched behind dikes more than six feet high.

Morton and his men were fighting a dogged, seldom dramatic battle of containment, with wet snow and rain adding to their difficulties. At suburban East Kildonan a 75-foot dike section burst, swamping 150 homes in a boiling wall of water ten feet high. But in most places the dikes—made of sodden burlap sandbags—were holding.

Outward Bound. During the week, Morton directed the greatest mass evacuation in Canadian history. In eight days alone, an estimated 80,000 people left the Winnipeg area in special trains, aircraft, buses and a fleet of cars and trucks. Some went to boarded-up resorts to the north, others to points as far away as Calgary and Montreal. The Red Cross provided emergency funds for the needy. Thousands of other evacuees crowded into downtown Winnipeg, safe on relatively high ground. The city auditorium was turned into a dormitory. If the situation worsened drastically, Morton had a master plan for compulsory evacuation, under martial law, of as much as 75% of the city's 320,000 population. Food was stockpiled; emergency passes and ration cards were printed.

By this week the river level appeared to be stabilizing although the danger was still grave. As relief operations gathered momentum, Winnipeggers had an urgent question: how could future floods be prevented? Flood experts had a grim reply: they probably cannot. The cost of permanent diking would be prohibitive, and in any case it might be an engineering impossibility in the flat Red River valley. Once in 25, 50 or 100 years, the valley would probably have to take it.

HAITI

Again the Junta

The Haitian Senate had rejected a proposed constitutional change permitting proud, scheming President Dumarsais Estimé to be elected to succeed himself in 1952. Last week, after 10,000 dancing, drumming, pro-Estimé Haitians had paraded through Port-au-Prince and sacked the Senate chamber, the army moved in on Estimé. Forcing the resignation of the man it had backed for the presidency four years ago, a three-man military junta took over at the palace.

Associated Press
COMPULSORY EVACUATION

International
FLOODED WINNIPEG SUBURB

International
VOLUNTARY EVACUATION

Question: Could this be prevented? Answer: No.

Hearth & Home

Crooner **Frank Sinatra**, separated from his wife, flew to Spain, and presented Cinemactress **Ava Gardner** with a $10,000 emerald necklace. Meanwhile, one Mario Cabré, 34, a part-time actor, verse-writer and bullfighter who is playing in a picture with Ava (*see cut*), assured reporters that he loved Ava and she loved him, too. He even tossed off some verses to her. Sample:

From your fingers caresses sprout;
Of a kiss vibrating yet remote
Your lips give rapture . . .
Sleep, my treasure,
On the roses of the kiss which lingers on your lips.

Mario also told reporters: "After Sinatra's visit is over and Ava and I are alone again, I think you will find that our love has survived . . ." Then he added: "Of course, it depends on so many things . . ." Sinatra said of Ava: "A terrific girl." Ava said of Frankie: "A wonderful guy," but added demurely: "It's too soon to talk about marriage—Frank hasn't even got a divorce."

In Los Angeles, Comedian **Groucho Marx**, 59, and wife Kay Dittig Marx, 29, were divorced. He agreed to pay her $134.-215 in alimony over the next 10½ years.

In Paris, **Bing Crosby** brusquely denied reports from Hollywood of "strained relations" between him and onetime Musicomedienne **Dixie Lee Crosby**, his wife of 20 years and mother of his four children.

Cinemactor **Errol Flynn** asked a Los Angeles court to reduce his alimony payments ($1,500 a month) to his first wife, Actress **Lili Damita**. He is now 40 years old, Flynn said, and "from the experiences of other actors, it is not likely that I will continue to enjoy a large income . . . for more than a few years in the future . . ."

Piero Saporiti

BULLFIGHTER & FRIEND
Vibrating yet.

In Manhattan, **Judith Coplon**, free on bail while appealing her convictions in Washington and New York on espionage charges, announced that she would marry one of the lawyers associated with the firm handling her appeal, Albert H. Socolov, 29, a World War II U.S. Army lieutenant.

Even for royalty, romance had its thorns:

In Paris, Iranian **Princess Fatmeh Pahlevi**, 21, regained her royal prerogatives when she remarried—this time in a Moslem ceremony—Californian Vincent Lee Hillyer, 24. Hillyer, who had renounced his Roman Catholic religion the week before, had the Moslem **Aga Khan** as official witness. Among the wedding guests: **Rita Hayworth**, who had a Moslem ceremony last year when she married **Aly Khan**. This week Hillyer and bride were off to Cannes, where he said he would finish a book titled *Just Looking, Thanks.*

In San Francisco, Moslem **Princess Fathia** of Egypt, 19, displeased her brother, Egypt's **King Farouk**, by marrying Riad Ghali, an Egyptian commoner and a Coptic Christian. **Queen Mother Nazli**, who has been employing the bridegroom as a political adviser, said that she approved of the marriage.

The Personal Approach

People get "this lord & lady business" all mixed up, complained **Baron Lawson of Beamish**, 68, who was a coal miner at twelve and labor M.P. for 30 years before he was raised to the peerage last February. "People come along to me and say, 'Well, you see, my lord'; then they get to, 'It's this way, Mr. Lawson'; then it's, 'Tell me, John'; and in the end it's, 'See here, Jack.' "

"Is Oxford worth it?" asked the university's undergraduate magazine. **George Bernard Shaw** replied: "Collegiate residence, common meals and cap & gown give a priceless social training in good manners which is shared with sailors only."

Illinois' Senator **Paul Douglas** lost his shoes on the Baltimore & Ohio *Capitol Limited*, padded off the train in Chicago in his stocking feet, took a cab to a shoestore and bought a new pair. Then he went about his business of attending the Jefferson Day Jubilee (*see* NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

The visiting **Liaquat Ali Khan**, Prime Minister of Pakistan, and his wife, the **Begum**, were learning about the American way of life in & around Chicago. One day the Begum, wearing her long-flowing red silk *garara*, visited a National Tea Co. market, shopped as carefully as any U.S. housewife, rolled a cart of groceries to the check-out counter.

The Laurels

Awarded to His Imperial Majesty, Mohamed Reza Pahlevi, the **Shah of Iran**, by George Washington University: his football letter (a small "G," superimposed on a big "W," for serving as honorary captain of the team on his visit to the U.S. last November.

Named as adviser to the American delegation to the May 22 meeting of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization in Florence, Italy: Cinemactress **Myrna** ("Perfect Wife") **Loy**.

Cheered by nightclubbers as she staged a comeback in Hollywood: the silent screen's **Mae** (*The Merry Widow*) **Murray**, who is pushing 60. She showed up in the floor show at the stylish Mocambo, glided through the *Merry Widow* waltz.

Given to Jerusalem's Hebrew University by **Dr. Albert Einstein**: the original manuscript of his new "Generalized Theory of Gravitation" (TIME, Jan. 2).

Associated Press

MAE MURRAY
Gliding through.

Associated Press

BEGUM LIAQUAT ALI
Rolling along.

"Wurz Debur"

For the past three years, more & more Britons have been listening with rapt attention to a BBC program called *Bird Song of the Month*. Even non-bird-lovers have been won by the personality of the show's M.C., excitable, 68-year-old Dr. Ludwig Koch. Says Producer Desmond Hawkins: "The charm about Ludwig is that he is one of the few fanatics left."

Last week, Fanatic Koch propounded an interesting ornithological theory: that chaffinches have different accents in different parts of the world. Playing the song of a British chaffinch, German-accented Dr. Koch said: "Ant now, as you vill see by my next record, zee German chaffinch, unlike zee Kent chaffinch, finishes op viz a sound like *'wurz debur.'* " Sure enough, it did.

Despite the loss of a 6,000-record library when he fled Germany in 1936, Dr. Koch has today one of the world's greatest collections of bird and animal recordings. Muffled in an old tweed coat, he carries his recording equipment from the Scottish moors to the Salisbury Plain, "creeping like a criminal," he says, to capture the call of the grass warbler. Badgered by such background noises as airplanes, trains, barking dogs and high winds, he has triumphantly recorded the moorland cry of the greenshank and the "singing" of the seal on the spray-splashed rocks off the Pembrokeshire coast. He is postponing his retirement at least until he can get on wax the elusive stone curlew and the long-tailed tit.

For good reason, he loves his adopted England. "In England," he explains happily, "it is everyzing for zee birds and animals. It is amazing how zey understand how important it is."

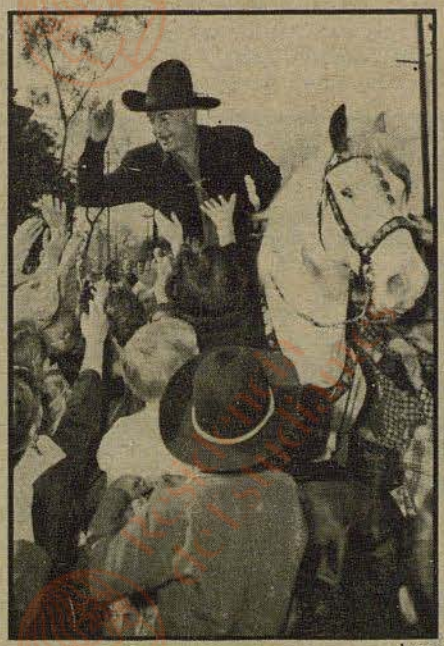
Tall in the Saddle

Washington's "I Am an American Day" comes a day later this week than the same celebration in the rest of the U.S. The celebration committee made sure of getting such guests of honor as President Truman, scheduled to speak from the Capitol steps. Happily, the new date also fitted the schedule of another highly valued guest not connected with government. The committee was overjoyed that television's Hopalong Cassidy would also dignify the day.

As a crowd-puller, Hopalong would have to concede nothing to the President of the U.S. Last January a crowd of New Yorkers estimated by the police at 350,000 queued up for 25 blocks to shake his hand. This month he drew the largest circus attendance (18,700) ever to pack the Chicago Stadium. For the past year, devoted millions of children and grown-ups have sat entranced before televised Hopalong Cassidy films.

The Last $300,000. The center of this adulation and applause is 52-year-old, white-haired William Boyd (born in Cambridge, Ohio), who switched in 1935 from romantic roles (*The Volga Boatman*) to western films. He made 54 Hopalong Cassidy pictures before he was fired in 1943. Because "no one in Hollywood thought of me as anything but Hopalong Cassidy," Boyd found that he could not get another movie job. In no danger of starving, he retired to his California ranch with his fifth wife, ex-Actress Grace Bradley, was down to his last $300,000 when he got his big idea.

Selling the ranch, Boyd put everything he owned into buying up all possible rights to Hopalong Cassidy. After repeated round trips to Fryeburg, Me., he drew



Acme

HOPALONG CASSIDY & FANS
"I don't think there's any limit . . ."

up a contract with Author Clarence Mulford, whose original pulp-fiction Hoppy—unlike the soft-spoken, clean-living movie version—was a cussing, ungrammatical, hard-drinking ranch hand with a game leg.

Released to TV, the old Hoppy films created something of a mass frenzy. Los Angeles' Station KTTV rented one for $250. Twelve months later KTTV showed the same film for the fifth time and paid a rental of $1,000. "People are astonished at the percentage of my fans who are adults," says Boyd. "They're not new fans—they're merely my young fans of 15 years ago grown up a little bit."

Wood on the Fire. But it was the children who put the golden fence posts in Hoppy's old corral. Last year small fry bought 15 million Hopalong comic books. They clamor incessantly for such items as Hoppy roller skates (complete with spurs and jewel-studded ankle straps) and Hopalong bicycles (leather-fringed saddles, handlebars shaped like steer's horns, built-in gun holsters). Because of the craze for Hopalong hats, shirts, chaps, boots, six-shooters and gun belts, Boyd claims that U.S. manufacturers of 56% of all the Western-type merchandise are paying him royalties for Hopalong Cassidy endorsements.

The fever has spread to non-Western fields: there are Hopalong Cassidy cookies, candy bars, wallpaper, soaps and watches. A Hopalong Cassidy comic strip runs in 75 daily and 42 Sunday newspapers; every week a network of 500 Mutual radio stations broadcasts the General Foods-sponsored *Hopalong Cassidy* show (Sun. 4 p.m. E.D.T.). And Composer Nacio Herb Brown (*You Are My Lucky Star, Singin' in the Rain*) has signed up for the exclusive privilege of writing songs about Hoppy.

Inundated by the commercial flood, Boyd promises: "We aren't going to overdo it. We'll just keep throwing wood on the fire." But he has endorsed so many products (from bedspreads to pocketknives) that he can't always keep them straight. Of his success Boyd says: "We don't think it's phenomenal. Years ago, a fellow got an idea to build a bridge across San Francisco Bay. People told him he was nuts. One morning we looked up and traffic was going across. Hopalong Cassidy was merely an idea that took 13 years to pay off . . . I don't think there's any limit to what can be done with it." On his crowded agenda are Hopalong record albums, 13 new TV shorts, and a Paramount movie in which he will co-star (as Hopalong Cassidy) with Bing Crosby.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, May 19. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

Ford Theater (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS-TV). Ian Keith in *Subway Express*.

Screen Directors' Playhouse (Fri. 9 p.m., NBC). Lucille Ball in *Miss Grant Takes Richmond*.

The Preakness (Sat. 5 p.m., CBS). From Baltimore's Pimlico race track. (Sat. 10:30 p.m., CBS-TV). Filmed version of the race.

Armed Forces Day (Sat. 10 p.m., ABC). Speech by Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson.

NBC Theater (Sun. 2 p.m., NBC). Elizabeth Bowen's *The House in Paris*.

Silver Theater (Mon. 8 p.m., CBS-TV). Virginia Bruce in *Wedding Anniversary*.

Hollywood Star Playhouse (Mon. 8 p.m., CBS). John Lund in *Clash by Moonlight*.

Lux Radio Theater (Mon. 9 p.m., CBS). *Jolson Sings Again*, with Al Jolson and Barbara Hale.

Lights Out. (Mon. 9 p.m., NBC-TV). Richard McMurray in *Rendezvous*.

Robert Montgomery Presents (Mon. 9:30 p.m., NBC-TV). Barbara Bel Geddes in *Rebecca*.

Cavalcade of America (Tues. 8 p.m., NBC). *Portrait of the Author*, with Basil Rathbone.

On Trial (Wed. 8 p.m., ABC-TV). "Should Congress Pass the Mundt-Ferguson Bill?"

Suspense (Thurs. 9 p.m., CBS). Dennis O'Keefe in *Very Much Like a Nightmare*.

MUSIC

Having a Wonderful Time

Right from the start of the NBC Symphony's first transcontinental tour, the maestro had seemed different. Instead of the usual dignified and photographer-shy Toscanini peeping out from under a rolled-brim black fedora, newsreels showed the warm, shining face and cheery handwaves of a man who looked almost as if he were out after the corn-belt vote. There was no letdown in his music-making, as sell-out audiences found, everywhere he conducted his orchestra. But by last week many a spot in the U.S. was getting a treat that most New Yorkers never get: the warming spectacle of famed 83-year-old Arturo Toscanini having a wonderful time.

In Williamsburg, Va. he strolled the streets hatless, admiring the colonial architecture while other tourists and townspeople admired him. In New Orleans he asked his chauffeur to stop the car so he could hear the jazz throbbing out of the *bistros*. In Austin, Tex. even his musicians got a surprise. Their usually dapper maestro, for the first time within memory, rehearsed them in shirtsleeves.

Last week, after heart-warming welcomes up the Pacific Coast from Pasadena to Seattle, the little maestro took to the outdoors. At Sun Valley, he lolled on the grass, watched his grandson, Yale Sophomore Walfredo Toscanini, play tennis, then sat himself in a ski-lift chair for a trip part way up 9,200-ft. Baldy Mountain. Was he scared? Not a bit, scoffed Toscanini. He had been a mountain climber in his youth—which was a good 60 years ago. Up & down the lift, he gaily applauded members of his orchestra as they passed, crying *"Bellissimo,"* with the enthusiasm of a small Italian boy.

After a noon barbecue, members of the orchestra and some of the crew of his special train banded themselves into a "Sad Symphony" of toy ukuleles, kazoos and slide whistles to play satiric take-offs on Wagner, Kabalevsky and Sousa. A waiter sang *Ol' Man River* and a porters' quartet turned to on *Down by the Old Mill Stream*. Finally, at his musicians' urging, the 83-year-old little perfectionist stood up to conduct them himself in shirtsleeves and beret. "That was a little out of tune, Maestro," grinned a trumpeter, afterward. Toscanini beamed happily: "Well, a little, but it was good."

This week, as he headed back east, Arturo Toscanini's only regret seemed to be that he didn't have time for more.

Associated Press

MAESTRO TOSCANINI CONDUCTING "SAD SYMPHONY" *"Bellissimo."*

"Monstrous Exhibition"

Serge Lifar is a dancer who likes more than a moderate share of applause. He hardly minds at all when he is quoted as saying, "I was magnificent." Often, at performances of his Paris Opéra Ballet, curtain bows run into the dozens—long after a good part of the audience has already left the hall. So when Russian-born Ballet Master Lifar brought his Opéra Ballet to Manhattan in 1948, and was greeted by a picket line denouncing him as a collaborationist,* he could hardly contain his indignation. Last week, in Paris, it looked as if Lifar might be having his revenge.

The opening-night performance of the small Ruth Page-Bentley Stone Ballet Company, the first U.S. troupe to appear in Paris since the war, was a preview. Invited guests filled the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées' orchestra seats; only the balcony seats were sold. Soon after the curtain went up a barrage of boos and catcalls whistled down.

It was all the doing of Lifar's friends, charged outraged Company Manager Thomas Fisher, husband of Ruth Page. They had bought up a block of balcony seats, he said, and caused the disorder. One member of the Page-Stone troupe swore a Lifar protege had told him: "We are going to make it impossible for an American ballet troupe to appear in Paris after what happened [to us] in New York."

That was Manager Fisher's explanation. A little harder to explain was the fact that the second-night audience was just as hostile. Lifar himself was not talking. But if revenge was what Lifar's friends were looking for, they found it even sweeter in the reaction of Paris ballet critics. In the press next day, they did their share of booing and catcalling, too. Wrote one: "*Frankie and Johnny* . . . was a disaster, a monstrous exhibition . . . in the worst of German taste."

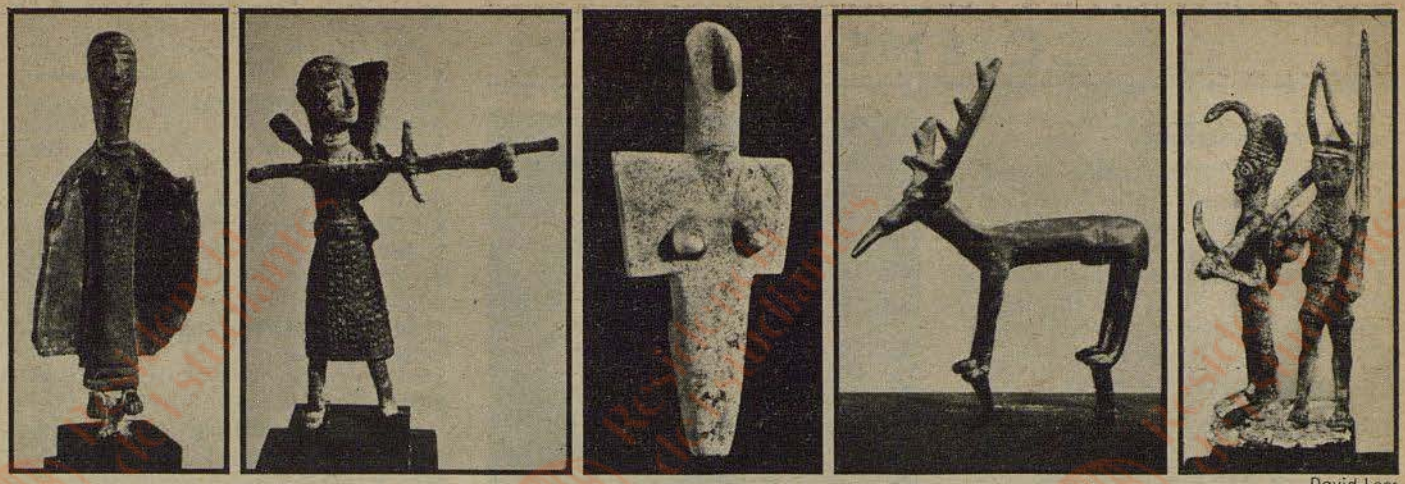
* For dancing for the Nazis during the war, a French artists' purge committee, in 1945, forbade Lifar to dance for one year in France.

"Music Is Music"

Jazz Master Louis ("Satchmo") Armstrong is seldom at a loss for a word, and when he can't find one to suit him, he makes one up. Last week Satchmo was cashing in on his gift of gab by putting it onto paper. With three Armstrong articles due for publication in the U.S., he was also pecking away at an autobiography. A sample of loose-jointed Armstrong prose (and his own weird punctuation), as free & easy as his New Orleans trumpet, tells how he gave a young Italian singer a boost on his European tour last year:

"So the evening of the concert I was warming up my chops getting ready to lay all that good fine jive like *Muskrat Ramble* to *Lazy River* and on down the line - which 'killed em..... I noticed that everything I'd run down on my trumpet - this kid would sing it and I mean he really would sing it..... So when I finished the tune I wheeled around to Ray and said - 'Gate' during my concerts I want you to come out and sing *Stormy Weather*..... 'Oh Gawd' - that kid almost turned 'my *colour* (as they spell it 'over thar')..... He said - 'Mee sing with your band?... I said 'Er'wa - 'Yea Man' - Now 'tare out over there in the corner and warm your pipes up so's they'll be fine and mellow when I call you.....

"That kid was in the wings with his little ol, sharp self—all smiles every time I'd casualy looked over in his directions as if to say 'how 'ya doing' Gate?..... He'd give me that assurance knod as if to say - 'Man' everything's under control... And believe me it *was*... When Ray finished singing *Stormy Weather* with us pushing him in that fine soft slow style - Ump - he had to take 'five bows. So you see—music is music and a note's a note - in 'any language... So if you hit them right on the nose they're bound to enjoy it."



David Lees

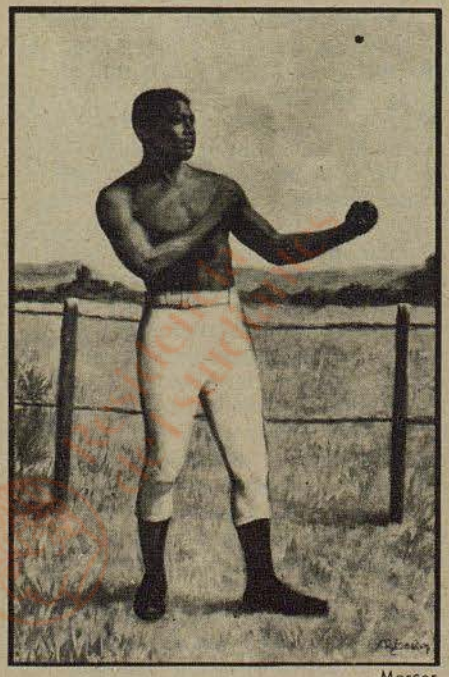
SARDINIAN STATUETTES
Minus centuries of silt and rubbish.

ART

Something for the Rumpus Room

Like the luscious nude over the barroom mirror, or Mother Goose in the nursery, the bright prints of pink-coated fox-hunters have become the standard pictures for thousands of U.S. libraries, dens and rumpus rooms. Richard Gump, the iconoclastic, 44-year-old president of Gump's famed art store in San Francisco, thinks that's a shame. "Why not baseball or football pictures?" he asks. "Those frozen hunting prints have become purely functional, like door knobs. Pictures mean nothing unless they make sense to the man who looks at them."

Last week Gump's put 250 sporting prints, drawings, sculptures and paintings on exhibition to prove that rumpus-room art can make sense to contemporary U.S. citizens. The show went back three centuries, included an engraving of the Duke of York (later King James II) playing tennis. There were paintings and prints of boxing, football, baseball, hockey, skiing and golf—and an early 19th Century engraving, *Playing at Bomble Puppy.**



Mercer

PETER JACKSON
Plus golfing cupids . . .

As John Steuart Curry's powder-puff oil, *Hitting the Line*, showed, football is a mighty hard sport to picture convincingly. Prizefighting, where the action is limited to two men under brilliant light, does better, and the best painting in the show was George Bellows' classic one of Firpo knocking Dempsey through the ropes. Nineteenth Century standouts were engravings of the great Australian heavyweight, Peter Jackson, and of a bearded speedster named William Howitt.

Nearly 500 people a day swarmed through the exhibition, which was already turning out to be the most popular in Gump's 91-year history. The first pictures to go were an 18th Century engraving of two cupids making a prim stab at golf, and four Victorian prints celebrating croquet, bathing, archery and rowing. Beamed Impresario Gump: "We've taken sporting art out of the box seats and moved it into the bleachers."

Big Little Bronzes

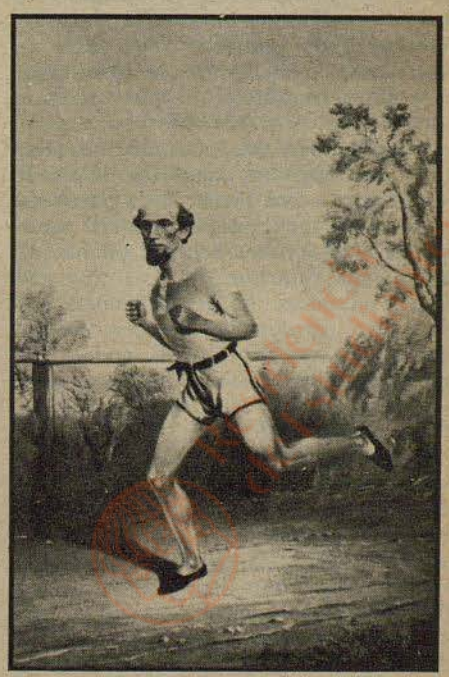
In Rome's National Gallery of Modern Art last week stood tablefuls of statuettes that had been modern for three millenniums. They were products of the ancient island civilization of Sardinia, about which almost nothing is known.

Nowadays the island is dirt-poor, but judging by the ruins of some 7,000 small stone castles, it was a prosperous, well-populated land 1,000 years before Christ. Carthage conquered the island in 450 B.C. and reduced its people to a relatively barbaric state. Soon much of Sardinia's ancient sculpture lay buried under layers of silt and rubbish, not to be uncovered again until Italian archeologists began digging it up a century ago.

Her statuettes were part & parcel of Sardinia's prehistoric religion. The natives built their temples encircling wells and pools, filled them with carvings of marble and later with bronzes. One of the earliest and largest works in the show, 17 inches tall, looked like a cross between a double-bladed ax-head and a woman, probably represented the mother goddess whose cult once encompassed the Mediterranean world. Later representations kept the same silhouette but added more human details: a huge head balanced on a towering neck and a cloak spread to resemble wings.

Wolves, angry-looking bulls, and dainty deer, their legs straight as toothpicks, had also flocked from Sardinian molds, along with warriors in short tunics and horned helmets. Armed with bows and two-handed broadswords, the warriors seemed much bigger than their few inches. They were long-nosed and pop-eyed, as skinny and fierce as cranes at mealtime.

The Sardinian sculptures were paired off in the exhibition with works by such contemporary trail blazers as Picasso, Archipenko, Braque and Giacometti. The 20th Century sculptures were similar but less meaningful, for while the Sardinian bronzes embodied something of their own culture, the moderns reflected nothing except older and more earnest art.



van Ekhardt & Madden

WILLIAM HOWITT
. . . and powder-puff football players.

* A game in which the players take turns bowling small metal balls at nine numbered holes.

SCIENCE

Lap of the Possible

The hydrogen bomb, which started a wave of excitement not so long ago, is getting an official play-down. At last week's press conference the Atomic Energy Commission confirmed tacitly the disparaging remarks about the H-bomb by former AECommissioner Robert Bacher (TIME, May 15). Bacher had pointed out that hydrogen bombs could not be made without consuming neutrons (from U-235) which might be used more profitably for making plutonium. When questioned about Bacher, Commissioner Henry DeWolf Smyth remarked significantly: "He is a fairly competent man in this field." This is as close as AEC ever comes to giving a straight opinion on a matter of military import.

In the same conference it happened again. Acting Chairman Sumner Pike said that the successful development of the hydrogen bomb "is right in the laps of the gods . . . The answer to the question about progress will probably be given when one goes bang or doesn't." A few minutes later he estimated the chances of success as "somewhere between probable and possible."

Weather Report from Mars

Mars has an atmosphere; therefore it must have weather. Starting with this thesis—as thin as the Martian atmosphere itself—Seymour L. Hess of Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Ariz. set out to chart Martian weather. He reports his findings in the current *Sky and Telescope*.

Even through a large telescope, Mars looks like a small reddish disc doing a slightly hysterical dance. But delicate instruments can measure with fair accuracy on its barren surface the temperature of spots as small as 400 miles wide. Since differences of temperature (which make an atmosphere circulate) are the basic cause of weather, measurements of temperature can be translated into a crude weather map.

Using the best data he could find, Hess drew a temperature map for Mars. It turned out to look much like a terrestrial temperature map. In its "winter" hemisphere, Mars was deathly cold (about 40° below zero Fahrenheit at Lat. 50) and showed no sudden changes of temperature. Near the equator the temperature on Hess's map averaged 50° F. and in the sunny "summer" hemisphere there were two hot spots where Martian thermometers, if any, stood at 86° F.

Such temperature variations, Hess reasoned, ought to stir up the Martian atmosphere as they do the earth's. For proof that they actually do, he turned to observations of the faint white clouds that sometimes drift across the red surface of Mars. The clouds indicated that Mars, like the earth, has "prevailing westerlies" as well as winds circulating around areas of high or low pressure. He thinks that the hot spots are probably "heat lows" like those that often form in summer in the U.S. southwest.

Harris & Ewing

AEC's PIKE
For an answer, a bang.

To judge by Hess's analysis, Martian weather is pretty dull. If an earthling on Mars were able to breathe its atmosphere (containing little oxygen), he would see few clouds the year round. The wind might push him about a bit, but he would not have to worry about rain or snow. His worst problem would be the more extreme contrast between winter and summer. The Martian year (almost twice as long as the earthly year) allows Mars more time to heat up in summer, cool off in winter.

Rocket Away

From the U.S.S. *Norton Sound*, a converted Navy seaplane tender cruising the Pacific south of Hawaii, came a bit of rather ominous news. A Viking rocket (body by Glenn L. Martin Co., propulsion by Reaction Motors, Inc.) had been launched from its deck to an altitude of 106.4 miles. This is only a few miles short of the record for single-stage rockets (114 mi.) made by the larger German V-2.

The V-2 is 46 ft. long, 5½ ft. in diameter, and weighs 28,000 lbs. fully fueled. The Viking is 45 ft. long, only 2½ ft. in diameter, and weighs only 11,000 lbs. According to an observer on board the *Norton Sound*, the rocket launched from the ship carried a 1,000-lb. payload of instruments for studying high-altitude cosmic rays. It might have carried a bomb (perhaps a lightweight-model atom bomb; *see below*).

On the basis of comparable figures for the V-2, the Viking might have taken the bomb to a target more than 200 miles away. If the *Norton Sound* were stationed at the proper point off the U.S. East Coast, Vikings could hit either New York, Philadelphia or Washington, or all three.

A submarine equipped to launch such rockets (such craft are probably abuilding) could do the same. In fact, it is more than likely that rockets could be launched from submarines far below the surface. Such rockets rise vertically at first, are set on course to their targets by pre-set gyroscopic controls. They should not be bothered much by underwater launching. In World War III, the first sign of an attack on U.S. coastal cities could be a flight of rockets bursting at night out of an unruffled sea.

Baby Bombs

The Associated Press sent out a short item last week about baby atomic bombs now in the possession of the U.S. The bombs are small enough, said the A.P., to be carried by jet bombers, but are not necessarily less powerful than old-style A-bombs.

This information was said to have come from unidentified "officials." Whether official or not, the news was very likely true, to some extent at least. The heart of an atomic bomb is its fissionable material—something like 25 lbs. of plutonium or U-235. The rest might be largely eliminated by improved design.

The crude bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki were rush jobs intended to be carried in a B-29. There was little reason to keep their weight down, since the B-29s of the time could carry 20,000 lbs. from Saipan to the target. Long after Nagasaki, the weight of the first bombs leaked out. It was about 10,000 lbs.

Part of the weight was "low-order" (chemical) explosive to detonate the bomb by driving together its subcritical masses of uranium. Another part was the "tamper"—a casing of metal whose inertia kept the exploding bomb from expanding too rapidly, *i.e.*, before the nuclear explosive had time to react.

Both these major parts could certainly be lightened. In the first bombs they were probably made heavy deliberately, just to keep on the safe side. It is possible, too, that radically different ways of detonating the bombs have been developed in the last five years of intensive effort. An efficient absorber of neutrons, for instance, might keep a large mass of uranium from exploding prematurely. When it is suddenly removed, the uranium would start reacting. Such a device would reduce or eliminate entirely the low-order explosive. Also, it may have been possible to speed up the nuclear reaction, thus making the tamper less necessary. Atomic bombs, like other bombs, will always weigh more than their explosive hearts, but presumably they need not weigh nearly 400 times as much.

It is obviously important to reduce the weight of the bombs as much as possible without too great loss of efficiency. Heavy bombs of the Hiroshima type can be dropped only from large, vulnerable aircraft directly over the target. Light bombs might be carried by small, fast, elusive jet bombers, or by rockets or other guided missiles launched from a safe distance.

EDUCATION

Goodbye to All That

Mrs. Allison Palmer had been teaching for only three months at the Lincoln School in Bergenfield, N. J. (pop. 12,000) when she went in to see her supervising principal. She and her husband were moving to Nevada, she said, and she wanted to resign. But before she left, there was something she thought the principal ought to know. Of 22 children in her first- and second-grade class, said Teacher Palmer, 21 had television sets at home and the results had been disastrous.

In school, she reported, the children were restless and rambunctious for lack of fresh air and exercise. During class they strained and fidgeted, just waiting for the time to go home to the television set again. "You know what they talk about?" she demanded. "Hopalong Cassidy.* Over & over. Just cowboys and Indians and Hopalong Cassidy . . . It's no wonder they are bored by school. How can I compete with Hopalong Cassidy?"

And so, last week Mrs. Palmer was rather glad to be going to Nevada. It was a country surrounded by high mountains, blessed with poor television reception and with not a TV set in sight.

International

ALLISON PALMER
Cowboys and Indians.

Civic Experiment

It was as if the twelve-year-olds had never really seen their home town before. For weeks, they had peered and poked about Houston like so many junior sociologists in bobby-sox and sneakers. The things they reported were enough to shock some Houstonians. But Social Studies Teacher Marian Hiller of the Stonewall Jackson Junior High School was delighted.

She had sent her seventh-graders out on their sociological expeditions as part of an experiment designed to make Houston's civics classes more interesting and instructive. The kids began by drawing maps of their neighborhoods, comparing the number of churches to the number of bars, counting parks and playgrounds. They investigated everything from slums to sewers, from garbage cans to gutters.

The slums were a shattering experience. "I thought they were all in the East," wrote one horrified schoolboy. "I found one house," little Helen Baird reported, "with sewage right in front and children playing in it."

Janet Flockhart had explored the woods near her home trying to track down a putrid smell that had long bothered her family. She eventually found the source—a decaying, fly-covered pile of garbage on the banks of Sims Bayou. Now, she said, she knew why fish had never been able to live in the bayou.

Unlike some of their elders, the young investigators were not content to make their reports and forget about them. Billy Buttelmann had found that there was no playground for blocks around for the younger kids in his neighborhood. Billy and a friend decided to build a clubhouse in a big, unused backyard. Soon the kids were playing there instead of in the streets.

By last week, as Mrs. Hiller's experiment ended, Billy's playground was not the only improvement Houston would note. One little boy had begun to worry about his neighbor's disorderly yard. "I had a talk with him about how the neighborhood looks," he told the class proudly. "I didn't mention him directly. I just hinted around. But he's kept his yard clean ever since."

The Warden of St. Antony's

One bright afternoon in the fall of 1948, a big car made its way through the streets of Oxford, England, bearing a tubby little old man with a scraggly mustache, who had come to take his first look at the university. At that time few Oxonians had ever heard of 70-year-old Antonin Besse. Nor did they know that he was the mysterious, anonymous French millionaire who had just given Oxford one of the biggest gifts in its history—$6,000,000 for a new college (TIME, Jan. 31, 1949). But by last week, the whole university was buzzing with preparations for Oxford's first new college in 13 years.

To house the students of the newest college, Oxford authorities had acquired a small group of buildings once used as an Anglican convent. These they renamed St. Antony's, in honor of Benefactor Antonin Besse. Then they began laying plans for the curriculum which St. Anthony's students would follow.

Explosion in Yugoslavia. Antonin Besse had laid down only one stipulation. He wanted both Frenchmen and Englishmen to be admitted, to study in common in an atmosphere of Anglo-French cooperation. To make sure that that stipulation would be faithfully carried out, Oxford picked as St. Antony's first warden just the sort of independent-minded, well-educated Englishman Besse had learned to admire during the years he had traded and traveled all over the world. Slim, trim Frederick William Dampier Deakin was the man.

A fellow and tutor of history at Oxford's Wadham College, he had worked with Winston Churchill on Churchill's monumental life of Marlborough. Right after Munich, he joined the army. He was the first officer to parachute into

Larry Burrows

OXFORD'S DEAKIN
"Just six files and me."

Yugoslavia,* worked so closely with Tito that the two were once wounded by the same bomb explosion. After the war, a lieutenant colonel with a D.S.O., he returned to Wadham, also began helping Churchill with his famed war memoirs. Last week 36-year-old Bill Deakin took over as Warden at St. Antony's.

Trouble in the Drains. So far, Warden Deakin had neither staff, students nor furniture—"just six files and me." He still had a great deal of remodeling to do to get ready for Michaelmas term in October. Then, "after getting all the drains settled," he would have to pick a permanent committee of British and French scholars to select his students.

As Besse had suggested, a third of those 50 students will be French. Though their pattern of study will be much the same as that of other Oxonians, its emphasis will be on European history and economics. And now & then, after things get started at St. Antony's, M. Besse himself will drive up in his big car to offer his advice. "I shall welcome it," says Warden Deakin. "He's an extraordinary man . . . a genius."

* For other news of Hopalong Cassidy, see RADIO & TV.

* Under the command of cloak-&-dagger Commando Fitzroy (*Escape to Adventure*) Maclean (TIME, May 1).

Changing Times

The autocratic American Bowling Congress, the only major U.S. sports organization with "white males only" still written into its constitution, last week acknowledged defeat. After a short discussion of four suits and injunctions filed against the congress because of its backward ways, delegates to the A.B.C.'s annual convention in Columbus, Ohio voted to wipe out the 34-year-old discrimination clause.

Sorry, Fellows!

Hard-hitting, trigger-tempered Ted Williams thinks most sportwriters ride him unjustly and that the fans—especially Boston fans—are a loud, unappreciative lot. "I will never," he likes to repeat, "tip my cap to them!" Last week during a doubleheader with Detroit in Boston's Fenway Park, Ted hit on some less polite gestures.

When Ted loped to the dugout after dropping an easy fly ball in the sixth inning of a 13-to-4 Red Sox rout, the fans loosed a chorus of derisive disapproval. Raging, Outfielder Williams responded by waggling his fingers defiantly at the crowd. In the second game (which Boston also lost) it happened again.

After fumbling a tricky grounder and letting three runs score, Ted came in for another round of raspberries. This time, before he reached the dugout, he replied with a gesture from the international sign language of obscenity which Boston sportwriters primly described as a "vulgar motion." Then, while waiting his turn at bat, Ted added one more gesture that even the most proper Bostonians were sure to grasp: he turned and spat disgustedly in the direction of the grandstand.

Next day the Boston newspapers almost unanimously shellacked Ted. The Hearst tabloid *American* went so far as to suggest that he be suspended, concluded its editorial with the reproving observation: "This man is not the great baseball player he thinks he is . . . Yesterday he was a little man and, in his ungovernable rage, a dirty little man."

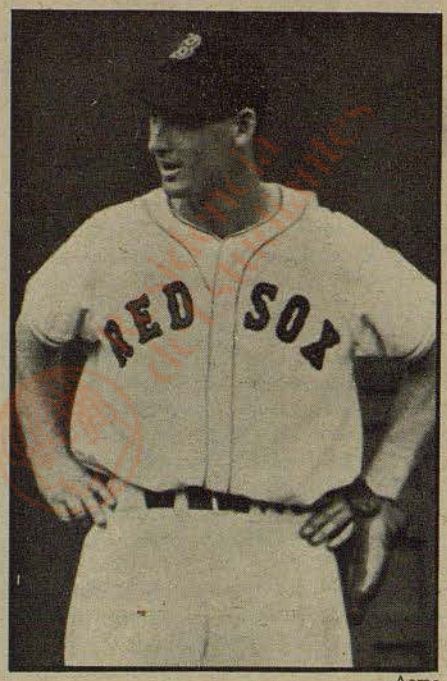
But the Red Sox badly needed "little" Ted. The club front office hastily issued a press announcement: "After a talk with Mr. Yawkey [the Red Sox owner], Ted Williams has requested that this announcement be made to the fans: Ted is sorry for his impulsive actions on the field yesterday and wishes to apologize to any and all whom he may have offended."

That second-hand apology seemed to work. Two days after Ted's "impulsive actions," the applause actually drowned out the boos when Ted stepped up to bat.

You Have to Be Lucky

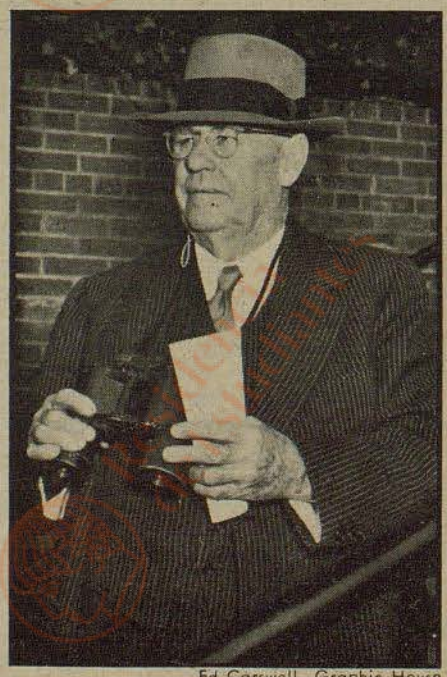
When Middleground and Hill Prince ran one-two in the Kentucky Derby, a big, paunchy, 73-year-old man solemnly rose in his paneled office at New York's Belmont Park and drank a silent toast to himself. Five months before, John Blanks Campbell had closed the office door, sat down with his file of last year's two-year-olds and decided that Middleground would be the three-year-old to beat. In his Experimental Free Handicap weights, he rated Middleground at the top with 126 lbs., about a length better than Hill Prince (124).

Last week, when Jockey Eddie Arcaro and Hill Prince pounded home a length and a half ahead of Middleground in the Withers mile at Belmont, Handicapper Campbell had a word for it: "Luck plays the biggest part. I figure, guess and be damned."



Acme

OUTFIELDER WILLIAMS
Sign language.



Ed Carswell—Graphic House

HANDICAPPER CAMPBELL
Basic principles.

Better Than Steamboating. Now the nation's No. 1 handicapper, Jack Campbell has been figuring horses most of his life. The son of a Mississippi steamboat captain, he discovered at an early age that he could make up to $10,000 a year pitting his judgment against the bookies'. It beat steamboating, but no one, he figured, could beat the bookies forever.

In 1905 he got a job as clerk of the scales at New Orleans' City Park. Later he worked as judge, steward, entry clerk, bookkeeper, and finally handicapper at tracks from Agua Caliente to Winnipeg, in 1935 was picked as racing secretary for the New York tracks.

Poring over performance charts some 60 hours a week, Campbell assigns the weights for 40-odd stake races, and about 80 overnight handicaps—in addition to writing the condition books (*i.e.*, the daily racing programs)—for the four New York tracks. On the basic principle that three pounds of weight equals one length in a mile race (with due allowance for individual horses' ability to carry weight) his figures aim to produce dead heats or at least photo-finishes in every handicap race.

Actually, of course, it never works out quite that way. But when luck is with him, Handicapper Campbell has had some spectacular moments. The biggest: in the Carter Handicap at Aqueduct in 1944, when he put 127 pounds on Bossuet, 118 on Wait-a-Bit, 115 on Brownie, saw them finish in a triple dead heat, the first in U.S. handicap racing history.

Waiting Out the Storm. Trainers and owners, who are more interested in winning than in admiring such virtuosity, are often understandably irked by Campbell's weights. But he has an answer for that, too. Whenever a trainer storms in, protesting that his horse has no chance at the assigned weight, Campbell calmly tunes out his hearing aid and waits for the storm to subside.

Jack Campbell rarely risks his own money any more. There is not much point, he figures, in betting against pari-mutuel machines and the 15% (in New York) tax "take." Besides, says canny Handicapper Campbell with becoming modesty, "if I bet all the time I'd be broke. The longer you're around, the harder it is to beat them. You have real trouble picking winners nowadays."

Poor Nephew

From the day big (6 ft. 6 in., 215 lbs.) Jim McMillin went to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1940 to coach the freshman crew, he was determined to beat good neighbor Harvard in a big race. Although Harvard had helped to start M.I.T.'s crew in 1913 with equipment and advice, the relationship had long been that of a poor nephew and rich uncle. Long before he became varsity crew coach five seasons ago, McMillin was thoroughly fed up with being just a poor relation.

Last week at Annapolis for the Eastern sprint regatta, McMillin got another chance to change M.I.T.'s status. With 34

eight-oared shells from 13 colleges competing, spectators saw the biggest flotilla ever assembled for a crew regatta in the U.S. But for McMillin there was only one other shell on the Severn River: undefeated Harvard, which had lost only nine varsity races since 1937, had already beaten M.I.T. twice this year.

At the starting cry of "Ready all. Row!" Harvard Coach Tom Bolles clamped his battered felt hat down firmly on his bald head, wrapped his black slicker around him, stood high in the middle of the coaches' launch, gripping two stop

Associated Press

COACH MCMILLIN
Whoops.

watches. Big Jim McMillin, dressed in undersized Marine green jumpers, stood nervously beside him. For nearly a mile, as the launch dropped farther & farther behind, M.I.T. and Harvard matched strokes in third and fourth places on the pace set mainly by Pennsylvania and Princeton.

At the end of the mile the Harvard crew was rowing smoothly at a steady 32 strokes a minute. M.I.T. was rowing a little higher. As the twelve varsity crews hit the final stretch, M.I.T. and Harvard spurted into the lead, upped the beat to nearly 40 strokes a minute as they skimmed across the finish line.

Then for an agonizing ten minutes, while the officials went into a huddle, the coaches wondered who had won. Even from their position 400 yards behind the finish it was obvious that M.I.T. and Harvard were out in front alone. Finally the public-address system intoned the verdict: Uncle Harvard had lost. M.I.T.'s winning margin: four feet.

Grey-haired, 36-year-old Jim McMillin whooped like a schoolboy, almost threw himself overboard in his frenzy of delight. All he could say was, "Damn, damn. We won it!" The winning time: 6:28.8 for the 2,000 meters, 20 seconds better than Harvard's a year ago.

RELIGION

Propaganda?

For use on Empire Youth Sunday (May 21), the Church of England Youth Council prepared a prayer asking God's forgiveness for "the shortcomings of our imperial history, the greed and failure to consider the interests of the weak." Last week Anglican lay leaders objected to the prayer's use. Their reason: it would make propaganda for the Russians.

The Duty of Mercy

Capital punishment is un-Christian, the Episcopal Diocese of Massachusetts has decided. At their 165th annual convention in Boston last week, the Episcopalians unanimously resolved that:

"The death penalty falls for the most part on obscure, impoverished, friendless or defective individuals and rarely on the well-to-do and educated. The church believes that each individual is sacred as a child of God, and that to legalize the killing of an offender is to deny the basic Christian doctrines of forgiveness of sin and the power of redemption, and that mercy is a Christian duty."

Church & State

The founding fathers of the U.S. borrowed many a principle and practice of statecraft. But they made a significant innovation—a total and organic separation of church & state. Most inventions need a bit of tinkering to get them working properly, and this one was, and is, no exception, as U.S. citizens could learn in detail last week from a monumental three-volume work, *Church and State in the United States* (*Harper*; $25).

The author, the Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, 76, has been pegging away steadily at the subject for the last 13 years. As secretary of Yale University (1899-1921) and canon of the Episcopal cathedral in Washington, D.C. (1924-39), Dr. Stokes has written and compiled several other volumes of scholarship and research. But in *Church and State* he has produced every scholar's dream—a definitive work.

Subversive Toleration. Dr. Stokes credits the first experiment in religious freedom to India's Buddhist King Asoka in the 3rd Century B.C. But liberal King Asoka started no popular trend. Even Plato, himself a non-conformist, recommended five years in jail for dissenters from the state religion. The persecuted Christians of the first centuries had no opportunity for anything but separation from the state. But with the coming of the Middle Ages the church adopted what Author Stokes calls the "Ecclesiastical Domination plan," which reached its height with Emperor Henry IV's famed barefoot repentance before Pope Gregory VII at Canossa.

The seeds of religious liberty were sown by the leaders of the Reformation, says Historian Stokes, though he credits neither Luther nor Calvin with any inclination to practice it themselves. It was rather the radical fringe of Protestantism—the Anabaptists, Mennonites and Quakers—whose protests against ecclesiastical institutionalism and state control of conscience began to lay the groundwork for religious liberty as it is known today. Though the Puritans came to the New World in search of religious freedom, they were not interested in tolerance for anyone else. Typical

Ed Carswell—Graphic House

AUTHOR STOKES
Ben Franklin cited the sparrow.

of 17th Century New England, says Stokes, is a couplet found in the pocket of Massachusetts Governor Joseph Dudley after his death:

Let men of God in court and churches watch
O'er such as do a toleration hatch.

Diplomatic Relations. In the pre-Revolutionary period, according to Author Stokes, religious liberty in America received its chief impetus from such men as Cecil Calvert, Lord Baltimore, Roman Catholic founder of Maryland, from Baptist John Clarke, sometimes called the "Father of Rhode Island," and from Quaker William Penn of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Stokes gives no aid & comfort to those who would interpret the U.S. Constitution as a blueprint for a secularist society. Over & over again, he stresses the basically religious—and Christian—premises of the founding fathers. Even Benjamin Franklin, considered the most skeptical, urged at the Federal Convention in 1787 that each session begin with prayer. "I have lived, Sir, a long time," he said, "and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth—*that God governs in the affairs of men.* And if a

sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid?"

Dr. Stokes presents detailed accounts of the background of controversies that are still making news. The question of a U.S. diplomatic representative at the Vatican first came up in 1779, when John Adams wrote the Continental Congress that he hoped it would "never send a minister to His Holiness," nor receive a Roman Catholic nuncio in the U.S. But when Pius IX was elected Pope in 1846, his reputation for liberalism made U.S. Protestants so enthusiastic that the event was celebrated with non-denominational mass meetings in New York and Philadelphia.

President Polk recommended the appointment to Congress, and the House, with only two Catholics in its membership, passed it 137 to 15. The Senate followed suit, 36 to 7. For 20 years (1848-67) the U.S. maintained a Minister to the Papal States, but the mission was discontinued largely because of difficulty in arranging for U.S. Protestant members to worship within the walls of the Holy City.

Two Defects. Stokes devotes 14 pages to last year's controversy between Cardinal Spellman and Mrs. Roosevelt. He says that the Cardinal's final statement limiting the Roman Catholic request to "auxiliary aids" for parochial schools, *e.g.*, bus transportation, free lunches, medical care, was "of epoch-making importance as far as church-state relations in the United States are concerned. It was the first time that the hierarchy, represented by one of its most prominent members . . . recognized publicly that direct aid for the support of parochial schools was . . . unconstitutional."

Stokes sums up the case as "a most interesting and illuminating public discussion, the general results of which should prove of benefit to the country, even though many non-Catholics may differ on the question of auxiliary aids, and many Catholics may regret that the Cardinal yielded on the matter of direct aid to parochial schools."

The U.S. separation of state & church, Historian Stokes believes, has been beneficial both to the U.S. practice of religion and to the body politic. But he concludes that there are two defects in the system: "The failure up to the present time to work out any satisfactory constitutional plan for providing a broad basis for religious education for pupils of our public schools; and the tendency to encourage a multitude of weak sects with all the evils of extreme denominationalism."

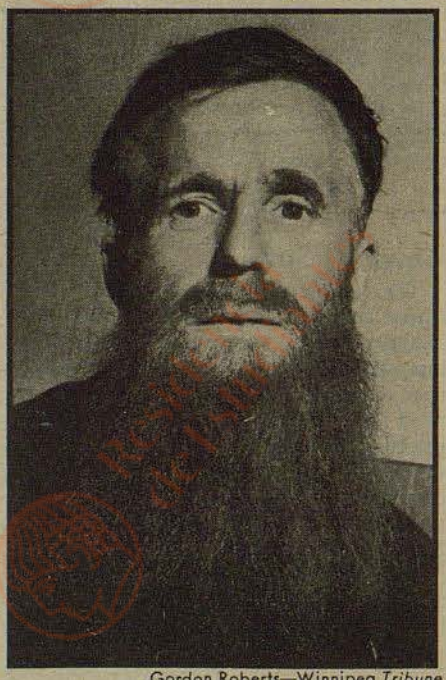
The Red One

As a schoolboy in Brittany, Pierre Henri dreamed of traveling one day to the frozen Arctic. As a missionary priest of the Oblate Order of Mary the Immaculate, he finally got the chance to realize his dream.

Traveling alone by dog sled in 1932, lean Father Henri arrived in King William Land, near the Magnetic Pole, with a portable altar and a bare minimum of supplies. Because of his rust-colored beard the Netsilik Eskimos called him Kai-i-o (The Red One); they were fascinated by his long black cassock, and asked whether they could make a tent out of it.

Finding the Eskimos well-adjusted to their harsh environment, Father Henri encouraged them to live on the natural resources provided by the Arctic. Too much contact with trading posts, he found, tended to undermine their self-reliance and their health. "The easy life corrupts them," he says. "It is sad to see such a noble race decline." To set a good example, he lived entirely on a diet of frozen fish for three years, something no white man had ever attempted. An attack of ague later forced him to vary the diet somewhat with flour-and-water biscuits.

During his 18 years there, the priest succeeded in converting most of the 350 members of the Netsilik tribe to Christianity. One day Father Henri saw the bodies of three newborn girls abandoned



Gordon Roberts—Winnipeg *Tribune*

FATHER HENRI

The easy life corrupts.

in the snow: this was the Eskimos' traditional way of solving their surplus population problem. Father Henri arranged for Eskimo parents to get the Canadian baby bonus, usually in the form of hunting supplies. Now the practice of infanticide has virtually disappeared among the Netsilik.

This spring, on orders from his bishop, Father Henri revisited civilization. Stopping off in Montreal, he was mildly appalled by the noise and glaring lights; he admitted that he found white men's beds uncomfortable after years of sleeping in caribou-skin bags. Last week, weighing the same 140 lbs. as when his mission began, he flew to France, where he will report to his superiors and recruit new Arctic missionaries. Next year Father Henri hopes to go back to the North, pioneer a new region, and spend his remaining days among the Eskimos he understands and loves. "I'll never wish to come out again," he says. "I don't understand how you can bear it here—all this noise and talk."

MILESTONES

Born. To Chief Seretse Khama, 28, tribal ruler of the Bamangwato in the British protectorate of Bechuanaland, Africa, ordered by the British into a five-year exile for marrying a white woman in 1948, and his Queen, Ruth Khama, 26, former London stenographer: their first child, a girl; in Serowe, Bechuanaland. Name: Jacqueline. Weight: 7 lbs. 2 oz.

Married. Marshall Field Jr., 33, son of multi-millionaire Publisher Marshall Field, assistant publisher and associate editor of his father's Chicago *Sun-Times*; and Katherine Woodruff, 22, daughter of an Illinois banker; he for the second time, she for the first; in Joliet, Ill.

Married. Eugene Ormandy, 50, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra since 1936; and longtime friend Margaret Francis Hitsch, 41; he for the second time; in Philadelphia.

Marriage Revealed. Paul Reynaud, 71, onetime Premier of France (March to June, 1940), leader of the right-wing Independent Republican Party in the National Assembly; and Christiane Mabire, 36, his secretary; he for the second time, she for the first; in Versailles.

Divorced. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, 57, British star of stage (*Caesar and Cleopatra*) and screen (*The Winslow Boy*); by Actress Helena ("Pixie") Hardwicke, 50 (*Time and the Conways*); after 23 years of marriage, one son; in London.

Died. Anthony Bingham Mildmay, 41, 2nd Baron Mildmay of Flete, full-time amateur jockey and sportsman; of drowning; in Devonshire, England. Renowned for his awkward, wildly jouncing style, "Nitty" Mildmay at one time ranked fourth on the nation's list of jockeys.

Died. Bertha ("Chippie") Hill, 45, brass-voiced blues singer in the oldtime Bessie Smith tradition; after being hit by an automobile; in Harlem. Chippie would try any request from her stomping audiences except a hymn: "You can't play with God in a nightclub . . . As long as I work for the Devil, I better continue with him."

Died. John Gould Fletcher, 64, winner of the 1939 Pulitzer Prize in Poetry (*Selected Poems*); by drowning (coroner's verdict: "Apparent suicide"); after long illness; in Little Rock, Ark.

Died. John Thomas ("Uncle Johnny") Graves, 108, the South's oldest Civil War veteran, for whose sole benefit the Missouri State Confederate Home was maintained at an annual cost of $25,000; in Higginsville, Mo. After two years in the Army of the Confederacy, Uncle Johnny was discharged in 1863 for reasons of "poor health."

CORPORATIONS

In the Stockholders' Interest?

The public had never heard of keen-witted Manhattan Lawyer Abraham L. Pomerantz until he bobbed up late last fall as counsel for Russian Spy Valentin A. Gubitchev. For that job Pomerantz got an undisclosed fee (from an undisclosed source) which he claims was "the biggest ever paid in a criminal case." But that was not his usual line of work; only twice before in his career had Pomerantz taken a criminal case.

Pomerantz' regular business is filing suits in behalf of stockholders against corporation executives whom he suspects of

TEXTRON'S LITTLE
In a baffling labyrinth . . .

having pulled a fast deal. At that somewhat specialized work he is the nation's top lawyer. In 17 years, he estimates that he and associates have forced corporate bigwigs to pay back more than $20 million to their companies. In so doing, Pomerantz and a few associates have collected, according to his estimate, $5,000,000-plus in fees.

Bull's Eye. Last week, Pomerantz was ready to collect again. This time his target was Textron Incorporated's Royal Little, who had parlayed a Providence rayon yarn dyeing mill into a $54 million, 20-odd plant textile empire. Textron's baffling labyrinth of foundations and "charitable" trusts had been investigated by Congress, but nobody had ever explored it with such profit as Pomerantz. As usual, he was representing a small (50 shares) stockholder, a Mrs. Lillian Berger of Boston. She, through Pomerantz, charged that Little and his family had been enriched by profits which should have gone to Textron. When Little took the stand in Providence's federal court, Pomerantz undertook to prove the charge.

Under Pomerantz' prodding, Little admitted that his family trust, American Associates, Inc., had turned a quick $700,000 profit by buying & selling the Newmarket Mill at Lowell, Mass. Textron, offered the same chance, had turned it down because, said Little, Textron could not get a loan to swing the deal. In a second deal, Textron had bought the Suncook Mill in New Hampshire for $1,750,000 in 1943. Only a month before Textron bought the company, Little admitted, his family trust, which had been buying Suncook stock since 1933, had bought an additional 2,000 shares. Asked Pomerantz: Didn't Little in one capacity or another make more than $600,000 profit? Answered Little: "I know it was substantial." It was also conceded that Little's family trust made a substantial profit as exclusive export agent for Textron, and that Textron had failed to inform its stockholders of the relationship.

Little protested that he had abstained from voting on any of the deals involving Textron. But last week, deciding that he had had enough, Textron's Little agreed to have his lawyers work out a settlement with Pomerantz. This week a settlement equivalent to $600,000 was before the court and stockholders for approval. Pomerantz was asking a fee of $100,000.

Eagle's Eye. As Pomerantz' fees go, this was small. Some of his bigger cases and fees for representing stockholders:

¶ Manhattan's National City Bank's ex-Chairman Charles E. Mitchell and associates were forced to repay the bank $1,800,000 because of fat bonuses paid to management. Pomerantz' fee: $450,000.

¶ American Tobacco Co.'s late President George Washington Hill and associates were ordered to repay a bonus of $2,000,000 to the company because the court ruled that it was more than the company's regulations allowed. Pomerantz' fee: $500,000.

¶ Publisher William Randolph Hearst and associates were required to pay Hearst Consolidated Publications, Inc., which owns many of the Hearst papers, $5,000,000 because the court held that it had been overcharged when it first bought some of the papers from Hearst. Pomerantz' fee: $800,000.

Just before taking on Textron, Pomerantz had persuaded a court to force ex-Chairman C. L. Lloyd and ex-President L. Frank Pitts of Chicago's Nu-Enamel Corp. to pay the corporation $1,198,000 because they had bought a company cheaply and sold it to Nu-Enamel at a big profit. Pomerantz' requested fee: $300,000. Is Pomerantz interested in the welfare of the small stockholder? Said he candidly: "The lawyers do make large fees. The plaintiffs get nothing out of it, but the stockholders do get recovery."

AVIATION

The South American Way

No one has fought harder than Juan Trippe's Pan American World Airways to keep other U.S. airlines out of Latin America. No one has put up a stiffer fight to get in than Tom Braniff's Braniff Airways. Last week it looked as though Braniff had won a resounding victory. In a fortnight, Braniff announced, it will launch its first flight from Lima to Buenos Aires, thus giving Pan Am its first independent U.S. competitor* to Argentina. After that, Braniff will fly four round trips a week between B.A. and Houston, from which its network of U.S. routes fans out as far

Acme

LAWYER POMERANTZ
. . . another jackpot.

north as Chicago, as far west as Denver. Crowed President Thomas E. Braniff: "[Pan Am] didn't think we would or could do it. We showed them."

Take-Off. To show them, Tom Braniff had been knocking long & loud at the door of Argentina. As long ago as 1946, the Civil Aeronautics Board awarded Braniff routes down the west coast of South America to Lima and across to Rio de Janeiro. He even had a route allotted him into Argentina, but he did not have the permit from Argentina that he needed. Not till Braniff got the State Department, which was considering economic assistance to Argentina, to do some diplomatic stiff-arming for him did President Perón decide to play ball. The new flights will stretch to 10,583 miles the routes over which Braniff operates a fleet of 33 planes.

Unlike many airline bosses, hard-

* Panagra, the only other U.S. airline operating to Argentina, is 50% owned by Pan Am.

International

BRANIFF'S BRANIFF
"We showed them."

knuckled, pink-cheeked Thomas Elmer Braniff, 66, was a middle-aged man when he went into aviation. He started out at 17 to sell insurance, later branched out into Oklahoma real estate, by 1927 had already made a fortune. Then he put up $10,000 to finance a one-horse airline which operated one single-engine Stinson cabin plane from Oklahoma City to Tulsa, 116 miles away.

The line lost money from the start. Although Braniff bought planes and expanded north to tap the rich traffic at Chicago, Kansas City and Denver, he kept right on losing money. By 1933 he was ready to write off commercial aviation as a bad investment. But he changed his mind a year later when he won his first Post Office mail contract for the Chicago-Dallas route. Thanks mostly to that, by 1935 his line was in the black and he was ready to start expanding again—this time to the south.

Sound-Off. Near the end of the war he had his first real skirmish with Pan Am, when he tried to operate a route in Mexico, where Pan Am's affiliate, Compañia Mexicana de Aviación S.A., was already well established (TIME, Aug. 13, 1945). Braniff finally lost the Mexican routes when he made the Mexicans mad by sounding off against local government officials.

Braniff pressed farther south. Starting with a flight to Lima in 1948, he has opened new routes to five South American countries (*e.g.*, Brazil, Ecuador), and he is giving Pan Am and Panagra a race for their passengers. He set up a Braniff Business Bureau to bring Latin American goods north and export U.S. goods south, offered cut-rate tourist fares. He even drummed up business among Latin America-bound Chinese travelers in the Orient by distributing handbills that were printed in Chinese. On his gross of $18,438,140 last year, Braniff rang up a net profit of $221,595.

Away from his desk, Tom Braniff is a placid, easygoing man who plays a leisurely game of golf (he bets more skillfully than he plays), takes off on hunting trips, and at Christmas dresses up as Santa Claus for the children of his 2,401 employees. But the leisurely pace never gets into his business operations. He has applied for additional routes inside & outside the U.S (*e.g.*, from Havana to Washington and New York). Says he: "All my life I've wanted to see a little farther over the horizon, and the horizon keeps getting farther away."

PERSONNEL

New Chief for C.E.D.

As a socially-conscious businessman, Georgia-born Marion Bayard Folsom, 56, has spent almost as much time in Washington, D.C. during the past 15 years as he has at his treasurer's desk in the $380 million Eastman Kodak Co. This week Folsom takes on another civic chore: the chairmanship of the businessman's Committee for Economic Development, succeeding West Coast Banker W. Walter Williams, 56, who wants to run for U.S. Senator from Washington.

Marion Folsom has been a sparkplug of C.E.D. since it was first organized in 1942. He helped lay the groundwork for the Social Security Act of 1935, has made Eastman Kodak's pension and profit-sharing plans so successful that they are imitated by many other U.S. companies. He has also urged that Social Security be expanded to cover everyone and that benefits be raised.

As chairman of C.E.D., Folsom will campaign for an ever-expanding U.S. economy. Explained he last week: "We want to find a way to continue to raise real wages, to increase American productivity and make more of these products available to workmen for their wages."

REAL ESTATE

Tower Topper

A friend once said of Ohio Realtor John Wilmer Galbreath: "The thing you must remember is that John must have success." At 52, John has it. When his old friend Senator John Bricker was attorney general of Ohio, Galbreath was named a real estate appraiser for the state. (Later he and Bricker formed an insurance company together.) Galbreath spread into the real estate business on his own, became president of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, and bought an estimated $10 million worth of property scattered from Hoboken, N.J. to Utah. He also became part owner (with Bing Crosby and others) of the Pittsburgh Pirates, helped lure Hank Greenburg to the club.

When slim, silent John Galbreath heard that Railroader Robert R. Young and others wanted to sell most of Cleveland's 35-acre Terminal building group, success still beckoned. Built by the buccaneering Van Sweringen brothers for $100 million in the 1920s, the Terminal group had collapsed with the rest of the brothers' empire, and had been picked up by Young for peanuts, and recently have been good money-makers.

Galbreath flew his private plane to Young's Greenbrier Hotel in West Virginia to clinch the deal. Last week, only twelve days after he got on the Terminal trail, Galbreath bought the group for an estimated $6,000,000 in cash from Bob Young's Pathe Industries, Inc. Galbreath thus got control of six buildings (including the 52-story Tower) worth an estimated $30 million and with a net income (before taxes) of about $2,250,000 a year. For Bob Young, who needed the cash badly for his money-losing Eagle Lion movie company, the transaction was an even better deal. The Terminal buildings were only a small part of the vast Van Sweringen empire. Young had bought the whole empire for only $4,000,000.

Associated Press

Acme

CLEVELAND'S TERMINAL GROUP & JOHN GALBREATH
After the Pirates, a treasure.

FOREIGN TRADE

Fair Share for Standard

In the biggest investment of U.S. private capital made in Italy since war's end, Standard Oil Co. (N.J.) last week paid $10 million for a half-interest in two Italian refineries, plunked down another $2,000,000 for purchase of extra equipment. To help safeguard the investment Standard got an ECA guarantee that it can convert at least $14,487,500 of its Italian dividends into dollars over the next twelve years. It is the largest ECA guarantee yet, the first to an oil company. By the deal, Standard got 50% of the capital stock of Italy's ANIC (Azienda Nazaionale Idrogenazione Combustibili), 40% controlled by the Italian government.

The deal gives Standard a nicely rounded program in Italy. The refineries will buy crude from Standard's Near East fields (thus saving Italy $4,200,000 annually in dollar imports), will sell refined products to SIAP (Standard-Italo Americana Petroli), Standard's Italian marketing subsidiary. Standard would also like to drill for oil in the Po Valley, where government-subsidized explorations have already struck a rich supply of methane gas. But Standard has run afoul of the old Italian law, which gives the government absolute title to all oil and minerals discovered beneath the surface of the earth. Standard wants the law amended before it sinks any U.S. dollars into Italian soil.

SHOW BUSINESS

One Man's Meat . . .

Despite the glamour of moviemaking, Hollywoodians have always thought that the fattest profits in the movie industry were made by the theater operators. Last week they had proof. The two Paramount companies, divorced last year in line with the U.S. Supreme Court decision to separate production from exhibition, issued their first quarterly reports.

United Paramount Theaters, the exhibition company, earned $3,193,000 (98¢ a common share), a great deal more than the $1,441,000 (45¢ a share) earned by Paramount Pictures Corp. Nevertheless, moviemen did not think that the reports told the final story. Production earnings were on the rise, while exhibition profits, hard hit by television, were slipping. Some moviemakers thought that TV, which is beginning to look profitable to producers (TIME, May 1), may eventually help them as much as it hurts the theaters.

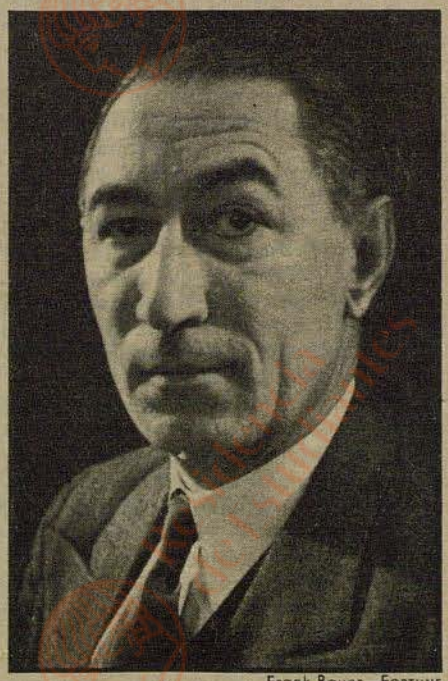
COMMUNICATIONS

Clear All Wires

For weeks, word was whispered around Wall Street that Western Union Telegraph Co. common was a good buy, although the company had not made a profit for two years. Wall Streeters snapped up the stock so eagerly that it rose to 28, a 33% advance since the first of the year. Last week, the good news came out: although Western Union's operating revenues were off almost 5% to $42.3 million, the company had a net profit of $236,766 for 1950's first quarter, *v.* a $2,550,878 loss for the quarter in 1949.

The chief reason for these chipper tidings from the 99-year-old company was a sweeping mechanization program, which has been pushed close to completion by lean, indefatigable President Walter Peter Marshall. Onetime executive vice president of Postal Telegraph, Inc., 49-year-old Walter Marshall went over to Western Union when the two companies were merged in 1943, stepped into the top executive job when President Joseph L. Egan died in December 1948. The company had already started mechanizing but it was Marshall who pushed through an $80 million appropriation to do it fast.

Electric Brains. Before the changeover,



Frank Bauer—FORTUNE

WESTERN UNION'S MARSHALL
Behind a whisper, electric brains.

cross-country telegrams coming into stations on paper tape were pasted on blanks, sorted by hand, then retransmitted. Now the relaying is done by "electric brains" which scan each message for a routing symbol, then speed it on its way.

By such changes, Western Union had cut its staff from 66,000 to 43,000 in four years; the new mechanization was saving it money at the rate of $17 million a year. To reduce expensive messenger service, Marshall last year equipped 6,000 business offices with Desk-Fax, a device which permits a customer to send and receive telegrams without leaving his desk.

The Chosen Instrument? Marshall thinks that Western Union needs more than mechanization to put it in the black for good. As a starter, he wants Congress to repeal the stiff 25% excise tax on telegrams. He also thinks that Western Union should have a monopoly on U.S. commercial record communications (*i.e.*, written electronic messages such as telegrams, teletype, etc.). To this end, he is campaigning for Government permission to let Western Union purchase American Telephone & Telegraph Co.'s teletype lines as well as the $46 million-a-year transoceanic cable business of American Cable & Radio Corp., RCA Communications, Inc. and about a dozen other companies.

But ACR and RCA also want to be the U.S. "chosen instrument" for worldwide cable communications. They argue that Western Union should get rid of its cable business, which was a condition to the Postal Telegraph merger. Western Union contends that it needs the overseas revenue, plus a clear field in the U.S. telegram business, before it can be sure of a profitable living in competition with its remaining rivals, the airmail letter and the telephone.

GOVERNMENT

Seven Up

The Justice Department last week fired a broadside at Standard Oil Co. of California and the six other big oil companies operating on the West Coast.* Charging monopoly and price-fixing, the department filed an antitrust suit to force the companies to: 1) end their exclusive-dealer contracts with independent service stations; 2) divorce their producing activities from their wholesale and retail outlets; and 3) dissolve their conservation committee, which has set production quotas for California's oil industry.

Only a year ago, the trustbusters had won a precedent-setting decision over California Standard that helped pave the way for the new suit. The U.S. Supreme Court ruled that Standard had to end its contracts with independent dealers, under which the dealers agreed to sell only Standard products.

The companies, which had known for weeks that the suit was brewing, had blanket denials (one in the form of a television film) ready for immediate release. Their most telling point: a federal grand jury had investigated their records without returning an indictment.

NEW PRODUCTS

Milium & Maleic

From the fertile brains of U.S. inventors came these new products last week:

¶ A chemical (maleic hydrazide), developed by U.S. Rubber Co., which kills crab grass, also retards the growth of a lawn without damaging it, thus reducing the necessity for frequent mowing.

¶ Men's socks woven by Burlington Mills of nylon and Vicara, a new wool-like, mothproof synthetic, made from field corn. Vicara is reported to outwear wool, does not shrink, and sells for around 83¢ a lb. *v.* wool's $2 to $3 a lb.

¶ Coats lined with fabric metalized by the Milium process, which are being made by Hart Schaffner & Marx and others. By coating the underside of the fabric with an aluminum solution, the process makes a topcoat as warm as a winter coat, a sheet as warm as a heavy blanket.

* General Petroleum Corp., Richfield Oil Corp., Shell Oil Co., Inc., The Texas Co., Tide Water Associated Oil Co., Union Oil Co.

THE PRESS

Edward & Wallis

Reading LIFE in 1945 in the Bahamas, the Duke of Windsor was impressed by the understanding of Britain shown in a series about his old friend, Winston Churchill. The Duke had a mutual friend call up Charles J. V. Murphy, now a LIFE staff writer, a big, ducal-looking Bostonian who had written the article (with John Davenport). The friend's suggestion: the Duke of Windsor and Reporter Murphy ought to know each other because "the Duke is thinking of doing some writing himself." The result of the delayed meeting (Murphy first spent six months in the Pacific as a war correspondent) was a three-part story, written by the Duke and edited by Murphy, on "The Education of a Prince." It was published in LIFE in December 1947.

Roy Stevens

CHARLIE MURPHY
Prodding, cajoling, editing.

This week LIFE began publication of the sequel, "A King's Story," by the Duke of Windsor. In the memorable four-part, 35,000-word account of the making and unmaking of a king, he tells for the first time how and why Edward VIII gave up his throne for "the woman I love." (The story is appearing in the London *Sunday Express* and papers in 29 other countries, but not in any U.S. paper.)

The Duke spent three years on the memoirs. As he acknowledges in his foreword, Charlie Murphy was his collaborator most of the time, prodding, suggesting, editing and cajoling, in Paris and at Cap d'Antibes. To help refresh Windsor's memory, Murphy supplied him with digests of diaries, court calendars, newspaper clippings, books and interviews with other actors in the royal drama. (The Duke himself had saved a bale of state and unofficial papers and albums of his own photographs of the historic days.) Then, while a secretary recorded every word, the Duke reminisced.

With uncompromising pride of authorship, Windsor then rewrote the typescript drafts, fiddling endlessly with every word, frequently chucking out sentences or words suggested by Murphy because "I don't talk like that."

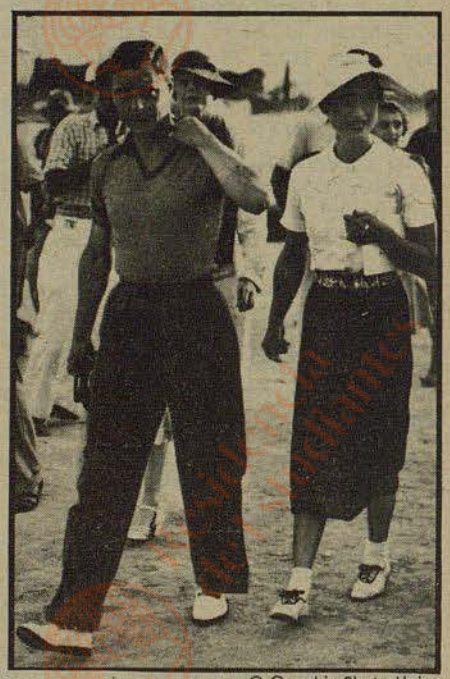
Banalities & Black Bottoms. The engrossing story begins with the Prince of Wales's casual classes in kingship and a talk about the facts of royal life with his father (said George V: "Always remember . . . who you are"). But the Prince's "mature development" was left pretty much to chance. One of the only positive pieces of advice came from an old courtier who observed: "Only two rules really count. Never miss an opportunity to relieve yourself; never miss a chance to sit down."* The Prince's first important royal job was an exciting and educational 150,000-mile road show as "Britain's Best Salesman." "The generous applause that greeted my hopeful banalities" caused him to marvel "at the tolerance with which the world's most democratic people continued to view its princes."

Nevertheless, the heir apparent also got his first uneasy sense of "unconscious rebellion against my position. That is what comes, I suppose, of sending an impressionable prince to school" (Royal Naval College and Oxford). He admitted to himself that he was happier amid the "contrast and commotion" of the bright magic world of the '20s than in the sheltered "order and perfection" of his father's court. With good grace the Prince performed the required round of royal ceremonials, but he had more fun flying in his own plane, riding in steeplechases, and cultivating a taste for bathtub gin, American slang and the Black Bottom. Young David, as he was and still is called by his intimates, further distressed George V by his determination "under no circumstances to contract a loveless marriage."

Backtalk & Business. His meeting with Wallis Warfield Simpson, at a house party, was hardly love at first sight. But later, visiting Mrs. Simpson's London salon, the Prince was impressed by her ease amid all the heady talk, and by her forthright backtalk ("One of the happier outcomes of the events of 1776").

Edward VIII had hardly been proclaimed King (with Wallis at his side at St. James's Palace as heralds boomed out the tidings) before he realized that "the King business" had its drawbacks. Item: he could not even take a walk in the rain because it brought criticism from those who thought a king should not get his feet wet. There were more important drawbacks. He had his first foreboding interviews about Mrs. Simpson with the Archbishop of Canterbury and with Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin. Windsor lifts the curtain on the intrigue-packed scenes when Baldwin tells Edward that the Empire will not stand for a marriage to Mrs. Simpson. At the end comes the ringing abdication speech ("At long last . . ."). Contrary to reports once generally accepted (TIME, Jan. 2), the Duke insists that he wrote the speech himself, although he gives Winston Churchill full credit for turning several phrases.

After three years of phrase-turning, Windsor has no illusions about the difficulties of the job. To brother Bertie (George VI), he confided that writing was "the hardest thing I have ever tackled"—including the King business.



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DUKE & DUCHESS OF WINDSOR
Reminiscing, working, fiddling.

* A paraphrase, in part, of a remark by the first Duke of Wellington, who advised the son of another peer: "Never miss a chance to pass water; I never do."

The Mysterious Left

The executive committee of the New York Newspaper Guild last week called on the carpet the newsmen on three left-wing publications. The charge: the left-wing workers were being too kind to their bosses. Specifications:

¶ On the pinko *National Guardian*, staffers were accused of violating the pay scale ($60 minimum for writers) in their Guild contract by kicking back part of their salaries as "loans" to management to keep the near-bankrupt weekly going.

¶ Guildsmen on the pinko *Daily Compass* were accused of working in collusion with Editor & Publisher Ted Thackrey in the immediate economy firing of 13 employees, despite a Guild contract clause requiring 30 days' notice.

¶ Guildsmen on the Communist *Daily Worker* were charged with siding with management to keep the old pay scale ($71 minimum for reporters), while the Guild's local leaders were trying to raise *Worker* salaries in line with those on other Manhattan dailies.

Emperor's New Court

Up to the Governor's mansion at Salt Lake City, Utah rode a cowboy on a pinto pony last month. The cowboy was Denver *Post* Reporter Robert Fenwick, masquerading in chaps and ten-gallon hat. To amused Governor J. Bracken Lee he presented one silver spur and an invitation to come to Denver to pick up the other one. Twelve times during the month Cowboy Fenwick and his pony (carted around in a truck) repeated the stunt at other state capitols in what *Post* Editor and Publisher Edwin Palmer Hoyt likes to call the "Rocky Mountain Empire."

This week, with assorted governors, senators, mayors, newsmen and Denverites on hand, Emperor Hoyt formally opens his new court—a gleaming $6,000,000 plant in downtown Denver. The 5,000 guests will wash down Rocky Mountain trout with a river of bourbon, admire the electrically heated sidewalks (guaranteed to melt snow in a jiffy), and watch as cosmic rays start the giant new presses.

Performing Chimpanzees. The hoopla is in the great tradition of the late Harry H. Tammen and Frederick G. Bonfils. They ballyhooed the *Post* to its dominant position in the Rocky Mountains by wild splashes of red ink, trick headlines (DO YOU BELIEVE IN GOD?), a circus makeup, dancing Indians, performing chimpanzees, and stuffed elephants under glass (they kept one in the business office). In his own four years as publisher, Ep Hoyt has shown considerably more restraint, but he has kept the *Post* growing in circulation (now 226,866), advertising (double in four years), prestige and influence. He has done it by making the *Post* responsible as well as robust.

A Baptist minister's son, Palmer Hoyt was a sergeant major in World War I, then a successful writer of westerns (one Hoyt hero: a buckaroo with a revolving glass eyeball). He joined the Portland *Oregonian* in 1926, in twelve years rose from copyreader to publisher. In 1946 the Denver *Post's* owners hired him away on a fat, longtime contract.

Vitamin Pills. Hoyt scrapped the *Post's* old sloppy make-up, insisted on sharper leads and shorter stories, used the space saved on more news and ads. He doubled the editorial staff, assigned reporters to an empire beat 1,000 miles wide and 1,500 miles long. He gave the *Post* an editorial page, took editorializing out of the news columns, and broadened the paper's intensely regional outlook.

Although the *Post* is delivered by bicycle, burro and plane daily in every one of the 13 states in the Rocky Mountain Empire, energetic Ep Hoyt is not relaxing. He munches candy bars, swallows vitamin pills, and takes catnaps to keep going 18 hours a day. He traveled 45,000 miles last year, selling the *Post* to the empire. The hustle & bustle pays off. Last year's gross: $12,000,000 (net: more than $1,000,000). To Ep Hoyt and the *Post* that is not good enough. They share the old Bonfils motto, still published daily: "There is no hope for the satisfied man."

MEDICINE

Draining the Patient

Bloodletting, almost as old as surgery itself, has lately been out of favor. But in the current *American Journal of Surgery*, two Cleveland doctors recommend a bloodletting technique so radical and daring that an oldtime chirurgeon would have paled at the thought of it. Their method: deliberately drain away the patient's blood, in amounts up to 2½ or even 3 quarts, during certain serious types of surgery, then replace it as needed.

Dr. W. James Gardner and Dr. Donald E. Hale had been concerned with the surgeon's problems and the patient's danger in operations where profuse bleeding is likely (a common example: removal of brain tumors). During such an operation the patient may go into deep shock. At this point an intravenous transfusion is normally given, but it is not always successful. One reason for the occasional failures, say Drs. Gardner and Hale, is that the donor blood, received through the veins, puts an added load on an already weakened heart.

How much better it would be, they reasoned, to reduce the patient's blood volume (and hence, blood pressure) at the beginning, so that there would be little or no loss from uncontrollable bleeding at the site of operation. They opened an artery in the wrist and let the heart pump the blood out through a rubber tube into a collecting flask (containing heparin, to prevent clotting). By an ingenious arrangement of valves and flasks, the doctors could draw more blood at will, leave the supply stationary, or pump it back. With the systolic blood pressure down to about 80 mm., the surgeons could operate more confidently because they had the patient's blood supply under full control.

There are other advantages, said Drs. Gardner and Hale: the patient's own blood is better for him than that of any donor, and blood pumped back into the body toward the heart through an artery, instead of a vein, puts no extra burden on the heart. Their reservoir setup, they said, "may be likened to an accessory heart."

Thomas Rowlandson from the Bettmann Archive

BLOODLETTING, OLD STYLE

A patient's own blood is better.

Where a surgeon must work in the skull, or perhaps the chest, their technique gives an added margin of safety, the surgeons report after using it in 50 operations (in which they drew off an average of 3½ pints of blood). But, they warn, so drastic a procedure is not to be lightly used—and never used for an operation on a limb or in the abdomen, where bleeding is easily controlled. In fact, they say, it should only be used in "cases in which the surgeon encounters bleeding which would endanger life or function."

The Siamese Twins

Every now & then, by a cruel quirk of nature, twins are born joined together. Medical science unfeelingly calls them double monsters. They come in almost infinite variety: complete and otherwise well-formed babies may be joined at the back of the head, down the side, or at the buttocks; grotesquely malformed twins may have one trunk and two pairs of legs, or two heads, two pairs of arms and one pair of legs. Nearly always they share the use of one or more organs.

Because delivery is difficult, there are few live births in such cases; most live-born joined twins die in infancy. But medical history records perhaps twoscore cases which have reached maturity, usually joined at or near the rump, where fewest organs are affected. Most famed were the Chinese brothers Chang and Eng. Because they were born (1811) in Siam, P. T. Barnum billed them as "The Siamese Twins," and the name has stuck to all their kind. Chang and Eng retired on their circus earnings to North Carolina, took the name of Bunker, married sisters (not twins), had many children, and died at 63.

Old Precedents. Medicine does not know for certain how joined twins are formed. Most authorities believe that the splitting of an ovum, which would form identical twins, is somehow arrested before the split is complete. Others, pointing out that Siamese twins show marked differences in height and weight, features and temperament, believe that two separate embryos from different ova may join up.

Only rarely has surgery sought to come between Siamese twins while both were living. Where several organs are shared, surgery is impossible. In simpler cases the twins are often in circuses, dependent on their deformity for a living, and refuse the operation. In 1925, Dr. Hillard Herman Holm of Glencoe, Minn. successfully separated twin girls. One died at twelve, of a heart ailment; one is still living and well. But each successful operation has been matched by one or more failures.

The hazards were well known to the team of Canadian doctors who, in Edmonton's Royal Alexandra Hospital, performed this week what is believed to have been the most difficult operation of the kind in medical history.

Red-haired Brenda Carol and Beverley

Lynn Townsend were born last November in the little hospital in the town of Tofield (pop. 800), Alberta, after a difficult, 2½-hour delivery. Dr. William Freebury had little hope for their survival when he saw that they were solidly joined (from the third rib to the navel), facing each other. A minister was called to baptize them when they were only ten minutes old. Their combined weight was 9¾ pounds.

Mirror Sisters. It was soon clear that they were generally healthy. In January, on their mother's 20th birthday, they were taken home to the simple Townsend cottage in Tofield. Soon they went back to the hospital for careful study, because their parents had agreed with Dr. Freebury that they should be separated. Said Elizabeth Townsend: "They would have no decent, proper lives the way they are. It is better to accept what risks there are in the operation."

Brenda and Beverley grew into pretty babies, more than doubled their weight in 5½ months. Often one twin was wakeful while the other slept, or laughed while her sister cried. With four hands to reach for a bottle, feeding was sometimes a comedy of errors. With four legs to kick, diapering was doubly difficult. Sometimes Brenda put her fingers in Beverley's mouth, or the other way around.

X rays showed them to be "mirror twins," one having the heart inclining to the right, the other to the left. Other organs were similarly transposed. Their breastbones were fused. The twins shared some rib cartilage and other tissues. So far as the surgeons could tell in advance, their biggest problem was going to be separating the large liver which the twins shared.

But the X rays had not told all. The one liver had to be divided where it was thickest, three inches in diameter. Worse yet, the anxious doctors found that the twins' chest cavities were connected and contained a single sac which held both their hearts. The hearts were abnormally long and crossed over, so that each beat partly in the other twin's body. When the hearts were separated, there was no room for them in the tiny, undeveloped chest cavities.

Neither the doctors' skill nor the prayers of interested Albertans could save the babies. For a while, each strained heart was kept going by massage, but in little more than three hours after the operation began, both stopped.

Relighted World

Now that more people live longer, and more suffer from the ailments of old age, doctors no longer believe that oldsters are necessarily "poor surgical risks." Last week they reported operating successfully on a 114-year-old patient.

Mrs. Mary Brooks of Washington had been virtually blind for some 30 years. At Gallinger Hospital, removal of a cataract restored sight in her right eye. In Mrs. Brooks's relighted world, food has become a bright spot—now that she can see what she is eating. Said a doctor: "After she identifies the food . . . most times she takes a double portion."

CINEMA

Dreams & Dreamers

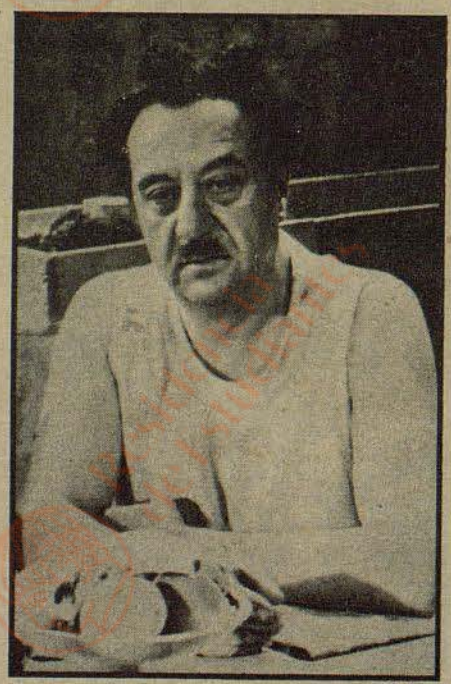
Psychologists, busier than most at delving for the hidden meaning, suspect that movies, like other forms of fiction, are ready-made daydreams. Consciously and unconsciously the movies reflect, say the psychologists, the deep-rooted feelings of the national culture in which they are made. Last week movie fans could examine the results of an ambitious attempt by two psychologists to probe the celluloid daydreams of the U.S., Britain and France. Americans were not likely to find the results flattering.

In *Movies, a Psychological Study* (Free Press; $4), Drs. Martha Wolfenstein and Nathan Leites set down the distinctive plot patterns of U.S., British and French films. Readers may draw their own conclusions as to moral and emotional attitudes in each of the countries.

Excerpts:

The British. "The essential plot in British films is that of the conflict of forbidden impulses with conscience . . . British films evoke the feeling that danger lies in ourselves, especially in our impulses of destructiveness. In a cautionary way, they show what happens if these impulses break through, particularly where the weak become the victims. Thus they afford a catharsis at the same time that they demonstrate the value of defenses by showing the consequences of their giving way . . .

"Self-accusation is prominent in British films, and may be evoked by wishes no less than by acts. Characters feel guilty when circumstances beyond their control produce fatalities coinciding with unconscious wishes . . . However, the pure in heart find that the authorities of this world and the next are their allies. The hero, temporarily distressed by a false charge, discovers that the police know all along that he is innocent, and are quietly working side by side with him."



Culver

RAIMU
"We all lose in the end."

The French. "In the major plot configuration of French films, human wishes are opposed by the nature of life itself. The main issue is not one of inner or outer conflicts in which we may win or lose, be virtuous or get penalized. It is a contest in which we all lose in the end, and the problem is to learn to accept it. There are inevitable love disappointments, the world is not arranged to collaborate with our wishes, people grow older, lovers become fathers, the old must give way to the young, and eventually everyone dies . . . It is in keeping with this tendency that French films so often take as their central character an aging man [*e.g.*, the late Raimu] . . .

"We must learn that the world is not arranged to fulfill our demands for justice any more than to satisfy our longings for happiness. Human agencies of justice are obtuse and inefficient, and there are no divine ones . . . Where justice is done, it is made clear that this is a happy accident."

The Americans. "In American films . . . winning is terrifically important and always possible, though it may be a tough fight. The conflict is not an internal one; it is not our own impulses which endanger us, nor our own scruples that stand in our way. The hazards are all external, but they are not rooted in the nature of life itself. They are the hazards of a particular situation . . .

"The world, which is not effectively policed, does not need to be policed at all. The hero, the self-appointed investigator and agent of justice, is able to set things right independently. The world thus appears as a kind of workable anarchic arrangement where . . . life need not be nasty, brutish and short, at any rate not for anyone we care about . . .

"American film plots are pervaded by false appearances . . . It is in false appearances that the forbidden wishes are realized . . . In a false appearance the heroine is promiscuous, the hero is a murderer, the young couple carry on an illicit affair . . . This device makes it possible for us to eat our cake and have it, since we can enjoy the suggested wish-fulfillments without emphatic guilt . . . American films [contend] that we should not feel guilty for mere wishes."

The New Pictures

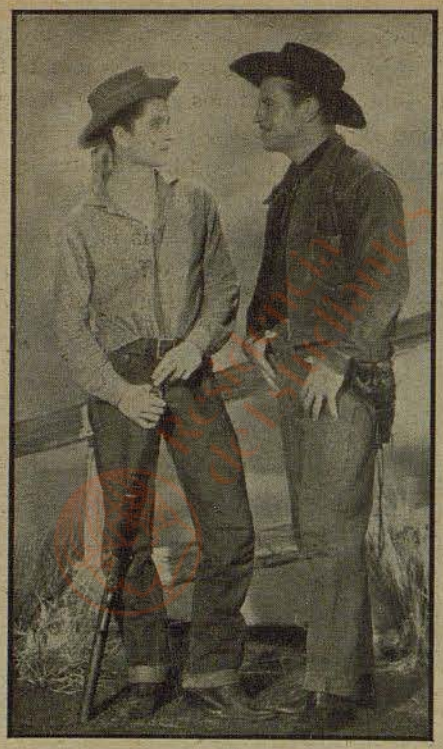
Conspirator (M-G-M). The Sally Benson script, based on the Humphrey Slater novel, is more a study of stupidity than treason. Robert Taylor, a wooden-faced major in a British Guards regiment, has been a Red agent since he was 15, apparently because he enjoyed his conspiratorial adolescence in Ireland. He breaks party discipline by marrying Elizabeth Taylor,

ROBERT & ELIZABETH TAYLOR
"It's only a rabbit."

an American visitor to London, who is portrayed as vain, vapid and addicted to double-takes. Since even his addlepated wife soon catches on that he is a traitor, the party orders Robert to kill her. On a duck hunt, he empties a shotgun at Elizabeth from a distance of ten paces—but misses. Abandoned by the party, with Scotland Yard and Army Intelligence closing in, he is more successful when he tries suicide.

In what is hailed as her first "adult" movie role, 18-year-old Elizabeth Taylor reveals several outstanding attributes of a beautiful woman, but few of an actress. Robert Taylor indicates inner turmoil by staring raptly off into space. Good & evil are contrasted when the two of them come upon a rabbit in a trap: Elizabeth weeps and Robert can't understand why. "It's only a rabbit," he says. Despite expert photography and the best of intentions, the film *Conspirator*, pale shadow of a good novel, never comes to grips with its subject, ends as neither fish, fowl nor good Red herring.

The Sundowners (Eagle-Lion) is a better-than-routine Technicolored western. Its chief claim to note: it gives his first movie role to John Barrymore Jr., 17, son of the late Great Profile and silent screen beauty Dolores Costello. In a minor part as Jeff Cloud, kid brother of Hero Tom Cloud (Robert Sterling), young John plays with restraint and frequently bears a striking likeness, both in full-face and profile, to his famous father. But his features are too finely chiseled and his acting too low-keyed for all the blood & thunder that goes on in *The Sundowners* or any other formula horse opera. What he seems to need to show whether he can act—and what Hollywood will probably eventually give him—is a role as a brooding, thin-skinned young man being mis-



JOHN BARRYMORE JR. & ROBERT PRESTON
Needed: Bette Davis.

treated by some such screen hussy as Bette Davis.

The Sundowners, mostly shot in the spectacular wide-open spaces around Amarillo and Canyon, Texas, spins a conventional story in scenes that are not too incredible: Sterling and young Barrymore are trying to run an honest ranch, but the cattle rustlers won't let them. Out of the West rides their long-lost black sheep brother, Kid Wichita (Robert Preston), a killer with an all-round mean reputation. Before law & order can be restored, various good & bad actors are plugged through the heart, shot in the back, or, like Barrymore, simply wounded. The girl (Cathy Downs) suffers through every bit of it.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Big Lift. Romance, propaganda and the Berlin airlift, crowded into an over-ambitious but absorbing film; with Montgomery Clift and Paul Douglas (TIME, May 8).

Riding High. Frank Capra's shrewdly effective comedy about horse racing; with Bing Crosby (TIME, May 1).

Annie Get Your Gun. Betty Hutton at large in a sensibly faithful version of Irving Berlin's musicomedy hit (TIME, April 24).

City Lights. Charlie Chaplin's 19-year-old but ageless "comedy romance in pantomime" (TIME, April 17).

When Willie Comes Marching Home. A sprightly farce that ribs Army brass and a hero-loving public; with Dan Dailey (TIME, March 6).

Cinderella. Walt Disney's version of the fairy-tale classic (TIME, Feb. 20).

The Third Man. Melodramatic skulduggery in postwar Vienna, written by Graham Greene and directed by Carol Reed, with Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles and Valli (TIME, Feb. 6).

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BOOKS

51 to Go

THE PAPERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, VOL. 1 (679 pp.)—*Edited by Julian P. Boyd—Princeton University* ($10).

On a fall day in 1946, some 300 Indians of the Oto tribe sat themselves down in a solemn, elm-shaded circle near Ponca City, Okla., and received a delegation of white men. As the ceremonies began, Moses Harragara, an elder of the tribe, handed a copy of a manuscript to the boss white man, Princeton Librarian Julian P. Boyd. It was no ordinary document. President Thomas Jefferson had written it and handed it personally to Oto Chief Standing Buffalo in Washington in 1806. Librarian Boyd needed that document and he was glad to go through tribal protocol to get it. As editor of the projected 52-volume *Papers of Thomas Jefferson*, he was reaching for everything that Thomas Jefferson ever wrote.

R. V. C. Whitehead, Jr.

EDITOR BOYD (CENTER) & JEFFERSON COLLEAGUES
Including Standing Buffalo's document.

Now, seven years after Boyd and the Thomas Jefferson Bicentennial Commission hatched the project, the first volume is ready. At the planned rate of four volumes a year,* No. 52 will leave Princeton's presses in 1963.

This week, Princeton's Jefferson project was getting a sendoff seldom if ever matched in the history of scholarship. Among those scheduled to mark the occasion in a ceremony at the Library of Congress were President Truman, General George C. Marshall, and Historian (*Lee's Lieutenants, George Washington*) Douglas Southall Freeman.

* And with a $200,000 gift from the New York *Times* to help pay for it (TIME, May 8).

Anglo-Saxon & Macaroni. Scholarship aside, and simply as a sheer editorial enterprise, the *Jefferson Papers* deserved the applause. Of its kind, nothing so massive has ever been attempted in the U.S. The 39-volume bicentennial edition of George Washington's papers runs to only one-third the number of words and documents, Yale's great, still incomplete 50-volume Horace Walpole *Correspondence* to about one-fourth the documents.

Into the *Papers* will go not only some 18,000 letters written by Jefferson, but 25,000 or more that were written to him by others. To be included: practically every recoverable scrap Jefferson ever wrote, from his state papers and his travel notes down to his jottings and essays on the scores of subjects which interested him, from the Anglo-Saxon language to recipes for macaroni and ice cream. Already, Editor Boyd has over 50,000 items on tap from more than 425 sources, and more are trickling in all the time.

Ideals & Works. When completed, Princeton's *Jefferson Papers* will be a magnificent hunting ground for scholars. More than that, they will preserve for all Americans the record of a man in whom the U.S. traits of democratic idealism and practical works were uniquely blended.

It was literally true, as Biographer James Parton wrote of him, that at 32, only months before he wrote the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson "could calculate an eclipse, survey an estate, tie an artery, plan an edifice, try a cause, break a horse, dance a minuet, and play the violin."

As minister to France, he spent a day in an Italian dairy learning how to make Parmesan cheese. His design of a more

efficient moldboard for a plow won a gold medal from a French agricultural society. His library at Charlottesville, Va., which was the finest private library in the U.S., was bought by the Government to restock the gutted Library of Congress, burned by the British in the War of 1812.

Volume I begins with a sprightly, boyish letter to one of his guardians in 1760, when Jefferson was 16, ends with a militia strength return he made as a county lieutenant in 1776. Between these commonplace entries are some of the greatest state papers in the nation's history, all drafted by Jefferson: the Declaration of Independence, *A Summary View of the Rights of British America,* Jefferson's three drafts for the Constitution of Virginia. Even in times of enormous stress his free-wheeling mind could shuttle between the gravest matters and his airiest interests. Writing to John Randolph on possible reconciliation with England in August 1775, he reminded him about a deal involving Randolph's fiddle: "I now send the bearer for the violin . . . I beleive [*sic*] you had no case to her. If so, be so good as to direct Watt Lenox to get . . . coarse woolen to wrap her in, and then to pack her securely in a wooden box."

With the beginning barely made, the *Jefferson Papers* already expose an attractive intelligence and a first-rate human being, open the door to what Historian Gilbert Chinard once called "the richest treasure house of historical information ever left by a single man."

Behind the Barbed Wire

NO TIME TO LOOK BACK (281 pp.)—*Leslie Greener—Viking* ($3).

In Dostoevsky's *Brothers Karamazov,* Ivan Karamazov tells a fable of Christ's return to earth during the Spanish Inquisition. Unceremoniously thrown into jail, He is told by the Grand Inquisitor that men are not ready for the life of love and that meanwhile His presence can only hinder the business at hand. The saddened Christ takes His departure.

Dostoevsky's fable is the basis of *No Time to Look Back,* a tense, sincerely earnest and sometimes beautiful novel about British troops in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp. Written by a 50-year-old South African who was himself a P.W., the book makes a lot of other war novels seem overstuffed and mechanical.

Open the Gates. Suppose a truly Christ-like figure were to appear in a hellish Malayan prison camp such as Panchor. The thought has never for a moment occurred to Chaplain Choyce. He is known to the officers and men as "the Padre with the Modern Approach." Bustling with professional cheerfulness, he has a pat formula for every distress and a manly chin-up sermon for every misery, but he is about as spiritual as an auctioneer. And then he meets Andros, a soldier whose inability, or unwillingness, to identify himself is taken by the British medics behind the barbed wire as a sign of malingering. Chaplain Choyce discovers in the swarthy soldier a depth of serenity and

compassion that makes his own pride crumble into anxious smithereens.

Among the prisoners, Andros merely exchanges quiet talk. His mystifying power to exalt them (and to check the violence of the Japanese guards) seems to lie less in what he says than in the gentleness with which he says it. Reports spread that he has effected miraculous cures of paralyzed soldiers. To the senior British officer, this seems "queer, unorthodox . . . creepy," but to Padre Choyce it seems evidence of "the hand of God." Profoundly humbled, the chaplain begins to live by Andros' quiet exhortation: "Open the gates of that citadel, your heart, and don't be afraid when men come in."

Vengeance Is Mine. For the padre a test comes soon enough. Another prisoner finds that the Chinese girl with whom he has fallen in love is living near the prison camp. Will Padre Choyce slip through the barbed wire with him and marry him to his girl? A short time before, the chaplain would have been horrified at the risk; now, somewhat to his surprise, he considers it his spiritual duty to go. In the novel's climax, the prisoner's wife has been raped by the Japanese, and he avenges her in a burst of human rage. A little later the other P.W.s notice that Andros has disappeared. So long as men must take vengeance into their own hands, Novelist Greener seems to say, the world is not ready for such as Andros.

No Time to Look Back has some faults as a novel. Andros' story is told with an oracular vagueness, the desperate prisoner's story with an intensity bordering on hysteria. But when he is dealing with Padre Choyce's effort to mediate between the prisoner's frenetic impatience and Andros' more-than-human charity, Author Greener, onetime professional soldier, deck hand, journalist and hobo, reaches the moral profundity of a topflight novelist. Despite its faults, *No Time to Look Back*, the first of his books published in the U.S., is good enough to make readers eager to see the others.

As Far As Man Could Go

THE VOYAGES OF CAPTAIN COOK (384 pp.)—*Edited by Christopher Lloyd—Chanticleer Press* ($2).

Parts of Mr. Orton's ears were missing. Captain James Cook of H.M.S. *Endeavour* was very much upset; his ship's clerk had been grossly abused. The poor fellow had gone to bed drunk in the ordinary way, and then someone had crept into his cabin and cropped his ears. There had been no witnesses, but on circumstantial evidence Captain Cook suspended a midshipman from duty for three weeks.

The midshipman's punishment would have been much harsher if Cook had found more proof. Nonetheless, there were extenuating circumstances. The *Endeavour* was about 98 ft. long, and the 90 or so men aboard her had been away from home port for almost two years. It was not surprising that they sometimes got on each other's nerves. More noteworthy was the fact that, on each of his three long voyages of Pacific exploration, able, sharp-eyed Captain Cook ran the efficient, generally happy ship that he did.*

Bemusing News. Officially, the Cook expedition which left England in 1768 was purely scientific; the party had been sent into the Pacific to observe the transit of the planet Venus, thus collect data to help astronomers calculate the distance between the earth and the sun. But in fact, the *Endeavour's* cruise was a matter of empire. The French had just lost Canada and, with an urge to make up for it somehow, were searching for the great new continent that was still believed to lie in the South Pacific between New Zealand and South America. If there was such a continent, the British Admiralty wanted to find it first. So Captain Cook searched the South Pacific looking for the continent that wasn't there.

Yet Cook and his men did turn up their share of marvels. Europeans were amazed when they read such things as Cook's anthropological notes on Tahiti: "One amusement or custom . . . I must mention, though I confess I do not expect to be believed . . . More than one half of the better sort of the inhabitants have entered into a resolution of enjoying free liberty in love . . . The men will very readily offer the young women to strangers, even their own daughters, and think it very strange if you refuse them . . ." The news of islands where sex and sin seemed to have nothing to do with each other was to have a bemusing effect on poets, artists, sailors and everyday citizens for generations afterward.

On his second voyage, in 1772, Cook had two ships, the *Resolution* and the *Adventure*, and he was equipped with four of the newly invented chronometers for careful charting of the South Pacific. His crisscross track of exploration covered a distance nearly equal to a journey three times around the equator. When he reached the end of his voyage in 1775, the main outlines of the map of Oceania and Antarctica had been fixed with unprecedented accuracy.

Death on the Beach. His results made him an international figure. Although the American Revolution had begun when Cook sailed in 1776 on his third voyage, Benjamin Franklin passed the word to U.S. privateers to let the Englishman alone. The French Minister of Marine issued similar orders.

But Cook's voyage took him far from the sea lanes of the Revolutionary War. His instructions were to explore the Canadian and Alaskan coasts, looking for the Pacific end of a northwest passage. After pushing through the Bering Strait, charting as he went, Cook turned south to winter in Hawaii. He got no farther. There were disputes with the natives about pilfering. When Cook went ashore with an inadequate escort, his party was rushed

* Not every officer who sailed with Cook was able to learn this knack. Captain Bligh, whose brutality led to the *Bounty* mutiny some years later, was Cook's sailing master on the third expedition.

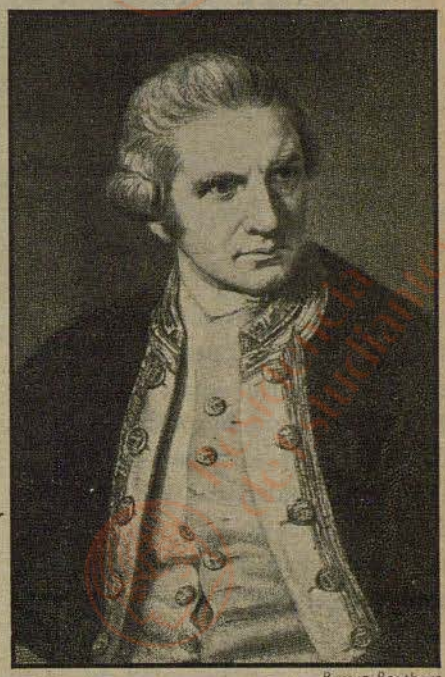
and he was clubbed and stabbed to death on the beach.

James Cook, self-educated Yorkshireman, had kept up his journals to the end. Editor Lloyd, culling the choicest parts of one of the best travel books ever written, includes a passage from a letter in which the great captain tried to explain himself. Wrote Cook: "I . . . had ambition not only to go farther than any man had ever been before, but as far as it was possible for a man to go."

No Shangri-La

HIGH VALLEY (313 pp.)—*Charmian Clift & George Johnston—Bobbs-Merrill* ($3).

The talkative peddler caused all the trouble when he told Salom, the Chinese youth just coming to manhood, about Tibet's "Valley of the Dreaming Phoenix."



Brown Brothers

CAPTAIN COOK
Besides empire, a share of marvels.

"Who lives there? Only nomads, my son. And peace. And happiness."

Young Salom's questions about the valley were tempered with a hard-earned skepticism. He knew Tibet; his father had been killed there. But the persistent peddler's picture of the fabulous valley, "a place where you can belong," made him decide to set out.

Four hard months later, Salom crossed the final range and got his first glimpse of the Valley of the Dreaming Phoenix. Picturesquely, it was all that the old peddler had said it would be, an awesome "spreading bowl of light and color." But peace and happiness were not so evident and before the brief summer was out Salom had learned from the valley's dozen herdsmen families a universal truth: jealousy, betrayal and moral corruption haunt even the most isolated of men.

Explains Australian Author George Johnston, who wrote *High Valley* in collaboration with his wife: "I was the

journalist who supplied the substance. She was the artist who supplied the burnish." Journalist Johnston's substance is the old story of the penniless youth who falls in love with the headman's daughter ("She has the eyes of a gazelle he thought"), only to find that his suit is hopeless because she has been betrothed since childhood. To make matters worse, a tithe-collecting lama visits the valley and demands a night with gazelle-eyed Veshti. Her father, the headman, is willing to go along with this old unauthorized valley custom, but Salom is not. When the lovers escape together, they find themselves bedded down forever in a blizzard.

The burnish that Co-Author Charmian Clift brings to her husband's moral tale was good enough, despite a tendency to purple prose, to help win *High Valley* the £2,000 first prize in an Australian novel contest in 1948. The book will also generally please readers who like Oriental stories to have Oriental endings. Those who prefer Southern California endings should be warned that *High Valley* is not James Hilton's Shangri-La.

Recent & Readable

The Barkeep of Blémont, by Marcel Aymé. What happens to wine-loving, live-and-let-live Bartender Leopold when he is caught in the post-Liberation political recriminations of his French town (Time, May 15).

A Woman of Means, by Peter Taylor. Jealousy, insanity and the tensions of an unhappy marriage swirling about the head of a boy; a first-rate first novel in a minor key (Time, May 15).

Another Pamela or, Virtue Still Rewarded, by Upton Sinclair. A California goat-girl resists almost all temptations and marries into the Big Rich; a retread of Richardson's 18th Century novel in which Sinclair gives his old aversion to wealth a fresh spin, mostly good-humored (Time, May 8).

Escape to Adventure, by Fitzroy Maclean. A World War II brigadier and Tory M.P. describes his prewar prowling in Russia, his commando adventures in the North African desert and his guerrilla life with Tito in one of the best personal-adventure books in a long while (Time, May 1).

The Grand Alliance, by Winston Churchill. The third volume, covering 1941, of the ablest, most colorful contribution yet made to the history of the war (Time, May 1).

The Town, by Conrad Richter. Hard work and lusty humors in the building of Ohio; good fictional Americana in a novel that brings Richter's trilogy to an end with the Civil War (Time, May 1).

The Lady's Not for Burning, by Christopher Fry. A play in verse that tells in fresh, shining language of a witch hunt in 15th Century England and of two triumphant lovers (Time, April 24).

Of Men and Mountains, by William O. Douglas. Trout fishing and mountain climbing in the tall Northwest, served up with a garnish of mountain-made philosophy (Time, April 17).

MISCELLANY

College Spirit. In New Haven, Conn., the Homestead Motel proudly announced that it had "a limited supply of fine rooms available to Yalemen for their quests."

To Each His Own. In San Francisco, Superior Court Judge Herbert C. Kaufman awarded Mrs. Chesley L. Woodfield a divorce and $100 a month alimony, also stipulated that she must return her husband's banjo, stamp & coin collections and false teeth.

Retriever. In Memphis, Jessie Ashby, charged with attempting to break into a warehouse, told detectives they had him all wrong: crowbar in hand, he had climbed the iron fence guarding the property only to get a 50¢ piece he had inadvertently flipped into the grounds.

Lucky. At Pimlico, Md., after losing approximately $1,000 a year for 20 years betting on the ponies, Fred C. Brogan finally came home a winner: as the track's 12 millionth customer, he got an inscribed "Good Luck" horseshoe.

Chapter & Verse. In Houston, the Rev. George W. Hughes reluctantly paid his $10 fine for speeding, left a Bible for the arresting officer with an admonition to "read this carefully and . . . the Lord will forgive you."

Repeater. In Globe, Ariz., a disgruntled silver prospector came out of the hills to file a location notice on his mining claim: "Foiled No. 4."

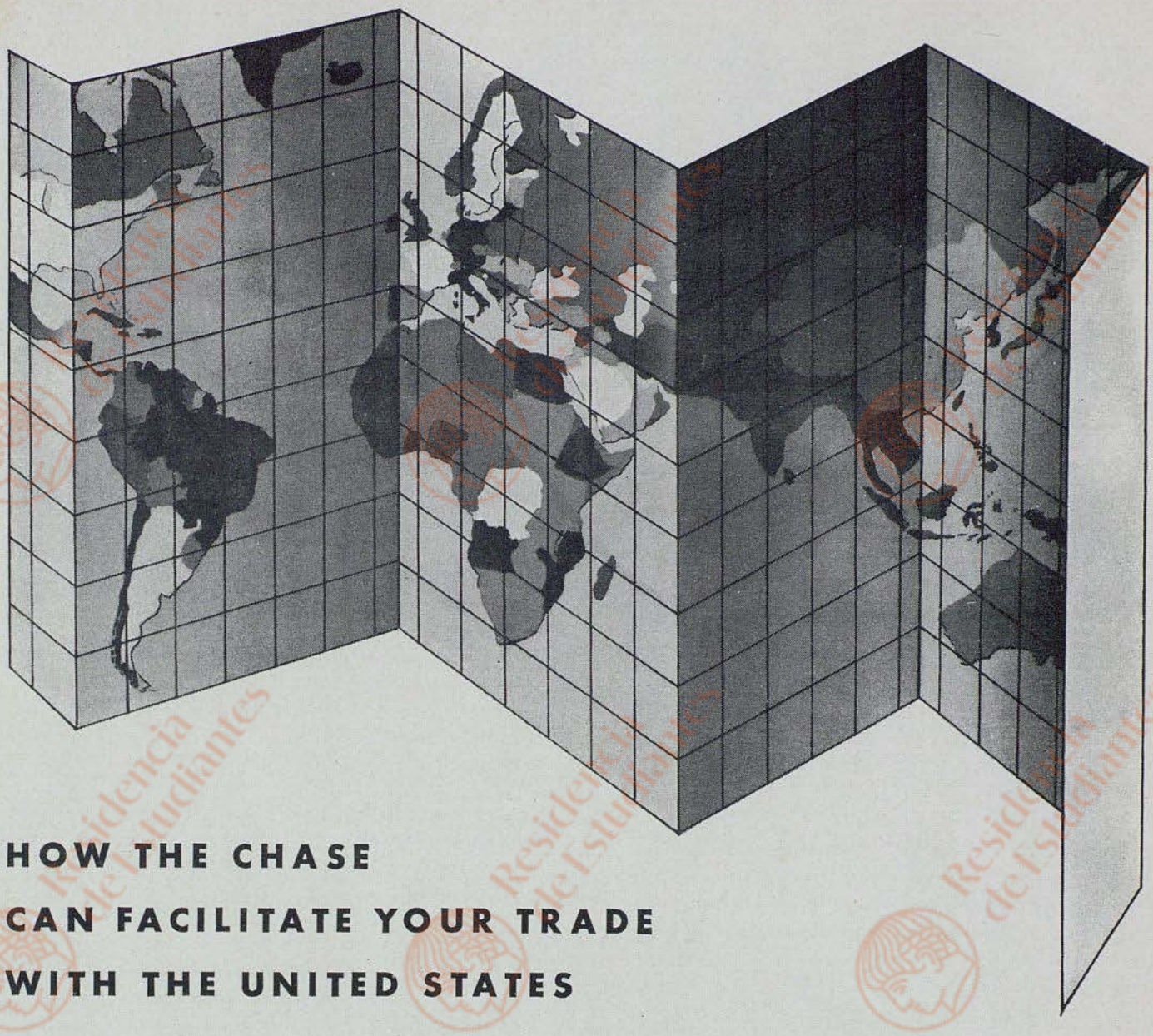
Accomplice. In Norwalk, Conn., a dental patient, making for the nearest exit, went down the dentist's third-floor fire escape, ran into a cop who escorted him back upstairs to complete his appointment.

Woman's Way. In Sydney, Australia, Maud Pracey persuaded the court to give her husband three weeks' grace on a $1,100 debt installment so she could go win the money playing the horses.

In a Stew. In Litchfield, Minn., the county treasurer pondered the note pinned to an irate citizen's tax return: "The cannibals had a way of solving high taxes . . . they ate the tax collector."

Footloose. In New Haven, Conn., a recently divorced man called the probation office to say he would not be downtown to make his weekly alimony payment, because: "My wife took my shoes."

Wild Oats. In Brooklyn, Mosha Byron, reprimanded for shooting craps in his 100th year and arrested for illegally practicing medicine in his 102nd, was hauled into court again, this time for cursing a neighbor, was ordered by a doubting judge to go home and get the birth certificate to prove his age as 108.



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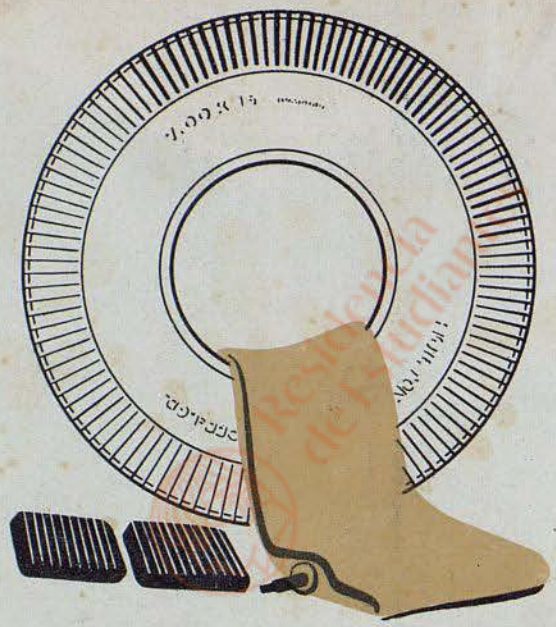

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