This is TIME's Issue of March 20, 1950

ATLANTIC OVERSEAS EDITION

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Giro

RUSSIA'S MALENKOV

The Party needed an engineer.

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LETTERS

Frightened Face

Sir:

The story of Robert Vogeler in TIME [Feb. 27] kept me from sleeping . . . Along with others I can only ask, earnestly, what can be done . . .? Where is the line to be drawn? How can America sleep amidst . . . such heinous deeds? Is there nothing in all the windy nihilism of the U.N. to prevent such acts?

As one who has looked into the eyes of a drug-filled cancer victim, the "frightened face" of which TIME speaks is all too graphically remembered. There are no words for it all, but there MUST be deeds . . .

CHESTER S. DAWSON

Chicago, Ill.

Is War Inevitable?

Sir:

In discussing James Burnham's new book, *The Coming Defeat of Communism*, TIME [Feb. 20] says: "Burnham is convinced that full-scale war with Russia can be avoided if the U.S. is firm enough."

History records that war has never been avoided by firmness when the leaders of nations think they can win. Burnham and many others think that Russia can be scared into permanently keeping the peace if we are sufficiently well armed and sufficiently firm in opposing her aggressive policies . . . Let us stop deluding ourselves . . . War with Russia is inevitable . . .

OWEN S. PAYNE

Lima, Peru

Sir:

. . . Our world is in sad need of a true leader to deliver us from our own complacency and make us realize that Communism can and will continue to thrive on our indifferent and contradictory policies . . . .

STUART OSBER

Hartford, Conn.

Sir:

"Activist" James Burnham for Secretary of State.

JIM FARRELL

Gardena, Calif.

People's President

Sir:

REFERRING TO YOUR ARTICLE "GENERALS' TICKET" [TIME, FEB. 27], I BEG TO EMPHASIZE THAT NO SECRET MEETING HAS EVER TAKEN PLACE AMONG ANY BRAZILIAN GENERALS TO NOMINATE ANY CANDIDATE TO SUCCEED PRESIDENT DUTRA. WE ARE NOW A DEMOCRATIC COUNTRY WITH A GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE BY THE PEOPLE AND FOR THE PEOPLE. SO THE PEOPLE AND NOT THE ARMY WILL CHOOSE OUR NEXT PRESIDENT.

CANROBERT PEREIRA DA COSTA

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

¶ If genial General Canrobert should by any chance run for President, the army's choice might well be the people's.—ED.

Retirement Plan

Sir:

Your Feb. 20 housing article, "$4,999 Answer" (two-bedroom houses, outside Seattle), reminds us that to a good many people in the U.S., housing is still a major problem.

But, along with some 100,000 other retired couples who live in trailer coaches . . . we have taken care of that matter in a highly satisfactory manner . . . We park our mobile homes at Yosemite, Yellowstone, the Adirondacks or some other cool retreat in summer, and go to Florida, Palm Springs or the Rio Grande valley in the winter. And we live

as well as we ever did, on incomes ranging from $150 per month up.

If more of the nation's retired folk would do likewise, two fine things might be accomplished: they would be happier and possibly enjoy their retirement for a longer time, and at the same time they would release thousands of homes that are so badly needed in critical housing areas by people who have to live there to make a living . . .

HOWARD and EVELYN FINDLEY
Fort Myers, Fla.

Union Now?

Sir:

Assistant Secretary of State Hickerson asks: "Just how far are we willing to go in compromising our way of life and our institutions?" [TIME, Feb. 27]. The answer, it seems to me, is: to get a federal union of nations, we will go just as far as the founders of this nation went to get the United States of America . . .

Is the U.S. willing to agree to common citizenship, common currency and taxes, a common standard of living within a federation? Isn't it precisely this common citizenship, common currency and taxes, and common standard of living which have made this American federation of 48 states the greatest place to live on the face of the globe? . . .

WILLIAM A. KIRSTEIN
Tampa, Fla.

Sir:

. . . While Congress is supporting a toothless, flouted U.N., and Mr. Hickerson's outfit is fumbling around waiting for something to turn up, the Russians are licking the pants off of us with their method of uniting countries—as TIME has repeatedly pointed out.

HAROLD PEACOCK
Washington, D.C.

Minority Reports

Sir:

Re your portrait of Arthur Godfrey [TIME, Feb. 27]: for once I am at odds with Fred Allen. Godfrey is not mediocre, in my opinion, any more than this is "an age of mediocrity." It is a vital and disturbing world; tense and watchful, it finds strength in homespun humor and casual friendliness . . .

STANLEY R. SINCLAIR
Oakland, Calif.

Sir:

Just as long as Arthur Godfrey is able to fool the public and such magazines as TIME, he is entitled to every dollar he can get his hands on and all the glory and praise his misguided listeners can bestow upon him. I probably will continue to read TIME and listen to Godfrey's radio shows—because I like the way TIME puts over its news and I like the talent Godfrey gets together—but I will have to join Fred Allen in his sour minority report . . .

R. L. GARRISON
Miami, Fla.

Sir:

I listen to the best quality of radio programs for hours daily. While I have noticed the name of Arthur Godfrey on the published programs, I have never listened to a word he has said. From your article . . . I realize that I have missed nothing . . .

LEWIS W. COLFELT
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sir:

In the Godfrey cover story you refer to me as "raffish." I got a momentary glow, believing the word meant something like

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"debonair." Then I looked it up and found it means "disreputable, low, worthless, common, mean and contemptible." Why, you stinking, slobbering, lowlife scum, I'll have you know I'm a cultured gentleman.

H. ALLEN SMITH

Mount Kisco, N.Y.

¶ TIME's raffish Radio & TV editor regrets making Humorist H. Allen (*Low Man on a Totem Pole*) Smith feel any lower.—ED.

Levi Cut

Sir:

In your article on Levi Strauss & Co. [TIME, Feb. 27], you missed one of the best things about the pants they make. Aside from the rivets, which other companies have copied anyway, the cut is most important. The legs are tapered so they don't flap about and get caught in equipment and machinery. They stay down when you're in the saddle. And they just naturally look better . . .

ANN RUSH

Winston-Salem, N.C.

The Price of Health (Cont'd)

Sir:

TIME has done its readers a real service by discussing all sides of "The Price of Health" in the Feb. 20 issue. TIME faces squarely the fact that most Americans cannot now afford adequate medical care. Your article is equally forthright in attempting to present the pros and cons as to proposed methods of meeting this problem.

Those of us who believe wholeheartedly that national health insurance is the answer welcome every effort to cut through the smokescreens of needless confusion. Like TIME we rest our case upon the facts. Though I would differ with you at certain points in both matters of fact and interpretation, I want to pay my respects to a good reporting job. You have made an impartial approach to a problem which demands the most thoughtful and objective consideration all of us can give it.

OSCAR R. EWING
Federal Security Administrator

Washington, D.C.

Self-Righteous Blindness

Sir:

A significant and unfortunate tendency in Western thinking is shown in . . . the Fuchs case [TIME, Feb. 13 *et seq.*].

We of the democracies do not squarely face the fact of the existence and development in our midst of Communist sympathizers. Their number is not small enough to be neglected. It includes men who were previously held in high repute—college professors, writers, humanitarians and scientists. We have laughed them off [and] shrugged them off as eccentric . . .

Our anxiousness to over-simplify and our readiness to ignore awkward facts equip us poorly to comprehend and to apprehend Communist elements in our society. Thus the duplicity of Dr. Fuchs takes us by surprise—the blindness we have cultivated has enabled him to betray us for years . . .

We cannot see in these [men] the pattern of the idealists' search for a society better than ours because we will not admit the serious shortcomings of our democratic and economic traditions which provoke their search. Appreciation of our shortcomings is prevented by our self-righteous attitude and by our ignorance of attitudes other than our own . . .

LLYN SEYMOUR

Kingston, Ont.

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

Herewith some incidental intelligence about TIME:

T. S. Eliot is not shy with friends but is inclined to be wary of strangers. Worried at the prospect of being interviewed by TIME's Thomas Dozier for his cover story March 6th, the poet said to John Hayward, with whom he shares a flat in Chelsea: "This young man who's coming to see me from TIME, do you think it would get things off to a smooth start if I asked him if his family came from St. Louis? I once knew a family named Dozier in St. Louis."

London Correspondent Dozier was also wondering what his opening gambit should be, and on the way to Russell Square in a taxi had settled on a pseudo-literary observation. "When I walked in," Dozier cabled us, "Eliot stood up, gave me his hand, and then threw me completely off my intellectual rails by asking: 'Does your family come from St. Louis?' I told him it didn't, but his remark got things down to the very human level. We talked for three hours and ten minutes—the longest interview Eliot has ever given a journalist."

• • •

Do you recall a recent *Press* story in TIME (Jan. 30) about the readability of Chicago newspapers? It said that according to Douglas Martin, professor of journalism at the University of Arizona, the sentences in some Chicago papers were too long and too wordy for easy reading.

This story moved us to ask Professor Martin about TIME's readability. In his classes Martin uses the Rudolph (*The Art of Readable Writing*) Flesch formula for easy reading, in which an average of 19 words to a sentence and an average of 150 syllables to 100 words is a perfect score. After turning his classes loose on TIME, Martin wrote us:

"TIME is perfect. It hits exactly where Dr. Flesch says it should. Here is the score: average sentence length, 19 words; average syllables per 100 words, 149.7. This means that TIME can be read by students in the eighth and ninth grades . . . and understood easily by 83% of the adults in the United States."

• • •

After TIME's Canadian Edition ran a story (Jan. 16) on the Sisters Adorers of the Precious Blood in Toronto and four of its cloistered nuns who had been assigned to duty in Japan, we sent a copy of the issue to the monastery. Later, Toronto Correspondent Wessely Hicks, who knew that radio and secular periodicals were not allowed in the monastery, called to find out what had happened.

According to Sister Dolors, secretary of the Toronto community, "Usually we maintain silence at our meals and do religious study, but last night in refectory we forsook our religious reading and read TIME instead. Then we passed the magazine around so everybody could see the picture of the four sisters. We were most pleased."

Sister Dolors added that TIME seemed to be "a very intelligent magazine which gives a wonderful picture of world news. I like the format very much. I hadn't seen it before. It must be quite a new magazine—but, then, I've been in the monastery for 20 years."

• • •

The following excerpt is from a letter we have just received from TIME Perpetual Subscriber 101, a German living in Germany. He writes: "Having had the doubtful privilege of living in a totalitarian state for 12 years, I have been deprived of reading TIME for many years . . . When war broke out I had to put up with a dreary, TIMEless life. For an old perpetual, this was truly an ordeal. Now I am getting TIME again at the very date of issue, like any New Yorker, although I live in a tiny community some four miles from a railroad station.

"After the ban in Germany you wrote and offered to refund part of my subscription fee. I emphatically rejected this offer, which showed that I had much more faith in TIME than in the duration of Hitler's thousand-year Reich. History has proved that I was right."

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

TIME

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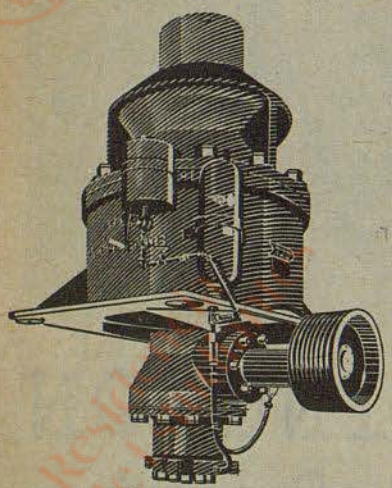

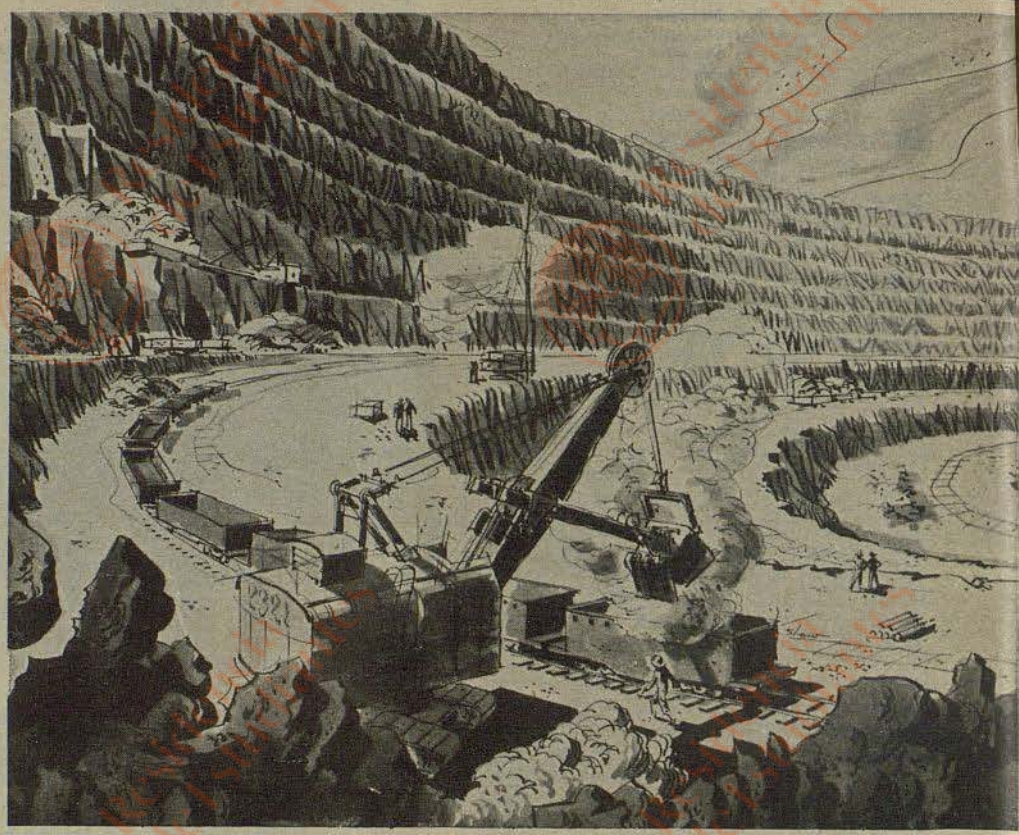

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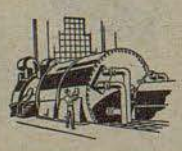

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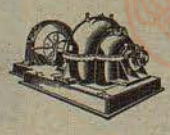

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Vol. LV No. 12

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

March 20, 1950

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Fun for All

A white-haired old party named Jack Alonzo Goldie got into a Chinese robe at Rockport, Mass. last week, put a black band around his head and announced that 1) he was The Zoom, and 2) that an H-bomb was going to blow the world up on April 7, 1954. He asked one & all to become Zoomites, and join him in burrowing underground. Father Divine took a different attitude. He claimed that he was responsible for the bomb, through some kind of telepathic influence on President Truman, and that it was a fine thing. His exact words: "Wonderful! Wonderful! Wonderful!"

Technically, spring was almost here, but the weather was sullen about it. Things warmed up a bit in the South, and at week's end the temperature got above freezing as far north as Boston. But New England's snow-buried sugar maples were not yet giving up their sap, and citizens of the Midwest were still recovering from blizzards and roaring winds.

The Long & Short of It. The more fearless molders of U.S. opinion—the advertising agency, the department store and the beauty salon—paid no attention. Bock beer was duly publicized. Women's skirts were raised to what is known as "mid-calf" for the new season—a maneuver which would doubtless enable the fiends of fashion to start lowering them again in the fall. Women who had cut off most of their hair in 1949 because they looked so frightful with it long, were urged by Elizabeth Arden to grow it out immediately because they looked so frightful with it short.

Because of New York's water shortage, the Brooklyn baseball club started digging a well near the first-base line at Ebbet's Field, planned to use it in irrigating the infield grass. Ernie's Enterprises, a St. Louis firm, announced that it had orders for 50,000 Eagle Beaks—horn-rimmed spectacles with large false noses attached to them. U.S. citizens were also snapping up Miss Gorgeous Blond Fan Dancing Photos (smiles and dances before your eyes), Nature Boy Squirt Ash Trays, Hollywood Floating Cutie Doll Pencils, Goofy Eggs (won't stand still unless you know the secret) and Magic Light Bulbs (mysteriously lights while held in your hand).

Very Sinc. At the annual Dania, Fla. Tomato Festival, squads of barefooted young ladies in T-shirts and shorts threw tomatoes at each other. Nick Gulas, a Nashville promoter, proudly announced a Seven Girl Rassle Royal (every girl battling for herself) at the Hippodrome. A widow who described herself as attrac., vivac., affect. & sinc. advertised for a husband in the Los Angeles *Mirror*. Her reasons: "Wd. enjoy mat. rt. man bec. I did enjoy marriage & comp. Very sinc. Exchange ref. & rec. snap."

Ulises A. Sanabria, 43, a Chicago television executive, married his son's divorced wife, thereby becoming his granddaughter's stepfather. Bewhiskered, 102-year-old J. Frank Dalton went into court in Union, Mo., swore that he was Jesse James and petitioned to have his rightful name restored. The judge turned him down, in tones of disbelief, and then growled: "[But] if he is Jesse James I suggest he retreat to his rendezvous and ask his good God to forgive him." The Treasury Department announced a resurgence of moonshining in the U.S.

The nation, in a word, was still clinging firmly to the proposition that a man had a right to be a little pixilated if he wanted—even though he might be blown into radioactive scrapple next week.

THE PRESIDENCY

Nonpolitical Politics

With the hustle of a heavyweight champion's entourage heading for Pompton Lakes, Harry Truman and his retinue filed aboard the presidential yacht *Williamsburg* this week and glided south down Chesapeake Bay toward Key West, Fla. The destroyer *William C. Lawe* steamed along nearby, carrying Secret Service men, newsmen and photographers.

At 175, the champ was carrying too

"The Zoom"

Tomato Tossers

Goofy eggs, magic lights and a well on the first base line.

Associated Press

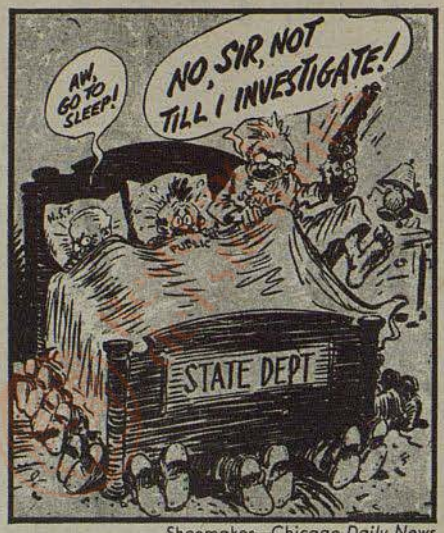
"Jesse James"

much poundage and there were a few fatigue pencilings around the mouth; otherwise he seemed to be in good shape. But it was time for some serious training. Although his own title would not go on the line for another two years, Harry Truman was going to climb into the ring for the 1950 congressional elections and take on some of the ruggedest heavyweights in the Republicans' stable. By mixing work with three weeks of lolling under the Key West sun, the President and his advisers hoped to sharpen up for a big tour that will take him across the U.S. and back in May. Just about every trend spotter, word shaper and evil-eye caster on the President's staff was on hand to condition the champ and polish up his footwork.

The Counter-Punch. The Republicans' biggest weapon in 1950 was certain to be the same one that they had been using in some form or another since 1934: the charge of Democratic softness toward Communists. Familiar with such tactics as they were, from previous encounters in the ring, the President and his aides were plainly worried about how to counter the punches this year. The trials of Hiss, Fuchs and Coplon gave the Republicans more wallop than they had before. The headline-catching feints of Wisconsin's Joe McCarthy (*see below*), even if he hadn't landed any hard blows, were not making it any easier. Five speech-writing aides were put to work preparing the pattern of the President's counter-tactics.

About May 1, after a month back at his desk in the White House, the President will begin a slow trip westward to dedicate a new dynamo at Washington's Grand Coulee Dam. Officially, the trip will be billed as "nonpolitical," an ancient device whereby a President can pay his expenses from his $40,000-a-year travel allowance instead of from the party treasury. He will deliver the Democratic line as the presidential train winds through Maryland, where Millard Tydings is gunning for re-election to the Senate; Pennsylvania, where Democratic Senate Whip Francis Myers faces a stiff fight against Republican Governor James Duff; Ohio, where the President would love to kayo Senator Bob Taft; Indiana, where Republican Homer Capehart is up for re-election; and Illinois, where Senate Majority Leader Scott Lucas has to step fast to be sure of another term. If time and disposition permit, there will probably be side excursions, including a lunge into Wisconsin for a few quick jabs at Republican Alexander Wiley.

The Manly Art. On his trip back to Washington, the President will stop off at Chicago. There, more than 2,000 Democrats—the entire National Committee, Administration leaders, Cabinet officers—will convene for three days in mid-May in the biggest off-year political powwow in U.S. history. Its purpose is to make 1950 sound as important as 1952 to keep the Republicans from making big gains, as they have the past three times, in nonpresidential election years. On the third day of the Chicago convention, the champ himself will go a few fast rounds and lecture the party faithful on the manly art of political offense. That will climax Harry Truman's nonpolitical spring tour.



Shoemaker—Chicago *Daily News*

"YES, THEN WE'LL ALL SLEEP BETTER."
Republicans sat back . . .

INVESTIGATIONS

The Battle of the Files

Across the committee table in the Senate's marble-columned caucus room, Wisconsin's pugnacious Senator Joe McCarthy glared defiantly at his tormentors. On the witness table in front of him lay the case histories with which he promised to prove his charge that the State Department was infested with card-carrying Communists and their friends. But for two days he had been too busy fending off the heckling questions of Democratic committeemen to spread out his evidence.

International

SENATOR MCCARTHY
. . . as the Democrats bored in.

Republicans sat back out of the line of fire as the Democrats bored in. Ex-Marine McCarthy might turn out to have something, after all; the State Department's reputation for security was none too savory. But until he could prove it, the G.O.P. was going to let Freshman McCarthy defend his own outpost.

Burning Fires. That was all right with Joe McCarthy. If he could once force open the full State Department files, he was sure he could round up enough evidence to keep the campaign fires burning clear through the November elections. Leaning across the committee table, he said furiously: "You are not fooling me. This committee [is] not seeking to get the names of bad security risks, but seeking rather to find out the names of my informants so they can be kicked out of the State Department tomorrow." From the other side of the table Connecticut's Brien McMahon shouted back, white with rage: "When you start making charges of that sort about me, you had better reflect on it, and more than once."

To the din of table-pounding, the battle of the files went on. The Democrats were not going to let McCarthy get a look at the files if they could help it; they demanded to hear his charges and his proof. Most of his accusations seemed to be a rehash of an old list of 108 names, dredged up in 1947 by the House Appropriations Committee. Since then, presumably, all had been rescreened by the State Department's security board (headed by Republican Conrad Snow) or the President's Loyalty Review Board (headed by Republican Seth Richardson).

Angry Denials. By week's end McCarthy had fetched up only two or three headline-catching tidbits for the Senate Committee. One was a passing reference to Ambassador-at-Large Philip Jessup ("An unusual affinity for Communist causes"). Another was the name of a suspect who turned out to be neither a Communist nor a State Department employee. She was ex-U.N. Delegate Dorothy Kenyon, onetime Manhattan municipal court judge, whom McCarthy accused of having belonged to "at least 28 Communist-front organizations."

From Manhattan Dorothy Kenyon promptly blasted back at McCarthy as an "unmitigated liar," and asked the committee's permission to prove it.

This week McCarthy started out again. Before he begged off for the day, pleading that he had to get the rest of his data together, he ticked off a handful of State Department employees past & present whose records he thought worth investigating. Of those still at work in State, the biggest name in the net was not exactly king-sized: Haldore Hanson, 37, who handles cultural jobs for the department, and technical work under the Point Four

program. Hanson, said McCarthy, was guilty of "pro-Communist activities," and hero-worshiped Chinese Communist Boss Mao from his days as a correspondent in Asia. The State Department replied that it was convinced of Hanson's patriotism.

McCarthy still had a long way to go before proving that there are 57 Communists at work in the State Department.

TRIALS

Day of Judgment

From the beginning of the Judy Coplon-Valentin Gubichev espionage trial, Manhattan's big, moon-faced Federal Judge Sylvester Ryan had been getting a hotfoot from the defense lawyers almost every day. Even after Judy fired her bench-baiting lawyer—brassy, little Archie Palmer—in mid-trial, things did not improve. The court got her three lawyers who had been assisting Archie. Judy pouted and said she didn't like them. Then the attorneys pouted. They obviously hoped to appeal on grounds that Government Girl Judy Coplon was the victim of prejudicial treatment: as the trial drew to a close last week, they refused to cross-examine Government witnesses, made no final statement to the jury.

Hot Blood. Unlike them, Abraham L. Pomerantz, Gubichev's lawyer, battled hard for his client. The substance of his defense: the stolid Russian, a $6,050-a-year engineer for the U.N., had not kept his Manhattan trysts with Judy to receive state secrets from her, but only to express his "hot-blooded" love. But when the jury came in, after 19 hours and 10 minutes, its foreman announced that the verdict for both defendants was: "Guilty."

Judy stared accusingly at the jury with tears welling up in her eyes. Her alleged lover, Gubichev, looked only infinitely bored.

He was just as impassive, two days later, as he was called up to be sentenced. Speaking calmly in Russian (he speaks English well), he read a complaining statement to the court. The U.S. had violated his diplomatic immunity, he said, and what's more, the FBI had tried to get information about Russian military affairs from him.

Judge Ryan listened intently. Was there, he finally asked, anything further? U.S. Attorney Irving Saypol rose. He had a letter from the U.S. Attorney General. He said: ". . . Upon the recommendation of the Department of State, it is recommended that Your Honor suspend any sentence against this defendant . . . [if] he departs from the U.S. within two weeks . . ."

Smiling Defiance. Gubichev smiled. The judge stared sternly, and then, before agreeing to the Government's request, voiced his pent-up indignation on Gubichev: ". . . You came here as an emissary of peace; you were acceptable among us in the role of a friend . . . but you betrayed the cause of peace. You have, by your acts, attempted to destroy the hopes of millions . . . And you do all this with arrogance . . . there is a smile on your lips . . . you are defiant of all humanity." Then, sentencing Gubichev to 15 years in prison, and suspending the sentence, the judge warned that he would still have to face some day another tribunal, the "omnipotent Judge, who will pass judgment on us all."

After that, Judge Ryan turned to Defendant Coplon, asked if she had anything to say. Judy Coplon replied firmly: "Not at this time, Your Honor." Speaking like a sorrowing father banishing a daughter from his doorstep, Judge Ryan read her a lecture too:

N. Y. *Daily Mirror*—International

VALENTIN GUBICHEV
He had to wait for orders.

"You have brought dishonor on the name you bear . . . and tragedy upon your family . . . You have been disloyal to the country which has nourished you . . . My observation of you during the trial and my knowledge of the facts convince me that the seeds of disloyalty still find root within your breast." Judy, too, got 15 years. With the sentence she had received for espionage in Washington last summer, it added up to a maximum of 25 in all.

That did not quite end the Coplon-Gubichev case. Though the State Department's request for a suspended sentence (made for the sake of U.S. nationals behind the Iron Curtain) had given Gubichev a chance to go scot-free, he didn't jump at it. Obviously he had to wait while the Kremlin made up his mind for him. His attorney went ahead with plans for appeal—just in case his bosses left him in the lurch. But they didn't. After four days, Gubichev got his orders: he would be shipped out on the Polish liner *Batory*, the useful Communist vessel which had once carried off ex-Communist Spy Gerhart Eisler as a stowaway.

THE CONGRESS

Vocation with Vacation

Like the turtle, the bureaucrat, hunched up within the comfortable armor plate of civil-service regulations, seldom moves at a pace faster than a lumbering lurch. But head, neck and unwinking eye can zip out with wondrous speed—to snap at a taxpayer, look out a window at a parade, or sip a slow cup of coffee at the nearest Government cafeteria. Last week the Senate heard another little-noted fact about his living habits: he can, and frequently does, enjoy the equivalent of about ten weeks of paid vacation a year.

Illinois' Senator Paul Douglas—a rare animal himself, being an economy-minded Fair Dealer—proved it with simple arithmetic. Federal law grants some 1,500,000 Government employees 26 working days of paid "vacation leave," plus 15 days of paid sick leave, plus eight national holidays. This totals 49 working days off, which, when divided by the five-day Government work week, equals just one day less than ten weeks. He hadn't even counted the average four days off each year granted Washington workers because of midsummer heat or Government ceremony.

And if you wanted to figure the 30-minute daily coffee time, you could bring the total working hours of a civil-service employee down to 1,585 a year, as compared with the 1,900 hours "considered a very liberal standard in private industry," Douglas said. (In actual practice, he added, the civil-service average was around 1,650 hours.)

Many Government workers—postal employees, for example—do not get such handsome treatment, he pointed out. His proposal: the Government could save $100 million annually without cutting a single essential service by scaling civil-service vacations down to 20 working days a year and cutting paid sick leave to twelve working days. When the Senate voted it down 57 to 14 (primarily because he had awkwardly tried to tack on his plan as an amendment to an appropriation bill), he braved the scowls of civil servants lurking on the edges of the chamber, promised to keep trying.

Last week the Senate also:

¶ Agreed to rescue the controversial displaced-persons law from the smothering wing of Nevada's Pat McCarran, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, for a vote early next month.

The House:

¶ Pigeonholed in the House Rules Committee the Senate-approved Lodge-Gossett constitutional amendment to change the system of counting electoral votes in

THE SENATE'S MOST EXPENDABLE

In the Senate Restaurant, and along the tiled Senate corridors, Senators are known not only by the headlines they make but also by the company they keep; by their native ability and practical effectiveness as legislators; by the work they do, or avoid. A favorite pastime is picking the worst of the lot.

It involves standards of comparison. It is easy to sigh for the days of Senators with tongues of silver and minds of steel, to forget that some of today's Senators rank high in character and vision, that few of the present Senators are as bad as some specimens of recent history—the Bilbos, Huey Longs, "Pappy" O'Daniels and "Cotton Ed" Smiths. Some are merely time servers and seat warmers who are as incapable of harm as of greatness. There are others whose antics are sometimes cheap and whose motivations are sometimes sordid. But their faults in one area of lawmaking or politicking are offset by their usefulness in others. After allowances are made for such human frailty, these eight would turn up on most lists of the Senate's most expendable men:

Kenneth D. McKellar, Democrat from Tennessee, 81, relentless in his prejudices, vicious in his vendettas. Under the congressional rules which promote men by seniority instead of ability, Spoilsman McKellar wields immense power. As chairman of the Senate's money-spending machinery, he browbeats and bullies Senators who need his approval for their pet projects. He badgered David Lilienthal because Lilienthal refused to load TVA with McKellar patronage, yelped that ECAdministrator Paul Hoffman ought to resign for the good of the country. A Senator longer than any of his colleagues (33 years), Kenneth McKellar, hell-raiser in committee and on the floor, has long been the meek and humble stooge of Tennessee's E. H. ("Boss") Crump.

Patrick A. N. (Pat) McCarran, Democrat from Nevada, 73, pompous, vindictive and power-grabbing—a sort of McKellar with shoes on. Working hand in glove with McKellar, he tied the 81st Congress' appropriations machinery in knots, staged a one-man committee filibuster against a liberalized bill to admit D.P.s to the U.S., and almost succeeded —with McKellar—in mutilating the Marshall Plan last summer. To control or retaliate against Senators who stand up against him, the silver-haired spokesman of the silver bloc swings a big club: chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee, which passes on all claims against the Government and judiciary patronage.

Harry Pulliam Cain, Republican from Washington, 44, tall, lean, friendly—and a lightweight. As early as 1947, he urged withdrawal of occupation forces from Germany, and an end to the denazification program. On occasion, he subjects the Senate to hammy theatrics and wild filibusters. Some of his Senate colleagues would be inclined to rate him as no more than a noisy nonentity if he were not something more bothersome—the real-estate lobby's warmest friend.

James Whitmore—LIFE
McKELLAR

Associated Press
TAYLOR

Harris & Ewing
McCARRAN

Yale Joel—LIFE
LANGER

Acme
CAIN

Wide World
MALONE

International
JENNER

International
THOMAS

William E. Jenner, Republican from Indiana, who is devoid of influence among his colleagues and partisan-minded to the last brain cell. He recently implied that the H-bomb was part of a Democratic plot to wipe out civilization. Jenner's political vision is too myopic to win him classification even as a nationalist—he seems to think that the world consists only of the state of Indiana and that small patch of Chicago which holds up Colonel Bertie McCormick's Tribune Tower. So intense were Jenner's isolationist views when he returned from a worldwide senatorial junket last year (with a senatorial subcommittee of which he was not even a member) that a Washington correspondent began his story: "Senator Jenner returned to Washington today and gave the whole world 24 hours to get out." Waspish, 41-year-old Bill Jenner is a small man to use the Senate office chambers once occupied by the late great George W. Norris.

Glen H. Taylor, 45, Democrat from Idaho, the banjo-twanging playboy of the Senate. An easy mark for far-left propaganda, he ran as Henry Wallace's vice presidential candidate on the 1948 Progressive Party ticket, has since tried to be a good boy to get Democratic help in his re-election campaign. His major achievement while in office: a "cross-country peace crusade" on horseback which covered only 275 miles by horse and the rest by car.

William Langer, Republican from North Dakota, who was almost barred from his Senate seat in 1941 on grounds of "moral turpitude" growing out of some old charges of corruption while he was governor of North Dakota. He has since made several Senators regret their votes to seat him. A lone wolf, incapable of cooperation, 63-year-old Isolationist Langer has probably introduced more trivial bills than any other Senator, once proposed that the U.S. withhold the $3,750,000,000 loan from Britain and use the money to provide urinalysis for U.S. citizens.

George W. Malone, isolationist Republican from Nevada, a onetime prize-fighter who fights a loud, long fight for narrow sectional interests. His Senate office is a rat's nest of statistics on the West's mineral resources and little else; his chair on the Senate floor is often vacant. Fifty-nine-year-old "Molly" Malone once represented the Western mining and industrial interests in the Capitol lobby; as a Senator, he still does.

Elmer Thomas, Democrat from Oklahoma, 73, who votes pro-labor often enough to win labor's support at elections, but owes much of his backing to oil and private utilities. Two years ago he was exposed for trading in the cotton commodities market—through his wife —during his chairmanship of the Senate Agriculture Committee. Thomas made himself look silly and embarrassed his country on a tour of western Europe last year by complaining loudly that the Swedish government had not entertained him richly enough.

presidential elections (TIME, Feb. 13). ¶ Voted to make Hawaii a state (having already endorsed statehood for Alaska), sent the bill to the Senate where a similar proposal had been shelved three years ago.

"I'm No Lady"

In the early days, before Capitol Hill knew buxom Mary Teresa Norton as "Battling Mary," a Congressman gallantly offered to yield the floor to "the lady from New Jersey." Snapped Mary: "I'm no lady. I'm a member of Congress and I shall proceed accordingly."

For 25 years she had proceeded with a firm political tread, earned labor's solid gratitude (as chairman of the House labor committee) by forcing a vote on the Wages & Hours act in 1938, mechanically piled up election majorities by her loyalty to her Jersey City (13th) district and to State Democratic Boss Frank Hague.

Last week, as four opposing candidates battled to send her into defeat along with Hague in next month's primaries, Mary Norton sent word from the Bethesda Naval Hospital (where she was bedded with influenza) that, on her 75th birthday, she had decided to call it a day.

ARMED FORCES

Fighting Doctor

Just about everybody seemed to be in favor of sweeping with a wide broom through the nation's military hospitals. Defense Secretary Louis Johnson was sure that he could save more than $25 million by closing down five of them and reducing the staff of 13 other military and naval hospitals. He had behind him the documented findings of the Hoover Commission, which were studded with instances where one branch of the service reared up costly hospitals in areas where another service had long wards of empty beds. Who was blocking these reforms? Last week the finger pointed in a surprising direction: at Rear Admiral Joel Thompson Boone, a veteran of 36 years in the medical corps who spoke with one of the Navy's most respected voices.

Ribbons. His record, if not his arguments, certainly entitled him to a hearing. Appearing last week before the House Armed Services Committee, he was a distinguished grey figure in service blue. His chest was asplash with ribbons. In World War I, he had gone to France with the Sixth Marines and stuck with them through some of the bloodiest fighting of the war—Verdun, Belleau Wood, St. Mihiel, the Meuse-Argonne. He earned six battle clasps for his Victory Medal, the Army's Distinguished Service Cross, three Purple Hearts, five Silver Stars. He had also won the Congressional Medal of Honor for twice dashing through an open, mustard-drenched field under "extreme enemy fire" to tend wounded marines.

After the war, Boone became one of President Warren Harding's White House physicians, was at the President's bedside in San Francisco when Harding died. Florence Harding had so much faith in him that she was sure Boone could save the President if anyone could. Leaning over the bed in San Francisco's Palace Hotel and listening for Harding's heartbeat, Boone said quietly: "Nobody can save him, Mrs. Harding."

Responsibilities. Calvin Coolidge asked Boone to stay on in the White House, and insisted that he be on hand every morning promptly at 8 o'clock to test the presidential pulse. Herbert Hoover gave him a new title: "Physician to the White House." Worried about Hoover's 194 lbs., Boone invented the "medicine-ball Cabinet." Hoover was reluctant at first: "Nobody would want to get up and come over here and toss a medicine ball with me at 7 o'clock in the morning." But soon there were enough aspiring, perspiring Republicans to form two medicine-ball squads on the White House lawn every morning, tossing a 5-lb. ball over a 9-ft. net. Among them: Mark Sullivan, Pat Hurley, Ray Lyman Wilbur, Harlan Stone.

Associated Press

ADMIRAL BOONE
First the legend, then the broom.

During most of World War II, Boone ran a taut, efficient ship as head of the big naval hospital at Seattle. But he got to sea again in time to represent the medical corps at the surrender ceremony aboard the *Missouri*. He became a top medical officer in the Defense Department and toured the country as part of the Hoover Commission task force on medical service.

Relief. Last week Admiral Boone explained why he could not go along with the commission's findings. He argued that Louis Johnson's economies in the medical service would turn out to be false savings in the long run. He did not deny waste and duplication, but insisted that the Services needed some leeway: "We can't tell how close war is, and war means terrific expansion." In view of all the facts of overlapping facilities, the committeemen were not overly impressed with the argument.

What impressed them more was the fact that 60-year-old Admiral Boone had been relieved of his job the week before because of his unwillingness to go along with his superiors. Committee Chairman Carl Vinson asked Louis Johnson to hold the ax until a subcommittee could go out and see for itself.

DISASTER

"I'm Going Down!"

The blizzard beat with glass-rattling fury on the steamy windows of Franklin Doughty's comfortable South Minneapolis home. In the living room, Insurance Man Doughty reluctantly left a television basketball game, tramped upstairs to tell ten-year-old Janet and tousled Tommy, 8, to turn off *Fibber McGee and Molly* and quiet down. It was almost 9 o'clock, said Doughty, and high time for sleep.

At 8:59 p.m., Northwest Airlines' Flight 307—out of Washington with ten passengers aboard—was cleared for instrument letdown to Minneapolis' Wold-Chamberlain airport. Pilot Don Jones, 42, and dependable "old man" of the line, hunched forward in his seat, his eyes fixed on the soft-glowing needles of the luminous instruments before him. On such a night their judgment was better than his own; fine-grained snow slanted dazzlingly against the windshield of his twin-engined Martin 2-0-2.

One mile short of the runway's edge the big transport was dragging in over the treetops. There was a rending crunch as the left wing struck a 67-ft. steel flagpole in Fort Snelling National Cemetery. Jones blurted into his radio microphone that he was in trouble. The control tower ordered him to head for the field. Back came the pilot's last words: "I can't! I can't! I'm falling! I'm going down!" The left wing ripped away and spun off into the darkness. Helplessly the crippled plane tumbled toward the soft yellow lights of the West Minnehaha Parkway residential section, plummeted into Frank Doughty's house with a roar and "a flash like a dozen suns," as a neighbor described it. Flames burst from the upstairs windows, and tiny pieces of hot metal rained over the neighborhood.

Downstairs in the house, Doughty and his wife started toward the stairway, but had to retreat from the gasoline-fired flame already roaring through the hall. They turned quickly to follow their older daughter through a living-room window. Moments later, as Doughty tried to raise a ladder to the second story from the backyard, the walls of the house bulged outward and collapsed into a flaming

crackling heap. The storm swirled the sparks and oily black smoke into the freezing night, and counted its death toll: Janet and Tommy Doughty killed in their beds, Pilot Jones, his crew of two and all of the ten passengers aboard Flight 307.

CALIFORNIA

Lubrication Expert

Brother C. (for Cash, he likes to say) Thomas Patten had little contact with religion as a youngster in Tennessee. "My Daddy was baptized a Baptist in a mountain stream," he explains, "but a crawfish bit him on his big toe and he never went back." Tom got to be a carouser, "drank like a fish," even got himself a suspended two-year prison sentence for driving a stolen car across a state line. But he saw the light after he met Evangelist Bebe Harrison, "the only woman I ever saw that I couldn't get fresh with."

Tom and Bebe decided to do the Lord's work together. They got married in 1935, set to spreading the Gospel in 38 states, then settled down in Oakland seven years ago. Under the chilly scrutiny of the Oakland Council of Churches, they started holding revivals and set up three schools —the Academy of Christian Education, Patten College and Patten Seminary. Students joined up at the rate of 300 a year, paying $20 a month tuition, slipping on bright school sweaters with big block Ps, and learning the school yells. Sample, adopted from the old "Give 'em the ax": "Give 'em the Word, the Word, the Word." Some paid $5 for the academy's first and only yearbook, *The Portal*, a tome which explained Brother Tom's role in the world: "After scanning the honor roll of the obedient, the eyes of God rested on the name of C. Thomas Patten . . . Thus was born God's businessman of the hour . . . Business adventures for God are still taking form and this man of God is now trudging ahead to a goal of enormous accomplishments."

Pastor in Pistachio. Business, by earthly standards, was good indeed. Tom worked up a wardrobe of 46 expensive suits (favorite: a pistachio-green gabardine), a flock of screaming sport shirts and cowboy jackets, 200 pairs of cowboy boots, some worth $200. "I like to keep my feet covered," explained Brother Tom. Bebe's taste leaned toward less gaudy satin dresses and silver foxes. Between them the Pattens shared four Cadillacs, two Packards, a Lincoln, a Chrysler an Oldsmobile and a $6,000 cabin cruiser.

Carl Bigelow—Oakland *Tribune*

TOM & BEBE PATTEN WITH STUDENTS
"Give 'em the Word, the Word, the Word."

Such displays of wealth were enough to breed doubt in some of the faithful. A few followers went to the district attorney. Last week Tom Patten, a strapping, 218-lb. six-footer with a toothy grin and a fat face, was on trial in Alameda County Courthouse charged with mulcting some of his flock of $20,000. One of the shaken believers, an unemployed food caterer named George Lewis, told the jury how he had parted with more than $10,000. "I'd go to a Patten meeting with my full pay ($125 a week) and come out with a couple of dollars. I just couldn't seem to keep from giving it." Witness Lewis complained that Brother Tom said the money was going to be used for noble purposes—a mammoth choir loft to be raised and lowered by push button, a glass-enclosed baptistery similarly operated, a big electric Escalator running from nave to altar. But none of these things materialized. Mrs. Freeda Borchardt, once the Pattens' cleaning woman, explained forlornly that she and her husband had coughed up $2,800 after Brother Tom referred to her during a church service as "the meanest woman in Oakland."

Pupils on Parade. Outside the courthouse last week, as the trial went into its third week, sympathetic Patten College students showed up one day in their P-lettered sweaters, toted around signs attacking the D.A. until Bebe—recently the mother of twins—drove up in a new Cadillac convertible and urged them to return to the classrooms.

Tom Patten had three lawyers (a Protestant, a Catholic and a Jew), and was confident the jury would clear him. As for all the money he spends, "People give it to me—I'm the man who keeps the wheel lubricated to keep the spiritual machinery moving." Said Bebe: "We have God on our side . . . Glory hallelujah. Amen!"

THE SOUTH

Broken Monopoly

To its critics in the North and to its critics abroad (who know it only in the exaggerated lines of caricature), Southern justice is just another way of saying injustice in two words. But that it need not always be a white man's monopoly and is not always so, was shown last week by two Southern juries.

A Leather Strap. In Rome, Ga., a federal jury had listened for ten days to the story of what happened one night almost a year ago in the little (pop. 200) mountain town of Hooker, just across from the Tennessee line. There was not much argument over the facts. A hooded mob of Ku Kluxers planted a flaming cross in the front yard of Mrs. Mamie Clay, broke up a neighborhood party and then hauled seven Negroes off to a nearby schoolyard. There, one by one, they were ordered to strip off their trousers, were thrown to the ground and lashed with a wide leather strap.

It was the kind of story that local prosecutors often show no curiosity about. But the federal Government, taking the case out of Georgia's hands, charged chunky, placid Dade County Sheriff John W. Lynch, three deputies and six Klansmen with conspiring to violate the civil-rights provisions of the 14th Amendment.* Sheriff Lynch had been present when the Klansmen grabbed the Negroes; one of the victims testified that he had asked the sheriff for protection and the sheriff had

* One of the amendments passed during Reconstruction days, which provides, among other things, that no state shall "deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

walked away. The first trial last December ended with a hung jury; last week a second set of jurors failed to find proof of conspiracy by the Klan. But they convicted Sheriff Lynch and Deputy William Hartline of misusing their office in defiance of the 14th Amendment.

A Shotgun Blast. In Walhalla, S.C., another jury listened to an even darker story. It was told by 14-year-old John Henry Davis, a frightened Negro boy. He was in the living room of "Uncle Mike" Rice's farmhouse on the night of November 12 when two white men rapped on the front door. Uncle Mike answered and he heard a voice asking what time it was. Before Rice could reply, a shotgun blast ripped into his leg, another tore him across the belly.

The two men forced young John Henry to get down beside the dying man. Then one cut a money belt with $300 from the old man's bleeding body and warned the boy not to move. Some time after the men left, John Henry got a rag and some water to wash the blood from Uncle Mike's wounds. It didn't do any good, he remembered: "After a while I called to Uncle Mike but Uncle Mike didn't answer." But it was not until next morning that he dared to go for the sheriff.

Two days later, Charleston County detectives picked up two sullen, slack-jawed young ex-convicts named LeRoy Parker and James Lawing in a highway diner near Charleston. It took an all-white jury only 4½ hours to find both guilty of murder. Because the jury recommended mercy, the convicts were sentenced to life imprisonment.

THE GREAT PLAINS

Pale Yellow Ghost

For two days last week a pale yellow cloud rode a 70-mile gale across the southern Great Plains. In western Kansas, high-blowing sands blurred the sun and built ripply dunes along the east-west highways. In parts of Oklahoma the swirling dust cut visibility to half a mile. Winds in northern Texas sawed the sandy earth out from between dead cotton stocks, scooped fine topsoil from dry fields where winter wheat had failed to sprout because of long drought. Even in Dallas, 300 miles away, darkness came an hour early and sand sifted under windows and doors. Those who remembered the gritty, black devastating dust storms of the "Dirty Thirties" looked long and carefully at the sky.

Through the old dust-bowl region—spreading outward from the area where the Texas and Oklahoma panhandles hang together—hundreds of soil-conservation districts had been formed; farmers had "windstripped" their fields by alternating bands of cropland with long panels of soil-anchoring grassland. They had planted tree windbreaks, built broad terraces to catch snow and water, and planted crops on long-range rotation schedules.

But last week's darkened sky was a brief reminder of the undone. Since dust-bowl days, thousands of acres of normally dry grasslands in Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico had been plowed and pulverized by "suitcase farmers." Lured by record postwar wheat prices, they had sent gigantic plows into the poorest lands of the plains to reap quick profits from the opportune cycle of heavy rainfall. Now, in the new dryness, their fields were being abandoned to the drought and wind. If the dry cycle continued through one or two more years, U.S. soil conservationists warned, the pale yellow ghost of the grim dark days could turn both frightening and real.

International

THE SANDERS
For an anxious eye, a wink.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Not Guilty

Prosecutor William L. Phinney's voice wavered for a moment, for he, like almost everyone in the courtroom, knew and liked the defendant. Then he pressed firmly on. "It is a difficult thing to ask for—particularly for me. But if we are to live in a society of laws, the people within that society must abide by those laws." And so last week the state of New Hampshire demanded the conviction of 41-year-old Dr. Hermann Sander, accused of the mercy killing of a dying cancer patient.

The defense attorney, white-haired Louis E. Wyman, had fumbled with his thoughts and fumbled with his papers during his summation. Tears were in his eyes as he finished. There had been no murder, he said, and euthanasia was not, therefore, an issue. Rather, as Dr. Sander had testified, 59-year-old Mrs. Abbie Borroto was already dead when he injected air ("Why I did it, I can't tell") into her wasted arm.

At 2:52 p.m., after listening to the judge's careful charge, the jury filed out. Inside the little red brick courthouse at Manchester, N.H. Dr. Sander sat with his arm around his wife.

It took the jury only 70 minutes to decide. As the twelve middle-aged jurors filed back to the jury box, one of them caught Mrs. Sander's anxious eye, grinned broadly and tipped her a reassuring wink. Then Foreman Louis C. Cutter rose to pronounce the verdict: "Not guilty."

There was a little shriek of delight from the women spectators. Then the Sanders' neighbors crowded around them jubilantly. Outside the courthouse, another crowd of 300 townspeople whooped and cheered. That night 500 neighbors assembled in the biting cold outside the Sanders' big white farmhouse for a torchlight parade.

A few days later, Sander and his wife left town for two weeks' rest. After he got back, the State Board of Registration in Medicine would decide whether, though free of murder, he had been guilty of violating medical ethics.

MISSOURI

Call Me Mister

Congressman Clare Magee complained to the Missouri attorney general last week that a lot of voters in his district thought he was "a member of the gentler sex." The understanding attorney general ruled that "Mr." could be inserted before Democrat Magee's name in this year's primary ballots.

INTERNATIONAL

ARMAMENTS

MAP Moves

The billion-dollar Military Assistance Program (MAP) for the North Atlantic Treaty powers was finally moving. Almost a year after the signing of the grand alliance in Washington (April 4, 1949), the first shipment—48 U.S. Navy fighter and bomber planes for France—was made from Norfolk, Va. this week. From now on, the flow of U.S. arms to Europe would be steady and, the Western world hoped, steadying.

Biggest question mark on the receiving end was France. Although Premier Georges Bidault had won an impressive vote of confidence in the Assembly (393-186) on the Communist-opposed anti-sabotage measure, the government's Red troubles were not over. Before the final vote, Communist deputies put on a riotous show that was even more violent and abusive than last week's. Cracked a Foreign Office official who must attend this week's debate on ratification of the Franco-American military aid agreement: "Where could I borrow a suit of armor?"

At week's end the French strike situation eased; longshoremen were going back to work. Still, the Communists repeated their boast that French dock workers would not handle military shipments from the U.S. when they arrived. Any obstruction at the ports, the government warned in a radio broadcast, will be met by "the patriotism of the French and the force of the law."

THE NATIONS

Cordial Visit

A greying member of London's Savage Club looked out on the bedecked and crowded Mall, slowly shook his head and muttered: "I don't like it at all. The last time a French President paid a state visit to Britain was in 1939, and the time before that it was 1913!"

But few Britons saw a sign of war in the arrival last week of rotund, 65-year-old Vincent Auriol. The tensions of an uneasy peace stressed anew the importance of the 46-year-old *Entente Cordiale* between France and Britain. The beaming French President and his wife were warmly welcomed and royally entertained. The people turned out in throngs. Auriol, responding to cheers, placed his right hand over his heart and symbolically flung it to the people. They loved it.

International

SCHUMAN & BEVIN
To the people, a heart.

During the visit, France's Foreign Minister Robert Schuman had a 70-minute session with Britain's Ernest Bevin. They did not reach or seek specific agreements, merely exchanged views on many subjects of interest to both countries; the diplomats call this a *tour d'horizon.* But the most important discussions centered on European integration, where, according to the French, the British have been dragging their feet. Bevin explained Britain's position—particularly on the U.S.-backed European payments scheme: 1) the United Kingdom's dollar reserves are so low that she cannot commit herself to any plan that would mean a further drain; and 2) as banker to the sterling area, Britain can do nothing that would tend to disrupt that trading system.

Here was the old British dilemma: How to strengthen the concept of "Western community" without weakening the reality of Commonwealth? Auriol in a speech to Parliament said that the answer was a close "association of the military, economic and diplomatic policies . . . of all those nations which . . . are ready to take part in the real organization of collective security."

POLICIES & PRINCIPLES

Smokescreen

In the Kremlin's white-and-gold St. George Hall, leading deputies of the Supreme Soviet, Russia's rubber-stamp parliament, settled down comfortably while some old friends of Communism spoke of peace. The friends—French, British, Canadian and U.S. emissaries of an organization calling itself the Permanent Committee of Partisans of Peace—were the first foreigners ever to appear before the Supreme Soviet. Their act was part of the current Russian peace offensive, a smokescreen designed to blind the West.

Most interesting performance was that of top U.S. Wallaceite Oetje John Rogge, who has a record of friendship toward many Communist causes. People the world over, said Rogge, ought to be free to criticize their governments. Later, he explained to Soviet newsmen: "My idea of a free society is one in which . . . people can say what they think . . ." *Pravda* gave Rogge a sharp editorial rebuke for his statement, and carefully edited his remarks so that Russian readers would not be contaminated by the idea of free speech.

UNITED NATIONS

Poor Precedent

For more than two months, the Soviet Union had boycotted all major U.N. proceedings because Communist China had not been admitted to membership.

Last week, U.N. Secretary General Trygve Lie tried to resolve the impasse. He wanted the U.S., France and three other nations which have not recognized the Chinese Communist regime to go ahead and admit its delegates to the U.N. anyway. Lie argued that diplomatic recognition should not be a test of qualification for U.N. membership.

His proposal missed a point. The U.S. had agreed that it would abide by whatever the U.N. Assembly decided on the China issue. The Russian stand was just the opposite: it amounted to a demand that U.N. recognize whatever government the Russians recognized.

Lie's proposal might set a precedent that would invite future boycotts on the Russian model.

FOREIGN NEWS

BELGIUM

Up in the Air

"Let's settle it, one way or the other," said Belgians who wanted a national referendum on whether King Leopold III should return to his throne. The vote was held, and this week the returns were in. They settled nothing.

Leopold had said that if he got less than 55% of the vote he would abdicate in favor of his son, Baudouin I (rhymes, approximately, with road man). Many of his opponents conceded that he should be allowed to return if he got 65%. Leaders of the Liberal Party, which holds the balance of power in Parliament, imposed a stricter condition: they would vote against Leopold unless he got a majority in all three sections of the country—Flanders, Wallonia and Brabant (the Brussels area).

The point of this condition is that Belgium, a synthetic nation, is made up of two somewhat antagonistic peoples, Flemings and Walloons. The monarchy in Belgium has to serve not only as a symbol of authority, but more importantly as a symbol of national unity. Therefore, said the Liberals, Leopold must be accepted by the Walloons as well as by the Flemings.

Acerbity & Rancor. Socialist Leader Paul-Henri Spaak opposed holding a referendum. He foresaw that the vote for Leopold might fall in the indecisive area between 55% and 65%, and that the King would carry Flanders, lose Wallonia. In that case, said Spaak, "the government would not only have on its hands the King's abdication or return, it would also have to appease the anger, acerbity and rancor of Flanders or Wallonia."

Nevertheless, the government went ahead with the referendum which was to be merely advisory, *i.e.*, not binding on the Parliament. The Socialist and Liberal leaders urged the people to vote no on Leopold's return; the Christian Socialists (Catholics), just short of a parliamentary majority, asked for a yes vote.

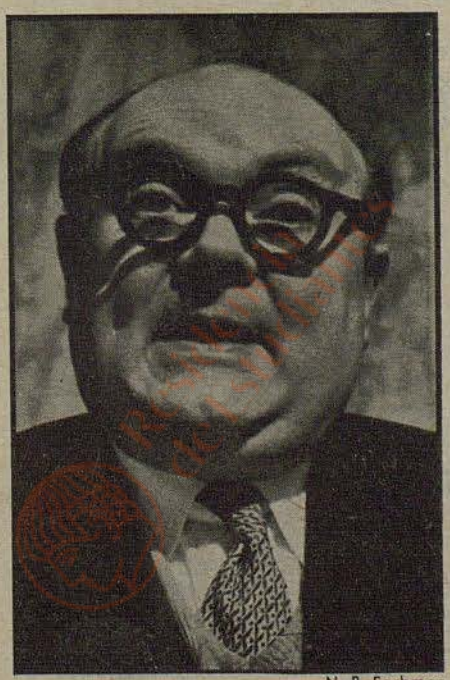
Four main points were made against Leopold: 1) he had surrendered the Belgian army to the Germans; 2) he had refused to follow his ministers' decision that he accompany them to London exile; 3) he had accepted favors from the Germans; 4) he had married a Fleming, beautiful Mary Liliane Baels. Leopold's friends made vigorous defenses, especially on the surrender issue, arguing that continued resistance would have been militarily futile. Probably the issue that hurt Leopold most was his marriage. Many Walloons called him "King of the Flemings."

Another Vote? In this week's referendum, Leopold got 72.2% of the Flanders vote. He barely carried Brabant (50.2%) and got only 40.2% of the vote in Wallonia. For the country as a whole his majority was 57.68%.

The result left Belgian politics up in the air. Christian Socialist Premier Gaston Eyskens decided to go to Pregny, Switzerland, to confer with the exiled King. Three possibilities: 1) Leopold will be allowed to come back with the understanding that he will immediately abdicate in favor of Baudouin; 2) the Christian Socialists will dissolve the government and seek a clear pro-Leopold majority in a new election; 3) some Liberal members of Parliament, noting that many of their party members voted for Leopold, may join with the Christian Socialists in voting for the King's return.

Associated Press

KING LEOPOLD & WIFE
He was willing.



N. R. Farbman

SOCIALIST SPAAK
He was not.

GREAT BRITAIN

After the Game

From Cardiff, in Wales, a four-engined Avro Tudor V took off one day last week for the 200-mile hop across the Irish Sea to Dublin. Aboard were 78 passengers (72 men, six women) and a crew of five bound for a championship Rugby match in Belfast.

The Welshmen went by bus to Belfast, watched jubilantly while their team won. Then they returned to Dublin, spent a morning eating steak for breakfast and buying souvenirs for their families—toys, canned fruit, nylons, a string of pearls. At the airport, customs officials grinned and waved as the Welshmen sang a final chorus of *Land of My Fathers*. The big plane took off at 2:10 p.m.

Back in Wales, six men were kicking a football about in a field near Llandow airport. Just after 3 p.m. they stopped to watch the plane come in to land. Tom Newman, 29, turned to his father and said: "Look, he's coming in low. Something is going to happen." Then, suddenly, the plane flopped over on its back and fell with an earth-shaking thud onto the green turf.

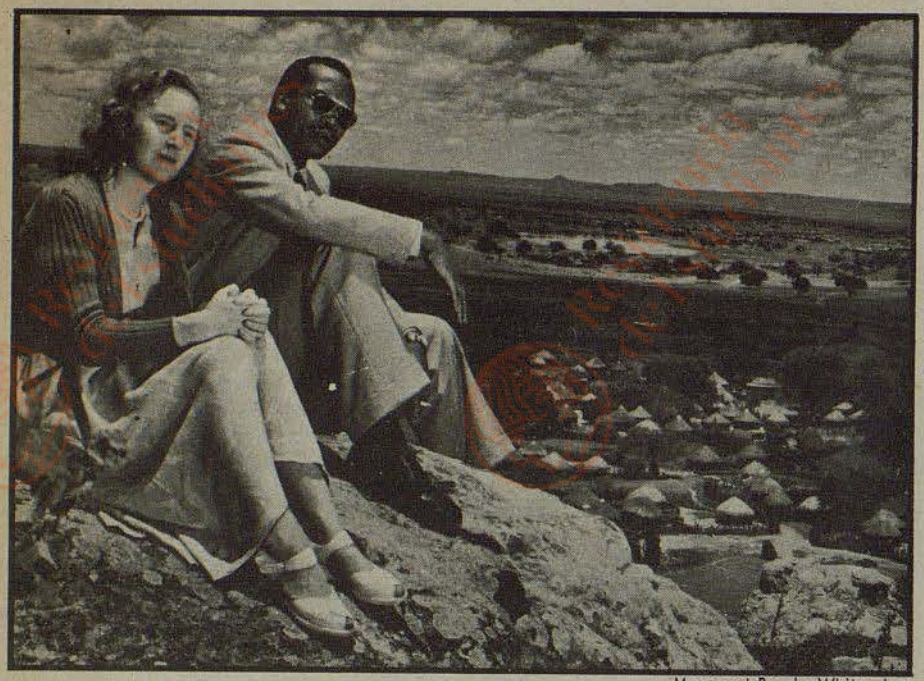
Farmer Evan Thomas ran to the scene. Said he later: "The smoke of the engines was curling from the wreckage. Through it walked two men. They were the only things that moved." The two survivors Farmer Thomas saw were Gwyn Anthony, 26, and his brother-in-law, Handel Rogers, 32, both of Llanelly. They had been sitting in the tail. Said Gwyn Anthony: "The nose seemed suddenly to go up and then there was a crash . . . I heard a cry. It was Handel. We called to each other and found we were both alive."

Souvenir cups & saucers lay crushed in the wreckage; nylon stockings and burst food parcels were jumbled with the torn sections of human bodies. The plane did not burn. There was one other survivor, Melville Thomas, a colliery fitter from Llanharan. Eighty were killed. It was the worst crash in aviation history.

Fleeting Triumph

During a flight of eloquence in the House of Commons on the prospect of increased duck production, Sidney Dye, Labor member for Norfolk South-West, last week declared: "Ducks greedily devour wireworms and leatherjackets, thus ridding the soil of these pests. It may well be that those who eat the ducks can readily assimilate the robust characteristics of these other creatures. If so, may I commend to His Majesty's Ministers the value of ducks and green peas for a regular place in their diet?"

Next day, Winston Churchill tested the "robust characteristics" of the government by insisting that the Laborites promise not to nationalize Britain's iron & steel industry until after another general election has



Margaret Bourke-White—LIFE

RUTH & SERETSE KHAMA
"These things were only supposed to happen in Russia."

been held. If Churchill's proposal passed, it could topple the shaky Labor government.

Scorn & Entreaty. Labor took the challenge standing up. Government whips, grimly aware that they held an overall majority of only seven seats, exhorted Laborite M.P.s to be present for the vote. The Tory whips were busy too. As the hour for the vote approached, the M.P.s crowded into the beamed Chamber.

Clement Attlee was in a fighting mood. He said acidly: "There is to be, so he [Churchill] says, yet another election on this issue [*i.e.*, steel]. How many elections are we to have? The Right Honorable Gentleman has had two elections on this. He has been beaten both times. Is every industry to be kept in a state of suspense until the Right Honorable Gentleman wins a general election?"

Then Attlee dwelt sarcastically on Churchill's alternate use of scorn and entreaty to win the nine-seat Liberal bloc to the Tory side. "He has been a very ardent lover of this elderly spinster, the Liberal Party," he said, and the House tittered. Lady Megan Lloyd George, 47-year-old Liberal spinster, blushed and laughed with embarrassment. Other M.P.s, with mock gallantry, cried: "Withdraw!" But Attlee went right on. "I can never make out," he said, "whether the Right Honorable Member for Woodford [Churchill's constituency] is going to play Petruchio or Romeo. He gives her a slap in the face, then offers her a bunch of flowers."

Cheers & Sighs. Fifteen minutes later, the vote was in and the tellers had returned to the chamber to report the result. Attlee's sarcasm had had no effect on the Liberals; every one of their nine votes had gone to Romeo Churchill, but not even this was enough for a Tory victory. Labor passed its first important test, 310 to 296.

But Labor's taste of triumph soon soured. At week's end, the Tories chalked up another win in a by-election in Moss Side, a constituency in Manchester. This reduced Labor's overall majority in Parliament to six. If the Laborites did not start eating duck dinners in earnest, they might find that the menu had been changed to crow.

BECHUANALAND

Dirty Trick

"If the Bamangwato don't object to a white consort and the prospect of half-breed succession," boomed the London *Times* sternly, "it would not seem to be for the imperial government, pledged before nations to respect equal rights of all races, to overrule them in their own domestic concerns. There, if principle were to prevail over expediency, should be an end of the argument."

Unfortunately, as the *Times* well knew, neither principle nor the south African tribe of Bamangwato stood much chance of prevailing. When handsome, black, Oxford-bred Seretse Khama, hereditary chief of the Bamangwato, decided to make blonde Ruth Williams, a London typist, his queen (TIME, July 11), he touched off a problem that reached far beyond the hearths of his 100,000 subjects in Britain's Bechuanaland Protectorate. Few Bamangwato objected to Ruth. After a brief tribal squabble between the pro-Seretse forces and those of his domineering uncle, Regent Tshekedi, the tribe, their enthusiasm spurred by an unprecedented rainfall which accompanied Ruth's arrival, had declared overwhelmingly for Seretse. Final approval, however, had to come from Whitehall.

"Doublecrossed." Last autumn Britain's Commonwealth Office sent a commission to Bechuanaland to investigate. Last month it invited Seretse to talk things over. He left his pregnant wife in their brand-new stucco bungalow in Serowe and came to London. What would he think, Commonwealth Relations Minister Philip Noel-Baker asked the young chief, of abdicating and coming to live in England on a comfortable allowance? Seretse declined the offer. Then for three weeks, while Britain's politicians got through an election at home, he was left to cool his heels in London. Last week Seretse was called again to the Commonwealth Relations Office. Britain's government, he was told by plausible Patrick Gordon-Walker, the new Commonwealth Minister, had decided "that in the interest and welfare" of the Bamangwato, the young chief should be banished from Bechuanaland for five years.

"They tricked me," exploded Seretse shortly afterward to reporters in his tiny flat off Haymarket. "They invited me to come to England, and now they say that I am to be excluded from my home. I thought these things were only supposed to happen in Russia. I said it was a dirty trick. They told me they didn't want me to say anything at all to the press until next week, but now I feel I have been doublecrossed."

"A Disreputable Transaction." In Parliament next day Gordon-Walker found himself faced with others who felt much the same. "One dislikes interference of this kind in matters between man and wife," said the Liberals' Clement Davies. "A disreputable transaction," rumbled Tory Winston Churchill. The government, refusing to publish its special commission's report, offered no answer beyond the statement that they "viewed with grave concern the danger which recognition [of Seretse] would cause." What His Majesty's ministers refused to admit was readily added by Seretse himself. "It has been firmly believed at home for a long time," he told reporters, "that there is pressure from the Union of South Africa."

With South Africa's rabid racist Prime Minister Daniel Malan ready to seize on any excuse to step into Bechuanaland, which borders his country on the north, Britain's ministers seemed far more willing to heed his wishes than those of the Bamangwato. This week in Serowe, 35 Bamangwato elders refused to go to a special *Kgotla* meeting called by Britain's High Commissioner Sir Evelyn Baring to inform the Bamangwato of the government's decision. "We cannot," they said, "attend any tribal meeting in the absence of our true chief Seretse."

In its timid efforts to propitiate Malan, His Majesty's government seemed to be sacrificing both the Bamangwato and its own principles.

RUSSIA

Number 2½

(See Cover)

In Soviet Russia's hierarchy, the tightest concentration of naked power in the world, a short, fat man from the southern Ural steppes named Georgy Maximilianovich Malenkov now stands just a level below the eminences where Joseph Stalin and Vyacheslav Molotov stand. He seems, in fact, to be pressing so hard on Comrade Number 2 that Western diplomats call him "Number 2½."

Stalin and Molotov are Old Bolsheviks, the aging top-dog survivors of the conspiratorial crew who seized power 32 years ago. Malenkov, an adolescent when the Revolution began, is a New Bolshevik. His character was fashioned in the dark and stormy laboratory of civil war, purge trials, slave labor, thought control and the midnight calls of the secret police. He worked his way through the anonymous, self-anointed inner core of the party to its all-highest Politburo, to be Deputy Premier of the U.S.S.R. His rise to a position within touching distance of Stalin's mantle bears considerable portent. After more than three decades, the vast power of the old Communist revolutionaries is passing into the grip of younger men whom they taught and trained.

Of this rising Soviet generation with whom it will have to deal, the non-Communist world knows even less than it does of the greying Red masters. Malenkov is a sharp case in point. No Western diplomat or journalist seems ever to have had a serious, revealing talk with him. He has taken part in no international parley, save with comrades in the Soviet satellite belt. He has never traveled in countries outside Moscow's orbit. His career is known only in a framework as spare as the man himself is fleshy.

Impression of Menace. If the non-Communist world has not yet plumbed the leading New Bolshevik, it has, at least, an impression of him—an ominous impression. Western diplomats at Kremlin dinners have been struck by Malenkov's grim reserve and aloofness. Stalin, in the brief days of East-West banqueting, cracked a joke now & then, and Molotov sometimes unbent with vodka, but Number 2½ remained stiff and oddly repellent.

Usually, at banquets, he talked earnestly with his neighbor and apparent close friend, bald, pince-nezed Lavrenty Beria, boss of the Soviet police. Obese, agate-eyed, sallow and waxy-faced, Malenkov exuded a vague menace. "If I knew I had to be tortured," said a former Western envoy to Moscow last week, "and if I were picking people from the Politburo to do the torturing, the last one I would pick would be Malenkov."

Another former top-level diplomat had a similar remembrance: "Malenkov did not bother to talk with the guests. It seemed as though he resented just being there. You could not tell what sort of fellow he was. He did not drink too much, and he did not abstain—a calculating toyer with a glass. Always he wore that party uniform [a drab, high-collared tunic, once affected by Stalin], which went out long ago in Russia . . ." The diplomat paused. Then, spacing his words for emphasis, he continued: "I - would - hate - to - be - at - the - mercy - of - that - man."

Expression of Peace. Last week the unknown, disturbing Malenkov made one of his rare public addresses. The occasion was the windup of Russia's election festival when the masses are led to the polls by the party to approve the party's unopposed candidates for the Supreme Soviet.

The final pre-election ritual is a series of speeches by Politburo members. Malenkov spoke from Moscow's marble Hall of Columns, which the Czars built as a playhouse and where the dead Lenin lay in state before he was embalmed and moved to his red granite tomb in Red Square. It was a long spiel (some 7,000 words in its English translation), full of stock praise for Soviet achievements. The keynote lines were aimed at Western ears:

"The Soviet government . . . will not abandon further efforts directed toward insuring peace, and is ready to be an active participant in all honest plans, measures and activities to avert a new war."

This seemed to repeat the invitation to another conference, and another deal, which the Moscow press extended to the West last month (TIME, Feb. 27). Police Boss Beria and two others of the Politburo's hierarchs, Deputy Premiers Anastas Mikoyan and Andrei Andreev,* echoed Malenkov's bid. They were followed next day by Molotov, who first held out the olive branch, then knouted the West for "blackmail . . . with the so-called hydrogen atomic bomb, which does not exist in fact." He wound up by promising that a new world war would "sweep away imperialism from the world." Much to the outside world's surprise, Number 1 himself, who usually brings the election ritual to its climax, remained silent.

On Sunday, to no one's surprise, 99-odd% of the Russian electorate (some 105 million people) voted for Stalin, Molotov, Malenkov & Co.

A Parallel. By the jobs he has held and from his few public statements known to the West, Malenkov may be classified as a practical more than a theoretical Marxist. His talent and the stages of his career tend to parallel those of Stalin. He is unquestionably a first-rate organizer, with a flair for totalitarian political management. As a party intellectual, he is a sort of lower middlebrow, whose unshakeable ideological orthodoxy is tempered with hard common sense. He is tough and abusive to his associates—perhaps the same temper that the dying Lenin found obnoxious when he wrote, before his death, that "Comrade Stalin is too rude." Malenkov uses the Russian equivalents of four-letter words, and behind his back his underlings have dubbed him "the Kremlin's turkey."

The standard Soviet privacy surrounds Malenkov's personal life. If he does not drink heavily, he obviously eats well; a favorite snack is French pastry. He smokes an expensive brand of Russian cigarettes, Northern Palmyras. Despite his Kremlin pallor, he likes fresh air. He goes duck hunting in the marshes outside Moscow. He rates a suburban villa on the Mozhaisk Road, a bulletproof limousine, and an armored-car escort.

Malenkov has been married twice. His

* Andreev's appearance was regarded as significant. *Pravda* had recently denounced him by name for an "erroneous conception of Soviet agriculture," of which he is boss. After that, some never expected to hear of him again.

Sovfoto

BERIA, MALENKOV, MIKOYAN
For Comrade Voznesensky, an eraser.

first wife was one of Molotov's secretaries. He divorced her and married Elena Khrushchev, a handsome actress. The present Mrs. Malenkov turned from the stage to the schools. As director of Moscow University, she motors in a long black *Zis* (the U.S.S.R.'s copy of the Packard) from her husband's Kremlin quarters, dresses in severe, mannish suits, is served by two housemaids, rates an office with a thick Persian rug, a mahogany desk, a daily vaseful of roses, an ornate silver samovar.

Of Malenkov's parental and class origins hardly anything is known. He was born on Jan. 8, 1902 in Orenburg, since renamed Chkalov in honor of the famed Soviet flyer who in 1937 hopped over the North Pole to the U.S.* His father was presumably a Cossack subaltern. Orenburg, on the southern flank of the Urals, where Europe meets Asia, was in those days a terminal for camel caravans from Turkestan. It also had the reputation of being a restless, independent place. The Cossacks and peasants of the Orenburg region had mounted one of the most troublesome popular uprisings of the 18th Century against Catherine the Great, an event made memorable for all Russians in Pushkin's *The Captain's Daughter*.

The Red uprising of 1917-18 came to Orenburg while Malenkov was a pupil at the local high school. He cut his classes, joined the Bolshevik army, fought in bitter campaigns against the local anti-Bolshevik forces of Ataman (Chief) Alexander Dutov. At 18, Georgy Malenkov joined the party, was assigned as *politruk, i.e.*, political commissar, to a Red army battalion. He was an effective indoctrinator, kept a keen check on the loyalty of his men. Within three years he moved up to be commissar for a regiment, then for a brigade, and finally for the whole "Eastern and Turkestan Fronts."

A Meeting of Lines. The civil wars ended and the zealous *politruk* went back to school. The party had its eye on him. In 1922 he entered Moscow's Higher Technological School. While he studied mechanical engineering, he kept on practicing political technique. He became boss of the school's Communist Party cell. Then, by a chance not clearly known, Student Malenkov met and impressed Stalin, who whisked him from mechanical to political engineering.

Sovfoto

RED ELECTIONEERS ON THE PROWL
More than 99% said yes.

The party, under General Secretary Stalin, had need of an engineer such as young Malenkov. The Communist apparatus was grinding and bumping under the pressure of Old Bolshevik rivalry and suspicion. While Stalin cut down and purged his rivals, Malenkov served him as personal secretary and snooper. The student technician of power had charge of all party dossiers in the middle and upper levels. He developed an astonishing memory, became a walking file from which Stalin could extract at any moment whatever record was needed to help along the ruthless struggle for power.

Stalin's victory, consolidated by the great purges of the '30s, was also Malenkov's victory. He climbed swiftly up the party ladder—into the Central Committee, into the Orgburo (the Central Committee's organization subcommittee, which handles the choice and assignment of party personnel throughout all walks of Soviet life), into a job as a deputy party secretary under General Secretary Stalin. His special task, in the years just before World War II, was to check and double-check discipline and loyalty to the party line—and he carried out the job, so he reported in 1939, through "strict scrutiny" of every one of 2,477,666 comrades.

Rude Words. In 1941, a few months before the Nazi invasion, Malenkov jarred a party conference in Moscow with a major blast of his rude common sense. He was reporting on "flaws, shortcomings and errors" in the party's direction of industry and transport.

He berated bureaucrats: "Some of them like to sit in swivel chairs and run things by correspondence." He scolded "windbags," who made excuses for the lag in production quotas, and "ignoramuses" who turned up their noses at technological improvements or "cleanliness and tidiness in a factory." He snapped at managers who "study genealogy to pick subordinates by their proletarian ancestry rather than by capacity." He added, startlingly, that there were people outside the party who were better Communists than those within it.

It might have been coincidence, but his report was followed by the demotion of several commissars and the retirement to private life of Molotov's wife, Polina Zhemchuzhina, who had bumbled first as director of the Cosmetics Trust and then as Commissar of the Fish Industry. Victor (*I Chose Freedom*) Kravchenko, then an engineer in the Kremlin, tells how Molotov, at a meeting of the Politburo, took his wife's dismissal deeply to heart.

"The fault, comrades," he said, "is one which I must share myself. I have failed to give sufficient attention to the matter."

Stalin cut in. "That's beside the point, Vyacheslav," he said. "The crux of the matter is that too many fish are swimming in the sea when they ought to be on citizens' tables."

As for Malenkov, the day after his tough talk he was elected a candidate (or junior) member of the Politburo.

Impressive Show. During the war years, Malenkov's organizational talent was applied to the production of Soviet armament. In charge of tank and plane manufacture, he put up an impressive performance. For days on end he stayed in his Kremlin office, snatching a cat nap now & then on an army cot set up beside his desk. His factories were turning out 40,000 planes a year by the time the tide turned on the Russian front in 1943.

In March 1946 Malenkov became a full member of the Politburo. Perhaps his fast climb made him lose the shrewd middlebrow touch, perhaps times had changed. At any rate, he made another speech, calling for a new application of party principles, and got into trouble.

* Chkalov's host after he and his over-the-top crew had unexpectedly landed at Pearson Field, the Army's air base at Vancouver, Wash.; Brigadier General George Catlett Marshall, commander of the Army post.

"We who follow the Marxist teaching," he urged, "must study our contemporary experience . . . incorporate it into day-by-day practical leadership . . . The war has forged new people, new personnel capable of pushing the work ahead." He advised all comrades: "Avoid getting into a rut, and stop living by old formulas . . .

"We have people, rightly called bookworms, who have quotations from Marx and Engels ready for every occasion and every pretext. Instead of laboring to think up something new or studying experience, they have one answer: 'No, that was not said by Marx,' or 'Engels said something else.' If Marx could rise from the grave and see such a follower (if this term is permissible), he undoubtedly would immediately disown him."

Down & Up. This speech turned out to be "erroneous." It seemed to be a bid for power by Malenkov and the younger men brought forward by the war. The Old Bolsheviks cracked down. The late Andrei Zhdanov, who was then a close rival of Malenkov for advancement in the party hierarchy, saw how to turn Malenkov's blunt words against him. In a ringing call for orthodoxy, intellectual Zhdanov retraced the party line afresh. In the game of Bolshevik parchesi, Malenkov had to move back several spaces.

He lost his job in Stalin's private secretariat. He found himself stuck in a secondary role in the Agricultural Administration. He dropped from fourth to ninth in Politburo listings (Zhdanov moved up from eighth to fourth). For his fling in ideological heresy, Malenkov was properly penitent and rueful, and on the next throw he moved forward again. In 1947, at the birth of the Cominform in Poland, Zhdanov, the party theoretician, had to share leadership with Malenkov, the party organizer.

Edward Clark—LIFE

MOLOTOV
Number Two said blackmail.

Sovfoto

VOTING DAY IN MOSCOW
Number One said nothing.

A year later, perhaps from shock, worry, and a fall from favor because of the rise of Titoism, Zhdanov died. At once Malenkov more than made up his lost ground. In the process, a blight fell upon the fortunes of outstanding Zhdanov men.

Most striking was the complete disappearance of N. A. Voznesensky, an amiable younger member of the Politburo, in charge of five-year planning. Voznesensky, something of an opportunist, had switched from Malenkov's camp to Zhdanov's. In March 1949 Voznesensky was fired. For a while, slighting and insulting references to him appeared in the Russian press. After that, it was as if Voznesensky had never been. For example, a recently published popular Soviet history book omits his name from a wartime list of Politburo members. George Orwell's "Ministry of Truth," which rewrote history to suit the doctrine of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, was not more thorough than the erasers of Voznesensky.

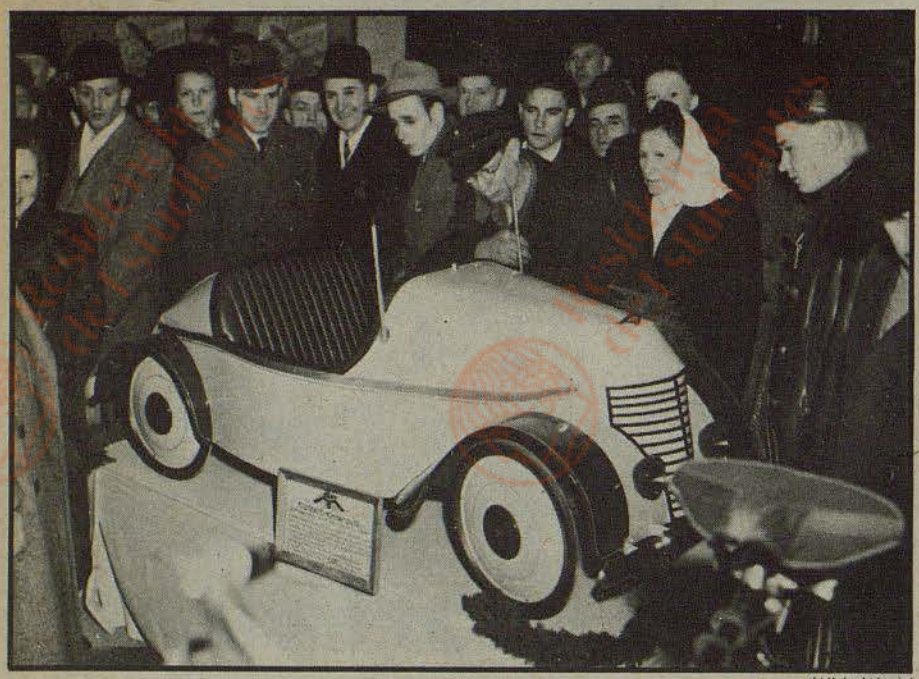
Prospects. In listings of Politburo members, Malenkov has now bounced up to third place behind Stalin and Molotov. And there are hints, not conclusive by any means, that 48-year-old Georgy Malenkov, more than the older (60) Molotov, is being groomed to succeed Joseph Stalin.

The recent decrees devaluating the ruble and reducing prices were signed by Stalin and Malenkov. Last November, on the 32nd anniversary of the October Revolution, Malenkov was orator of the day —an honor accorded to Zhdanov in 1946, to Molotov in 1947 and 1948. On Stalin's 70th birthday, Malenkov's tribute took precedence over Molotov's. More significant perhaps than such fine points of Soviet place are some signs that Beria is an ally of Malenkov. With party and police backing, Malenkov stands at the pivot of Soviet power—for the moment.*

The problem of succession is surely troubling the Communist hierarchy. They know from history (including their own) how factions get disastrously tangled when a strong leader dies. They seem to be preparing, behind the scenes, a Party Congress, the first since 1939, that may establish the mechanics of succession.

For the non-Communist world, what might Malenkov's succession portend? During last fall's Revolution anniversary, he gave a clue. "What," he said oratorically, "does history teach us? The First World War . . . brought about the victory of the Great October Socialist Revolution in our country. The Second World War brought Popular Democratic (*i.e.*, Soviet) regimes in Central and Southeast Europe, the victory of the great Chinese people. Can there be any doubt that a Third World War will become the grave for world capitalism?"

* What does Stalin really think of Molotov? A Western visitor at the Kremlin, after talking with the two Soviet leaders, told this anecdote: "Stalin loves to think of himself as a great military strategist. At the drop of a hat he will get out the military maps. He offered to take me right down to the map room to make a point, and he rose to lead the way. I saw Molotov was bored stiff, so I said, 'Generalissimo' (he loved that 'generalissimo'), I'd like to look at those maps with you, but it seems to me Mr. Molotov is bored.' Molotov was standing there, his mouth puckered like a stuffy butler. Stalin looked around with a terrific contempt. 'Oh, him . . .' he said." There is no reason to believe that Stalin's opinion of Malenkov is any higher.



Wide World

LEIPZIG FAIR ATTRACTION
But no orders.

GERMANY

Seven Wonderful Days

"Leipzig this week," said an old German toymaker, "looks like Nürnberg when the Nazi rallies were held there—except that now the flags are red instead of red and black."

The Soviet masters of Eastern Germany were staging their own version of the 700-year-old Leipzig Fair. For one week, newsmen and prospective buyers from the West were allowed to enter the Russian-run forbidden land to look at 7,500 exhibits of Red Europe's industrial and agricultural products. Everywhere they went, their eyes met yard upon yard of red banners bearing quotes from Stalin.

"Keep Moving." Standout attraction of the fair was the Russian exhibit. The biggest building of all, it was surmounted by a gilded Byzantine tower topped by a giant red star. Russian music boomed through the hall as the East Germans gaped at the huge display: freight cars, trucks, tractors, radios, precision instruments. One teen-ager caressed the leather seat of a custombuilt convertible sedan, murmured ecstatically, *"Wunderbar!"* A man with a red armband came up behind him. "Keep moving," he snapped, "everybody must have a look."

The satellites' shows were not so impressive. Poland featured a large train model, Hungary an immense graph which announced that Hungarian heavy industry had increased production by 138%. A sign over the entrance to Bulgaria's display room urged: "Visit the land of roses and wine, the land of peace and democracy."

A Magic Show. Western businessmen who looked at Eastern Germany's exhibits —giant cranes, rakish little automobiles (*see cut*), shiny new Contax cameras— were disappointed when they went to the fair's export offices to put in orders. "Sorry," they were told, "we're only exporting that line to the east." "You know why they encouraged us to come here," said one embittered American buyer. "Because it helps their propaganda along." He pointed to a sign that proclaimed: "Leipzig Fair—Symbol of German Unity."

East Germans were equally disgruntled. "It's a magic show," said an attendant at the Goethestrasse parking lot. "The stuff comes out of nowhere, gets everyone's hopes high for seven wonderful days, and then it disappears again." "Leipzig is a showcase," explained a *Hausfrau* from Dresden, "and for one brief week they fill it well. But to pay for one week, we have short rations for weeks ahead."

Behind the fair's gaudy façade, the Leipziger's life was as harsh and drab as ever. The unskilled laborer earned 200 Ostmarks a month, worth just $10 in a free market. In the nationalized stores, a pound of butter cost 30 marks, a pair of shoes 70. "We all know where these fine goods in the fair are going," said one old man. "To Russia, to the 'people's democracies.' *Wir krepieren*—we are dying a slow death."

NORTH AFRICA

Voice from the Past

In the relaxed years 1921-26, newspapers with not much else to worry about worried about the Riff war. Abd el Krim and his tribesmen kept a lot of Spanish and French soldiers and foreign adventurers busy in the hills of Morocco until he was finally subdued, and the world turned to more menacing matters.

Last week the New York *Times*'s peripatetic C. L. Sulzberger had coffee with Abd el Krim in Cairo. The 68-year-old chieftain was still belligerent. He predicted that 25 million North Africans would rise up against the "imperialists." Although he is against Communists, Abd el Krim said he would accept Russian aid.

In spite of Abd el Krim's blusterings, a major North African revolt was unlikely. The voice from the past was mainly a reminder of happier days when the word "war" called up romanticized pictures of the French Foreign Legion, rather than nuclear horrors.

SIAM

Homing Bird

"Elephants?" muttered the harassed Director of the Royal Household, gesturing vaguely at a huge scroll dotted with the great parade's order of march. "Why do you keep talking of elephants? Have you any idea what an elephant eats? There will be no elephants. We've added a new Daimler to the 60 cars in the royal garage and that will be quite sufficient."

In truth it did seem in busy Bangkok last week that the returning King's welcome would be more than adequate without elephants. All over the sunburnt city Siamese soldiers, sailors, royal princes and plain workmen rushed last-minute preparations. Along the broad, apartment-lined King's Walk, 5,000 soldiers marched and countermarched in rehearsal, while their fellows joined hands to hold back imaginary crowds pressing forward from the sidewalks. On the parade grounds near by, carpenters worked hard to complete the wooden tower that would serve late this month as a funeral pyre for the late King

Acme

KING PHUMIPHON
And no elephants.

Black Star

TURK WESTERLING
Spit.

Ananda Mahidol who died of a mysterious pistol shot on June 9, 1946.

The Siamese had waited long and impatiently for Ananda's brother Phumiphon Aduladet to return to his throne and light the pyre. Three times in the last three years the young (22) King had been rumored on the way home from the villa in Lausanne, Switzerland to which he went two months after his brother's death. Three times something (a Siamese coup, an automobile accident or a mere change of plans) had interfered. Meanwhile, as the King spent his days going to school, organizing a swing band, tinkering with his cameras and driving his cars from Switzerland to Paris, royal duties piled up in Bangkok.

Most important was Phumiphon's coronation. Then, too, five royal relatives besides his brother had died, and only a King could light their pyres. And if everything went well there was to be a royal wedding into the bargain.

Last week gangling, spectacled Phumiphon was on the Red Sea in the steamship *Selandia*, with his pretty fiancée, 17-year-old Siamese Princess Sirikit Kitiyakara at his side. In Bangkok's downtown dance halls, where Siam's hepcats curve their fingers backward and dance the *rumwong*, the hit of the week was a song composed by the royal jitterbug Phumiphon himself:

The little bird in a lonely flight
Thinks of itself and feels sad . . .

INDONESIA

A Mild Little Boy

In Istanbul some 30 years ago, a baby was born to a Dutch antique dealer named Westerling and his Greek wife. Frère Adolphe, who afterwards taught young Raymond Westerling in Istanbul's French Catholic St. Joseph school, recalled that he was "a mild, well-mannered, moon-faced little boy." Raymond's later development was not what Frère Adolphe might have expected: he became the notorious "Turk" Westerling, a reckless, ruthless professional soldier and a fanatical Moslem.

During the war, Westerling fought with the Australian troops in North Africa, later organized a Dutch commando force in the East Indies. He was kicked out of the Dutch army in 1948, began to recruit his own private army to fight against the new Indonesian Republic. His 10,000 troops, mostly Moslem extremists and deserters from the Dutch army, call themselves "The Heavenly Host." Recently, Westerling sent 600 of his men on a raid of West Java's Bandung (TIME, Feb. 6); he boasted that he would conquer all of Indonesia. But last week, Westerling's military future looked dim.

In Singapore, Police Chief Alastair McEwan had been tipped off that Westerling would turn up "very soon" to buy arms and sign up recruits for the Heavenly Host. McEwan arrested the swashbuckling outlaw for entering the British Crown colony illegally. Singapore police carelessly put him into a prison cell with an Indonesian student named Haris Porkas. Half an hour later, Porkas was carried out with a broken jaw. Westerling said that Porkas had provoked the fight. When Westerling offered his hand, Porkas spat in it.

Officials of the United States of Indonesia promptly demanded that Westerling be sent to Jakarta, to be tried for "crimes perpetrated by him in Indonesia." Singapore has no extradition agreement with the U.S.I., and Westerling is a Dutch national. If he were deported to Holland, The Netherlands would have the responsibility of keeping him out of Indonesia. Westerling's fate was discussed at the highest levels in London, The Hague and Jakarta. Fearful of offending their partner in the Netherlands-Indonesian Union, the Dutch will probably advise the British to turn Westerling over to the U.S.I.

CHINA

Death Under the Elms

"That people pull down their houses, sell their wives and daughters, eat roots and carrion, clay and leaves, is news nobody wonders at. It is the regular thing . . . The poorest people are dependent on willow and elm leaves, elm bark, and the various weeds . . . All the elm trees about many of the villages are stripped of their bark as high as the starving people can manage to get; they would peel them to the top but haven't the strength . . ."

So wrote the Rev. Timothy Richard, a Baptist missionary, in 1878. Last week, with famine abroad in the land again, China's Communist masters feared that the famine of 1950 might be the equal of 1878's, when 9,500,000 died.

In the Red capital of Peking, Communist Vice Premier Tung Pi-wu bluntly told a relief commission: "We are faced with a serious war against spring famine . . . China now has 7,000,000 famine refugees." Then Tung quoted a proverb: "It is the tail of the famine," he said, "rather than the head, that should be dreaded." Tung was warning his hearers that the next three months would be crucial. After that, the June harvest of winter wheat and the first rice crop would bring food.

The famine of 1950 crept inexorably across China's traditional "hunger belt," some 200,000 square miles of fertile flatland that stretches from the Yangtze River to the Great Wall. Last summer, droughts had parched the flatlands; in the fall the Yellow River went on a record rampage to destroy still more farmlands. Farther south, a secondary hunger front was in the making in the normally rich Yangtze delta, hit last summer by the worst floods in 18 years. Rare in China's history have been years when famine struck in both the Yellow River and Yangtze valleys at the same time.

To combat the famine, Communist Tung outlined some measures. "By the mountain, eat from the mountain. By the river, eat from the river." Tung ordered the refugees put to work rebuilding the dikes of the Yangtze and Yellow Rivers, promised loans for seed grains, sent soldiers to work in the fields. Government workers and soldiers were exhorted: "Save an Ounce of Rice." Tung claimed that the "head" of the famine had been dealt with, but admitted that the job had been botched in places. Refugees had been permitted to slaughter or sell irreplaceable work animals. "Bureaucracy," said Tung, "is still strong."

China's last big famine years were 1931 and 1932, when 2,000,000 died despite some 500,000 tons of food shipped in by the U.S. This year, cut off from the West by the choice of their new rulers, the Chinese wondered whether Russia could or would help them.

Associated Press

COMMUNIST TUNG
The tail was worse than the head.

THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Ills to Cure

U.S. envoys to ten South American countries met in Rio de Janeiro last week to thresh out regional problems and talk policy. Sparkplug of the meeting was brisk, affable Edward G. Miller, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. Also present, as observer and counselor: the State Department's planner in chief, scholarly George F. Kennan.

Brazilian Communists tried to make it as warm as possible for the visiting diplomats. They staged mock funerals for Kennan and burned an American flag in São Paulo. In their air-conditioned board room five stories above Rio's Avenida Wilson, the conferees worked on, unperturbed by the Red heat.

South America's main ills, the conference concluded, were economic rather than political; the indicated treatment was increased productivity all along the line. To achieve this cure, the diplomats agreed, there must be more U.S. dollar investment, especially by private capital, in fields other than petroleum and mining.

At a reception given in his honor by Octavio da Souza Dantas, Miller got talking with portly (240 lbs.) Augusto Frederico Schmidt, poet, businessman and columnist. Between nibbles of crisp shrimp patties, Schmidt waxed eloquent on political matters. Next day, in his column in Rio's influential *Correio da Manhã*, he developed his thoughts in an open letter to Miller and, indirectly, to the U.S.

"The Communist enemy," wrote Schmidt, "has fomented intrigues which have insinuated themselves into Brazilian opinion . . . It is our duty, not only to unmask the lies, intrigues and false interpretations, but to cure the ills which really exist . . . Unless the country is enriched, there will be no social justice, no order, no true democracy, no cultural advancement—millions and millions of Brazilians will continue to vegetate, lost in poverty . . .

"Of course the U.S. is not to blame for the servitude of so many men . . . but I do believe that the time has come for your country to examine its conscience . . . Since the war, has the U.S. made a serious effort to help us in this fight for our enrichment, a serious, understanding, real effort, based on altruistic and clarified reasoning?"

The question was in part rhetorical, but it was one that many another South American was asking himself. The ambassadors' conference showed that Ed Miller and his colleagues believed in helping the "fight for enrichment." At the same time it was perfectly clear that, in line with overall U.S. policy, they also believed in the basic principle of helping those who could and would help themselves.

Kurt Paul Klagsbrunn

STATE'S MILLER & KENNAN IN RIO
After mock funerals, shrimp patties.

VENEZUELA

Diamonds

Week after week, month after month, three young Italian prospectors methodically paddled up & down the swift tributaries of the Caroní River. Their leader, a geologist, was convinced that diamonds were to be found where the streams cut through the jungle-swathed sandstone edges of the Gran Sabana plateaus along Venezuela's remote Brazilian frontier.

One day last January, the weary, ragged prospectors stopped where the Avequí River cuts over the mountain's edge. One of the men tossed a few shovels of river sand on his *suruku* (three-screened pan). He spun and twisted it, then turned over the screens and looked. The coarse screen held a 4-carat diamond, the middle screen 15 or 20 diamonds ranging from .8 to 3 carats, the fine screen 120 diamonds of about half-carat size. That first haul was worth about $4,000.

Good Night, Girls. The Italians knew that the Gran Sabana was full of miners, and that several had been trailing them. They had to work fast. They slept in the open, bolted what food Indians brought them, worked at night with flashlights. They would not even stop to build a shelter; that would have taken a whole day and they were making 10,000 bolívares ($3,000) a day.

Other miners soon arrived—a couple, then thirty, then hundreds. By last week 1,300 men and 200 women were placer-mining on the Avequí, or in the Uriman, as the surrounding area is called. Diving deep to scoop up the sparkling sand, miners—male & female—wore few clothes or none. Diamonds were the one & only concern during the daylight hours.

After dark, diamonds lost some of their charms. The women lived freely with the men, changing partners frequently. One girl of 20, called *Penicilina*, devoted herself exclusively to the oldest profession. Famed through the Gran Sabana, she wore five or six diamond rings, gold nugget necklaces and bracelets. Rum flowed over from Brazil at $30 a bottle. Men got drunk and gambled away $3,000 a night. But even the roughest observed the code: there were no robberies.

So Long, Fellows. Some comfort-loving miners built shacks, and a rickety boom town began to rise beside the river. Buyers flocked in laden with cash, arriving by plane in a grassy field near by. They also flew in food and *yanqui* beer at $1.50 a can. Eggs cost $1.20 apiece.

When six officers of the government's Seguridad Nacional dropped in, the Italians saw trouble ahead and pulled out—even though the cops immediately began mining for themselves. By last week the government had closed Uriman airport and prepared to force all miners to leave the area, a national mineral reserve. The Avequí rush, not nearly big enough to upset the international market, had almost run its course.

The Italians split about $40,000 between them. Two made plans for trips to Italy and the U.S. The third was already touring Central America in a light plane. In September, they plan to meet and go back to prospecting for diamonds along the Caroní's other tributaries, paying particular attention to the ledges over which the streams tumble on their way from the Gran Sabana to the Río Orinoco.

PEOPLE

Alarums & Excursions

The New York *Journal-American* printed a surprise message to its readers from Publisher **William Randolph Hearst**, 86. "I do not think I am very radical," he wrote for the record. "Indeed, I sometimes think that as I have grown older and slowed down a bit, I am really not radical enough."

In Washington, **David E. Lilienthal**, 50, who resigned as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission after a lot of senatorial heckling, poked a little fun at his most outspoken detractors. Applying for a card in the Georgetown Public Library, he was asked for references, wrote down the names of Iowa's Senator **Bourke Hickenlooper** and Tennessee's Senator **Kenneth McKellar** (*see* NATIONAL AFFAIRS). Cracked Hickenlooper: "If the inquiry comes through, I'll be glad to assume the responsibility for recommending that he be trusted with the taking out of library books."

The cold war had become a professional bore to tubby British Director **Alfred Hitchcock** (*Stage Fright, The 39 Steps*). "There is no more variety," he complained, "spies are now always Communists or Russians."

A skin irritation was distressing much-battered Author **Ernest Hemingway**, 51, as he left Italy for his home in Cuba. He blamed it on the glare of the snow in the winter resort of Cortina, where he spent a lot of time polishing up his latest novel, *Across the River and into the Trees*. His friends in Havana predicted that he would feel better once he got aboard his motor cabin boat, the *Pilar*, where a man can dress only in shorts, troll for big fish and stay unshaven for weeks (*see cut*).

Keystone

PRINCE CHARLES & NURSE
Training.

International

HERBERT HOOVER
Relaxing.

"Pipe smoking contributes to a somewhat calm and objective judgment in all human affairs," **Dr. Albert Einstein** observed, and told the Montreal Pipe Smokers Club that he would be "proud" to accept a life membership they offered him in their organization.

Former President **Herbert Hoover**, 75, enjoyed a relaxed day's angling off Key Largo, Fla. and hooked two bonefish, one weighing 7 lbs.

"I long ago made up my mind that I was not going to write any memoirs," said General **George C. Marshall**, wartime U.S. Army Chief of Staff and now president of the American Red Cross. "To be of any historical importance, they have got to be very accurate. Now if you do put it all in, you may do irreparable harm [to the reputations of living men] . . . I don't want to have anything more to do with that sort of thing. I am better employed with the Red Cross . . ."

The Younger Generation

The **Shah of Iran**, 30, sat patiently through two days on a shooting platform built in a tree, while 50 elephants and 200 native beaters combed an East Bengal jungle, routed out not a single tiger.

Britain's **Prince Charles**, 16-month-old son of **Princess Elizabeth** and the **Duke of Edinburgh**, was getting some royal training early. His nurse took him to a vantage point in London's Clarence House, where he reviewed the Royal Procession preceding the opening of Parliament (*see cut*). Meanwhile, Buckingham Palace remained mum about the persistent rumors that his mother would have another baby this year.

U.S. Tennis Star **Gertrude** ("Gorgeous Gussie") **Moran**, 26, who agitated staid Wimbledon last year by playing in lace-trimmed panties, threw Cairo's prim tennis set into an uproar last week by appearing at an international match in black shorts, instead of whites prescribed by tradition and regulations. The newspaper *Le Progrès Egyptien* denounced the whole business as "shocking." Rejoined Gussie, looking bewildered: "I'm just a nice girl who plays tennis. Everything I do seems to get into the papers."

After spending four years on his own learning the movie business, **Samuel Goldwyn Jr.**, 24, felt that he was ready to work for his famed Hollywood producer-father. The senior Sam agreed and hired Junior as producer and co-writer of a postwar film called *No Time Like the Present*.

Quiet, Please

Sir Thomas Beecham suddenly staggered and clutched his forehead at Cheam, Surrey, while conducting the Royal Philharmonic. Players set down their instruments and caught him as he fell. Doctors ordered him to bed. Diagnosis: flu. In London, **Princess Margaret**, suspecting that she had caught the flu bug from her lady in waiting, was bedded at Buckingham Palace, missed the state banquet for visiting French President **Vincent Auriol** (*see* INTERNATIONAL).

In Manhattan, New York's Governor **Thomas E. Dewey** underwent a successful operation for acute bursitis. A calcium growth was removed from his right shoulder. Soon out of the hospital, with his arm in a sling, he was asked how he felt. After thinking it over for a moment, he replied: "Nearly as good as new."

Columbia University's **Dr. Hideki Yukawa**, 1949 Nobel Prizewinner in physics, was treated at a Manhattan hospital for a severe cold, complicated by overwork.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
Polishing.

SPORT

Double-Double

Six judges in rubber overshoes shuffled carefully out onto the ice rink of the Empire Stadium at Wembley, England last week, to confirm what a crowd of 8,000 already knew: that Dick Button of Englewood, N.J. was the best figure skater in the world.

What the crowd and judges had just seen was Harvard Sophomore Button in the free-skating event of the 1950 world's championship. All the judges had to do was to score Button (on a decimal scale from 1 to 6) for his performance.

The Impossible. Up went the judges' cardboard squares, and up went a roar of approval from the crowd: Button's severest critic gave him 5.7; one judge hoisted skating's highest accolade—the "impossible" 6. Later, when all the scores of the two-day competition had been tabulated, Olympic Champion Dick Button had run away from the opposition like Citation in his prime. Button's score: 1,419.47 points out of a possible 1,537.2. Hungary's Ede Kiraly,* European champion, won second honors with 1,344.92.

When Button first donned figure skates at the age of twelve, he was a short (5 ft. 2 in.), fat (162 lbs.), awkward youngster. Eight years later he had gained 10 lbs., 8 in., and his third successive world title. Part of the explanation of his success, Dick Button says, is his Swiss-born coach Gus Lussi, who spotted him eight years ago on the Olympic rink at Lake Placid, N.Y., was impressed with the youngster's determination, if not his skill. Together they spend long hours sketching intricate free-skating routines to supplement the required "school figures" which Button hates but which are part of all championship competition.

This year Button, Lussi & Co. had sketched a corker: something called the double-double-Axel.

The Future. The garden variety of double-Axel, which was the Button sensation of 1949 in the free-skating event, requires the performer to come into the jump skating backwards. The rest of the requirements; a tremendous leap, 2½ body spins, a feather landing, and a smooth blade-cut left in the ice. Few skaters can think of attempting it; this year Button did two in a row, to make it a double-double without the slightest pause, covering 30 ft. in the whole involved maneuver in about two seconds. He was glad when the double-double was over. "Those two jumps tired me more than all of the rest of the time I spent out there," he said.

Since Dick Button had won everything in sight in amateur skating, rink fans wanted to know what he would do next. Last year, when he was still a Harvard freshman, word went round that he might turn pro after the 1950 championships, to cash in on his crowd appeal as 1948 Olympic Women's Champion Barbara Ann Scott had done. Last week Sophomore Button settled that rumor. Said he: "Think I'm crazy enough to sweat through two years of Harvard and then not finish?"

* Afterward, Skater Kiraly made more news of his own. As many another Iron Curtain athlete has done since World War II, Bachelor Kiraly made up his mind to choose freedom, announced that he had British permission to stay in England.

Victor Jorgensen—Life

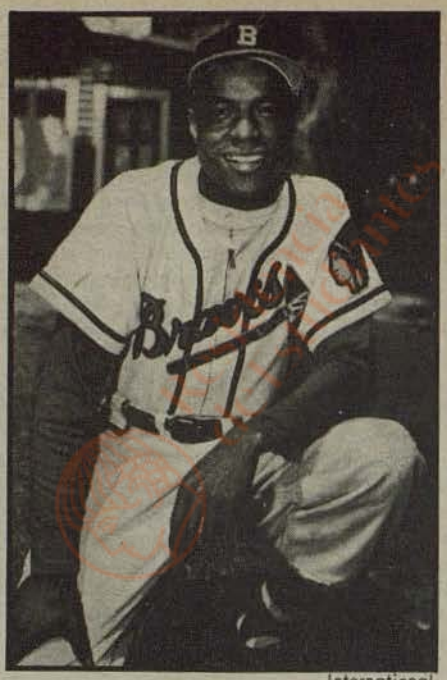
DICK BUTTON
"Think I'm crazy . . .?"

"My Center-Fielder"

Manager Billy Southworth of the Boston Braves had good reason to be happy during spring training, which is a notably optimistic time of year anyhow. After one of the largest rebuilding jobs in major-league history (TIME, Dec. 26), Billy finally had an outfield. He had given up his keystone combination of Alvin Dark and Eddie Stanky to get Sid Gordon and Willard Marshall from the New York Giants along with Infielder Buddy Kerr and Pitcher Sam Webb. On top of that, his bosses, Boston building contractors, had shoveled out $100,000 and three players to get fleet-footed Rookie Sam Jethroe from Brooklyn's canny Branch Rickey.

"Jethroe is my opening-day center fielder," says Southworth of the 28-year-old East St. Louis-born Negro speedster who is being readied to play his first season in the majors. Southworth's positiveness stems from Jethroe's record with Montreal last season, where he broke the International League record by stealing 89 bases (seven less than Ty Cobb's modern major-league record of 96), batted a neat .326, second highest in the league.

Opening day is still six weeks away, but in the first exhibition game of the training season last week, Billy tried out his new outfield against Brooklyn's National League champion Dodgers. The Gordon-Marshall-Jethroe trio bashed out seven hits, drove in six runs; Jethroe got a single and a double. In the ninth inning, after an intentional pass and a hit, Sam Jethroe took a lead off third base. Rookie Brooklyn Pitcher Billy Loes had heard about those 89 stolen bases for Montreal; he got to worrying. Trying to pick Sam off third, he tossed a wild one. Sam trotted happily home while Loes disconsolately took off to the showers. Final score: Boston 9, Brooklyn 3.



International

SAM JETHROE
"I've been praying . . ."

Though tabbed a rookie, Sam is not typical of the hundreds of well-advertised youngsters who periodically bounce in & out of the majors. Jethroe has been around too long, six years in the Negro American League, a little more than a year with Montreal. With the Cleveland Buckeyes, he led the Negro circuit in batting and base-stealing in 1942, 1944 and 1945. A devout Roman Catholic, Sam wears a Saint Christopher medal on & off the diamond, is convinced that he will hit .300 in the majors because "I've been praying for it . . . and too many people will be disappointed if I don't."

Among the others who would be praying for Rookie Jethroe were Billy Southworth and the citizens of Boston.

Updating Izaak

One of Izaak Walton's rules was "to make as little noise as I can when I am fishing," and generations of fishermen have put it down as the kind of common sense that only an idiot would disagree with. Fishermen, it appeared last week, had not taken into account the implacable curiosity of science. In San Francisco, University of Michigan Zoologist Karl Lagler reported a 66-day fishing experiment on a quiet Livingston County, Mich. lake (980 man-hours, 1,561 fish). Every other day a colleague buzzed the experimenters in a noisy outboard, but the racket never hurt the catch. Zoologist Lagler's conclusion: a hungry fish doesn't mind noise.

SCIENCE

Turbo-Whizzard

If British hopes pan out, the low-pitched roar of auto traffic may turn to a thin, high whine. Last week at Silverstone race track, Warwickshire, the Rover Co. of Birmingham showed off a gas-turbine sport coupé. Its unofficial name: the Whizzard.

Made out of a stock-model Rover, the Whizzard has three chrome-decorated air intakes in its sides just ahead of the rear fenders. The engine, placed behind the driver's seat, has two exhaust vents. The car, which looks much like an ordinary car on the outside, is not jet-propelled. Its fuel burns in two combustion chambers, producing a gas stream that spins a high-speed turbine. The gas escapes upward at rather low speed while the turbine turns the car's rear wheels through reduction gears and a conventional rear end.

New Zealand-born Engineer Frank Bell, who has worked four years on the Whizzard, pressed the starter button. The turbine gave a puff of kerosene-scented smoke and whined like a vacuum cleaner. As the whine increased, the car picked up speed. In 14 seconds it reached 60 miles an hour —more than twice as lively as low-priced U.S. cars. The Whizzard has almost no vibration, and it needs no gear shift. The only control pedals are the brake and the foot throttle.

Disadvantages are just as obvious. Admitted Designer Bell: "As you can hear, it's still too noisy. We've still a long way to go in cutting fuel consumption."

The public was not allowed to see the engine. Outside experts guessed that the experimental Whizzard gets from five to seven miles on a gallon of kerosene. Rover Co. engineers hope that the mileage can be doubled by a "heat-exchanger" now under development. They think that the new engine will be used first on trucks and long-distance buses. Its chief advantages are simplicity, cheap fuel and low weight per h.p. Its high idling speed will be a serious disadvantage in stop-and-start traffic.

The demonstration of the Whizzard caused much excitement in gas-turbine-minded Britain. Other British motor manufacturers are hard at work on turbines. The Rover engineers, first to get the turbo-car completed, believe they are at least a year ahead of U.S. rivals.

Oriental Undesirables

Along with its hula dancers and splendid climate, Hawaii has its troubles. One of the worst is bugs. Latest undesirable to make good in the Islands is the Oriental fruit fly, an insect slightly smaller than a house fly and conspicuously marked by yellow stripes round its abdomen. It arrived during wartime, probably hitchhiking by aircraft or ship from Saipan, and spread like winged wildfire throughout the Islands, riddling all sorts of fruit and vegetables.

Far worse than the damage the flies have already done in Hawaii is the imminent possibility that they may spread to California, one of the world's best insect cafeterias. To keep them from spreading, the U.S. and the State of California have declared full-scale entomological warfare against the flies.

There is no hope of exterminating them in Hawaii; the flies are too firmly dug in. But the entomologists hope to reduce the fly population and thus reduce likelihood of an invasion of the U.S. mainland. One line of attack is to look for the flies' insect enemies. A Malayan wasp is the best fighter found so far, but it has not yet proved effective in Hawaii.

Another line of attack is lures. Scientists led by Dr. Walter Carter of the Pineapple Research Bureau have discovered that a chemical, methyl eugenol, has a fatal attraction for male flies. The experts do not know whether the males mistake the scent for females, or whether they think the stuff is good to eat, but in one week, 250,000 males swarmed into traps that had been baited with it.

But trapping the males does little good. Each female, after one encounter with an untrapped male, lays up to 300 eggs under the skins of fruit. The entomologists have not yet found a lure to attract females, which seem to take keen interest in nothing but ripe fruit.

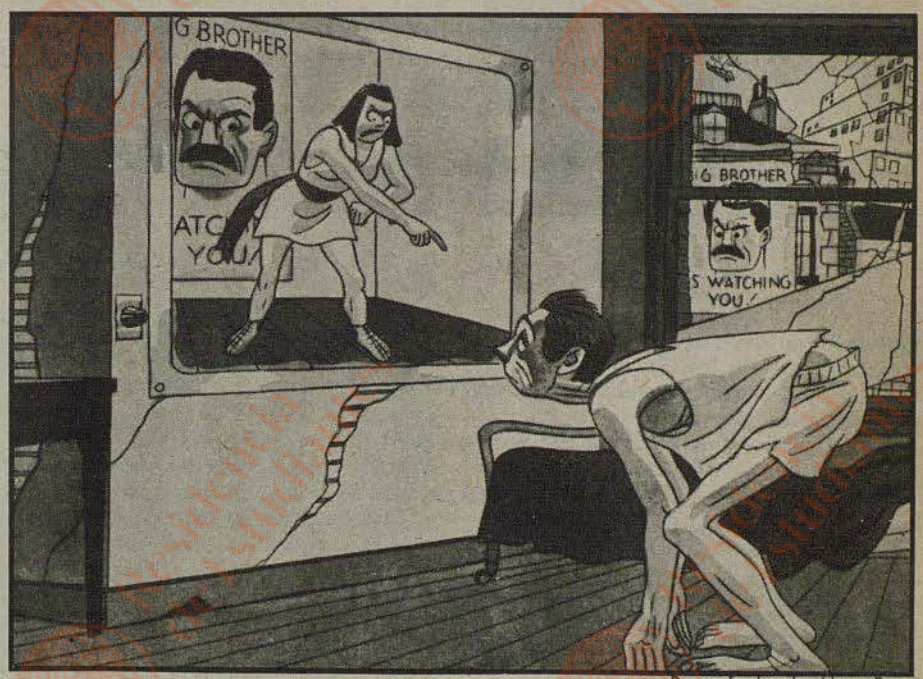
Peeping Tube

In George Orwell's bestselling shocker *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, the inhabitants of his frightful dictator state are spied upon day & night by all-seeing television eyes. Great posters remind them that "Big Brother is watching you."

With the television equipment in general use today, this sort of supervision is hardly practical. The "eye" of conventional television is an image orthicon tube 14 inches long and 3 inches in diameter, usually mounted in a monstrous camera as big as a salesman's suitcase. The size and complication of the image orthicon would keep television from any use as a hidden, unwinking eye.

At last week's Manhattan convention of the Institute of Radio Engineers, Radio Corporation of America showed a tiny, bright-eyed tube, the Vidicon, which would just suit Big Brother's purposes. It is hardly larger than a hot dog (1 in. by 6 in.) but it already sees as well as the clumsy, expensive ($1,000) image orthicon.

The Vidicon works on a new principle.



Drawn for LIFE by Abner Dean

1984 VICTIM & TWO-WAY TELEVISION
For Big Brother, bright eyes.

Inside its flat glass front is a layer of transparent material that conducts electricity. Behind this is a layer of a "photoconductor," *i.e.*, a material that conducts electricity only when light is shining upon it.

A lens focuses the scene being viewed on the front side of the photoconductor. A slender beam of electrons from an "electron gun" scans the rear side of the photoconductor. When the electrons hit a brightly lighted area, a lot of them pass through. When they hit dark parts, only a few of them pass through. The transparent conducting layer collects the escaping electrons and passes them on in the form of a "video" current whose rapid fluctuations represent the light and shade of the picture. An ordinary television set turns the current into a copy of the scene which the Vidicon is viewing.

Compared with the image orthicon, which is packed with intricate entrails, the Vidicon is a dream-tube of electronic simplicity. It already sees well in ordinary indoor light, and RCA thinks that it can be made ten times as sensitive as the image orthicon. If so, the Vidicon should be able to see in near-darkness.

RCA did not develop the Vidicon pri-

G STRING'S GOUBAU
Through a horn.

marily for house detectives and G-men. It was aiming at the important field of "industrial television," where the Vidicon will have vast importance. In the roaring, flaming innards of modern industry there are many goings-on too dangerous for human eyes to watch. A cheap, expendable Vidicon can creep up close to a new machine being tested "to destruction." It can brave the flood of gamma rays from a nuclear reactor. It can ride on a guided missile or watch the detonating mechanism of an atomic bomb. Up to the time when it "dies," the faithful tube will report what it sees to distant human watchers.

Less heroic jobs for the Vidicon may be even more useful. An array of the tubes can watch all the aisles of a factory for the plant manager. They can help store detectives keep multiple eyes on shoplifters. One watchman equipped with Vidicons can watch simultaneously many parts of his territory.*

• • •

At present, a television "eye" must send its information over a complicated cable; ordinary insulated wires will not carry high-frequency TV current. But a new development described last week by Dr. G. Goubau, a German scientist employed by the U.S. Army Signal Corps, may do the trick. Dr. Goubau covered a single wire with a special insulating material and strung its end through a conical metal horn, which "launches" the current. This "G string" (named for Dr. Goubau's initials) carries a television current efficiently under some conditions. The Signal Corps hopes that it will eventually carry television programs into people's homes. By 1984 the G string and the Vidicon may be cheap and effective enough to carry their snooping to the office of some unhappy nation's Big Brother.

* For news of another new TV tube *see* BUSINESS.

EDUCATION

Stop, Look & Listen

In Stamford, Conn. (pop. 50,000), more & more names were turning up on the Burdick Junior High School's biweekly failure lists. Principal Joseph J. Franchina started to nose out the trouble—and he thought he knew what it was. Principal Franchina smelled television.

By last week, after a survey of 447 pupils, it looked as if he were right. Of his entire student body, 223 (50%) were averaging close to four hours a day watching TV. In many cases it did not matter that the youngsters had no sets at home; after classes they traipsed to neighbors' houses where there were sets. Franchina's figures meant that at the end of each week, at least half of Burdick's pupils had spent as much time sitting before TV as before teacher.

Whatever educational programs TV boasted the kids seemed to give low rating. Their preferences: Milton Berle, Ed Sullivan and *Six-Gun Playhouse*. Discussion programs, they said, were "boring."

Principal Franchina's next step: a survey of parents to find out what can be done about it.

"Deeper . . . Deeper . . . Dee . . ."

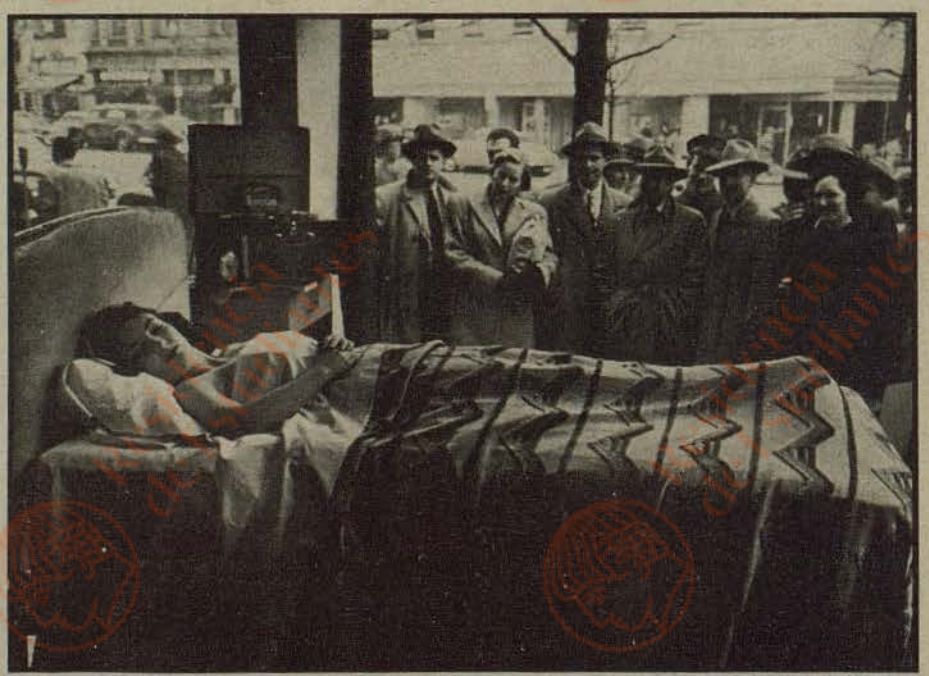
Midday shoppers, clustered about the window of British Overseas Airways' office on Washington's Connecticut Avenue, could hardly tear themselves away. Behind the glass, in strapless bathing suit, bright-eyed Mary Jane Hayes, Miss Washington of 1949, climbed into a bed. On her pillow was a small black earphone, and the words that she heard as she pretended to sleep floated outside through amplifiers. "*Bon soir . . .*" cooed the speaker. "Good night . . . *Bon* . . . good . . . *le soir* . . . the night . . ." As onlookers soon found out, Miss Washington was modeling the newest type of French lesson.

It was not just a publicity stunt for BOAC. Washington's Educational Services, a serious-minded outfit dedicated to the proposition of "Recordings for more effective learning," had arranged the show to promote the latest wrinkle in learning-while-sleeping devices. Educational Services is planning to put out a tape-recording kit with instructions for learning anything from good behavior (for children) to old Danish.

Each kit will contain a "Prelude" for lesson-takers about to retire ("You are going to sleep now. It is getting deeper and deeper and deeper and dee . . ."). Next morning a "Postlude" will explain that in order to make the lesson stick, pupils should read it over quickly in the accompanying printed text.

Will this sort of instruction really work? Some educators have taken it seriously enough to give it a try. The Institute of Languages and Linguistics at Georgetown University is considering using it in an extracurricular course. The Institute of Logopedics in Wichita, Kans. is experimenting to see if it will help cure speech defects. For two years, Charles R. Elliott, psychologist at the University of North Carolina, ran tests with another pillow-mike apparatus which its inventor, bubbly little President Max Sherover of the Linguaphone Institute, calls a "cerebrograph." Psychologist Elliott found that a student who has been subjected to the cerebrograph can memorize a list of words (*boy, egg, art, say, run, not, sir* . . .) faster than one who hasn't.

The theory is that when a person sleeps, his subconscious is still open to suggestion



Robert W. Kelley—LIFE

MISS WASHINGTON LEARNING FRENCH
Also good for a Russian accent.

and can therefore learn. To prove it, sleep-learning promoters have been out collecting endorsements. Alexander (*Victory Through Air Power*) de Seversky declares that a sleep machine helped cure his Russian accent. Rudy Vallee is using one to learn lines and lyrics. One housewife solemnly reported that, by placing a machine under her husband's pillow, she had taught him to like salad.

100%

The document that 605 out of 788 Princeton sophomores had signed last fall had been an undisguised ultimatum. Unless the entire sophomore class got invitations to join one of the university's 17 select upperclassmen's eating clubs, the 605 pledged that they themselves would join no clubs at all (TIME, Dec. 19). As Princetonians knew, such a boycott, if carried through, might be the beginning of the end for the clubs.

As the annual "bicker" (rushing) period drew near last month, President Harold W. Dodds stepped in with a suggestion. Why not set up an 18th club, so that the 10% or 15% usually passed over would be sure to have a place to go? The Graduate Interclub Committee endorsed the idea; so did the trustees. But not the undergraduates. Warned the *Daily Princetonian:* the 18th club might only become a "garbage can" for "undesirables." The paper took a campus survey, reported three out of five students opposed. President Dodds abandoned his scheme.

As the bicker began, sophomores and clubmen watched & waited. Early last week a few sophomores still seemed left without bids; it looked as if the 100 percenters would have to carry out their threat. Then the Undergraduate Interclub Committee held an emergency meeting. Next morning the campus got the word: Princeton's eating clubs had decided to extend their bids to all sophomores who wanted to join. Sighed President Dodds: "[A] happy outcome."

No Tunnel

As an undergraduate at Oxford's Corpus Christi College in the 1880s, Massachusetts-born Edward Perry Warren was bitterly annoyed by the 9 p.m. curfew. He was also annoyed by the fines for curfew stragglers, which sometimes ran as high as £5 after midnight. Before he died in 1928, wealthy (from paper mills), eccentric Edward Warren sat down and wrote a 59-page will. One among many bequests: a straight-faced offer of £3,000 to Corpus Christi, provided college authorities would use the money to build a tunnel under the walls so that stragglers could get to bed without 1) paying fines, or 2) climbing walls. The will allowed Corpus Christi officials 20 years to think it over.

Last week, after 22 years and still no sign of a tunnel, the money went by default to secondary legatees, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and Bowdoin College. Corpus Christi officials were in a no-comment mood about the whole thing. The official attitude: the tunnel had always seemed rather unnecessary.

THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In the cautious Calgary (Alta.) *Herald:*

DEPUTY CHIEF
ACTING CHIEF
TEMPORARILY

The Flying Carpet

Even for such a veteran good-will ambassador as 69-year-old Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick, his "last big trip" around the world was hitting new highs of diplomacy and tact. After causing a sensation in Spain by unwittingly displaying the Spanish Republican flag on his converted B-17 (TIME, March 6), the Chicago *Tribune*'s publisher had invaded Egypt. In Cairo, he had an audience with

International

PUBLISHER MCCORMICK & FRIEND*
"An impudent question."

Premier Mustapha el Nahas Pasha, but thoughtfully waited until he reached Pakistan before describing Egypt's new constitution as "a complete phony."

By the time McCormick flew into Bombay last week, the Indians could hardly wait. Because of the *Tribune's* rabid opposition to anything British, India's nationalists have regarded Bertie as their best American friend. At Bombay's Taj Mahal Hotel, the 50 newsmen who met their best friend face to face got a rude shock.

Tired and bored, Colonel McCormick described himself as a "reporter looking for news." M. A. Gidwani of the United Press of India, also looking for news, asked McCormick what he thought about the dispute between India and Pakistan over the status of Kashmir (TIME, Jan. 9). Replied McCormick: "I did not know there was such a place before I landed here," thus convicted himself of failing to read his own newspaper; the *Trib's* Delhi correspondent, Percy Wood, has filed full and accurate accounts of the dispute. Then McCormick made a tentative stab: "That is where the rugs come from."

When affronted Reporter Gidwani suggested that Kashmir's future was a "very important question," McCormick disagreed. "American people," said he, "generally are not interested in happenings in countries very far from their own." Snapped Sorab Patell, reporter for Bombay's sensational tabloid weekly *Blitz:* "Are you interested in anything but yourself?" Barked Bertie: "An impudent question . . . What do you know about Alaska?" (Next day the *Times of India* pointedly printed a story about Alaska.)

Having disposed of geographical matters, the Colonel tackled social ones. He told his race-conscious audience that he considered President Truman's civil-rights proposals "a new form of slavery." When a reporter asked him whether Madame Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, India's ambassador to the U.S., was welcome at the White House,* McCormick snorted: "I wouldn't know. I am not welcome there myself."

Feet First

When Sir Oswald Mosley, British Fascist leader, arrived in Rome last week, the Communist newspaper *L'Unita* printed his photograph upside down. It was no mistake, and with a little helpful prodding from *L'Unita*, most readers got the point. In 1945, after Italian Partisans executed Benito Mussolini and his mistress, they hanged the pair upside down in Milan.

Turnabout

With an assurance born of the conviction that Texas is part of Colorado (for circulation purposes, at least), the Denver *Post* sent its crime editor, Gene Lowall, into Dallas last January. On assignment as roving "house dick" for the *Post* (TIME, Oct. 31), husky, balding Newsman Lowall spent four busy days talking crime with members of Dallas' upper & underworld.

The *Post* played up his findings in a six-part series last month on "the Southwest's culture and crime center." It contained little that was new. But by the old newspaper trick of totaling up past gangster shootings and policy wars Lowall gave the impression that Dallas was a racket-ridden city. His scary conclusion: "A hell-broth of mobster violence and derision for the law is seething" in Dallas, and may "boil over any time."

What boiled over in Dallas was its newspapers, whose journalistic pride was outraged. The *Morning News* salved itself with a quote from Mayor Wallace Savage: "If such conditions existed here . . . the Dallas *News* is fearless and independent enough to have printed [the facts]." The *Times-Herald* quoted Savage too: "I know

* Egyptian Minister Saleh el Din.

* Answer: yes.

Herblock—© 1950 The Washington Post Co.

"WELL, HERE GOES"

These two versions of a syndicated cartoon by Herbert L. Block, the Washington *Post's* Pulitzer Prizewinner (TIME, Jan. 23), show what can happen when an editor is seized with an attack of modesty. In the *Post* and other papers, Herblock's drawing (*left*) showed Prime Minister Clement Attlee and his bare majority about to enter Britain's House of Commons. In the Vancouver (B.C.) *Daily Province* (*right*), the bare majority was painstakingly covered by shorts.

that if . . . such conditions [were known] . . . an independent and fearless newspaper such as the *Times-Herald* would have published [them]."

Last week the *News* did more. It sent veteran Police Reporter Harry McCormick to Denver to blow the whistle on crime there. Once, kidnaped by a member of the notorious Barrow-Parker gang (1935), McCormick got an exclusive interview and persuaded the kidnaper to vouch for its authenticity by pressing his fingerprints on the windshield of McCormick's car before he was let go. McCormick had hoped to keep his visit to Denver under cover. But the *Post* ran him down within 24 hours, politely offered him a car, a photographer and a look at the files. This week, the Dallas *News* began running McCormick's "exposé" of crime in Denver.

Voice in Deseret

Salt Lake City's *Deseret* News* (circ. 79,589), published by the Mormon Church, ran a fiery Page One editorial last week denouncing a "flagrant, gratuitous and scurrilous insult to the people who laid the foundation of Utah's greatness . . ."

What the *Deseret News* was shouting about were the "scatological gleanings" about Mormonism in the centennial issue of *Pen*, the student literary magazine at the University of Utah (TIME, March 13). Like the *News*, the university was founded by the Mormons; unlike the *News*, it is now nondenominational and state-supported, though 76% of its students are still Mormons. Among other things, *Pen* had offended the straitlaced *News* by printing retrospective reviews of two books by University of Utah alumni.* Both books still raise many Mormon hackles by their rough handling of Mormon dogma.

In reply, the undergraduate *Daily Utah Chronicle* ran a page of open letters to the *Deseret News*. Sample: "If some of these [*Pen*] writers speak unkindly of the church, could it be [because] in their youth they became sickened with an overdose of such dogmatism as the *Deseret News* prints with montonous regularity?"

No Brother. Though some Mormons may dislike the *Deseret News's* dogmatism, that is, nevertheless, the reason for its success. The official voice of the church, the *News* is run by Editor and General Manager Mark Edward Petersen, 49, who is also one of the Twelve Apostles (a high governing body) of the Mormon Church. A lean, intense and handsome man, Petersen started out as a *News* cub at 20 and is still very much a newsman; his staffers call him "Mark," instead of "Brother," as is customary with other high church dignitaries. Obedient to the Mormon "Word of Wisdom," no *News* staffer smokes or drinks alcohol, tea or coffee at the *News*, though it employs some non-Mormons.

When he is not battling theological error at the University of Utah, Editor Petersen wages war against his powerful competition—the morning *Tribune* (circ. 88,930) and the evening *Telegram* (circ. 35,799). Both are owned by the family of the late mining king and U.S. Senator Thomas Kearns of Utah. In two years, the Mormon Church has invested about $2,000,000 in expanding and improving the *News*, including a type-face-lifting.

No Cheesecake. Under Editor Petersen, the *News* avoids cheesecake, generally shies away from sensationalism, but is not above reporting an occasional sex murder. As circulation builders, it uses giveaway contests, with prizes as high as $50,000 in cash. For non-Mormon readers, the *News* also gives faithful objective coverage to news of other churches.

In June, the *News* will celebrate its centennial. The first issue (circ. 225), reporting TERRIBLE FIRE IN SAN FRANCISCO (which had happened six months before), was edited by Willard Richards, Prophet Smith's secretary. It was printed on presses shipped from the East; the early Latter-Day Saints had paid the expenses by chipping in beans, hams and venison. Today's Latter-Day Saints are still made to feel responsible for the paper's support. The church sends the paper free to a nonsubscribing Mormon for two weeks. Then, if the new reader wishes to cancel the "subscription," he is expected to notify Apostle Petersen first—and give a good reason.

Red Sock

The *Sporting News* (circ. 219,545), the baseball fan's bible, took a mighty cut at the ball last week and fell into the water bucket. "Because sports are nonpolitical in nature," declaimed the dead-serious *News*, "no censor hobbles sportcasters . . . [But in] parlous times . . . it behooves us to know who are working at the microphones and whether they . . . might be subversive or convert themselves into mediums of communication for an enemy that might strike overnight." Not pointing "the finger of suspicion," the *Sporting News* nevertheless recommended: since labor leaders, scientists and teachers get loyalty tests, why not sportcasters too?

Deseret News

EDITOR PETERSEN
"A scurrilous insult."

* From the *Book of Mormon*, meaning honeybee, now the symbol of Mormon industriousness. Deseret was also the Mormon name for Utah.

* Vardis Fisher's *Children of God* (1939), a historical novel about Mormonism, and Fawn McKay Brodie's *No Man Knows My History* (1945), a biography of Mormon Prophet Joseph Smith. They attribute Prophet Smith's visions to his "imagination" instead of divine inspiration, and picture the early days of the church as filled with sexuality and violence.

MUSIC

Halfway in St. Louis

Nineteen years ago, when Vladimir Golschmann first picked up the baton of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, he hardly seemed the man St. Louisans would choose for a permanent conductor. He was Parisian to his tapering fingertips; St. Louis was used to a rich German accent in its music. In Paris, Golschmann had been a champion of the upstart modernists known as the French Six,* hardly a recommendation for a post in a city devoted to Mozart, Wagner and Brahms.

International

CONDUCTOR GOLSCHMANN
He took his time.

And he was only 37, almost an unripe youngster to be conducting one of the oldest orchestras in the U.S.†

Yet somehow Conductor Golschmann and St. Louis got along fine. Now that Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony have parted company after 25 years, Golschmann's 19 years in St. Louis make him the most permanent conductor in the U.S.

No Trouble. From the beginning, Golschmann had met St. Louis halfway: he kept right on championing new music but he also worked hard to increase his command of the classics St. Louis loved.

He quickly made a hit with his musicians. Slightly slack after four years of guest conductors, they needed work and polishing; Golschmann gave them both without scraping their tender feelings. Says one musician: "Golschmann gets good discipline without blowing his top."

The town's businessmen found him good company and a good talker—even able to discuss the ups & downs of the St. Louis Cardinals. And he picked up poker fast. Says one card crony: "He's too reckless to be a good player. But he sure puts a lot of life in a game." He also kept his ties with Paris, went there almost every summer and brought back both new scores and new art. St. Louisans soon learned to take pride in his collection of contemporary art which includes, among other things, some two dozen Picassos.

"No Race." Golschmann has toured his orchestra over a good deal of the U.S., but has bided his time about taking on Manhattan and Manhattan critics. "There is no race," he kept saying. "We'll go to New York when I think we can give a good concert." Last week, midway on the orchestra's 70th anniversary tour, Golschmann and the St. Louis played Manhattan's Carnegie Hall for the first time. They proved they could give as good a concert as any music lover would want to hear.

Conducting with a minimum of gestures, like a man who is sure after 19 years that his musicians know just what he wants from them, he played a glowing, smoothly powered performance of the Mozart *Symphony No. 40*. He showed off the colors of his orchestra's palette with a new razzle-dazzle piece called *Magic Manhattan* by his Paris friend Manuel Rosenthal (now conductor of the Seattle Symphony), finished with the spirited dances from Falla's *Three-Cornered Hat*. Even the Manhattan critics conceded that the sensitivity and sonority of St. Louis' band measured up mighty close with the East's big three: the Boston, the Philadelphia and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony.

Sing It to Me

Singer Margaret Whiting was born with a silver tuning fork in her hand. Her father, Songwriter Richard A. Whiting (*Till We Meet Again, Japanese Sandman, Sleepy Time Gal*) was already a big moneymaker in the Pianola, windup phonograph and battery-radio era of popular music. Her aunt and namesake, raucous-voiced Vaudevillian Margaret Young, introduced such ragtime hits as *Nobody's Sweetheart Now* and *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans*. Sophie Tucker was little Margaret's red-hot godmamma.

Last week plump, 25-year-old Maggie Whiting herself was one of the big names in popular music. Her recording of *Slipping Around*, made with Western Singer Jimmy Wakely, was Capitol Records' top seller for the past year (1,750,000 copies). *Billboard* announced that next to Evelyn (*A Little Bird Told Me*) Knight, Maggie was queen of the jukeboxes for 1949.

Sweet & Slow. Margaret's reputation as a singer has been a long time in the making. She began at three, singing the Dick Whiting tunes made famous by such stars as Nora Bayes, Maurice Chevalier and Eddie Cantor. By the time she was 14, Family Friend Johnny Mercer decided that Margaret's velvety voice was good enough for a guest spot on his radio show. By 1941, 17-year-old Maggie had struck out on her own, got on Lucky Strike's *Your Hit Parade*. But her sweet and slow singing did not please irascible Tobacco Huckster George Washington Hill, who "liked 'em loud and fast." She was fired after four weeks.

Margaret took to the road as vocalist with a dance band, soon learned that "it doesn't matter how sweet you sing, you're lost if you don't feel the beat and send it into your audience." In addition to the beat, she picked up her own silky, just-between-us-two way with a song. "You have to sing it to one person," she says. "The listener has to feel, 'Why, she's singing it to me.' "

Murray Garrett—Graphic House

SONGSTRESS WHITING
She felt the beat.

A Warm Spot. In the past five years Margaret's sing-it-to-me has lifted her income into the $200,000-a-year class, and many a song (*It Might as Well Be Spring, A Tree in the Meadow, Faraway Places*) on to the hit parade. She has helped bring back the vogue for tandem singing by doubling with Wakely, Jack Smith, Bob Hope and Bandleader Frank DeVol. Says Los Angeles Disc Jockey Gene Norman: "Margaret could sing a duet with a talking horse and make him sound good."

Since her father's death in 1938, Margaret has always kept a warm spot in her repertory for his songs, has successfully revived such Whiting hits as *My Ideal* and *My Future Just Passed*. Last week between television and radio shows Margaret was making plans for an album of Whiting singing Whiting. She also had plans to launch her own company, to issue some of the 150 songs her father never managed to get published.

* Milhaud, Durey, Auric, Honegger, Poulenc, Tailleferre.

† The St. Louis Symphony claims to be the U.S.'s second oldest, dates its origin from the St. Louis Choral Society of 1880, which added an orchestra two years later. St. Louis' claim is stoutly resisted by Boston, whose symphony got started in 1881. The U.S.'s oldest: the New York Philharmonic-Symphony (1842).

Out of the Kennel

Ever since Dmitri Shostakovich was clapped into the doghouse by his Kremlin masters two years ago (TIME, Feb. 23, 1948), he had been slowly nuzzling his way out. He had publicly recanted his "bourgeois formalism" and promised to do what was expected of him. Ten months later, he finally got a friendly pat and a few kind words from *Izvestia* and *Pravda* for his score for the movie *Young Guard*. Last week, he was the top Soviet composer once again. For his oratorio, *Song of the Forests*, and his score for the film *Fall of Berlin*, he won his first Stalin Prize ($25,000) since 1945.

Also honored: the 75-year-old dean of Russian composers, Reinhold Glière, for his new ballet score, *The Bronze Horseman*. The production of his 23-year-old *Red Poppy*, one of the most popular ballets in Russia, won prizes for ten leading performers and the directors of Moscow's Bolshoi Theater.

New Records

Haydn: The Creation (Trude Eipperle, soprano; Georg Hann, bass; Julius Patzak, tenor; Isolde Ahlgrimm, cembalo; Vienna State Opera Chorus, Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Clemens Krauss conducting; Haydn Society, 6 sides LP). This is one of Haydn's finest works, but paradoxically, one that sounds least like Haydn. Already in his late 50s, Haydn went to London, heard the choral singing in the huge Handel Festival of 1791, and returned to Vienna feeling liberated from the classical form he himself had done so much to develop. When he got around to composing this work, seven years later, he followed his predecessor Handel's example, wrote to conform more to a text (a theme from Milton's *Paradise Lost*) than to classical form. In so doing, he wrote music that hints at many a thing to come—the later Beethoven, even early Wagner. Performance and recording: good.

Bach: Preludes and Fugues 1-8, The Well-Tempered Clavier (Wanda Landowska, harpsichord; Victor, 12 sides 45 r.p.m.). Bach composed this cornerstone of contemporary contrapuntal music "for the use and profit of young musicians anxious to learn, and as a pastime for others already expert in the art." Here the first eight (the rest are to come) are masterfully set forth by the foremost living expert. Recording: excellent.

Beethoven: Sonata No. 7, Op. 30 No. 2 (Joseph Szigeti, violin; Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano; Columbia, 2 sides LP). Violinist Szigeti's expressiveness and devoted musicianship go a long way towards making up for his often raspy tone—far enough in fact to make this an excellent performance. Recording: good.

Dello Joio: Ricercari for Piano and Orchestra (Germaine Smadja, pianist, with the Concert Hall Symphony Orchestra, Henry Swoboda conducting; Concert Hall Society, 1 side LP). A *ricercare* (literally: to seek out) was a 16th Century form which later grew into the fugue. U.S. Composer Norman Dello Joio, 37, finds a few clever switches of his own. Performance: good; recording: fair.

Sovfoto

COMPOSER SHOSTAKOVICH
He kept his promise.

Glière: Symphony No. 3 (St. Cecilia Academy Symphony Orchestra of Rome, Jacques Rachmilovich conducting; Capitol-Telefunken, 2 sides LP). Although his *Red Poppy* ballet music is better known, this is probably the best work of 75-year-old Reinhold Glière, dean of Russian composers (*see above*). Finished in 1911, it is based on the legend of the Paul Bunyan-like Russian folk hero, Ilya Murometz. Huge in concept, it sometimes sounds like such non-Russians as Sibelius or Bruckner. Performance and recording: good.

Offenbach: The Tales of Hoffmann (Raoul Jobin, tenor; Renée Doria, soprano; Vina Bovy, soprano; Geori Boué, soprano; Fanély Revoil, mezzo-soprano; Louis Musy, baritone; André Pernet, bass, Charles Soix, bass; Roger Bourdin, baritone; Chorus and Orchestra of the Paris Opéra-Comique, André Cluytens conducting; Columbia, 6 sides LP). Offenbach's witty and brilliant opera is done to a turn, even to the sound of wine gurgling from a bottle. Recording: excellent.

Stravinsky: Mass (Double wind quintet and chorus of men and boys, Igor Stravinsky conducting; Victor, 5 sides). Stravinsky intended this Mass to be "absolutely cold," avoiding sentimentality. It is skillfully and coldly composed, but rather dull. Sung in church, it might induce more apathy than reverence. Performance and recording: excellent.

Verdi: Excerpts from Falstaff (Mariano Stabile, baritone; Afro Poli, baritone; Vittoria Palombini, mezzo-soprano; Giuseppe Nessi, tenor; Luciano Donaggio, bass; La Scala Orchestra, Alberto Erede conducting; Capitol-Telefunken; 6 sides). Baritone Stabile, now 61, was the best Falstaff in the business when these recordings were originally made before World War II. Capitol's re-pressing job is good.

RELIGION

Christians Behind the Curtain

Should a Christian church under a Communist regime resist, and be driven underground? Or should it bow to the state for the sake of continuing as an organized entity? Or something in between? These are not academic questions in China and Poland, in Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Rumania, whose Christians sometimes feel that their Western brethren may be a bit too impatient for a new age of catacombs.

Last week the National Lutheran Council was studying a tortured message on the subject from eight top-ranking leaders of the Hungarian Lutheran Church. The Hungarian Lutherans said they felt that it was better to continue as a congregation in being, rather than to court destruction by resisting the state. "It is after a decision by faith and trusting in God alone that the Hungarian Lutheran Church has taken the way which it considers a narrow path in the present world . . ." Surely the church "might subsist in Hungary and perform its task under no more adverse circumstances than the apostles had in the Roman Empire. We cannot, therefore, take the responsibility for starting a so-called Church Resistance . . ."

The message suggested that Hungary's Communist government is God's judgment on the church for "worldliness." Western Lutherans, the Hungarians noted, should quit trying to prod their Hungarian brethren into more sturdy opposition to the Communists. "They might consider if it is of any use for the Hungarian Church of Jesus Christ to give . . . expression to statements which are frequently based on wrong information and . . . are appropriate for aggravating our position . . ." Though the church is grateful for all the financial and material aid that has come from overseas, they cannot accept any conditions along with it, or any "sort of dependence on the donors."

U.S. Lutherans, dissatisfied with what they consider the Hungarian church's lukewarm defense of Bishop Lajos Ordass, who is serving a two-year prison term for alleged improper registering of funds received from the U.S., have sent no aid to Hungary for the past two years. The Hungarian message did not tend to change their minds. Said Dr. Paul Empie, executive director of the National Lutheran Council: "The statement is an obvious effort to show that they have a unique situation which we in the West are in no position to judge . . . But until our delegation can get there and confirm the needs and insure the proper use of the funds, we are hardly free to send additional money."

Heaven, Hell & Judgment Day

Evangelist Billy Sunday's likeliest successor was hard at work last week rounding up souls in the South. With a final rally that overflowed the 36,000-capacity University of South Carolina football stadium, hawk-nosed, handsome Evangelist

Billy Graham climaxed a three-week revival at Columbia, S.C. that had stirred a total of 7,000 people to make "decisions for Christ."*

As he had in Los Angeles (TIME, Nov. 14), Billy Graham worked hard for the Lord. Flailing his arms, crouching and pointing, coiling his big (6 ft. 2 in.) frame around the Bible he read from, or passionately wrestling with the microphone, he gave his audiences not a moment's emotional letup.

But to oldtimers who remembered another generation of revivalists—Sam Jones, Gypsy Smith, Sunday himself—Graham and his entourage looked disturbingly like something out of Hollywood. His sharply cut double-breasted suits and high-decibel ties, like those of his Co-Evangelist Grady Wilson, 30, and black-haired, 26-year-old Platform Manager Cliff Barrows, were a smooth contrast to the rumpled, homespun approach of the old school.

"Puff Graham." Thirty-one-year-old Billy Graham has been preaching ever since he was converted 14 years ago at a revival meeting in his home town, Charlotte, N.C. He became a revivalist only five years ago, and his big break did not come until last fall in California. His Los Angeles audiences were no more than moderately large until his activities suddenly attracted the attention of William Randolph Hearst. At a meeting one evening, says Graham, he noticed "reporters and cameramen crawling all over the place. One of them told me they had had a memo from Mr. Hearst which said 'Puff Graham,' and the two Hearst papers gave me great publicity. The others soon followed."

Graphic House

EVANGELIST GRAHAM
Streets of gold, twelve crops a year!

* In a 1923 revival, Billy Sunday garnered 25,000 converts at Columbia.

Graham calls himself "Dr." on the strength of two honorary degrees—a D.D. from King's College at New Castle, Del. and a D. Hum. from Fundamentalist, unaccredited Bob Jones University at Greenville, S.C. He also holds an A.B. from straitlaced Wheaton College, where he majored in Physical and Cultural Anthropology. Currently he is paid $8,500 a year as president of Northwestern Schools at Minneapolis, Minn., where he spends about a fifth of his time.

Graham was ordained a Southern Baptist minister in 1939 when, evangelizing at a small Baptist church in Palatka, Fla., he was told that he could not continue the meeting unless he became a Baptist. But his education and upbringing were Calvinist, and his preaching still shows it. Last week he treated his predominantly middle-aged audiences to first-hand glimpses of Heaven, Hell and Judgment Day.

Gates of Pearl. "Heaven is a literal place," he said. "Christians go there the moment they die, and there will be wonderful reunions as loved ones are recognized up there . . . What a glorious place it will be—with streets of gold, the gates of pearl . . . and the tree bearing a different kind of fruit every month. Think of that—you farmers—twelve crops a year!" His detailed picture of Heaven brought 145 listeners to their feet to pledge themselves to Christ.

But 350 signed up on the night he described Hell: "There will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. I believe . . . that there is literal fire in Hell, but if there is not literal fire in Hell, then the Bible is talking about something far worse when it speaks of the flames of Hell. What ever it is going to be is so horrible that it cannot be expressed in the language of man."

Evangelist Graham's is the oldtime religion, even though it comes through a public-address system. But he spruces it up with streamlined metaphors of his own. Said he of Judgment Day: "God is going to say, 'Start up the projector!' Because from the cradle to the grave God has had His television cameras on you. God has every sinful word on His recording. The only thing that can save your soul is to let Jesus Christ come into your heart. Are you ready?"

"A Shadow's Shadow"

Published last week in the U.S. was the final section of Msgr. Ronald Knox's brilliant translation of the Bible—Volume II of the Old Testament (Sheed & Ward; $5). Readers who are familiar with the graceful flights and sudden surprises of Translator Knox's Bible prose will not be disappointed in his mining of the beauties of the *Psalms* and *Proverbs*, the *Song of Solomon*, *Job*, *Jeremiah* and *Ecclesiastes*, whose oft-quoted "Vanity, vanity" passage he renders:

"Words of the Spokesman, King David's son, that reigned once at Jerusalem.

"A shadow's shadow, he tells us, a shadow's shadow; a world of shadows! How is man the better for all this toiling of his, here under the sun? Age succeeds age, and the world goes on unaltered. Sun may rise and sun may set, but ever it goes back and is reborn . . . All rivers flow into the sea, yet never the sea grows full; back to their springs they find their way, and must be flowing still. Weariness, all weariness; who shall tell the tale? Eye looks on unsatisfied; ear listens, ill content. Ever that shall be that ever has been, that which has happened once shall happen again; there can be nothing new, here under the sun . . .

"Conclude we then thus in general; Fear God, and keep his commandments; this is the whole meaning of man. No act of thine but God will bring it under his scrutiny, deep beyond all thy knowing, and pronounce it good or evil."

Paul Pfetzsch—Black Star

"TO ROME IN HOLY YEAR"
Beware the man in the clerical collar.

Square 49

In Naples last week, Italian moppets were gleefully playing a new game—"To Rome in Holy Year." Invented by a Jesuit priest named Sergio de Gioia, who also instructs the youth of Italy with what he calls "a catechistic newspaper with comic strips," the new game is played by spinning a wheel to determine the number of squares the player may advance on his journey to the Holy Father.

Some squares, such as those marked "Courtesy" or "Communion," offer a new spin of the wheel or an advance of several notches. Others impose severe penalties. At square 17 the player loses a turn and must go back to number 10 for "yielding to the Devil's temptation." The same punishment is demanded for reading the red-splashed "evil press" (number 31). The worst penalty of all is attached to the last square—number 49—which sends the young "pilgrim" all the way back to number 5, the square marked "Religious Instruction." On square 49 is a picture of a grim man in a clerical collar, and the single word: PROTESTANTE.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

"AFRICAN MOTHER"

Larry Burrows; Associated Press; Wide World
ELIZABETH LISTER

"CARITAS"

BERNARD SHAW

"ANTHONY"
"I don't make controversies . . .

ART

With a Hammer

In London one morning last week, Sculptor Jacob Epstein got up early, donned a dirty cotton shirt and frayed, clay-soiled suit. After breakfast he stuffed a hammer and chisel into his sagging pockets, pulled a long-billed baseball cap down over his bald dome, and shambled hurriedly off to the Leicester Galleries. His first exhibition in three years was due to open there at 9 a.m. Epstein arrived at 8 to put some last-minute nicks in a major work, his 1½-ton, 7½-foot-tall *Lazarus*.

An hour later, when the critics came, Epstein stepped down from his ladder with a sigh of satisfaction. "I have tried," he said, "to express the idea of a man coming from death to life." He had succeeded. *Lazarus*, swathed in a cocoon of burial wrappings, was shown at the moment of Christ's command: "Come forth." Stone though it was, the loosely bound body almost seemed to breathe.

Mockers v. Shockers. "The man in the street," Epstein once remarked, "is a fool, and I care not a whit for his opinions. I should be a fool too if I were in the least influenced by him." The sculptor's damn-it-all individualism, combined with the inspiration of African carvings (which he collects), has led Epstein to create some monumental shockers. Among the first was *Rima*, a lumpish bas-relief nude unveiled in Hyde Park in 1925. Stanley Baldwin officiated at the unveiling. A moment after he had pulled the string Baldwin was heard to exclaim: "My God!"

Epstein followed *Rima* with a peculiar procession of huge works, including his aggressively naked *Adam* and the squat, vast *Ecce Homo* which G. K. Chesterton described as "one of the greatest insults to religion I have ever seen." He was continually accused of pulling the wool over the public's eyes. "I don't make controversies," he replied to all such criticism, "I make sculptures."

His new *Lazarus*, which seemed likely to offend no one, might go a long way toward persuading "the man in the street" that Epstein is among the most intense and skillful sculptors alive.

His skill was made abundantly clear by the bronze portrait busts that rounded out the show. Seven were of children, including three of his own. "Children," Epstein says, "have a beauty no adult does. All children are beautiful, aren't they?" Among his best portraits was that of his Negro cook's son. The cook thought Epstein made the lips of the clay head too full, pushed them in one night. Epstein righted them next morning.

Epstein has sculpted enough notables to furnish a contemporary hall of fame. A recent sitter was Winston Churchill, who brought along two bodyguards, two secretaries and pockets full of cigars. While Churchill dictated his memoirs to the secretaries, Epstein modeled. Following his usual practice of working directly in clay,

Larry Burrows
EPSTEIN & "LAZARUS"
. . . I make sculptures."

without preliminary sketches, he did the job in six sittings. As usual, the result was a bang-up character sketch, loaded with life and liberally dented with the prints of Epstein's thick thumbs.

Gentleman v. Hooligan. Among the few sitters to complain of Epstein's handling was Bernard Shaw, whom he has modeled six times. "Here I am a respected Irish gentleman," said Shaw, "and you make me look like a Brooklyn hooligan like yourself." Actually, Epstein was born and raised on Manhattan's Lower East Side, just across the river from Brooklyn. At 22 he made his way to Paris, settled in London three years later. Now a paunchy, patriarchal 69, he lives in an ivied house diagonally opposite Churchill's in Hyde Park Gate.

Since his wife's death three years ago, Epstein has been cared for by his daughter Esther and an old friend who acts as housekeeper. He rarely goes out, spends most of his time at work in his dusty, cluttered, cavernous studio. Last summer he made a two-month trip to the U.S., his first in 20 years. "I like it over there," he says, "but I like to live in England. They leave you alone and let you get on with your work."

Even at his own tea table, Epstein is a lonely looking and rather frightening figure. Mountainous, with a fighter's set face and contemptuously protruding lower lip, he speaks in a forbidding rumble. Modern art, curiously enough, is one of his pet hates: "When I get discouraged I look at Picasso's stuff and then I feel better about what I'm doing." He himself once flirted with cubism, "but I abandoned the lady very early and since then she has prospered under other patronage." The semi-abstract sculptures of Henry Moore, with their pinheads and pierced bodies (TIME, May 16), make Epstein smile. "A good cheese is not interesting because it's got holes in it," he says. "It's because of the quality of the cheese."

The sculptor, Epstein thinks, must "embody the hopes and ideals of his people, like the great artists of Egypt and Greece and the men who built the cathedrals . . . What they did everybody could understand. Everybody must understand."

With a Teaspoon

Last week, 15 years after the death of Charles Demuth, Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art got around to giving him a big exhibition. The 168 paintings and drawings on display proved the Lancaster, Pa. tobacconist's boy to have been among the nation's top moderns. In his lifetime Demuth was much admired by a small circle of artists, critics and collectors. But Demuth (rhymes with see tooth) never made much of a dent on the public.

In the exhibition catalogue, Museum Director of Painting and Sculpture Andrew Ritchie collared Demuth with a string of adjectives: "Elegant, witty, frivolous, dandified, shy, gentle, kind, amusing." The painter was also lame, and long ill with the diabetes which killed him at 52. A bit of a bohemian in his excursions to Greenwich Village and Montparnasse, he never stayed away from Lancaster long. Bachelor Demuth was "sheltered as a child and as a man," wrote Ritchie, "by an extraordinarily robust mother."

His mother must have been a little shocked by some of Charles's work. On rainy days when he had to stay indoors, he did acid little illustrations, in thin wiggly lines and soppy watercolor washes, for Zola's *Nana*, Poe's *The Masque of the Red Death* and Wedekind's *Erdgeist*. They were often sexy but never lusty, and Exhibition Director Ritchie, who points out that Charles apparently never meant them to be published, thinks they reflected "a deep unbalance and disquiet in his own nature." Perhaps his watercolors of anemic acrobats in painful poses did too.

The better part of Demuth's art was reticent, stiff and dainty as his mother's

Collection Miss Violette de Mazia

DEMUTH'S "MLLE. LULU"
Mother was robust.

gros point. Inspired by the French moderns, he drew out his inspiration "with a teaspoon, but I never spilled a drop."

The cubists, particularly his friend Marcel Duchamp, had taught him to shatter shapes. He cracked the sky as well, painted Pennsylvania factories and Provincetown houses impaled, piecemeal, on diagonal slivers of blue, white and grey light.

When the sun was shining outdoors and Demuth turned his lapidary instinct on the poppies, cyclamen and zinnias in his mother's garden, or the fruits and vegetables for her kitchen, the results were sparkling. He had the knack of putting flowers into many-faceted, highly polished pictures without seeming to disarrange their leaves and petals. The driest of artists, he knew how to keep the bloom on a peach or the dew on a blossom. His talent had never been robust; the fact that his best works were evocations of things so elusive and so close to perfection as flowers was a measure of its fineness.

MEDICINE

Team Trouble

Like most scientific discoveries of modern times, streptomycin was found as a result of teamwork. Members of the 1943 team working on antibiotics in the Department of Microbiology at New Jersey's Rutgers University were Dr. Selman A. Waksman, head of the department, and a group of graduate students including Albert Schatz. By 1946, when Schatz left the campus, it was still not clear how rich a gold mine streptomycin would prove to be.

Then streptomycin royalties reached almost $1,000,000 a year (TIME, Nov. 7). Waksman assigned his patents to the Rutgers Research and Endowment Foundation. So did Dr. Schatz. But last week, in New Jersey superior court, Albert Schatz, now assistant professor of biology at Brooklyn College, filed suit for a half of Rutgers' profits, said he had signed away his royalties under coercion.

Said Russell Watson, attorney for Waksman and Rutgers: "Baseless and preposterous . . . Dr. Schatz's work . . . was performed as a carefully supervised laboratory assistant."

Sharper Tool

In the long war against the white plague, medicine's two most useful search tools have had a grave defect. Chest X rays and the tuberculin skin test both indicate whether the patient has ever had tuberculosis, but the skin test does not show—and X rays show only imperfectly—whether the disease is still active. Last week, doctors all over the U.S. were calling New York for details of a new, simple test which indicates how active the tubercle bacilli are in the patient's system at the time the test is made.

The basic technique was worked out at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research by a team including famed Microbiologist René J. Dubos and Dr. Gardner Middlebrook. Between 5 and 7 cc of blood (less than two teaspoons) are drawn from an arm vein. The serum (amber fluid) is separated from the cells and added to a specially treated preparation containing the red cells of sheep's blood. The mixture is kept at blood heat for two hours and then left at room temperature overnight.

If the contents of the test tube are unclotted in the morning, the patient has no active tuberculosis. But if the patient is tuberculous, his blood serum will contain antibodies manufactured in the body to combat the tubercle bacilli. These antibodies will cause the sheep's red blood cells to clot. The extent of the clotting gives a measure of the severity of the disease. Thus, repeated tests can show whether or not a course of treatment is working effectively.

Dr. Sidney Rothbard put the technique to wide practical use at Montefiore Hospital in The Bronx. Last week he reported at a meeting of the New York Tuberculosis

Acme

FREDDIE THOMASON & MOTHER
An unexplained accident.

and Health Association that on 1,200 serum samples from 950 patients the test was 92.3% accurate. "This test," said he, "gives the doctors a new tool. It should not be thought of as a test to displace the X ray or any other standard method."

But the advantages of the new and sharper tool were obvious. Unlike routine chest X rays, the serum test will disclose tuberculosis in other parts of the body besides the lungs. An X ray shows lung spots, but the serum test helps to determine whether the spots are healed tuberculosis scars or other lung diseases such as cancer, abscess, pneumonia or silicosis.

In its simplicity for patient and doctor, the serum test closely resembles the Wassermann test for syphilis. Its originators recommended that doctors use it the same way: take the blood sample and send it to a laboratory, instead of trying to complete the process themselves.

Freddie Stands Up

Just three weeks short of his second birthday, Freddie Thomason stood up last week for the first time in his life. No less remarkable, he wore a little pair of overalls, and sat down—also for the first time in his life.

Freddie Thomason was born without arms or legs. The blue-eyed, tow-headed son of the Herschel Thomasons of Magnolia, Ark., Freddie has smooth, sloping shoulders with no sign that arms had ever begun to form. Unlike most "congenital amputees," he was born with virtually no stumps where legs should have been.

In 30 years of rehabilitating cripples and amputees (including cases from Guadalcanal and New Georgia), New Jersey's famed Orthopedic Surgeon Henry Howard Kessler had never seen such a case when Mrs. Thomason first took Freddie to him last year. The only "quadruple congenital amputee" Dr. Kessler recalled in medical literature had had more conspicuous stumps than Freddie. Medical science has no explanation for such biological accidents.

Hopeless as it seemed, Freddie's case was studied carefully at the Kessler Institute for Rehabilitation in West Orange. Dr. Kessler showed Mrs. Thomason how to exercise Freddie to develop his trunk muscles, rolling him from side to side and making him twist as much as possible. Back home in Magnolia, where her husband is a radio repairman, Mrs. Thomason exercised Freddie for 45 minutes, twice a day, for almost a year.

Last week bright-eyed Freddie was at the institute again. Dr. Kessler had decided that his trunk muscles had developed enough for him to be fitted with his first pair of legs. Made of plastic, the legs are only thigh-length (usual for learners), and held to Freddie's body by a corset-like harness. The toes of the stumps point backward for better balance. A simple screw adjustment made by the nurse or mother makes the legs flex so that Freddie can sit down.

Freddie is to visit the institute daily for about a month, learning to balance his weight first on one leg, then on the other—vastly more difficult for a child who has no arms to steady himself. Only after that can he learn to walk. In six months Freddie will return to Dr. Kessler for adjustments. Then the doctor will try to decide how to start on the still more forbidding problem of fitting Freddie with arms.

D.P. at Home

A soft-accented young physician with a pretty blonde wife and a two-year-old daughter moved last week into a rambling white clapboard house in Fabius, N.Y. Before his office was finished, a blizzard swirling outside brought him his first emergency case: a townswoman who had fallen on ice. For both Dr. Joseph Brudny, 33, and the twin villages of Fabius and Pompey (combined pop.: about 3,000), the beginning of his practice was the fulfillment of a dream.

Hospitable N. Y. Fabius and Pompey, about 17 miles southeast of Syracuse, had been without a doctor for five years. Last fall Dr. Brudny, then admitting physician at Brooklyn's Cumberland Hospital, was driving around upstate New York, trying to find a place to settle. The Onondaga County Medical Society referred him to Fabius. Dr. Brudny liked the place, but he had no money to buy a home and office. A Polish-born D.P. and a survivor of Nazi labor camps, he had been in the U.S. less than two years.

The town fathers put their heads together, then their dollars. A corporation was formed which sold $9,000 in shares at $25 each to the people of Fabius and Pompey. The corporation bought a house and remodeled it. Dr. Brudny moved in, with the understanding that if he still likes the place after a year, he may buy the house from the corporation. If not, he may move out, and Fabius-Pompey will look for a new medical man.

Among the 233 physicians who have reached the U.S. from D.P. camps, Dr. Brudny was one of the luckiest. New York is the most hospitable of all states to D.P. doctors. It requires a minimum of examinations;* further medical training is usually limited to an internship. If its examiners are satisfied, New York (like seven other states) allows a D.P. to begin practice with only first papers toward his citizenship.

Unfriendly 21. In 17 states, a displaced physician is not admitted to practice until he becomes a U.S. citizen, which usually takes five years. (Marriage to a U.S. citizen reduces the time to from one to three years.) Two states, Indiana and Michigan, require an immigrant to take the senior-year course of instruction at an approved U.S. medical college—now virtually impossible because of overcrowding. In 21 states, no foreign-educated doctor can practice under any circumstances.

The American Medical Association has set up machinery to help "the resettlement of these individuals in a spirit of friendly cooperation with unfortunate colleagues." But the A.M.A. gets no friendly cooperation from most state medical societies. Among the least hospitable states are several in which rural communities have been crying for doctors—such as Wisconsin, where Dr. Joachim Bronny was rejected in 1948, despite pleas made for him by the doctorless village of Fairchild.

For every happy Dr. Brudny there is many an unhappy Dr. Bronny.

* Of 417 foreign-educated doctors who took the examination in the year ending last June, 178 passed, 239 failed. In the whole U.S., only 636 were examined that year; 308 passed.

Arthur Cornelius

DR. JOSEPH BRUDNY
A dream fulfilled.

BUSINESS & FINANCE

AGRICULTURE

Butter Fingers

After years of debate, Congress last week repealed the 64-year-old federal tax on oleomargarine, effective July 1. But oleo will still not be easily mistaken for butter; oleo sold at retail must be conspicuously identified on the wrapping, while yellow margarine served in restaurants must be either triangular in shape or clearly identified. Quipped one Congressman: "Maybe we should require Florida orange growers to sell all their artificially colored oranges in a square shape." In addition, 16 states will continue to prohibit the manufacture and sale of yellow margarine, and six states will still levy special taxes on it.

Buttermakers thought that Congress had picked the worst possible time to repeal oleo taxes, for butter prices have been slipping and surpluses mounting. Last week the U.S. Department of Agriculture bought up 239,000 lbs. of butter to support the wholesale price at 60¢ a lb., thereby adding to its huge 86 million-lb. stock of surplus butter.

The oleo repeal bill also produced a surprise. To make sure that margarine labeling and packaging is obeyed, Congress gave the Federal Trade Commission the power to fine a violator $5,000 for every day he disobeys an FTC order. Under the old law, which the FTC regarded as far too mild, one penalty was levied for each violation no matter how long it continued. Although the change was originally looked on as a weapon only against margarine makers, as finally passed the penalty could be used against all businessmen under FTC jurisdiction.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Fight for New England

In their swift snaking across the U.S., natural-gas pipelines have yet to tap New England. With estimated sales prospects of $125 million a year, two huge utility combines last week began a fight for that huge market.

In hearings before the Federal Power Commission, lawyers pressed the case of H. Gardiner Symonds, whose Tennessee Gas Transmission Co. is one of the biggest U.S. pipeline operators. Symonds wanted FPC permission to spend $118 million in an expansion that would extend his 1,600-mile Texas-to-Buffalo pipeline to the New England border. His newly formed subsidiary, Northeastern Gas Transmission Co., would take it from there, spending another $22 million to weave a 529-mile system through New England.

Ranged against Symonds was a formidable antagonist. Eastern Gas & Fuel Associates, which controls about half the manufactured gas supply in New England, also wanted to pipe in natural gas. With two other New England companies, Eastern had formed a new subsidiary, Algonquin Gas Transmission Co., and wanted approval for a $27.5 million pipeline. This would be connected with the pipelines of Symonds' biggest rival, Texas Eastern Transmission Corp., at the New Jersey station of its Big Inch and Little Big Inch pipelines.

Manufactured gas with the same heating power now costs New Englanders at least three times as much as the U.S. average for natural gas ($2.47 per 1,000 cu. ft. *v.* 73¢), and they are convinced that high fuel costs are among the chief reasons why industries are leaving New England.

So far, most public support had gone to Tennessee Gas's Symonds, and with reason. At first, Eastern, a subsidiary of Pittsburgh's Koppers Co., Inc., had tried to block natural gas in New England. Only six months ago, after Symonds' plan had won a big following, did Eastern form Algonquin. Thus, many New Englanders are not sure that it would hustle as fast as Tennessee Gas to bring in cheaper fuel. New England, anxious for the cheaper fuel which natural gas would provide, was pressing FPC for an early decision. Last week, both Massachusetts' Governor Paul Dever and Connecticut's Governor Chester Bowles wired FPC urging immediate action.

International

PAQUIN

Acme

BALMAIN

International

FATH

Wide World

BALENCIAGA

International

SCHIAPARELLI

To please rather than astonish.

FASHIONS

Zero Hour

Said Designer Marcel Rochas before the spring fashion openings in Paris: "I feel at zero hour, ready for a fresh departure." That was what Paris needed if it was to regain its place as fashion leader of the world. This week, glimpsing the first pictures of the spring fashions, U.S. women could decide for themselves just how fresh a departure Paris had made.

Skirts were tighter and shorter, as much as 16 in. from the ground. Padded hips were out; gone, too, were the waist corsets and many of the other foolish furbelows which had come in with the New Look. In some collections, like Balmain's, there was a nostalgic look of the '20s. The trend was to more simplicity. The object, said one designer, was "not to astonish but to please."

Nevertheless, there was still plenty to astonish. Some designers—notably Balenciaga—showed dresses, including evening

gowns, with split skirts worn over toreadorlike pantaloons. For the hot-weather trade, Schiaparelli featured an evening dress with a transparent blouse under which only a black brassière was worn.

Despite the obvious eye catchers, dressmakers hoped that U.S. women would agree with Designer Jacques Heim that Paris was casting aside "the masquerade fashions prevailing since the war [and returning to] beautiful, wearable clothes."

AUTOS

Stripped-Down Entry

In the fight for the lower-priced car market, Studebaker Corp. this week rolled out a new entry, the Champion custom model. It is $78 cheaper than the company's previous lowest-price car, the Champion de luxe. Studebaker, which lopped $82 to $135 off its prices only six weeks ago, made the new cut by stripping the de luxe model of such items as arm rests, chrome and radiator ornament. (The new model put Studebaker in close price competition with the Big Three. At $1,519 (factory-delivered), the four-door Champion custom is still above the $1,450 Chevrolet and $1,471 Ford but below the $1,566 Plymouth.)

The move was not caused by slipping sales. Studebaker's retail deliveries in February were almost double those of February 1949, and the highest for any month in the company's history. Studebaker was simply looking ahead to fall, when the current booming market might well be gone.

• • •

General Motors Corp. had some good news to report. While its payroll was at an alltime peak of $1.4 billion in 1949 (*v.* $1.2 billion in 1948 and the previous record of $1.3 billion in 1944), G.M. had record net earnings of $656,434,242 on sales of $5,700,835,141—49% above 1948's record earnings. One reason: few strikes. "Such time as was lost for this reason," said G.M., "if averaged over all General Motors hourly rated employees in the U.S., would have amounted to only about 17 minutes per employee for the entire year. This is an outstanding record."

SELLING

Don't Be Repulsive

As an Iowa farm boy, Stan Talbott had a slick way of convincing roadside customers that he sold only freshly laid eggs. Stan would duck into the henhouse where he kept his ready-packaged eggs, push the hens about to make them cackle, and presently reappear with the eggs carefully sprinkled with pillow feathers.

In due course Salesman Talbott became advertising vice president of Joyce, Inc., one of the world's biggest makers of women's play shoes. To get a line on women's likes & dislikes, he tried a door-to-door canvass, but busy housewives gave him the brushoff. So he packed a laundry bundle and started talking to women at self-service laundries, where they had plenty of time to kill. Besides talking, he read magazine ads to the women to see which words got a rise out of them.

Murray Garrett—Graphic House

INTERVIEWER TALBOTT & FRIENDS
Butter saves time.

Last week, 47-year-old Arthur Stanley Talbott told the Los Angeles Advertising Club the results of his survey on "How to Open Women's Purses." Certain words in ads and sales talks are "repulsive" to women, he said. Examples: *habit, bra, leathery, sticky, parched, calisthenics, crust, matron, clingy, model.* Good sales words, which "appeal to women's hearts, emotions and vanities": *poise, charm, graciousness, dainty, twinkle, hope, blush, bloom, bachelor, crisp, fairness, garden.*

Instead of moving in with a fast sales patter, the clerk who spends "three minutes buttering up the customer can trim seven minutes off the usual 20 it takes to sell a pair of shoes," said Talbott. He also checked displays at 70 Joyce retailers, found that white light on a display "is too hard" and helps few sales, purple light even fewer ("it's old-timy"). But yellow and red lights ("warm, emotional colors") boost sales of summer shoes because they excite the "impulse buying" of women.

By following his lighting rules and using his word lists not only in ads but in sales talks as well, big Joyce retailers such as Los Angeles' Bullock's have kept sales rising, while they have been dropping in many another shoe store. Joyce's January orders were 30% higher than a year ago.

Talbott is now making a new test: showing women photographs of shoe clerks to see which sales faces they like and dislike. He expects to prove that "certain types of faces should be kept in the rear."

GOVERNMENT

Heave-Ho

From the $37,500,000 in loans he had received from RFC, Lustron Corp.'s President Carl G. Strandlund had paid himself a salary of $50,000 a year. Last week, after RFC had forced defaulting Lustron into receivership, Receiver Clyde M. Foraker's first act was to fire Strandlund, two $25,000-a-year vice presidents, and two other officers drawing $25,000 between them. Ex-President Strandlund had no immediate plans. Said his attorney: "Mr. Strandlund is resting." Unless a way is found to operate Lustron profitably, the next step would probably be liquidation. An RFC estimate of the asset value: between $6,000,000 and $7,000,000.

FOREIGN TRADE

Big Stick

Up to last week, the U.S. Government had spoken softly in its fight against Britain's restrictions on dollar oil. (TIME, Jan. 2 *et seq.*). Then it decided the time had come to waggle a big financial stick. ECA's petroleum chief, Oscar Bransky, told a House subcommittee that Britain will get no more ECA dollars for expansion of its own oil refining industry until the fight is settled.

With $13,355,000 in ECA funds, British oil companies and associates are building four refineries to boost their output by 33 million barrels of oil a year. They want another $30 million to add 46.5 million more barrels. That request, said Bransky, had been put on ice indefinitely. But "we are still hopeful," he added, "that a satisfactory outcome will be obtained."

U.S. oilmen, estimating that the restrictions on dollar oil have cost them roughly $6,000,000, have already rejected as discriminatory one British compromise proposal—to permit U.S. companies to boost their sales in proportion to any additional dollars they spend in sterling area countries. And they still believe that Britain is less interested in saving dollars than in using its ECA-created oil surplus to drive the U.S. out of existing markets. Nevertheless the State Department is still

trying to work out some formula that will meet the British need for saving dollars and still permit the U.S. to compete on equal terms in the world oil market.

But Texas' Senator Tom Connally last week decided the time had come to get tough. With his Foreign Relations Committee holding a whip hand over ECA's new $2.9 billion appropriation, Connally announced that he would seek to block all further aid to Britain unless it abandons its "discrimination" against U.S. oil.

Bounty Barter

In the fall of 1940, a letter in old-fashioned script arrived at the offices of Philadelphia's old (1856) tool firm, Fayette R. Plumb, Inc. "Please send me two of your small axes," requested the writer, "and if cost any more for it write and let me known as soon as possible what I owed to you . . . Trusting this find you in good condition . . . I am your unknown true friend in Pitcairn Island." The letter was signed by Ivan E. Christian, a descendant of Fletcher Christian, leader of the mutiny on the *Bounty*.

Besides three well-worn dollar bills—which were not enough to pay for the axes—Ivan Christian had also enclosed some hand-painted souvenir leaves from the island. Because "the letter kind of appealed" to him, Plumb's Export Manager George R. Beck shipped the axes and thus opened a new account for the company's $250,000 annual export business. Christian soon ordered more axes and hammers for Pitcairn Islanders, paid for them by sending handmade baskets which Plumb's Cashier Elsie Hoffman obligingly sold to friends. After the island got some $75 worth of Plumb axes and hammers, Christian asked for pillowcases, sheets and other articles in exchange for his baskets; Mrs. Hoffman supplied them.

Last week, Cashier Hoffman got another letter from her friend on Pitcairn Island, saying that a new shipment of baskets was on the way. But Christian wanted no more sheets or pillowcases in exchange. This time, he asked, would she please send U.S. dollars?

EARNINGS

Billion-Dollar Baby

For the 110,000 stockholders, Du Pont's lean, able President Crawford H. Greenewalt last week totted up the score on a year of "transition from a sellers' to a buyers' market." His cheerful finding: "No serious dislocation or detriment to the company's business . . ."

This seemed like deep understatement. In 1949, for the first time, Du Pont's sales had crossed the billion-dollar mark to $1,025 million, a gain of 6% over the previous year. What was more remarkable, Du Pont's profits had jumped 20%. With dividends from Du Pont-controlled General Motors, the company's total net soared to $213.6 million, a 35% gain.

For his part in this, 47-year-old President Greenewalt, who came to Du Pont as a promising young chemist and later married Irénée du Pont's daughter, was well rewarded. To his $138,000 salary, the directors added a bonus of $224,760 and 1,254 shares of Du Pont common stock.

Test-Tube Triumphs. Chemist Greenewalt was well aware that Du Pont's continued growth depended on "aggressive research and . . . the development of new products." It was neglecting neither: on research, it had laid out $33 million in 1949, turned up an impressive array of promising new products. Among them:

¶ Teflon, an insulator which will permit electric motors to be reduced in size without reducing the power.

¶ Armalon, a tough new plastic for upholstering trucks, buses, sponge rubber furniture. In tests, the springs beneath it wore out before the coating cracked.

¶ Alathon, a coating which makes paper

Hans Knopf—Pix

DU PONT'S GREENEWALT
What dislocation?

cups, bags, packages, etc. waterproof and resistant to heat, oils and chemicals.

¶ Erifon, a solution which makes cotton and rayon fabrics fire-resistant.

Corncob Nylon. With its prize plastic, nylon, Du Pont had been experimenting at a Niagara Falls pilot plant. Object: to make one of nylon's basic ingredients (adipontrile) from a chemical (furfural) obtained from corncobs and oat hulls. This had proved so successful that capacity will be doubled this year, to produce enough adipontrile to use up 200,000 lbs. of corncobs yearly.

Du Pont, which attributes some 60% of its 1949 business to the development of new products, has many other big projects for 1950. By year's end, its huge new $30 million Experimental Station near Wilmington, Del., headquarters for the bulk of Du Pont research, will be finished. By summer, a new plant at Camden, S.C. will be ready to start spinning 6,000,000 lbs. a year of Du Pont's new synthetic fiber, Orlon, on which it has spent $22 million for research and plants (TIME, Dec. 13, 1948). Du Pont sees a big future for Orlon in auto tops, tents, etc.

Still looking for new products to research, Du Pont recently polled its own employees. Some of the things they would like: a tarnish-proof coating for silverware, a chip-proof nail polish, run-proof and snagproof stockings, a way to predetermine the sex of babies.

SHOW BUSINESS

Teacher's Tube

Assistant Physics Professor Willard Geer of the University of Southern California liked to tell his class to go out and invent something. Once, while lecturing them on the "scanning disk" method of color television (TIME, Nov. 28), he suggested that better reception could be had with an electronic tube—if someone would invent one. When he mentioned it to his wife that night, she said: "You'd better get busy and invent it yourself."

Geer and his wife set to work in their home laboratory. They converted a sewing machine to die-sinking, used old auto batteries for electroplating, rigged up other makeshifts. In six months, Geer had run through his savings, but had also developed a new electronic tube. For the next four years he fought over patents with Radio Corp. of America, in 1948 finally won all 40 claims in his patent application. Last week Willard Geer, now 47 and still a $4,500-a-year assistant professor at U.S.C., sold his tube* for a "substantial" sum to Hollywood's Technicolor, Inc.

Nobody claimed that the Geer tube was anywhere near perfect. But when & if perfected, the tube, Geer said, would make it easy to 1) convert existing TV sets to color, and 2) manufacture color television sets for less than the current prices of black & white receivers. The day after all this optimistic talk, Technicolor stock jumped 3¼ points to 20¼.

ADVERTISING

Umpdy-Ump in Person

Many a reader of the New York *Times* looked hard at a seven-column ad for Macy's last week. The headline: UMPDY-UMP AND UMPDY-UMP IN PERSON TODAY AT MACY'S TV AND MUSIC HIT PARADE. Next to this nonsense was an unidentified photograph of Bandleader Guy Lombardo.

To curious telephone callers, Macy's gave an embarrassed explanation. It had sent the ad to the *Times* with the dummy words "umpdy-ump," which were to be filled in when the store lined up a star to appear at the record counter. After Lombardo signed up, his picture was added to the ad, but nobody remembered to change the type.

Next day, Macy's took an ad to explain and to apologize to Lombardo. "We will happily take . . . orders on [Lombardo records]," it concluded. "We will also take a running jump in the lake . . ."

* For news of another TV tube, *see* SCIENCE.

MILESTONES

Born. To Major General Claire Chennault (ret.), 59, granite-faced onetime boss of the Flying Tigers and the Fourteenth Air Force, and second wife Anna Chan, 26, former news reporter: their second daughter (his tenth child); in Hong Kong. Name: Cynthia Louise. Weight: 7½ lbs.

Married. Virginia Hill, 33, pretty, hard-boiled mistress of the late Mobster Benjamin ("Bugsy") Siegel; and her ski instructor, Herman Johann ("Hans") Hauser, 38, Austrian glamour boy who was jailed in 1942 as an enemy alien; she for the fourth time; in Elko, Nev.

Died. Marguerite De La Motte, 47, silent-film leading lady (*Mark of Zorro, The Three Musketeers, The Iron Mask*) to the late Douglas Fairbanks Sr.; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in San Francisco.

Died. Sidne Silverman, 51, president and owner of show business' weekly trade sheet *Variety* and Hollwood *Daily Variety;* after long illness; in Harrison, N. Y.

Died. Daniel Frisch, 52, Palestine-born president of the Zionist Organization of America and a General Zionist world leader; after an operation for a liver ailment; in Manhattan. A retired investment broker and onetime executive of an Indianapolis salvage firm, Frisch campaigned for strong ties between the U.S. and Israel.

Died. Brock Pemberton, 64, Broadway producer who put on the early plays of Zona Gale (*Miss Lulu Bett*), Sidney Howard (*Swords*), Maxwell Anderson (*White Desert*) and Preston Sturges (*Strictly Dishonorable*); of a heart attack; in Manhattan. A Kansas-born onetime reporter for William Allen White's Emporia *Gazette* (1908-10), Pemberton first introduced to theatergoers such stars as Walter Huston, Miriam Hopkins, Claudette Colbert and Fredric March. His biggest success came late in life (1944), when he produced Broadway's fifth longest run, *Harvey*.

Died. Heinrich Ludwig Mann, 78, novelist (*Henry, King of France; Professor Unrat*), German intellectual who fled Hitler's Nazi regime in 1933, elder brother of Nobel Prizewinner Thomas Mann; of a heart attack; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. Charles A. Windolph, 98, early Congressional Medal of Honor winner, onetime cavalry private under Major General George Armstrong Custer in the Battle of Little Big Horn (1876), where he held an exposed outpost; at Lead, S. D. Promoted to sergeant on the battlefield, Windolph was in Troop H, part of two flanking detachments of the 7th Cavalry which were half destroyed while Custer and 264 troops under his direct command were annihilated.

CINEMA

Box Office

Variety's monthly poll of U.S. box-office favorites, which rarely turns up a discernible trend, showed one last week. February's list of winners found war films solidly entrenched from second to fourth place:

1) *Samson and Delilah* (Paramount)
2) *Battleground* (M-G-M)
3) *Twelve O'Clock High* (20th Century-Fox)
4) *Sands of Iwo Jima* (Republic)
5 *The Outlaw* (RKO Radio)

The New Pictures

Black Hand (M-G-M) is a minor triumph of production over plot. A slow, overlong melodrama about the bomb-throwing extortionists who terrorized Manhattan's Little Italy around the turn of the century, the story is so familiar that it might be a rehearsal for a movie about gangsters of a later era. But the film's vivid sets, new faces and, most of all, richly atmospheric photography help to give it a fresh look.

Filmed in sharp contrasts of shadow and brightness, *Black Hand* evokes its period and locale with shabby, tin-ceilinged tenement flats and narrow streets swarming with immigrant life. With considerable effect, it conveys the ruthlessness of the Black Hand gang, the fear of the victims and the helplessness of police in whom no one dares to confide.

The mood proves strong enough to survive the story, though at times it almost flickers away. A young Italian immigrant (Gene Kelly) sets out to avenge his father, who was murdered by the gang for trying to report an extortion threat. Persuaded to organize the browbeaten community into resistance, Kelly is flung by the hoodlums into the first mass meeting, battered, bleeding and almost dead. Then he hits on the more cautious idea of sending a veteran Italian-American detective (J. Carrol Naish) to Italy to dig up criminal records that will enable the U.S. to deport its immigrant thugs.

The idea eventually pays off in a blaze of heroics and dynamite. But not until Kelly has gotten himself out of a picturesque Black Hand cell: a butcher's icebox where piles of homemade bombs nestle among the sides of beef.

Ruthless pruning might have made *Black Hand* taut and incisive enough to deserve the loving care with which it was put together. As it is, the picture flares occasionally into what it might have been, *e.g.*, a courtroom scene in which a crucial witness falters under a small gesture from the spectators' rows. Dancer Kelly proves capable in a straight role and gets the support of a good cast. As the frustrated detective who has spent 20 years fighting the gang, Actor Naish polishes off a gem of a scene as he drunkenly celebrates his first victorious skirmish.

Mother Didn't Tell Me (20th Century-Fox) is a comic elaboration of one of the hard facts of medicine: it's tough to be a doctor's wife. In milking it for laughs, Scripter-Director Claude Binyon manipulates the fact into arrant Hollywood fiction, and too often forces the comedy into farce. But thanks mostly to an ingratiating performance by Dorothy McGuire, the movie passes the time pleasantly.

In a role only once removed from *Claudia*, Actress McGuire plays a hopeless

J. Carrol Naish & Gene Kelly
In the icebox, bombs.

DOROTHY McGUIRE & WILLIAM LUNDIGAN
Why honeymoon in Detroit?

romantic who fastens on an earnest young doctor (William Lundigan) and plots an ideal marriage, complete with fireside evenings together. The courtship is punctuated with emergency calls, the wedding is almost interrupted by the telephone, and the honeymoon just happens to dovetail with a medical convention ("How," asks the bride, "did you choose Detroit?").

Dorothy soon finds that she can share her husband's work even less than his time. In the first flush of pregnancy, she is appalled to learn that he passes off her symptoms with the same professional detachment with which he keeps her dinners waiting. Having reconciled herself at last to a life of affectionate neglect, she has to start coping with the most fabricated part of the picture's plot: a scheme by her mother-in-law to have Dr. Lundigan wooed away by a pretty young medical associate. The heroine saves her marriage, but not as convincingly as Actress McGuire saves the picture.

Francis (Universal-International) is the name of a talented Army mule (already celebrated in David Stern's 1946 comic novel) who not only talks but makes more sense than the whole chain of command. By confiding Japanese secrets to a bewildered Burma campaign shavetail (Donald O'Connor), Francis throws the enemy for a loss and the U.S. brass into a tizzy.

When Lieut. O'Connor bags a Japanese observation post on information supplied by the mule, his colonel (Ray Collins) treats him like a hero. When he tries to share the credit with Francis, he is put to weaving baskets in the neuropsychiatric ward. Released O'Connor goes on heroically fighting the one-mule war; as his coups get bigger, so do the baskets.

Francis, who could have settled the Army psychiatrists' problem with a few

words, lets them stew in their conferences, finally speaks up to a three-star general (John McIntire). After resuming his silence long enough to cast doubt on the general's sanity, the mule tells off a roomful of war correspondents and wins his own hero's reward.

Too leaden for fantasy, the movie is mulishly slow, and so prone to linger on the obvious that for a while it barely makes the grade as comedy. Not content to have Francis show up his military superiors, Author-Scripter Stern lets the mule go on haranguing them as well. But in its best scenes, the picture kicks up enough fun to numb a tolerant moviegoer to its shortcomings. Actor O'Connor makes an amiable nitwit, and Francis (voice by horse opera's Chill Wills) is a tribute to the patience and technical skill of moviemaking.

• • •

Francis is played by a real Army veteran who underwent a 16-hour-a-day movie course with studio Trainer Jimmy Phillips. Recruited for the film from a Calabasas, Calif. mule dealer, he was dyed a darker hue from head to hoof, wore grease paint on his mouth, powder on his nose, a "rat" in his tail, half-inch false eyelashes and—until he balked—extra-sized false ears. Like many a new-found star, patient Francis is currently making personal appearances with the picture.

Current & Choice

When Willie Comes Marching Home. Dan Dailey in a war comedy sassing the brass and the small town home front (TIME, March 6).

Cinderella. Walt Disney's beguiling retelling of the ancient fairy tale (TIME, Feb. 20).

The Hasty Heart. British Actor Richard Todd in a fine performance as a dying, misanthropic young Scot who finds friendship in an Army hospital; with Patricia Neal and Ronald Reagan (TIME, Feb. 13).

The Third Man. Intrigue in postwar Vienna, by Director Carol Reed and Scripter Graham Greene; with Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles and Valli (TIME, Feb. 6).

The Titan. An exciting documentary which recreates the work, life and time of Michelangelo without a glimpse of human actors (TIME, Jan. 30).

Twelve O'Clock High. A fresh, convincing drama about a human crisis in a U.S. wartime bomber group; with Gregory Peck (TIME, Jan. 30).

Tight Little Island. A 100-proof British comedy about a whisky famine on a Hebridean island and how the inhabitants relieved it (TIME, Jan. 23).

All the King's Men. The sensational rise & fall of a grass-roots demagogue, produced, directed and scripted by Robert Rossen (TIME, Dec. 5).

The Fallen Idol. Graham Greene and Carol Reed (*see above*) wring suspense from the story of a small boy (Bobby Henrey) in a world of adult intrigue; with Ralph Richardson and Michele Morgan (TIME, April 4).

MISCELLANY

Customer's Right. In Hartford, Conn., the two salesmen hawking $2 automobile emergency lights to employees in the State Office Building did a booming business until they barged into the "Sales and Use Division" where an unimpressed prospect made them buy a sales permit and a $50 bond.

Limited Choice. In Oklahoma City, Federal Judge Stephen Chandler considered the case of two persistent moonshiners again found guilty of plying their craft in Oklahoma, delivered the sentence: spend three to five years in prison or move to "some place like West Texas."

Love Is in the Air. In Burbank, Calif., Mrs. John Franza Slater finally got wind of her valentine two days after her flying husband Jess had dropped a pound of Roquefort cheese by parachute into a tree half a block from home.

March of Science. In Bloomington, Ind., where Indiana University's Chemistry Professor E. E. Campaigne had just announced discovery of a new anti-histamine drug to fight the common cold, the professor, his wife & two children came down with colds.

Stalemate. In Chicago, Harry May, legally separated from wife Audrey but still unable to have her evicted from his house, brought home a bodyguard, saw the balance of power redressed the following day when Audrey turned up with a bodyguard, too.

Enough. In The Bronx, a sign hanging in a closed cleaning and pressing shop read:

"No water.
"No coal.
"Too near the H-bomb bull's eye.
"Let the Indians have it.
"Forwarding address, George T. Broman, Greenwood, Ark."

Safe Deposit. In Peoria, Ill., at the depth of the coal strike, truckmen delivering a load of precious coal to the William H. Friedrick house aimed at what they thought was the cellar chute, learned too late that they had dumped it all into an abandoned cistern.

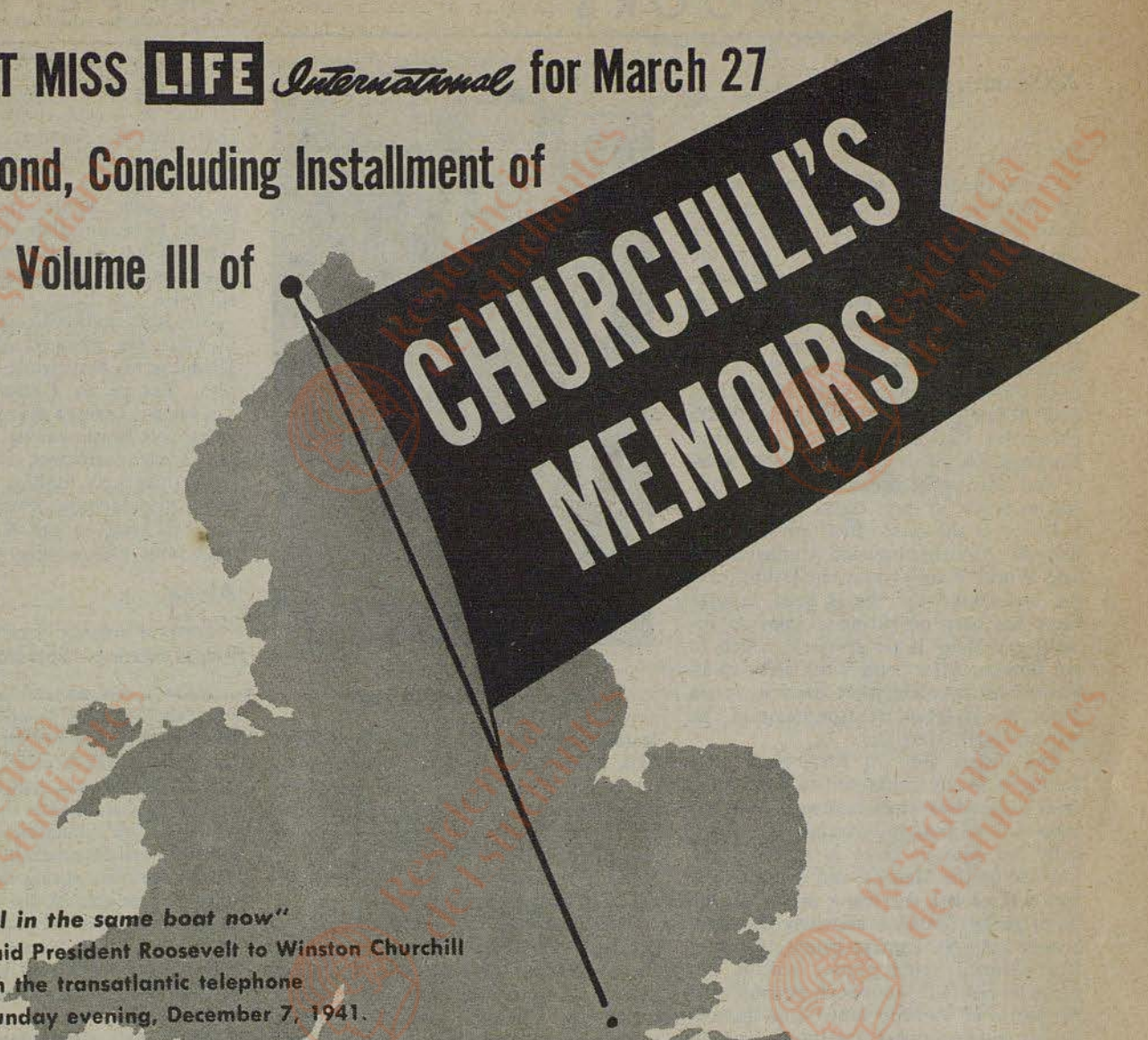
Concordance. In Harlem, Publisher Levi ("Professor") Graham was released on $500 bail after police seized 225,000 copies of his "spiritual guidance" booklets in which, the cops said, the biblical reference numbers were tips in policy games.

The End. In Malden, Mass., Waldo F. Davis left a half-completed income tax form on the dining-room table, stepped into the bathroom, and with a razor fatally slashed his wrist.

DON'T MISS LIFE *International* for March 27

The Second, Concluding Installment of

Volume III of



"We are all in the same boat now"
said President Roosevelt to Winston Churchill
on the transatlantic telephone
Sunday evening, December 7, 1941.

In LIFE's concluding installment of Volume III, Mr. Churchill tells how
he "slept the sleep of the saved and the thankful" the night of Pearl Harbor because
a still more awful danger was averted . . . how, as he "twisted in bed, the full horror of the news
of the destruction of the 'Prince of Wales' and the 'Repulse' sank in . . ."

Describing himself as "a hard bitten politician," Mr. Churchill reveals
many intimate details of his friendship with President Roosevelt . . . why he promised
to recommend F.D.R. for the position of Archbishop of Canterbury . . .
how he wheeled the President in his chair "as a mark of respect."

For the first time, LIFE shows—through Japanese eyes—how war came to the Pacific.
Four pages in full color of captured Japanese war art
form a boastful record of their early victories.

Together with a full-page reproduction of the official oil portrait of "The Prime,"
these pictures make LIFE's presentation of the Memoirs a permanent library keepsake . . .
a unique and memorable account of great events in your own life and times.

Make sure now that you will not miss this important issue.
If you are not already a subscriber, ask your newsagent to reserve for you
a copy of LIFE *International* for March 27.

BOOKS

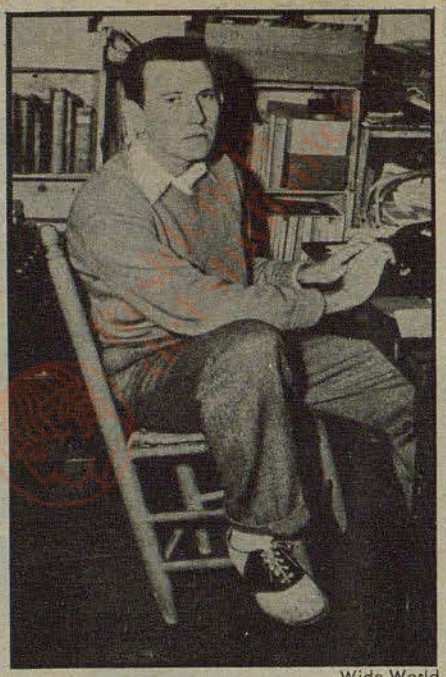
A Game of Marbles

DEBBY (304 pp.)—*Max Steele—Harper* ($3).

One of the juiciest plums a young writer can pluck is the $10,000 that Harper & Bros. gives away every two years to the winner of its novel contest. For 1950 the lucky man is a 27-year-old South Carolinian, Max Steele, whose *Debby* was chosen by a jury of knowing hands: Short Story Writer Katherine Anne Porter, Novelist Glenway Wescott, and San Francisco *Chronicle* Critic Joseph Henry Jackson. A few of the Harper prizewinners (Wescott's *The Grandmothers* and Paul Horgan's *The Fault of Angels*) were widely and deservedly cheered, but the 1950 winner is not in their class.

Debby is the sentimental odyssey of a half-wit. After her husband is killed in the first World War, 35-year-old Debby cannot understand that he is dead because there has been no sitting-up, and no funeral and there is no grave on which to put flowers. After being stuck away in an institution for delinquent women for a while, she is taken into the home of the warmhearted Merrills.

The Years Go. At first, poor little Debby is nearly frightened to death: she cries for a whole week and wears her big, cape-collared coat to breakfast. But gradually her bruised heart is caressed and warmed by the Merrills, and she begins to feel that at last she has a home. As the years go by, Debby completely identifies herself with the family, listens to young Britt Merrill contemplating suicide because he has failed in school, puts up with the antics of Tomboy Betty, who likes to do anything provided it is mean enough, learns how to get along with high-strung Mrs. Merrill, and gladly forgoes her wages when Mr. Merrill is hit by the Depression. The high point of Debby's pathetic little life comes when she gets a chance to straighten Rebecca Merrill's veil just before her wedding, and happily follows the bride all the way to the altar.



Wide World

NOVELIST STEELE
To a hiding place with bathos.

Together with the routine hoopla of life with Papa and Mama Merrill and their five noisy but insistently wholesome children, Author Steele has Debby engage in some of the most ingenuous mental operations ever recorded outside clinical notebooks. Theoretically, there is nothing to prevent somebody from writing a fine, compassionate novel about such a mental cripple; the trap in such an exercise is bathos, and it yawns for Author Steele.

"Let Me Go." Too often, Debby comes through as a cute curiosity instead of a character. She wonders what people do with the breath they save, worries in the morning whether she is the same Debby as the night before, frequently touches herself to be sure that her navel is still in front of her, and is always ready for a good fast game of marbles with the Merrill kids.

The story ends with a tear-soaked scene in which the youngest Merrill boy holds Debby in his arms while she dies with the plea, "Let me go. I know a hiding place. Let me go. I got to hide." *Debby* will tug a few soft hearts among veteran circulating-library customers, but such experienced judges as Authors Porter, Wescott and Critic Jackson, who are supposed to use their heads as well as their hearts, still have some explaining to do.

Alone

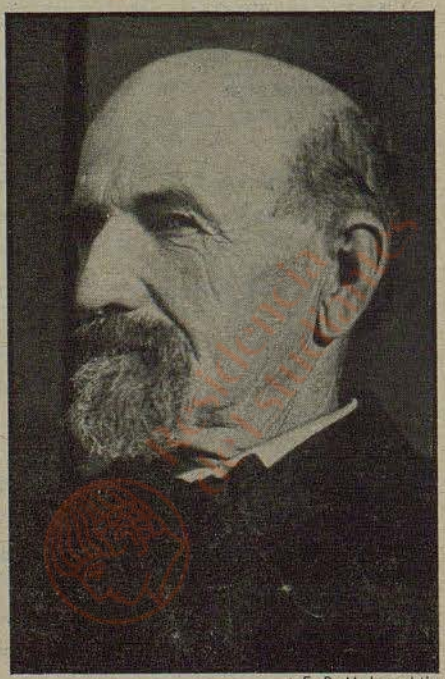
CAPTAIN JOSHUA SLOCUM (384 pp.)—*Victor Slocum—Sheridan House* ($5).

Nobody else wanted the old sloop; for years she had been propped up and rotting away in a meadow not far from salt water. But lean, grizzle-bearded Captain Joshua Slocum desperately wanted the 36-footer, and he got her. By the time he had put in a year's work rebuilding the *Spray* into a staunch, well-found craft, he was ready to put to sea. One spring day in 1895, with only Slocum aboard, the *Spray* sailed out of Boston harbor on what turned out to be a 46,000-mile voyage. At 51, Joshua Slocum was doing what he had wanted to do since 16; he was sailing alone around the world in a small boat.

Thirty-eight months later, Slocum sailed

E. P. McLaughlin

THE "SPRAY" & CIRCUMNAVIGATOR SLOCUM
To Newport via Patagonia.



E. P. McLaughlin

the *Spray* into the harbor at Newport, R.I., the first man to circumnavigate the earth alone. He was soon shaking hands with Teddy Roosevelt in the White House and relating his adventures in a turn-of-the-century bestseller: *Sailing Alone Around the World*.

Mutual Protection. Other solitary mariners have followed in Slocum's track since then,* but none ever quite matched Slocum's achievement or his natural bent for storytelling: how he was chased by Moroccan pirates, rode out a tidal wave off the Patagonian coast, spent weeks beating his way through the Strait of Magellan and fighting off marauding Tierra del Fuego Indians. One night, glassy-eyed from lack of sleep and unable to stand watch any longer, he went below for rest—after sprinkling the deck with carpet tacks that had been brought along for just such an emergency. The barefooted Fuegians came aboard at midnight. Reported the laconic Slocum: "The savages thought they 'had me,' sloop and all, but changed their minds when they stepped on deck . . ."

Homeward bound and off the mouth of the Amazon one day in 1898, Slocum sighted the battleship *Oregon* heading toward him. On the last lap of her dash from the Pacific to get into the Spanish-American War, the *Oregon* hoisted the signals "C B T," which meant "Are there any men-of-war about?" To show which kind of warships she was looking for, the *Oregon* broke out a Spanish flag. Joshua Slocum answered "No." He could not resist adding: "Let us keep together for mutual protection." The *Oregon's* only acknowledgment was to dip her flag three times to the *Spray's* own lowered flag, and to hurry on.

Neptune's Laws. In trying to explain how he managed his round-the-world voyage, modest Captain Slocum wrote that "above all to be taken into account were some years of schooling, where I studied with diligence Neptune's laws." In this loose-knit but appealing biography, his son, Victor Slocum, who was 77 when he died last December, retells his father's best stories, adds some new ones and explains in detail just what kind of "schooling" old Captain Slocum had.

Nova Scotia-born Joshua Slocum taught himself navigation, by hard work advanced himself to master of clipper ships. But at a time when "our proud fleet of clipper ships was an anachronism," Skipper Slocum doggedly refused to switch to steam. By the 1890s he was without a ship and facing forced retirement. He began to think of his old boyhood dream of sailing alone around the world.

Slocum stuck to sail to the end. He grew tired of being a celebrity, doted on by lecturegoers, lionized at dinner parties where the guests came in "spiketails, white throat seizings and black ties." One

* Two who went all the way: the late French tennis star Alain Gerbault, who made the circuit in a 33-ft. cutter in the '20s; retired Iowa Farmer Harry Pidgeon, who did it twice in a 34-ft. yawl, once in the '20s, again in the mid-'30s.

day in the fall of 1909, 65-year-old Joshua Slocum set out alone in the *Spray* again, bound for a winter in the West Indies. Neither Slocum nor the *Spray* was ever heard from again.

Who Can Escape Grandfather?

CHARLES DICKENS AND EARLY VICTORIAN ENGLAND (308 pp.)—*R. J. Cruikshank*—*Chanticleer* ($4.50).

It may be legal to call a man a Victorian, but it is always safer to say it with a smile. No word in the language is so pointed a synonym for pious smugness and stuffy taste. Victoria became Queen in 1837, died in 1901. During the course of her long reign the British Empire reached the peak of its prestige and power; for much of it the English working classes lived at a level close to brutishness. It was a time of tremendous literary output when many of the great English novels were written, but in 1844 one-third of all English bridegrooms and nearly half of the brides were unable to write their names in the marriage register. A proper lady dared not sew on a button on Sunday, but Queen Victoria, assured by an evangelical lady in waiting that once in paradise she could converse with David, King of Israel, coldly replied: "King David is *not* a person I would wish to meet."

Robin Cruikshank, liberal editor of London's *News Chronicle*, is plainly fascinated by the Victorians and isn't afraid to speak up for them. In *Charles Dickens and Early Victorian England* he frankly admits their most irritating faults: "Above all, they lack charm . . . They were, on the whole, Philistines, they were, in the mass, barbarians. They could be brutally insensitive to women, children, servants and artists . . . They left their descendants some damnable inheritances . . ." But Author Cruikshank wouldn't dream of disowning his Victorian background: "Who, in the end, can escape his father and grandfather?"

Author Cruikshank's title is a casual misnomer for a readable, informed but casually thrown together book. Its promise is interesting and original: to use the novels of Charles Dickens as a reference ground for Cruikshank's comments on Dickens' contemporaries, especially the great novelist's collection of lower-middle-class men aspiring to the solid comforts and well-heeled righteousness of middle-class men.

It turns out a medley of disconnected chapters on the Victorian mind and manners that gets farther & farther away from Dickens and his world and finally distances him altogether.

What it does on the way, with the help of illustrations that often speak more directly than the text, is to catalogue the extremes of greed and generosity, piety and hypocrisy, good humor and smugness that were the bench marks of an epoch. The Bishop of London might go over railway statistics hoping to prove that the Almighty decreed more crashes for Sunday travelers. Proper people might be certain that "Time was money; amusements were sinful." But Author Cruikshank, taking the long view of history, is also aware that in two world wars the "piled-up riches [of the Victorians] were prodigally spent . . . that the grandchildren might live at all."

The Old College Try

STRIKE THROUGH THE MASK! (70 pp.)—*Peter Viereck*—*Scribner* ($2.50).

To most people, says Poet Peter Viereck, modern poetry is a hopelessly obscure "snore and an allusion." Viereck (rhymes with lyric) is out to change that; he writes for the "intelligent general reader who has been scared away from poetry but who might return if addressed straightforwardly . . ."

More middlebrows than highbrows have applauded Viereck's efforts, but *Terror and Decorum*, his first book of more-or-less straightforward verse, won him a Pulitzer Prize last year. *Strike Through the Mask!*, his second, is as motley a product as Viereck's prizewinner, ranges from collegiate cacklings to fine and often funny flights of fancy. Conservative, not to say eclectic in form, it has more zest than grace.

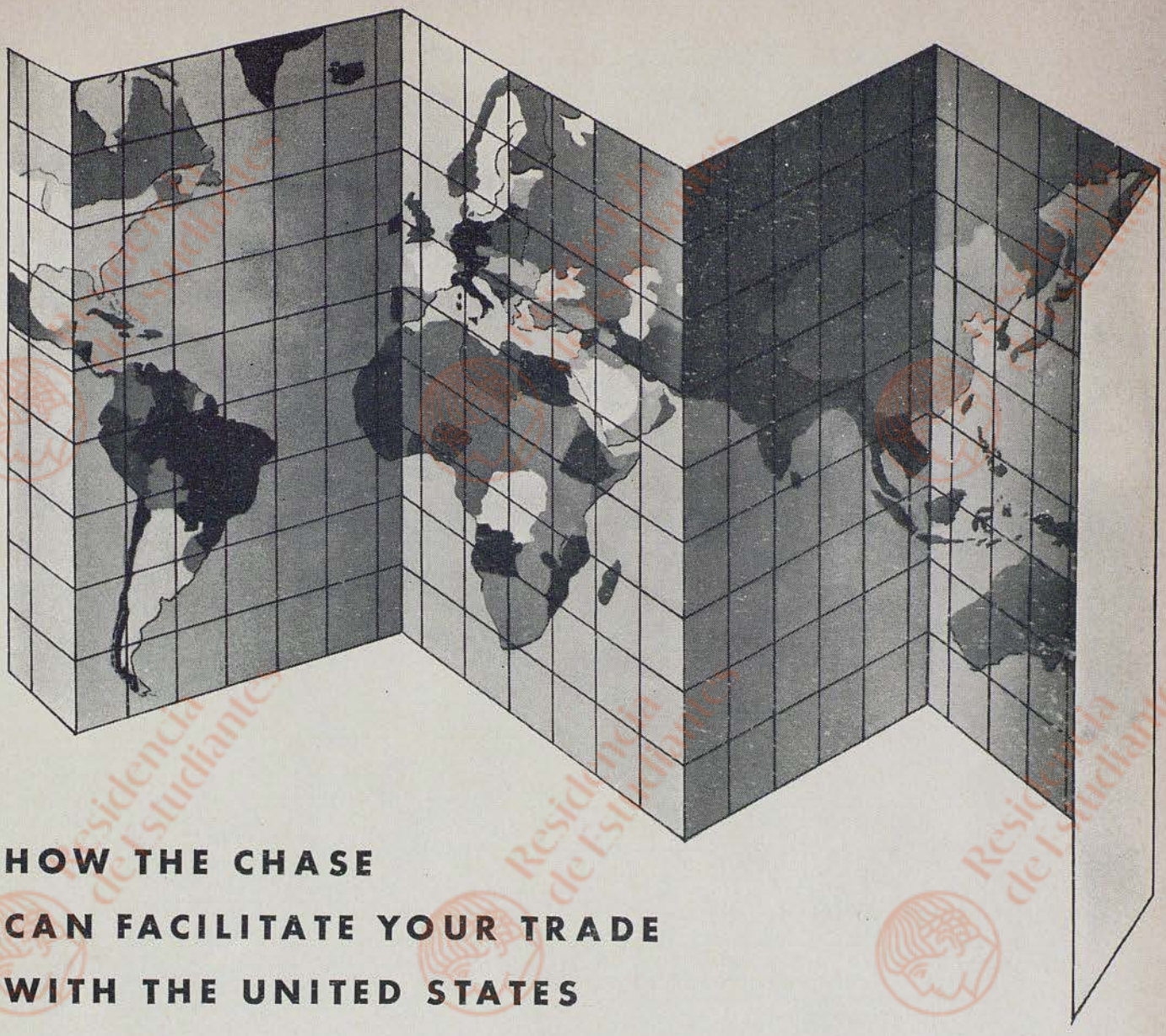
The son of German propagandist George Sylvester Viereck,* Peter disowned his father's politics while still at Harvard, spent the war years as a sergeant with the Psychological Warfare Branch of the U.S. Army. Minus his flowing tie, 33-year-old Poet Peter becomes Peter Robert Edwin Viereck, Ph.d., a brilliant, right-of-center political theorist (*Metapolitics; Conservatism Revisited*) and associate professor of history at Mount Holyoke.

Of the 24 poems in *Strike Through the Mask!*, at least a dozen strike out. But even when he fans, Viereck is refreshingly flamboyant; popping with energy and imagination, he gives every verse the old college try. Occasionally, as when he impersonates a pine tree singing its pitchy heart out to a pining rose, he can fall flat on his face. In the better works, wit gives weight to his wobbly lyricism. Viereck is at his typical best in a poem inspired by a newspaper headline: GLACIER ACCIDENT KILLS SKI PARTY; ONE BODY STILL MISSING. Impersonating the lost, icebound skier, he wrote:

Outside, my bodiless sisters frisk and dive.
I'd show them speed, could I but get away.
Alas, alas, the snows that froze me dead
Have sealed me in my own lugubrious clay,
The only ghost on earth who isn't gay.
When I consider all that waits ahead
(Years, years of boredom in my icy bed,
No books to read and not one game to play),

Sometimes I almost wish I were alive.

* Who drew a one-to-five-year sentence for failure to register all his activities as a German agent, was released for good behavior after serving 3½ years (TIME, July 7, 1947).



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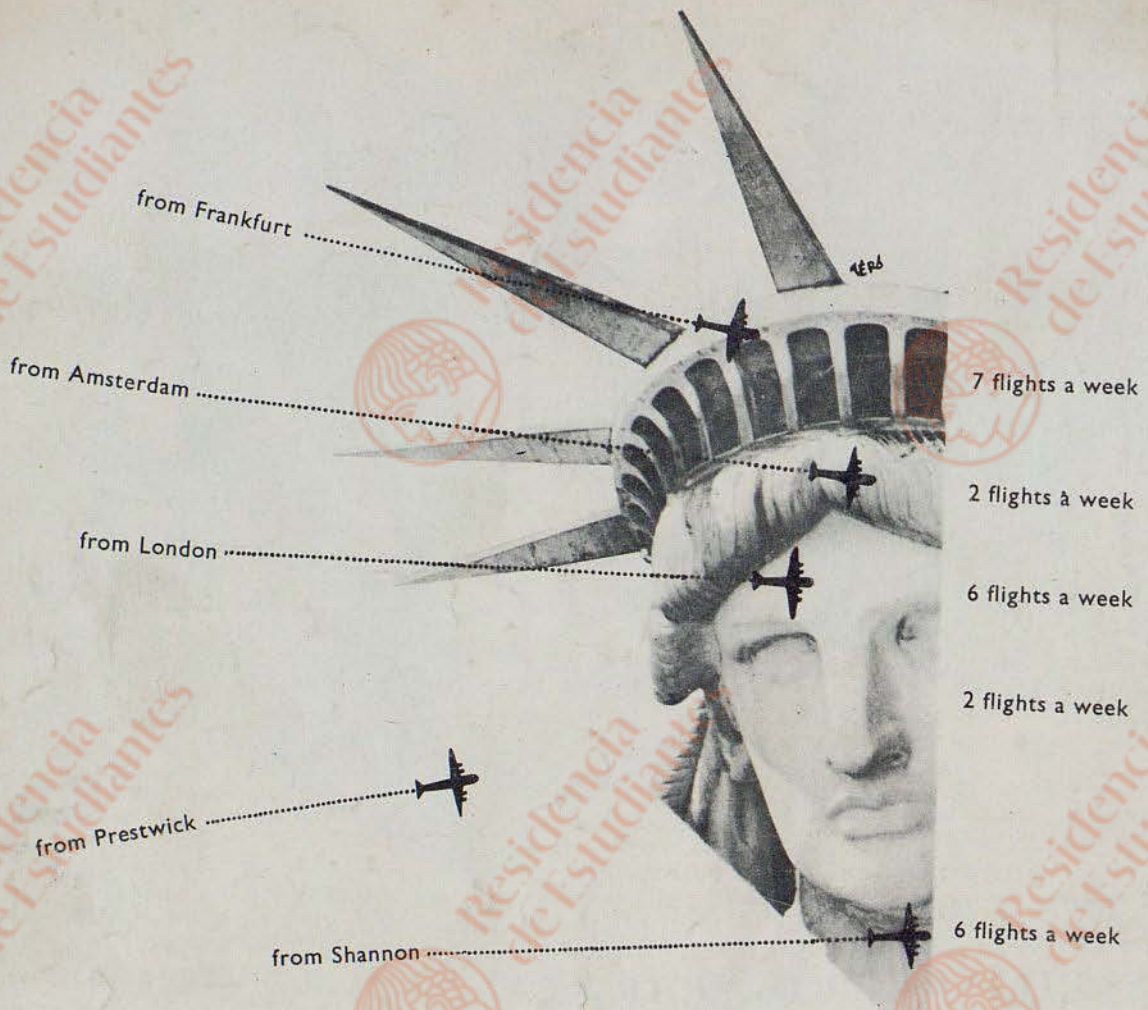

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