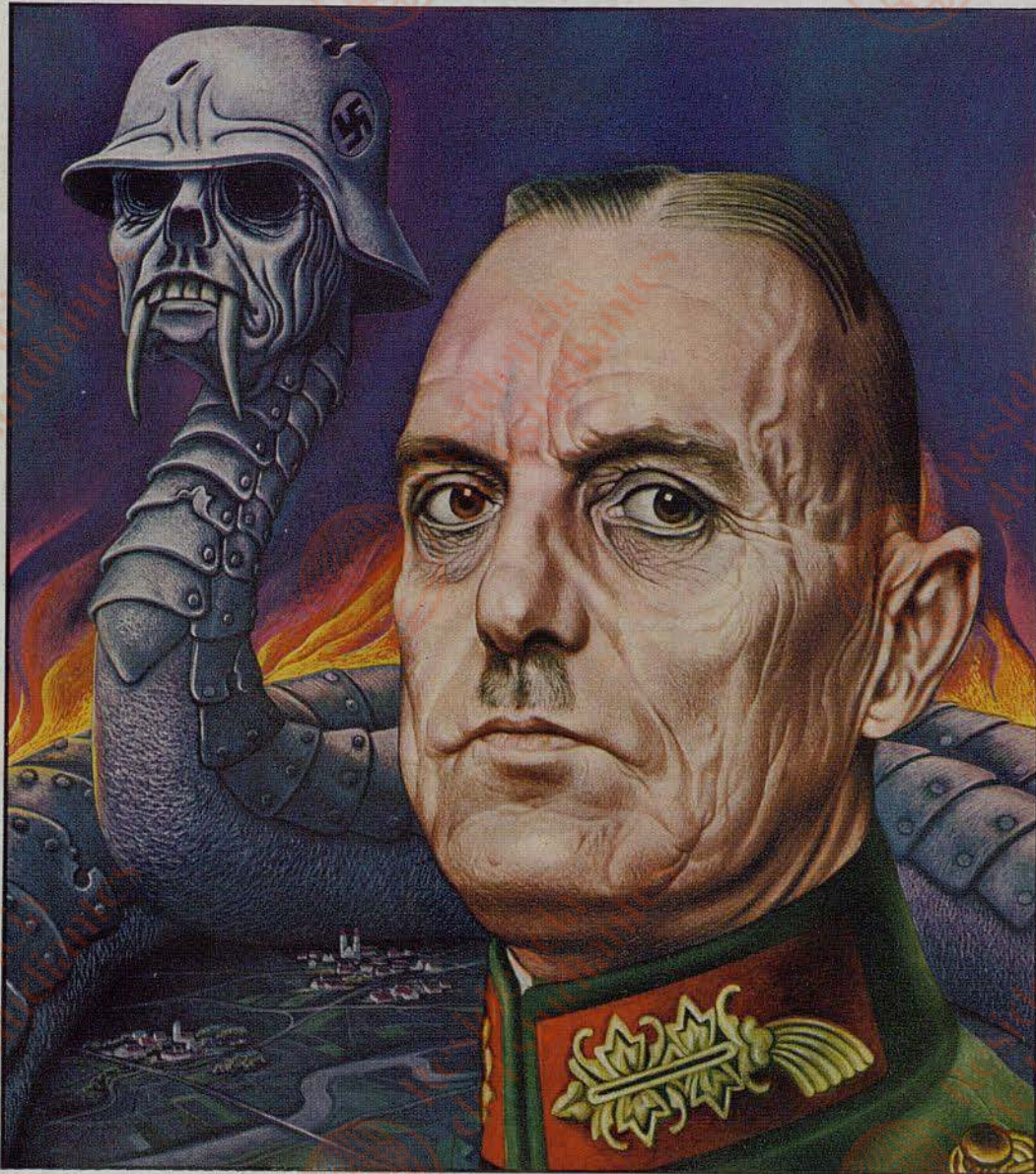


TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Artzybasheff

RUNDSTEDT
"Hheads will roll."
(Foreign News)

"I SAW A MIRACLE..."

I got in early ...

So I know how it was.

And I tell you, it was a miracle.

Because I remember when broomsticks were our rifles and we threw tin can grenades ... and propped up stove pipes and painted signs that said, "This is an eight-inch gun" ... "This is a howitzer" ... and we threw tarps over trucks and made out they were tanks.

And though we laughed about it and kidded about it, we were ashamed ...

And then they hit us ...

And America went to work and performed a miracle.

I know because I was at Kasserine when tanks and guns, American-made, rolled them back and broke their backs in the passes and we and the British smashed their Mark IV's and their 88's under the weight of our attack ... and drove them out and pinned them like rats between Cap Bon and the sea.

And I was in the first wave at Sicily, and when we cracked the iron ring at Anzio and killed the hard spirit of their Elite Corps with more bombs and shells than they had ever dreamed of before ...

And I was with them on invasion day ...

It was a miracle. And now seeing here the endless miles of tanks, the long railroad trains of guns, the flying fields carved out of every corner to hold the overflow of planes ... I know my country has found again the strength that made us great ...

Has found again in this mighty power to destroy ... the power to create ...

And I see how this miracle ... this mighty power, this energy used now for war ... can, after Victory, create a new and finer life than we have ever known before ...

New cities, new farms, new homes, new industries ... new opportunities for me, and every man, to plan and work and grow ... to build a new and greater America ...

The way we want it to be ...

The way it's got to be!

Here at Nash-Kelvinator, when our war job is done, it will be our obligation to convert all the new strength, all the new power to produce, all the new ability and skill and knowledge that have come to us so quickly under the driving necessity of war to production for peace.

That means more automobiles than we have ever built before ... automobiles even finer than the great Nash cars that are today proving their outstanding quality and economy.

It means an even greater Kelvinator refrigerator than we produced before ... finer home freezers, electric water heaters and electric ranges than have ever served in any household.

This is our program. This will be our part in the building of a greater, happier nation. For we believe all of us owe to those who have fought to preserve it a strong, a vital, a growing America where all men and women will have the freedom and the opportunity to make their dreams come true.



The Army-Navy
"E" awarded to
Nash-Kelvinator
Corp., Propeller
Division.

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

Kenosha • Milwaukee • DETROIT • Grand Rapids • Lansing



NASH N-K KELVINATOR





Under-water mud slinger

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in rubber


THAT'S a "cutter head". It will soon be at the bottom of a river; its round blades will turn, and chew up mud. Hose will suck the mud up through a pipe, and so keep rivers and harbors deep enough for shipping. But the shaft that turns this 2-ton mass of metal is under water and so the bearing can't be lubricated by anything but the muddy water churned up by the dredge. This gritty mud gets between shaft and bearing, and cuts up even the hardest metal in a few hours.

B. F. Goodrich engineers heard of

this mud dredge problem. They had developed a rubber bearing for propeller shafts of ships. Rubber is slippery when wet, and the bearing is perfectly lubricated by water. The rubber is about as soft as a tire tread and resists wear from small grit particles just as a tire does. They tried it in dredges and it lasted ten times as long as former bearings in the severest kind of service.

B. F. Goodrich Cutless rubber bearings are being used today not only on dredges and river boats but on warships, from the biggest battleships down to small craft of all kinds. In

landing boats they have made it possible to go on operating even when propellers and shafts have been bent or damaged. So they're making our navy more efficient, saving cost and repair time, and they'll make similar savings for all ship operators after the war.

Savings in cost and better performance of products are typical results for industry from scores of B. F. Goodrich developments. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Industrial Products Division, Akron, Ohio.* 

B. F. Goodrich

RUBBER and SYNTHETIC products



"Cafeteria B," The Glenn L. Martin Company

**50,000
MEALS**

**at the Martin Bomber Plant
served in 9 places every day**



B-26 MARAUDER,
striped for the invasion

They take only half an hour for lunch—these hard-working Baltimoreans whose B-26 Marauders spearheaded the European invasion. To feed so many, so quickly, involves a lot of planning, food, dish-washing, glass-handling. But, thanks to the toughness of Libbey heat-treated glassware, safe for both hot and cold drinks, there's very little glass *breakage*. And NO loss from chipping. For Libbey *guarantees* every sparkling piece—"a new glass if the rim ever chips." Available to hotels, restaurants, essential institutions. Libbey Glass, Division of the Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio.

LIBBEY Heat-Treated *Safedge* GLASSWARE



FEEL the fine, satin-smooth rim. This is the original Libbey Safedge which resists chipping.

TIME
August 21, 1944

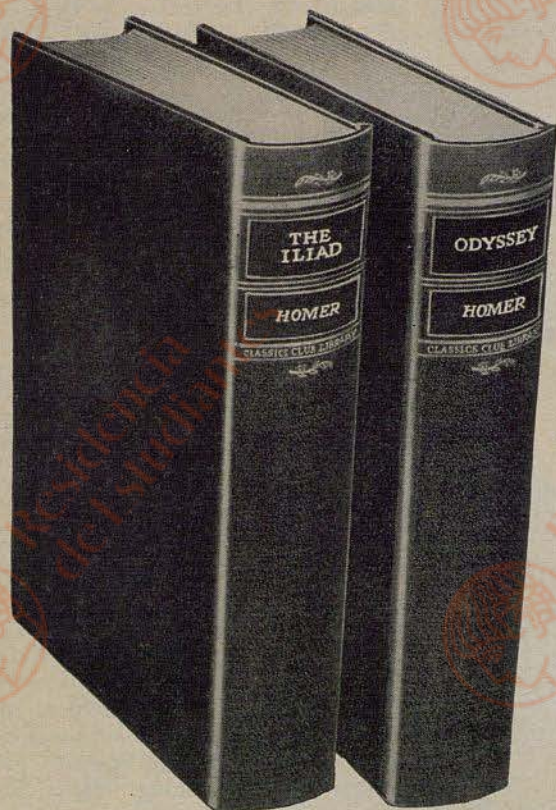
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Volume XLIV
Number 8

Free
TO NEW MEMBERS

WALTER J. BLACK, PRESIDENT OF THE CLASSICS CLUB,
INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT FREE

THE ILIAD OF HOMER AND THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER



Two Beautifully Bound Volumes. In the famous translations for modern readers, by Samuel Butler

OF all the magic of "the glory that was Greece," these two books cast over you the most irresistible spell! Alexander the Great treasured *The Iliad* so deeply that he carried it into battle with him in a jeweled casket. And *The Odyssey* is so teeming with unforgettable action and adventure that the very names of its fascinating characters are bywords in our culture today!

Here, in these two books, is the Greece of the gods—the whole gorgeous panorama of mighty deeds, of alluring women and warrior heroes, of tales that have thrilled millions of readers.

No wonder these two immortal books of Homer, "the blind bard," have thundered down through thirty centuries, as fresh as though they had been written only yesterday! And now—as a gift from The Classics Club, for your library of volumes you will cherish forever—you may have them *both*, FREE!

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At the request of The Classics Club, four authorities formed themselves into a Selection Committee to choose the great books which offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today. And The Classics Club now presents these great books to you.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Perhaps you have often wondered how these truly great books "got that way." First because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read, and they would not have been read unless they were interesting and easy to understand.

And those are the very qualities which characterize these selections: *readability, interest, simplicity.*

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The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs in these four ways: 1. Its sole purpose is to distribute to its own members the world's great classics at low prices. 2. Its basic price is lower than that of any other book club. 3. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 4. All its volumes are bound in attractive, uniform Classics Club bindings.

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We suggest that you mail this Invitation Form to us at once. Paper, printing, binding costs are rising, and these low prices—as well as your two beautifully bound free copies of THE ILIAD and THE ODYSSEY of HOMER

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Walter J. Black, President
THE CLASSICS CLUB
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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THOSE SPACIOUS DAYS



"Three pairs of
nylons, please"

Gone for the duration are the days of leisurely shopping when you bought anything you fancied in any quantity you wanted. For fifty million American women nylon hosiery is at the top of a long list of things they cheerfully do without for their country's sake.

Here at The COMMODORE our guests, both men and women, are just as good humored about war conditions in our business. They cooperate with us willingly in such matters as advance reservations and prompt cancellations of unwanted rooms. Often they check out early on departure days, at some inconvenience to themselves, to release rooms to other travelers.

In the rush of handling the greatest traffic in our history we seldom get a chance to thank COMMODORE guests individually, so we take this means of doing it collectively.

2,000 large, comfortable outside rooms, all with bath

THE
COMMODORE

"NEW YORK'S BEST LOCATED HOTEL"

MARTIN SWEENEY, President

RIGHT AT GRAND CENTRAL AND AIRLINES TERMINALS

LETTERS

"¿Ya leyó TIME?"

Sirs:

In the name of our countrymen, we want to express our deep appreciation for letting the American people and the liberty-loving world know (TIME, May 22) the life of shame that Hondurians are suffering under the tyranny of Dictator Tiburcio Carias Andino.

TIME is doing more for democracy and true Pan Americanism than all the "beautiful speeches" about democracy and freedom that we have been listening to over the radio. TIME has raised our hearts and hopes, and has given us a determination to fight for the freedom and decency that every man deserves anywhere in the world.

Although your magazine is blacklisted and confiscated by the Gestapo of Carias, copies are constantly sneaked in and translations that take the underground channels are made, thus reaching the rich and the poor. The usual greeting of "good morning" has been replaced by "¿Ya leyó TIME?" ("Have you read TIME?").

You have taken the only course there is, to unite the Americas through the people and foster true democracy, since the attempt to unite them by dealing with dictators is a complete failure.

CARLOS PERDOMO

Ex-Secretary of the Honduras
Legation in Washington

GUILLERMO DAVILA CORDOVA

Attorney at Law

FRANCISCO HINESTROSA M.

Ex-Consul of Honduras in
Belize, British Honduras

Guatemala City

Niffnaw

Sirs:

TIME (July 24) gets to me two days ahead of time in publication date, but farther than that ahead in vocabulary. What is "niffnaw?" Webster's *New International* gives only 600,000 words, but not this one.

WALTER C. EELLS

Washington

¶ Niffnaw, a U.S. colloquialism, means a teapot-tempest. It may possibly be derived from the old Scottish dialect word niffnaff, meaning "trifle." Exam-

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TIME
August 21, 1944

Volume XLIV
Number 8



YOUR family car is a patient Dobbin. Sits in the rain or fries in the sun, waiting to take you from one job to the next. An occasional check-up from your De Soto dealer keeps it in fighting trim. Meanwhile, out in Detroit, the De Soto factory bulges with guns, bomber sections, aircraft parts, nothing but war goods for our fighting men. The De Soto cars on the road today will hold the fort until that day comes when we make cars again. They have a war job, too. It's good they're designed to endure.

DE SOTO DIVISION • CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Tune in Major Bowes, every Thursday, 9:00 to 9:30 p. m., E. W. T.

BACK THE ATTACK—BUY MORE WAR BONDS THAN BEFORE

De Soto
Designed to Endure

HILDEGARDE gets a Birthday Bouquet—By Wire

From her friend, Jerome Kern in Miami, lovely Hildegard receives birthday flowers in New York by Telegraph.



In any event—
wire Flowers

IT'S EASY AS 1-2-3!
AND NOT AT ALL EXPENSIVE

1. Go to a florist with the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association seal on his window. Tell him the name, address and town of the person to receive flowers—state the amount you wish to spend. You pay nothing extra for flowers by wire—except standard rate for telegram.

2. Your florist wires your order and your message for the card to an F.T.D. florist in the other town who immediately delivers fresh flowers from his stock.

• Listen to Hildegard on *Raleigh Room* program every Tuesday night at 10:30 EWT. N.B.C. Network.

3. F.T.D. florists are everywhere—but not all florists are members of Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association. So look for the F.T.D. Seal. It's your assurance of full value.

LOOK FOR THIS F.T.D. SEAL ON FLORIST WINDOW



BUY MORE WAR BONDS

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION

484 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit 7, Michigan

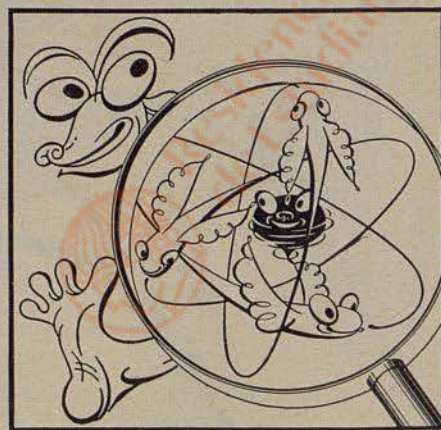
ple (from a poem by Scottish Poet Allan Ramsay):

*Dear lassie, it is but daffin
To had thy wooer up ay niff naffin*
—Ed.

Molecule Atomized

Sirs:

Close examination of Artist Artzybasheff's molecule in *TIME* [July 31] reveals its in-



finitesimal structure—an atom and its whirling components of nucleus and satellite electrons (see cut).

STANLEY P. McMINN
Managing Editor
CHARLES F. DREYER
Art Director

Electronic Industries
New York City

God Bless the Heifers

Sirs:

In *TIME* (July 24) under RELIGION, I read with heart-warming interest your account of the "down-to-earth" postwar planning of the Church of the Brethren. Surely they are on the right track; the heifers (God bless them) will show the way.

(MRS.) C. R. WALKER

Gunnison, Colo.

Sirs:

... In my opinion that is real common-sense, practical Christianity. May it increase.

ANN L. WURTELE

Goderich, Ontario

Swearing Chaplain

Sirs:

It's a good thing Chaplain Gatlin wasn't around when your July 10 issue reached me here in Italy or he might have heard a chaplain swear!

Your uncritical quoting of his story that the Navy asked for his resignation because he wanted to preach the gospel implies that all of the chaplains who haven't been asked to resign from the Navy either do not care to preach the gospel or have submitted to Navy censorship.

I know that you are not naive enough to believe either of these alternatives to be the case. . . .

E. A. DE BORDENAVE
Chaplain, U.S.N.R.

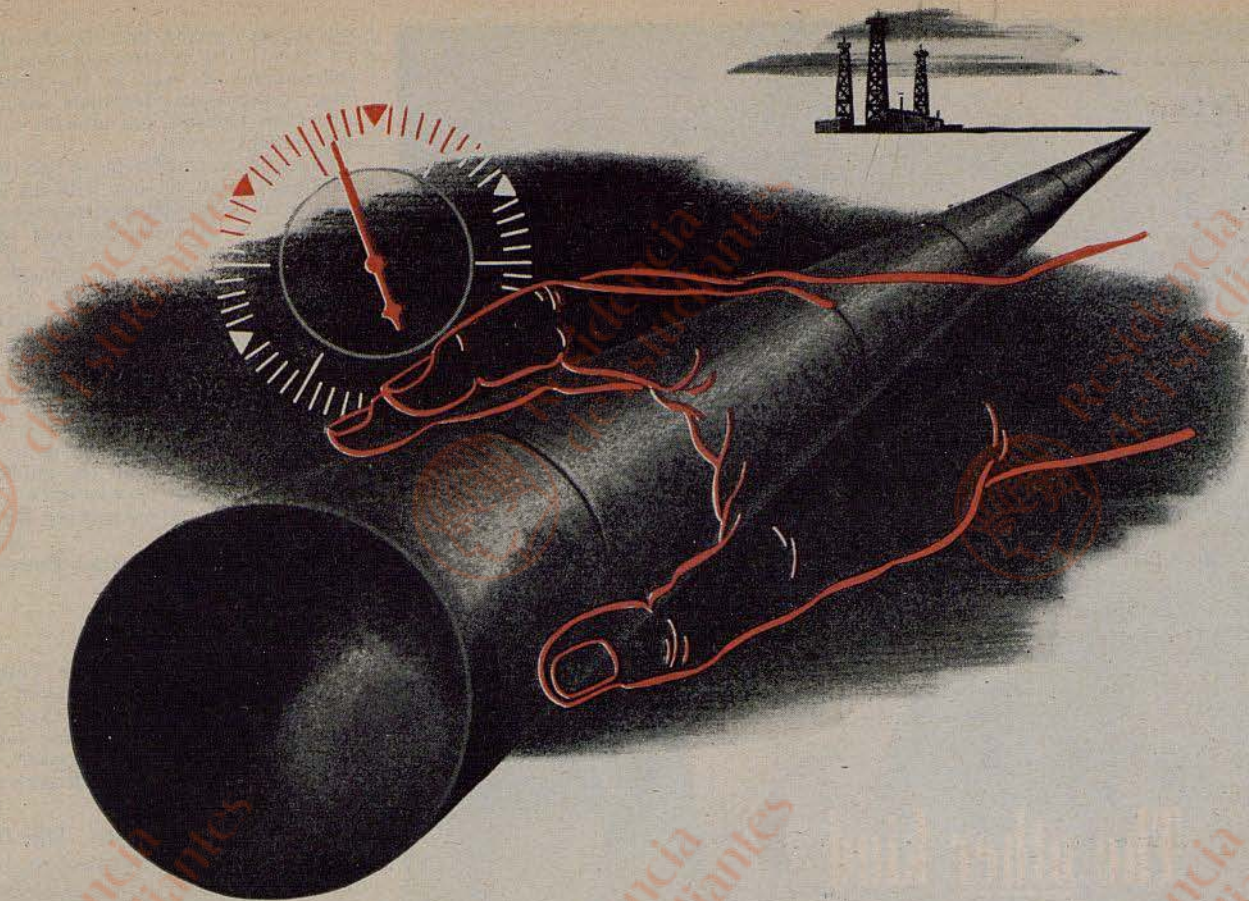
FPO
New York City

Postwar Netherlands

Sirs:

In *TIME* (July 3) you published an article on The Netherlands which, in certain respects, contains statements at variance with facts which have come to us.

The article states, "few [Dutchmen] expect



Keeping a finger on **A PIPE LINE'S PULSE**

Operating a pipe line involves much more than pumping oil into one end and pumping it out at the other. For example, in the new refined products pipe line extending from Texas to the eastern seaboard, many different petroleum products may be moving "end-to-end" *through the same pipe.*

Obviously, station operators have to follow the flow of each "shipment" very closely. Any trouble in equipment must be detected immediately, and corrective measures promptly taken.

Because of experience on similar lines, Westinghouse engineers were called upon to assist the pipe line engineers in designing a complete control system for all twenty-nine stations. Result—compact desks

which give each operator a complete picture of the piping and equipment layout of the station. A hot bearing, excessively high or low line pressure, or one of many other dangerous conditions causes a warning bell to ring—and a light to flash on the control desk—definitely locating the exact seat of trouble. In many cases the faulty equipment is taken out of service automatically.

So unfailing and dependable is the control that operators call it the "pipe line nurse".

This is a typical example of Westinghouse Engineering Service for a specific industry. It's a service that's equally well equipped to solve any power problem for *your* industry. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., East Pittsburgh, Pa.

HOW **W.E.S.*** CAN HELP YOU PLAN . . .

A nationwide corps of Westinghouse engineers offers you broad electrical and production experience gained through years of working with *your* industry.

These men can give you valuable assistance on *product development, rehabilitation of existing equipment, maintenance, material substitution.*

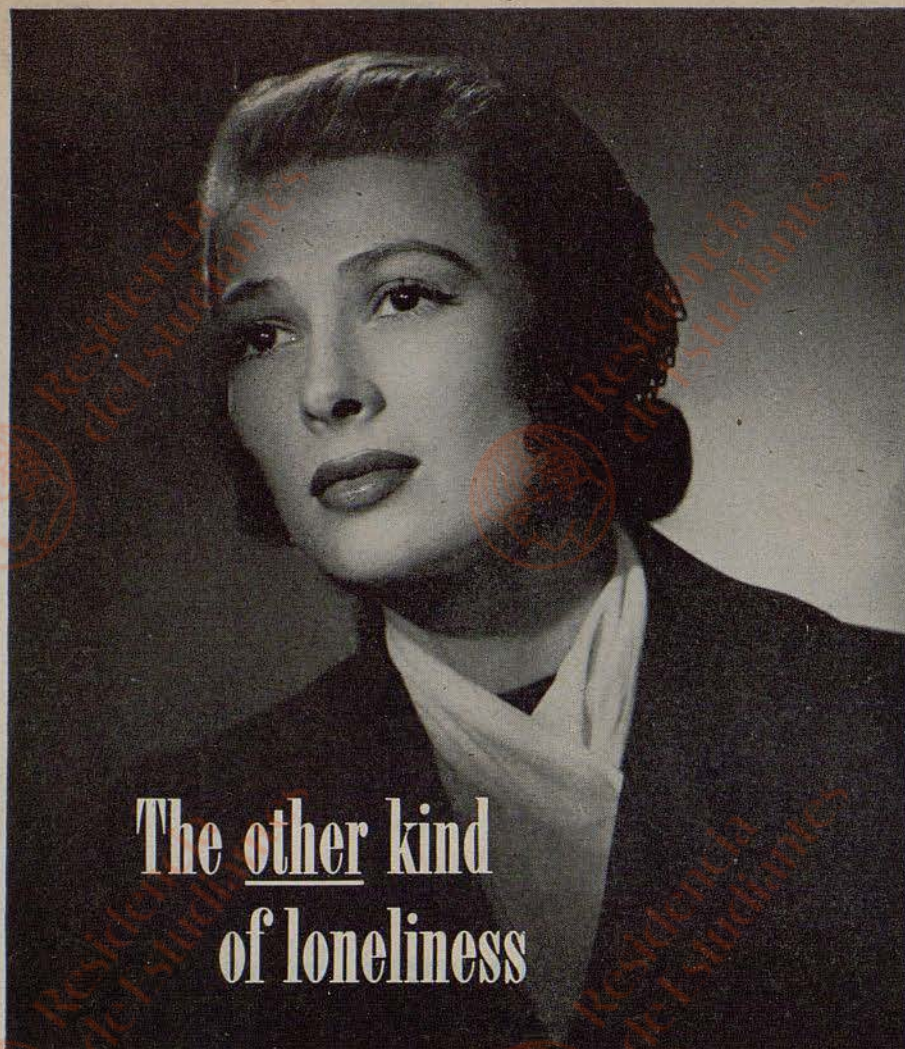
Put this service to work on your present problems . . . let these men work with your engineers in planning for reconversion to postwar needs.

J-91046



Westinghouse
PLANTS IN 25 CITIES OFFICES EVERYWHERE

* WESTINGHOUSE ENGINEERING SERVICE FOR INDUSTRY



The other kind of loneliness

A lonely heart is one thing. But there's another kind of loneliness that many people experience because of "visual isolation." As a result of subnormal vision, they go through life only half-seeing the world around them—passing friends unnoticed on the street, for instance. If your eyes need help, place your confidence in the professional man who has spent years in the study and practice of eye-care. *Better Vision Means Better Living.*



Smartest Thing in Eyewear

Pictured here is an ultra smart Shurset Ful-Vue mounting by Shuron. It has glamour. And it holds professionally prescribed lenses in positive alignment with maximum security—a feature that has won favor with millions. When glasses are prescribed ask for Shurset by name.

Shuron

SMART EYEWEAR

any strong demand that the Queen give up her throne." Our information from the Dutch underground, as well as the testimony of those Netherlands fortunate enough to escape from Holland, has brought to light no demand whatsoever. . . .

The article further seems to link the proclamation of a state of siege with the postponement of elections—postponement because the Government "is none too sure of its reception at home."

The state of siege has no connection whatsoever with the postponement of elections. The former will be an act of military necessity to facilitate the task of the Allied Supreme Command in every possible way. Popular elections will be held as soon as the Civil Election Registers are recompiled. In the interim, moreover, the entire Cabinet will resign upon arrival in The Netherlands so that any changes, compatible with the public will at the moment, may at once be made.

N. A. C. SLOTEMAKER DE BRUINE
Director

The Netherlands Information Bureau
New York City

Stack Sacked

Sirs:

Chalk up another error for TIME. U.S.S. *Solace*, the hospital ship pictured in TIME (July 31) is *not* the former Clyde-Mallory *Iroquois* as stated. The *Iroquois* (and sister ship *Shawnee*) were double-stackers.

DR. A. E. ROSENTHAL

Miami

¶ Lay that chalk down. The *Iroquois* was indeed a double-stacker, but one stack was sacked when it became the *Solace*, because the Navy liked it that way.—Ed.

Cockroach DDTs

Sirs:

In TIME (July 31) . . . you state that the new insecticide DDT is deadly against the gypsy-moth caterpillar, black fly and mosquito. You have overlooked the fact that it is also deadly against the honey bee. . . . According to tests made at Michigan State College it has been found effective against flies, mosquitoes, ants, berry moths, leaf hoppers, thrips, and even rose chafers, but they have also found it ineffective against aphids, plant lice, Mexican bean beetle, and it just makes cockroaches drunk. . . .

BOB NIEHAUS

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

. . . Could Entomologist C. F. Campbell inform your readers whether, after the application of DDT in 20 acres of timberland, the birds that usually appear in them have gone elsewhere?

"Wonder insecticides" probably have their consequences.

L. L. McARTHUR JR.

Chicago

¶ Still in the experimental stage, DDT does indeed kill bees and certain other beneficial insects, probably also affects the bird population by cutting down its source of food.—Ed.

Prodigy Sidis

Sirs:

Anent the late William James Sidis [TIME, July 31], your description of him was somewhat sympathetic, and those of us who knew him as a Cambridge schoolmate are grateful it was not worse.

You might have revealed the fact that his father, Boris Sidis, realized his wrongdoing long before Professor Terman. Shortly after

**"Thanks for
your assistance
in helping with
Long Distance"**



When Long Distance lines are crowded and the operator asks you to "Please limit your call to 5 minutes" — it's nice to hear you say, "I'll be glad to."

The request is usually made during rush hours on lines in and out of war-busy centers. It's a suggestion that helps everybody get better service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





WE'RE BUYING MORE BONDS AND
KEEPING OUR EYE ON

Coolerator

ICE REFRIGERATION . . . Hundreds of thousands of Coolerator owners know that there is no finer refrigeration than the Coolerator, with its 4-way circulation of washed, humidified air. Now Coolerator is adding, as soon as permissible, two new products . . .

1. NEW HOME FREEZER. Beautiful big new mechanically-operated Home Freezer, at a price much lower than you'd expect. In the Coolerator Home Freezer you can freeze and store fresh fruits, vegetables, meats—have fresh food the year 'round. Watch for the Coolerator Home Freezer and . . .

2. NEW MECHANICAL REFRIGERATOR by Coolerator. Moderately priced, with many new feature-innovations, including a roomy frozen food storage space . . . plenty of ice cubes—hermetically-sealed refrigerating unit which practically eliminates service problems! Right now the Coolerator factory is working to win the war . . . but for the future, for the finest in refrigerator products . . . keep your eye on Coolerator!

Coolerator

IN WAR OR PEACE NO FINER REFRIGERATION

THE COOLERATOR CO., DULUTH 1, MINN.



the ending of World War I, I met Boris Sidis in California, and he asked me to expose Bill to a mixed group of young people in order to help the boy overcome his gynophobia (fear of women).

In 1915, in Cambridge, Bill wrote a treatise on an ideal social economy, entitled it "Hesperia" (which his schoolmates nicknamed "Hysteria"). He began by locating his ideal community in a desirable latitude and longitude, and outlined many working economic features such as the staggered day of rest, etc., which seemed novel to us at the time. Later, by coincidence, the Soviet system embodied this and other devices in its own administration. . . .

Bill was a true seeker after knowledge. His burning power of pure rationalization often startled a listener out of his skin. He never posed or preached. But he seemed to invite the tormenting ridicule of many who could not understand him, and he was sensitive. Had conditions been different, the contemporary world might have been a gainer.

BEN TRYNN

Pasadena, Calif.

Christianizing Japan

Sirs:

In your report (TIME, July 31) of an article I wrote recently for *Christianity and Crisis* you have me saying that the word lamb in Japanese is an "epithet of contempt and derision . . . perhaps the vilest word in the language." What I actually said is that one of the Japanese words for sheep is such an epithet.

The *torii* is spoken of as though it were Buddhist, but it is Shinto.

You impute to me a thesis that the reason Christian missionaries to Japan have converted only one-half of 1% of the population is largely because they have presented Christianity in terms incomprehensible or repellent to the Japanese. I did not say that, and it is not my opinion.

For the rest of the article, all the qualifiers I had used to depict changes and revisions as mere possibilities were stripped away, thus turning them into measures which I advocate. This is distortion. . . .

GEORGE S. NOSS

Columbia University
New York City

¶ In attempting to report briefly Ex-Missionary Noss's sensible and newsworthy suggestions for adapting the outward symbols of Christianity to Japanese tastes and traditions, TIME omitted his discussion of the more familiar reasons for slow missionary progress in Japan (traditional anti-foreignism, multiplicity of competing sects). TIME is sorry if it inadvertently made Mr. Noss appear overly confident, or overly critical of his fellow missionaries, but doubts that many readers will misconstrue the constructive spirit of his proposals.—ED.

Since January 1, 1943, TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE and THE ARCHITECTURAL FORUM have been cooperating with the War Production Board on conservation of paper. During the year 1944, these four publications will use 73,000,000 lb. (1,450 freight carloads) less paper than in 1942. In view of resulting shortages of copies, please share your copy of TIME with your friends.

D-DAY

MORE THAN 1,000 DOUGLAS TRANSPORTS
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number of planes in use
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V-DAY

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WILL SPEARHEAD PEACETIME PROGRESS

Unarmed and unarmored, more than 1,000
Douglas Skytrains* transported 24,000
skytroops to spearhead the invasion.

In this greatest mass movement by air
in history, 98% of these DC-3s at war
completed their missions SAFELY!

Come V-Day and over a billion miles
of Douglas dependability in wartime
will have perfected air travel for you.

First AROUND THE WORLD • *First* THE WORLD OVER



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**BOY! WHAT A RELIEF
TO BE RID OF
THOSE BITING FLIES**



SKAT

INSECT REPELLENT

**drives away
MOSQUITOES,
BITING FLIES,
CHIGGERS...**

gives hours of protection

SKAT literally drives insects away before they bite.
This scientific repellent is easy to apply, pleasant to use:
Take along a bottle on your next fishing or hunting trip.
Just one application gives up to 3 hours' protection!



MISCELLANY

High Tea. In Detroit, Charles Wloughby and Jasper Manier got 90 days in jail for selling to Mrs. William Young, for \$10, two whiskey bottles full of cold tea.

Safe & Sound. In Council Bluffs, Iowa, Jimmy Larsen, 12, popped a small whistle into his mouth to keep it from covetous playmates, startled the neighborhood by tooting with each breath until the whistle was extracted from his larynx.

Manna. In Oklahoma City, police spent a day counting a haul of seized whiskey, broke 158 pints, which leaked through the floor to eager collectors in the jail below.

Pshaw. In Texas, a WASP, flying a ferry route, got so hot even at high altitude that she stripped to the waist, hung the garments on a peg, lost them to the wind, radioed Waco for help, was met at the field by a ground crew with averted eyes and a WAC bearing a shirt.

The Distinction. In the Fairmont, W. Va. *Times*, a help-wanted ad ran: "Girl or lady for housekeeper, not over 35 years. To stay nights."

Heart & Head. In Cambridge, Mass., one Charles E. Holden filled out the first half of a marriage-license questionnaire, was stumped when he tried to remember the name of his bride-to-be. He finally explained to the clerk, "I must have a poor memory," went home to find out.

Pedal Extremity. In Oakland, Calif., Mrs. Very Perry won a divorce on the ground that her husband, Joaquin, to keep her from running around at night, soaked her shoes in water, put them in the oven to bake and shrink.

Hot Tips. In Philadelphia's summer heat, Detective Sergeant Clarence Ferguson arrested two bookmakers who were operating a telephone switchboard—in the nude.

Brooklyn Bonfire. In Brooklyn, 18-year-old Joe Raia siphoned gas from his father's car to put into the car of his 17-year-old friend, Izzio Frangale. Some of the gas spilled. The boys lit a match to see how much they had lost, promptly sent up in flames the gasoline, garage, two cars and an adjoining house.

Buster. In Brookline, Mass., the late Lawyer Woodbury Rand left \$40,000 to his pet alley-cat Buster. To his housekeeper he left Buster's comb, brush, harness and an extra \$40,000 to provide for the cat's additional comfort. To nine outraged relatives he left nothing. Reason: "... their contemptuous attitude and cruelty to my cat."



Among the more important items manufactured by Pontiac for the Armed Forces are Oerlikon 20-mm. antiaircraft cannon, aircraft torpedoes, 40-mm. automatic field guns, Diesel engine parts, tank axles, parts for military vehicles and 155-mm. shells. A reproduction of this advertisement, suitable for framing, will be mailed free on request.

On their trim shoulders rests the grave responsibility of rigging parachutes . . . of serving as radio operator, bosun's mate, quartermaster, gunner's mate, radio technician, pharmacist's mate . . . of filling 22 different jobs formerly done by men. "*Semper Paratus—Always Ready*" is the motto of the fighting arm in which they serve. And the first letters of those words spell S-P-A-R, the popular, salty name of the Women's Reserve of the United States Coast Guard.

Theirs is a shining example of

patriotic womanhood. By performing virtually every type of duty from which physical limitations do not bar them, they are releasing thousands of men for overseas and combat duty. Thus they are adding to the scope and power of the United States Coast Guard whose 154-year-old traditions have been lately enriched on the Seven Seas and on land, beaches the world over—and many of whose vessels mount antiaircraft cannon of Pontiac manufacture. To the SPARS . . . wherever they are, Pontiac salutes them!

PONTIAC



MOTOR DIVISION

General Motors Corporation

"A motor oil has to be
mighty good
to stay on top
for 40 years"



NOW, more than ever, your car needs quality lubrication. Be safe, be sure . . . use Havoline, the motor oil with a tradition of 40 years of refining experience behind it. Mileages of 80,000 and better are common with properly lubricated cars. See your Texaco Dealer every 60 days or every 1,000 miles, whichever comes sooner, to replace oil that may be

diluted or contaminated by today's *wartime* driving conditions. Refill with Insulated Havoline. Get these important *extras* in wartime driving: 1: A cleaner engine. 2: More power and "go". 3: More mileage per gallon of precious gas. 4: Easier starting. 5: Added battery life. 6: Longer time between overhauls. 7: Longer life for your car!

THE TEXAS COMPANY

You're welcome at **TEXACO DEALERS**

TUNE IN the TEXACO STAR THEATRE starring James Melton every Sunday night. See your local newspaper for time and station.



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Dear Subscriber

So many of you have been hit so hard by taxes that I imagine you have a special interest in how they should be changed to help maintain a high postwar level of personal incentive and employment and business activity.

The object of this fifth of TIME's Mindpower series is to make business taxes a target for the thinking of all America. This message will appear in more than 40 newspapers and magazines, as well as in TIME and LIFE.

Cordially,

P. I. Prentice

MAN BITES DOG!

"Cut down on
corporation taxes
after the war?
I'd cut 'em out!"

— LEON HENDERSON



...before the Executives Club of Chicago

Not reduced, mind you. Not even "pared way down"—eliminated!

Yes—when an Old New Dealer from way back tells the world that corporation taxes ought soon to be cut out altogether—that's news!

Beardsley Ruml (of Ruml Plan fame) has made the front pages again with a similar proposal—and many Administration leaders agree. Right after the war, they say, we must cut industry's tax load to the quick—quick—if we really want postwar expansion, postwar prosperity, post-war jobs!

Well, then—what's holding the thing up? If business and government just about agree, whom is the argument with?

A large part of the argument, sir, is with—YOU.

Or perhaps we should say, with most of the rest of us.

For most of the people don't realize how corporation taxes influence our whole economy—the jobs we can get, the pay we earn, the prices we pay. And until we do understand, our representatives in Congress probably won't act.

The people see corporations making big profits and say "So let them pay big taxes. I do and they can, too!" That sounds fair enough—but what are those big corporation taxes doing to your chances of getting ahead?

For Here is the Big Question...

In the face of heavy taxation, does business have enough incentive to invest and expand—to create new jobs, start new ventures, take real risks (for all new businesses are risks)?

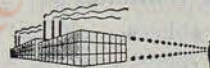
Today, business earnings are taxed twice. First the Federal Government takes up to 85.5% of the profits through corporation taxes; then it takes up to 94% of what is left in individual income taxes on the dividends. In many cases the most a successful man can hope to keep for

himself out of the earnings of a successful venture is about \$2.00 out of each \$100.00 of profit—with the government taking the other \$98.00.

Is that enough? Would you bet \$100.00 at even money to win \$2.00? You certainly wouldn't.

If you figure that way on your own money, you can be sure that any man who has to invest a lot of his own and other people's money will feel and act the same way. And so our corporation taxes create a real danger that after the war business will just play safe with its money, instead of starting the new enterprises that will give people good jobs and make the country hum with peacetime activity.

Your future may well depend on how this tax question is handled. But are you thinking about it? ... pointing out to people you see every day that if we really believe in the private-enterprise system we've got to keep it rolling?



And have you thought about questions like these:

What percentage of our national income do you want used to buy government services that must be paid for by taxes?

Do you want the government to collect extra taxes to try and keep the economy on an even keel—to prevent unhealthy booms and resultant depressions?

Are you in favor of taxes made especially low in certain industries or types of enterprise for whose products or services the nation has a special need?

On the other hand, the man in the street asks:

"To maintain world leadership and help keep the peace, our postwar

budget has to be large—and if the present taxes on business are lightened, whose taxes are to be made heavier?

"Once corporation taxes are reduced, how do I know business won't use too much of its bigger profits to consolidate instead of to expand?"

Are you using your Mindpower to answer these questions? Are you informed enough to think straight about them?

For example: Do you know what is suggested in the widely discussed new Ruml Tax Reform Plan? (You can find out by sending 25 cents to the National Planning Association, 184 East 64th Street, New York City, for a copy of "Fiscal and Monetary Policy," by Beardsley Ruml and H. Christian Sonne.) How about seeing your book dealer, and getting a copy of that classic on economics, "Progress and Poverty," by Henry George (95¢, Modern Library, Inc.)?—or "Production, Jobs and Taxes," by Harold M. Groves (\$1.25, McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., Inc.)?

And remember—TIME will keep you up to date on all the new developments in this important (personally important) postwar debate.

TIME believes America's greatest need, now and in the coming years, is for the sovereign people to make up their minds and speak them out.

To do so, citizens must keep themselves informed. So, in advertisements like this, TIME is seeking to encourage wide thinking and reading not only of the newspapers and TIME, but also of books and periodicals that argue the cases and advance the causes that are in the news.

For TIME's own future is unalterably linked to a U.S. citizenry deeply concerned about public affairs—to a nation insistent upon seeking the truth and learning from recorded experience.

**"YEAH, MAN,
...IT'S WHITMAN'S!"**



**"If you couldn't get Whitman's Chocolates today why,
probably we ate them yesterday. So thanks, Mister!"**

"Did you ever feel like you wanted a piece of candy? Good candy...what I mean? Boy, I have! Like the other day, back from a detail. You throw yourself down, light a cigarette and then...just when your tongue's hangin' out for a nibble of real fine chocolate, your buddy pipes up: 'Say! You wouldn't be carin' for a piece of candy, would you?' And you grab yourself one and...Yeah, man, it's Whitman's!"

★ ★ ★

And that's about how it reads from where we sit—as we pore over the stacks of letters the boys write us from the battlefronts, from New Guinea to Italy and Normandy. Already

we've sent millions of pounds of Whitman's to PX's at the world's fighting fronts.

And still Uncle Sam says: "Send 'em more!" Because generals themselves have said: "Next to mail from home, it's the inner man that's the most important to a soldier."

So, naturally, the boys—and the girls—in the Service come first with us at Whitman's. Maybe it's your son or daughter we're thinking of. If so, you'll understand when you sometimes can't get your favorite Sampler. And you won't blame your dealer, will you?



Whitman's
CHOCOLATES



U. S. AT WAR

THE CONGRESS

Title V Nonsense

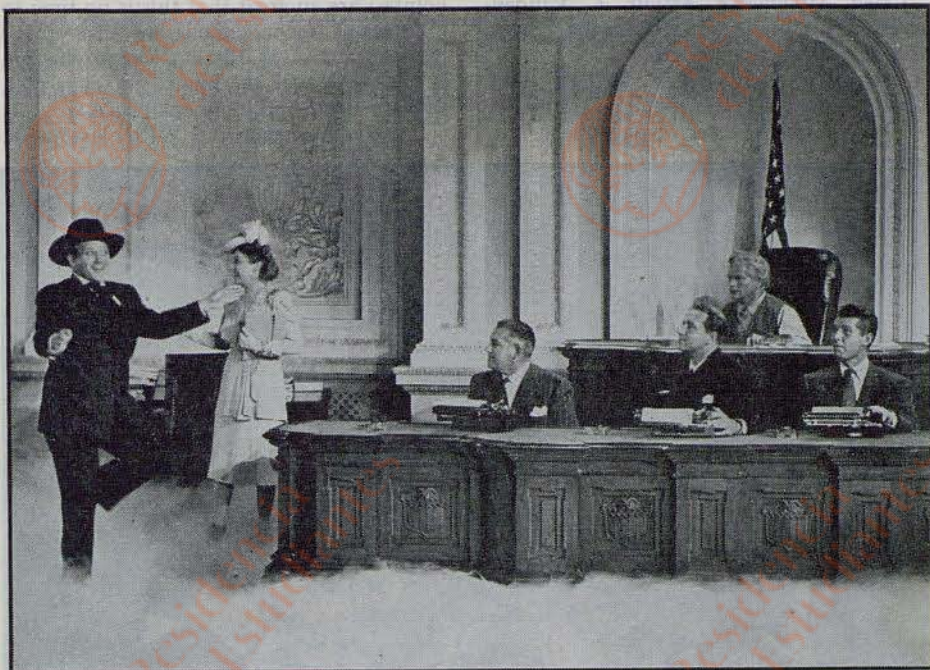
The first requisite of a sound democracy is a well-informed electorate. But the U.S. is bending every effort to keep its soldier voters politically innocent.

Last week the Army announced that G.I. theaters could not exhibit Darryl F. Zanuck's \$5,000,000 Technicolorful *Wilson*. Also prohibited was a Fibber McGee movie called *Heavenly Days*, in which the irreverent Fibber, the wag of Wistful Vista, is selected Mr. Average Man in a Gallup Poll, goes to Washington, and is tossed out of the Senate when he tries to make a speech (*see cut*). Then the Army reversed its field and said it had not made up its mind yet. But it was firm on the rest of its bans. Army post exchanges may not sell British newspapers. The PXs may not even sell the Air Forces' own Official Guide (525,000 copies printed)—it has an execrable portrait of Franklin Roosevelt as a frontispiece. These were added last week to a suppress list which already includes such "dangerous" intellectual weapons as Charles Beard's *The Republic* and Catherine Drinker Bowen's biography of Oliver Wendell Holmes, *Yankee from Olympus* (TIME, May 8).^{*} Any of these, said the Army, might influence the 1944 elections.

The Army was undoubtedly right. All these publications are helping to influence civilian voters more or less, for better or for worse. But the Army was obeying orders—the orders written by Congress into Title V of the new Soldier Vote Act which provides \$1,000 fine and a year in prison for anyone sending political propaganda to the troops.

Title V is specific: it prohibits political argument "of any kind designed or calculated to affect the result of a [federal] election." It was written in an excess of zeal by anti-New Dealers to keep the Administration from making propaganda hay with the troops.

The Navy did not interpret Title V so strictly. The author of Title V felt that he had been victimized by an old Army game: Army officers had just been too literal, complained literal-minded Senator Robert A. Taft. But no Congressmen wanted to argue that laws are not meant



FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY IN THE SENATE
Bob Taft said the Army was too literal.

to be strictly observed. Last week a Senate committee conferred with the War Department, agreed to reword Title V to have it make sense.

The Battle of Reconversion

In Washington last week the battle of reconversion was as clearly drawn as on a general's map: how much cash per week should the Government pay to workers laid off by peace?

Two New Deal Senators, Harley M. Kilgore of West Virginia and James E. Murray of Montana, backed by labor's legions (C.I.O., A.F. of L., and the National Farmers Union) ordered a grand-scale attack. They demanded that the Federal Government pay a top unemployment compensation of \$35 a week for 104 weeks (to a man with three dependents who had been earning \$48 or more). Most of this would come right out of the Federal Treasury, as a gift.

Many Senators reeled at the thought. But Senator Kilgore cheerfully noted that "it is impossible to spend too much to avoid a catastrophic depression," and cheerfully estimated the unemployment compensation cost at \$8 billion for three years. (Others put it much higher.) While many Senators privately agreed that \$8 billion would be cheap enough if it did

avert a major depression, they had no confidence in New Deal management; they suspected the U.S. would get rid of \$8 billion without getting rid of depression.

Georgia's grey Walter F. George had a considerably more modest plan to cushion the U.S. worker against a postwar depression. He proposed that each state fix its own scale of unemployment compensation (which at present ranges from \$2-a-week minimum in Alabama to \$22-a-week maximum in Connecticut), and that the states continue to foot the bill. The Federal Government would step in only if a state could not meet all payments; then it would lend, not give funds.

Bocage Country. Besides the \$35-a-week top, the Murray-Kilgore group had plenty of explosive ammunition. They also proposed a vocational training program for idle workers, with a top \$35-a-week allowance while going to school, a travel allowance to return to a peacetime job or to get a new job, and innumerable new Federal bureaus to handle unemployment machinery. Shrewdly, Walter George captured the most sure-fire of this ammunition—a modified educational training program and a travel allowance (not exceeding \$200)—and added it to his own bill.

Thus strengthened, the conservatives

^{*} Others: Sumner Welles's *The Time for Decision*; Ambassador Grew's *Ten Years in Japan*; Raymond Clapper's *Watching the World*; Eric Johnston's *America Unlimited*; John Carlson's *Under Cover*; E. B. White's *One Man's Meat*; Senator James Mead's *Tell the Folks Back Home*.

moved up for the final battle. On their side were all the Republicans (save North Dakota's lone corporal, Bill Langer) and a solid regiment of Southern Democrats.

Artillery Barrage. Making an earnest defense of his bill, Senator Kilgore argued that high unemployment payments now really mean low unemployment payments later, because purchasing power is increased.

Cried Michigan's Arthur J. Vandenberg: "You might as well argue that a man can drink himself sober."

Trumpeted Maryland's Millard Tydings: "Continuing the spending of money we haven't got is sheer demagoguery."



TABLECLOTH STRATEGISTS GEORGE & MURRAY
How much cash should laid-off workers get?

Associated Press

Vermont's sane, usually unexcitable Warren R. Austin declared: "It would then be just another step until the nation reached a state of national socialism."

Fighting a losing battle, Senator Kilgore called up all reserves, sent swarms of C.I.O. lobbyists through the Senate corridors to buttonhole all Senators. Supporters of the Kilgore bill even talked—but only talked—of calling for help from the Commander in Chief, Franklin Roosevelt. But the unpleasant memory of Franklin Roosevelt's heavy and largely ineffective spending from 1933 to 1939 was too strong.

Forced to make an elastic withdrawal, Senator Kilgore moved to lower his \$35 maximum to \$25. The strategy failed. The George bill won, by a thumping margin, 55-19.

Now the armies moved to the House, where the first obstacle was stubborn old "Muley" Doughton of North Carolina, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. Aware of the explosive political possibilities, Muley Doughton was combing the books for every variety of delaying action.

PRODUCTION

The Battle of Assumptions

Donald Nelson had a polite but descriptive name for the war that was being fought last week in Washington. He called it "a failure to agree on assumptions." The assumptions were basic. In their extreme form, they were: an Army assumption that crisis shortages (radar, heavy trucks, bombs) are so great that this is no time to talk about reconversion; an assumption by one wing of WPB that war production is now well over the hump, and it is high time to begin retooling for peace.

Two minor men in WPB last week

went into effect, even though opposed by the Army & Navy, and delayed five weeks by War Mobilizer Jimmy Byrnes. It will mean only a trickle of goods, but it was a triumph, even though small, for his side of the Reconversion War. For Nelson, with many other officials, believes that war workers will stick to their high-pay jobs only if they are sure that peace will not come with a thud. And workers could see the end of war production coming.

Last week the Army ordered 20,000 aircraft workers laid off immediately, and another 80,000 by year's end. This news was concealed in an optimistic release which chose to stress increased production of long-range bombers—Boeing B-29s and the new super-Liberator, the B-32. But what the War Department had mainly done was to cancel C-46 cargo-plane production at Higgins in New Orleans, and cutback P-47 output.

In doing so, the Army shifted some aircraft contracts from Southern California to Dallas to relieve the tight California manpower area (see Manpower), and eased the Akron rubber pinch (see BUSINESS) by transferring aircraft-parts contracts to Evansville, Ind. But this did not stop what United Automobile Workers' (C.I.O.) R. J. Thomas last week called "cutback jitters."

Seven Cents an Hour. "War's-almost-over" psychology was in the U.S. air. In the Midwest, 103 big trucking firms refused to pay drivers and handlers a 7¢-an-hour increase ordered by WLB, sending 25,000 men out on strike. Only after the President seized the trucking firms did the men go back to work. Neither management nor men were taking the war as seriously as they took the cost of living—for the strike delayed war deliveries.

To meet this psychology realistically and effectively was Washington's task. But the Reconversion War was being fought on rigid lines. The Army, in effect, argued that production be kept up by stern talk, and by denying the implication of the victory headlines. WPBsters wanted to assure workers that the transition to peace would be smooth, to keep men at war work. On this line, Nelson and the Army were prepared to fight it out all summer.

MANPOWER

The Deserters

A new great migration was on in the U.S. last week. Thousands of workers were deserting their war jobs on the West Coast and swarming East toward peace jobs. The planemakers and shipbuilders, heading back to towns and farms, were a prime evidence of the American feeling that one war is nearly over.

By last week the swelling migration had become a prime problem for the War Manpower Commission. For several months Los Angeles has been losing an estimated 7,000 workers a month; San

became the first casualties of this battle: chunky V. Lewis Bassie, 36, and short, thin Irving Kaplan, 43, WPB economists. Their job had been to prepare confidential reports of war-production progress for top WPB eyes. In their latest report, they made an audacious assertion: except for a few items, the Army has more than enough matériel to fight the war. Samples: several years' supply of small arms; a year's supply of guns, fire-control equipment and ammunition; at least nine months' stockpile of ordnance equipment generally. When the Army got a look at the report, it ordered several sections censored. WPB agreed to the censorship; Bassie and Kaplan resigned in a huff. This skirmish was the Army's.

Obviously, two WPB statisticians—without knowledge of future battle plans—had no right to challenge the Army's own judgment of its needs. Just as obviously, they did have the right to report to WPB on massive Army stockpiles.

Cutback Jitters. But Donald Nelson won a victory of his own. This week his plan to resume limited civilian output

San Francisco, 4,000; Portland and Seattle, 15,500.

In Washington, William Haber, WMC's swarthy, workmanlike assistant executive director, summed up: "The workers begin to think about the aluminum factory that's going to be started in their home town, about the new gas stations, the other factories that are supposedly going into civilian production. They want to get in on the ground floor."

But there was still much more work on the West Coast than back home. In Seattle, Boeing needs 4,000 workers. In Portland the Kaiser shipyards need 11,500. In the great Northwest the logging industry needs 7,000.

And when the European war ends and the United Nations' power shifts to the Pacific, the West Coast needs will be even greater. WMC tightened up on job transfers, made many a migrant sit idle for 60 days after he trekked back from the West. But these were straws on the flood. The desertions went on.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Anticlimax

All week long the State Department tried hard to choke down its disappointment.

For weeks it had bugled announcements of a forthcoming Big Four conference, which would go to work on a rough draft of the Great Blueprint for Peace (TIME, June 12.)* Stately old Dumbarton Oaks, in Washington's fashionable Georgetown, was made ready down to the last pebble on its carefully graveled walks. The U.S. had named its Under Secretary of State, Edward R. Stettinius, as chairman of the U.S. delegation, thus, in diplomatic language, hoping to underscore its view that other representatives should be at the important level of Under Secretaries. England and China followed suit, appointed the veteran Permanent Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Sir Alexander Cadogan (rhymes with shruggin') and the veteran Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs, Victor Hoo.

Moscow was silent until last week, when, only seven days before the conference was to open, Russia asked for a week's delay. This was Blow No. 1. A little later, Blow No. 2 fell. The Russian representative was named. He was neither of the two men U.S. and British diplomats had expected, neither the Vice Commissar of Foreign Affairs, Maxim Litvinoff, nor Andrei Vishinsky. He was youngish (35) Andrei Andreevich Gromyko, who holds his first important post as Ambassador to the U.S., and who is only a little less inexperienced than Ed Stettinius.

Russian explanations were lame: busy with the immediate necessities of war and reconstructing devastated areas, the coun-

* Not to be confused with Anglo-American-Russian discussions on surrender terms now being held in London (see FOREIGN NEWS).

TIME, AUGUST 21, 1944

try is short of topflight men who have been thinking about postwar organization; Ambassador Gromyko is an able young man ("Why, he served as an UNRRA delegate in Atlantic City!"). A more likely explanation: Russia's topflight diplomats were being held at home to work out the Polish problem. And some State Department men even concluded that the Soviet Union attached little importance to the Dumbarton Oaks discussion anyhow.

In Washington this week, Britain's Sir Alexander Cadogan tried to breathe some hope. He said Britain, in the main, backed the U.S. blueprint for peace. And he



Harris & Ewing

STETTINIUS & BEAVERBROOK

Three months to get ready, 14 minutes to sign.

added that the Russians had finally put their program in writing and would bring it to the conference. But few observers believed that the men who assemble at Dumbarton Oaks next week will do any major architecting on a peace program.

Where It Hurts

A final economic and financial crack-down against Argentina is in the works. State Department officials talked freely last week of: 1) dropping the United Nations beef contract with Argentina—up for renewal next month; 2) freezing Argentine funds in the U.S.

The export of beef is Argentina's largest industry. Under the contract, the United Nations agreed to take 1,500,000 tons of meat, 6,000,000 Argentine steers. So the loss of the contract would hurt. But in Britain, Argentina's biggest customer, the eating of beef is an old custom. Britain would be willing to go along with U.S. policy, if the U.S. can supply the lost beef. It looked as if U.S. foreign policy would get down to the level of the U.S. stomach.

Interim Guidepost

In a 14-minute ceremony one day last week, Under Secretary of State Stettinius and Lord Beaverbrook signed a British-U.S. oil agreement aimed at ending cut-throat competition between the two nations. In its final form the agreement's provisions are virtually the same as those the oil experts gave their Governments for approval last spring (TIME, May 15). Under it the two nations (which control about 90% of the world's oil) will set up an eight-man international commission by which they hope to: 1) stabilize postwar world oil markets; 2) provide orderly

development of world oil properties, especially U.S. and British Middle Eastern concessions; 3) make petroleum available "to the nationals of all peaceable countries at fair prices and on a nondiscriminatory basis."

The commission can act only in an advisory capacity in settling international disputes. As a guidepost, it will point the direction for oil industries to follow until a proposed world conference replaces this interim agreement by a treaty among other interested nations.

WARTIME LIVING

Behavior on V-Day

The nation's department stores got ready for V-day; many sent directives to their personnel on how to behave. Most called for closing the store, removing merchandise from show windows, boarding up the windows. Employees of Milwaukee's famed Boston Store got the curtest note: "Finish waiting on your customer; then get out and celebrate."

RACES

St. Louis Tension

Since war started the chief city of the border state of Missouri has had small incidents and tall talk of racial tension but no real race trouble—until last week.

St. Louis Negroes who work downtown carry their lunches because they know no restaurant will serve them. Negroes are segregated in the city schools—but mingle with whites in public conveyances. Trouble came on one of St. Louis' big rattling streetcars.

A Negro objected to a white man's smoking in the next seat. The smoke drifted back on the Negro's wife. The smoker put up an argument. So with a few well chosen blows of his fists the Negro killed him, and got off the car. The same night, four Negro women were arrested on another streetcar. One of the Negroes was reported to have struck a white soldier's wife and her 4-year-old son.

St. Louis, with a Negro population of 115,000 (13% of the population), remained cautiously calm. Not only the leaders, but the people of both races seemed genuinely anxious to avoid any big outburst.

The judicious *Post-Dispatch*, cheering over the fact that St. Louis has never had a major bloody race riot,* called on the

* Two 1917 race riots just across the Mississippi, in East St. Louis, Ill., ended with more than 100 Negroes dead, \$400,000 in property damage. St. Louisans have been highly sensitive to race tension ever since.

citizens: "It is better to bring this ugly thing into the open. It is better to avert a crisis before it happens than to weep about it afterward. St. Louisans, white and Negro, let's act like civilized human beings! Let's put hooligans of both races—the lunatic fringe—in jail to cool off when they begin flexing their muscles in public places! Let's continue our old tradition of decent relations between the races!"

FOOD

Fabulous

For the overwhelming majority of U.S. farmers the outlook was fabulously bright. The Agriculture Department reported mounting damage by drought to crops in the East Central states, but for most of the U.S. the weather had been near-perfect and yields were high. In Montana—as in Canada—last week a roaring wind-&-hail storm streaked for 100 miles through the southeastern counties, ripped barns to kindling, and flattened fields of wheat just as the dumfounded farmers were ready to thresh. Estimated loss: 2½ million bushels of wheat.

But last week's official forecast was for the biggest wheat crop ever harvested, near-record yields of corn, oats, small grains, rice, peas, beans, vegetables, tobacco. Fruit crops were guesstimated from 10 to 15% greater than in 1943. For the third consecutive year the weather in the principal food-producing area for the United Nations had been miraculously favorable.

TERRITORIES

Liberation

A column of Chamorros, the natives of Guam, came out of the murky, rain-drenched morning, their brown skins glistening with rain. Half-naked, hungry, unwashed, hundreds of them filed slowly from the wooded uplands. Solemnly they walked to the American trucks and "ducks" waiting to take them to an American camp. One native shook hands with a soldier and said: "We glad you here."

The soldier turned to his buddies: "Good God, it's unbelievable that they still believe in us."

These were the first U.S. nationals to be liberated from the Japanese. Behind the Chamorros lay two years and eight months of slavery under the Japs; ahead lay months more of toil to rebuild their homes and farms destroyed by American might. But ahead, too, lay freedom and friendship—freedom to speak English or any other language, to go to church and confession, to send children to school.

On the gentle hillside overlooking the beachhead the soldiers helped the natives. Pup tents and tarpaulins kept off tropical rains until the engineers could build wooden buildings. Field kitchens served good, hot food. Pretty girls, wearing pink, mauve and yellow pajama suits, flirted with the soldiers. All the natives carried the few belongings they had managed to save—cooking utensils, extra clothing, baskets and mats.

Japanese cruelty had been mainly in deprivation and threats. Jap rationing gave every five persons a half-pound of sugar a week, each person two pounds of rice every ten days.

The Japs made efforts (sometimes successful) to keep relations good. They gave natives the same medical treatment they gave their own men, established first-aid stations for bomb victims, paid for coconut trees they destroyed. And Jap enlisted men were prohibited from entering native homes. Said one Guam native: "High Jap officers would come in and eat with us. I liked Jap equality better. The Americans made us feel as if we were inferior."

Said Manuel F. Leon Guerrero: "They let us fish, then stole our fish and sold it back. They burned all our books. They made us take off our hats and bow when they went by. At first they would take our girls away and if they would not go to bed they would slap them and then take a big stick and beat them. Then the Japs brought in their own women."

One 19-year-old Chamorro told a story that had all the melodrama of an oldtime cowboy-and-Indian two-reeler. The better-looking girls, she said, had to take turns going to the Jap officers' camp to cook—and "for other things." Her turn was due, she said, "the day the Americans came—just in time."



U.S. NATIONALS WITH GUAM-MADE FLAGS
"They still believe in us."

Associated Press

THE PRESIDENCY

The Waikiki Conference

This week President Roosevelt, tanned, gay and relaxed, returned to the U.S. after 29 days and 10,000 miles of absence from the August heat of Washington—and from the flickering European War. Perhaps his most important accomplishment was a good vacation. Incidentally he had made a little political hay.

Military Voyage. Boarding a Navy heavy cruiser, a one-year-old veteran of 15 Pacific engagements, the President left San Diego Naval base the day after his Fourth Term acceptance speech, to re-discover the Pacific War. He lolled and rested for five days as the big grey ship plowed westward. Just out of sight of Hawaii's majestic Diamond Head, squadrons of pursuit planes came over, and the blue water below bubbled with the scurrying of PT boats.

At Pearl Harbor, the first on board the cruiser was General Douglas MacArthur, in leather windbreaker and his jaunty marshal's cap. MacArthur had flown in that day from New Guinea.

"It's good to see you, Doug," said the President to the General he had not seen in seven years, despite all the turns & twists of the Pacific war.

Franklin Roosevelt went immediately to the palatial, show-place home of the late Christian R. Holmes, on famed Waikiki Beach. The highway to the house was blocked to traffic, surrounded with barbed wire and guarded by platoons of marines. At the cream stucco mansion, until recently a rest house for Navy aviators, the President had a spacious, 50-foot bedroom; the bathroom of Presidential aide Sam Rosenman had a sunken tile tub big enough to swim in. The Commander in Chief set up military headquarters on a sun deck overlooking Waikiki's long, rolling surf.

Military Inspection. The President then undertook a systematic, full-schedule inspection of Hawaii. In two days, touring about in an open Packard, his seersucker suit and Panama hat conspicuous among the gold braid of generals and admirals, he visited Marine and Naval air stations, Hickam Field, a jungle training center, ammunition dumps, supply bases, hospitals and Pearl Harbor itself.

At Schofield Barracks, in a broiling sun, he reviewed the Army's famed 7th Division, veterans of Attu and Kwajalein. Over the loudspeaker Franklin Roosevelt said: "Your Commander in Chief brings you greetings. . . ." The President's car had just stopped at one corner of Hickam Field when a huge ambulance plane wheeled in from Saipan. The President watched as 32 bandaged veterans were carried to waiting ambulances, stopped three stretcher cases to shake their hands.

At the Army's 147th General Hospital, Franklin Roosevelt made a tour of five



MACARTHUR, NIMITZ, LEAHY & OLD FRIEND
The conference lasted 90 minutes.

U.S. Navy-International

wards, talking to the wounded, telling them they would soon be home. He stopped beside the bed of a young soldier suffering from a gangrenous lung condition. A tube was carrying penicillin and a potassium permanganate solution to the soldier's veins. "I hope you'll be feeling better soon," the President said. "Then you'll have a chance to come home. We're waiting for you." But the young soldier was so sick he just lay there staring at the ceiling with vacant eyes, not turning to look at the President.

At all functions, as the President toured the island, General MacArthur sat at his right, in the place of honor.

Military Strategy. On the second day, in the spacious, book-lined living room of the Holmes house, there was a brief military conference (90 minutes) with General MacArthur, Admiral Nimitz, Admiral William F. Halsey of the Third Fleet and Lieut. General Robert C. (Nellie) Richardson Jr., Army commander in the Pacific Ocean Areas. On the third day Franklin Roosevelt called in reporters for his only press conference of the trip, seating the newsmen on the lawn of the Holmes estate, under the palms, from which all coconuts had been thoughtfully sheared lest they drop on unprotected heads. The only noteworthy point: U.S. fighting forces will go back to the Philippines, he said, and General MacArthur will go with them.

Next day Franklin Roosevelt weighed anchor. As his ship headed north and west into the North Pacific fogs, the President cast a line overboard. His catch: one halibut, one flounder. At Adak, an as-yet-uncompleted base in the Andreanof Is-

lands, Franklin Roosevelt went ashore, amid fog and mud, for a six-hour stay.

Last week the President returned to the U.S. mainland, landing at the teeming Bremerton Navy Yard, across Puget Sound from Seattle. The President reported to the nation over the radio, speaking from the bow of a destroyer, against a backdrop of 8,000 Bremerton workers and sailors. He gave them a rambling, folksy account of his voyage. He told them that Japan "cannot be trusted," but in the speech's 3,500 words there was but an incidental reference to the European war.

Political Hay. Some pro-Administration newspapers dutifully headlined the Waikiki Conference as a "War Council," but the meeting actually seemed to have little strategic significance. Pacific War plans, if for no other reason than the huge logistics involved, have been set long in advance. Had any major revision been contemplated, Franklin Roosevelt would almost certainly have brought along General Marshall and Admiral King. As it was, except for his personal chief of staff, Admiral Leahy, the chief advisers on the trip were Sam Rosenman, his speech writer, and OWI Boss Elmer Davis.

His political accomplishments were: 1) he had shifted the spotlight of attention to the unfinished Pacific War—insurance against Tom Dewey's argument that the next President would serve mostly in peacetime; 2) he had publicly extended the hand of friendship to Douglas MacArthur, drawing the sting out of the charge that MacArthur had been badly treated by the White House.

IDAHO

Slimy Slim

From time to time over 15 years, people have seen an enormous sea serpent glubbing about in Idaho's Payette Lake. Most of them kept their mouths shut. But someone always talked.

The lake is a seven-mile stretch of deep blue mountain water, rimmed by high pine-forested ridges and fed by a brawling, canyon-hemmed river. Summer cottages dot its beaches, and beef cattle graze in a Western-story valley below. The star-spangled nights at Payette Lake are beautifully clear; only the city-bred get any feel of the banshee, the barghest, the ouphe (rhymes with out) or other beasts prominent in monster husbandry. So Idahoans discounted serpent talk. And the serpent himself, a shy thing, appeared only at rare intervals, always at twilight.

But this summer the serpent has been popping up with cuckoo-clock regularity. Since July 2, some 30 people (including Republicans and teetotalers) have found themselves staring at his periscope-like head. The first witnesses conservatively discussed the serpent in secrecy and only among their closest friends. But Thomas L. Rogers, auditor of a stodgy Boise firm, boldly talked for publication after the serpent sloshed past his rowboat.

"The serpent was about 50 feet away and going five miles an hour with a sort of undulating motion," said the auditor. "His head, which resembles that of a snub-nosed crocodile, was 18 inches above the water. I'd say he was 35 feet long."

Suddenly Idaho's poker-faced skepticism became enthusiastic acceptance. The monster was immediately nicknamed Slimy Slim. This week photographers stalked him, and fishermen openly trolled the lake with deep-sea tackle.

There was much argument as to the monster's antecedents. Most logical explanation was one adapted from the Idaho *Sunday Statesman*: Paul Bunyan, who used to fish the Snake River regularly, tied the shore-end of his sturgeon line to Babe, his vast blue ox, one hot day when sport was slow. Babe, nipped by a horsefly at the moment a sturgeon took the bait, twitched so violently that the huge fish was sent sailing all the way to Payette Lake. A jerk like that could well have given the creature a curvature of the spine (Slimy Slim is a three-hump serpent). And then Slim developed his periscope neck by nostalgically trying to peer back over the hills toward the scenes of his childhood.

REPUBLICANS

Tom Dewey's Choice

Late one afternoon last week Republican bigwigs began arriving on the veranda of the Governor's antiquated Albany mansion to discuss an important question with

Tom Dewey: Who should be the Republican nominee for the Senate seat of famed New Dealer Robert Wagner? But Tom Dewey had an answer ready. By the Governor's usual bedtime the conferences were over and the opposition candidates resigned to the inevitable. Next day, before lunch, the Governor's candidate was nominated.

The man the Governor chose was Thomas Jerome Curran, a quiet, earnest, spectacled 45-year-old attorney, with the political merit of being an Irish Catholic Republican.

Son of a County Kerry immigrant, Tom Curran was born in Manhattan's old



DEWEY'S MAN CURRAN
By bedtime it was all over.

Tenth Ward, the overwhelmingly Democratic district which produced Al Smith. Teddy Roosevelt was his boyhood hero. He put himself through Fordham's law school after army service in World War I and then worked his way steadily upward in New York Republican politics to the job of secretary of state and the inner circle of young men around the fast rising Tom Dewey.

Curran's political virtues were obvious: his appeal for the normally Democratic Catholic voting group, notably lacking on the State Republican ticket, his Manhattan strength, and his record in the Republican Party. But many a thoughtful Republican wondered whether Curran's best would be enough. Senator Wagner is 67 years old, but he has shaken off the persisting ill health which has checkered his recent years in the Senate with absenteeism. And Bob Wagner is still well-armed by his reputation as the author of early New Deal labor legislation. He has a steady independent following, and the

longtime fervent blessing of New York's organized labor.

Commented the arch-Republican *Herald Tribune*: "The Republicans have named an able young political leader whose vigor and integrity stand beyond questioning. But knowledge of his convictions upon vital questions is extremely limited. A study of his spoken record reveals that he is against Communism and against the Roosevelt administration. What he is for still remains to be disclosed."

OPINION

Roper & Gallup

Thirteen weeks before the election, during the week ending Aug. 5, Elmo Roper's interviewers conducted the latest FORTUNE survey. Result of one question:

"Which one of these four statements do you come closest to agreeing with?"

- 1) Roosevelt has done an excellent job and it is very important that he should be President during the next four years. . . . 24.1 %
- 2) Roosevelt has made mistakes and he's been in office for a long time, but it's still better that he should be elected President again for the next four years. 28.4 %
- 3) While Roosevelt has done some good things, he's been in office long enough and the country would be better off to change to Dewey for the next four years. 30.7 %
- 4) The reelection of Roosevelt for another four years would be a very bad thing for this country. 13.2 %
- Don't know. . . . 3.6 %

Pollster George Gallup also has a score sheet. He finds Dewey slightly ahead, among 35 of the 48 states sampled in the past six weeks. Yet to be tested: the border states (Oklahoma, Missouri, Kentucky, West Virginia, Maryland); Pennsylvania, and all the crucial Northeast states but New York and Massachusetts. It takes 266 electoral votes to elect a President. The Gallup totals:

ROOSEVELT			DEWEY		
Electoral		% Lead	Electoral		% Lead
Votes			Votes		
8	S. Car.	89	6	Neb.	67
12	Ga.	84	8	Kans.	66
9	Miss.	84	4	S. Dak.	63
11	Ala.	80	4	N. Dak.	62
9	Ark.	78	13	Ind.	57
10	La.	76	19	Mich.	57
23	Texas	75	10	Iowa	56
8	Fla.	68	12	Wis.	56
14	N. Car.	67	6	Colo.	55
12	Tenn.	67	3	Wyo.	55
11	Va.	64	28	Ill.	54
4	Ariz.	58	25	Ohio	54
4	Mont.	57	4	Idaho	53
4	Utah	57	11	Minn.	53
4	N. Mex.	56	47	N. Y.	52
3	Nev.	56	6	Ore.	51
25	Calif.	53			
8	Wash.	53			
16	Mass.	52			
			206		
195					

EXTERNAL AFFAIRS

Creditor Canada

Canada last week stepped up front as one of the world's creditor nations. She invited overseas customers to step up and place their postwar orders. Parliament quickly approved a bill to provide \$300,000,000 in cash or credit to finance foreign purchases of Canadian goods, another \$50,000,000 to insure exporters against foreign-trade risks. This was as if the U.S. Congress had appropriated \$5 billion in credits for U.S. overseas customers.

The purpose of the Canadian bill was to keep Canadian trade moving in the next three years when economic dislocation is likely to be greatest. Canada's war-booming industries, her own version of Lend-Lease (\$800,000,000-a-year Mutual Aid program) have swelled Canadian exports to third among the world's trading nations. But four-fifths of this trade is in war supplies. War Creditor Canada has a heavy stake in remaining a peacetime exporter and a world trader.

Thus Canada figures it is enlightened self-interest to be among the first to subscribe heavily to UNRRA, to commit herself at the Bretton Woods conference to a \$625,000,000 contribution to the International Stabilization Fund and Reconstruction Bank. The new bill provides the incentive for Canadian traders to seek new business where demand is likely to be heavy, even if immediate capacity to pay is limited. If a deal is too big for private business to handle, Creditor Canada stands ready to provide the credit for countries which want and need Canadian goods.

First in the line already forming at Ottawa for these postwar credits is the Soviet Union, whose record as a commercial risk is excellent. Russia has already reportedly left specifications for postwar orders with Canadian manufacturers (TIME, June 5).

THE DOMINION

Two Elections

In two provinces Canadian voters went on the warpath last week. During Montreal's worst election riots in 25 years (seven shot, 40 injured, 74 arrested) Quebec voters tossed out the Liberal Government of that French-speaking province. In Alberta, voters halted the march of the socialist C.C.F.

The Breach Widens. Quebec's next Premier will be the *Union Nationale's* Maurice Le Noblet Duplessis. A political opportunist who talks like a fascist about Jews and harries labor unions, Duplessis was Quebec's Premier when World War II began. He took a beating when he tried to make trouble for Dominion Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King by calling an election on the issue of provincial

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MAURICE LE NOBLET DUPLESSIS
Opportunity for an opportunist . . .

rights in wartime. This time he shrewdly capitalized on Quebec's dislike of war, conscription, beat Liberal Premier Adélard Godbout.

The vote for Duplessis was a vote for a Quebec-first policy. But it was not a vote to burn all bridges between Quebec and the rest of Canada. The French Canadians rejected the appeal of the men who would like to make Quebec a second Eire. These extreme nationalists of the *Bloc Populaire* elected only four members.



ERNEST CHARLES MANNING
. . . Alberta was afraid of smallpox.

A Slim Margin. But Premier-to-be Duplessis' legislative margin will be slim. The line-up in the Legislative Assembly: *Union Nationale*, 47; Liberals, 37; *Bloc*, 4; C.C.F., 1; Independent, 1; one riding still to vote. Duplessis will probably have to cajole the four *Bloc* members and the single independent to help him remain in power. Chuckled Premier Godbout: "It won't be long."

The Invaders Repelled. Fresh from its triumph in Saskatchewan (TIME, June 26), the socialist C.C.F. invaded neighboring Alberta. Ever since the late William ("Bible Bill") Aberhart dazzled Albertans with the promise to pay them \$25 a month for life, the Social Crediters have ruled the province. Last week businessmen and bankers who once fought "Bible Bill" supported his successor, 35-year-old Ernest Charles Manning. The result: Social Crediters, 47; C.C.F., 2; Independents, 3; Veterans' candidate, 1; with Social Crediters leading in the four remaining ridings. Said an Albertan: "We didn't want to swap a light case of chickenpox for a bad case of smallpox."

An Era of Coalition. These local successes increased the probability that neither old-line Tories nor Liberals would be able to get a clear majority in the next federal election. Grumped a member of Mr. King's Cabinet: "Canada seems to be in for an era of coalition government."

THE SERVICES

A Billion for a Million

In just two days, without a single dissenting vote, a bill for Canada's one million World War II veterans zipped through the House of Commons. Eligible for its benefits were all soldiers who volunteered for service overseas (whether they went over or not) plus those Home Defense Army "zombies" who served in Kiska. Uneligible: all other "zombies."

The bill's chief provisions:

¶ A bonus: \$7.50 for each 30-days' service in the Western Hemisphere (except the Aleutians), plus \$15 for each 30-days' service overseas (including the Aleutians), plus an extra week's pay for each six months overseas.

¶ A \$100 clothing allowance.

¶ An outright gift, roughly equal to the amount of the bonus, but payable only for specified civilian rehabilitation purposes, such as buying houses.

All gratuities would be tax-free. A private who enlisted at war's start and went overseas with the first Canadian troops could get up to \$1,700.

Estimates of the cost of all this ranged from \$750,000,000 to a round billion. But no one blinked. The bill was not only a bow to those who fight. It also constituted an approach to postwar pump-priming, a system of preparing in advance against depression.

WORLD BATTLEFRONTS

THE WAR

Schizophrenia

Like a beaten boxer reeling toward a knockout, the German Army had seen the blow coming. It was powerless to parry it. The punch struck hard from the Mediterranean, and the southern coast of France became a new front to be fought by an army already presenting a strange study in military schizophrenia.

The Germans had violated almost every cardinal doctrine of their cherished idols—Clausewitz, Schlieffen, Frederick the Great—and they were paying a fearful price. But for the present, as if unaware of their grotesque lurchings, they fought on.

Their fighting no longer showed brilliance, resourcefulness, cohesive planning or even much sense. Their resistance now chiefly had the values of stubbornness and desperation. They fought because fighting and obedience to orders were bred in their blood & bones.

In northern France they faced a crushing defeat, tried to stave it off by witless, expensive gambits without hope of success. In Italy, where the battle stood temporarily in stalemate, they had latterly shown no tactic but to retreat, fight, retreat again. On the Eastern Front they fought as if salvation depended only on spending everything they had left.

Somewhere close at hand in this strange split-personality career was physical disintegration. The attack from the Mediterranean was another complication thrown in by the Allies to bring it on.

BATTLE OF FRANCE

Attack in the South

For weeks the Germans had noted Allied landing boats piling up in Mediterranean harbors, had nervously trumpeted their findings to the world. Then distinguished visitors began arriving in Italy for front-row seats—Prime Minister Winston Churchill, U.S. Navy Secretary James Forrestal, Undersecretary of War Robert P. Patterson, Supply Chief Lieut. General Brehon Somervell. General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, Supreme Allied Commander in the Mediterranean, announced he had moved his headquarters to Italy from North Africa.

Four days before the landings, some of the German suspense was lifted. Allied air fleets began an unmistakable preparation of the southern coast for invasion. They bombed Toulouse, railroad nerve center for the southwest, beat up the naval base at Toulon, strafed the once gilded Riviera. Fighter-bombers meticulously blasted out German radio direction-finding stations. The stage was set.

Tuesday morning the blow fell. Parachute and glider troops dropped down before dawn on German strongpoints inland. By sunrise a great Allied fleet of



EISENHOWER

Associated Press

"A brilliant and fruitful week for us."

800 ships was offshore battering coastal positions with its big guns while powerful air assault forces concentrated their bombs and bullets on the beachhead.

West from the Riviera. Apparently the Allies achieved at least tactical surprise. It was several hours before the Germans announced the area where they had been struck—a 70-mile stretch of coast between Toulon and Cannes. Allied correspondents reported that the invasion army, chiefly of Americans but heavily sprinkled with French and British troops, made its first beachheads without great loss, grabbed its first objectives within an hour. In less than two hours, seven waves were ashore—perhaps 14,000 men—with many more still to come. The beachhead grew to 100 miles, from Nice to Marseilles.

As the attack began, "Jumbo" Wilson stated its obvious aim. Said he in an official proclamation: the objective is "to drive out the Germans and join up with the Allied armies advancing from Normandy." Clearly laid out for his forces were two major routes to the north: up the Rhone valley through the eastern third of France, westward through the Garonne valley to Bordeaux, to meet the Americans ready to strike south from the Loire.

Defeat in the North

Flesh and blood could no longer stand before Omar Bradley's slashing tank-infantry assaults, the endless, unopposed scourging by the greatest array of air power in history.

The Germans finally retreated. To escape a trap they fell back in disordered ribbons toward Paris and the Seine. On

the road back, the swift-striking armor, the crunching weight of Allied guns, the unequaled devastation from the air would have even greater play. The Germans in western France were ripe for annihilation.

That was the situation last week when General "Ike" Eisenhower called on his troops to seize their opportunity: let no German escape. Said he in an order of the day:

"We can make this week a momentous one in the history of this war—a brilliant and fruitful week for us, a fateful one for the ambitions of the Nazi tyrants."

Range of Destruction. Ike Eisenhower had moved to France and become a field commander again in order to be in at the kill. His tank-infantry teams, swinging in from behind, had brought Field Marshal Günther von Kluge's Seventh Army (20 to 40 divisions of the Reich's best troops) into range of destruction.

Too late, Kluge, blinded by lack of air power, had learned what he was up against. In full daylight retreat, spread out on the roads, his troops had been chopped, torn, disorganized by an air assault that had no counterpart in all warfare.

The full fury of that attack could not yet be measured. There was no time for the statistics of destruction. But there were bits and pieces that gave a faint glimmer of what the Germans faced this week. In two days, fighters of the U.S. Eighth Air Force (ordinarily bombers' escorts) destroyed nearly 1,000 trucks and vehicles. The Ninth Air Force fighters ran up an even larger score—nearly 1,800 vehicles. The big strategic bombers—Fortresses and Liberators, night-flying Lancasters and Halifaxes, every aircraft that could tote a bomb—raked the lines of retreat that reached back to Paris.

Outblitzed, Bewildered. Ike Eisenhower's push had developed faster than the Germans had reckoned. Omar Bradley's tankmen and truck-borne infantry—a new-formed Third Army—had stunned the enemy again & again with swift, piercing strokes:

They had shot a column over the Loire below Nantes (threatening a thrust toward Bordeaux). They had taken Angers in a drive that seemed aimed at Tours (the central supply base of World War I's A.E.F.). These threatened whatever help Kluge hoped to get from the south. They were bewildering feints, as well.

They had covered 55 miles in 36 hours to take Le Mans. From there they had shot out more columns, reportedly to within sight of the magnificent Gothic cathedral at Chartres, only 30 miles from Paris.

Creaking Hinge. But apparently all this was only flank protection. The main effort had been put into a wide arc which swung around the Seventh Army's unhinged left flank. The German Army facing north and west found itself being

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WORLD BATTLEFRONTS

menaced from the south and east. Its route of escape was a narrow corridor to the east.

When the Americans reached Alençon, Field Marshal von Kluge recognized the mistake he had made. After Omar Bradley broke into Brittany (TIME, Aug. 7), Kluge had a choice to make. He could have brought his Fifteenth Army down from Flanders and his Nineteenth Army up from southern France and drawn the Seventh Army back so that the three could form a new front along the Seine and the Loire. But this would have involved leaving the Pas-de-Calais and Belgian robomb coasts and southern France open to attack.

Kluge took a bolder course. He left the Seventh Army to hold the British and Canadians in Normandy. He counted on the Americans spending time to mop up Brittany while he was scraping together reserves to seal off the Brittany peninsula. But he had underestimated U.S. speed and daring. Leaving mopping-up to wait, the Americans had already taken Le Mans and were swinging north against the Seventh Army's rear when Kluge's reinforcements began to arrive over his battered roads. Underrating the American threat, Kluge threw his reinforcements into an attempt to push his dangling flank to the sea near Avranches. This only drove his troops deeper into Eisenhower's trap.

Then the Allies in the north began to move. Brisk, wiry Lieut. General Henry

Duncan Graham Crerar's Canadian First Army moved behind a 1,000-plane breakout bombing, fought fiercely to set up bridgeheads over the Orne, battled a German bulge to the west in which Kluge vainly spent some of his reserves.

Farther to the west Lieut. General Sir Miles C. Dempsey's heavy force of Britons inched forward. Kluge's right began to give at the great hinge below Caen just as his left had been unseated two weeks before by the Americans.

Plane v. Bicycle. Kluge was in a pretty fix. His supply lines had been bomb-ravaged (in three days more than 600 locomotives, nearly 7,000 freight cars had been destroyed). Reinforcements were delayed (one unit bicycled nine days to reach the front).

Now pushed between the Canadians striking south toward Falaise and the Americans striking north 12 miles below, the Seventh Army finally began to pull back. By this time Kluge was bringing part of the Fifteenth Army down to hold the line of the Seine but it was a question whether the Seventh Army could reach the Seine. The tattered Seventh might wriggle out of its corridor but the roads all the way back to the Seine were being strafed, and the bridges across it had been bombed out. In a coffin-shaped area roughly outlined by the Seine, Falaise, Argentan and ancient Évreux, Eisenhower had a chance of destroying the entire Seventh Army.

Stubborn Nations

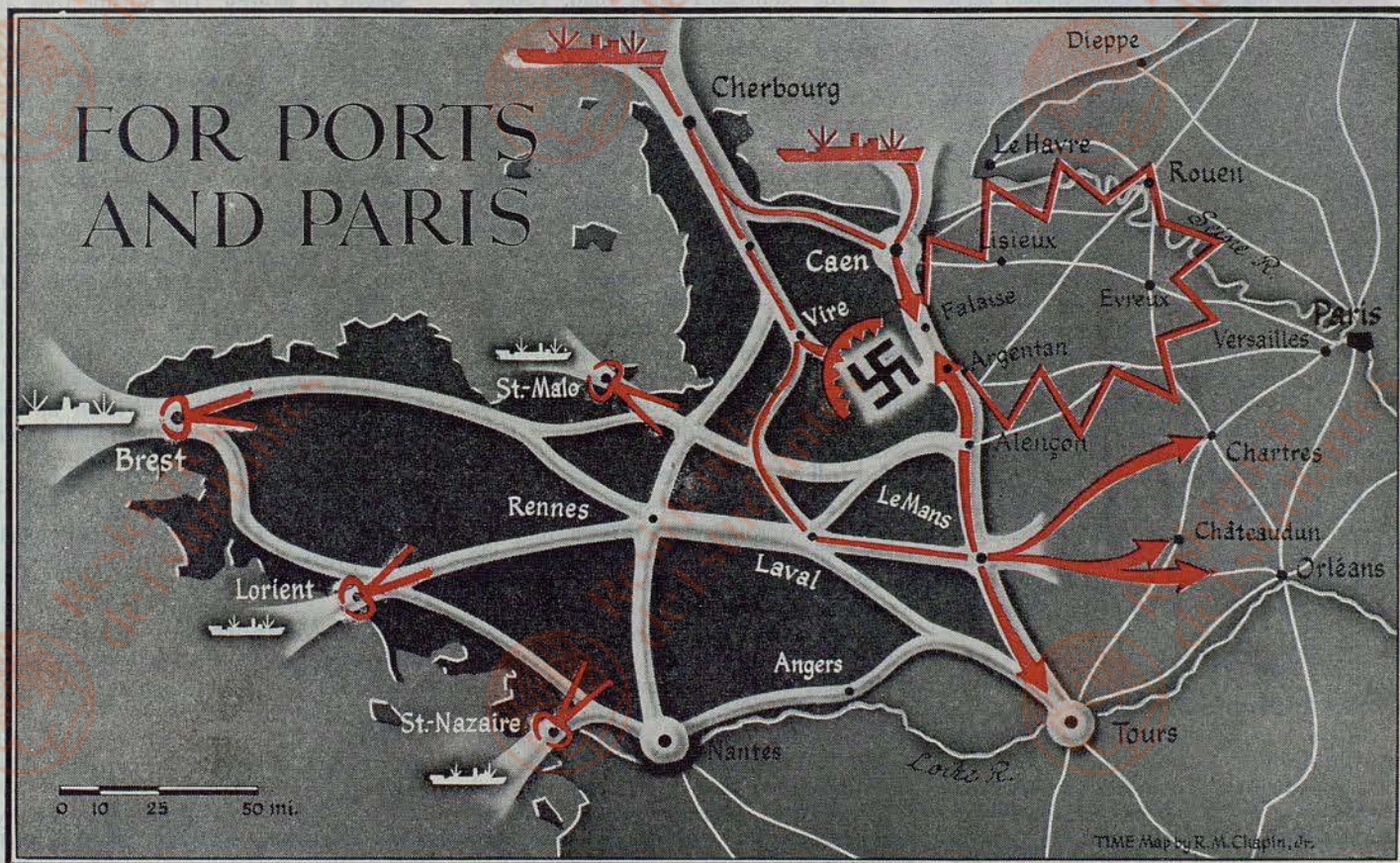
When Caesar's legions first saw the granite-bound harbors of *Armorica* (ancient Celtic for Brittany, meaning near the sea) they built their forts on the high ground nearby. The Bretons who came five centuries later fortified its coasts. Through the centuries Norsemen, Norman dukes, British and French kings battled in long sieges of Breton bastions.

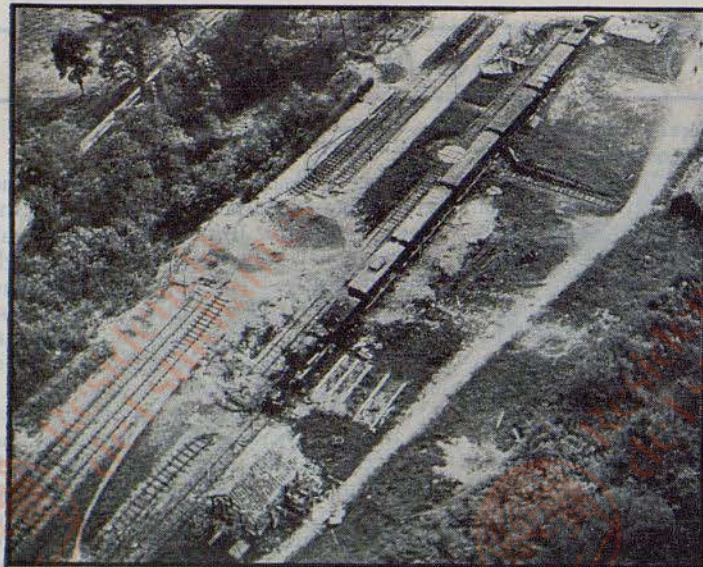
This week the Germans repeated history. At four deep harbors direly needed by the Allies they fought from redoubts deepened, strengthened to withstand modern bombing. In the fortresses the Germans showed the highest and lowest in Nazi battle morale.

The three great U-boat bases at Brest, Lorient and Saint-Nazaire took terrific poundings from land and air, but the Germans held on doggedly. For U.S. troops there was no choice but to fight their way in; the ports were needed by the A.E.F. and every day they held out was a day more for the last-ditch defenders.

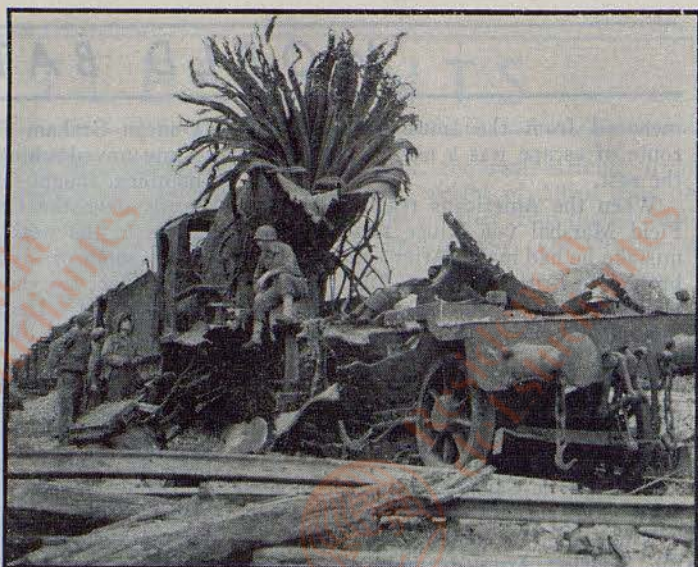
But in Saint-Malo, a lesser port on the northern coast, the situation was different. The Germans had 10,000 men in the defenses when a U.S. spearhead drove across the causeway and into the ancient, walled, seagirt city. By this week the U.S. forces had killed, captured or wounded 7,000 of them, held nine-tenths of the town.

Some Germans there had shot their officers, had marched out in units behind white flags. Some displayed a paper they





MAIN LINE IN BRITTANY



CLOSE-UP OF ITS LOCOMOTIVE

International, Associated Press

Every escape route was scourged by Allied planes.

said German officers had been forced to sign. It read: "It is my duty to hold this position to the last, even if we are encircled and lack food and ammunition. Should I not fulfill my duty, and surrender . . . I shall be court-martialed upon return to Germany and get punished."

Ragtag Army. The 3,000 who remained were a ragtag little army of cooks, truck drivers, sailors, punishment platoons. But their commander was a man obsessed: tall, grey Colonel Andreas von Auloch. He had been at Stalingrad, had seen the Russians turn that siege to victory. Captured Germans said he was a madman, added that his wife and children had been killed in a Berlin bombing.

He was in a madman's hopeless situation: there was no escape. But he was in a seagirt fort, approached only over a narrow bottleneck of land. The Americans had battled past Saint-Malo's ancient walls and towers, past modern pillboxes to this last fort, set 50 feet deep in the granite, crisscrossed with underground tunnels.

The U.S. commander pleaded for Auloch's surrender, to avoid more senseless killing. Medical supplies for his wounded went in under flag of truce; a captured German woman, reputedly the Colonel's mistress, carried one offer of honorable surrender to him. A captured chaplain relayed an ultimatum. Auloch's reply: "Capitulation to an American is not compatible with the honor of a German soldier."

As they did at the U-boat bases, the Americans kept on pounding, aware of the pleasant fact that conquest was only a matter of time and the unpleasant fact that it would be a matter of casualties.

MEN AT WAR

"Graduation Exercise"

There was no doubt about it—at 56, cavalry-trained Colonel Harry A. Flint was overage to command infantry in battle. Yet there he was, in France, a happy dust-caked fugitive from half a dozen cushy supply and liaison jobs that

were always threatening to keep him out of combat.

In France, as in North Africa and Sicily, "Paddy" Flint's aging, horse-bowed legs sometimes let him down in battle. When they did he would sit down for a spell. His men knew, and they loved him for his nerve. It was soldier's talk that "Ike" Eisenhower, a West Point plebe when the Colonel was a first-classman, had something to do with keeping Paddy up front. The arrangement suited old Paddy right down to the ground. France, beamed the ruddy Colonel, was his "graduation exercise" as a foot-slogger.

On the Saint-Lô-Périers road, Paddy's outfit was held up by heavy mortar fire. Up front, as usual, the Colonel and a rifle patrol soon found the trouble. Said Paddy over the walkie-talkie: "Have spotted pillbox. Will start them cooking."

He called for a tank, rode atop it in a rain of fire as it sprayed the hedgerows. The tank driver was wounded. Paddy crawled down, went forward afoot. A sniper's bullet got him as he led his patrol into the shelter of a farmhouse.

Aid men soon came up, loaded the Colonel on a stretcher. Said a private as they started to the rear: "Remember, Paddy, you can't kill an Irishman—you can only make him mad." Colonel Flint smiled. Next day he died.

"A Hell of a Nerve"

Mortain was a critical spot (*see above*). There the Germans had thrown four armored divisions into desperate counter-attack. The object: to pierce the narrow waist of the U.S. corridor from Normandy, thus split the Allied front. One U.S. division, new to combat when it landed in France, took the brunt of the *Panzer* blow, recoiled, then stood and slugged.

On an ear-shaped hill, by-passed in the Germans' thrust, was one of the division's battalions. It was in a fine position and in a bad way: it held a prized spot for directing artillery fire, and it was surrounded, raked by German shells. It had

many wounded, and no medical supplies, but food and ammunition were dropped by planes.

By the third day the battalion's plight seemed hopeless. Up the hill, under a white flag, came a shiny-booted SS officer. His ultimatum to the battalion's gaunt, lanky, black-bearded commander, Captain R. A. Kerley: surrender by 8 o'clock that night, or be destroyed—totally. Texan Kerley's reply: "Go to hell." Then he amplified: "I will surrender when every one of our bullets has been fired and every one of our bayonets is sticking in a German belly."

Salvos of Mercy. The hillside took an awful going-over that day & night. There were many more wounded. U.S. shells also began to fall plunk in the battalion's lines. But the big 155-mm. projectiles did not explode. They were salvos of mercy: smoke shells stripped of powder, cotton-packed with sulfas, plasma, morphine.

After five and a half days the Germans retired. Captain Kerley's outfit spotted a long line of tanks and guns moving out, radioed the range. This time U.S. shells were merciless. The lost battalion could report: "Total destruction." By night Americans were back in Mortain, and a rescue battalion had worked itself up the hillside. The regiment's colonel heard then of Kerley's talk with the SS officer.

Said an officer: "You had a hell of a nerve to tell the Germans that."

Said Captain Kerley: "They had a hell of a nerve to put a proposition like that up to me."

Note to Mothers

South of Caen, a Canadian unit wading through wheat fields fought its way into a cluster of apple orchards.

"I don't like this," snorted the unit commander. "Why not?" a correspondent asked.

"Those apples aren't ripe. A lot of my men have chronic stomach-aches. I wish their mothers had taught them better."

TIME, AUGUST 21, 1944

BATTLE OF RUSSIA

Counterattack

Mortally wounded though it was, the *Wehrmacht* lashed back last week at the Red colossus with the heaviest German counterattacks since the start of the Soviet offensive in late June. The Germans had traded too much space for too little time; now there was nothing left to trade but flesh and steel.

A German broadcast quoted Field Marshal Walter Model, commanding the Warsaw sector: "After weeks of receding, the time has come to stick to our positions. New forces from the Reich are arriving." By Moscow account, the Germans had thrown into the fight 16 divisions scraped up from western Poland, Italy, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Norway.

Joseph Stalin's strong and confident armies regathered their strength before striking again. The wonder was not that the Russians' advance had slackened, but that it had not slackened sooner. The Russians needed to build up new forward communication lines, to move up their forward air elements, to sort out masses of men and supplies.

They had a six-to-one superiority in the air. They had artillery to deal with the tanks which the enemy hurled recklessly at them—they knocked out 1,000 German tanks in a week. There was plenty of time. It was three months before the autumn rains would drench the Polish flatlands.

Plight of the Partisans. The Soviet pause in front of Warsaw left the Polish partisans, who had risen up against the Germans in the city, in a desperate fix. The underground leader, General Bor, complained that Red artillery had not been heard on the Warsaw approaches since Aug. 3. Unless help arrived soon, he said, his patriot forces would be "totally exterminated." The Germans were attacking with planes and tanks; the partisans had no artillery.

Moscow seemed to feel that this uprising, which had been touched off by the Polish leaders in London, was none of Moscow's affair. London's Communist paper, the *Daily Worker*, declared that the revolt was a "bluff" staged by the London Poles to get credit for Warsaw's liberation. It appeared that the Red Army commander had not been consulted, nor had the Moscow-sponsored Polish Committee of Liberation.

Allied officials were in a quandary when Polish air crews and airborne troops in Britain volunteered to go to the aid of the Warsaw patriots. How could they be sent with hope of success across the whole of Germany? How could they even effectively drop supplies and ammunition from the air when, in fluctuating street-to-street fighting, the material was more likely than not to fall into German hands?

Probing the Bag. A Red Army spokesman said that Warsaw was one of those places "which have to be captured from

all sides." Last week Marshal Rokossovsky's army group gained ground north of the city, in attacks toward the Warsaw-Bialystok railroad. Some 100 miles to the south, in sweltering hot weather, Marshal Konev fought off repeated German tank and infantry attacks, developed a huge salient across the Vistula, from which a northward drive toward Warsaw might roll up the Germans on the west bank.

Meanwhile, the Russians leisurely probed their squirming bag of 30 German divisions trapped in Latvia and Estonia by the Red drive to the Gulf of Riga. General Yeremenko attacked along the Dvina River toward Riga. General Masslennikov started a sweep northward along the west shore of Lake Peipus.

The Russians also probed East Prussia—cautiously. Here if anywhere the enemy was girded for a last-ditch fight. In ten days, the Germans dug 1,800 miles of trenches, and Russian patrols reported a

London toolmaker in a defense plant. (Place names are necessarily fictitious.)

The factory went on holiday the 17th of June. I didn't want my holiday that week so I went on working. Alerts were steady and we were taking spells on the aircraft-spotting tower. Well, at one particular imminent-danger warning I was on the tower and over a flying bomb came. She missed and fell and I thought, "Christ, right smack on Hillford Garden,"—that's where we live. So when the imminent passed I went to the gate and got on the phone to a neighbor and there was no answer. Just then a lorry pulled in and the driver said: "Don't worry, Mate. I hear it was smack on the Three Fiddlers." That's the local pub—a good 300 yards away from my place.

I was just idling off when a fellow on a bike buzzed up. "I want you," he said. "Your place has copped it." He lent me the bike—decent bloke he was—and I burned up the main road toward home.



Sovfoto

AT A RIVER FORD: RED ARMY ARTILLERY
In Latvia and Estonia a leisurely probe at a squirming bag.

proliferation of machine-gun nests, anti-tank ditches. The Germans called out every able-bodied man & woman between 15 and 65 to work on the defenses.

On the East Prussian border, General Chernyakhovsky's armies weathered one fierce counterattack after another, waited for the convulsions to die out. Inside the border, the Germans burned farm buildings—the first humiliating scorching of their own earth in this war.

BATTLE OF ENGLAND

The Blitz and One Man

The impact of the Germans' robomb blitz on the lives of London's working people has not been told by the daily communiqué's "Damage and casualties were caused." This is the story told to TIME Correspondent Sherry Mangan *by a*

Soon as I got near I could see it was close—crowds and the most awful bloody wreckage all over the lot, police lines streets away. . . . I took a quick look. Our house was standing—well, more or less standing. But it was blitzed to bloody hell—the roof clean off, the windows and doors gone, the walls sagging.

Somebody standing about said she thought Kit was in the back garden so I slipped and slithered through the rubble to the back and there she was, with the kids, all alive. That was one good moment. It was bloody lucky you know.

Kit was wandering around the garden with a cloth to her mouth. She was bleeding in the gums and all her teeth loosened . . . and she was partly hysterical. And all the chickens were up in the trees flapping their wings which sort of added to the unreality. Paula, (10), was quiet and

WORLD BATTLEFRONTS

subdued. Young Andrew, (3), had a mouthful of dirt from the blast and was crying miserably. Funny about Andrew—he wouldn't go through the house to the street and for three days he howled if you took him near a house at all.

Off to Grandmother's. I told young Paula to pack up whatever of her clothes she could find among the wreckage and push off to her grandmother's place at Puddleston by herself and I told Kit to take the nipper to my mother's at Ashmont. She did and I pitched in on the job of cleaning up the wreckage . . . some of the lads from the shop came to give a hand.

The big point was to get the junk off what furniture wasn't smashed and patch the roof quick against rain. . . . The blast had pushed the back and front walls some eight inches from the sidewalks so we couldn't risk ladders. We had to climb the inner sidewall and snake a tarpaulin through, weight it and throw it over the front and back walls since you couldn't stand on them. And you never knew when the floors would go. Yes it was a bit sticky, that.

Kit came back that night. She was all right but later in the Anderson, when They started coming over again she fell completely apart. She recovered enough in the morning to replace lost rations and then go to the Town Hall to get her glasses replaced. But two hours later the local warden came to the factory looking for me to say Kit's in a house up the road all collapsed again. Sort of delayed shock, I suppose you might call it. So I packed Andrew up and took them both down to Puddleston.

The Dispossessed. It was a bit of a tight fit at Mother's. By the time we arrived another sister was there, just bombed out. And two days later another sister landed, bombed out too. They all had kids so you can imagine what it was like in a three-room bungalow. Well, anyway, in a couple of days Kit was right enough again to have the usual wrangle with the usual nasty billeting officer and finally got

a billet with somebody. But next day that person's mother and family, also bombed out, arrived, so the billet was out. I took my week's holiday and I moved them all down to some relations at Quagmarsh. There they seemed to be all right.

Well, after I'd got all this sorted out I came back to see about living in our old place myself. Every time there was a new bomb, and they were thick on our district, we had to shoot away from the walls, since any heavy concussion would have brought them down. So I talked it over with the blokes next door and we began to wonder about the houses across the road—they still had roofs and the floors weren't sagging. The tenants had buggered off somewhere when the flying bombs started coming down. We went, not very hopefully, to the local council.

When we stated our suggestion they just wrote out house requisition chits quick. So in we moved our two households of bits and pieces to put with the bits and pieces that were left, and we lived sort of communally. The main improvement was that you hadn't any fear of the whole place falling in on you, but that was about all. No light or gas.

"Tired & Tired." And so it went on. We were all tired and tired. And the bloody Things kept snorting over and smashing down all over the lot—some far, some near. The closest I saw wasn't at the house. I was up at a housing estate one night much farther away. I was standing where the air-raid shelters are in the middle of the green among the houses, chatting to a bloke, and one come in. We watched it and it looked like it was going to pass about 400 yards to our right, and it suddenly wings over and dives smack at us.

What's it feel like that close? Well, let me think. First there's a row—a steadily increasing row that seems to fill up everything. And you're trying to dig into the ground and you wait and wait, thinking, "This is my lot." Then the explosion. Well, it's so loud that first you sort of feel it rather than hear it.

And then you hear it. And that's wonderful, because you feel a great wave of relief. You realize that if you've heard the explosion you're more or less all right. Everything happens very slow like, but that's no news to anyone who has been in any disaster. What did I do? Well, the first thing I did was to look into the air, and I noticed it was full of bits of tiles and glass and bricks so I dived again. There was dirt everywhere and a horrible smell like soot—maybe it was the explosive, but it smelled like rotten soot. And then, a long time later, the clatter of falling things.

Night on the Green. Immediately things stopped landing, we loped across to see what we could do. It was about 8 p.m. and the women were bringing nippers and bedding to the shelters. They were hysterical so we did what we could, shepherding them down. . . .

Not much of a life, no. Neither at the factory nor at home. Take that bad morning at the factory, we had umpteen imminent-danger warnings between half past seven and twelve o'clock. All that bloody morning down and up, start the machines, switch on, start to take a cut, and then the warning goes and you dive again. . . .

But when you're at work you feel fairly all right because you've got a fair shelter and a good roof spotter elected by the men so he's trustworthy. And once you're asleep in your own Anderson it's not too bad because you're so tired you don't give a damn anyway. The bad time is the in-between time. From the moment you knock off you are on edge. Christ, it's all very well, Churchill's talking about well-earned repose after work, but there are things a bloke has to do in the meantime. And even at home—lumme, I like that word for the way I live—there are letters to write and socks to wash or darn, and you can't do anything really, what with cocking your ear and being ready to streak for the Anderson.

Don't think you quite understand it if you live in a big steel and concrete building that would stand up to the blast.



ROBOMB ON THE RAMP



ROBOMB'S TARGET: ENGLAND

Associated Press, Wide World

"Not much of a life, no."



NAVY AVENGERS OVER THE BONINS
No place in the Empire was safe.

U.S. Navy-International

Where most Londoners live, in these miserable little brick houses which fall to dust and rubble a dozen at a time, when a bomb falls in the road it's different. But really what gets me down most is living alone—no love, no kids, no decent food.

Everyone's sticking it? . . . And just what the bloody hell else do you think anyone can do? You'd think that we had some bloody choice in the matter!

BATTLE OF THE PACIFIC

The Noose Tightens

For Japs there was no longer protection from U.S. air power in distance.

They got the final proof last week when B-29 Superfortresses of the Twentieth U.S. Air Force bombed the great Palembang oil refineries in remote southeastern Sumatra in the longest-range air assault of the war. If the B-29s could reach Palembang they could reach anywhere in Japan's homeland islands or in Greater East Asia.

For this mission, a "medium-sized" force of the great bombers flew from a base in the Southeast Asia Command near the equator, about 1,800 miles from the target. (The only Allied fields meeting these specifications are on Ceylon.) The blow was a bitter one for the Japs. Scorched by the Dutch, the refinery had been restored to something like its old capacity (18,000,000 barrels a year), reputedly was turning out aviation fuel as well as other petroleum products desperately needed by the enemy. Superfortressmen reported they had hit it fairly and squarely, thought it might take a year to put it back together again.

Tinder-Hearted City. The same night, from a base in China, another force of Superfortresses made the first incendiary raid on Japan. Target: Nagasaki. Flames spread like wildfire through its flimsy wood and paper buildings while demolition bombs thumped down among seaport, naval-station and manufacturing installations.

The B-29 crews took pains to make it a precision job. The big craft were over the city for an hour and a half. As at Palembang,

TIME, AUGUST 21, 1944

bang, bombardiers reported antiaircraft fire and fighter opposition "weak to moderate." Losses for both attacks: three B-29s missing.

Back to the Philippines. While Navy carrier-based aviation eased up its blistering pace the Empire was hit from both west and east by Army bombers in a foretaste of what was to come as new bases, now taken, were built up. For the first time since General MacArthur was evacuated from Mindanao to Australia, U.S. heavy bombers flew over the southern Philippines in force. Davao, principal seaport and military base of the southern Philippines, was attacked for three nights running and on odd nights thereafter by Lieut. General George C. Kenney's Liberators.

Far to the west, Major General L. Claire Chennault's Liberators smashed at Japanese shipping on the Whangpoo near Shanghai. Northeast of the Philippines the Volcano Islands, halfway between the southern Marianas and Tokyo, were raided by Major General Willis Hale's Liberators from new bases on Saipan. Hale's Seventh Air Force heavies also smashed at the Bonins, still closer to Tokyo. From the north Aleutian-based bombers attacked the Kurils.

There was no peace for the Japs anywhere. The noose of aerial bombardment, from every point of the compass, was drawing tight.

Seven Forward Passes

The strategic conquest of New Guinea, world's second largest island,* was completed last week by General Douglas MacArthur.

There was still some fighting to be done along the 1,500 miles of its length; 55,000 to 60,000 Japanese troops had been trapped in pockets along the north coast. But for U.S. and Australian troops a grueling, malarial campaign which began two years ago (when the Japs almost took Port Moresby) had ended in a brilliant victory. Its final phase was all but bloodless.

Considering its strategic importance, * Larger: Greenland.

MacArthur's coastal campaign had been one of the most economical of World War II. The first stages had been slow and costly: a heartrending series of marches through jungles and over mountains to battle at Buna, Gona, Sanananda, Salamaua, Lae. But while the campaign to secure a foothold on one tip of the great island was being fought the hard way, a better, smarter war was being planned.

Along the Coast. The Allied team finally got the ball at the end of 1943, on Huon Peninsula—the equivalent of their own 15-yard line. What followed was the military equivalent of a series of seven forward passes, ending on Vogelkop (Bird's Head) Peninsula, 1,200 miles away—the enemy's goal line.

First objective of the new strategy was Sidor. U.S. forces swarmed ashore in a surprise landing on Jan. 2, while Aussies fought down the steaming Ramu Valley, in the rear of the enemy, toward Madang. The next move, and every one thereafter, was to be a leapfrog pure and simple.

Between MacArthur and the western end of New Guinea were two Japanese armies at least 100,000 strong: the Eighteenth, under Lieut. General Nijusan Adachi, with headquarters at Madang; the Second, spread from Geelvink Bay to Vogelkop's beak at Sorong. But it was no part of MacArthur's strategy to meet any of these masses head-on. His strategy was to fight only as much as was necessary to gain footholds behind them. Then he was behind them and they behind him. Whichever lost control of air and sea was then undone.

Land, Sea and Air Trap. Lieut. General George C. Kenney's Fifth Air Force (later combined with the South Pacific's Thirteenth into the Far Eastern Air Force) smashed Jap air power and made the sea lanes impassable for Jap supply ships. PT boats shot up barges which the Japs tried to use as a substitute.

MacArthur's own Seventh Fleet was joined by the best part of Admiral Chester W. Nimitz' Pacific Fleet, with carriers and battleships, for the crucial move on April 22: double landings at Hollandia and Aitape, both beyond Wewak—and beyond

50,000 Japs. The Aussies simultaneously captured Madang, completing the trap.

From then on, the pattern was so consistent that even the beleaguered Jap commanding the Second Army should have been able to figure it out: Wakde Island on May 17; Biak on May 27; Noemfoor on July 2. But the Jap apparently persisted in the conviction that MacArthur's next move would be against Second Army headquarters at Manokwari.

MacArthur fooled him: he took Sansapor on July 30. The Japs, on short rations for months, riddled by malaria and dysentery, lacking medicines, lacking everything but ammunition, began a hopeless trek through the jungles seeking some remote cove where their vanishing navy might pick them up. Their comrades who had tried a breakout at Aitape were being destroyed by the thousands.

On New Guinea, as on New Britain, New Ireland and Bougainville, the pent-up Japs' lot was hopeless. A rock-bottom price had been spent to make it that way. MacArthur's forward passes had cost the U.S. and Australian armies only 662 dead, 63 missing. They already have cost the Japs 24,941 dead, 2,855 prisoners. The ratio of Jap dead to U.S. dead: 37 to one. MacArthur had won his campaign not by smashing the enemy armies but by taking positions where his control of air and sea was decisive.

BATTLE OF CHINA

The Forgotten War

In China's war-within-a-war, a great battle had ended in Chinese defeat: after six weeks of siege, heroic Hengyang, on the Hankow-Canton railway, fell to the Japanese. The last word from Hengyang's starving, desperate Chinese garrison went on the radio just a few hours before the end. Said Hengyang's commander: "I am

afraid this may be my last message to you."

Not all had been lost at Hengyang. The Jap had been delayed and suffered costly losses. The Chinese and their flying American allies fought on to block a juncture between the enemy advancing from the north and the enemy stalled in the south 40 miles above Canton. The Chinese were convinced that the Japs would persist in their campaign to bring the entire railroad under their control, and thus cut China in two. They were equally convinced that the outside world did not appreciate the seriousness of the threat.

Two who did appreciate it were Lieut. General Joseph W. Stilwell, who had been represented in Hengyang by U.S. Army men on special duty,* and Major General Claire L. Chennault of the Fourteenth U.S. Air Force.

Chennault threw all the weight of his Fourteenth Air Force and his Chinese-American Composite Wing into close support of Chinese ground troops which kept the Japs around Hengyang closely invested and even retook two towns near Hengyang which the Japs had grabbed. Chennault's flyers gave the Japs a dose of their own 1941 medicine, by destroying 26 planes at a single field, without loss to themselves.

In this campaign the air force was fighting for its own survival as well as for the ground troops; if the Japs could seize the whole railroad, and mop up eastern China at their leisure, Chennault would lose vital bases in Kiwangsi, Fukien and Chekiang provinces from which his patrols now fan out over Shanghai, Hong Kong and the South China Sea. If these fields are lost, an approach to the China coast by westbound Nimitz-MacArthur forces will be immeasurably more difficult.

* The Japs claimed to have captured 20 U.S. officers there.

THE ENEMY

Death in Manchuria

Japan admitted another execution of U.S. prisoners. A year after the deed, the Imperial Government announced (through the International Red Cross) that it had done to death three Navy men captured on Bataan and Corregidor. Japan named them: Marine Sergeant Joe B. Chastain of Waco, Tex.; Marine Corporal Victor Paliotti of Cranston, R.I.; Seaman First Class Ferdinand Frank Meringolo of Brooklyn.

For the execution of the Doolittle raiders Japan had no explanation within civilized military usage; this time, if its explanation was to be trusted, it had legal excuse. Japan's story: the three Americans, confined in a Manchurian prison camp, had broken out, walked for ten days headed toward Russian territory. A police inspector had stopped them, been told they were stranded German flyers. They had led him into the country, ostensibly to examine their wrecked plane, there had killed him with a kitchen knife.

BATTLE OF THE SEAS

U-Boats' End

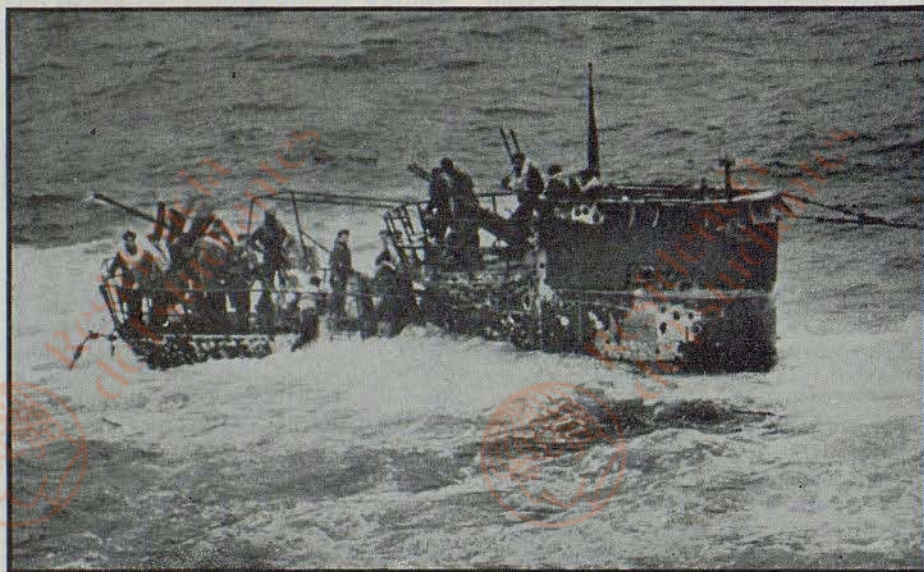
Hitler's U-boat fleet was about done. While U.S. troops pounded at the gates of Brest, Lorient and St. Nazaire, the three greatest Atlantic bases of the *Unterseeboote*, President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill proclaimed the destruction of 500 of the sea serpents in four years and eleven months of World War II.

In four years and three months of World War I, less than 200 had been sent to the bottom. That tally was beaten in 1943 alone.

For Grand Admiral Karl Doenitz, it was a time of anguish. He must get the 1st and 9th Submarine Flotillas away from Brest, the 2nd and 10th from Lorient, the 6th and 7th from St. Nazaire. But where could he send them? The only other Biscay bases were La Pallice and Bordeaux, each with facilities for only one flotilla, which already crowded the pens. Farther north were Bergen and Trondheim, with berths for a single flotilla apiece. But the Allied navies patrolled the Atlantic looking for U-boats on the escape routes and the Mediterranean was an Allied lake, closed at Gibraltar.

The Hunter Hunted. In June, the Nazis claimed to have sunk 312,000 tons of Allied shipping—a far cry from the mad March days of 1942 and 1943, when they claimed 900,000 or more. But even this relatively modest claim was a thousand percent exaggeration. In other words, sinkings actually were under 30,000 tons.

In recent months the number of U-boats sunk by Allied air and sea patrols has exceeded the number of the U-boats' victims.



U.S. Coast Guard

TRAPPED SUBMARINE IN THE ATLANTIC
When the ports fell, the show would be over.



How to make a meal out of a sandwich

It's easy, when with the sandwich you serve a plate of Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup. For here's a soup so hearty and delicious, it rates a welcome any day. Ladle out a plateful — and see! Notice the rich, velvety smoothness that comes from the extra-thick, farm-sweet cream. Notice, too, all the tender pieces of plump hothouse mushrooms that fill every spoonful with tempting mushroom flavor. When lunch must be quick and substantial, enjoy your favorite sandwich and Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup.



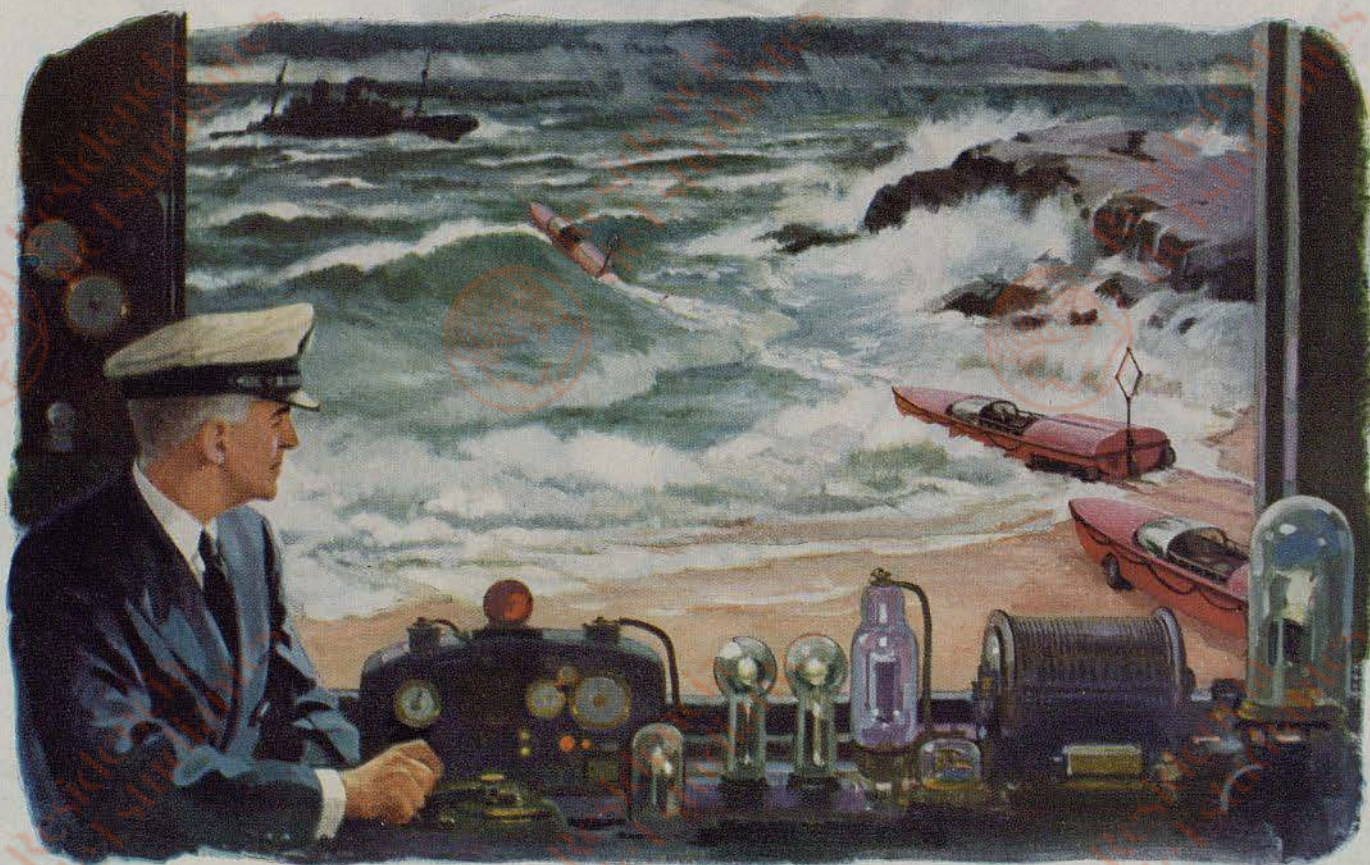
I'm not a very practised hand
At making public speeches —
But how to make a tasty meal
Is what this picture teaches!

Look for the Red-and-White Label



Campbell's CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP

Men Who Plan Beyond Tomorrow Prefer the World's Lightest Highball!



RADAR SAVES LIVES TOMORROW

One man on shore may launch, direct and operate life-boats by remote control, getting them to storm-tossed vessels in distress, removing passengers, and bringing the life-boats back to shore during high seas and hurricanes.

REMEMBER, six years ago, when The Good Earth was a top-flight movie...when the Union and Confederate soldiers were holding their last reunion...when France and Germany signed a peace treaty? Seagram's was planning then for your pleasure today...selecting the finest and lightest of Canadian Whiskies...storing them away to grow mellower and finer, year after year. Today, let the lightness of those whiskies add to your pleasure in Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN!

Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York



Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

INTERNATIONAL

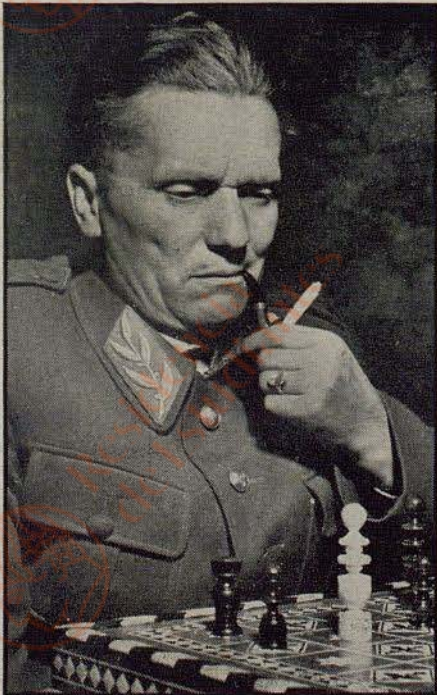
Surrender Terms

For months the three men had been discussing endlessly in the big room at Lancaster House in London. U.S. Ambassador John Winant, Russian Ambassador Fedor Gusev and Sir William Strang, the three members of the European Advisory Commission, had held scores of meetings, examined hundreds of proposals, dictated thousands of words of notes, memoranda, dispatches. But to the eagerly watching world the three men seemed no nearer than ever to accomplishing their task—the drawing up of surrender terms for defeated Germany. London's well-informed *Economist* suspected that the Allies had failed to agree on a joint policy for the German armistice. Sternly it warned them: "No policy for Germany means, in fact, no policy for peace." For unconditional surrender is less a policy than a slogan, and that only for war.

Last week there was hope that the London conferences had not stalled. Reports of the armistice terms began to filter out before the official announcement. The general outline of the terms, as they were reported:

¶ All of Germany will be militarily occupied, Russians in the east, British in the north, U.S. in the south, maybe some French troops in the west. Germany will be governed by a joint commission of U.S., Britain, Russia.

¶ Germany will be totally disarmed, its arms and plane factories removed or destroyed, its chemical industry and other heavy industries strictly controlled.



MARSHAL TITO
A chess master met...

LIFE



Wide World

THE EUROPEAN ADVISORY COMMISSION*
No policy for Germans means no policy for peace.

¶ Domestic and foreign banking in Germany will be supervised. Loot taken from occupied countries will be recovered and returned. Germans will be forced to compensate expropriated Jews, other oppressed people in Germany and the occupied countries.

¶ Russia, but not the other Allies, will form Germans into labor battalions for repair work in the U.S.S.R.

¶ There will be no money reparations. War criminals will be punished by methods not yet agreed upon, but vengeance will not be visited upon all Germans. The Allies will provide medicine, clothing, food and a big program of re-education for Nazi youth.

¶ Austria will be separated from Germany, jointly occupied by U.S., British, Russian troops, jointly governed by an Allied commission until the people are able to go it alone.

¶ How much territory should be taken from Germany still appeared uncertain.

Said the *Economist*, assuming that the latter would be the case: "Hard facts, not the morals of the case or the goodness or badness of the Germans, are the compelling reasons why, in a settlement with Germany, it is absolutely necessary to go the way of moderation. It is only the moderate that will be enforced—not now, but in the 15 or 20 years' time when the fat and lazy habits of peacetime have returned."

Big Game

Last week Europe's everlasting political chess game was in full swing. The stakes were the maximum: war or peace, national security, the survival of antagonistic ideologies, the preservation of social systems, the strategic control of whole nations and vast regions of the earth—for years to come.

The intent of some of the moves was clear only to such actual players as Stalin,

Hitler, Churchill, Pope Pius XII. But two situations on the great board were of far-reaching importance: 1) the developing internal crisis of Germany (see below) which might change the course of the whole game and lead to new, startling combinations of power politics; 2) the meeting in Rome of one of Europe's shrewdest chess players (Marshal Tito) and Britain's outstanding political-landscape painter (Winston Churchill). The meeting might be the opening gambit in new plays for power in Italy (see below), in the Balkans and the eastern Mediterranean.

* Sir William Strang, Russian Ambassador Fedor Gusev, U.S. Ambassador John Winant.



Acme

WINSTON CHURCHILL
... a political landscapist.



CAROL II

LIFE



SIMEON II

Dever-Black Star

The royal grapevine was abuzz.

THE BALKANS

Kings

World War II has brushed Europe's handful of surviving kings off their thrones like flies off a carcass. Some of them are in exile from countries that show less & less enthusiasm for taking them back. One, Belgium's Leopold III, is a prisoner of the Nazis. Another, Italy's Vittorio Emanuele III, is a somewhat down-at-the-heel co-belligerent of the United Nations. Only a choice few can do more than twiddle their royal thumbs or try on their more & more meaningless crowns for size.

But last week the royal grapevine was abuzz with a dramatic whisper. Royalty had a new champion—the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. From Washington came a report that Moscow had sounded out London on the subject of restoring Rumania's ex-King Carol to his throne. The Russians believed that Carol, now in Mexico with his mistress, Magda Lupescu, might be just the man to establish a Rumanian government "very friendly" to Moscow.

Chuckled one high U.S. official: "The U.S. Government was *not* consulted. I am sure, however, that the British were flattered by the mere fact that the Russians cared to ask them for comment on this matter."

Officially We Know Nothing. Another Balkan monarch, Bulgaria's seven-year-old King Simeon II, may also owe his tottery throne to the Soviet Union. Said the same official: "Moscow should have informed us of an understanding with Bulgaria. It did not. So, officially, we do not know anything about it. But several indi-

cations have come to us, mainly from Ankara, pointing to the probability of the existence of a Soviet-Bulgarian understanding. . . ."

ITALY

A Little Matter of Castling

Last week the balance of political power in Italy suddenly swung to the Left. This was due not so much to Italy's difficulties, although since the fall of Mussolini lire circulation has doubled, the Italian na-

tional debt quadrupled (according to the British Ministry of Economic Warfare). It is due mainly to the passage of time which has given the muddled political waters of invaded Italy a chance to clarify. From political confusion some political groups began to settle out.

Shrewd Palmiro Togliatti, Russian-trained leader of Italy's Communists, and cautious Pietro Nenni, secretary general of the Socialists, sat down chummily, hatched an "alliance" of their two parties—a new version of the Popular Front. The surprise move gave them Italy's biggest bloc of voters, bigger than the important Christian Democrats (Catholic Centrist Party).

Said the Socialist *Avanti*: "We want to hurry up and strengthen the vast movement of union among the working classes and to isolate through counteraction the Fascist minority and reactionary forces behind the scenes."

Said the Communist *Unità*: "All honest Italians bound to the working classes and . . . the Catholic intellectuals who are . . . guiding the Christian Democrats, are urged to collaborate with us."

Almost at once, alarmed Italian monarchists and republicans launched a heavy attack on the Communist-supported coalition cabinet of Liberal Premier Ivanoe Bonomi, threatened to overthrow it.

VATICAN

Bishop's Move?

In London last week Chicago *Daily Newsman* W. H. Stoneman reported:

"Russia, through Ambassador M. A. Kostylev in Rome, has submitted proposals to the Vatican for coordinated action



LIFE

PALMIRO TOGLIATTI

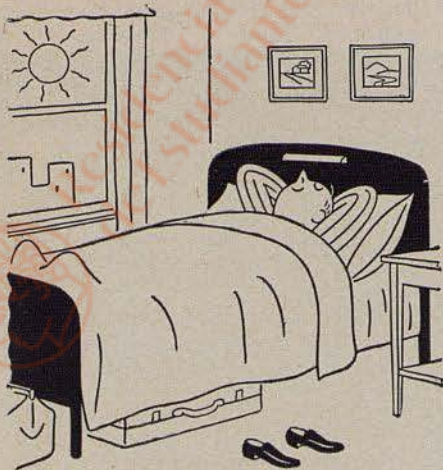
Muddy waters began to clarify.



Leo Rosenthal-Pix

PIETRO NENNI

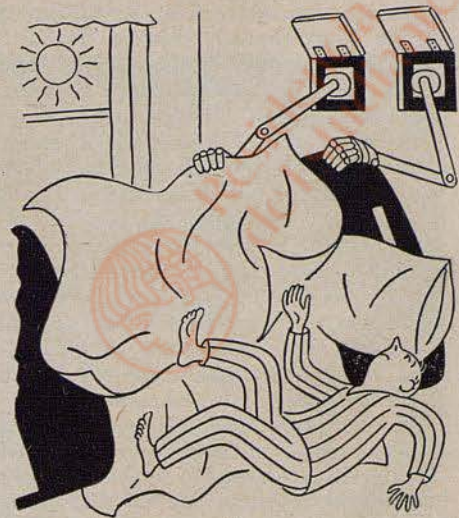
It hasn't come to this yet, but . . .



1.



2.



3.



4.

In fact, we promise that it will *never* come to this at the Hotel Pennsylvania.

But it's all too true that wartime traveling has put a severe strain on our facilities.

Naturally, we'd like to accommodate *all* the guests who want to enjoy Hotel Pennsylvania comforts. But sometimes it is a physical impossibility.

That's why we have worked out a plan we call the "3 Golden Rules for Travelers." Here it is . . . and remember, its success depends on your doing these three things:



- 1—Reserve rooms well in advance, specifying hour of arrival and date of departure.
- 2—Cancel unwanted rooms promptly.
- 3—Release rooms as early as possible on day of departure.

The best feature of this plan is . . . it works! It helps you directly. It helps the other fellow, whose co-operation in turn helps you again. And it helps *us* help *everybody*.

So . . . won't you join the "Golden Rule" Club?

Hectic as things are these days, you'll still find our rooms cheerful, our beds comfortable, our service efficient . . . and our food delicious. (It's amazing what our chefs can do with a book of ration points!)



YOUR DOLLARS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED FOR U. S. WAR BONDS

between Moscow and the Holy See in the solution of Eastern Europe's postwar social and religious problems. . . . The proposals are understood to have been in a memorandum which Kostylev forwarded to the Pope through Palmiro Togliatti, [Italian] Communist (see above) and Alcide de Gaspari, [Italian] Christian Democrat leader."

Promptly the Vatican, which rarely affirms or denies, issued a statement which neither affirmed nor denied: "Nothing is known about the reports . . . of coordinated action between Moscow and the Vatican." Ideological and spiritual differences were irreconcilable, but "it is not impossible to imagine from the practical standpoint that Stalin might at any moment take up a surprise position before which the Vatican must be prepared."

At week's end the Vatican's *Osservatore Romano* took a sharper stand: it denied the Stoneman "rumor." Further, it openly berated the Russians for not aiding the Warsaw Underground (see WORLD BATTLEFRONTS). Said the London *Observer*: "Recent Russian overtures for Vatican friendship have found favor with certain church princes who still dream about Catholic expansion in Russia. The Pope, however, seems for the time being to have decided against reconciliation with Russia, and the fate of Catholic Poland provided his overriding motives."

In Moscow a Soviet official remarked that the Kremlin would gladly cooperate with the Vatican in solving a problem that fills Stalin with concern—"the moral bankruptcy of Europeans."

JAPAN

Iki, Waki

From 176,000 entries the Imperial Rule Assistance Association chose as a slogan to stir Japanese fighting forces now in their eighth year of war: *Iki, Waki, Konki, Sookekki* (spirit, harmony, stamina, total action).

In a war song contest run by Tokyo's *Mainichi Shimbun*, the first prize went to: *Fall apart like the petals of a flower for the Emperor's sake.*

Fall apart and thus turn into a devil to protect our country.

Three thousand years of glorious victory, wherever our great Army exists. There is no looseness in land or massive rocks.

CHINA

Selective Service

One afternoon Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek left his summer villa for a stroll in the countryside. He rounded a bend in the road, stopped short. Ahead of him, a civilian with a gun was herding three men who were roped together.

The Generalissimo cried: "Stop!"

What was going on? Who gave a civilian

permission to carry a gun? The man explained that he was an official of the local *hsien* (county government). He was bringing three army conscripts to fill the *hsien's* quota.

The Generalissimo had heard before about the evils of China's conscription system. Only last spring he had forbidden the roping of conscripts. Now he questioned the roped men. One man said he was a peddler. He had been doing business along the road. An armed gang had pounced on him. Now he was conscripted.

The Generalissimo flew into a rage. The official quailed before one of Chiang's famed tongue-lashings. Finally Chiang ordered the conscripts unroped. Then he stalked home and issued another order—for an investigation.

A few days later Chungking newspapers carried a brief announcement: flaws and defects had been uncovered in the conscription system; until they were corrected, conscription would be suspended in Chungking and vicinity.

Rice Up, Prices Down

The Chinese lost Hengyang (see WORLD BATTLEFRONTS), but last week they had better news than a military victory. For a bumper rice crop—in some provinces the best in 40 years—China's peasants gave thanks to *Lao Tien Yieh*, Old Father Heaven.

In Szechwan alone the grain yield would be at least 250,000,000 piculs (600,-

000,000 bushels), or 40 to 50% above last year. Kansu, Honan, and Shensi had already harvested their biggest wheat crops in 15 years. Yunnan, too, expected a bumper crop. In the great metropolitan collection depots the Government's rat-proof bins bulged with grain piled in wicker baskets twice as high as a man's head. River junks and sampans had to be used for emergency grain storage.

The big crop might prove the salvation of Free China. The price of rice, the Nation's staff of life, fell sharply. Inflation was set back. Other prices, though still 440 times as high as in the far-back days of peace, also fell.

Just as important: this crop would see China through the next year. Long before then, China hoped, the blockade would be broken.

POLAND

Vernichtungslager

Last week the Russian press published the first eye-witness description of a Nazi extermination camp. Wrote Soviet War Correspondent Roman Karmen:

"In the course of all my travels into liberated territory I have never seen a more abominable sight than Maiden, near Lublin, Hitler's notorious *Vernichtungslager* [extermination camp] where more than half a million European men, women and children were massacred. . . . * This was not a concentration camp; it was a gigantic murder plant.

"Save for 1,000 living corpses the Red Army found when it entered, no inmate escaped alive. Yet full trains daily brought thousands from all parts of Europe to be coldly, brutally massacred."

Biggest Crematorium. "In the center of the camp stands a huge stone building with a factory chimney—the world's biggest crematorium. The Germans attempted to burn it but most of it still stands—a grim monument to the Third Reich.

"Groups of 100 people would be brought here to be burned almost alive. They already had been stripped and then chlorinated in special gas chambers adjoining. The gas chambers contained some 250 persons at one time. They were closely packed . . . so that after they suffocated they remained standing. . . . The human cargoes were dumped into a roaring furnace heated to 1,500° Centigrade. . . ."

Human Bone Meal. The victims' charred bones and ashes were moved into an adjoining department where an incredible process went on. These human bones were mechanically pulverized, placed inside large tin cans and shipped back to Germany for fertilizing the fields.

"It is difficult to believe it myself but my eyes cannot deceive me. I see the human bones, lime barrels, chlorine pipes and furnace machinery. I see the enor-

* One of the victims was reported to be France's ex-Premier Léon Blum.



Sovfoto

NAZI MURDER PLANT
A monument to the Third Reich.

Again—the little roads will unlock their magic —



Route 32 along the New Hope Canal . . . Pennsylvania

ONE day when peace returns, you will heed the gypsy call. Then a new Lincoln motor car—the finest and smartest ever to bear the name—will be ready to transport you . . . You may point this car for the sky-hung trails, the far-away towns, or the little roads that cool themselves among the trees. Your new Lincoln—eager and stout of heart—will place them all within easy reach . . . This new car will be engineered by men who speak of precision in millionths of an inch. Its style will again set a new goal for the industry. It will add immeasurably to the Lincoln tradition for advanced design and distinguished transportation.

Nothing could be finer



LINCOLN

A PRODUCT OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY



PEOPLE'S COURT AND THE FIRST VICTIMS*
The mills of the gods ground exceeding small.

Acme, Associated Press

mous dumps of shoes, sandals and slippers in men's, women's and children's sizes bearing the trademarks of a dozen European countries. . . .

"The cremation furnace was running day & night and its chimneys never ceased smoking. The capacity of its five compartments was 1,400 daily. . . . The Germans had begun to build an annex when the Red Army arrived.

"The Russian Army came in time to save the last set of victims earmarked for slaughter."

Pawns

The Big Man in the Kremlin smiled & smiled as the little men in Moscow's old Polish Embassy talked & talked. For two days the Poles from Lublin* called the 1935 constitution fascist, demanded that the London Poles repudiate it, accept the constitution of 1921. For two days the six Poles from London defended the 1935 constitution as the legal basis of their government. If they repudiated it, they would repudiate themselves.

On the second day talk stopped. Off to the plane for Cairo and London dashed Premier Stanislaw Mikolajczyk and his three colleagues. Off to the plane for Lublin dashed the chairman of the Polish Committee for Liberation, Edward Osobka-Morawski, and Boleslaw Berut, president of the National Council (the Moscow-sponsored Polish underground parliament), who in the course of the Moscow negotiations turned out to be the real power among the Lublin Poles.

Poles in London were officially cheerful, unofficially gloomy. They thought they understood the Soviet game: as fast as the London Poles yielded a point, the Russians, through the Lublin Poles, would raise another. But the talks would not break down despite Mikolajczyk's flight to Britain—at least not until after the Russians were well into Germany.

* Temporary seat of the Polish Committee of Liberation.

The Big Man in the Kremlin smiled & smiled.

Tragedy in Warsaw. Meanwhile in Warsaw another tragic act in the Polish drama was ending. The underground revolt against the Germans, led by "General Bor" (see WORLD BATTLEFRONTS), was all but crushed. Through London, General Bor reported: for the past fortnight the Red Army had not pressed the assault on Warsaw. Implication: the Russians had deliberately allowed the Germans to liquidate Warsaw's pro-London patriots.

Screamed the Moscow radio: "A libel on the Soviet High Command. . . . The London Polish circles responsible for the Warsaw uprising made no attempt to co-ordinate the revolt with the Soviet High Command. The responsibility thus lies with the Polish émigré circles in London."



Sovfoto

BOLESLAW BERUT
In Lublin, the real power.

GERMANY

The Wind from Taurroggen

(See Cover)

Near the East Prussian border with Lithuania stood the windmill of Taurroggen. Inside sat a disgusted Prussian general. He was about to commit treason. Across the table sat a Russian general, in command of Russia's forces in the Baltic. The Prussian had orders to take Riga, but he promised the Russians to sit out the war.

His name was Hans David Ludwig Yorck and the date was Dec. 30, 1812. Prussia was an ally of Napoleon at the time. The treasonable document he signed became known as the Convention of Taurroggen after Prussia turned against the Corsican. With the Russian general sat a young Prussian aide, Karl von Clausewitz, author later on of the world's most famous book of military theory, On War. With Yorck sat a Major von Seydlitz. At first, there was talk of court-martial for Yorck, but when Prussia's War of Liberation against Napoleon began, he became a national hero, was made Count von Wartenburg.

Last week among the eight officers hanged by Heinrich Himmler for conspiracy against the Nazis, was Count Yorck von Wartenburg, the patriotic traitor's great-grandson. Yorck von Wartenburg was hanged, among other things, because he was suspected of conspiracy with the head of Moscow's League of German Officers, General Walther von Seydlitz.†

Behind these strange historical coincidences lay profound historic causes. Once more the whole Junker caste had reached

* Colonel General Hoepner, Field Marshal von Witzleben, Major General Stieff.

† This week Seydlitz' former commander, Field Marshal Friedrich von Paulus, silent since his capture at Stalingrad, declared: "The war is lost for Germany. . . . Because of the state and military leadership of Hitler . . . the war has been transformed into a senseless bloodshed."



Buy War Bonds — to Have and to Hold

The story behind the Boeing Superfortress

Remember back to January, 1940? The war in Europe was not yet five months old and war with Japan still two years away, but the U. S. Army Air Forces even then determined they must have an airplane *that would carry a heavier bomb load farther, faster and higher than any the world had ever known.*

Leading aircraft companies were invited to submit designs.

In February, thirty days before Hitler invaded the Low Countries, the Army radically increased its specifications. Those new requirements made the design problems still more difficult. But Boeing—with its unequalled background of 4-engine experience in building such planes as the Flying Fortress,

the Stratoliner and transocean Clippers—was in the best position to solve them.

Wind-tunnel tests of the Boeing model so impressed the Army that Boeing was authorized to build three experimental airplanes. And then—even before the first of these had been completed and flight tested—the Air Forces decided that this was the world's number one bomber! Quantity production was ordered—one of the greatest manufacturing programs ever put behind any weapon of war. This program eventually included the Bell and Martin plants as well as three Boeing plants and literally hundreds of sub-contractors.

This placed upon Boeing a tremendous responsibility, not only in successfully

engineering the design but also getting it into production.

A master plan had to be created . . . factories built . . . new tools designed . . . co-ordination of production arranged in all participating plants.

So sound was the basic design that not one major change had to be made when actual flight tests got under way. And approximately a year and a half later the first production models were bombing Japan.

Superfortresses are taking their place along with the famous Flying Fortresses in Boeing's effort to provide the Army's great bombing crews with the best possible airplanes to accomplish their hazardous and important missions.

the windmill at Tauroggen. Once more the *Junker*, whose whole justification for being was their embodiment of the Prussian state, faced an age-old conflict—Prussia v. Russia, patrician v. plebeian, military honor v. treason.

By & large the *Junker* were perhaps the most able, intelligent and disciplined single group of men on the continent of Europe. Certainly they were the most ruthless, tough-minded, cold-blooded. They needed to be. For never before had their caste so squarely faced the prospect of extermination.

They had abused their historic function as guiding intelligence of the German people by subjecting it to that evil thing—Nazi totalitarianism. The Frankenstein they had helped to power, their police spy in the absurd trench coat, Adolf Hitler, had at last split their solid ranks.

The man who embodied their great tradition and their desperate dilemma was the man who indicted Yorck von Wartenburg and his seven gallows-mates for treason against the Third Reich and conspiracy to assassinate Adolf Hitler—Field Marshal Karl Rudolf Gerd von Rundstedt.

Judge of His Peers. No man had a better training for sitting in judgement on Germany's ruling class than Gerd von Rundstedt. The Rundstedts had been lords in the *Altmark* of Brandenburg since at least 1123. Rundstedt's father was a Prussian major general, his grandfather a major, his great-grandfather a lieutenant colonel.

From his birth Gerd von Rundstedt was destined for the army. Before he tired of playing with lead soldiers, under his father's approving eye, he found him-



YORCK VON WARTENBURG
Prussia v. Russia, Honor v. Treason.

self a freshman in the cadet school at Oranienstein. There and at Gross-Lichterfelde, the wiry, chilly stripling learned the code of selfless devotion to duty and class. At 17, Rundstedt became a lieutenant.

When World War I began, Rundstedt was a captain in command of a company, led his men "with great distinction" in small engagements in the Vosges. By November 1914, he was a major and back with the General Staff, the heart and mind of the German Army. There he stayed for the rest of the war, serving on the Russian front, in Turkey and under the Crown Prince at Verdun. The Crown Prince's memoirs call Rundstedt balanced, calm, efficient. Against Pétain at Verdun the Crown Prince and his staff vainly hurled half a million men, and probably lost the war. Much later, in November 1942, Rundstedt was to have the pleasure of telling Marshal Pétain that he was taking over all of France.

When Germany collapsed, Rundstedt was included in the brilliant little band of officers whom brilliant General Hans von Seeckt had chosen to rebuild the *Reichswehr*. Like most *Junker*, Rundstedt looked cross-eyed at the Weimar Republic, but he said little. Instead, he spent his time studying the true causes of Germany's defeat, concluded that the Allies' economic resources had been too much for Germany.

The Soldier v. Politicians. In 1923 the workers of Thuringia attempted to set up a Communist regime. Colonel Rundstedt acted with vigor: *Reichswehr* machine guns put down the Communists.

In 1932 his good friend, Kurt von Schleicher, Germany's most political general, gave Rundstedt a boost up the ladder

making him commander of Group Command I (Berlin). As such he arrested Prussia's Socialist President Braun and Interior Minister Karl Severing, on the orders of wily Franz von Papen, who became Chancellor after Heinrich Brüning had failed to save the Republic. Rundstedt told the people of Berlin that he would be "as mild as possible" if his wishes were obeyed. The people obeyed.

Having jailed Prussians of the legitimate Government, Rundstedt joined the anti-Papen clique, helped make his old friend Schleicher Chancellor. The generals hoped to inaugurate a blissful period of Army rule. But the little man in the trench coat, now the adored leader of faceless millions, was waiting for the generals at history's crossroads. Schleicher lasted 60 days. Then Adolf Hitler surged into office. The Third Reich became a fact. Rundstedt, who had never troubled to conceal his patrician contempt for Hitler and the Nazis, often spoke of Storm Troopers as "brown filth."* But he now stopped his visible political dabbling, concentrated on German rearmament.

During Hitler's Blood Purge, Rundstedt said nothing when the Nazis murdered Schleicher and his wife, disposed of Roehm and those who thought the Army should knuckle under to the Storm Troopers. The purge of the Storm Troopers was the price that Hitler paid for the *Wehrmacht's* alliance. Silence was the price the *Junker* paid for Hitler's services.

The Marshal. In 1939 Rundstedt captured Warsaw. Next year he won a marshal's baton for his masterly conduct of

* Hitler himself once confided to Hermann Rauschning that the Brown Shirts were bandy-legged incompetent rabble.



GÖRING & HIMMLER.
Waiting at history's crossroads.



RUNDSTEDT & FÜHRER
Had the plebeian conquered?

Simple idea



ALL Sister did was to fold back a piece of paper, pin it to a stick, and blow on it. It whirled — and fast!

Sure, it's a simple idea. But General Motors engineers, always plugging away at making more and better things for more people, found the germ of a new transmission in an idea just as simple.

And the Tank Corps is using it right now.

Here's what happened. A husky steel fan was fashioned that forced oil against another fan facing it. That fan whirled, just like Sister's whirling. And around this principle, they built a silky, simple power drive that brought the goal of completely automatic gearshifting a lot nearer.

Then Pearl Harbor. And squat tanks

began flowing off the assembly lines instead of smart automobiles. It looked like the end of the new transmission.

But when new tank models came up for design, General Motors engineers saw an opportunity to ease the tank driver's battle problems.

They reached back into their peacetime experience with Hydramatic Drive — developed for your own driving convenience, mind you — and came up with a completely automatic transmission for tanks.

Now our light tanks are more agile, more nimble. And a driver can concentrate on pillboxes or machine-gun nests, or whatever is his problem for the moment.

Here's a useful wartime plus that stems right out of the everlasting American drive toward betterment.

Such original efforts are made because men in this country know that just rewards await them for real enterprise.

It's an idea that helped make life in prewar America very much worth living. It has aided our country greatly in war. And it will continue to provide more and better things for more people in the years ahead.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK
CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE
GMC TRUCK AND COACH

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

KEEP AMERICA STRONG

Buy War Bonds



Its Limited Production Assures Unlimited Enjoyment



The unlimited enjoyment there is in every drop of Mount Vernon comes largely from the fact that Mount Vernon itself is distilled in limited quantities. That gives us ample time for extra-careful handling in production. Then, after production, Mount Vernon is laid away in wood an extra-long time for bringing to full flower the smooth and delicate taste so highly prized by Mount Vernon's host of friends. Generations of particular palates have learned to expect much from this patrician among American ryes. And it has never let them down in quality or character. Why not make Mount Vernon your next "discovery"?

Mount Vernon

BRAND



Bottled in Bond... 100 Proof • This Whiskey is 5 Years, 4 Months Old
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

the breakthrough at Sedan and the subsequent race to the English Channel.

When the invasion of Russia began, Rundstedt received command of an Army Group. His job was to overrun the Ukraine, and he did his job better than either of his colleagues in the center and the north. When winter came and a disappointed Hitler assumed direction of the war, Rundstedt was hustled off to France to prepare for possible British invasion. For two years he built his fortifications and trained his none-too-ample forces. He stopped the Dieppe raid. He failed to stop the invasion of Normandy. He also disagreed sharply with Hitler's favorite Rommel, was relieved of his command one month after D-day.

Rumors began to fly. Rundstedt was ill. He was well but under house arrest. He had sent his trusted aide, Lieut. Colonel von Harbour, to Lisbon to deal with Allied

destruction of the *Wehrmacht* if Germany was defeated, observers found it easy to credit whispered stories that Germany's No. 1 soldier was no longer loyal to Hitler. Once again, a strong wind was blowing from Tauroggen.

But the mills of the gods were grinding exceedingly small. This time the *Junker* conspirators had underestimated the striking power and cunning of the little man in the trench coat.

The Executioner. "I make use of the ruling class," Hitler had shouted at Hermann Rauschning long ago. "I keep them in fear and dependence. I am confident that I shall have no more willing helpers. And if they become refractory, I can resort to the ancient, classical method and . . . kill off the former ruling class."

Stauffenberg's bomb was no time bomb, but it dinned into Adolf Hitler's ears what time it was on history's relentless



HITLER & SS OFFICERS
It was time for terror.

Associated Press

diplomats. The SS had caught and shot Harbour. Rundstedt had lost all hope of winning the war, had made contact with General von Seydlitz and Moscow's League of German Officers. But rumors about Rundstedt were nothing new.

Last week the Nazis said that Stauffenberg first took a bomb in Hitler's conference room the day that Rundstedt relinquished his command, but left again without exploding it. Had the *Junker* taken Rundstedt's removal as a signal that the time had come to strike against the Nazis? Three months ago Allied intelligence officers had heard reports of a *Wehrmacht* coup in the making. Rumors linked Rundstedt's name with men like Finance Wizard Hjalmar Schacht, onetime Foreign Minister Constantin von Neurath, Baron von Weizsäcker, Ambassador to the Vatican, former *Oberbürgermeister* Karl Goerdeler of Leipzig and numerous less well-known diplomatic, industrial and old-time Government figures.

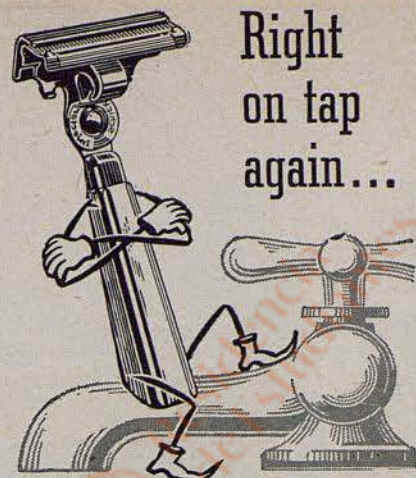
In the light of Rundstedt's known dislike for: 1) the Nazis; 2) intuitive civilian direction of the war; 3) the risk of the

clock. The *Junker* felt that opportunism, the chief bond between them and Nazism now bound them to depose Hitler. For the time being Hitler restored the bond by a number of judicious hangings.

Hitler set up the Court of Honor to indict the *Wehrmacht* conspirators, used his People's Court to degrade the indicted by a civilian trial. With a mocking bow to the Army, Hitler named Rundstedt to a seat on the Court of Honor. The plebeian was still using the patrician.

Did Rundstedt send Field Marshal von Witzleben, Colonel General Erich Hoepner, Major General Helmuth Stieff, Count Yorck von Wartenburg and the others to the gallows because he had no choice? Did he hope to shield other *Wehrmacht* generals by acting as the grand inquisitor?

When known, the answers to these questions will form an interesting page of history. But they do not alter the fact that the *Junker* and the Nazis are both very close to the end of their respective ropes. Nor the fact that Germany is now a land divided against itself—although still held together by the frame of the gallows.



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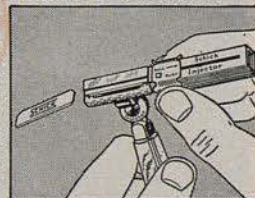
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Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport 1, Conn.

Mellowing Modernism

The best U.S. modern architecture of the past dozen years—that is the material of a book on sale last week at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art. *Built in U.S.A.—1932-1944* (\$3) reviews handsomely in pictures and text 47 structures from homes to bridges, and suggests good news for people who have been afraid that modern architecture was always going to look like so many perforated white shoeboxes.

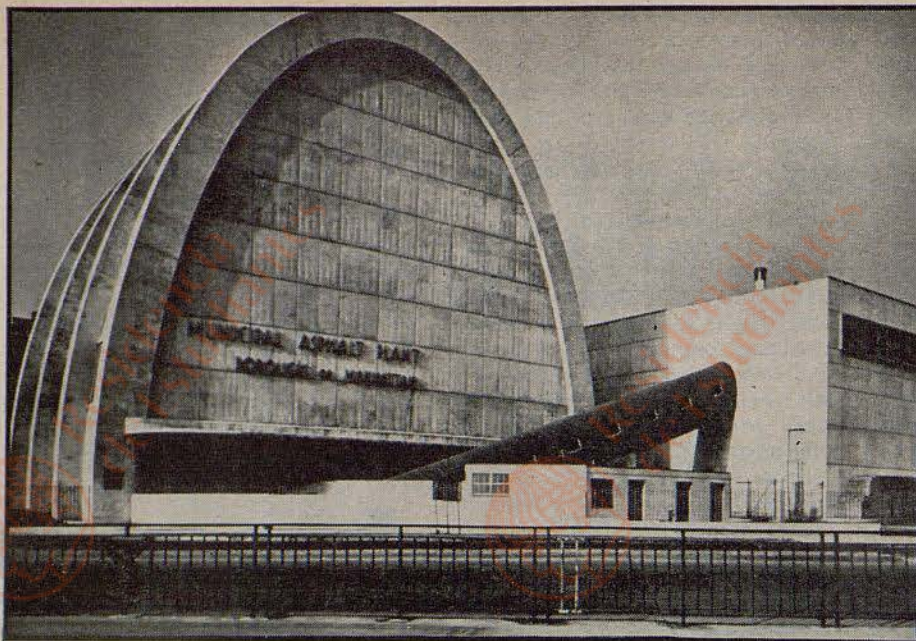
Most U.S. modernists still revere and follow in basic principles the European pioneers of the early '20s—Gropius, Oud, Le Corbusier, Miës van der Rohe. But younger architects no longer make a fetish of pure functionalism (following Le Corbusier's dictum "a house is a machine for living") and the ruthless exclusion of all ornament. While they pay close attention to the purposes of their buildings and are inclined to let structural forms speak for themselves, they are concerned about the grace of their designs. All this can be clearly seen in three of the book's examples:

¶ New York City's Municipal Asphalt Plant (see cut), exterior designed by Manhattan's Ely Jacques Kahn and Robert Allan Jacobs, once inspired the city's terrible-tempered Park Commissioner Robert Moses to remark: "Horrible modernistic stuff . . . what could be worse?" But it is doubtful whether many New Yorkers will long feel that way about a building whose flowing, oval contours harmonize so well with the serpentine East River Drive on which it stands.

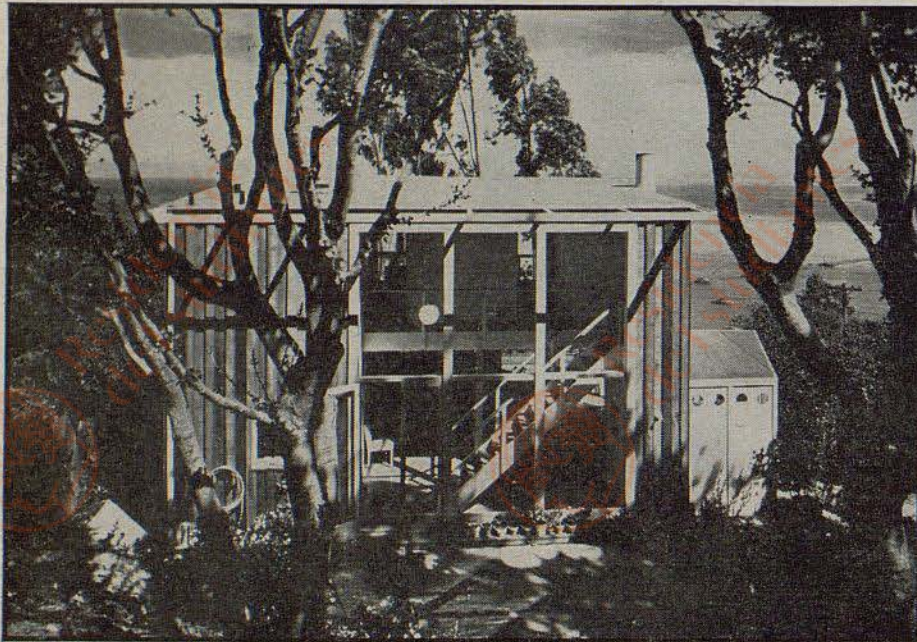
¶ The house of L. D. Owens in Sausalito, Calif. (see cut), designed by San Francisco's Gardner A. Dailey, is a fine example of the flourishing California school of modernists. A modest wooden structure, it is planned "like a wide-angle camera" to take utmost advantage of the frequently befogged Sausalito daylight, has clear glass over half its front and rear elevations.

¶ The Lake County Tuberculosis Sanatorium of Waukegan, Ill. (see cut), designed by Chicago's William A. Ganster and William L. Pereira, is a serene, streamlined, shiplike structure of reinforced concrete, with broad sunlit decks where beds are rolled from the patients' glass-walled rooms.

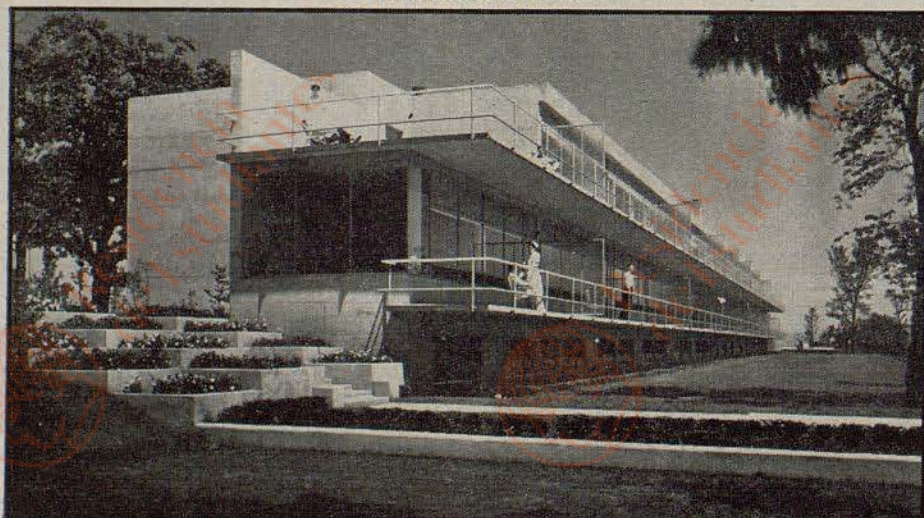
If *Built in U.S.A.* is an argument for the clean beauty and intelligence of modern architecture, it also makes obvious how much a luxury good modernism remains. Many of the buildings in the book are obviously pleasure domes of great expense. All of the buildings imply the services of a modern architect, beyond the reach of ordinary pocketbooks except in the case of a few new low-cost housing developments. Modern architecture for the general public still waits for public taste to demand it from reactionary building contractors and building-trade unions.



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What was Ignace Paderewski's secret of relaxation? Peace and quiet? Quite the contrary.

His country home was a bedlam. Paderewski loved pets—and noisy ones, it seems. The screeching tropical birds and yapping dogs he kept on his estate actually soothed him. Their clamor calmed his nerves, helped him

relax, and stimulated him to return refreshed to his work.

Fortunately, Americans today have the same shrewd understanding that one relaxed moment helps you work and fight harder. When they take time out, they reach for a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola. For a lift and a fresh start, they prefer Royal Crown Cola because—*Royal Crown Cola is best by taste-test!*

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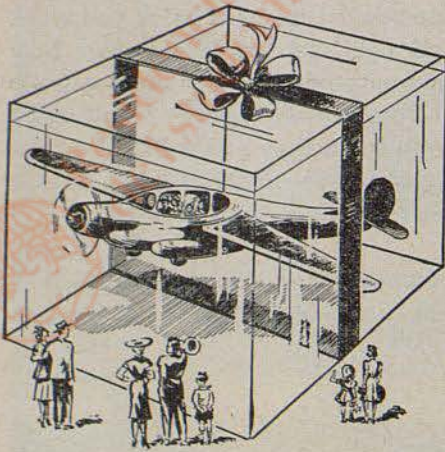
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PEOPLE

Victims

Adolf Hitler's name was prominent—said radio reports—on leaflets secretly distributed throughout Germany. They offered ten marks (40¢) for Hitler's capture, were signed Karl Goerdeler (*see FOREIGN NEWS*)—the fugitive mayor of Leipzig, on whose head after the recent anti-Nazi bomb plot the Gestapo set a price of 1,000,000 marks.

Henry Morgenthau was reported by Berlin radio to have stolen the great Bayeux Tapestry, the 231-foot masterpiece showing the Norman invaders, during the Secretary's recent visit to Normandy—thus adding the charge of libel to those for which Germany's war criminals may be tried.

Sir Howard Walter Florey, thin-lipped, bespectacled, Australian-born half of the famed Florey-Fleming penicillin team, after twelve days at Manhattan's Ritz-Carlton was caught by a reporter, ejaculated: "It is not my practice to be interviewed by the press. I'd much rather be let alone."

Pfc. Alton W. Knappenberger, 20 years old, 120 lbs., who knocked off 60 Nazis on the Anzio beachhead, arrived practically broke in his home town, Spring Mount, Pa. Explained the Congressional medalist: "I saved up \$150. . . . Then while I was in Naples a pickpocket took it all. The people there are pretty hard up."

Vince Di Maggio (batting average: .264), slick-haired, outfielding elder brother of peacetime Yankee Outfielder Sergeant Joe, vigorously ignored the \$4.50-a-day meal ticket allowed to Pittsburgh Pirates on the road. In a single Philadelphia sitting he ate \$9.97 worth, charged it to the club. Possessor of a priceless 4-F rating (for stomach ulcers), he dared the Pittsburgh management: "If you think I eat too much, trade me."

Herbert George Wells, in a fit of Blimp-like indignation, haled his landlord, Lieut. Colonel Sir Thomas Moore, M.P., into court, got him fined \$29. Reason: over the doorway of the building where Wells lives, Sir Thomas had posted a large sign for a Salvation Army Service Club on the premises. Fumed the novelist: "[I am] entirely hostile to this needless cheapening of one of the best sites in London." Fumed the M.P. (who refused to tear down the sign): "They may prosecute me again. . . . I shall bring the matter up in Parliament."

Seers

Lieut. General Mark Clark, fighting forward in Italy with his Fifth Army, disclosed his peacetime ambition: to retire to Puget Sound's Camano Island and "fish for the rest of my life."

Vice Admiral Marc A. Mitscher, wizened, air-wise, U.S. Navy carrier task-force commander in the Pacific, got a Navy bronze star at his advance base in

the Marshalls from CINCPAC Admiral Chester W. Nimitz. Said Nimitz: "Ninety-one years ago a naval officer opened up the ports of Japan, and now another officer is doing his damndest to close them."

Winston Churchill was quoted by Columnist Hannen Swaffer in the London *Herald* as remarking at a dinner party: "There will soon come a time when the sands will run out and I shall pay a little visit to the country to write a few notes on the events of the past five years."

Artists

Henry Berger (1844-1929), Prussian leader of the Royal Hawaiian Band for over 30 years, received 100th-anniversary honors in Honolulu. Of the four Hawaiian



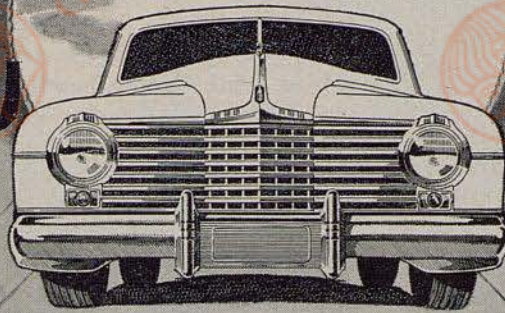
Harris & Ewing

SECRETARY MORGENTHAU
The war criminals are after him.

monarchs Berger served, the most enthusiastic was King Lunalilo. As his first kingly act, following coronation services in Kawaiahao Church, Lunalilo said to his bandmaster: "Now, Berger, I am King and I am going to play the bass drum. . . . We are going to march around the palace three times and all you fellows who expect to hold your jobs tomorrow will fall in behind." After three turns around the palace, Berger clicked his heels, bowed, took away the drum and announced: "Your Majesty, you're drunk."

Victor Mature, No. 1 Coast Guard showpiece, now touring the U.S. in *Tars and Spars*, admitted he had given up hope regarding his onetime fiancée, Mrs. Orson Welles (Rita Hayworth). Moaned he: "The guy married her while I was at sea. What could I do? I'm still heartbroken. . . . I got another girl in Hollywood. . . . I'm madly in love with her. . . . I don't know her last name."

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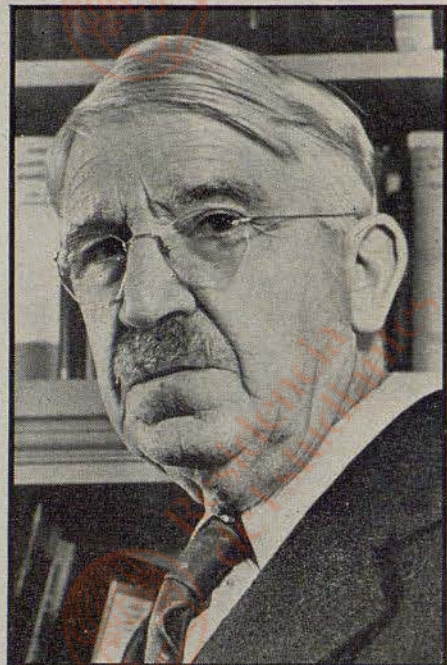
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EDUCATION

Dewey Stands Firm

Unruffled by blasts from Buenos Aires' Luna Park and the University of Chicago's Midway, unshaken by waverings and defections in the ranks of his own followers, John Dewey at 84 stands rock-firm in his conviction that only through scientific inquiry can man become educated and thus free.

In authoritarian Buenos Aires last week one Jordan Bruno Genta, slim, bespectacled director of the new Teachers' School, addressed 25,000 teachers who had been required to attend on threat of dismissal. They listened glumly as he cried: "The



Eric Schaal-Pix

JOHN DEWEY
Is Bob Hutchins illiterate?

pernicious influence of John Dewey . . . must be eradicated from Argentina's schools. . . . The progressive school must be replaced by the traditional school."

In Manhattan last March the Progressive Education Association, founded 25 years ago on John Dewey's doctrines, changed its name to American Education Fellowship. A shrinking membership and the antics of its lunatic fringe had been too much for it.

From the University of Chicago and elsewhere among the fellow spirits of Robert Maynard Hutchins has come a steady attack on the clutter of "undisciplined" schools and "practical" courses sprung up in Dewey's name, a steady insistence that U.S. education return to the fundamental wisdom of the "best books."

But writing in *FORTUNE* for August, Philosopher Dewey talks back. He calls the neo-scholastics of the Hutchins school "historical illiterates." In harking back to Greek and medieval ideals of education, says he, they forget that Greek liberal



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education was not only founded on first-hand observation but was also reserved for the relatively small class of free men whose leisure was made possible by the vocational skills of their slaves.

Reliance on ancient wisdom was the trademark of the Middle Ages. It was the only education possible for a continent which had forgotten science and was just emerging from a state of barbarism.

Today, writes Dewey, "the attempt to re-establish linguistic skills and materials as the center of education, and to do it under the guise of 'education for freedom' or a 'liberal' education is directly opposed to all that democratic countries cherish as freedom. The idea that an adequate education of any kind can be obtained by means of a miscellaneous assortment of a hundred books, more or less, is laughable when viewed practically. A five-foot bookshelf for adults, to be read, reread, and digested at leisure throughout a lifetime, is one thing. Crowded into four years and dealt out in fixed doses, it is quite another thing. In theory and basic aim, however, it is not funny. For it marks a departure from what is sound in the Greek view of knowledge as a product of intelligence exercised at first hand. It marks reversion to the medieval view of dependence upon the final authority of what others have found out—or supposed they had found out—and without the historical grounds that gave reason to the scholars of the Middle Ages."

Educator Dewey readily admits that present educational practice and thinking are sadly awry. "Some of us . . . agree that the present system (if it may be called a system) is so lacking in unity of aim, material, and method as to be something of a patchwork. . . . We agree that we are uncertain as to where we are going and where we want to go, and why we are doing what we do."

But the cure for confusion, he declares, is not to fall back into the arms of the ancients. "The problem of going ahead instead of going back is . . . a problem of liberalizing our technical and vocational education. The average worker has little or no awareness of the scientific processes embodied in the work he carries on. What he does is often to him routine and mechanical. To this extent the diagnosis the critics make of present vocational education is correct in too many cases. But their reactionary remedy involves fixation of just that which is bad in the present system. Instead of seeking an education that would make all who go to school aware of the scientific basis of industrial processes, they would draw the lines still more sharply between those who receive a vocational training, deliberately kept illiberal, and the much smaller number who enjoy a liberal education—after the Greek literary model. A truly liberal, and liberating, education would refuse today to isolate vocational training on any of its levels from a continuous education in the social, moral, and scientific contexts within which wisely administered callings and professions must function."



No Wonder the Japs are *Amazed!*

The Japs are reported to have confessed their amazement at America's ability to arm herself. They could not comprehend the ability of a free country to convert its vast facilities to war production in so short a time.

A good example of what they couldn't foresee was the ease and the rapidity with which Army Ordnance, working in cooperation with Cadillac engineers, could adapt the Cadillac V-type, eight-cylinder engine and Hydra-Matic transmission for use in high-speed tanks.

The Allison engine offers yet another example.

This famous liquid-cooled aircraft engine was no secret to the enemy. But they did not realize the latent possibilities of putting its precision mechanism into mass production. It did not occur to them, for instance, that Cadillac—so long organized for painstaking production of peacetime quality products—could turn so quickly to *volume* output of so many of the Allison precision-made parts.

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Cool Helen

A woman took two out of five major titles at the 18th annual summer championships of the American Contract Bridge League: in the world championship master teams-of-four, the U.S. mixed teams-of-four.

Of the 40 U.S. contract-bridge experts who are Life Masters,* only five are women. But the double winner of last week, Helen Sobel, who became a Life Master in 1940, is rated the best tournament player of all.

The wartime manpower shortage has little if anything to do with the supremacy of Helen Sobel. Eleven Life Masters are now in uniform, but the championship sessions at Manhattan's Hotel Astor showed a better quality of play than in prewar years. (It also set four new attendance records—daily average, 100 tables.) The Culbertson system, basis of all contract bidding, has been modified, streamlined and so vastly improved that oldtime experts are hard put to keep up with the latest bidding methods (the opening two-bid, once the strongest forcing call, is now used as a weak bid by most of the experts, because so few hands have enough honor count to warrant its use). With the changes many new players have reached top rank. The three most promising: 29-year-old Peter Leventritt of New York City, made a Life Master in 1943, who won last week's world-championship master pairs; George Rapee, bush-haired son of Radio City Music Hall Conductor Erno Rapee, and a Senior Master, who won the 1944 individual world championship; Pfc. John Crawford of Philadelphia, who, when he was 25, became the youngest Life Master.

But the best players by & large are those who apply new bidding methods to years of bidding skill. Year in & year out, Life Masters Charles Goren, Howard Schencken, Sidney Silodor, Waldemar von Zedwitz and B. Jay Becker dominate the tournament-bridge world.

Better Half. Midway between being an old and newtimer is Helen Sobel. She is a tiny, chic, 34-year-old blonde who looks like Gertrude Lawrence, always wears blue rimmed glasses because of severe myopia. Last week she increased her lead in the race for the William E. McKenney Trophy, awarded to the year's top scorer of masters points. She won the cup in 1941 and 1942, lost it last year to her favorite bridge partner, Charles H. Goren. This year her prospects look good again—she has 194 points, 22 points ahead of her closest rival, George Rapee.

She was a professional dancer, Helen Martin, twelve years ago, when she met

Alexander M. Sobel, who taught her the intricacies of duplicate. Result: within two years she won her first championship match (U.S. women's pairs); within five years she married Sobel. He soon acknowledged himself worsted, gave up tournament play and turned his attention to revising bridge laws and to his job as executive tournament manager of the American Contract Bridge League. Once a year, handsome, jovial Al Sobel plays with Mrs. Sobel in the New York City married-couples match, for the Mr. & Mrs. A. M.



HELEN SOBEL & OPPONENTS*
She hates to teach it or write about it.

Eileen Darby-Graphic House

Sobel trophy. In 1943, out of 40 teams, the donors finished seventh.

Helen Sobel makes no money out of tournament bridge. A.C.B.L. matches prohibit betting and cash awards. Many an expert earns his keep by playing rubber bridge. Mrs. Sobel usually plays at Manhattan's Cavendish Club. She hates to teach bridge, and seldom does. She also hates to write about bridge, lets Al do it.

Derby on the Delta

The country's swankest mule race was held a fortnight ago at Greenwood, Miss. Five thousand Delta planters and cotton pickers packed the American Legion ball park for the fourth annual running of the event. The card consisted of five heats and a sweepstakes. Stubborn Delta plow mules, bedecked for superstition's sake with turkey feathers, squirrel tails and paper festoons, were mounted by Negro plowboys in overalls and gaudy silk shirts. Proceeds were earmarked for Mississippi's underprivileged preschool children.

The armed truce that exists between mules and plowboys during the long cotton-growing season was broken for one day only. The jockeys rode bareback (or muleback as Deltans say) with the assistance of knees, heels, hands and profanity. What the mules lacked in speed they made up for in mulishness. They balked, wheeled, vaulted over fences, ran countertrackwise. The crowd howled with delight and kept pulling at its corn.

Excitement was high as the gun sounded for the sweepstakes. Little Joe, with ebony-skinned Flash Gordon up, took a clumping lead at a dizzy 15 m.p.h. He had the championship almost won when instinct told him to make a dash for the feed box.

This enabled rawboned Pippin, Jockey Cal (for Carroll County) up, to claim title as the fastest mule in the Delta country.

The annual U.S. harness-racing classic, the Hambletonian (TIME, Aug. 23, 1943), was also held last week, at Goshen, N.Y. As usual, a sign hung in front of the county jail reading: "Welcome Horsemen." The race brought out what the black-dirt farmers of Orange County called a "mid-dlin' crop of three-year-olds." The favorite was Yankee Maid, owned by Arch L. Derby of Wichita, Kans., first horse from west of the Mississippi ever to win the event. She won as expected. Her fastest time over the mile course was 2:04.

The payoff on this unexciting Hambletonian was that one day later, Darnley, a four-year-old owned by Aaron Williams of Corning, N.Y., trotted the distance in 1:59½ for the fastest competitive mile ever recorded on the Goshen track.

* William Levin & B. Jay Becker.

* The American Contract Bridge League has five tournament ratings: 1) Junior Master (1 to 9 master points); 2) Master (10 to 24); 3) National Master (25 to 149); 4) Senior Master (150 to 299); Life Master (over 300).

THE PRESS

Teddy Bear's Father

To the white-haired, windsor-tied dean of U.S. political cartoonists last week came a crowning honor: the Library of Congress asked Clifford Kennedy Berryman, 75, for 2,000 of his originals to be housed as a permanent record of the last half-century of U.S. politics.

In his cluttered cubbyhole off the city room of the Washington *Star*, spry, ruddy Cliff Berryman began the job of arranging the 2,000 in order. Many of the estimated 40,000 he has drawn are scattered. Presidents from McKinley to Franklin Roosevelt, lesser statesmen, tycoons have befriended him, complimented him, collected his originals—which he gives away for the asking, never sells. Though never syndicated, his cartoons have been widely reprinted. Fellow craftsmen dedicated their cartoons to him on his 70th birthday. This year his cartoon "But Where Is the Boat Going?"—showing Congress, the President, McNutt, Hershey, Lewis, Green and Murray at sea in a "manpower" lifeboat, won the Pulitzer Prize.

But by far the most famed was one he drew in 1902 after hearing that Teddy Roosevelt, at the end of a bagless hunting trip in Mississippi, had refused to shoot a scrawny cub dragged into camp on a rope by two sympathetic Negroes. The "Teddy bear" he drew (*see cut*) passed into the national folklore, appeared in prose, verse, stage dialogue, political debate, persists as the toy bear which supplanted woolly lambs in the arms of children.

Kentucky-born Cliff Berryman went to Washington when he was 17, as a protégé of Kentucky's Senator Joe Blackburn who had admired his youthful talent. Earning his living as patent office messenger, he got his art education "for 20¢ a week" by copying the political cartoons in *Puck* and



Berryman-Washington Evening Star
BIRTH OF THE TEDDY BEAR (1902)
The tubby cub supplanted woolly lambs.

56

TIME, AUGUST 21, 1944

HERE'S A
HANDFUL OF
EFFICIENCY!

Easy-going Ticonderogas keep morale up and tempers down. They write smoothly, rapidly, legibly. Glide like a breeze through piles of work. Notice their strong well-centered leads, their wobble-proof erasers in plastic ferrules. As one thrifty buyer to another, buy Ticonderogas—the quality pencil for quality work.

LOOK FOR THE
GREEN PLASTIC FERRULE
WITH THE
DOUBLE YELLOW STRIPES

Demand the fine American pencil
with the fine American name

TICONDEROGA

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 6-J8, Jersey City 3, N. J.

Widmer's vintage wines are produced and bottled at the winery on the sunny slopes of Naples Valley... a region famed for its superior wine grapes.

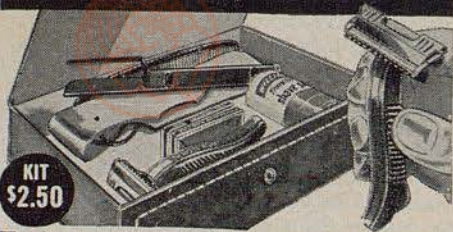
For more than 30 years our Neapolitan Label has distinguished our premium selections—the finest wines ever to bear the Widmer name.

NEW YORK STATE
WIDMER'S WINES
and Vermouths

Vintners of Fine Wines Since 1888
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, Inc., NAPLES, N.Y.



GET THIS ENDERS KIT AND
GET EASIER SHAVES



Here's streamlined shaving... smooth, fast, simpler than you ever dreamed shaving could be. Cushioned blade action, new type one-piece razor head, scientific balance—these assure you effortless, feather-touch shaves. Blade clicks into razor instantly like magic. Nothing to take apart. Quick, easy shaves from start to finish! Kit includes razor, 10 blades, soap, comb and STROP for "new-blade" smoothness every shave. Switch to easier shaving.

Mail \$2.50 direct, if not available at dealers. Money back guarantee. Strop alone \$1.00.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. F MYSTIC, CONN.



SOMEBODY
TALKED!

Loose talk costs
lives... Keep working
...Keep mum.

hotel **Wennox** St. Louis
EVERY ROOM AIR-CONDITIONED • NOISEPROOFED



CLIFFORD & JAMES BERRYMAN
Father wants some new faces.

Judge. He sold his first cartoon to the *Washington Post* in 1889, got a regular job there two years later. In 1907 he switched to the *Star*, where his daily front-page cartoon remained a Washington landmark until 1935.

When he fell seriously ill that year his sports-cartoonist son Jim, then 33, filled in for him. Now father & son share the front-page spot, Cliff four times a week, Jim three. Few readers can tell their work apart. So far as they know, they are the only father-son team in U.S. cartoon history.

Nonpartisan, Cliff Berryman has gone along easily with his paper's editorial policies, taken his fun in satirizing politicians' quirks and conceits. But of Franklin Roosevelt he says wistfully:

"It looks as if that man's in for good. My politics are this—I'd like to see some new faces to draw. I've had Madame Perkins and Harry Hopkins for a long time. I could draw them standing on my head. I'd like to draw Dewey with his teeth and little black mustache, instead of Roosevelt and his cigaret. If I have to work till I'm 90, I'd like to outlast that fellow and draw some new faces."

Testimonial

In the lower left corner of page 17 of the *Cleveland News* appeared a two-column patent medicine testimonial from a Mr. Alexander Kellough, of 2508 Morris Black Place, who rejoiced to find himself now rid of backache, insomnia, sour stomach and gas pains, and enthusiastically concluded: "Giljan is a wonderful medicine. Any person with trouble such as mine should lose no time in taking it."

In column seven of the same page appeared a briefer notice: "Kellough, Alexander . . . passed away at late residence, 2508 Morris Black Place, Wednesday morning."

TIME, AUGUST 21, 1944



"You say the boys don't even stop for lunch
since you air conditioned the plant?"

Exaggeration? Well of course it is. But it's a known fact that air conditioning in our war plants really has worked wonders. It has helped get more work done . . . better . . . quicker.

That's the story in most air conditioned war plants throughout the country. Records prove it. And thousands of men and women who work in these plants prove another point: air conditioning makes the big difference. It increases comfort . . . safeguards health . . . promotes morale . . . boosts production.

It's no news that air conditioning is out of the luxury class. In fact, it has become a business asset. War plants with year-round conditioning are just the beginning. People who

have worked in them are going to want air conditioning not only in post-war plants and offices, but in hotels, restaurants, stores, clubs, schools. And thousands of families will want it in their own homes, too.

Today, of course, almost all air conditioning equipment—and the "Freon" safe refrigerants used in it—is going into essential war projects. But soon there will be more "Freon" available to meet current needs. When the war is over, a plentiful supply will be available for new and improved air conditioning systems . . . quick-freezing units . . . refrigerators and many other postwar developments. Kinetic Chemicals, Inc., Tenth and Market Streets, Wilmington, Delaware.



FREON

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

safe refrigerants

... used in most refrigerators and air conditioning systems

"FREON" IS KINETIC'S REGISTERED TRADE MARK FOR ITS FLUORINE REFRIGERANTS

THE NATIONWIDE

VERDICT...



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

Famous **OLD FORESTER**
America's Guest Whisky

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO., INC.
at LOUISVILLE in KENTUCKY

MEDICINE

Tonsil Blitz

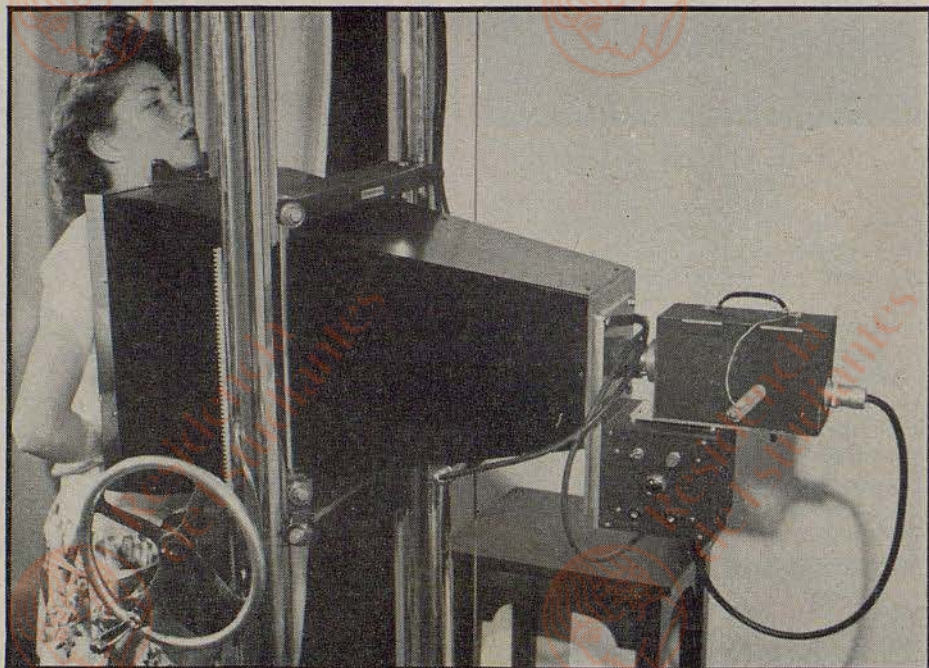
Some 400 grinning natives greeted the three Washington specialists (a nose-&-throat man, an internist, a dentist). They had arrived in the Pribilof Islands, north of the Aleutians, for a quick checkup on the health of the seal hunters, who are wards of the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service. The doctors found the Aleuts in generally excellent health. But they were shocked when Aleut children opened their mouths. Their teeth were bad (the dentist promptly took samples of their drinking water for analysis). Their tonsils were worse.

Dr. William Arthur Morgan, head of

Photographic Reconnaissance

The biggest offensive yet undertaken against tuberculosis is now being mounted by the U.S. Public Health Service. Next to the common cold, tuberculosis is perhaps the most crippling U.S. disease. There are at least 1,500,000 U.S. consumptives, and, though the T.B. death rate has been reduced, it still kills more people in the vigorous years between 15 and 35 than any other disease.

The new campaign is prompted in part by a 1944 upturn in the T.B. death rate, the first in decades. Last month Congress authorized a new Tuberculosis Control



MOBILE X-RAY CAMERA
62% of its catch is early-stage T.B.

the three-man mission, rolled up his sleeves and went to work. He had no facilities for making blood counts or fancy tests. But Dr. Morgan looked at the children's lava-toughened feet, figured that if their hearts could stand running up & down the islands' volcanic hills they could take an anesthetic. There was no sterilizing equipment, so Dr. Morgan operated barehanded, soaking his hands in alcohol between operations. The first day he performed 36 tonsillectomies, the next two days, 27 more apiece. The young patients, some only two years old, were wrapped in blankets and taken home in a truck. By the end of two weeks Dr. Morgan had extracted the tonsils of 104 Aleuts, one-quarter of the total population of the Pribilofs.

The returning doctors told Fish & Wildlife Service last week that on their way home they had stopped off at Seattle to arrange for shipment of 10,000,000 units of penicillin to guard the Aleuts against pneumonia next winter.

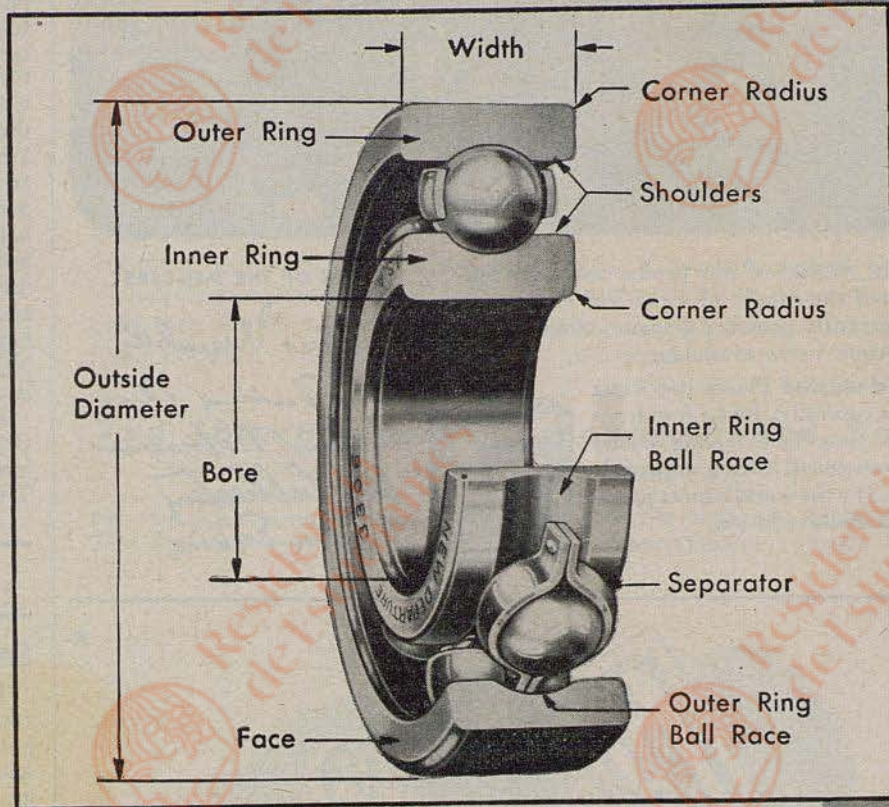
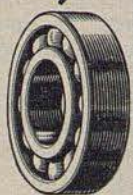
Division with \$10,000,000 for its first year. Its chief is a Minnesotan, Dr. Herman Ertresvaag Hilleboe, 38, a stocky, energetic T.B. fighter for eleven years. He is the Navy's chief T.B. consultant.

Dr. Hilleboe has no dramatic new weapons for his offensive. Penicillin and most of the sulfa drugs have failed against the tubercle bacillus; the few drugs that do show promise (diasone, promizole, etc.) are still largely experimental.*

Part of Dr. Hilleboe's \$10,000,000 will be used for further research on drugs. But the biggest weapon in his arsenal is simply a mobile X-ray machine, with which he hopes eventually to photograph every chest in the U.S. The machine, now equipped with a new electronic timing device, produces fast, small, high-quality

* From Rio de Janeiro last fortnight came a report of a sensational new serum, "sutulina," said to have cured guinea pigs and one human patient of T.B. The Chilean and Brazilian doctors who developed it admitted their experiments were in an early stage. U.S. experts awaited further details.

Ever wonder about the anatomy of a Ball Bearing?



The subject of the Ball Bearing is on everyone's lips nowadays, because of its immense importance to the prosecution of the war.

But how many know what a ball bearing is—what it does—why it is so indispensable?

A ball bearing is not merely a steel ball! It consists of the assembled mechanism illustrated.

It is used wherever shafts turn, to support loads, to permit higher, smoother speeds. Because nothing rolls like a ball, it reduces friction and wear and assures that the precise "location" of machine parts is maintained.

To those who would know more about this "tremendous trifle" we offer free an interesting 112 page book entitled, "Why Anti-Friction Bearings?"

nothing rolls like a ball
NEW DEPARTURE
BALL BEARINGS

ATTENTION OF GENTLEMEN
who are members of the
world's leading After-Shave Club



THE NEEDS of war production have limited the supply of Aqua Velva. To meet a constantly growing demand, there is now less Aqua Velva available.

Avoid waste! Please use Aqua Velva carefully. Just a few drops leave your face feeling cooler and refreshed. Clean, enjoyable scent. It's the world's most popular after-shave lotion.



A FEW OF THE MEMBERS

Burgess Meredith
George Fielding Eliot
Richard D. Morgan
Ely Culbertson
John Erskine



HANDLING INVESTMENTS TAKES TIME

Busy people do not have the time to handle the details of their investments. "Watch call dates, collect income, follow up subscription rights, keep a record of every transaction."

Bothersome interruptions!

Many investors turn with relief to the Safekeeping service offered by Bank of the Manhattan Company. It handles these and other time-taking details.

BANK of the MANHATTAN COMPANY

40 Wall Street, New York



Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

X rays at one-fiftieth of the former cost, can take 500 pictures a day.

Health on Wheels. Since modern T.B. specialists can almost always overcome the disease in the early stages without drugs, Dr. Hilleboe will concentrate on catching incipient T.B. His division, using eight mobile X-ray units, has already X-rayed more than 1,000,000 war-factory workers. Previously, in the U.S., only 10% of T.B. cases were in early stages when first discovered; Dr. Hilleboe caught 62%.

He will send many more X-ray units into the field. Then he will turn over his pictures (and 85% of his \$10,000,000 fund) to state health officers, who will carry on with treatment and control. Chief battleground will be the 92 biggest U.S. cities, whose T.B. death rate is a third higher than that of rural areas. Dr. Hilleboe's staff has recently discovered an amazing variation in T.B. incidence: San Antonio, the worst-rated city, has had ten times as many T.B. deaths (151 per 100,000) as Grand Rapids, which made the best showing. Negroes, Indians and Mexicans have three to six times as high a T.B. rate as whites; in Newark, N.J., the T.B. death rate for this group is 275 per 100,000; for whites, 40.

Last week Dr. Hilleboe's chief, Surgeon General Thomas Parran, remarked: "It looks as if we are going to be able to lick T.B. as a public health problem."

SCIENCE

Smaller & Hotter

The old-fashioned furnace may be bound for the postwar ash heap. Cheap new miniature house heaters have recently been announced by the soft-coal industry and an auto-heater manufacturer. This week the anthracite industry joined in with a pint-sized burner of its own.

Hard Coal. The heater designed by Anthracite Industries, Inc. (not yet tested in a house) is a steel pipe 18 inches long and four to six inches in diameter (four inches for a four-room house, six inches for eight rooms). It has a feeder which pushes coal in at one end and ashes out at the other, a water jacket, a small pump which circulates the heated water rapidly to radiators. (The unit can also be adapted to hot air or steam.) In its tiny fire bed, coal burns much faster than in previous furnaces, but so efficiently that the burner produces 40% more heat per unit of coal.

Its designers claim that the heater will cost much less and be cheaper to run than other automatic furnaces now on the market.* It needs only a small vent (instead of a full-size chimney), can be installed virtually anywhere in the house.

Soft Coal. The Bituminous Coal Institute beat the anthracite group to press

* The new heater is not to be confused with the anthracite-burning Swedish "Aga" stove which, operating on a different principle, burns only 8 lbs. of coal a day, but is much more expensive (\$300 to \$600), is used only as a kitchen range.

WORLD CAPITAL

THIS might be the public square of almost any medium-sized American city. Actually it is Scranton, Pennsylvania, population 140,404, Lackawanna County seat — and a world capital of adult vocational education.

Here are headquarters of the International Correspondence Schools — a name that is an exact description. Before America went to war, these Schools reached into 50 countries. Some are occupied lands now and I. C. S. instruction centers are closed. But I. C. S. textbooks travel with our Armed Forces on their every invasion. In Germany they are studied by Allied fighting men under prisoner of war permits.

Current I. C. S. enrolment in the United States and Canada is over 100,000. Apart from Canada, the British Commonwealth of Nations lists more than 40,000 students. Scranton's London branch employs more than 200

persons and there are other instruction centers in Scotland, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India.

China had such branches before the Japs came. And now — at the suggestion of the Chinese Embassy and with the cooperation of our State Department — texts are being microfilmed for sending to Chungking.

Commercial and cultural relations between I. C. S. and Latin America are of 33 years standing. Students number 20,000 and there are instruction centers at Mexico City, Havana, San Juan, Bogota and Buenos Aires.

Foundation of the whole world-wide system is the American principle of keeping open the doors of opportunity for all. And with every extension of I. C. S. services abroad, the Schools have extended an international understanding of American thought and practices.

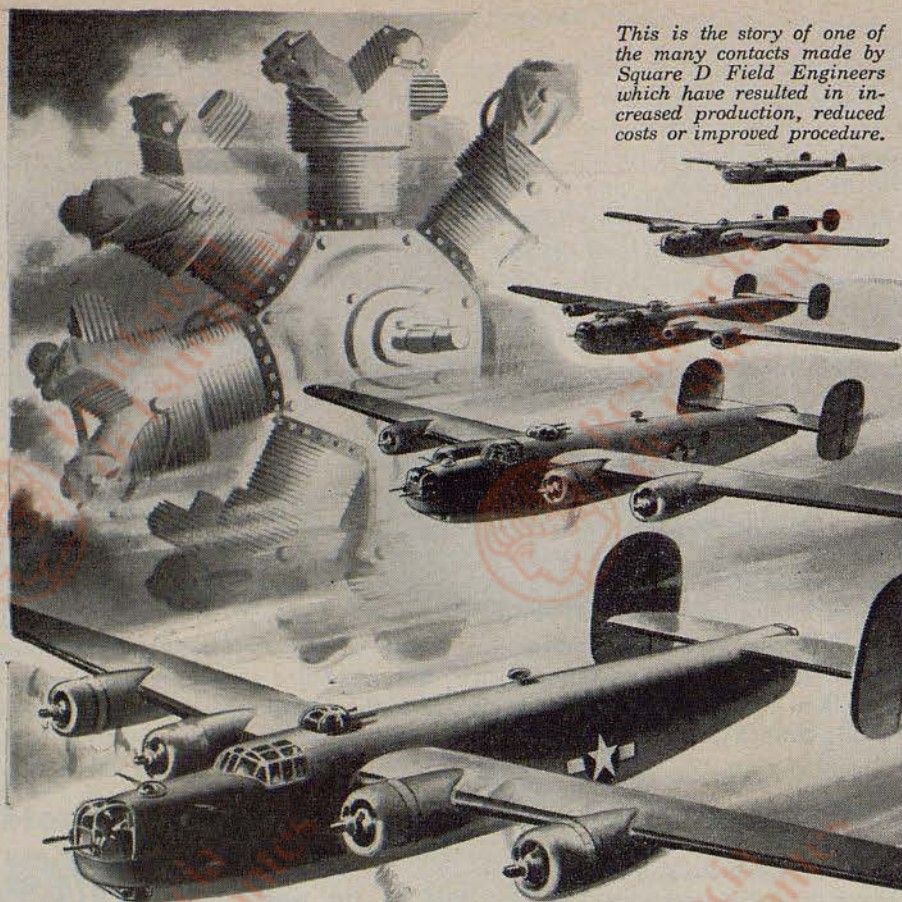
The International Correspondence Schools

SCRANTON 9, PENNSYLVANIA

*Offices in principal cities in the United States,
Latin America, Canada and Great Britain.*

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT
EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS





This is the story of one of the many contacts made by Square D Field Engineers which have resulted in increased production, reduced costs or improved procedure.

A WAR STORY... about Aircraft Engines!

It takes time and manpower to build aircraft engines—and both were at a premium when America began the drive for its powerful air fleet. How to increase engine production while conserving time and men? Here's one example of how it was done:

A machine tool was designed to perform nine separate operations, *automatically*, in the process of building 14-cylinder aircraft engines. All of these operations were synchronized, interconnected and electrically controlled. *It's a matter of record that a battery of three such machines, on a three-shift basis, actually increased production while saving 176 man-hours per day!*

The electrical system which controls these amazing machines was designed and built by Square D—a good example of intelligent analysis on the part of the Square D Field Engineer who worked with the machine tool builder from start to finish.

Let a Square D Field Engineer Help You

In the face of today's manpower shortage, peak efficiency of your electrical control and distribution system is vital. It will be equally important in the highly competitive and narrow-margin years ahead. Now is the time to profit most by the counsel of your nearest Square D Field Engineer. This service is available through Square D branch offices in nearly 50 principal U.S. and Canadian cities.



SQUARE D COMPANY

DETROIT

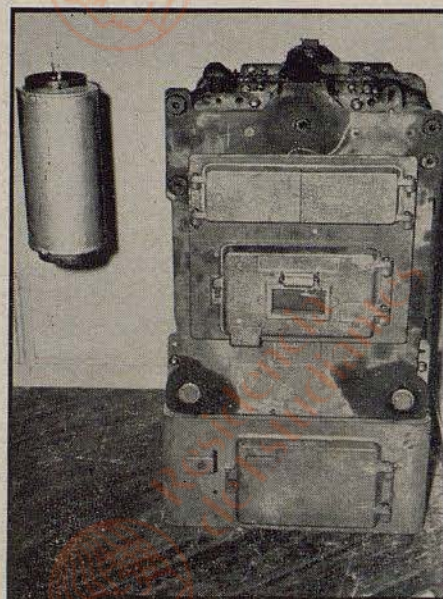
MILWAUKEE

LOS ANGELES

with a "bungalow furnace" which it said would sell for about \$60 and save 30% on coal bills.

Already tested, this stove is a box three feet high and two feet square, capable of heating a four- or five-room house (if the circulation of heat takes care of itself). Using new types of air jets and flues, it burns soft coal, eats its own smoke, runs three days without stoking. Twenty-seven stove manufacturers expect to market it before war's end.

Hot Air. Stewart-Warner Corp. has developed a gasoline-burner the size of a waste basket, capable of generating enough heat for a 20-room house. Based on the hot-air heater now used in planes, the unit can be hung from attic rafters, with a blower to distribute the hot air by means of ducts in the walls and registers in each room. Stewart-Warner has not announced



International
ANTHRACITE FURNACE (left) & OLDTIMER
Smaller and better is the idea.

the cost of such a central heater but estimates that a one-room unit will cost \$20 to \$30. It also estimates that fuel costs will be no higher than those of the old-fashioned furnace. The company also plans to adapt the burner for fuel oil and natural gas.

Pointless Pen

News of a sensationally successful new fountain pen called Stratopen, which uses a ball bearing instead of a pen point, came from Argentina last week. One of its advantages: it does not leak at high altitudes. In the past three months Argentines have bought up the entire output of 20,000, and last week the U.S. Army was reported dickering for the pen's manufacture in the U.S.

Invented by a Hungarian newsman named L. J. Biro, the Stratopen works on the same principle as a printing press. Its inked ball bearing, fed by a fine coiled tube in the barrel, rolls (instead of pours) ink onto the paper. It uses a gelatinous, instant-drying ink. One filling lasts six months.



Fairmount Dam and Waterworks... from an early print.*

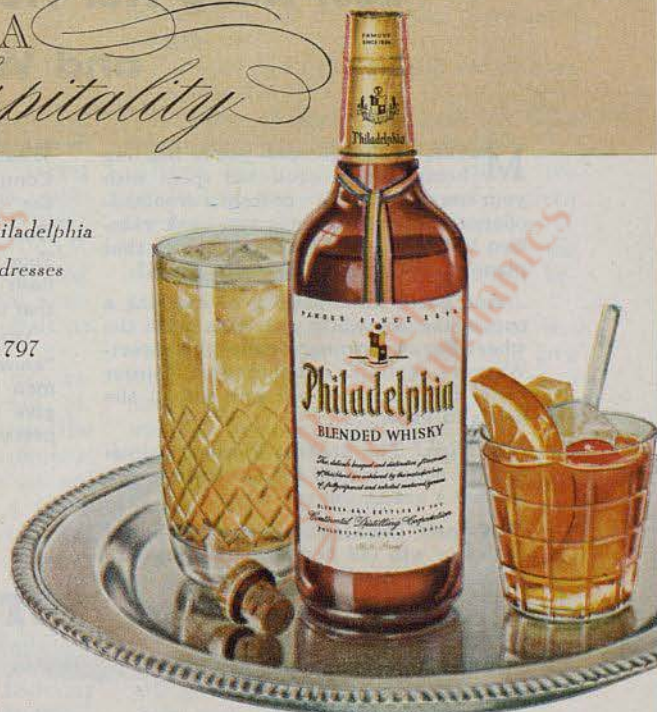
PHILADELPHIA *Heritage of Hospitality*



*"The profusion and luxury of Philadelphia
... at the tables of the wealthy, in their equipages, and the dresses
of their wives and daughters are extreme" ...*

... Duc de Liancourt, 1797

From the handsome Colonial homes of old Philadelphia smart carriages departed with joyous groups to visit the pleasant groves and classic waterworks beside the storied Schuylkill. The pastoral charm of the countryside so close to the heart of this great city bespeaks a rich tradition of gracious living—a heritage of hospitality today proudly upheld by Philadelphia Blend. Here is whisky so excellent, you might reserve it for very special occasions, yet you can afford it, regularly and often.



86.8 proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits



"Just Keep Her Headed North, Dear— and Wake Me When Home's In Sight"

MAYBE, in that picture, you're heading home from a week-end spent with your son and his wife—or from a dreamed-of-spot too far away for a two-week vacation before the war. But—*it's you* in that plane of tomorrow. *You*—with wings!

And you'll think nothing of catching a nap in the sky while your wife takes the wheel. For an instrument panel by Stewart-Warner—as simple as the Stewart-Warner panel in your car—will tell her all she needs to know...

How High? The Stewart-Warner Altimeter will help her hold the level where you spotted a gas-saving tail wind.

How Fast? The Stewart-Warner Air Speed Indicator will tell how fast the miles are ticking off.

What Direction? The Stewart-Warner Compass will help her keep the plane on the "bee-line" home.

Gas, Oil, Temperature, Battery Okay? Your Stewart-Warner instruments will flash the answer at a glance—so simply that mother won't have a puzzled moment.

When the needs of war are filled, the "know-how" that has given our fighting men the finest planes aloft can quickly give us planes that meet the needs of peace equally well. And Stewart-Warner

will be ready with the needed instruments—instruments which are flying in thousands of planes today. They embody the rugged simplicity and dependability that put Stewart-Warner instruments into many million pre-war vehicles, and more recently into everything from tanks and planes to landing boats.

With such instruments as your guides, you'll take your post-war wings for granted—when you and your family can travel far and fast in peaceful skies.



INSTRUMENTS BY STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION

CHICAGO



ILLINOIS

ARMY & NAVY

OPERATIONS

Airborne Army

Allied paratroopers and glidermen had given the greatest demonstration of the power of airborne attack in the invasion of France; never before had such masses been dropped into heavily defended enemy territory to fight with such effect. Last week the Allies moved a step further in the development of a tactical weapon that had been long neglected.

Announced by General Eisenhower was a new kind of command: an airborne army of close to 250,000 men. Presumably it would be used in the knockout blow against the Germans—who had first proved the devastating effects of air assault.

To command the new army "Ike" Eisenhower chose an airman; bright-eyed, 54-year-old, rakish Lieut. General Lewis Hyde Brereton, who had bossed the Ninth U.S. (Tactical) Air Force in its scourging campaign in France in support of Allied ground troops. Annapolis-trained Lewis Brereton had seen more of World War II than most U.S. generals. In the attack on the Philippines he had lost all but a fragment of his air force, had moved on to Java, then to India, where he organized the Tenth Air Force, then to the Middle East where he commanded the Ninth which made the first great raids on the Ploesti oilfields.

As an airborne commander, "Looney, dot dope," as unorthodox, red-tape-hating General Brereton is called by old Army friends, was going to have more chance to try new tricks than an air force command had ever given him.

For his deputy, Eisenhower gave him



LIFE

GENERAL BRERETON

His the first air-land army.

TIME, AUGUST 21, 1944



Associated Press

WORLD WAR I VETERANS: WASHINGTON, D.C., JULY 1932
The Government hopes that it will not have to call the cops this time.

one of airborne's best: suave Lieut. General Frederick A. M. Browning, Britain's topmost airborne man, small-arms expert and husband of Novelist Daphne (*Rebecca*) du Maurier. What the airborne army's assignment would be was still something the Germans would like to know.

To succeed Brereton in command of the Ninth Air Force, Eisenhower released a top-flight air officer from his own staff. Close-mouthed Major General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, 45, veteran attack pilot.

PERSONNEL

Soldiers' Return

What happens to the Army when Germany does collapse?

Just before taking off for Europe last week, Lieut. General Brehon Somervell fired the question at 300 top-ranking officers of his Army Service Forces, gathered at Fort Leonard Wood. For them the question was rhetorical: the A.S.F. already knows most of the answers. But for U.S. soldiers and their kin what Somervell had to say next was a cold draft on many warm hopes:

"We will have to put the car into reverse without even coming to a halt. Simultaneously we will have to start the final stages of our plans for the laborious process of demobilization. In this we will find ourselves in the middle of a storm that will make everything else that we have gone through seem like a summer zephyr.

"Every family in America will want its sons and daughters turned loose first... we will have to steel ourselves against the distraction of the whooping and hollering of many souls who think the war is over."

Readjustment. If Germany ends in anarchy, many U.S. soldiers will be pinned down in Europe for police work, perhaps for months. Many more will be needed for the Pacific. In the A.S.F. the word "demobilization" is not even used in connection with the end of the European phase of the war. The word is merely "readjustment."

Only a lucky few will be immediately turned loose. It will be War Department policy not to hold a man a moment longer than military necessity demands. But officials in a position to estimate say that it will take almost a year to muster out all of the men not needed after Germany's collapse.

For most G.I.s the war will not be over by a long shot.

Formula of Sorts. The question G.I.s were asking was: Who gets out first?

Army brass hats held two views: the sentimental one—priority should be given to those who have been the longest away from home; the hard-boiled one—the well-seasoned men should be retained because the Army would need them.

The sentimental view has more or less won in A.S.F. plans. The Army will give most consideration to the length of a man's service, will also consider his age and the number of his dependents. But the Army is going to keep enough well-seasoned troops to form a good-sized nucleus for every outfit.

This unspecific formula amounts to one certainty: soldiers who have not yet been in combat will be on the tag end of the parade home.

Peace Is Hell. Probably the only other certainty is that Somervell's A.S.F., which will have the main job of ushering soldiers back into civilian life, will, in the

When the call is for

*Toasters—
not Torpedoes*



War is the nation's number one job until the enemy surrenders—unconditionally! But even now, industry must plan for converting back to peace production—to provide jobs for millions of returning service men, in the fastest possible time.

To save time, to *gain* time—millions of man-hours of time—industry will continue to call upon AIR EXPRESS for the high-speed delivery of critical changeover tools and material. And AIR EXPRESS will continue to serve all business, but with greatly expanded services and ever-increasing economy—in searching for new opportunities both at home and in world-wide markets.



**A Money-Saving,
High-Speed Wartime Tool
For Every Business**

As a result of increased efficiency developed to meet wartime demands, rates have been reduced. Shippers nationwide are now saving an average of more than 10% on Air Express charges. And Air Express schedules are based on "hours", not days and weeks—with 3-mile-a-minute service direct to hundreds of U.S. cities and scores of foreign countries.

WRITE TODAY for "North, East, South, West"—an informative booklet that will stimulate the thinking of every executive. Dept. PR, Railway Express Agency, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., or ask for it at any local office.

AIR EXPRESS
Gets there FIRST

Phone RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY, AIR EXPRESS DIVISION
Representing the AIRLINES of the United States

words of a brigadier general, "catch hell any way we move."

The man in charge of demobilization plans is 51-year-old Brigadier General William F. Tompkins, a soft-voiced, lantern-jawed Virginian who in 29 years has had a crack at just about every job there is in a military career, including flood control. He has been what the Army calls a "farmed-out" officer all his life. He has three sons in the services: one a major in the engineers, one a pursuit pilot in England, the third a marine in training.

West Pointer Tompkins was picked in May 1943 to head the planning unit. Under him is a staff of 22. In his office in the Pentagon Building, bound between pasteboard covers, filed away in desk drawers are the blueprints for the machinery needed to demobilize the greatest Army in the nation's history. Within the past month, conferences have followed one another so rapidly that Tompkins' work basket and the baskets of his staff now are chockablock with nothing but demobilization reports.

The Separation. In 1919 the doughboy got the money due him and a railroad ticket home. What happened after that was his look-out. What happens after this war will also be his look-out but the Army is going to give him a better start. Last time, the jobless were back, demanding help. This time the Government hopes that it will not have to call out the cops to disperse "betrayed" veterans.

Soldiers will be sent first to "separation centers." Five have already been set up (Fort Dix, N.J., Fort McPherson, Ga., Fort Sheridan, Ill., Fort Sam Houston, Tex., Presidio of Monterey, Calif.) There G.I. Joe will get a physical examination, and medical treatment if he needs it. Finally discharged, he will get the money owed him plus travel pay, with the advice to lose no time in buying his ticket.

Men will be on hand to give him other advice: on jobs, vocational training, transportation, life insurance, lost effects. Government agencies such as Selective Service, Veterans' Administration and the War Manpower Commission will be notified that he is on his way.

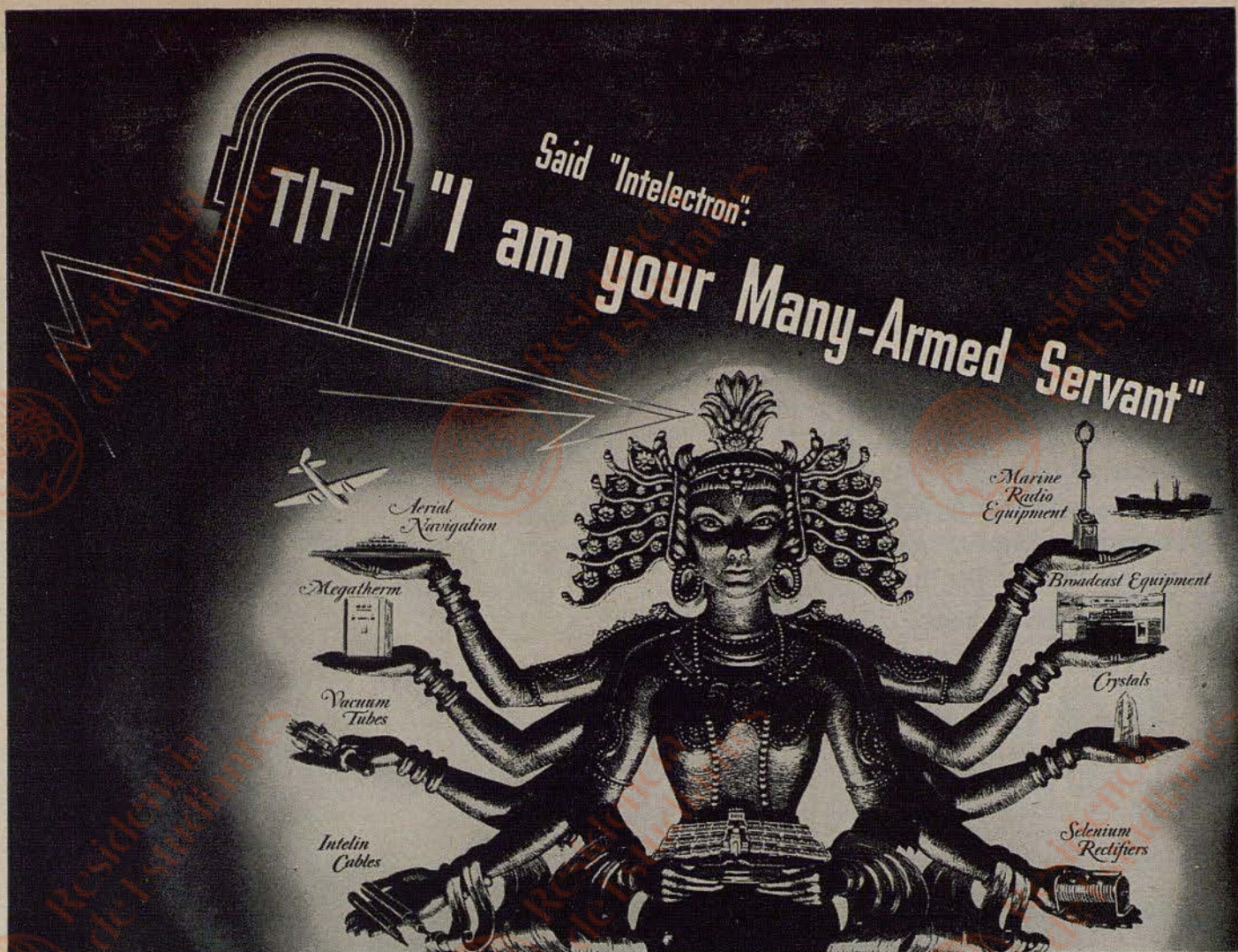
The Army is probably as well prepared now as it ever will be with plans. The payoff will come when the storm starts and the whooping and hollering begin.

Stumpy's Boys

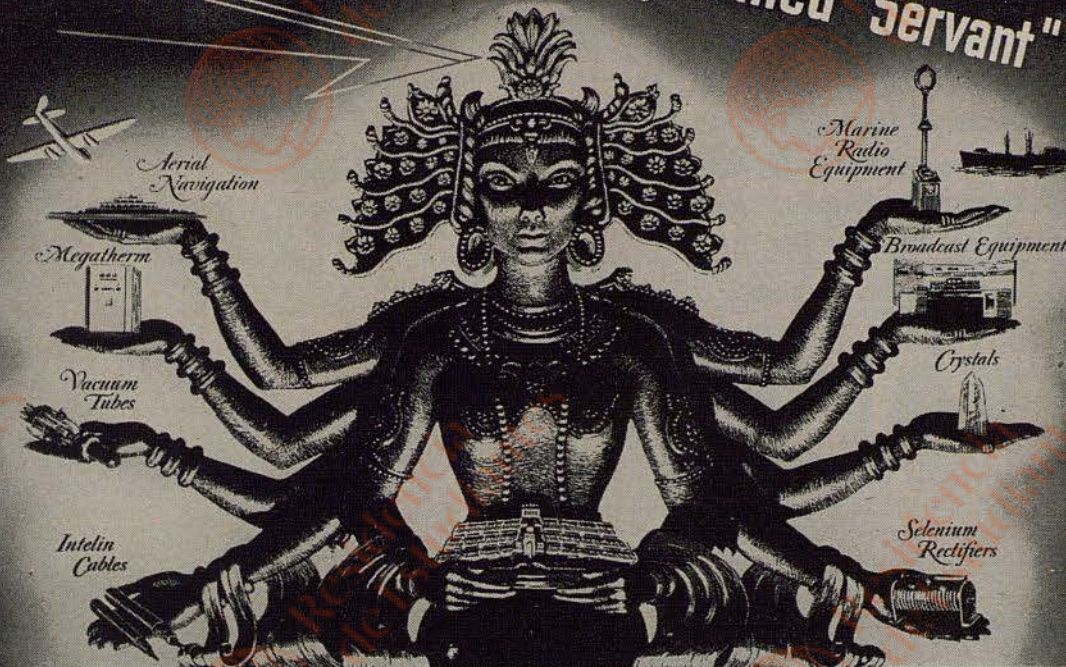
A little before 11 o'clock in the still hot morning, an elderly Western Union messenger climbed the steps to the red-bricked sun porch of a bungalow in Tonawanda, N.Y., and pressed the bell. Mrs. Michael C. Niland was busy with the housework when she heard it.

Mrs. Niland, a stout, calm woman who is "Stumpy" to her four boys, signed the messenger's pad, opened the telegram. It was from Adjutant General Ulio, and it read: "The Secretary of War desires that I tender his deep sympathy to you on the loss of your son Preston. . . ."

Her hands trembled. Lieut. Preston Niland, missing since June 7 in the Normandy



Said "Intelectron":
"I am your Many-Armed Servant"



I am the broadcasting equipment
That gives wings
To your favorite radio program
I am "Intelectron"

I am the giant transmitting tubes
That project the Voice of America
By "short wave"
To all the people of the globe
I am "Intelectron"

I am the tiny, jewel-like quartz crystals
Which "lock" the two-way radios
Of an entire invasion force
To the same wave-length
So that all units swing into action
On the same split-second command
I am "Intelectron"

I am the aerial navigation
And instrument landing equipment
That brings our planes home "on the beam"
Through murk and maelstrom
And sets them safely down "on a dime"
I am "Intelectron"

I am the telephone
That speeds war-scarce
Quinine and tin, hemp and rubber
From our Good Neighbors below the Rio Grande
I am "Intelectron"

I am "Megatherm"
The electronic heat apparatus
That heats plastics uniformly in seconds
And case hardens or brazes metals . . .
I am the Selenium Rectifier
That converts Alternating Current
To Direct Current for a thousand uses . . .
I am "Intelin" Ultra High Frequency
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Developed to fill vital military needs
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IT&T . . . pioneers in ultra high frequency beam transmission who more than a decade ago established a commercial communications link across the English Channel using a beam of 1,700,000 kilocycles.

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Newark, N. J.

Manufacturing Associate of:

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CONFIDENCE



The visitor who reposes confidence in this great modern hotel never has a moment of regret. He gets more of everything: Service, Convenience, Comfort and Economy. Tarry at The Taft!

2000 ROOMS, BATH AND RADIO

HOTEL ALFRED LEWIS, MGR.

TAFT

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TIMES SQUARE AT RADIO CITY
BING & BING MANAGEMENT

HOLD OUT FOR A

Hamilton

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy has gone to war (along with many other accurate Hamilton timepieces). But soon it will be back. Wait for the new Hamilton . . . a watch worth waiting for!



THE WATCH OF RAILROAD ACCURACY

Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Penna.

invasion, was only one of her soldier sons on the Army's casualty list. Still carried as missing were sons Edward (a bomber gunner in Burma) and Robert (a sergeant with the paratroopers in Normandy).

Five days later another messenger came. It was 7:30 in the evening. The supper dishes had been washed; Mr. & Mrs. Niland were in the living room with their two daughters and Preston's fiancée, Dorothy Frey. Daughter Clarissa Marie answered the doorbell while the group in the living room sat still. Again the words "The Secretary of War . . . sympathy on the loss of your son Robert."

Of the Nilands' four soldiers only one was still safe, as far as they knew. That was Frederick, who starts his letters "Hi, Stumpy." Frederick is also a sergeant paratrooper in France.

Career's End

An impeccable Navy career had come to a tragic end. Rear Admiral Don Pardee Moon, commander of a task force in the invasion of Normandy, had taken his own life. The Navy, announcing his death last week, did not say how or where, offered no explanation except "battle fatigue."

Handsome, 50-year-old Don Moon, fourth in his class (1916) at the Naval Academy, served on a battleship in World War I, made his way quietly up the naval ladder between wars. In 1942, as commander of a destroyer squadron, he helped support the landings on North Africa and was officially cited for "exemplary conduct" and "leadership under fire." For Admiral Moon, as for many another officer, the invasion of Normandy was the high point of a career. He played his part with precision and assurance.

Happily married and the father of four children, Don Moon was well-liked, a suc-

cessful Navy man. What happened in his war-weary mind no outsider could guess. Though war has always had its combat suicides, Army and Navy annals record no precedent among officers of comparable rank.

MEDALS

Record

The War Department checked deep into the combat record of its famed 100th Infantry Battalion, found that the Japanese-American combat outfit had set a top mark for gallantry. Already cited as a unit by Lieut. General Mark Clark (TIME, July 31), the 100th's soldiers had also won nine Distinguished Service Crosses, 44 Silver Stars, 31 Bronze Stars, three Legion of Merit Medals.

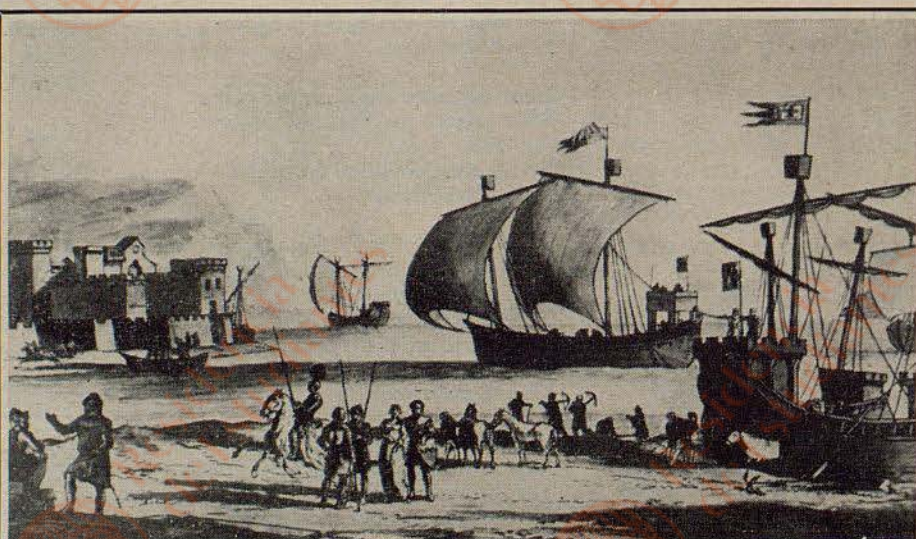
Of the 100th Battalion's 1,300 men (including 500 reserves), 1,000 had been wounded in action, now wore Purple Hearts. Most remarkable record of all: since the 100th had been organized it had had not a single case of desertion or absence without leave.

SURVIVORS

The Rescue of Tweed

On July 10 the U.S. fleet was softening up Guam for the invasion that was soon to come. But not all men on all ships were intent on the bombardment. On one warship, close in toward shore, sailormen had picked up the flashing of sunlight from a mirror. They watched, fascinated. What they were seeing was the end of one of the most extraordinary personal experiences of the war.

After a while the little bright eye of the mirror blinked for the last time. Then through the glasses, U.S. sailormen saw a



*Landing Ship Horse (LST)
Shipping to of the reign of King Henry 3rd*

LANDING SHIP, HORSE

This ancient print, dated 1260 A.D., proves that there is little new in modern warfare. On his recent visit to the Pacific, Admiral Ernest King saw the picture hanging in Admiral Chester Nimitz' headquarters and asked for a copy, which he delightedly brought back to Washington. Having in mind the LSTs, LCIs, etc. in his fleet, Admiral Nimitz had written under the old print: "Landing Ship, Horse."



By Government authorization, heavy-duty Autocar Trucks are now in production for essential commercial hauling. Act at once! Your Autocar Branch will help you file your application.

"MISS ROMA"... Pin-Up Girl!

"Miss Roma," pin-up girl of the Roma Wine Company fleet, is an Autocar, equipped with a semi-trailer and mounted with a van body rated at 39,000 pounds gross capacity. That's heavy! But as smooth as the wine she delivers from California wineries at Fresno, Lodi, and Healdsburg is her heavy-duty performance. . . . The post-war trend is apparent: Bigger trucks for bigger payloads and even *heavier-duty* hauling. And in the vanguard of the nation's peace-time fleets will be swift, rugged Autocars, winning new laurels for precision-built dependability and low-cost-per-mile performance.



U.S. WAR BONDS
TODAY'S
HEAVY-DUTY
JOB

AUTOCAR TRUCKS for Heavy Duty

MANUFACTURED IN ARDMORE, PA. • SERVICED BY FACTORY BRANCHES FROM COAST-TO-COAST



It takes 10 tons a day to keep this gun in action!

TO put a single 155 mm. gun in action at the front and maintain it for a year, requires a total of 3603 ship tons.

That's an average of nearly 10 tons of transportation a day for each gun!

And, this doesn't include transportation of the 134 officers and men

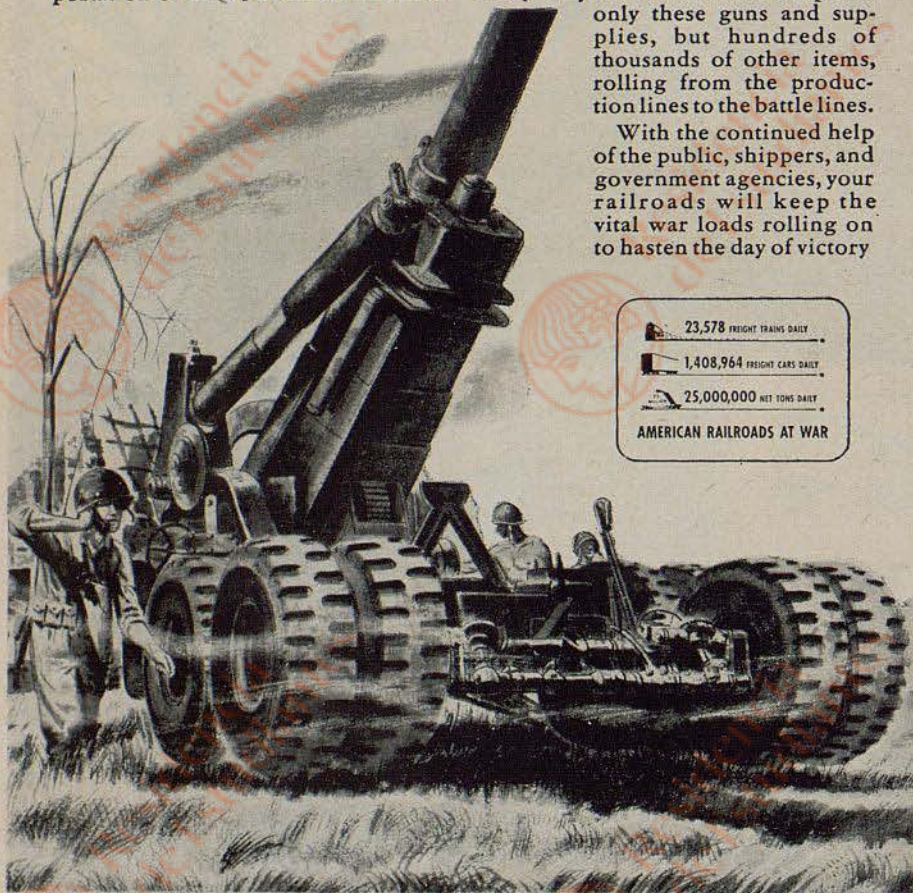
in the battery, and their supplies.

As thousands of these big guns roll up to the front to blast enemy positions, the job of Erie and other American Railroads becomes bigger and bigger.

For it is the immediate responsibility of your railroads to keep not only these guns and supplies, but hundreds of thousands of other items, rolling from the production lines to the battle lines.

With the continued help of the public, shippers, and government agencies, your railroads will keep the vital war loads rolling on to hasten the day of victory

23,578 FREIGHT TRAINS DAILY
1,408,964 FREIGHT CARS DAILY
25,000,000 NET TONS DAILY
AMERICAN RAILROADS AT WAR



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Erie Railroad

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY



ragged figure, a pair of wigwag flags. The flags began to flirt the air in the unmistakable, bent-arm style of U.S. signalmen. They spelled out the message: "I have information."

Who could it be? Guam's garrison had been taken by the Japs almost 31 months before. The ship put over a small boat. The man on the beach waded out into the surf to meet it. In the strangely soft voice of a man whose vocal cords have not been used for months, he told his story. He was the last man of the Guam garrison and he had hidden on the island until the fleet came back again.

To the Hills. Radioman George Ray Tweed, 42, was one of 400 sailors and 155 marines stationed on Guam when Pearl Harbor was attacked. Tweed had just taken an examination for a rating as a chief radioman and was still waiting to hear the results when the Japs came.

Their bombs blew Tweed's house apart so that he had to drag his bed under a fragment of roof to keep out of the rain. He woke up in the night at the sound of firing but foggily decided that it was practice and went back to sleep. He did not realize that the Japs had landed until he heard their field guns firing. Then Tweed walked down to Government House to get the score and found that the Governor was going to surrender.

Tweed did not want to surrender. "So," he explained, "I got in my old 1926 Reo, packed some things and started up the road into the hills."

The onrushing Japs blazed away at him but Tweed rumbled off safely, picking up a fellow seaman on the way.

The Hunted. The two of them settled down in the hills to wait for the Navy to return for them—in two or three months, they figured. Tweed's companion wandered off. He got caught by the Japs, and was decapitated. Four other Americans had taken to the hills in defiance of a Jap order—surrender or be executed when caught. They were caught. Tweed stuck it out.

Natives helped him. One supplied him with rice and other food in his hideaways. He had a small lens which he used as a sunglass to light fires. He learned to squeeze the oil of coconuts and use it for cooking fuel. He shaved once a week, husbanding a scanty supply of razor blades. After a while "they almost pulled my face off."

He got a pair of shoes out of the hide of a deer he killed. He sickened once after a meal of wild fruit. But he fared pretty well most of the time. "I guess the mountain air agreed with me," said Tweed.

Hope Wanes. Occasionally he thumbed through his Bank of Guam checkbook, which showed he had a balance of \$221.81, and idly figured up how much back pay he now had coming to him. He wondered how he had made out in his examination for chief. Frequently and anxiously he wondered too about his wife and two young sons, who must have given him up for dead. He wondered, too, about the whereabouts of the U.S. Navy and had flags



*He's taking care of
the wartime load...*

Why Railroads anticipate a "green light" for postwar jobs

When victory is achieved, many men released from military service and civilian war jobs will look for an opportunity to be "working on the railroad." Here are some reasons why the railroads should need them:

Industry will require unprecedented peacetime freight movement to deliver the pent-up needs for civilian goods throughout the world.

War-worn rolling stock and motive power will be reconditioned or replaced... New lightweight freight and passenger cars will be built for fast service... Modern high speed and heavy duty locomotives will be needed... Many new Stainless Steel trains will appear. Roadbed, track, structures and all phases of railroading will require attention.

To support the Railway Industry's postwar objective of even greater speed, safety, dependability and comfort, men will also be needed in the steel, coal, power, oil, lumber, glass and other industries which supply the railroads.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS TODAY... And Hold for Peacetime Prosperity

*will peacetime traffic
take care of him?*



How Nickel will help give jobs a "clear track"

Today, just as Nickel is adding stamina to battle equipment, it is also helping the "iron horse" stand up to its wartime load.

From the sturdy boiler plates of giant locomotives to the flashing lightweight sheathing of Stainless Steel coaches, Nickel is saving weight, adding strength and resisting corrosion.

Tomorrow, Stainless and other Nickel steels, Monel and other high-Nickel alloys will go into even finer trains. These time-proven metals will help eliminate power-consuming weight by permitting thinner plates and lighter sections in many vital parts.

Meanwhile Railroads and manufacturers with metal problems are invited to consult Nickel's technical staff.

The International **NICKEL** *Company, Inc.*
New York 5, N. Y.

World's largest miners, smelters and refiners of Nickel and Platinum metals
... sole producers of MONEL ... producers of other high-Nickel alloys



HOME OF THE
Hawaiian Room
Hotel Lexington

CHARLES E. ROCHESTER,
Vice-Pres. and Mng. Dir.

LEXINGTON AVE. AT 48th ST., N.Y.C., 17

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**5c STILL BUYS
A GOOD CIGAR**

Civilian supplies are necessarily restricted. But if your dealer happens to have them, you may find the answer to your smoking problem... WEDGEWOOD PANETELAS

PENNSSTATE CIGAR CORP.
ALLEGHENY AVE. & BOUDINOT ST., PHILA. 34, PA.

WEDGEWOOD



FORGETFUL?

A POCKET MEMORY SYSTEM. Perforated Coupons - each mem'o separate - tear out when attended to. Refills everywhere. Fine leathers. \$1 to 10. WRITE for Dealers' names. Catalog. Dept. T4

ROBINSON REMINDERS
Westfield, Mass.

IS TIME A "MAN'S MAGAZINE"?

Yes. But over a million women read TIME each week too—more than 1500 women's clubs, from Maine to California, now build their club programs around TIME's news!



RADIOMAN TWEED
He kept his head.

ready to signal although "after the first year I began to lose hope."

He made a crude calendar, carefully accounting for the days, calculating and recording the changes of the moon. "It was pretty important for me to know when the moon would be full and the nights would be dark," Tweed said reflectively, recalling how he had lived the animal life of the hunted. Not until the Jap Navy garrison declared Tweed dead (in order not to lose face with a Jap Army garrison that followed it), did the search for him cease.

Sailor's Reward. On June 11, 1944, Tweed's hopes suddenly soared. He saw Navy planes in numbers flying over Guam. Bombs rained down. Tweed happily hugged the earth while bombs exploded. "They were a long time coming but they're here at last," he thought.

He was right. The raid was a phase of the Navy attack on nearby Saipan. The bombers appeared often after that. Hysterical Japs began cutting off the heads of natives who even looked at the sky. Then one day at last Tweed saw what he had been waiting for two and a half years—the lean, grey ships of the U.S. Navy.

Awed and thankful, Tweed gazed at the sight, wondered where the Navy had got so many ships and rushed down to the beach under the bombardment to flash his glass and wag his flags.

A fortnight ago a calm, unruffled Tweed, his throat a little scratchy from so much unaccustomed talking, was reunited with his family in California. He had collected back pay amounting to \$6,027 and an admiral out in the Pacific had made him a chief on the spot.

Nevertheless Tweed was mightily pleased to learn later that he had passed the examination which he had taken before the Japs came to Guam. It was a reward, after 20 years in the Navy.

COMMAND

New Boss

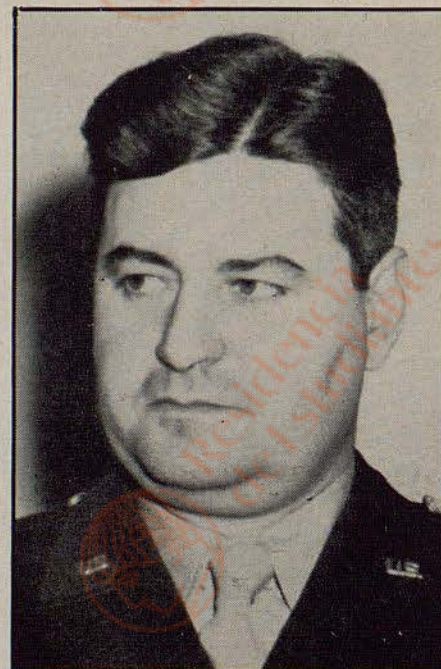
To boss its most important new pioneering job in air combat today, the U.S. Army Air Forces last week picked one of its youngest, yeastiest generals. Burly Major General Curtis Emerson LeMay, 37, crack Flying-Fortressman, was detached from the European Theater and ordered to China to take command of the A.A.F.'s new B-29s.

Curtis LeMay had seen plenty of combat over Germany, but it was not entirely for bravery that he was picked for the new job. Almost from the day he entered the Air Corps as a flying cadet in 1928, Airman LeMay had been a bug on precise maintenance of military aircraft, had been equally picknicky about how they were flown.

This time he had a new kind of job on his hands. The B-29s have more tricks to be solved than any Flying Fortress pilot ever dreamed of—such as remote-control guns, cabin supercharging, a set of high-powered engines that can suck tanks dry long before their time if controls are not set just right.

Because they have a lot of tricks, they also call for a whole set of new tactics. Many an airforceman was ready to bet this week that General LeMay would write that book, too, just as he had developed a dazzling set of new formations for Flying Fortresses.

In China as in England, General LeMay will be insistent on hard precise work by pilots and mechanics, will set men back coldly and impersonally if they fail. In an attack on Germany months ago, LeMay's ball-turret gunner called him on the interphone to announce that his guns (which should have been readied on the ground) would not fire. Replied Pilot LeMay coolly from up front: "You're going to look pretty silly when the 190s start coming in."



U.S. Army Air Forces-Acme
GENERAL LEMAY

New planes, a new book.

TIME, AUGUST 21, 1944



This need for dividing up

There has to be a national dividing-up when needed things are scarce. What we have must be so distributed that all get a like share and none gets a lion's—too many would go without if too many could have too much.

That's the simple reason for letting each have only so much—the reason for rationing. None can have abundance while another lacks enough—and certainly nothing could be fairer or more essential.

With that same viewpoint of fairness, certain purchase-limits have been placed on IMPERIAL—for every distillery in America is making war alcohol, and the present supply of whiskey must last for a longer period than any of us had foreseen.

That is why you may be asked to limit your purchases of this famed "velvety" whiskey to one bottle at a time. But without such limiting—it might soon be none.

BLENDING WHISKEY, 86 proof. 70% neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grain
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

IMPERIAL

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*"velvety" for
extra smoothness*





Announcing **CEREX...**

**the new wartime plastic
with a peacetime future**

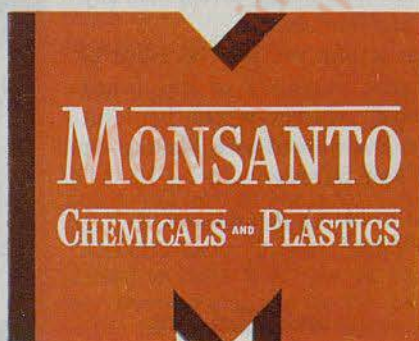


Even the fine teeth of a comb made of Monsanto CEREX (top) do not warp or twist after prolonged boiling. A comb made of ordinary thermoplastic (below) is almost shapeless after an equal period in boiling water.

Now comes CEREX . . . born of the demands by the war program for an utterly new and different type of heat resistant plastics material. This newest product of Monsanto research *does* the "couldn't be done" that heretofore has barred thermoplastics from hundreds of uses . . . it stands up under temperatures high enough to boil water.

Make note of the name . . . Monsanto CEREX. For, come the peace, you will hear much of it. This new heat resisting, acid resisting, water resisting material will open new fields of usefulness where thermoplastics never have been able to serve before. More than 300 postwar uses already have been listed.

Today, Monsanto CEREX goes exclusively into military equipment. But tomorrow, it can serve in countless products that must be subjected to dry heat or must be washed or sterilized in boiling water or steam—dishware, kitchen utensils, surgical instruments, electronic parts, plumbing equipment and hundreds of other articles.



MONSANTO CHEMICAL COMPANY
St. Louis 4

SERVING INDUSTRY...WHICH SERVES MANKIND

RADIO

So Smelly the Rose

One of the world's most timely radio programs last week got one of the world's most enterprising sponsors.

The program: transcriptions of Tokyo's English-speaking propagandists, starring famed Tokyo Rose, who for months has beamed her Boston accent, her nostalgic Americanese, and her U.S. dance records all over the Pacific (TIME, April 10).

The sponsor: San Francisco's Roos Bros. clothing store, over the city's KYA (nightly, 7:10-7:30 p.m., P.W.T.).

Original credit for thinking that the

organ and a male voice. The miniature cantata runs for one minute. Excerpts:

*Colonel Wheat, Colonel Corn, Colonel Rice, Colonel Rye,
Pillsbury's Colonels on flavor parade.
The mixture is swell,
Rings the breakfast bell.
Pillsbury's Pancake Serenade.*

The idea of the singing commercial is that it will haunt the prospective buyer more than the non-singing commercial. Kent and Johnson most notably haunted the radio public in the fall of 1939 with a little number which undoubtedly has had something to do with Pepsi-Cola's \$14,-



ALAN KENT & AUSTEN JOHNSON
"The mixture is swell."

Giles-Black Star

U.S. public would like to hear the famed Japcaster goes to KYA's 6-ft., 31-year-old, South Dakota-born president, Don Fedderson. He got the idea one morning at 4 o'clock. It stood the test of daylight. It pleased both the FCC and the Office of Censorship. It delighted Roos Bros. who, in a trial poll on the propriety of the program, got 97% approval. The poll's heavy mailbag indicated that the program would collect a sizable audience.

In order to forestall panic effects of an Orson Welles-Martian nature, the Rose recordings are carefully introduced and Japanese tamperings with the facts of the news are spotted for listeners by KYA's news staff.

Jingle All the Way

Alan ("The Beard") Kent and Austen Herbert ("Ginger") Johnson sold a singing commercial to Pillsbury Flour Mills Co. Scheduled for a late August debut, it is the latest product of a partnership that has made them kings of jingle. It is scored for 23 brass instruments, a Hammond

ooo,ooo increase in gross sales since then. It began:

*Pepsi-Cola hits the spot,
Twelve full ounces, that's a lot . . .
Other Kent and Johnson haunts:
Momma, Momma, Momma, won't you Larvex me?
Listen to the handy Flit Gun (whistle-sh-h-h!).*

MooOO to YouUUU (Borden's milk).
"Organized Seduction." Alan Kent is a 32-year-old former salesman from Chicago who had moved into radio announcing and comedy when Austen Johnson met him in Manhattan's NBC offices in 1935. Dressy Austen Johnson was born in England in 1909, is vague about what he did between then and the '30s when he began arranging BBC musical programs including one of sweet tunes which he called "Organized Seduction." In 1935 he sailed to the U.S. to do a program for NBC. He was not much impressed with Alan Kent, who had been recommended to him as an announcer, but a later meeting and a drink led to their partnership.

Tops in Protection



You can get Cyclone Fence, gates, window guards and wire mesh barriers to protect your plant, if you are making war goods and have the proper priority. Don't take a chance with valuable property. If you need fence, write us about your requirements. We will make recommendations and give you a free estimate.

CYCLONE FENCE DIVISION
(AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY)

Waukegan, Ill. • Branches in Principal Cities
United States Steel Export Company, New York



CYCLONE FENCE

SEND FOR FREE BOOK ON FENCE

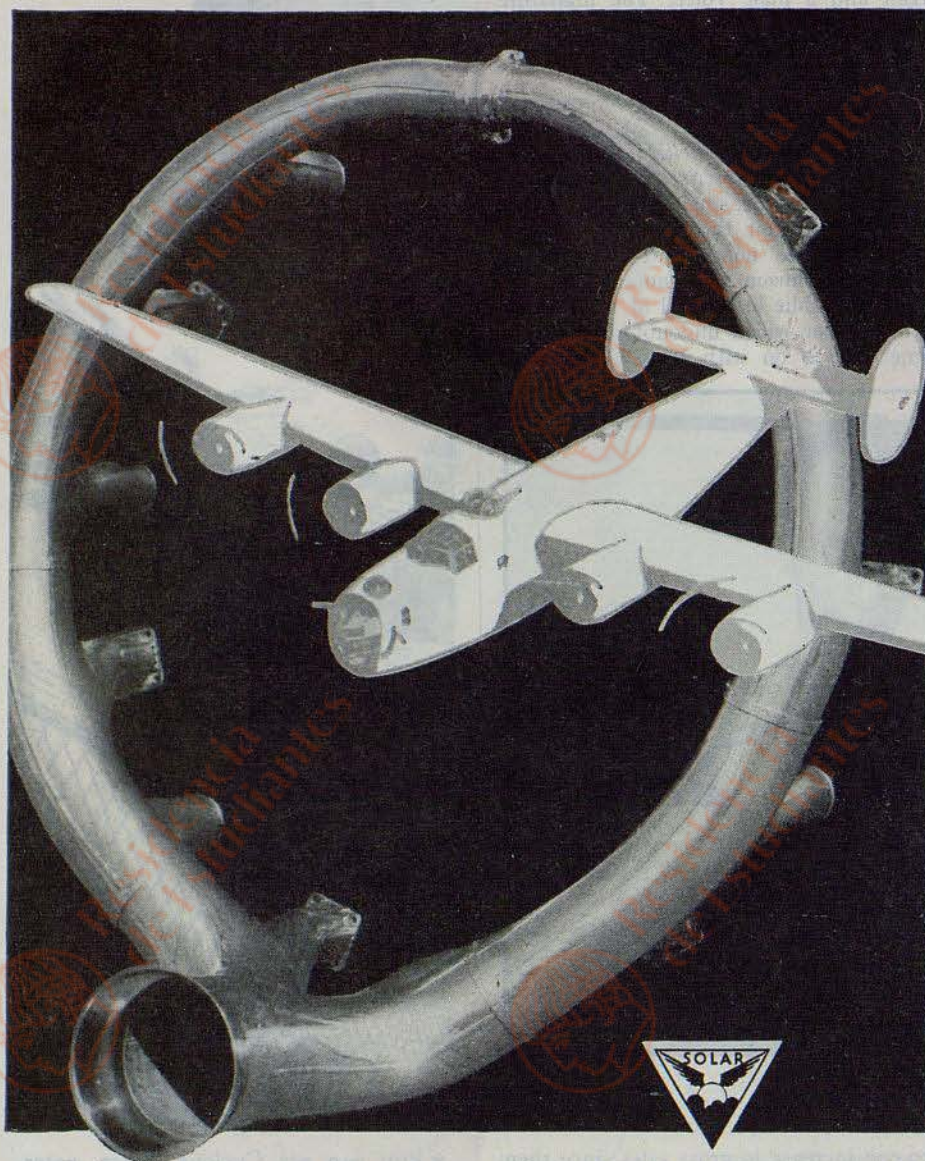
You'll find our free, 32-page book on fence helpful in planning for postwar needs. It is packed with illustrations, specifications and facts. Will help you choose the right fence. Write for it today.



Cyclone Fence, Dept 384, Waukegan, Ill.

UNITED STATES STEEL

200,000th Manifold...



on its way to Victory!

JULY 21, 1944 Solar completed its 200,000th stainless steel airplane exhaust manifold—a record the company, its employees, suppliers and customers share with satisfaction.

This is a long step from Solar's total production in 1930 of just two manifolds built for the U. S. Navy. Revolutionary in principle, they substituted a scientifically designed and constructed exhaust system for the crude and dangerous method of venting gases through extended pieces of short tubing.

For fourteen years Solar has led in this important branch of the airplane

industry. Engineering technique has kept pace with greater demands imposed by increased engine horsepower in the disposal of hot gases, and resistance to heat and corrosion... specialized skill has been acquired in fabricating hard to handle stainless steel and similar alloys.

Companies in any line of business confronted with such problems are invited to consult Solar. Address "Management."



MILESTONES

Married. Gwladys Sheleagh Boake Carter, 19, daughter of Newscaster Boake Carter, whose scripts are under investigation by the FCC for anti-union bias; and Ensign James Wallace Jr., 21, Philadelphia socialite; in Germantown, Pa.

Married. Tse Kiong Sun, 29, grandson of Dr. Sun Yat-sen; and Velma Lowe, 23, Mills College-educated daughter of Chain Storeman Andrew Lowe, one of California's leading Chinese merchants; in San Francisco.

Married. James M. Cain, 52, thrill-master (*The Postman Always Rings Twice*, *Serenade*, *Double Indemnity*); and Aileen Pringle, 43, veteran cinemactress; he for the third time, she for the second: in Santa Monica, Calif.

Killed in Action. Captain George C. Grey, 26, Liberal, youngest member of Parliament. Elected to the House of Commons at 23 for Berwick-on-Tweed, he followed the footsteps of his late relative, Viscount Grey of Fallodon, who represented the same borough at the same age, in 1885.

Killed in Action. Lieut. Joseph P. Kennedy Jr., 29, Harvard-educated Rugby and sailing enthusiast, oldest of his father's nine children; in the European Theater.

Died. Blanche Colton Williams, 65, portly head of Hunter College's English department, editor of the O. Henry Memorial Prize Stories from 1919 to 1932; in Jackson, Miss.

Died. Yoshimichi Hara, 76, close confidant of Japan's Emperor, president of Japan's Privy Council since 1938; in Japan. On the morning of his death, Hara was sent twelve bottles of wine by Hirohito—the customary gift of the throne to important public servants who are beyond recovery.

Died. John Steven McGroarty, 81, one-time Congressman, so-called "Poet Laureate" of California; of a heart attack; in Los Angeles. The outstanding Congressional spokesman for the Townsend Old-Age Plan, he turned out much topical verse. Sample (from a rhapsodic paean to Mrs. Roosevelt): "What seeks the Lady Eleanor?"

Died. Miguel Antonio Otero, 84, governor of the territory of New Mexico from 1897 to 1906, buffalo-hunting companion of "Wild Bill" Hickok, Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, Kit Carson and General Custer; in Santa Fe, N.Mex.

Died. William Fife, 88, third generation head of a famed Ayrshire boat-building family, designer of three of the late Sir Thomas Lipton's unsuccessful America's Cup yachts; in England.

Do you know...?

Quiz on timely production short-cuts—No. 6



Q. The wings on this plane have been:
☐ Shot off ☐ Unhinged for repair ☐ Folded back to save space

A. Folded back to save space. When pushed out into flying position again, wings are attached to fuselage with steel pins. Certain parts of these pins must be electro-plated with chromium. Many plane manufacturers today use a special Permacel tape in "masking" sections of vital parts during electro-plating.



Q. The lining of this post-war handbag will probably be made of:
☐ Cloth ☐ Leather ☐ Coconut fibre

A. Cloth. And after the war, as before, manufacture of handbags will be greatly speeded by use of Permacel cloth tape (Jonflex). Operator assembles sections of "liners," sticks them together with Permacel, then puts bag through sewing machine as a unit. Eliminates need for holding separate sections in position manually—saves time—cuts costs.



Q. This quick-reading production chart was made with:
☐ Colored paper ☐ Colored tapes ☐ Colored pencils

A. Chart was made with Permacel's companion, Texcel Cellophane Tape, which is made in a variety of colors, as well as in a transparent form. Colored Texcel tape is also used to identify fuel lines and wires. Transparent Texcel has many office uses—mends torn letters and ledgers, seals packages, eliminates all fuss with glue and strings.



Q. Prior to shipment, stoves are usually taped in order to:
☐ Protect parts ☐ Keep moisture out ☐ Identify models

A. Protect parts. Stove pictured has been taped with Permacel cloth tape (Jonflex) to hold burners and grates in place, prevent doors from opening, keep trays from rattling. Today this tough, clean-stripping Permacel tape is also used to seal shell canisters, signal flares and many other ordnance items.



Q. What's this man doing?
☐ Leveling earth ☐ Laying mines ☐ Searching for mines

A. Searching for mines. In newest U. S. land mines, Permacel moisture-proof cloth tape (Utilitape) plays an important part. After the war, manufacturers whose products must be able to withstand corrosion will find this Permacel tape unequalled for moisture resistance combined with extreme flexibility.

Q. Which of these types of pressure-sensitive tapes can help speed and improve your production?

☐ Paper ☐ Cloth ☐ Cellophane ☐ Metal ☐ Glass

A. All of these types of Permacel tapes are today used in war production. Many war uses will prove helpful in your business when you return to post-war work. Meantime, our research laboratory facilities are available to you for development of special tapes to meet war or post-war needs.

Permacel
INDUSTRIAL TAPES
 INDUSTRIAL TAPE CORPORATION

New Brunswick, N. J. Makers of **Texcel Tape**

HOW UNCLE SAM'S AIR ARM ACQUIRED ...A LONGER REACH!

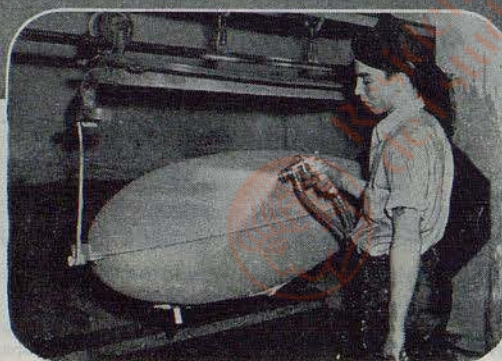


Official Photo—U. S. Air Forces

● The world sat up and took notice when U. S. fighter planes took off from America and pulled into the African theatre under their own power! And how were these planes—with a range of only a few hundred miles—able to fly such a vast distance non-stop?

The answer's simple—yet not so simple. Under wings, under bellies, they carried auxiliary gas tanks which could be drained before their regular gas containers, then detached by an ingenious method unknown before the war. Today, such tanks are stretching the range of our smaller planes on every flying front. And these quickly-detachable containers now have another use! In emergencies, they're loaded with food and medical supplies and dropped to isolated ground forces—as was done to relieve our fighters in the mountains near Cassino.

Since each of these tanks serves only once, Uncle Sam's airmen need plenty of them. And they're getting them—thanks to such high-speed production methods as employed at the American Stove Company. Realizing that the finishing line is often a bottle-neck, American Stove



chose time-saving DeVilbiss Spray Equipment to apply the protective finish required by each tank before it enters service.

In every field of war production, DeVilbiss Spray Equipment is preferred for its swift, efficient performance in all types of painting and coating operations. DeVilbiss exhaust systems, air compressors and special hose and connections are working for Victory, too. And when it comes, you can depend on *all* of these famous DeVilbiss products to help you produce the products of peacetime—quicker, better and more economically.



THE DEVILBISS COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

Canadian Plant: Windsor, Ontario



DEVILBISS

Spray Systems

SPRAY EQUIPMENT • EXHAUST SYSTEMS • AIR COMPRESSORS • HOSE & CONNECTIONS

TRANSITION

Meine Lieben Freunde

Hollywood's Walt Disney Productions last week got busy on a postwar plan, began to dub in German titles on its animated cartoons for distribution in Germany. Among them: *Saludos Amigos* ("Hello Friends").

SPOKESMEN

The Gypping of the West?

Big, red-faced Dan O. Druge, 42, stood up before an employers' manpower conference in San Francisco. Dan, who owns and operates the Druge Brothers Manufacturing Co. (automatic tire gauges) with his brother, likes to speak his mind. And on his mind last week was a subject that has become more & more pressing to many a Western businessman: the place of the West in the U.S. economy.

Druge, like many another Westerner, believes that there exists a vast conspiracy in the East to keep the West Coast an undernourished industrial stepchild. The onset of World War II gave the West basic industries on a scale that it never had before, notably steel and aluminum. Then Westerners began to dream that the West was finally going to grow up industrially. But as the end of the war draws near with no definite plans announced to utilize fully those industries, many a Westerner has grown bitter and disillusioned. Last week Druge summed up that disillusionment and, in so doing, spoke for most Westerners.

Said he: "The West is going to take the worst gypping in its history. When the war first started we were declared a combat area. . . . So all the contracts went East. When they had all the work they could handle, contracts were passed around out here. We did a hell of a job, too, and began to tell everybody we were growing up. . . .

"Then people back East began to get nervous about us. . . . War contracts were withdrawn. . . . Now all this is changed. Manufacturers back East see the end of the war in sight. Now they say: Let the contracts go West. . . . So we're going to keep in war production, while the Eastern boys quickly convert to peace production. By the time we get finished with the war, they'll be fully geared to peace jobs. And what's more, they'll have gained time to step in and capture our Western markets."

STATE OF BUSINESS

Everybody Busy

Business in August was active all across the heat-choked land.

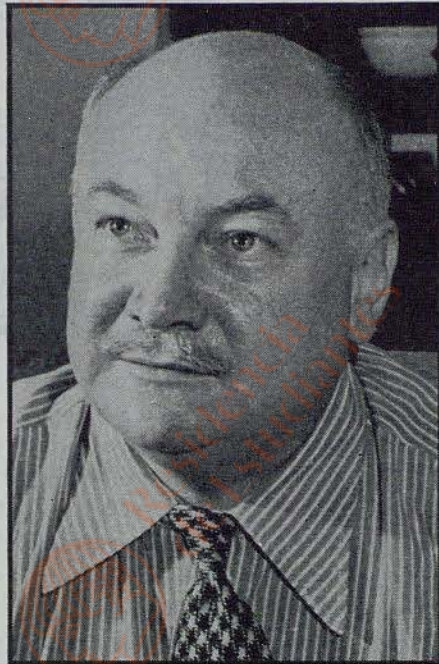
¶ Carloadings for the first week were 2% higher than last August, mainly due to heavy shipments of grain and live-

stock, and a high volume of export traffic.

¶ The value of U.S. exports including Lend-Lease material for the first half of 1944 was \$7.2 billion—a new high.

¶ Department-store sales were 4% over 1943, but merchants were cautious in placing orders for fall goods. The retailers fear: 1) a slump in sales as reconversion forces war workers off high-pay jobs; 2) a buyers' strike against ersatz goods, when production of better-quality civilian goods is resumed.

¶ Output of electric power, soft coal and petroleum was higher than last year. Private construction awards gained 132%



Eileen Darby-Graphic House
GRAHAM-PAIGE'S FRAZER
He undressed for SEC.

over last August; public construction awards were up 12%.

¶ Steel production last week was 97% of capacity.

¶ In the Midwest grain markets' persistent selling of futures forced wheat prices to less than parity despite CCC buying intended to shore up prices in face of the record crop. At week's end wheat was 18¢ a bushel under the 1944 high, but still 10¢ higher than last year.

¶ Cotton prices were down. Reason: textile production continues downward despite the 48-hour week established by WMC in May. Daily raw cotton consumption in July was estimated at 35,800 bales—a drop of 12% since last July.

¶ In the smaller commodity markets traders were discouraged by the continuing lack of shipping for imports of coffee, cocoa and sugar. Arrivals of these commodities were far less than importers had hoped for. The olive trade was stirred by news that a large cargo of olives was en route to the U.S.

AUTOS

Joe Frazer and Graham-Paige

Last week Joseph Washington Frazer reached the motor magnates' Valhalla. He had been elected board chairman of Graham-Paige Motors Corp.; now Joe Frazer could make and sell his own automobiles. In a happy hubbub, almost like old times, he watched telegrams coming in from dealers all over the country, asking for postwar franchises.

But at week's end, on his way to Newport, the usually genial Joe Frazer was not especially happy. He did not mind being the only dollar-a-year executive in the motor industry; his week-old position gives him other compensation of the incentive type.

Frazer's unhappiness came from a swirl of rumors that spread from Detroit: he was putting Graham-Paige and other companies together in a new combine to balk Ford; the Fisher brothers were in; the Fisher brothers were out; Atlas Corp. was buying Graham-Paige heavily in the open market.

These rumors and their variations spurred board-room sitters to action in brokerage offices throughout the U.S. Their buying huffed low-priced motor shares into new high ground, made them the most active on the Exchange. The rumors blew Graham-Paige before the steely eyes of the SEC, which already, like thousands of small speculators, was asking, "What goes on?"

To stop the rumors and quiet SEC, Graham-Paige hurried out with a statement full of intimate business details. Against the background of rumors, the statement made Joe Frazer, a 210-pounder, feel like a man undressing in public:

¶ Frazer and associates, said the statement, had bought 265,000 shares of Graham-Paige Motors Corp. from Founder Joseph B. Graham at \$2 per share. The same purchasers have an option to buy on or before Sept. 7 an additional 265,000 shares at the same price, also from Founder Graham.

¶ The corporation gave Frazer an option—good for five years—under which he may buy up to 300,000 shares of Graham-Paige stock from the company's treasury at \$3.50 per share.

Frazer's "associates" include David Baird, vice president of Marsh & McLennan, insurance brokers, and Floyd Odum, Boyd Hatch and Oswald L. Johnston, all of Atlas Corp. But Atlas itself is putting no money into Graham-Paige stock. Atlas Corp.'s June 30 statement showed a heavy cash position. The purchases were made by Atlas officers and directors as "personal investments."

The Graham-Paige statement, together with the information given out by Atlas Corp. officers, stilled the storm. Volume in the low-priced motor shares fell off and

"What a fix we'd be in without Monroes!"



They can really pitch in and do a job with a Monroe; its speed, its simplicity, its Velvet Touch ease of operation, all combine to make the day's work lighter—despite the unprecedented wartime volume of figures and records.

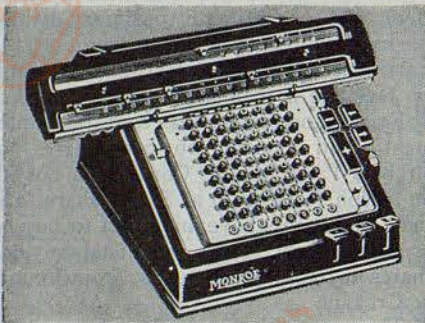
Payroll calculations and records; statistics; analyses; estimates; reports; invoices; costs and percentages; inventory and accounting procedures. Manage-

ment depends on these for efficient and economical administration; and business depends on Monroe to keep this vital work flowing.

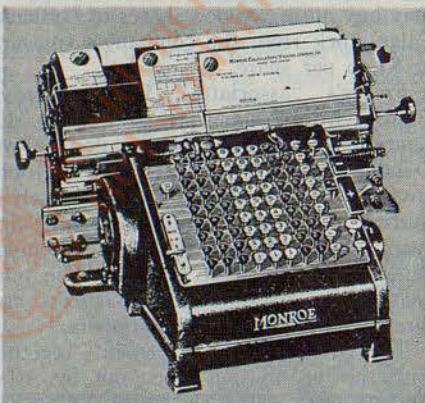
Call the nearby Monroe branch . . . ask our representative about the availability of Monroe Machines under existing conditions. Let him help you to effect time-saving shortcuts. Ask about our Guaranteed Maintenance Plan to keep your Monroes in top operating condition.

• • •

Without obligation send for the Monroe Payroll Book showing simplified methods for figuring Overtime, Bonus and Tax Withholdings. A most valuable presentation of time-saving shortcuts on all payroll calculations. Get in touch with nearest Monroe Branch, or write Monroe Calculating Machine Company, Inc., Orange, New Jersey.



Monroe MA 7-W Calculator



Monroe 209-485-191 Accounting Machine

MONROE

CALCULATING • LISTING
ACCOUNTING MACHINES

prices receded. By week's end, interest had shifted to old favorites.

Because of his option, Frazer has an incentive to build greater future value into Graham-Paige. But he also has a more personal urge to succeed. Only last September, Frazer left Willys-Overland after falling out with Ward Canaday, Willys' board chairman. Into the vacated post went Charles Sorensen from Ford, at \$52,000 a year (TIME, June 19).

Proud of his operating skill, energetic, 52-year-old Joe Frazer did not take that lying down. At the suggestion of the Navy, he organized a company to take over Warren City Tank & Boiler Co. Last February he changed its name to Warren City Manufacturing Co., became its president, soon doubled its output of landing barges and other war goods.

Helping him at Warren were ten operating auto men he brought over from Willys. Last week they too became Graham-Paige employees, when the motor company with 150,000 shares of its stock made Warren City Manufacturing Co. a completely owned subsidiary. Together, Warren and Graham-Paige are turning out war work at the rate of \$60 million a year.

Because his plants are still 100% engaged on war orders, Frazer refuses to specify the size or cost of the car he is planning. Says he: "When we build a car, it will be an entirely new postwar model." Then, mindful of the rumors, Frazer added: "We'll probably call it Graham-Paige. That's a good name."

RUBBER

Trouble in Akron

Akron was falling down on its war job. The town last week had become a No. 1 trouble spot in the U.S. Grimy, rubber-smelling Akron is counted on to produce two-thirds of all the heavy tires needed for military guns and supply trucks and for half of all the U.S. heavy-duty tires. But Akron failed by 30% to meet its heavy-tire quotas in July and seems to be falling further behind. Result:

☐ OPA canceled all outstanding ration certificates, issued prior to July 15, for bus and truck tires.

☐ The Office of Defense Transportation solemnly warned that thousands of trucks will soon be forced off the highways.

☐ A trucking association curtly summed up the tire situation: "It stinks."

☐ The Army, foreseeing a shortage of 80,000 heavy tires, talked nervously of cutting back the already-reduced truck program of 600,000 trucks for 1944.

In this latest rubber crisis, WPB appealed for an immediate increase in tire production—a full 30%, now when the need is greatest. Could Akron meet it?

The Quota. The problem was compounded of small ifs, manpower, absenteeism and faulty scheduling. But the real answer lay in labor-management history. Could Akron finally end its labor-management feud? Three years of world war had failed to end it.

The feud was born in the years of



American foods in paper packages aid Britain.

CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA



WALL STREET

Trees, Forest, Commodities...

If there is a perfect example of the old adage about not being able to see the forest for the trees, it is in the relationship of manufacturers and other trade interests to the commodity picture as a whole. Not only is this true of the over-all world situation in commodities in general—it is also often the case even in the view of, say, a grower, merchant or manufacturer in regard to the very staple in which he is interested.

The reason is not far to seek. Pre-occupied with their own immediate business problems, those whose business it is to buy, sell or process commodities naturally do not concern themselves daily with developments beyond their economic horizons. Yet it is precisely those developments, often world-wide in scope and implication, which may have the greatest ultimate effect on prices.

Beyond the Horizon. No one man, perhaps no group of men, can gather, summarize, interpret and have available all commodity information at all times. A reasonably close approximation of just that function is, however, the practice of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane. To the trade, this function has obvious value, since it makes possible intelligent action in regard to probable price trends, without unnecessary delay.

Just why M L, P, F & B should be able to thus render a necessary service to trade interests is not hard to understand. First, more than two-thirds of the firm's offices are located in areas where commodities are either grown or processed*—hence grassroots information on any commodity can be gathered with maximum speed. What's more, information held in one branch can be checked against that of others, and double-checked with the firm's extensive contacts all over the country. Finally, the double-distilled results are made available to any branch, any customer, with equal speed through the firm's interconnecting wire service.

Men and Figures. Impersonal statistics, however, are of limited worth unless correlated in relation to a specific problem. This thought actuates the whole policy of M L, P, F & B's commodity department in serving trade interests. Accordingly, every single commodity is watched over by a specialist in it—a man who has literally built his business lifetime around that particular staple. And interpreting this information in terms of the individual requirements of the grower, manufacturer, merchant or other trade interest concerned is the whole object of his and his associates' work.

Desirous of proving their point in practice, M L, P, F & B make this offer: to make an interpretive analysis of any staple in relation to the commodity problem of any businessman who will state that problem, together with appropriate background, to the firm.†

* 60 out of a total of 85 offices.

† Address Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane headquarters at 70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

bitter, even bloody fighting between the C.I.O. Rubber Workers union and rubber's Big Four of Akron (Goodyear, Goodrich, General and Firestone). Akron was saddled with a six-hour day, which management started during the depression, and which the rubber workers grimly held to thereafter. Not till January of this year did the last group of Akron's tire workers agree to work eight hours, even for war. The whole tire industry's 45.5 hour week is under the national war industry average (46.8).

The real production stranglehold is the "quota." The quota started as a scheme to beat the hated production speed-up which workers suspect in Akron's piece-work system. In the past, faster work often meant that the company would cut the payrate per piece. Thus, to make



Acme

UNION BOSS DALRYMPLE
Could Akron end its feud?

certain they do not work harder for less money, workers in many departments set their own quotas. This has been brought to such scientific control that many pieceworkers collect the same amount in their paychecks—down to the last cent. For long, companies approved the quota—it kept skilled employes from burning themselves out in overwork. Publicly union bigwigs deplore the quota; privately, workers rigidly enforce it. Two months ago, eight rubber workers began serving jail sentences in Akron for beating a fellow unionist who had exceeded his quota.

The Big Bite. In the face of this situation Akron does not chew as much war work as it has bitten off. As tire-making slackened when rubber got scarce, the Big Four grabbed orders for rubber rafts, gas tanks, ammunition, etc. Goodyear even set up its own aircraft unit, now employs 24,000 turning out Corsair fighters and plane parts. This was good business as long as the synthetic rubber

program flourished. But now synthetic is pouring in, and Akron is trying to turn out more heavy tires than ever before.

The Navy did not help matters when it canceled the Corsair contract of inefficient Brewster Aeronautical Corp. (TIME, May 29), shifted the load to Goodyear. Moreover synthetic rubber takes some 25% more time and labor to process, and big tires are time-eaters. (Example: 60 small tires can be turned out as quickly as one huge bomber tire.)

In Draft, Out Draft. The War Manpower Commission estimates Akron needs only 1,400 more tire workers. (The company estimate: 2,700.) This week WMC began to comb the South for men. The Army & Navy, which, despite warnings, drafted into the services thousands of tire workers, last week frantically began to release them. But all this took too much time. The need is now.

WPB's best bet to boost production is to crack the quota. Optimistically, it hopes to get unionists to agree to produce as much as possible for three months—with the rates frozen, so that the companies cannot use the wide-open production as a weapon to cut rates later. But WPB Vice Chairman L. R. Boulware got ready to go to Akron, the New York Times whacked the union in a series of articles, trumpeted of a WPB "investigation." Hastily WPB's Boulware canceled his trip to give the unionists time to calm down.

The only man who could probably get equally quick action for all of Akron's 80,000 workers was the tough, black-haired boss of the union, Sherman Dalrymple. But he was unavailable; he was on his way to Normandy to talk to front-line soldiers—to find out what Akron could do to further the war.


ICE

Cold Comfort

The U.S. ice industry is having the biggest boom in its history. Ice makers have thrown away their advertising projects; they cannot even keep up with demand. The mechanical refrigerator, which once threatened to put the iceman out of business, has been temporarily put out of business itself by war; more & more old-fashioned iceboxes have been going into homes. An even bigger demand for "natural" ice has come from U.S. refrigerator cars and cold-storage plants, which are caring for more perishable food than ever before. To meet the demand, the \$596 million industry must produce close to 50 million tons of ice this year (1941: 34 million tons).

The world's biggest ice manufacturer, City Ice & Fuel Co. of Chicago, last week reported that its share in this record business has brought it a record gross—\$24 million (including income from two breweries, fuel and refrigerator sales) for the first half of 1944. (In all of 1940 City Ice grossed \$25.7 million.) On Sept. 1 City Ice will retire all its preferred stock: \$12 million worth, paying accrued

TIME, AUGUST 21, 1944



DURING a recent trial boring in Texas, an oil well was sunk to a depth of more than 15,000 feet—the greatest distance man has ever reached below the surface for oil!

One of the factors that make it possible to drill such wells is a big synthetic rubber hose—like the HEWITT rotary drill hose shown here. It supplies mud under high pressure for lubricating the drilling.

But rotary drill hose is only one of scores of rubber products that HEWITT makes for industry. There are other types of HEWITT hose for almost every industrial job. In thousands of plants, HEWITT transmission belts help keep millions of horsepower working efficiently. And where material handling is a problem, you are sure to see big HEWITT transmission belts getting goods there faster—at less cost.

As *specialists* in industrial rubber products, HEWITT engineers have long worked to make rubber, both natural and synthetic, more useful to industry. One of their contributions years ago was the first use of synthetic rubber in the manufacture of oil and gasoline hose. More recently they have perfected the mass production of the famous self-sealing gasoline cells to which so many pilots owe their lives.

HEWITT engineers are busily planning even finer postwar industrial rubber products. These will be available after Victory is won—and the HEWITT distributor organization will be ready to supply your requirements.

**How RUBBER high
in the air helps reach
3 miles underground**

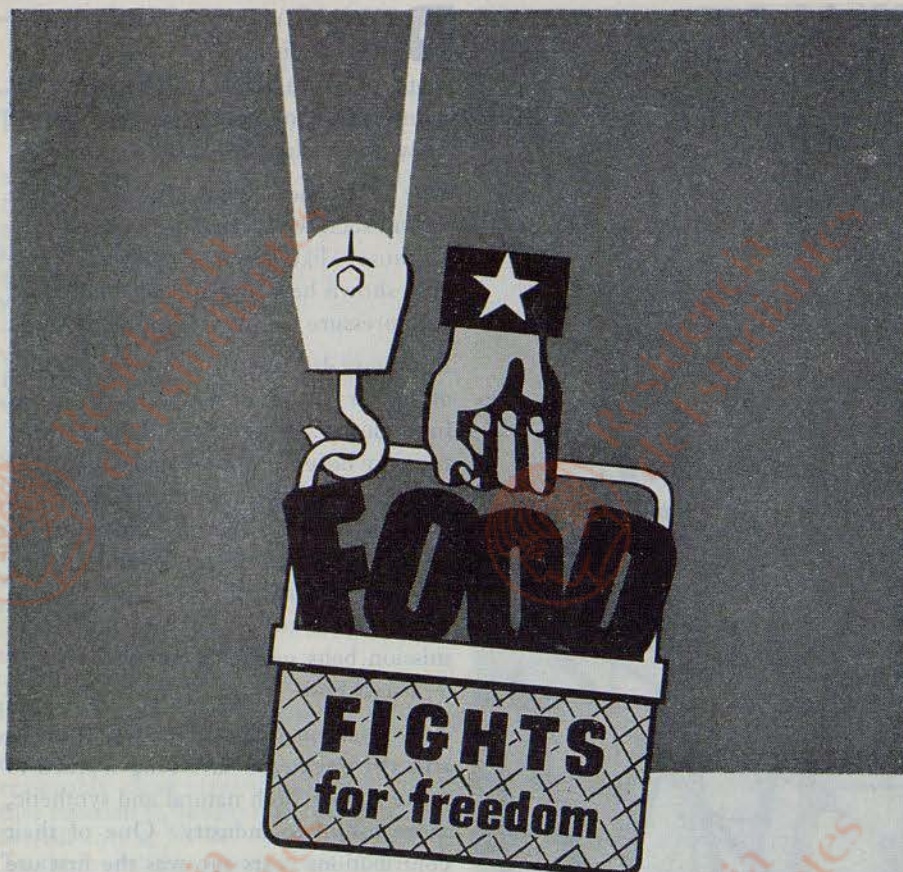
WE ARE
PARTICIPANTS IN THE
OWNERSHIP AND OPERATION
OF
NATIONAL SYNTHETIC RUBBER
CORPORATION

HEWITT RUBBER

CORPORATION, Buffalo 5, N. Y.



Almost a century of experience as SPECIALISTS in Industrial Hose, Conveyor and Transmission Belts, Packing. See your Classified Telephone Directory for the name of your nearest HEWITT distributor.



Giving your Uncle a lift!

Chow!

In slang, or in the more polite terms of any language you can name, people are hungry. And your government is determined that none shall want.

This year, America's breadbasket must contain astronomical quantities of things like 57 billion quarts of milk, 14 billion pounds of pork, 57 billion eggs. Where does all this food go?

75% for the home folks—that's equal to our *total* prewar supply!

13% for our armed forces—our fighters need $1\frac{1}{2}$ times as much food as they ate at home.

10% for our fighting allies—every battle they win shortens the war, saves American lives.

2% for our good neighbors—outlying U. S. territories, too . . . largely in exchange for precious war materials that our armed forces must have.

Will we make the grade? Yes, for two reasons. First, the farmer is producing more than ever. Second, the food processing industry has completely revamped its technology. Old methods of *batch-lot* food production have been replaced by *continuous-processing* methods. And this, with a shortage of labor.

How come? Mechanization, throughout . . . the use of overhead hoists and cranes (many of them produced by R & M) to speed handling through every process.

Do you want to save production time, reduce worker effort, spread available manpower? Help with such problems or with those of electric motor application, ventilation, pumping, or converting machines to direct drive is yours for the asking. Write us! We'll do our best. Address: Robbins & Myers, Inc., Springfield, Ohio. In Canada: Robbins & Myers Co. of Canada, Ltd., Brantford, Ontario.

ROBBINS & MYERS, Inc.

FOUNDED 1878

MOTORS · HOISTS · CRANES · MACHINE DRIVES · FANS · MOYNO PUMPS

dividends of \$1.62½ a share. But record business also has brought fantastic demands. Frantic calls from iceless areas have required it to ship from California to Texas, from Florida to Texas, from Chicago to Mexico.

City Ice has been able to meet emergencies because it is a consolidation of small companies in 26 states, Canada and Mexico. The parent company is headed by William J. Sinek, 67, a chunky, jittery businessman who plays polo for exercise. Sinek is the son of an Attica, Ohio slaughterhouse operator. When he was 13, Bill Sinek went into the construction business with \$1,000 he had saved while cherry picking and newspaper peddling. At 19 he was making \$6,000 a year and 30 years later had built such huge projects



LIFE

ICEMAN SINEK

He would help do the housework.

as Chicago's Soldier Field, Lincoln Fields Race Track, the Cubs baseball park.

Sinek got interested in ice when his company built some cold-storage plants in 1926. He became director of City Ice when he sold the company some of his railroad icing plants. By 1942 he became the world's top iceman as president of City Ice.

High-strung Bill Sinek relaxes not only by playing polo ("golf is an old man's game"). He also throws massive parties for his friends. At a dinner he gave for some railroad men in 1938, Sinek had two circus elephants brought into the grand ballroom of Chicago's Hotel Sherman to entertain the guests.

Sinek is confident that the demand for block ice will not plummet in the face of a postwar spurt in mechanical refrigerator competition. He believes there is room for both. He points to the fact that 43% of his business is helping to supply ice to the 140,000 U.S. refrigerator cars (now carrying more than 1,000,000 carloads of foodstuffs a year) in which, he

SALESMEN WANTED...

FOR POSTWAR JOBS

WE are now accepting applications from men in the armed forces and from others for peacetime work selling Addressograph and Multigraph equipment.

With the end of the war we believe competition in American business will be keener than ever. We believe the companies with high costs and low efficiency will be forced out of the running. Because all of our products are designed with one purpose . . . to cut business costs and improve efficiency . . . we expect our sales to increase tremendously after the war.

Every business that makes or sells *any* product or renders a service is a prospect for Addressograph or Multigraph equipment or both.

In addition to all of our own men, now on leaves of absence in the armed forces, we expect to add more than two hundred salesmen to our established offices in all parts of the country. Salesmen will once again be *job makers*. Our preference is for industrious young men with selling ability who are familiar with office or factory systems and methods, accounting procedures or similar business operations. If you feel you can qualify for the job of selling Addressograph-Multigraph simplified business methods to American business, write us now giving full information about yourself and your business background.

Write The Addressograph-Multigraph Corporation, Cleveland 17, Ohio.

Addressograph-Multigraph Corporation

SIMPLIFIED BUSINESS METHODS

Hi-wet strength; resists grease, too



It's PATAPAR

Patapar* Vegetable Parchment is known as the "hi-wet strength" paper. You can soak it in water indefinitely — or *boil* it, and it will remain firm and strong. But that's only one of Patapar's unique qualities. It's proof against grease, too. Pour oil or hot fat on Patapar and you'll see how it resists penetration.

179 types thousands of uses

Patapar is produced in a variety of types to cover a wide range of applications. Actually 179 types of Patapar have been perfected to fill different needs. As a packaging material it protects butter, meats, fish, cheese, milk, shortening, ice cream. It is used for bulk packaging units, liners for motor oil containers, rubber mold liners; also in gas masks, in the manufacture of Plexiglas, and literally thousands of other uses.

NOTE TO BUSINESS MEN:

With the present shortage of pulp, the manufacture of Patapar is restricted to a limited group of weights and finishes, and its use is confined to war assignments and essential civilian needs. However, we welcome inquiries from business men who are thinking about future needs.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Paterson Parchment Paper Company
Bristol, Pennsylvania

West Coast Plant: 340 Bryant St., San Francisco 7
Branch Offices: New York, Chicago

Headquarters for Vegetable Parchment since 1885

says, mechanical refrigeration is unsatisfactory. Another 40% of his business comes from commercial users of block ice (hotels, restaurants, stores); from maintenance of cold storage, air-conditioning systems, railroad passenger-car cooling, water cooling, etc.

Biggest competition from mechanical refrigerators comes in domestic use (18% of Sinek's business). But he has an optimistic answer: "We're going to look after the low-income group, the masses, and let Astor St. take care of itself. Our ambition is to be the Henry Ford of the refrigerator business." He has set up an "educational department" to train icemen to make friends with women. They should help them with their housework, should show them where to put things in the icebox to get full benefit from the ice. He wants all his icemen to be like one he knows in St. Louis, who in wintertime puts on several sweaters instead of an overcoat so his customers will not decide it is getting too cold to buy ice.

FOOD

Burial in Vermont

To Vermont's rock-ribbed Republicans, it was just another example of New Deal bungling. To the War Food Administration the Great American Egg Problem was not the least bit funny.

Last week the Burlington, Vt. WFA office received nine carloads of overripe eggs. After brooding a bit, the WFA officials figured that the simplest way to dispose of the nearly two million bad eggs would be to bury them beyond the town limits of South Burlington. They hired a bulldozer, dumped five carloads into a gully, and covered the yolky quagmire with a thin layer of sandy topsoil.

But the sun was hot, and a soft breeze blew from the wrong direction. A ripe stench, something like that of Algiers' Casbah district, was wafted into town. The enraged selectmen, prodded by public opinion, quickly got a court injunction halting WFA from planting the four remaining carloads.

Thrifty Vermonters calculated the nine carloads of eggs had cost taxpayers \$48,600. WFA bought some 6.2 million cases of eggs at an average price of 30¢ a dozen to support farm prices. Most of the eggs are still clogging valuable cold-storage space badly needed for this season's ripening crops.

OIL

West Edmond's Hour of Glory

The greatest concentration of rotary drilling rigs in the world were biting their way into West Edmond oilfield last week, 15 miles from Oklahoma City. West Edmond was spewing out a \$500,000 monthly payroll and a major housing headache for the already oil-booming capital and its environs.

To petroleum geologists, concerned with the nation's future oil resources, West Edmond is a welcome find. Its proven re-

serves are now indicated at 117 million bbl. (20 million bbl. qualifies a field to be classed as major). And West Edmond is young, its capacity still not fully plumbed. Further development may raise its estimated potential. In 1943 only 212 million bbl. were added to the proven U.S. oil reserves through the discovery of new pools. West Edmond will probably give 1944 a better record. But geologists look back to 1937. That was the year the new oil-discovery graph line began to turn down from a peak of 929 million bbl. It has trended downward ever since.

To most Oklahomans, these are remote considerations. They have an oldtime oil boom on their hands, and they like it. The West Edmond boom has robbed the Kentucky and Illinois fields of every rig ca-



WILDCATTER GUTOWSKY
A doodlebug did it.

pable of boring deeper than 5,000 feet. Phillips Petroleum is curtailing its wildcatting in the Panhandle, moving its equipment east to develop its Edmond leases. Over West Edmond's 27 square miles, Oklahomans could count 102 producing wells, with 88 more being drilled—and only six dry holes so far. Ready to be drilled when rigs are available are 150 locations in proven areas.

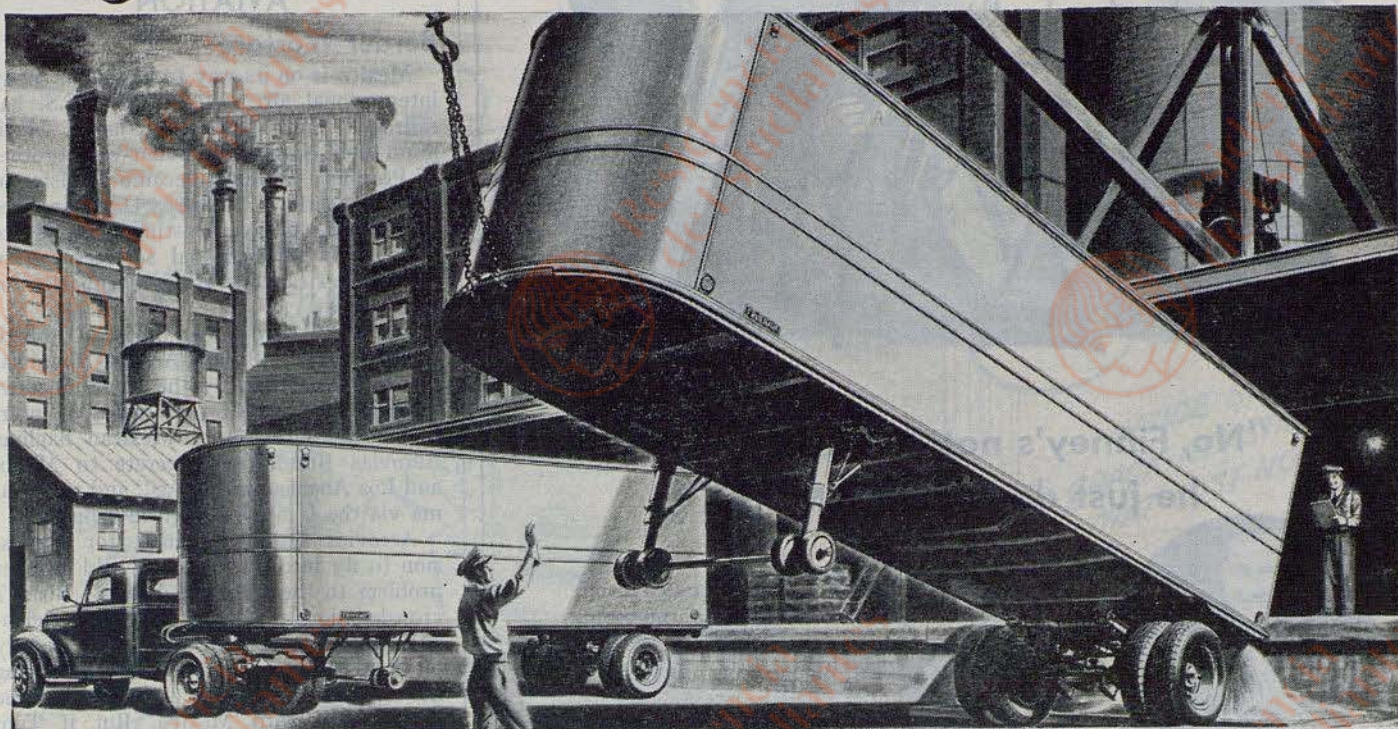
Aloof from the mud and excitement last week was the man who started it all. A wildcatter and full-fledged promoter, Ace (for Assaph) Gutowsky is a 58-year-old Russian with a Gregory Ratoff accent. On 28 previous occasions he had sunk his money and drills into the soil, found nothing.

He located his first well at West Edmond with the aid of his partner's "doodlebug," the wildcatter's equivalent of a divining rod, which geologists scorn as witchcraft.

Even as he was drilling—on borrowed money—Gutowsky's geologist friends were advising him to quit. These recollec-

TIME, AUGUST 21, 1944

CASTOR BEANS DON'T HEAD FOR THE MEDICINE CABINET ANY MORE



They're going to war... via Fruehauf Truck-Trailer!

LIKELY YOU THINK of castor oil as belonging in the medicine cabinet. Well, only about 5 per cent of it is medicinal these days. The remainder goes to war and to industry.

The Baker Castor Oil Company, world's largest processor of castor beans, is working at capacity. Naturally, that creates a hauling problem, for the beans must be delivered to the plant steadily as needed—storage is impractical. Besides, ships bringing the beans from Brazil must be unloaded *right now*.

Four Fruehauf Trailers... and only one truck... are the answer.

How does one truck pull four Trailers? By "shuttling!" While two of the Trailers are being loaded at shipside, and a third is being unloaded at the Baker plant, the truck and driver are en route with the fourth Trailer. *One truck and driver literally do the work of four... a tremendous saving in manpower, equipment, tires and fuel!*

Then... this four-fold advantage is further multiplied in this way: the Trailer loads weigh about 12 tons, yet they are pulled by trucks which are de-

signed to *carry* only a fraction of that weight.

Baker officials say there's no other practical way to move this cargo. It's the story that thousands of companies in more than one hundred lines of business have learned through experience... that Truck-Trailers do the difficult, specialized jobs that can't be done as well, if at all, by any other method.

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About Castor Beans!

When the Japs cut off our imports of tung oil, essential for paint and lacquer, chemists sought feverishly for a substitute. They found it... castor oil—now held to be superior to tung in many respects.

Castor beans have an amazingly high oil content—100 pounds of beans yield more than 43 pounds of oil.

Until some years ago, most of our castor beans came from India. Now Brazil is the largest source.



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FRUEHAUF Trailers

"ENGINEERED TRANSPORTATION"

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**"No, Finney's not an isolationist—
he just doesn't use MUM!"**



Product of Bristol-Myers

WHAT keeps many a man separated from popularity? Often the fault is underarm odor. That's why so many successful men of all parties guard against offending by using Mum regularly. They know a bath only removes *past* perspiration but Mum prevents *risk* of underarm odor *to come*. Mum is quick—yet protects all day or evening. Mum won't harm shirts or irritate your skin. Try Mum today!

MUM Helps a Man Make the Grade

tions were sharp in his mind last week. Ten major oil companies—including some that had rejected the field—were drilling furiously in the field he found, almost all under leases acquired from Gutowsky at high prices.

AVIATION

Border Warfare

Mexico is on its way to having as many international air routes as the U.S. has railroads. Since stocky, jut-jawed Maximino Avila Camacho (dollar-wise brother of President Manuel) became Minister of Communications in 1941, U.S. air lines have been steadily thrusting into Mexico with direct international services, establishing Mexican operating subsidiaries for local routes.

Last week Aerovias Braniff, S.A., Mexico subsidiary of Braniff Airways Inc., was granted permission by the Mexican Government to establish 3,067 miles of international services. As a Mexican flagline, Aerovias Braniff will operate to Miami and Los Angeles in the U.S., and to Panama via the Central American republics.

Aerovias Braniff's request for permission to fly into the U.S. will add another problem to the Civil Aeronautics Board's crowded docket. Under the Good Neighbor policy, the U.S. cannot gracefully block a Mexican company from entering the U.S., if U.S. lines are to enjoy the right to fly into Mexico. But if Tom Braniff's Aerovias Braniff is allowed to cross the border, other U.S.-controlled Mexican companies may naturally be expected to apply for routes to the U.S. The result might be to create more lines than potential traffic warrants.

FISCAL

Up 10%

Commerce Secretary Jesse Jones reported last week that Americans made more money last June than in any previous month in history. The total income paid to individuals in June was \$13,496,000,000. This was 10% more than either the June 1943 or the May 1944 income.

The big jump between May and June was caused partly by heavy mid-year payments of interest and dividends. Federal interest payments, up 20% over last year, and higher transportation-industry payrolls together accounted for one-fifth of the rise over June 1943. But the biggest factor (two-fifths of the 10% increase) was the continued rise in military payments—in pay to Army and Navy personnel, allowances to dependents and mustering-out pay. As a result, factory payrolls and net farm-operating income, which from June 1941 to June 1943 accounted for nearly half the individual income rise, were far less significant contributors.

The fact that people made 10% more money did not of course mean that they had 10% more real income. After taxes and allowance for higher prices, the increase, if any, in real income was certainly much smaller.

Atlas Corporation

Dividend on Common Stock

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of 25¢ per share has been declared on the Common Stock of Atlas Corporation, payable September 11, 1944, to holders of such stock of record at the close of business August 14, 1944.

Dividend No. 32 on 6% Preferred Stock

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of 75¢ per share for the quarter ending August 31, 1944, has been declared on the 6% Preferred Stock of Atlas Corporation, payable September 1, 1944, to holders of such stock of record at the close of business August 14, 1944.

WALTER A. PETERSON, Treasurer
August 3, 1944.

GREAT NAMES ON TIME'S SUBSCRIPTION ROLLS



Jan Christiaan Smuts,

PRIME MINISTER OF SOUTH AFRICA
whose copy of TIME reaches him each week under subscription stencil No.

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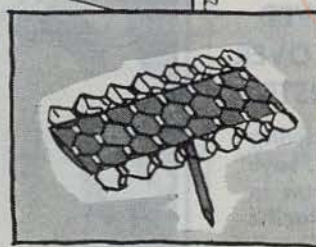
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LESS WORK FOR FIREMEN when you use Gold Bond Fireproof Gypsum Sheathing and Lath in walls and ceilings. That's one of the main points covered in this book!



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JUST LIKE A COLD PITCHER IN HOT WEATHER—that's how walls sweat when you don't take the right precautions. Write for the book and find how to prevent this!

WRITE today for this book! It's written for people who want to know about the new construction methods and building materials, but who don't understand professional terms. To get it mail the coupon, enclosing 10¢ for mailing and postage. Or get a copy from your building material dealer. He's the local Gold Bond Representative, your friend in the building business. National Gypsum Company, Buffalo 2, New York.

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Chateau Frontenac



This service man wrote us:

"I hope you will be able to send me a Kirsten pipe to replace the one recently lost overboard in the South Pacific. I thought enough of it to 'break out' the diving apparatus to try to locate it on the bottom, but was unsuccessful."

We wish we could say "yes" to this man and hundreds more who have asked for a Kirsten. One of these fine days you will again be able to buy a Kirsten pipe.

Let's Finish This War...
Keep on Buying War Bonds!

KIRSTEN PIPE COMPANY
Seattle 1, Washington



RELIGION

A Navy Chaplain Takes Inventory

This report was written for TIME by Captain Maurice S. Sheehy, District Chaplain, Pearl Harbor. Chaplain Sheehy is on wartime leave of absence from his teaching post at the Department of Religious Education of the Catholic University of America.

Fantastic though the statement may sound, I believe I have served with two distinct U.S. Navies. Between the Navy which fought in the Aleutians in 1943 and the Navy of 1944, any similarity is purely coincidental.

This statement is based upon the assumption that the most important thing about a Navy is not its ships, its aircraft, or its guns, but what is going on in the hearts and minds of its men.

To be more specific, when I bade farewell to my shipmates on June 10, 1944, after ten months' service aboard a large aircraft carrier, I think I was the same Chaplain who reported to them—but the crew had changed radically in its social and religious consciousness.

I remember the morning of May 19, 1944, when I took my battle station for the second time on the bridge and was immediately conscious of tense excitement there. Our Air Group had been launched shortly before dawn to fly over

14 Jap airfields, hit the great oil refinery and naval manufacturing works of Java, and, incidentally, to shoot down any planes that might be in the air and to sink any ships that might be in the harbor (ten were destroyed that day).

However, this was not the occasion of excitement. The Captain's eyes were riveted on the flight deck from which he had launched 45 strikes in a period of a few months. His eyes glisten when he becomes excited and they were glistening now. And the imperturbable Commander Henry Howard Caldwell, who calmly flew his plane back from Rabaul on Nov. 5, 1943 with a dead photographer and a wounded gunner aboard, a plane with 154 bullet holes and one wheel and half an aileron gone, was behaving like an Annapolis plebe at one of the Navy football games—which also helped to make Caldwell famous.

Ball Games in Battle. The cause of the excitement was a touch football game in which the yellow-shirted Gas Detail was playing the pink-shirted NAPs (naval airplane pushers).

There was a tense moment when the loudspeaker said, "Fighter pilots, man your planes." No orders were given to the crew because none were necessary. If the bogies were Jap planes, our gunners were ready and eager. But they were



International

JOYFUL NOISEMAKERS

These three clarinetists and two flutists are members of what is probably the world's first all-nun orchestra, which gave its first concert at New York's Fordham University. The sisters, most of whom are music supervisors in Roman Catholic schools, knew how to play either piano or violin when they went to Fordham's summer school. To get acquainted with instruments more attractive to their students, they spent four weeks of hard practice learning to toot on the woodwinds and brasses, play other strings. Said their instructor, Father John W. Ziemak: "I was sort of afraid that they would shy away from the brass instruments. But they had a lot of fun with them. They really go to town on Gershwin and Cole Porter. And *Memory Lane* is a particular favorite."



Scene from Paramount Production, "LADY IN THE DARK"

Hollywood's "dream clouds" carry draft cards!

Those photogenic wisps of mist may look soft from where you're sitting . . . but they're capable of taking on some tough jobs in combat areas and on assembly lines.

If you know what they're made from, you'll see why. It's *Dry Ice* . . . the hot-to-hold substance that does all sorts of surprising things. Foams off into frothy clouds . . . creates sub-Arctic temperatures . . . snuffs out oxygen so that a blazing fire must gasp for breath.

With such spectacular properties, *Dry Ice* has naturally been drafted for an arm's-length list of war duties. Its expansion powers, in carbon dioxide form, put to work opening landing gear when airplane wheels get stuck, have proved the saving of many a flyer. Used as a refrigerant, its deep cold does service in the making of everything from the miraculous sulfa drugs to precision instruments.

All of which is good reason why the world's largest *Dry Ice* Plant, at

Wyandotte, hums with activity night and day. It takes a lot of "dream clouds," and a supporting cast of many more chemicals, to give our armies the best . . . and Wyandotte is supplying a big share of both.



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The ability of Kentucky Tavern to make friends bespeaks the character of this fine liquor which has been the pride and tradition of the same family for over three generations. Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporated, Louisville, Kentucky

T H E R E ' S O N L Y O N E B E T T E R B U Y I N B O N D S . . . W A R B O N D S !

friendlies, and a moment later Commander Caldwell said "Relax," and then, "Relax on the double," and the game was on again.

An hour later our Air Group was aboard. "Give us one more crack at those Jap airfields," they pleaded, "and there'll be no more Jap planes on Java." The Captain's sympathies were with them but he was acting under orders—and the job on Surabaya had been completed.

Within 30 minutes, another tense battle was going on—this time a volleyball match—and the scene might have been more appropriate to a college gymnasium than to a spot 90 miles from Jap bases.

To the U.S. Navy the discussion about atheists in foxholes is purely academic. Fear is an inadequate basis for religion. Fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, but only the beginning. And attendance at religious services motivated by proximity of danger can scarcely demonstrate the religious quotient of a man. The change of outlook in the U.S. Navy is due to a heavy dose of Vitamin A—A for action. And that is not irrelevant to the discussion of religion among servicemen.

Profane Prayer. I saw lips moving in prayer one day when Jap torpedo planes were coming toward our ship. And I also heard a gunner say as the last was shot down within our vision, 20 miles away: "Goddam those pilots. They never gave us gunners a chance." The profanity was, I believe, in this instance a prayer of thanksgiving.

In the last analysis, the scriptural test "By their fruits you shall know them" is the only adequate criterion for evaluating the function of religion in the life of the serviceman. I do not think the language of men living in a barracks or aboard ship mirrors their philosophy of life. It is rather shocking at times because speech is an outlet—inadequate, of course—for repressed energies. But if the supreme test of religion is unselfishness, the young man who is unhesitatingly risking his life on all the battlefronts of the world must be given a 4.0 rating—if he sees his act in its proper perspective. The Chaplain's business is to help him see his daily effort as reflected upon the screens of eternity.

Happiness: from Pillar to Post. The Navy has treated me rather roughly the past 43 months; it has shifted me from pillar to post without ever consulting me (no university would do that); it has curtailed my liberty in many ways. It has routed me out of bed at the most ungodly hours for general quarters, sometimes when I saw no necessity for it; and I much prefer my mother's table to G.I. fare.

And yet I have it to thank for the most precious opportunities of priestly service in my life; for a rich treasury of friendships among men of all faiths; for a deep and abiding faith—not in God, because I had that previously—but in American youth, which has been challenged as never before. And I have derived more happiness from 43 months in the Navy than from my previous 42 years of life.

TIME, AUGUST 21, 1944

93



The hope of America's future



The first step toward serving the future is to fill the vital needs of the present. Until the war is won American Seating Company craftsmen will continue to devote their skills and energies to products needed for Victory.

Those who are destined to cherish and preserve that Victory are now assembling in schools and colleges throughout the nation. Serving their progress is sturdy school equipment made by "American." In classrooms

they occupy "American" seats and desks that induce correct posture. In school libraries and cafeterias they gather at "American" Universal tables. In "American" auditorium chairs they study the works of great masters.

For several generations American Seating Company has built public seating for American schools, churches, theatres and transportation. When Victory comes, the task will be speedily resumed.



Back the Attack Between Drives with More Bonds

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WORLD'S LEADER IN PUBLIC SEATING

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**"LOW REJECTION RATE,
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says F. A. SMITH
Manufacturing Co., Inc.



"Our Trico Micro-Cheks hold close tolerances on parts turned on lathes—especially where machine is of light construction and the operator may apply so much pressure against the lathe stops that the piece is turned too small," says the F. A. Smith Manufacturing Company, Inc., of Rochester, N. Y. "In these situations, the Micro-Chek is a visual aid to the stop. The results are quick, positive operations and a low rejection rate... Very useful where inexperienced operators must be employed... sturdy, easy-to-read... register accurately." Speed inspections in YOUR plant with TRICO MICRO-CHEK Comparator Gages, now in use in more than 3600 war plants—on machines, on inspection lines. Send for booklet which illustrates many applications.

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Hail the Conquering Hero (Paramount), the newest cinematic caprice from Preston Sturges (*The Great McGinty*, *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek*), beats a satirical tattoo on the American small town. But it tells a story so touching, so chock-full of human frailties and so rich in homely detail that it achieves a reality transcending the limitations of its familiar slapstick.

Expertly sandwiched between the pratfalls and the broad pie-throwing burlesque of suburban manners lies a richer comedy idea—the alchemy by which a phoney hero is transmuted from the base metal

What happens when six real Marines take Woodrow in hand and forcibly escort him home, his ill-fitting uniform bristling with extemporaneous decorations, is the stuff which makes *Hail the Conquering Hero* one of the year's most ingratiating pictures. When grateful townspeople solemnly burn the mortgage on the old Truesmith homestead and make plans to erect a suitable monument in the town square, Woodrow's misery seems to have reached its bearable limit. But it touches new depths when, in one of the most uproarious political campaigns in cinema history, the desperately reluctant Woodrow is nominated for Mayor.

In vain he explains that it's all a mis-



"HERO" EDDIE BRACKEN & FRIENDS

He did it for his mother, and he loves her very much.

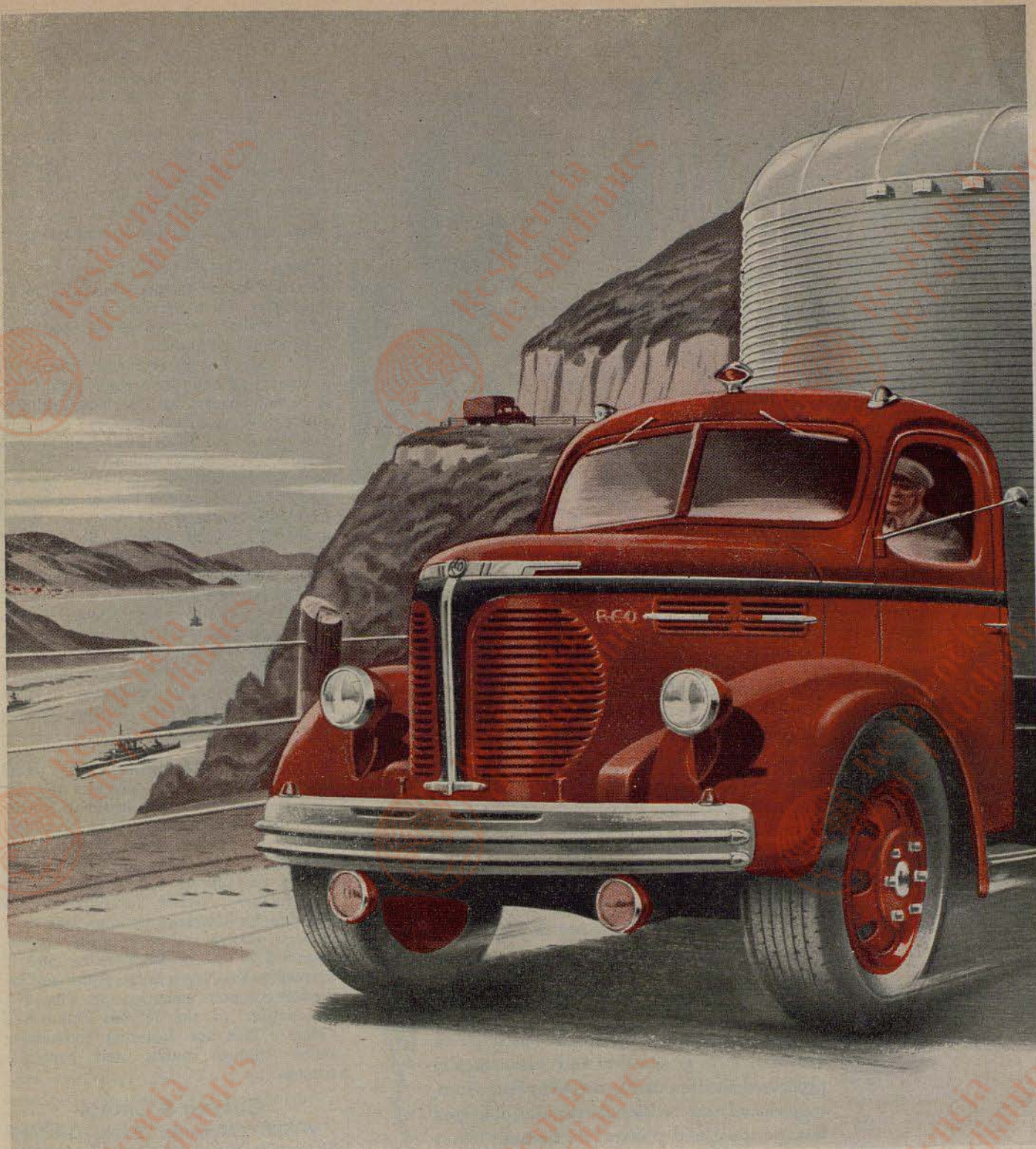
of conventional heroics to the pure gold of true heroism.

"Like Father, Like Son." Woodrow Lafayette Pershing Truesmith (Eddie Bracken), an awkward, befuddled but eager son of suburbia, is the "hero." Given a rousing send-off by fellow citizens of Oakridge, Calif., he marches confidently off to war, only to be ignominiously bounced out of Marine boot camp because of his chronic hay fever. Burning with shame, he thinks of his father, Hinky Dink Truesmith, a hero who died gloriously at Belleau Wood on the day his son was born; of his mother, so proud and radiant, weeping on the station platform; of the brass bands tooting and banners proudly declaiming: "Like father, like son."

So mortified is Hinky Dink's boy that he heroically hoodwinks his mother into thinking he really is leathernecking it on Guadalcanal, writes his girl (Ella Raines) that he has fallen in love with someone else and goes miserably off to work in a shipyard.

take, he did it for his mother's sake, and what is more he loves his mother very much. One city father simply turns to another and whispers gleefully: "See, he has a natural flair for politics." The sight of so much suffering inevitably makes Woodrow's ultimate ascent from his excruciating little comic hell an uncommonly heart-warming experience.

Take It Or Leave It (20th Century-Fox) is easy to take as light summer's entertainment. Seaman Eddie Collins (Edward Ryan) returns to Brooklyn and his lovely and expectant wife Kate (Marjorie Massow). For her confinement she wants the services of eminent Dr. Preston, whose fee is \$1,000 and who has no time for the case anyway. Determined to bypass these difficulties, the expectant couple go to a broadcast of Phil Baker's *Take It Or Leave It* program. Eddie succeeds in answering not one but six \$64 questions in the breathless interval before Kate leaves the radio audience for the delivery



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For 40 years of war and peace, the name Reo has been synonymous with dependable truck transportation. Reo has grown up with the trucking industry, has pioneered such important and lasting truck features as the dry disc clutch, electric lights and starter, "inside" centrally located gear shift lever and internal hydraulic brakes. Reo is now producing for the Army, Navy and Army Air Forces. A limited

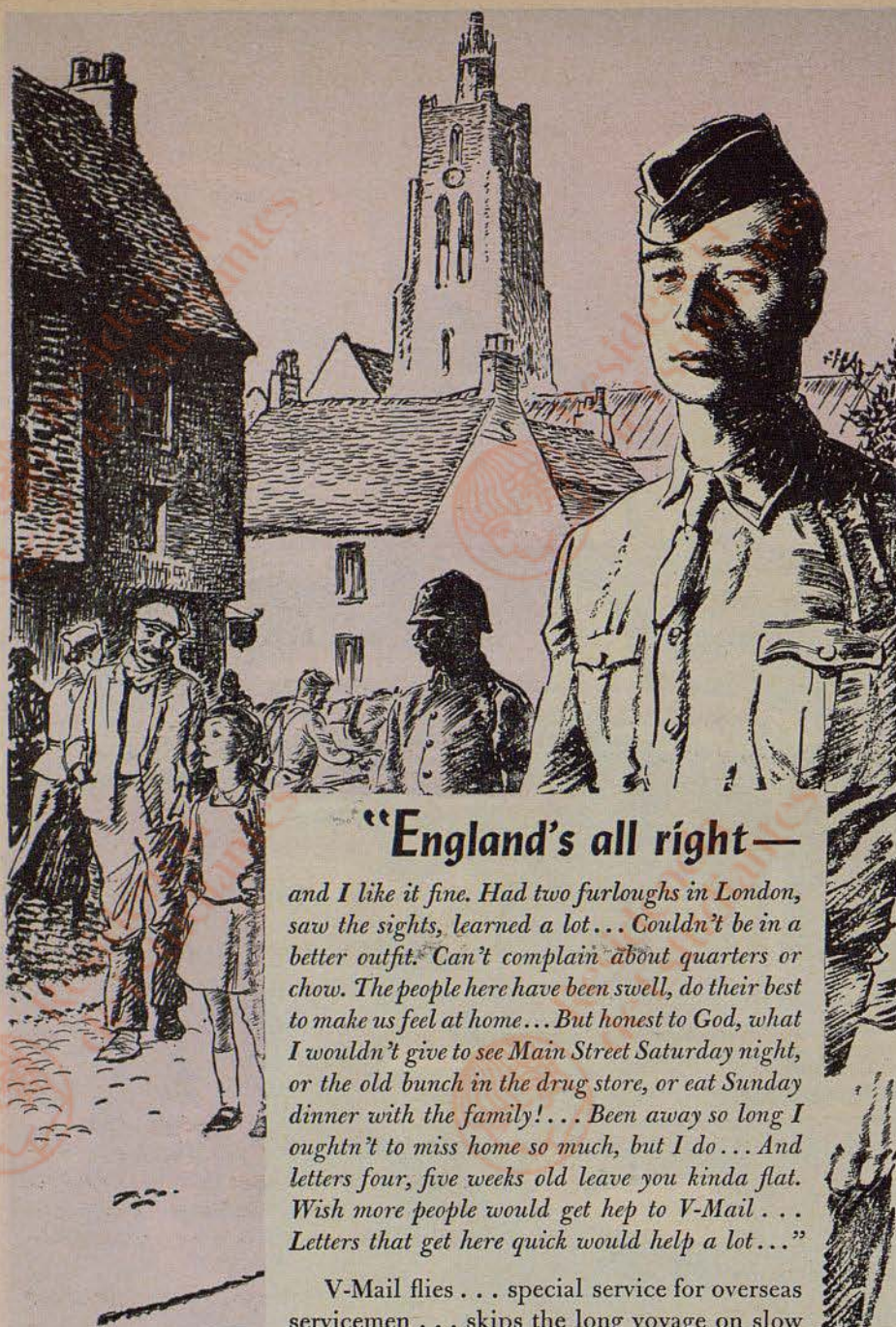
quota of Reo trucks, however, has been released for civilian use in 1944. See your Reo dealer for full details.

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REO

**AMERICA'S
TOUGHEST
TRUCK**



"England's all right—

and I like it fine. Had two furloughs in London, saw the sights, learned a lot... Couldn't be in a better outfit. Can't complain about quarters or chow. The people here have been swell, do their best to make us feel at home... But honest to God, what I wouldn't give to see Main Street Saturday night, or the old bunch in the drug store, or eat Sunday dinner with the family!... Been away so long I oughtn't to miss home so much, but I do... And letters four, five weeks old leave you kinda flat. Wish more people would get hep to V-Mail... Letters that get here quick would help a lot..."

V-Mail flies... special service for overseas servicemen... skips the long voyage on slow ships, saves needed cargo space. The letter on a V-Mail form is speedily and automatically processed into film strips, carried by fast planes, reproduced near its destination point, delivered fast, personal and private... Because letters mean so much, always write on V-Mail forms... available now at stationery, drug, department and variety stores. Or we will send a packet of six with our compliments. Address below...



Make it V-MAIL!



PITNEY-BOWES POSTAGE METER CO.
1275 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn.

Originators of Metered Mail, world's largest manufacturers of Postage Meters, which print postage for business mail... now devoted to war production.



room, while Phil Baker (himself) halts the program to page Dr. Preston over the air.

The six questions and one extra try answered by Eddie deal exclusively with the movies, giving 20th Century-Fox a thrifty opportunity to trot out Betty Grable, Alice Faye, Shirley Temple, Jack Oakie, Sonja Henie, George Montgomery and other high spots clipped from 20th Century-Fox films. Like the picture's obstetrical exigencies, the pace is brisk. Benjamin Stoloff's direction is gingersnappy.

Step Lively (RKO-Radio), Frank Sinatra's second picture, converts the hit stage play *Room Service* into a black & white musical which spoofs the show business, itself and its hero.

Story: 22 hungry actors are interned in a Manhattan hotel by a large unpaid bill. A backer appears with a check (rubber) and a protégée (Anne Jeffreys) who falls for The Voice. Even Sinatraddicts may gasp at the shots in which reluctant Mr. Sinatra and enthusiastic Miss Jeffreys practically reenact the Fall of Man in a telephone booth.

Soon the check bounces. So does the bobby-sock idol, who is tossed about by accelerated slapstick like a Boy Scout in a blanket. In less tumultuous moments he sings, dances, makes love simply, smiles. These accomplishments are more or less superfluous. As shuddering exhibitors remember from his first picture, Sinatra's name on the marquee is sufficient to guarantee lipstick posters on the outside, moaning galleryites within.

Americans All (MARCH OF TIME) probes gingerly into the open sore of racial and religious intolerance in the U.S. One of its first scenes shows young hoodlums stoning a Jewish tailor shop. Then, abruptly, the film shifts to the less inflammatory medium of newspaper headlines and pictures, passes tactfully on to speeches for tolerance by representatives of press, church and government. Almost one-third of the picture's 20 minutes is devoted to the Negro in the South and his gradual economic emancipation. Climax is an analysis of the famous Springfield (Mass.) Plan for fostering community action through public and parochial schools.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Wilson (Alexander Knox, Geraldine Fitzgerald; TIME, Aug. 7).

Dragon Seed (Walter Huston, Katharine Hepburn; TIME, July 31).

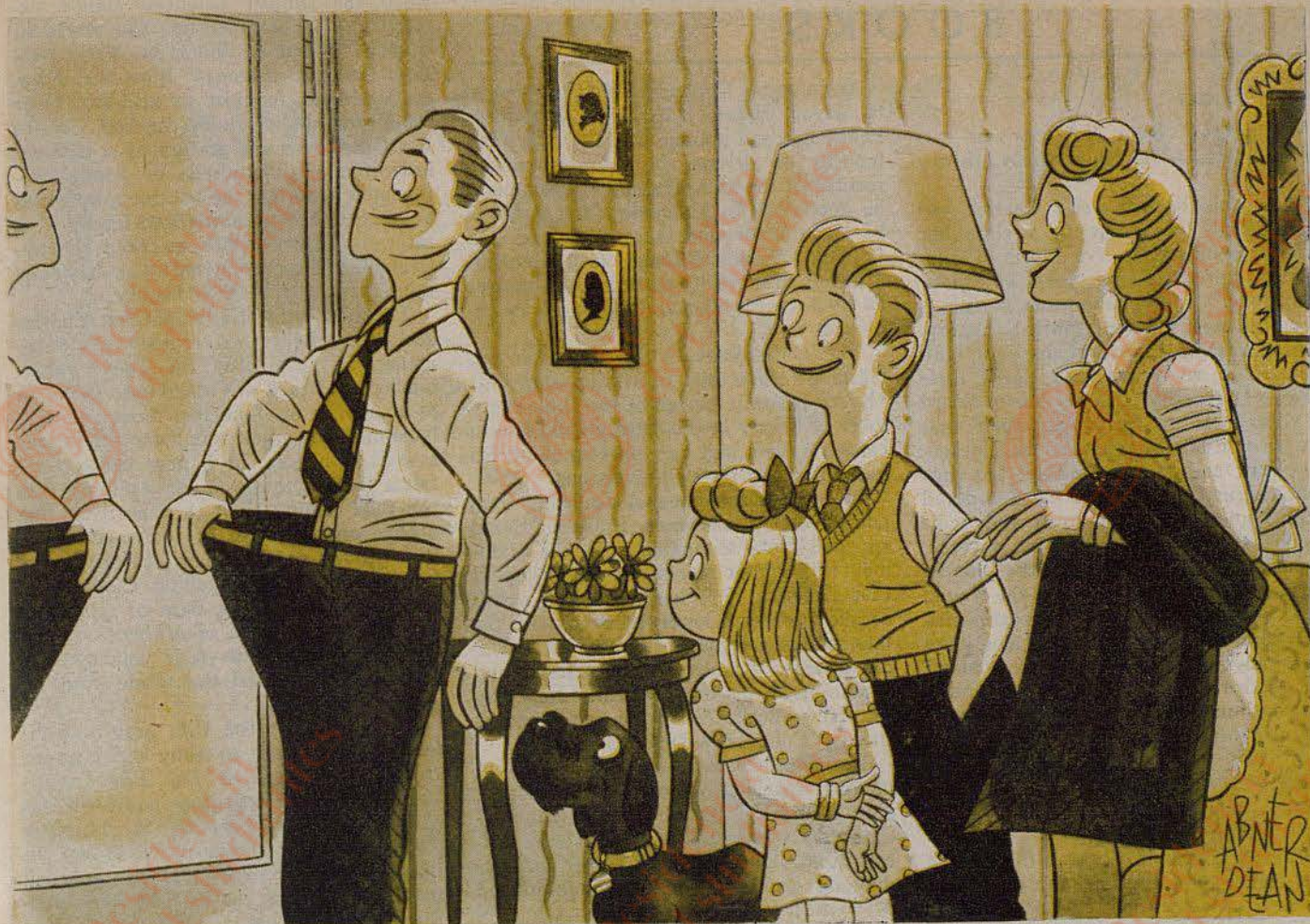
Since You Went Away (Claudette Colbert, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple, Jennifer Jones; TIME, July 17).

Double Indemnity (Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, Edward G. Robinson; TIME, July 10).

Attack!—The Battle for New Britain (TIME, June 12).

Underground Report (MARCH OF TIME, including much captured German film; TIME, June 5).

Gaslight (Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer; TIME, May 22).



40% is a big reduction

Anyone who has tried to reduce can appreciate what a substantial reduction 40% represents. Yet this is the extent by which the average fire insurance rate has been reduced within the past thirty years.

This welcome trend reflects the impressive progress that has been made in reducing fire losses. Thanks largely to the fire prevention research carried on by capital stock insurance companies, we now live and work in better constructed buildings, we know more about keeping fires from starting—and our fire departments are better trained and equipped.

It is your local agent or broker, however, who deserves the credit for bringing to you the full advantages of modern insurance. It is he who fits insurance to your individual needs. It is he who comes to your assistance in event of loss.

Another point to remember is that when your insurance is with a capital stock company such as those comprising the Aetna Fire Group, it is backed by both a paid-in capital and surplus. You are never liable for assessment.

**Don't Guess About Insurance
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	1872—Boston	1893
	1877—St. John, N. B.	1907
	1889—Seattle; Spokane	1921
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Beard's Last

THE BEARDS' BASIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES—*The New Home Library* (69¢).

"With this book," write Charles and Mary Beard, "we bring to a close our many years of cooperative efforts in seeking to interpret the long course of American history." The collaboration it ends is among the most influential in U.S. history.

The Question. Both Indiana-born, both graduates of what was then sleepy little DePauw University, Charles Austin Beard and Mary Ritter Beard got their first taste of industrialism together in Chicago, New York and London around the turn of the century. In and near the Beard and Ritter homes at Knightstown and Indianapolis, Ind., there had been no poverty, no slums, no violent strikes; the grapple and grab of business shocked the young couple into questions. In Chicago, with Clarence Darrow and Eugene Debs, they sought answers at the famed forum of Jane Addams' Hull House. In London they continued the quest, helped set up a workingman's college (Ruskin) at Oxford. Later, Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald said: "If Charles Beard had stayed in England, he would have been a member of my Cabinet."

But after a year in England the Beards came home, to a lifetime study of why U.S. wealth and wisdom had not fulfilled the American dream of equal opportunity and abundance for all.

At Columbia University, students flocked to savor "Uncle Charlie's" bottomless knowledge and quinine wit. In 1913, after months of delving in the dust-choked records of the U.S. Treasury Department, he published *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution*, suggesting that the Founding Fathers belonged to a group influenced as much by material self-interest as by love of liberty. Conservatives exploded.

The *Ohio Star*, in Mrs. Warren G. Harding's home town of Marion, shrieked: "Every patriotic citizen of the U.S., every lover of liberty in this land, should rise to condemn him and the purveyors of his filthy lies and rotten perversions."

In 1917, on an issue of academic freedom involving other men, Professor Beard resigned from Columbia with the statement: "I cannot repress my astonishment that America . . . has made the status of the professor lower than that of the manual laborer, who, through his union, has at least some voice in the terms and conditions of his employment." Next day the *New York Times* ran an editorial titled: "Columbia's Deliverance."

Together. Charles and Mary Beard went off to a spacious old colonial house near New Milford, Conn., settled down to running a dairy farm and remaking the American mind. Each of them turned out individual books. Friendly, tough-minded Mary Beard brought labor into scholarly history (*A Short History of the American Labor Movement*) at a time (1920)

when the subject belonged almost exclusively to pamphleteers. She wrote of women (*Woman's Work in Municipalities, America Through Women's Eyes*, etc.) without feminist ax grinding. Over the years kindly, ruddy-cheeked Charles Beard achieved the stature of a national institution. To hundreds of young professional historians, he became a hero and a prophet, the acknowledged leader of a reformist school which attacked the abstractions of conservatism by an economic reinterpretation of U.S. history.

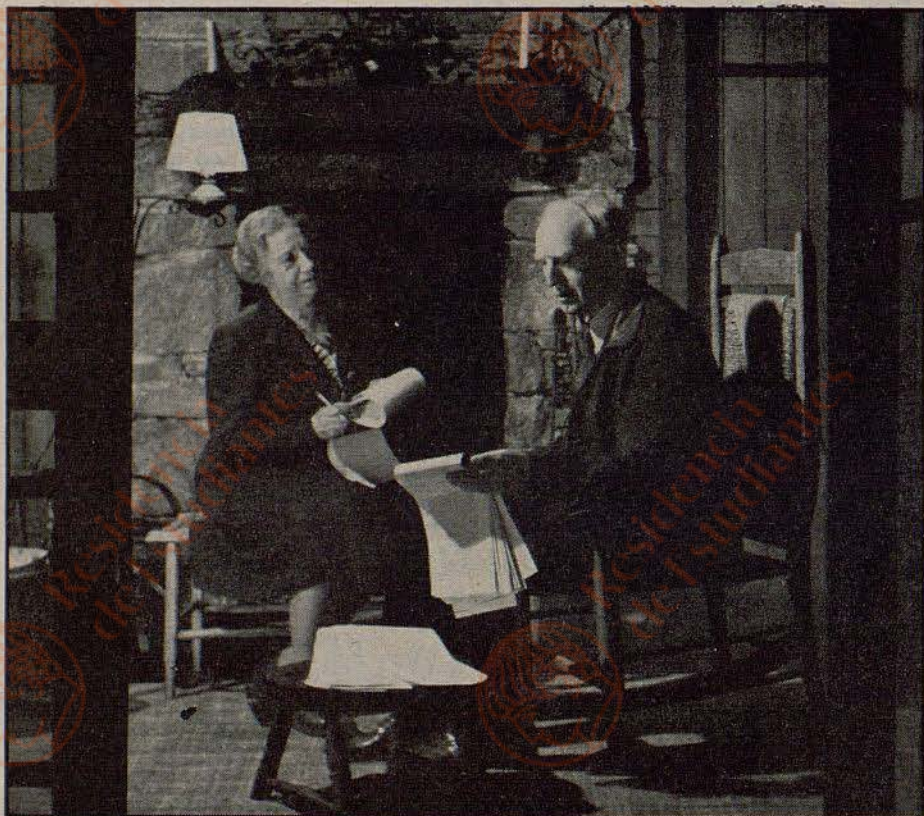
The most influential works that Charles and Mary Beard wrote, they wrote together. In 1923, after the Tokyo earthquake, Mr. Beard was asked to serve Japan as an adviser on municipal reconstruction. Nine thousand miles from home, the Beards saw U.S. history in a new perspective, felt a fresh enthusiasm for writing it. On the ship coming back they sketched the outline on big pieces of foolscap. In the twin studies of their new Milford home, looking out on the rolling Connecticut hills, they wrote *The Rise of American Civilization, America in Midpassage*, and *The American Spirit*—four volumes that told and interpreted the whole story in 3,362 lucid pages.

No account of the U.S. past ever interested—or upset—so many U.S. citizens. In the same year as *The Rise* (1927) Vernon Louis Parrington published his pioneering *Main Currents in American Thought* (which shows the Beardian influence on every page) and was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for it. Said Mrs. Parrington: "They had to give the prize to one or the other of them, and I guess Vernon's book is less disturbing."

The Drugstore Market. But the bulky, expensive (total cost: \$12.25) four volumes had little attraction for the 5 & 10 and drugstore trade. And the Beards know well that if history as a social weapon is to achieve its highest potency, it must reach that market. When, in 1942, Doubleday Doran's Freeman Lewis began publishing a series of cheap, good, educational books (*The New Home Library*), the Beards, then in their late 60s, offered to take on the long, gruelling job of writing a new popular U.S. history. They were totally uninterested in its money-making possibilities.

The result is an unprecedented reversal of publishing practice. The 69¢ edition of *The Beards' Basic History* which was published last week (150,000 copies in the first printing) was the book's first appearance. Next month a more expensive edition will be distributed as a Book-of-the-Month Club dividend. After that Doubleday Doran will publish an illustrated edition at \$3.50. For the first time in book history, the drugstore buyers come first.

For their 69¢, they will get no mere rehash of the earlier Beard histories. *The Basic History* has its own fresh organization (especially noteworthy are chapters on "A Broadening and Deepening Sense of Civilization," "Centralization of Economy," and "Gates of Old Opportunities Closing"), its own fresh feats of con-



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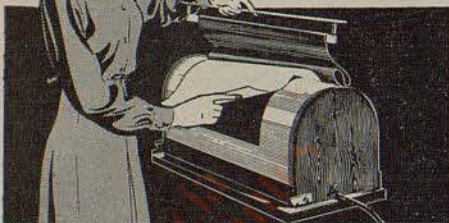


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densation without loss of striking detail.

Those who read the Beards' *Basic History* not for the basic history but for the Beards will find in it the historians' mature comment on a U.S. liberalism which often claims them as forebears. With a conspicuous lack of enthusiasm they write about a U.S. foreign policy based on "shadowy plans for a world order and for enforcing the four freedoms throughout the world." With half-concealed asperity they dismiss the notion that the New Deal represented a fundamental attack on poverty. They make a partial defense of Whipping Boy Herbert Hoover. Write the Beards: "President Hoover accepted no defeatist philosophy while this terrible depression harrowed the nation. . . . But Democratic tactics in the House of Representatives were principally confined to obstructing . . . such undertakings as he ventured to sponsor."

No Answer. On the next-to-the-last page the Beards feel impelled to raise all over again the question which agitated them as soon as they left well-fed Indiana. "Could full employment be provided for all the millions who had to have it for their very livelihood?" And still, to their minds, the answer has not been worked out: "The New Deal has failed to solve the problem of unemployment between 1933 and 1939 . . . and there was nothing in experience to indicate that the New Deal could solve the still greater problem of unemployment looming on the horizon of the coming peace. Nor did the fact that the most devastating panic in the nation's history had occurred under Republican auspices indicate that a return to the days of freer, if not free, enterprise, still yearned for in nostalgic circles, offered any better prospects."

Historical Amnesia?

FREEDOM ROAD—Howard Fast—Duell, Sloane & Pearce (\$2.75).

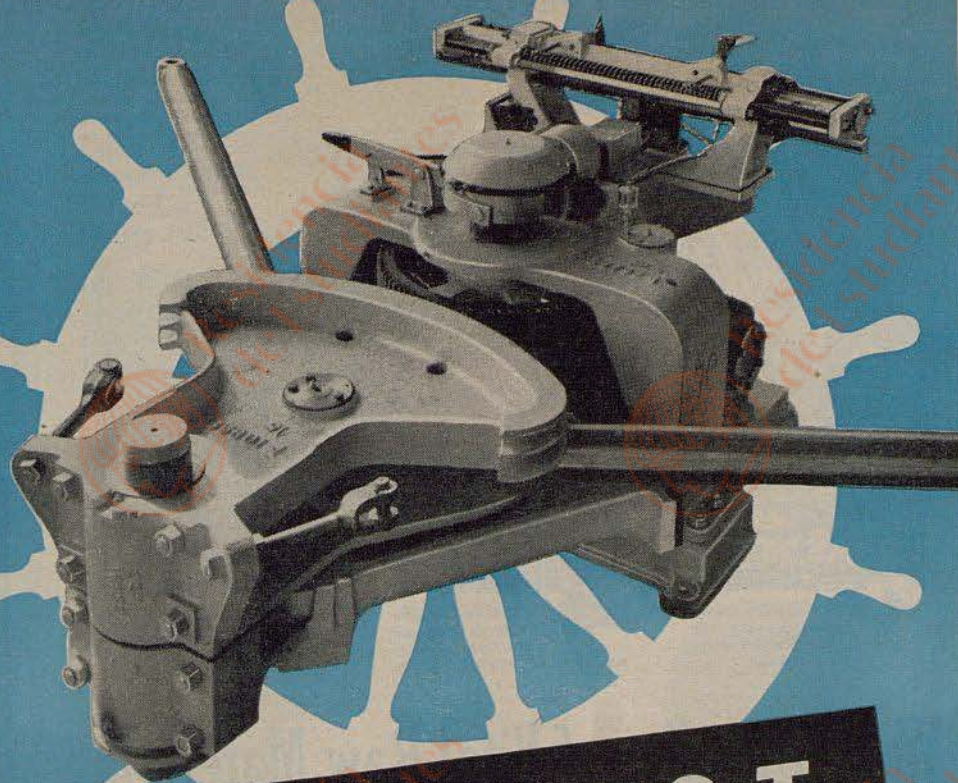
"What's this voting?" the bewildered Negroes asked. "Where this voting is? You done bought the voting? How many them voting you find along down by the white folk? How big them are? How many?"

When Gideon Jackson told them, the freedmen of Carwell Plantation said "Hal-lelu'jah," and relaxed their fears of this first mysterious repercussion of freedom. But the fright in the giant frame of Gideon was greater than it had ever been in battle. The Voting had made him a delegate.

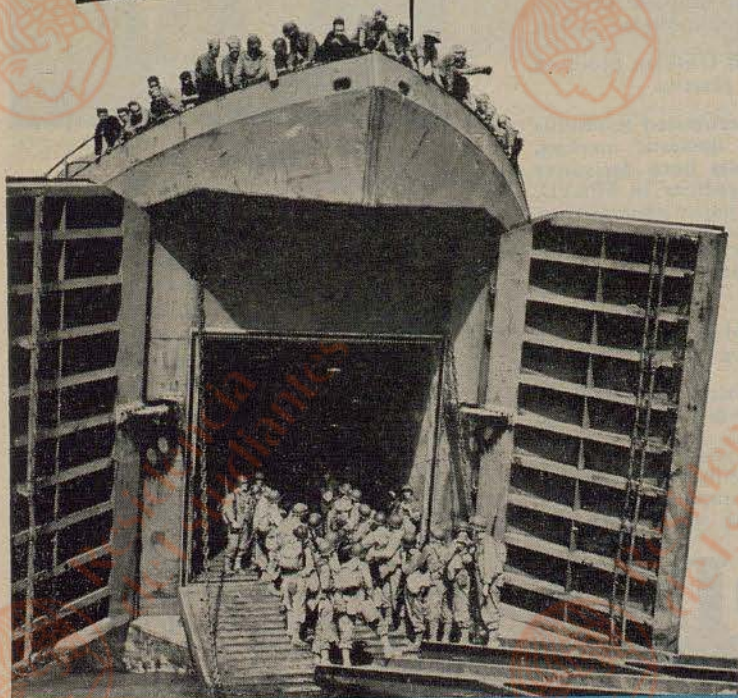
When the South Carolina State Constitutional Convention assembled in Charleston in 1868, Gideon Jackson was one of 76 Negroes among the 124 members. Scorned by the sulking gentry, berated by the press, abysmally confused, most of them despaired of accomplishing anything.

But like Gideon, who slowly learned to read and write, the Convention slowly caught on. By the time it adjourned, it had fashioned a sound basis for a democratic community of whites and Negroes. It had provided for equality at the polls,

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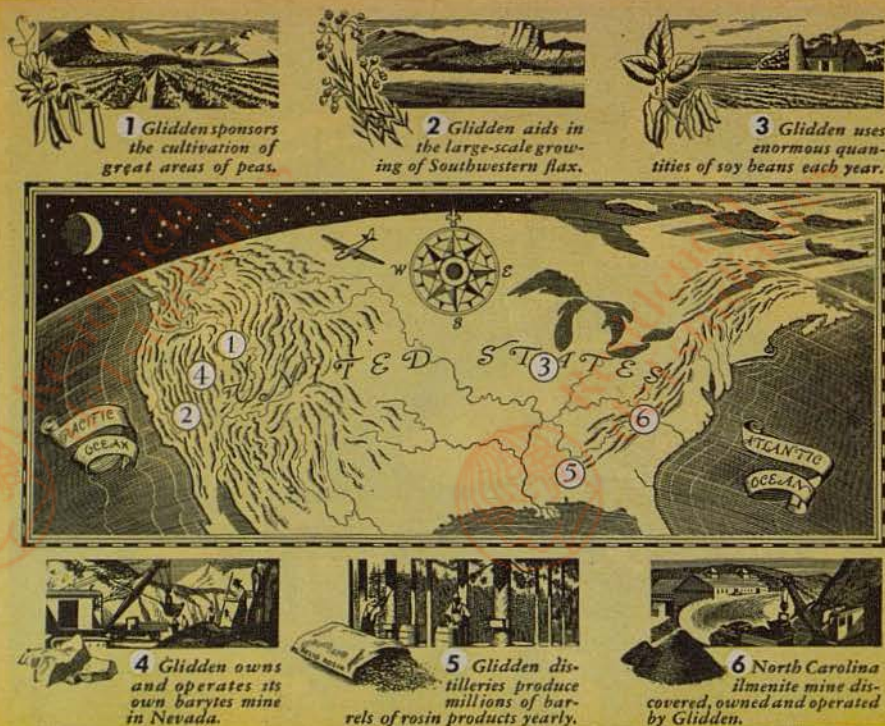
Designed and built for the Navy by Baldwin Southwark Division, two other Baldwin divisions are also contributing to the construction of these steering gears—Standard Steel Works Division with steel forgings and castings—Cramp Brass & Iron Foundries Division with bronze castings.

BALDWIN



The Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Locomotive & Ordnance Division; Baldwin Southwark Division; Cramp Brass & Iron Foundries Division; Standard Steel Works Division; The Whitcomb Locomotive Co.; The Pelton Water Wheel Co.; The Midvale Co.

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compulsory education, the breakdown of the plantation system.

From this point on, Author Fast's latest historical novel argues with his customary expertness and conviction that the South Carolina experiment did not fail, but was destroyed after it had succeeded.

Under Gideon's leadership, the poor whites and Negroes of Carwell joined forces to buy the land they lived on. Seldom molested by the Ku Klux Klan as long as Federal troops were around, they worked and prospered. Nine years after the Convention, they had their own homes, schools, mills, ideas. Gideon's eldest son, Jeff, was back from Scotland with a medical degree, and Gideon himself was a Representative in Congress.

Their decline began with the election of President Hayes, which, Gideon heard,



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HOWARD FAST
A memory expunged?

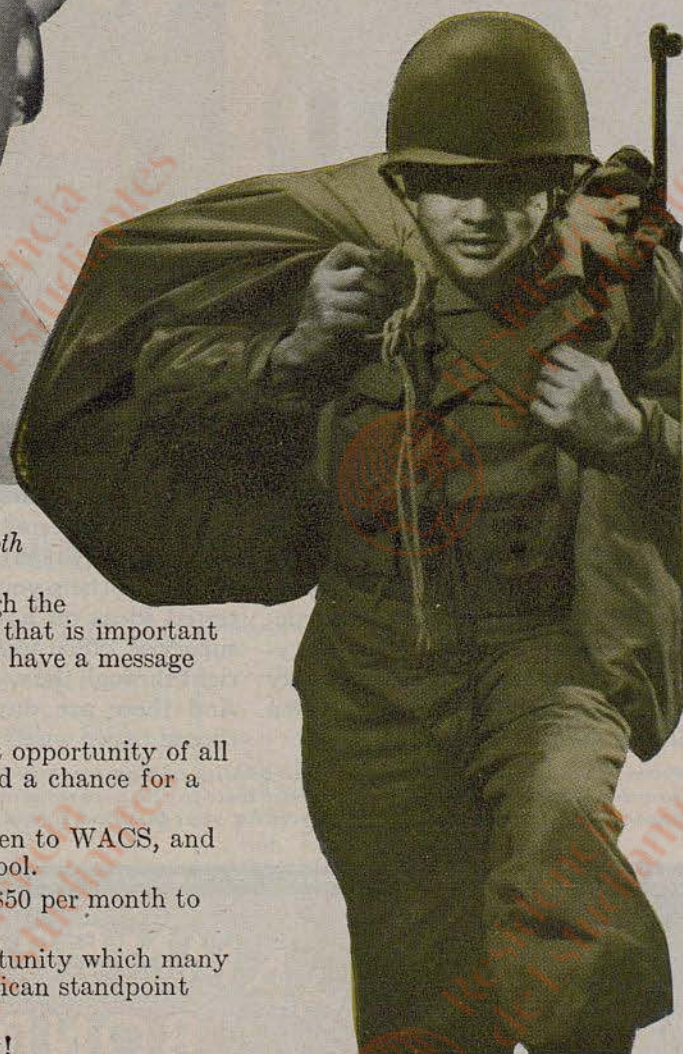
involved a deal to withdraw the troops from South Carolina and Louisiana. Knowing it was too soon, Gideon appealed to the incumbent Grant. Denied, he returned to Carwell to wait in despair.

The end was not long coming. Even before the troops left, Klansmen beat the wife of one of the farmers, then beat the farmer until he lost his mind. Failing in their efforts to organize a militia, the whites and blacks of Carwell barricaded themselves inside the big plantation house. Marcus, Gideon's youngest son, was shot while trying to get help. Jeff was murdered after answering an appeal under truce to help some wounded Klansmen. In a brief three-day siege, the plantation house and all its contents were destroyed.

In his earlier novels (*The Unvanquished*, *The Last Frontier*, *Conceived in Liberty*, *Citizen Tom Paine*), Author Fast established a reputation for giving history a square deal. But readers whose knowledge of Reconstruction is confined to textbook tales of carpetbaggers and scalawags will



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And I helped myself to a future career in the peace we're both fighting for.

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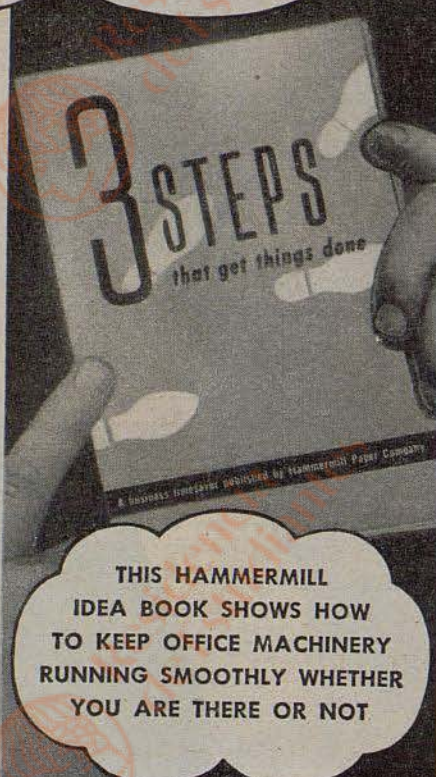
Frankly, from a strictly selfish standpoint this is an opportunity which many women could not wisely ignore. And from a strictly American standpoint — the fact is, you're needed!

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be astounded by his new thesis. Anticipating disbelief, Fast declares in an afterword that the truth of his story is documented, but "the very memory was expunged" by powerful forces which "did not hold it to be a good thing for the American people to know."

The Invaders

THE TEMPERING OF RUSSIA—Ilya Ehrenburg—Kropf (\$3).

As a sample of Russian propaganda, written at white heat, this savage account of Nazi savageries, by the famed correspondent of the Soviet Army's *Red Star*, is vastly and violently impressive. As an expression of Russian hatred of Germans, it is appalling.

Ehrenburg's most impassioned reports are purportedly based on diaries and let-



Sovfoto

ILYA EHRENBURG
Appalling, impressive.

ters taken from German corpses and prisoners. Some of these writings are arrogant, some bestial, some pathetic—but to Correspondent Ehrenburg they are one & all evidence of an utterly "brutalized" culture led by "an epileptic and ignorant Führer."

Nazi soldiers, reports Ehrenburg, meticulously note down the number of children they have shot, the prisoners they have tortured. Side by side with obscene French pictures they carry sentimental photographs of their wives and children. They are "libertines, Sodomites, perverts" who think nothing of wearing the blood-stained underwear of the juvenile victims they have raped. German women represent the "greedy, drooling snout of a German hyena," Ehrenburg, the Soviet's most widely read writer, believes that Russians have been vastly hardened and strengthened by their conflict with the invaders, but he doubts that the Germans can ever be educated back to sanity. "Fuse bombs," he muses, "leave a good impression on the average German mind."



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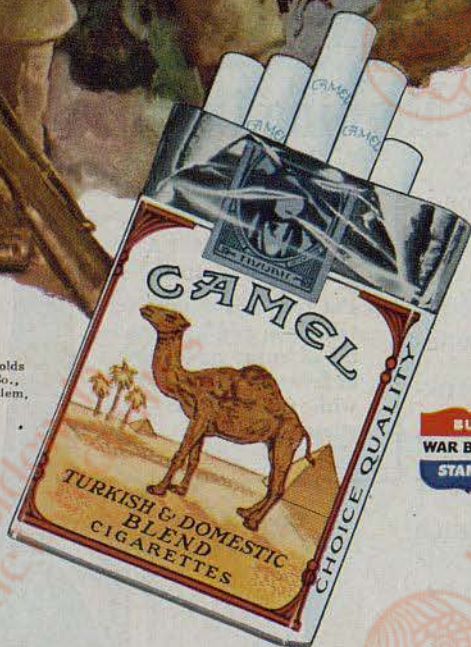
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