

FIFTEEN CENTS

MAY 7, 1945

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



VOLUME XLV

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

NUMBER 19



CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT COMPANY turns out giant Liberator transports which "pony express" war goods to the Orient in 4 days! To Consolidated Vultee production, Shell contributes vital Industrial Lubricants.



Four Relays... 14000 Miles

"8-DAY PONY EXPRESS" is the pilots' term for the rugged 28,000 mile run they "sweat out" from an Air Force Supply Headquarters in Ohio to the Orient and back. 4 days out—4 days back—with four "relay stations" thousands of miles apart!

"Ponies" used are big 4-engined C-87 Liberator Expresses. One leaves daily—*must* get through no matter what. For in the Orient—halfway around the world—are important American airbases with a steady urgent demand for the aircraft parts and supplies the giant brings.

The C-87 Liberator Express is an exclusive development of Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Company—first plane manufacturer to mass-produce huge transports on a moving assembly line.

Consolidated Vultee production—ranging from the Liberator Express and famous Liberator bomber down to the Sentinel "Flying Jeep"—gave birth to multiple lubrication problems.

Shell Lubrication Engineers—working closely with Consolidated Vultee technicians—were on the job

from the start. Special lubricants were developed at Shell's research laboratories:

One of these stepped up cutting speed and at the same time substantially increased tool life in a Consolidated Vultee plant. Another reduced tool wear—lessened operator fatigues. Other Shell Industrial Lubricants helped Consolidated Vultee achieve one of the lowest maintenance costs in the industry.

As war production goes all-out for Victory, proper lubrication becomes vital. Yesterday's solution is seldom good enough for today!

Lubricants are constantly being improved at Shell's research laboratories. Shell Lubrication Engineers apply these improvements in the field.

Make sure the machines in your plant get the benefit of all that's new in lubrication. Call in the Shell Lubrication Engineer.



For distinguished service—Shell's Martinez and Wood River Refineries have been awarded the Army-Navy "E"



**LEADERS IN INDUSTRY RELY ON
SHELL INDUSTRIAL LUBRICANTS**



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

What's wrong with America's health?

Doctors, editors, congressmen and thoughtful citizens are concerned by the same stark fact: *40% of America's young men are unfit for military service.**

This doesn't make us a nation of weaklings. Ask our enemies! And it's no reflection on the men themselves. Most of them are serving usefully in other ways. *But it does show that America's health is far below what it should be.*

Three chief remedies have been suggested — preventive medicine, physical training, and diet. The last is often overlooked. But it has been officially estimated that *about 1/3 of all Selective Service rejections are caused directly*

or indirectly by nutritional deficiencies — lack of food or improper food.

That's one big reason for the government's food education program, "U. S. needs US strong." It's one reason why schools and factories regularly serve milk to their students and workers. For milk is nature's most nearly perfect food. Surgeon-General Parran recommends "a pint a day for adults, a quart for children."

Moreover, millions of men in uniform are learning better food habits. This should help America's health in years to come. Meantime, at National Dairy, we are doing our best to protect and improve the quality of milk and its many products — while our lab-

oratories develop milk in other new forms that will benefit everybody.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.



NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

*Report of the Senate Subcommittee on Wartime Health and Education, January 2, 1945.



What is the quickest way to save \$1,000?

The quickest way to save \$1,000 is the slow way. That is, to start saving a little out of every pay check now.

Deep down in our hearts we all know this. But many of us wait impatiently for the "big break" that will make us rich overnight.

The "big break" seldom comes. This is one of the reasons that life insurance is such a good thing. It gets us into the habit of saving.

Few of us, when we first begin to need life insurance, can afford enough to secure our families from want, to give our children a good education, and to assure ourselves of a comfortable retirement.

As a result we put off getting the life insurance we can afford. This is like refusing to save a dollar because our ambition is to save \$1,000.

The common-sense thing is to take out life insurance as it can be afforded. In doing so we

suggest that you get the expert help of a John Hancock agent in making this first purchase the initial step in a complete life insurance plan. As your income increases you can keep adding until the plan is completed, or change the plan to meet changing circumstances.

It is never too soon to start building a sound life insurance plan. The sooner you start, the less you have to set aside each year. Let your John Hancock agent help you. He has been trained to fit the many benefits of life insurance to your own private needs . . . and income.

An 80-year-old Mutual Life Insurance Company serving over 7,500,000 policyholders. There's a representative near you. He's a good man to know.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

GUY W. COX
Chairman of the Board

PAUL F. CLARK
President

Southern Charm IN A SKYSCRAPER SETTING



▲ A city of diversified charm in a land of contrast . . . that's New Orleans, where the grillwork of early French homes frames a masterpiece of business-world architecture. Down South the ever-changing *new* stands in relief against the unchanging *old*. ▲ Today, Delta Air Lines helps speed the war-vital business of the South's new steel mills, chemical plants, shipyards, petroleum plants, bomber factories and textile mills.

▲ In peacetime, Delta courtesy and efficiency will help you enjoy the hospitable, tradition-rich South—land of inspiring historic shrines, ante-bellum mansions, cypress-lined bayous, rich-scented gardens . . .

DELTA Air Lines

THE AIRLINE OF THE SOUTH . . . GENERAL OFFICES, MUNICIPAL AIRPORT, ATLANTA, GA.

LETTERS

In Memoriam

Sirs:

All week I have been waiting impatiently for this week's issue of TIME, [April 23], knowing that in its usual clear fashion it would frame into words the thoughts and tears and hopes and fears of all the 137 million Americans who this week bade farewell to our beloved President.

Your simple account of how his death touched the armed forces, the man in the street, the great and near-great, near & far, and your eloquent tribute to him and to his brave wife, said completely what I have sought to convey to my children. It will be reverently put in their diary as the "requiem" in his memory.

And it is all the greater because you did not see eye-to-eye with him.

A memorial like this issue of TIME renews my faith in the undying eternal greatness of our beloved country and in that precious term "American." God bless you for portraying it so truly.

ROSE K. HERRMANN

Scarsdale, N.Y.

Sirs:

Please permit me to commend your current issue of TIME, especially the space and fairness with which you dealt with the life, accomplishments and death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. For more than eight years it has been my privilege and honor to be Rector of "The President's Church" in Washington (St. Thomas'), where I have come to know him and to appreciate his sterling qualities as a man with a genius for friendship, a charm of personality, ideals of true democracy, world vision, an underlying religious spirit and a surprising knowledge of the Bible. . . .

HOWARD S. WILKINSON

Rector

St. Thomas' Church
Washington

"Horizon Unlimited"

Sirs:

Yesterday I received from General Surles in Washington a copy of the April 2 issue of TIME with its splendid covering of the most

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TIME
May 7, 1945

Volume XLV
Number 19



Every second pair of Florsheim Shoes is going to war



The DEARBORN

Most Styles \$10.50 and \$11



THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



Thank Goodness for this new attitude toward Hearing Aids

● Now he's back in step and living life to its fullest, because he hears again. A new world of sound has opened up for still another of the millions of hard of hearing. Think what this fuller life means to him—and to her!

Yes, the old prejudice against wearing a hearing aid is fading away—just as shyness about wearing glasses disappeared. Now the use of one or the other—if need be—is just a matter of common sense. Consider how much working efficiency and the enjoyment of life depend upon the ability to hear. Consider, too, how easy it is to hear again with a modern hearing aid.

Western Electric has made important contributions to this scientific and social progress—with the Western Electric Hearing Aid. Developed in Bell Telephone Laboratories, it is the work of

engineers who are leaders in the science of sound transmission. It is a precision instrument—made to Bell Telephone standards—by Western Electric.

You may need a Hearing Aid if—

- ★ If you are in the habit of favoring one ear only, or if you are always asking people to sit on your "good ear" side.
- ★ If you think people don't talk as clearly as they used to.
- ★ If people always seem to be mumbling behind your back.
- ★ If you find yourself not bothering to pay attention to conversation.

CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR about your hearing difficulties. If you need a hearing aid, see your local Western Electric Hearing Aid dealer for a free personal interview. You will find his name and address under "Hearing Aids" in the classified telephone directory. Or you can write for information to: Western Electric, Dept. 380-A1, 195 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.



*Look on your
Bell Telephone for this great
name in Hearing Aids*

On your Bell Telephone you see the words WESTERN ELECTRIC. The same name on your hearing aid means the same high standard of manufacture. The Western Electric Hearing Aid is easy to use, lightweight—and comfortable. Its many features were designed by Bell Telephone Laboratories — by the same organization which brought the Bell Telephone to its present state of excellence.

Western Electric Hearing Aids

MADE TO BELL TELEPHONE STANDARDS

LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries

Dated



"What's eating you? Ain't you never
seen a Cocker Spaniel before?"

*It's not a duty—it's a privilege
to buy War Bonds!*

"EVEREADY" flashlight batteries are "all-out" for war. Practically our entire production goes to the Armed Forces and essential war industries. Naturally this creates a scarcity of these dependable batteries for civilians.

However, you can look forward to getting all the "Eveready" batteries you want after the war. And these will be improved batteries, engineered to give you extra dividends in service and efficiency.



EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark
of National Carbon Company, Inc.

recent Allied airborne operation and the British and American forces which executed it. You have once more placed before the British and American public the achievements of our airborne troops, whose gallantry and fighting hearts have no superiors. In grasp of subject, in recognition of sound airborne principles, and in vividness of description, I think you have set new standards.

The last airborne operation was a gem of its type. Sooner or later we shall have others, each, we hope, equally good in its own particular class—dropping in front of an armored spearhead or seizing an airhead from which to build up other strong forces. "Horizon unlimited," indeed.

M. B. RIDGWAY

Major General, U.S. Army, Commanding

TIME's thanks to General Ridgway for his kind words and for "airhead," a useful new one.—Ed.

The Old School Tie

Sirs:

What the heck is an Old School Tie? Is it the "tie that binds" type of tie, or something to adorn a gentleman's neck? I take it that an Old School Tie is something to be worn by graduates of English schools, . . . but whether every graduate wears the same kind or whether the members of one club



OLD SCHOOL TIES*

In World War II, scapegoats.

wear one kind of a tie and those of another club, another, . . . I have no idea.

The reference is usually casual in the pages of your magazine and seems to take for granted that everyone knows what is meant. But today at our local Rotary Club I asked the group near me what was meant by an Old School Tie and did not find any who knew. . . .

ROBERT W. HEMPHILL

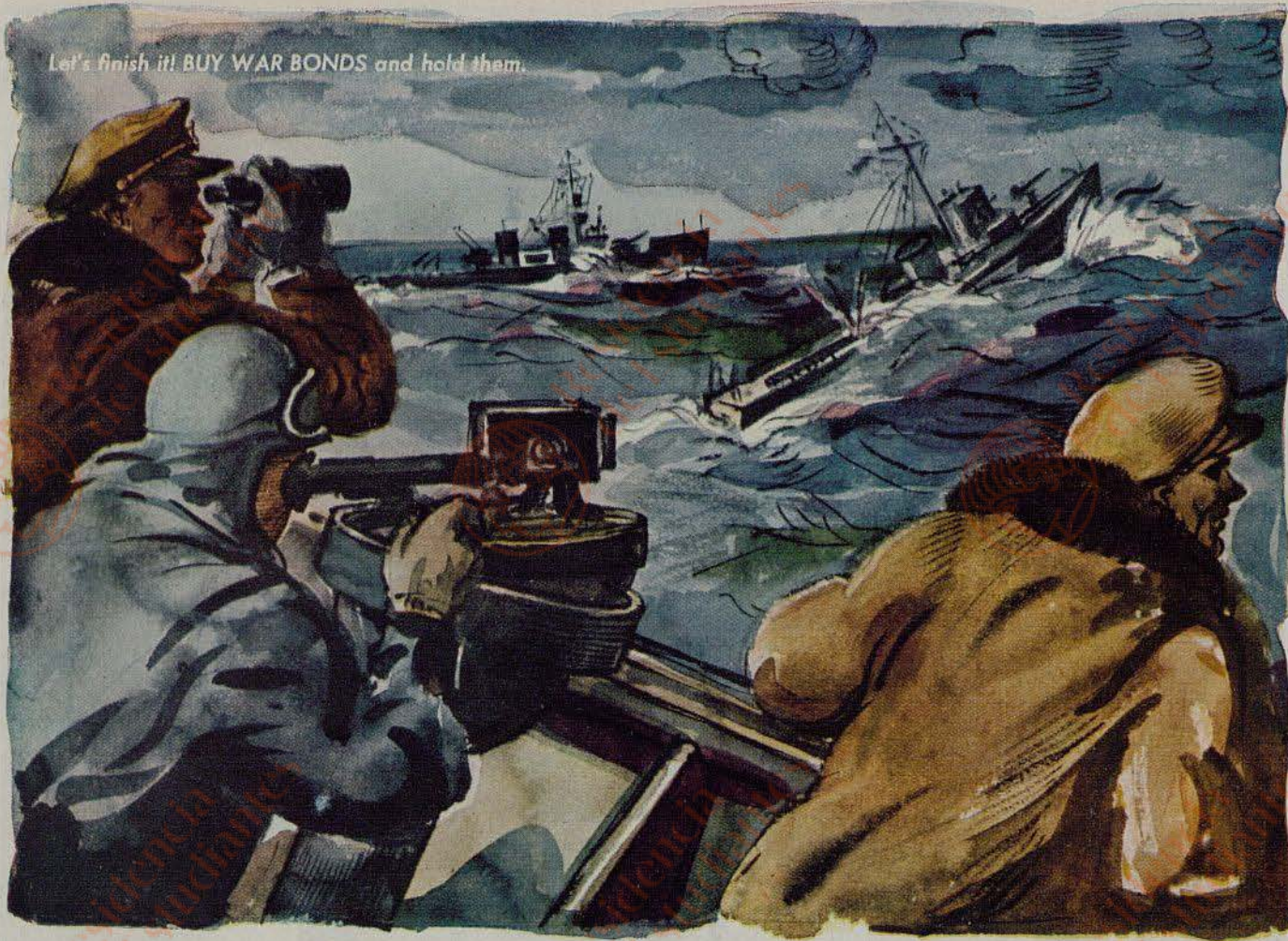
Norton, Kans.

Reader Hemphill is on the right track. Each English Public (i.e., private) School has a special tie which "old boys" may proudly wear. Its colors (e.g., Eton's light blue line on black, Harrow's dark blue with white bands) are often based on the heraldic shield of the founder. As a symbol of Toryism, the Old School Tie fell into disrepute a decade ago, was later made a

* Eton (left) and Harrow.

TIME, MAY 7, 1945

Let's finish it! BUY WAR BONDS and hold them.



- 1 This is a Mine Sweeper, clearing enemy waters for a task force. Her engines run smoothly and without strain in heaviest weather, thanks to **Fluid Drive!**



- 2 Dragging for mines is tough on engines, but **Fluid Drive** eliminates shocks and jolts . . . gives longer-lasting gears and parts.

- 3 Chrysler was the first passenger car to adopt and develop **Fluid Drive**. In a Chrysler you can start and stop without shifting gears. Smooth application of power by **Fluid Drive** greatly improves wheel traction, especially on slippery surfaces. It's the greatest driving improvement since automobiles were invented . . . proved by 8 billion miles on the road!

CHRYSLER
DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION



Listen to the Major Bowes Program Thursdays, 9 P. M., E. W. T.

"Your America"



UTAH

... All America is, today, particularly thankful that Utah was endowed with fertile soil and abundant mineral deposits as well as sublime scenery.

Its sheep, wool, sugar beets and other farm products . . . its copper, silver and rare minerals are contributing in large measure to the Allied cause.

In 1869, the rails of the Union Pacific reached Utah and with the driving of the historic Golden Spike, America's first transcontinental railroad was completed; a triumph for the fundamental principle of individual enterprise and initiative.

Since that memorable year, Union Pacific has transported Utah's products and people over the Strategic

Middle Route, uniting Utah with the East and the Pacific Coast; has, in peacetime, transported thousands of vacationists to Utah's colorful National Parks, Bryce Canyon and Zion.

Utah calls the attention of the nation to its wealth of natural resources . . . to its facilities and space for future industrial expansion. Utah is well prepared to play an important part in the peacetime development of Your America.

NOTE: Write Union Pacific, Omaha, Neb., for information regarding industrial or business sites in Utah or other western states.

THE PROGRESSIVE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

● Listen to "YOUR AMERICA"—Mutual network—every Sunday afternoon, 4 pm, E. W. T.



scapegoat for Britain's failure to prepare for war. It has also figured in many a feeble Britticism. Sample: a young Etonian, meeting a shabby fellow wearing a very frayed old Etonian tie, asks, "Why are you wearing an old Etonian tie?" The reply: "Because I can't afford a new one."—ED.

Modern Indulgence?

Sirs:

As a layman, deeply conscious of my own enormous shortcomings as a Christian, I cannot agree with most of the answers to the question: "What is wrong with the Christian church today?" [TIME, April 16]. Our religion, particularly Protestantism, has become a social uplift movement instead of a transforming force in the life of the individual as intended by the Master. We go to church for the sake of conscience and a "good feeling," hear words of indulgence which should be words of the severity of truth, and then mistake the good feeling we have for true religion, forgetting God between-times. The result is that our religion is purely emotional and somehow fails to find expression in our lives as individuals. Is that to be wondered at?

One of the truly great interpreters of Christianity, Søren Kierkegaard (1813-1855), saw the error many years ago in Denmark and wrote in his *Journals*:

But this, in my opinion, is what demoralized Christianity, and Protestantism in particular: that a clergy which is worldly in every particular, instead of admitting that it is indulgence from a Christian point of view, has reversed the position and made that worldliness into something Christian, something far nobler and truer than real self-abnegation [and] poverty. . . . The world has seen through that, and the clergy is consequently without influence.

I cannot improve on that statement as an indictment of our modern-day sale of indulgences.

O. B. ADER

Tucson, Ariz.

Draft Nurses?

Sirs:

In reference to your article on the drafting of nurses [TIME, April 9], I would like to add a few comments. I feel qualified to do so since I am a member of the Navy Nurse Corps. Of course I admit there are many nurses who are doing vital work in the Corps, but unfortunately there is another side to the issue.

Why pick on nurses alone to be drafted when we figure that some work we are doing definitely does not require a degree in nursing? . . .

As a rule, eight to ten nurses are working in the diet kitchen on this compound, whereas one nurse-dietitian could be used plus capable WAVES or civilians to do the work that we are now doing. . . .

A graduate dietitian enlisted as a WAVE and found herself swabbing decks. . . .

This is only one example of things we can't fail to see and start to wonder about—especially when we hear radio pleas and read newspaper articles on how desperately the armed forces need nurses.

All we ask is this—we know we're needed and we willingly lend all our support, but we're not blind to existing conditions. As for myself, give me some real nursing, instead of K.P. for the duration.

(NAVY NURSE'S NAME WITHHELD)

Oakland, Calif.

Sirs:

Your article was well covered in its reasons why we nurses are not joining the Army. There's one more, however, which we think is

TIME, MAY 7, 1945

9

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

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION is Worth a Pound of Cure!

PHILIP
MORRIS

are scientifically
proved far less
irritating to the
smoker's nose
and throat.



CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS

Call for

FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION



American Favorite FOR OVERSEAS REQUESTS



SHIP RECOVERY, 1794—A trade mark of Old Spice for Men

Americans overseas need soap...
good soap. Think how pleased they'll be with two giant
cakes of the favorite, Old Spice. Finely milled, free-lather-
ing, long-lasting. Invigorating Old Spice scent. Proper
weight and packaging for overseas mailing. 2 cakes, \$1.00.

A Shulton Original

*Inflation Reduces the Buying Power of Your Money
Help Prevent Inflation, Never Pay More than Ceiling Prices*

very important, that you could have added—especially for the majority of the younger ones: our brothers, cousins, sweethearts, and friends all write us not to join. "It's no place for a lady," "I wouldn't have my sister in it," "Don't get in unless you have to," they say, and we know this is not propaganda. . . .

As for us girls, we love our country and will count it a great privilege to serve it, but we gotta keep peace in the family, you know. So a draft is the only way they'll get us.

(TWELVE REGISTERED NURSES)

Atlanta

D. Duck

Sirs:

I seldom find reason to question TIME's accuracy, but I would like to mention that I was highly incensed by the Cinema editor's wanton attack upon my friend Donald Duck's personality (*The Three Caballeros*, Feb. 19). The editor's erroneous reference to Donald as a "combination of loud little boy and loud little duck" is evidence that he does not realize how faithfully Donald portrays the inescapable fact that life at best is usually a series of frustrations for the average guy. If this character of yours knew Donald as I, and countless others, know him, he would readily understand the seemingly "incongruous case of hot pants" of which he accused the duck. Personally, I didn't blame Donald a bit for his enthusiasm in regard to the young ladies.

EDWARD C. BUHRER
Captain, U.S.A.A.F.

Newburgh, N.Y.

¶ TIME's Cinema editor feels that an animated duck is liable to be more frustrated than ever if he insists on pursuing an animate lady friend.—Ed.

Who Is Gertrude Stein?

Sirs:

U.S. soldiers may have been shouted down by this character Gertrude Stein in Paris [*TIME*, April 16], but I shall not be! Who is she that she can criticize our Army for not being "gay" after they have been torn from their homes and friends, spent years in training and months in mud and dirt of foreign lands liberating a French people who were too decadent a nation to do their own fighting!

It's too darn bad if the French are disappointed. Our men have only been fighting a little more than three years, have not seen the last of Europe's mess, and only have Japan to defeat after a 30-day furlough (perhaps) in the States. . . .

And since when has being serious, doing your job, and not always getting drunk been something to be frowned upon? It's easy to see why France fell if that is the typical French attitude. As for Stein, the self-styled "genius," some one should tell her a few truths about what's been going on while she's been in hiding till France was liberated. From what she says, however, I doubt if her genius mind would understand it.

JEAN K. MAIER

New Rochelle, N.Y.

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 1945, these four publications of the *TIME* group are budgeted to 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.



The Rainbow
FAMOUS NEW YORK CLIPPER SHIP
LAUNCHED IN 1845

What became of the Clipper Ships of 1845?

THEY WERE PROUD AND BEAUTIFUL. And for their time they were efficient. But when something more efficient came along, they faded from the scene.

Johnson & Higgins started their career as insurance brokers in 1845. They have reached the 100-year mark because the function of insurance brokerage—instead of disappearing—has *steadily increased in usefulness*, and has now become confirmed as a basic and essential function in the conduct of business.

There are many ways in which commerce and industry require the

services of independent, unbiased buyers and advisers in dealing with the insurance companies. We plan, negotiate, buy and service *every type of business insurance*—including all forms of fire, marine, casualty, surety, aviation, group life and pensions. We serve our clients from the initial study and negotiation of the complete program—including steps to prevent loss—through the collection of claims.

At all times we operate on the basic principle of *no axe to grind, but yours*. That is one principle in which the future will bring no change.

JOHNSON & HIGGINS

INSURANCE BROKERS

63 WALL STREET • NEW YORK 5

CHICAGO	BUFFALO	SAN FRANCISCO	WINNIPEG
DETROIT	HAVANA	SEATTLE	TORONTO
PHILADELPHIA	LOS ANGELES	VANCOUVER	MONTREAL

SINCE 1845—BUYERS OF INSURANCE FOR COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY

LIBBEY HEAT-TREATED TUMBLERS



This is a single Heat-Treated tumbler falling. Stroboscopic photograph catches 17 images as it falls—and bounces!

NEW! A TUMBLER WITH BOUNCE!

It's HEAT-TREATED! That's why this new Libbey tumbler bounces. It's *extra*-tempered to resist falls, hard knocks, extremes of hot and cold. Of course, even Libbey Heat-Treated tumblers will break sometime. But they "last 3 to 5 times longer than ordinary tumblers," according to those war-rushed restaurant managers who now use them exclusively. And now, *you* may buy them, too!

GUARANTEED "SAFEDGE" RIM—Smooth to the lip, but hard to chip, that fine satiny rim is the "Safedge." It's guaranteed—"a new glass if the 'Safedge' ever chips."

Attractive, thin-blown—these Heat-Treated tumblers give no hint of their staunch, elastic strength.

Now in department stores—as many as war-working Libbey workers and machines can supply: 5 oz. (juice), 9½ oz. (water), 12 oz. (iced tea).

Cost? Very little more than the ordinary tumblers they outlast so long.

LIBBEY GLASS, a Division of Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.



Heat-Treated for extra strength

LOOK FOR THE HEAT-TREATED MARK ON THE BOTTOM OF EVERY TUMBLER—H. T. IN THE STAR





"Maybe it will look right if I stand on my head," said Alice

Alice couldn't seem to understand.

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, drew one flipper across his eyes, and began again.

"This line is the cost of living going *up*—and that line is the cost of electricity coming *down*. Now do you see?"

"No," said Alice, doubtfully, "why don't they go together? One of them must be upside down."

Sobs suddenly choked the Mock Turtle.

Alice was eager to please. "Maybe it will look right," she said, "if I stand on my head!"

☆ ☆ ☆

There is an Alice-in-Wonderland flavor to the simple facts about electricity.

The average price of household electricity has actually come DOWN since war began†—while the cost of most other things was going UP.

There has been no shortage of electricity—the basic raw material of all war production—though most other important war materials have necessarily been scarce or rationed.

That record is the result of careful planning and hard work by America's business-managed electric companies. And it is your assurance of plenty of cheap electricity for peacetime job production—and for all the new electric conveniences you'll enjoy after the war.

†3.2%, says the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics.

• Hear NELSON EDDY in "THE ELECTRIC HOUR," with Robert Armbruster's Orchestra. Sunday afternoons, 4:30, EWT, CBS Network.

167 ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES*

SELF-SUPPORTING, TAX-PAYING BUSINESSES

* Names on request from this magazine.

DON'T WASTE ELECTRICITY JUST BECAUSE IT'S CHEAP!

Joan Davis with Jack Haley

IN THE SEALTEST VILLAGE STORE PROGRAM

FOR NATIONAL DAIRY
THURSDAYS ON NBC 9:30 P. M., E. W. T.



SHE: Knowing Joan Davis, I'll bet she's saying, "Here's one way to get a ring."

HE: And Jack Haley's probably saying, "I'll settle for a smoke ring."

SHE: You men are so clever!

HE: We certainly know our cigars . . . and with most of us, it's Blackstone.

SHE: Is there really such a difference?

HE: I'll say! Blackstone is filled 100% with the finest and costliest Havana tobacco grown in Cuba. That's why it's full-flavored . . . but extremely mild.

SHE: Blow a ring my way!

Thousands of Blackstone Cigars are going to the armed forces. So your dealer may not always have your favorite size. Please be patient . . . take another of the five popular Blackstone sizes. Waitt & Bond, Inc., Newark 5, N. J.



Blackstone Cigar

the choice of successful men

MISCELLANY

Rut. Near Mojave, Calif., highway-men successfully held up the same mail stage at the same spot for the second time in a month.

The Homey Touch. In Albuquerque, N. Mex., a tavern-owner reported that a prowler broke into his place three times in three weeks, took nothing, simply rearranged the furniture.

Ration Note. At the Manhattan Eye, Ear & Throat Hospital, the specialists who remove foreign objects from digestive tracts reported a wartime boom in chicken- and fish-bones.

Mush! In Baltimore, a Snow Shoe (Pa.) boy married a Drifting (Pa.) girl.

The Hungry. In Seattle, short-tempered Host Edward Abraham was accused of baring his teeth before dinner, impulsively chewing both of his dinner guests' ears. In St. Louis, Joe Williams took offense at the restaurant food set before him, hurled the glassware and china at the waiter, bit a cop.

No Starch. In Manhattan, a 24-year-old Negro confessed to holding up the laundry of Hyman Ostrow seven times since 1939, explained, "He was a soft touch."

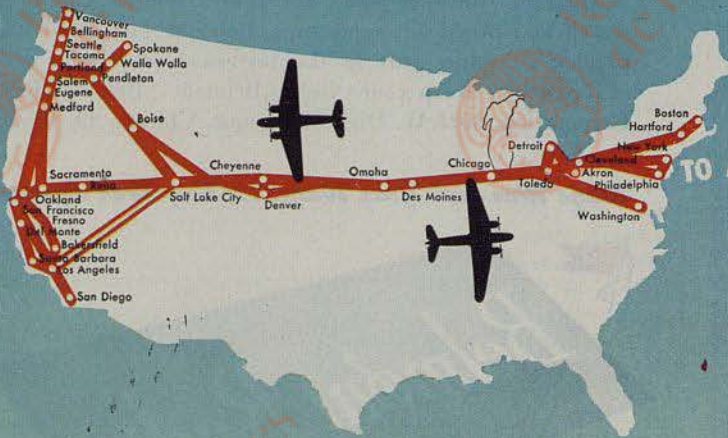
Happy Landings. In Cleveland, Restaurateur Joseph Sinjur tossed out a drunk, discovered too late that helpful customers had innocently thrust on the drunk a fallen wallet containing \$200—all Sinjur's.

Well Done! In London, "Potato Pete," the poster model who has long urged Britons to eat more potatoes, was lauded and then fired by his boss, the Ministry of Food. His persuasiveness had created a shortage of spuds.

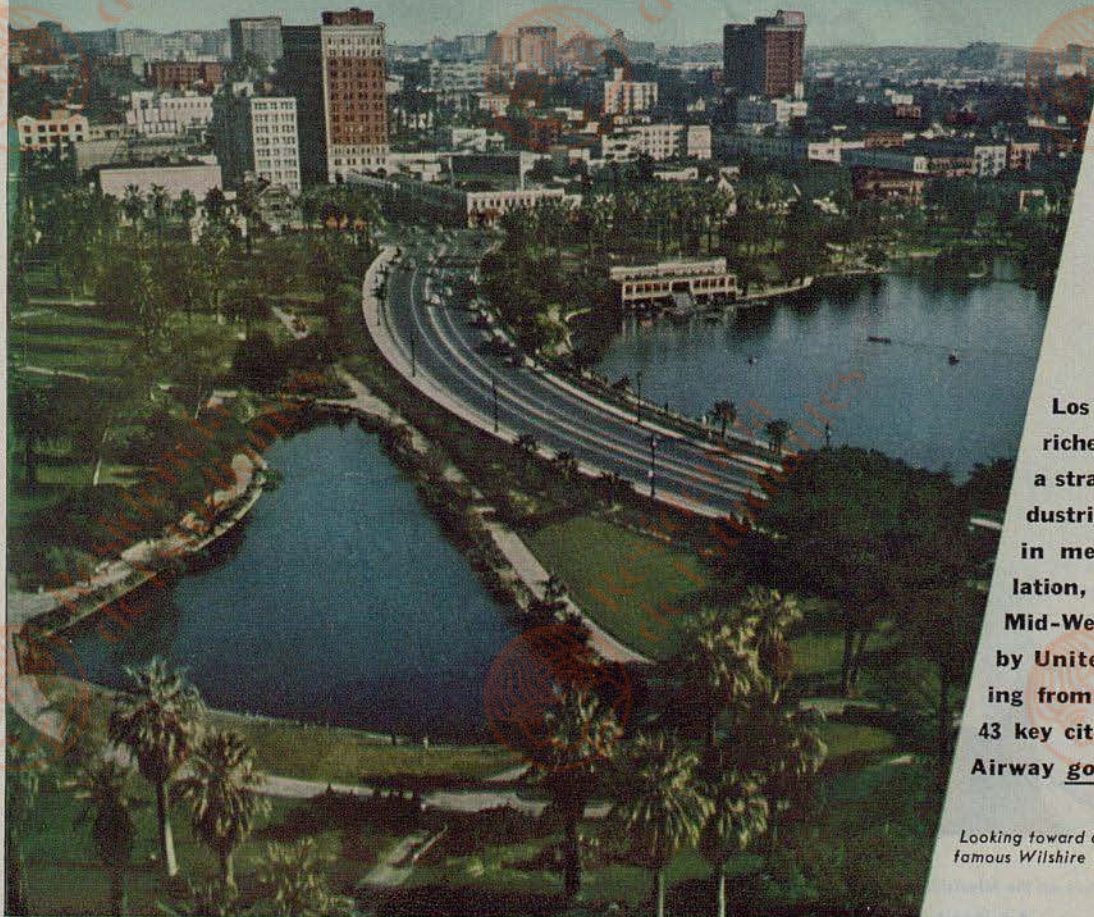
Pigeons, Alas. In Milwaukee, ill-mannered pigeons plagued the courthouse until starlings arrived and drove them away; when the hard-pressed courthouse custodian drove away the ill-mannered starlings, the pigeons promptly came back. In Spokane, the county's specially installed pigeon-frightening whistle pleased the pigeons, scared the daylights out of all the local dogs.

Woolgatheress. In Huntington, W.Va., a woman flipped a letter into the street, mailed a lighted cigaret.

The Breaking Point. In Chicago, Mrs. Catherine Kelly, suing for divorce, testified that her husband had come home drunk 600 times in the last four years, given her 600 beatings because she refused to climb out of bed to make him a late snack.



TO ALL THE WEST...IT'S THE MAIN LINE AIRWAY



Los Angeles, in the nation's richest agricultural county, a strategic and important industrial city and third largest in metropolitan area population, is only hours from the Mid-West and Atlantic seaboard by United Mainliner. Stretching from coast to coast, serving 43 key cities, United's Main Line Airway goes where business is.

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RADAR ★ TELEVISION ★ FM ★ ELECTRONICS



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By showing a black and white picture on the television screen in the above illustration, Belmont is being realistic. This is the type of picture you can expect to see. But when television in color is ready and practical, Belmont will have it for you.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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PRESIDENT..... Roy E. Larsen
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR... John Shaw Billings

INDEX

Art.....63	Miscellany14
Battlefronts....40	Music73
Books.....99	People54
Business.....77	Press66
Cinema.....94	Radio88
Education.....58	Religion86
Foreign News..29	Science56
International...25	Sport84
Letters.....4	Theater.....74
Medicine.....88	U.S. at War...19

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TIME, MAY 7, 1945

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

To answer some of the questions subscribers all over the world have been asking about how TIME gathers, verifies, writes and distributes its news.

Dear Subscriber

"The little Cub plane with Lieut. Colonel Thomas W. Casey as observer strayed a bit and came down on a strange beach.

"Immediately several hundred Filipinos streamed out of a nearby village, jabbering excitedly and touching the Cub with awe; they hadn't seen more than three white men in a dozen years — they'd never seen a plane on the ground.

"Presently a guerrilla chief appeared. He understood English and the first thing he noticed was a copy of TIME's Pony Edition sticking from Casey's pocket. 'TIME Magazine,' he yelled. 'Now we know something!'

"For half an hour the guerrilla chief, standing on a rise of ground, read in a ringing voice to the 200-odd entranced natives all the war news he could find and translate. Filipino eyes glistened; they listened intently to every word.

"The payoff was that Casey hadn't finished that issue yet. It took all his tact to get the magazine back before he could take off again."

One of the pleasant things about working at TIME these days is to read so many friendly letters that come to us from servicemen and civilians in strange places all over the globe—and perhaps this week you might like to look over our shoulder at some random pieces from TIME's overseas mail bag—like the letter you have just read from Captain Jack Tucker of the U.S. Infantry.

For example: from Chungking Mr. S. S. Luo of the Chienchwan Coal Mining Co. Ltd. writes that for more than a year now he has taken one full day each week to travel 36 difficult miles on an "overworked, overcrowded bus" to pay 150 Chinese dollars for

a single copy of TIME ("You may be astounded to know that not a few others have regularly paid and are still paying this fabulous and fantastic price"). And from Kityang in South China the Reverend Carl M. Capen writes that when he goes into the back country these days all he takes with him are "the necessities of life—a change of clothing, a Chinese New Testament, a shaving set, toothbrush—and several copies of TIME's Pony Edition."

From the Chile-Argentine border Cameraman Bill Larsen of R.K.O.-Pathé News writes that he reads TIME's Air Express Edition on burro-back at 4,000 meters (13,000 feet to me) up in the Andes—see cut.

A Lieutenant on convoy duty in the Mediterranean tells us that a TIME article on radar and sound is "so good we are using it for instruction purposes," and adds that he "can't understand how TIME got such valuable information." ... A Major in the Marine Corps V-mails hand-painted greetings to TIME's Pacific Pony Edition "for making this war 1) bearable 2) understandable for those of us out here" on Saipan—see cut. ... "You will be interested to hear that TIME was flown in and distributed to the Marines fighting on Iwo Jima the first day transport planes landed on the island. TIME brought many fellows 'home' if only for a short time," writes Lieutenant Philip Schneider of The Leatherneck's Pacific staff. ...

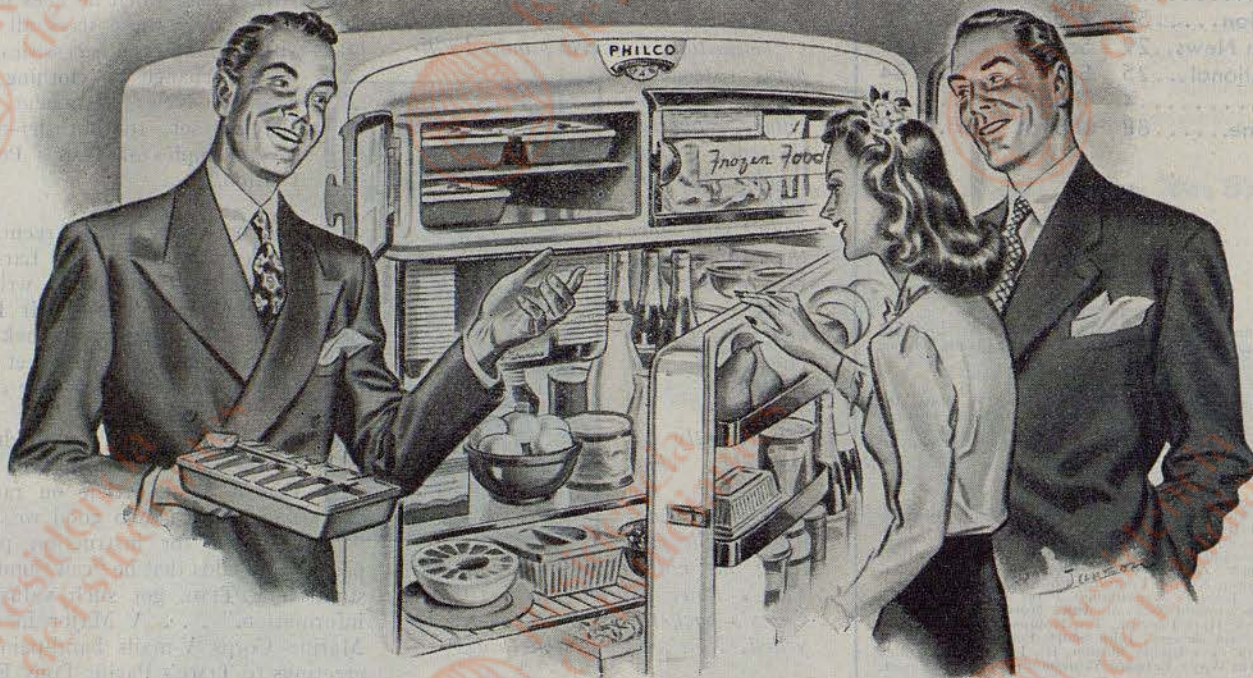
And when Admiral Nimitz flew in to Okinawa he brought a copy of TIME in his pocket for Lieut. General Simon Bolivar Buckner Jr.

Cordially,

P. I. Prentice



"DEPENDABLE...that's what Philco means to me!"



"EVERY TIME I come into the kitchen . . . I feel like patting myself on the back because of this Philco Refrigerator!

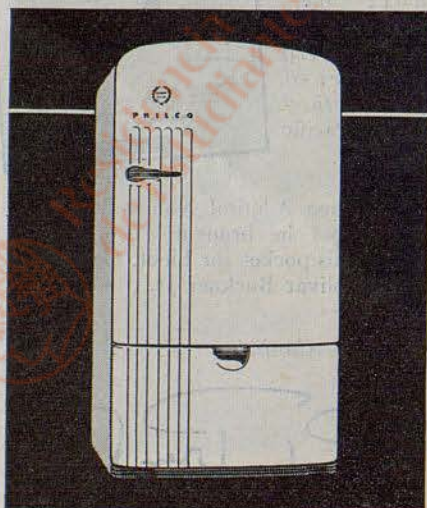
"You see . . . we needed a new refrigerator back in '41 . . . and Mary and I gave a lot of thought to picking the right one. Many a time since, Mary has said how glad she was to have a Philco with a big storage space for frozen foods. Says she doesn't have to shop so often because she can buy in advance and keep meats and frozen food packages in

perfect condition until she wants to serve them. And notice, it's separate from the ice cube chamber . . . we always have all the ice we need.

"But that isn't all. *Dependability* . . . that's what has meant most to me, especially during these days. This Philco has been on the job for us month after month and year after year, *without trouble*. That's what I figured we bought when we put our faith in that Philco name."

And that's what you can figure on when you see the new Philco Refrigerator . . . after Victory!

*Tune in the Philco Hour, with Paul Whiteman, Sundays
6 P. M. to 7 P. M., E W T, Blue Network*



Philco's one job today is to speed the production of radar and electronic equipment to our armed forces. But out of the scientific progress in its war research will come finer Philco products, new and even more advanced Philco Refrigerators for modern living.

PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

FOLLOW THROUGH TO VICTORY . . . KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS AND KEEP THE BONDS YOU BUY!

U. S. AT WAR

THE NATION

Curtain

One dictator lay dead in a square in Milan, his head on the breast of his dead mistress, his body cursed and spat upon.

It mattered little where the other one was, whether quavering in a Bavarian mountain fastness or raving mad in the tomb of Berlin—or dead, as the Hamburg radio this week reported. For him, too, the curtain had come down.

The European war was ending, with resolute force on the side of the victors, and the vanquished stripped of all dignity.

The phony peace that had swept the world (*see below*) was not too good to be true. It was merely a little too soon. One war, with all its agony, was all but over. And the other moved relentlessly in the same direction.

False Alarm

One afternoon last week, just a few hours before the opening of the world security conference in San Francisco, President Harry Truman grabbed his mouse-colored fedora, rushed out of the White House to a waiting limousine. An aide called airily to newsmen: "We're going to the Pentagon, if you want to come along." Three reporters, representing the press associations, followed.

But at the Pentagon, the newsmen found they could not follow the President so easily. He was whisked immediately to the super-secret second-floor communications room, which has direct radio-telephone connections to London, SHAEF, and to field operations. Into the room also went General Marshall, Admirals King and Leahy, Undersecretary of State Joseph C. Grew, and War Secretary Stimson. The conference lasted an hour and 40 minutes. When it was over, President Truman, now aware of the sensational appearance of his trip, seemed to regret that newsmen had been notified. But they had sent bulletins long before.

For two days, official Washington attempted to play down the conference. At his press conference, Secretary Stimson twinkled to reporters: "You thought you saw the President [at the Pentagon] when you only saw his astral body." Yet the rankest cub reporter knew that something big was cooking, and the rumors began to fly. And not all the rumors were wild: some of the information came from unquestionably well-informed—although unnamed—sources. The hottest report: Hein-

rich Himmler had offered to surrender unconditionally to the U.S. and Great Britain.

Day of Hope. Such was the situation on the morning of April 28, a day which took its place in history alongside Nov. 7, 1918 as a day of false hopes. On this morning Winston Churchill seemed almost to confirm the report of unconditional surrender by announcing that Nazi Germany would have to surrender to all three of the Big Three. A White House secre-

and clapped. So did Comrade Molotov, who was presiding.

Hearing this scene described over his radio, many a U.S. listener jumped from his chair; a few started celebrating. Yet the whole incident might have passed as just another rumor had it not been for what happened next at the White House.

About V-E Day. There Steve Early, who seemed destined to handle at least one more big newsbreak before he quit, told hastily gathering newsmen to stand



SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 28: PREMATURE VICTORY CELEBRATION
Most folks kept their fingers crossed.

International

tary purred: "This Government has nothing to say." But the rumors flew thicker & faster. Said one report out of Washington: fighting had actually stopped in Europe.

Then, at 7:55 p.m. (E.W.T.), the Associated Press sent a bulletin from San Francisco: "Germany has surrendered. . . [says] a high American official." Radio newscasters pounced on the flash and boosted it across the land. The story, by A.P.'s reliable Jack Bell, went on to say that the surrender was actually to have been announced earlier, but was unavoidably delayed.

Almost at the same time, on the floor of the San Francisco conference, Chilean Delegate Joaquin Fernandez y Fernandez strode in, waving a copy of the *Call-Bulletin* with the screamer: NAZIS QUIT. The delegates, who had been listening to a translation of a speech in Spanish, rose

by. The President, he said, is preparing a proclamation. "Will it be about V-E day?" he was asked. "Not exactly," he answered, "but something like it." Radiomen were told to hook up their microphones at the White House for the reading of the proclamation.

Few doubted that the surrender would soon be official. Steve Early quieted the impatient newsmen. The President, he said, was just putting the finishing touches on the document. The majority of people still kept their fingers crossed. But in many a city, newspaper editors called for the biggest type, ordered an extra.

The nation waited. In a few cities, notably Chicago and San Francisco, downtown celebrations had already begun. In a New York nightclub, the manager distributed confetti and streamers. Radio newscasters were tense. If the report were true—and the White House seemed about

THE PRESIDENCY

Old Home Week

to confirm it—this would be the biggest Saturday night of the war.

The Awful Truth. An hour and a half after the first A.P. bulletin from San Francisco, the White House newsmen were ushered in to the President. In four crisp sentences, Harry Truman blew the surrender report sky high. He said he had checked it with General Eisenhower; it had "no foundation."

As the street crowds in Chicago, San Francisco and New York broke up, as the people flicked off their radios, the search for a goat began. From San Francisco, A.P. revealed that the unnamed "high official" quoted in its report was Senator Tom Connally, chairman of the Foreign

In his third week in office, President Truman no longer worked under the concentrated light which had shone on him for a fortnight. Some of the nation's floodlights had shifted to San Francisco. Besides, the novelty of having a new President had begun to wane. The shakedown cruise was over, and Harry Truman, no longer able to rely on the doctrine of "carrying on," now had to do a little steering on his own account.

He worked as hard as ever. In the week he had 72 appointments. He also:

☐ Visited the Pentagon Building for a

ing to the endless stream of White House visitors. They were of all stripes and beliefs, and they came on all sorts of missions: North Carolina's Representative "Muley" Doughton (taxes); FEA's Leo Crowley (Lend-Lease); Bob Hannegan (patronage); Washington's ex-Senator Lewis Schwellenbach, now a federal judge (job); Wisconsin's Bob La Follette (social call).

"All Missouri's Here." So many of the visitors were from Harry Truman's home state of Missouri that the Washington *Daily News* headlined a story: "ALL MISSOURI'S HERE TO SEE HARRY." Said the *News*: "Apparently the only password to the White House these days is 'He's an old buddy of mine.'"

Charles W. Latimer, a boyhood friend of the President's in Independence, Mo., came all the way from his present home in Tampa, Fla., just to shake hands. And there was Bryce B. Smith, longtime (1930-40) mayor of Kansas City under the Boss Pendergast regime.

All of the men who "had known him when" were pleased but not surprised to see that Harry Truman had not gone high-hat. No one had ever doubted Harry Truman's loyalty to his old friends. It is one of his outstanding characteristics. But some Washington observers were beginning to wonder if some of these loyalties might not prove too big a burden. Some thought they could see a "government by cronies" ahead.

Harry Truman's two appointments last week were both handed to old friends: 1) California Democrat Ed Pauley as the U.S. member of the Allied Reparations Commission; and 2) Omaha insurance man Ed McKim as chief administrative assistant (see THE ADMINISTRATION). President Truman's chief adviser on all matters, big & small, continued to be National Chairman Hannegan, the man who put him over for Vice President.

Too Big & Too Busy. As one of his first acts, President Truman had invited his old crony, Tennessee's Senator Kenneth McKellar, to sit with the Cabinet, because of McKellar's position as Senate president pro tem. It was commended in some quarters as a further presidential gesture of friendliness to Congress. But others saw it differently. Cried the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*: "A hack sits in the Cabinet . . . Senator McKellar is a vindictive peanut politician . . . a grudge-bearing politician with an incurable itch for spoils. . . . President Truman is too big and busy a man to have to waste his time listening to this shoddy impresario of the patronage grab."

President Truman's true friends deeply realized that he was indeed too busy at too big a job to go on much longer with the old-home-week performance that had taken up much of his time and many of his appointments in his first three weeks in office.



PRESIDENT TRUMAN & DEMOCRATIC SENATORS AT THE WHITE HOUSE
The password: "He's an old buddy of mine."

Acme

Relations Committee. Red-faced and nervous, Tom Connally faced newsmen again, said he had based his remarks "just on what you all know," but insisted that surrender was still imminent.

Many in the U.S. believed that it was. But they began to wonder why their President had fallen for the false surrender report. Should not he, of all people, have known exactly whether or not surrender had been achieved? Why did he, the Commander in Chief, have to call General Eisenhower, as he said he did, in order to check the report?

One incident of the evening, had it been known to newsmen, might have saved much of the wild speculation. When the A.P.'s bulletin came in, General George Catlett Marshall was dining with Undersecretary Grew at Washington's famed, unobtrusive Alibi Club. Joe Grew promptly rose from the table, rushed to the State Department. But General Marshall went right on with his dinner.

mysterious meeting which caused endless rumors (see above).

☐ Had an hour-long chat with ailing Cordell Hull at Bethesda Hospital.

☐ Opened the San Francisco conference, by radio (see INTERNATIONAL).

☐ Ordered Commerce Secretary Henry Wallace to begin an inquiry into the alleged misuse of patents to foster monopolies and cartels.

☐ Seized his second strike-bound plant (United Engineering Co., Ltd. at San Francisco).

☐ Urged the planting of more Victory Gardens.

☐ Heard himself endorsed for a second term by Pennsylvania's egregious, New Dealing Senator Joe Guffey (who was also one of the first on Franklin Roosevelt's Term III & IV band wagons).

☐ Posed for a White House picture with 38 of the 55 Democratic Senators, all who were in town that day (see cut).

But mostly his week was spent in listen-



ED PAULEY

His sales talk was the goods.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Peace & Politics

To a practical politician like Harry Truman, Californian Edwin Wendell Pauley had a claim to a good job. Big, hulking Ed Pauley, operating oilman (Petrol Corp.) and fast-moving dealer in California oil properties, was a faithful, hard-working political war horse—treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, a crack money-raiser, a tried & trusted Truman friend to boot. But there were few cheers in Washington last week when Harry Truman announced that Ed Pauley was to be the U.S. member of the Allied Reparations Commission, with the rank of Ambassador.

To make room for Politico Pauley, who will go to Moscow as the President's personal representative when the Commission meets this month, Harry Truman had to displace an appointment made by Franklin Roosevelt only six weeks ago: sharp-eyed, perceptive Dr. Isador Lubin. A Roosevelt troubleshooter and economic fact-finder, Dr. Lubin had had some experience in international dealings. Before Roosevelt, he had been economic expert for the U.S. Food Administration in 1918, for the War Industries Board the next year. Now he will accompany Ambassador Pauley to Moscow, act as his associate, take the lesser rank of Minister.

Up from the Ranks. In Ed Pauley's career there had been little to qualify him for the task ahead. He operated spectacularly in the oil business from the time he was graduated from the University of California in 1923 (he had been an unspectacular two-letter man: football, crew). As an independent, he battled the big oil companies for a time on production

allotments and in price wars, managed to make himself a sizable business. In 1932, he set off on a flyer in politics, by 1936 was an active and aggressive Democratic party worker.

In 1940, Bronx Boss Ed Flynn, then Democratic National Chairman, got Pauley to take over the raising of money in eleven western states—a job Pauley did so successfully that Flynn soon made him a regional director for the party. Two years later Franklin Roosevelt asked him to become the party's secretary-treasurer to wipe out a deficit of \$750,000. Ed Pauley did the job. By last summer he was a big-enough shot to poke wavering delegates in the chest with a heavy forefinger, nudge them into line for Harry Truman. His sales talk: "We're not nominating a Vice President; we're nominating the next President."

Pauley was at the White House when Truman summoned correspondents and announced the appointment. The new Ambassador, who had been mentioned as a willing and anxious possibility for various Cabinet posts (Treasury, Commerce, Interior), slipped into his diplomatic role with a pronouncement that he would be no "soft-peace man." Isador Lubin, an experienced behind-the-scenes worker, said nothing.

Right-Hand Man

For his second appointment of the week the President picked another old pal of his—his World War I buddy, Edward Daniel McKim, beefy, brown-haired Omaha insurance-agency executive. Ed McKim was named chief administrative assistant to the President, a job held in the Roosevelt administration by Louis McHenry Howe and later by Marvin McIntyre.

Like Colonel Harry Vaughan, the President's military aide, Ed McKim's friendship with Harry Truman began in uniform. They first became acquainted as members of Missouri's State Guard, and both were in France with the 129th Field Artillery, 35th Division, when Harry Truman became commander of Battery D. (At that time Ed McKim did not like his battery commander—thought him schoolteacherish and sissified; soon he would have "gone through hell for him.")

Last fall Ed McKim, still calling Harry Truman "my captain," accompanied his onetime commander on the campaign, kept things running on the Truman train in mother-hen fashion.

When Franklin Roosevelt died, Ed McKim happened to be in Washington on a business trip. As a close friend, he was at Truman's side from the minute he took over in the White House. It was Good Friend Ed McKim who, when the Trumans moved from their apartment to Blair House, gathered up their bric-a-brac, rode on a truck with it to the White House.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Final Thoughts

Three days before his death, Franklin Roosevelt was thinking about the problem of peace and of international dealing for peace. To his friend, Senator Claude Pepper, he wrote from Warm Springs this statement of practical philosophy:

"... On the consummation of a treaty, I hope that the next trend of public opinion will recognize that under our own theory nations are coequal, and therefore any treaty must represent compromise.

"We cannot jump to what we consider perfection if the other fellow does not go



SECRETARY MCKIM & FRIEND
He delivered the bric-a-brac.

Omaha World-Herald

the whole way. He might think that his point of view was just as good or better than ours.

"I do hope to see you one of these days soon. I will certainly do so as soon as I get back from the opening day of the San Francisco parley."

HEROES

How to Wait for It

In the formation of combat-bound Flying Fortresses, over northwest Europe at 13,500 feet, there was only a moment of confusion. But it was enough. There was a collision, and one of the B-17s, with its tail cut off, spilled crazily forward. The heavy forepart plunged with its pilots, gunners and navigator. Only one bailed out. As the formation bored on, its air crews saw the tail of the mangled ship sailing erratically, like a piece of paper dropped from a skyscraper window.

In the tail was a 19-year-old gunner. When he heard the crash he made for the escape hatch. It was jammed. He tried to get through the rear window: too small. Long minutes later, Belgian peasants saw the tailpiece sail to earth. They picked the unconscious gunner from the wreck, got him to a hospital.

There last week, after eight days of unconsciousness, the young gunner revived. His only injuries: a bruised thigh, a lacerated ear, a ruptured blood vessel in his stomach. What had he done when he finally realized that he could not bail out? What could he do? He had unsnapped his parachute, sat down in his gunner's seat, lighted a cigaret—and waited.

NEW JERSEY

The People's Friend

After 28 years of protecting Jersey City from the consequences of low taxes, up-to-date schools, free speech, the C.I.O., and modern sewers, Mayor Frank Hague faced another election. As the campaign went into its last fortnight, profane, puritanical-looking Boss Hague was able to contemplate the works of his opponents with heavy-lidded equanimity.

By odd coincidence Attorney General Walter D. Van Riper, who had come in to clean out Hague's bailiwick, was being tried last week in Federal Court on embarrassing charges—dealing in black-market gasoline. And Hague's opposition, the "Liberation ticket," had split in mid-campaign. Four of its members were accusing a fifth of selling out to the Boss.

But 69-year-old Frank Hague wasted no time in gloating. With his old-fashioned starched collar tight above a chaste pearl stickpin, he went out to remind the people of his years of toil in their behalf. With revival-meeting fervor the Boss told his followers that he was still pure at heart: "Let them point to one blemish on my record as mayor of Jersey City!"

22



Associated Press
JERSEY CITY'S BOSS
For a free Poland . . .

Liberation Candidate Paul E. Dougherty almost blew a gasket. Cried he: ". . . On a salary of never more than \$8,000 he can own a summer home worth \$125,000, a home in Miami . . . an apartment . . . a suite in New York! . . . Perhaps the mayor does not consider it a blemish that children attend antiquated schools . . . that garbage disposal is 50 years behind the times . . . that 56,000 property owners seek reductions in property assessments. . . ."

Unperturbed, Boss Hague disregarded such criticism for broader subjects less susceptible of factual proof. There was sin abroad. (Hague is against sin: he allows no prostitutes, burlesque shows or night-clubs in Jersey City.) There was the city's youth. Brassily the mayor intoned: "I have never developed into a reformer, but I have always tried to set an example for the younger folk."

There was the mayor's well-run Margaret Hague Maternity Hospital, at which Jersey City mothers get the finest treat-



Associated Press
FRIEND ALVIN O'KONSKI
. . . vote for Mayor Hague.

ment at low rates. Recalled Hague: "A kitchen table in a dingy tenement was my delivery room. My mother carried me about on a pillow for three months. . . ."

The mayor's claque applauded, and sang *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*. The mayor had a word for his Polish constituents: "I will stay in the fight until you get your relief, a free Poland with the same borders as before the war." He had a convincing backer—Wisconsin's Congressman Alvin O'Konski who stumped beside him.

To a meeting of Italians he pledged himself to do "everything possible to rebuild Italy," added that he was "interested" in the San Francisco conference.

But Boss Hague, whose registered voters have a way of remaining registered voters even after they are buried, spoke with a certain irritation about one trick perpetrated by his enemy Republican Governor Walter Edge: this year, for the first time, all Jersey City must use voting machines.

"Edge and the railroad lobby are behind it!" shouted the mayor. "But don't be frightened . . . just pull the first five levers. Then they'll drag those damned machines out of here."

COMMAND

In the Top Layer

Lieut. General Millard F. Harmon had been missing for eight weeks—the 17th U.S. air general to become a casualty in World War II—and his fast-growing U.S. Air Force in the Pacific was still without a permanent boss. Last week the Army airmen in the Pacific got one. Lieut. General Barney M. Giles, 52, ranking member of the Army's only set of general twins,* cleared out his desk in the Pentagon Building and went off to what will become the biggest air-combat job left in World War II.

Capable, good-natured Barney Giles had left one of the most important staff jobs in the Air Forces: deputy commander of the Army Air Forces and Chief of Air Staff. To replace him, General Hap Arnold called in a distinguished combat veteran, Lieut. General Ira Eaker, 49, onetime fighter pilot and literary collaborator of Hap Arnold. Bald, equable Ira Eaker, who had set up the Eighth Air Force in England, battle-tested the Air Forces doctrine of precision daylight bombing, and forged the first close links between the Air Forces and the R.A.F., had been out of the U.S. since February, 1942.

Rich with good, battle-tested officers, Hap Arnold had no trouble finding a successor for Ira Eaker as head of the Mediterranean Allied Air Force. His choice: husky, bald-headed Lieut. General John K. (Uncle Joe) Cannon, whose Twelfth Air Force in Italy had blasted the way for Allied forces from Salerno to Milan.

* The other twin: Major General Benjamin F. Giles, commander of U.S. Army Forces in the Middle East.

THE CONGRESS

Return of an Issue

Henry Wallace strode into the green-carpeted House Ways & Means Committee room to take up the cudgels again in an old, familiar fight: for reciprocal trade agreements. But this time, with the nations gathered at San Francisco, the old bickerings had a new implication. The committee was considering the bill to renew the eleven-year-old Reciprocal Trade Agreements Law and to permit further tariff reductions.

Henry Wallace warned that a return to the high-tariff policies of the 1920s and 1930s would "indicate to the world that the U.S. had gone isolationist." Solemnly he said that, if the law were allowed to expire, small nations would conclude that soon the U.S. would raise tariffs.



KNUTSON
Pitied.

Associated Press

Said he: in the U.S. handling of tariffs lies a chance to prevent a third World War.

But to Republican committee members, wistfully talking of high-tariff prosperity and solidly opposed to further reductions, Henry Wallace looked like a symbol of their discontent. They quizzed him about everything from killing pigs to full employment. To Minnesota's finance-minded Harold Knutson he looked like the fattest target he had seen in months.

Wrangle, Wrangle. Representative Knutson asked the Secretary of Commerce whether lowering tariffs was not comparable to lowering immigration restrictions (apparently meaning that U.S. labor would have to compete with cheaper foreign labor). Henry Wallace said the question was too complicated to answer offhand. Harold Knutson snapped that he would

wait and ask it of a witness of ordinary intelligence.

Again, Knutson commented that he envied Wallace his "naiveness." Said Wallace: "I pity yours."

Finally, Knutson demanded: "Is it your thought that we are going to create 60,000,000 jobs after the war by running a fine-tooth comb through American industries and eliminating the inefficient?" After a pause Henry Wallace said: "I'm not beating my wife any more, Mr. Congressman." Next day Knutson apologized for the remark about Wallace's intelligence.

Later, owlish Fred Vinson, President Truman's War Mobilizer, told the committee that the San Francisco conference would be helped by prompt action on both reciprocal trade agreements and the Bretton Woods monetary plan. Fred Vinson, an old hand at Congressional quizzing, was in no mood for fooling. When Knutson asked him if lower tariffs were not like lower immigration controls, he replied: "I read the newspapers, you know. You asked that question of another fellow. You reared up and operated on him and then apologized."

The Question. Beneath this bumbling Congressional show lay a live and vital issue. Franklin Roosevelt had asked for power to make additional tariff slashes of as much as 50% below the levels of Jan. 1, 1945, and Harry Truman had given his support. Republicans charged that this would allow cuts of as much as 75% below the Smoot-Hawley levels of 1930-34 but administration spokesmen pointed out that such cuts could occur in less than 40% of U.S. imports. The Administration's main point: further authority for reductions was basic to the U.S. policy of world collaboration.

Since the present law expires June 12, it was plain that soon the U.S. Congress would have to quit doodling and face the issue. It was equally plain that on the tariff Harry Truman would face his first big test in Congress.

Telling the Generals

As Congress considered the bill to extend the draft for another year, Allied victories kept piling up. So did pressure in Congress to keep 18-year-olds from being sent into combat without a Congress-prescribed period of training.

President Truman had told Congressional leaders he was against such a restriction. More emphatically, General Marshall wrote to the Senate Military Affairs Committee, spoke of the possibility of "disaster," said "no restrictions should be placed by law on the time when soldiers may enter combat."

Last week, after listening to George Marshall's soldierly warning, the Senate threw out a proposal to require a year's pre-combat training for men under 20. It also threw out an attempt to halt the draft of men over 31. But then, turning

its back on the President and the Chief of Staff, it adopted an amendment barring the use of 18-year-olds in combat unless they have had at least six months' training. The vote: 50 to 25.

Three days later Alabama's Representative John J. Sparkman rose in the House, announced the junction of U.S. and Russian troops in Germany. The House applauded. Then, without a record vote, it unanimously approved what the Senate had done, sent the draft act and its restriction to the White House.

Hits & Errors

In five and a half years in the U.S. Senate, Kentucky's ebullient Albert Benjamin ("Happy") Chandler was known mostly for:

❑ Loud criticism of the Allied war strategy (in 1943 he wanted emphasis shifted to



WALLACE
Envied.

LIFE

the Pacific, said he was "unable to agree" with Winston Churchill).

❑ A bulldoggish attitude about Army promotions ("I'm not going to just rubber-stamp everything they bring up").

❑ A miniature political tempest when a rival in the 1942 campaign charged that a Louisville contractor had built a swimming pool in his backyard as a gift. (Happy was cleared.)

Last week the 46-year-old former Kentucky governor, former minor-league baseball player, got ready to give up his \$10,000-a-year senatorial job. He had been made high commissioner of baseball at \$50,000 a year (see SPORT). Baseball had gained a boss of radiant confidence. (Said Happy: "I may be in error, but I'm never in doubt.") The U.S. Senate had lost a minor politician.



THE COST

In the gloom of this makeshift hospital lies Staff Sergeant H. E. Erwin—a hero. On a recent Tokyo raid, one of the fire bombs in his Superfortress shook loose and began to flame. Without hesitation, Sergeant Erwin (Bessemer, Ala.) picked the molten mass up in his bare hands, threw it out, saved his ship and crew. One of his rewards: the Congressional Medal of Honor, which Major General Willis H. Hale last week pinned on his bandages. The other: the undying gratitude of fellow crew members (left), whose lives he saved.

International

ARMY & NAVY

The Longhairs

After three years of war service, mild-mannered Dr. Robert Lawrence Stearns announced that he was leaving the U.S. Army Air Forces in July to go back to his old job as president of the University of Colorado. Airmen, who knew the crack job Civilian Stearns had done, were almost as concerned as if one of their generals were retiring.

Dr. Stearns was one of a group of men General "Hap" Arnold had rounded up after Pearl Harbor to bring a keen civilian eye to the multifarious problems of the Air Forces. Hap Arnold laid out their duties, sent them out to rout the bugs from combat planes and men. Soon every U.S. war theater had seen eager little bands of middle-aged thinkers in uniform, tinkering, questioning, hot-seating around through enemy flak and fighters.

Imaginative, 52-year-old Dr. Stearns was typical of the group. One of his first jobs, when he was in the Solomons with the Thirteenth Air Force, was to find out what was ailing pilots and ground-crewmembers. His verdict: acute boredom. His effective remedy: gardening, classes about the natives, flora & fauna, geology, etc.

When the Twentieth (B-29) Air Force was formed to bomb Japan, seasoned Dr.

Stearns was made chief of its Operations Analysis Division. For 14 months, he and his technicians, whom G.I.s affectionately dubbed "longhairs," have fought as hard as any pilot to tame the brand-new and radically different Superfortresses. Gradually, sometimes by means mystifying to zealous ground crews, the bugs began to come out. Sample exterminations:

¶ The B-29's big engines were exploding when they caught fire. Dr. William J. Crozier, a Harvard physiologist, suspected that the magnesium-alloy parts blew up when they were doused by the carbon dioxide in the automatic fire extinguishers. Tests proved him right, and combat crews were immediately instructed to use their extinguishers at the first slight hint of

fire, or not at all. Later, aluminum alloys were substituted for the magnesium-alloy parts.

¶ Precipitation static generated by B-29s was six times as great as that generated by a Flying Fortress, often knocked out radios completely. The professors found that the static could be neutralized by a small generator which would fill the ship with a countercharge.

One of the professors' toughest current problems is weather. Because Superfortress folk could get no weather reports from Siberia, where Japanese weather makes up, highflying B-29s had to be sent dangerously far up the Chinese coast and into the interior on weather-charting trips. To assist in this risky business, Dr. Helmut E. Landsberg, University of Chicago meteorologist, assigned experts to develop radio-sondes, dropped by parachute, to pick up vital ground-level weather data. When perfected, they will considerably bolster predictions of Air Force forecasters in the Marianas.

In the course of other persistent researches, Dr. Stearns's longhairs, working closely with thoughtful airmen, devised new flying formations to intensify B-29 gunfire. They developed greater bombing accuracy with a new technique of offset sighting, worked out fuel-consumption curves that greatly increased B-29 range and bomb-carrying capacity.

General Arnold, who often chafes at the inscrutable workings of the Army mind, had wanted a fresh viewpoint when he hired Stearns & Co. He had got it, with something to spare.

Tightening Up

The U.S. Army announced that it was taking the step because of civilian shortages. Whatever the reasons, its summary snatch of luxuries from the camps of its 300,000-odd German war prisoners seemed to satisfy everybody but the Germans.

High-point meat, butter, canned fruit and other hard-to-get items were scratched from P.O.W. menus. Substitutes: beef hearts, liver, low-grade cuts for stew (twice a week), margarine (once a day), stewed fruit, more spaghetti, more bread to maintain a calorie count equal to the standard U.S. Army garrison ration.

P.O.W.s also lost their ready-made cigarettes; from now on they must roll their own. Then they were ordered to substitute the American for the Nazi straight-arm salute, get rid of all Nazi flags, pictures and emblems in their barracks.

As a final mark of sterner days to come, Major General Thomas A. Terry, of the Second Service Command, announced that G.I.s and officers liberated from prison camps in Germany would be assigned to operate prison camps in New York, New Jersey and Delaware.

Said General Terry: "... [They] are considered to be eminently qualified for these duties."

U. S. War Casualties

	LAST MONTH	SINCE PEARL HARBOR
Killed	12,399	205,519
Wounded	24,351	554,268
Missing	-6,317*	93,061
Prisoners	6,968	77,462
Total		930,310

* Early April casualties announcements showed 99,378 men missing, late April announcements, 93,061.

INTERNATIONAL

THE NATIONS

Enormous Errand

From Stockholm to London, and then to Washington, the electric word flashed: Nazi authorities wanted to surrender all that was left of the German Army and Germany. But they wanted to surrender only to the Americans and the British, not to the dread Russians. Back went the answer: surrender to all or none.

The messenger was Count Folke Bernadotte, a Swedish nobleman, Boy Scout enthusiast and general do-gooder who married U.S. Heiress Estelle Manville (Johns-Manville asbestos) in 1928. Recently he had been living near Hamburg, representing the Swedish Red Cross.

Few days ago he was summoned, told that Hitler was dying (*see FOREIGN NEWS*) and asked to relay the offer to Britain and the U.S. Bernadotte flew to Stockholm, gave the message to the U.S. and British Legations.

When the offer arrived in Washington, President Truman and Winston Churchill talked it over by transatlantic telephone. They agreed to reject it, inform Stalin. Back to Germany flew Folke Bernadotte.

While Folke Bernadotte scurried back & forth on his enormous errand, the Hamburg radio said this week that Grand Admiral Karl Doenitz, as Hitler's appointed heir, proposed to fight the Russians to the last, the U.S. and British armies so long as they refused to accept a separate surrender. Perhaps significantly, the voice on the Hamburg radio did not mention Gestapoman Heinrich Himmler, the Nazi whom all had supposed to be Adolf Hitler's deputy ruler of the Reich.



COUNT FOLKE BERNADOTTE
His business was of peace.



MOLOTOV SPEAKING, STETTINIUS PRESIDING (UPPER RIGHT)*
The Commissar: "You must definitely know..."

Associated Press

THE CONFERENCE

The Second Beginning

It had been warm and bright in the morning. By mid-afternoon clouds hung in the blue sky, and their shadows lay on San Francisco. Outside the Opera House, where the modern world was about to begin its second quest of planned peace, a police lieutenant saw that rain was coming, felt the first drops, and said: "Boy, oh boy, this is it." Soon police horses glistened in the rain. The flags, half-staffed for Franklin Roosevelt, nodded damply downward. From the pavements, warmed by the recent sun, wisps of steam rose and vanished.

The Parade. Grey Navy buses, taxis, Army cars, private limousines delivered the nobodies and the somebodies. A remarkably small crowd, no more than 600 in all, stood placidly behind the police ropes. Shipbuilder Henry J. Kaiser, mildly astonishing in a new, statesmanlike Homburg, and Mrs. Kaiser stomped up the narrow isle of faces, and into the Opera House. Then came Commander and Mrs. Harold Stassen (with a pink rose corsage); Senator Vandenberg, smiling largely at the populace; Canada's Mackenzie King, prudently armed with an umbrella; Bidault of France, bareheaded as always and skipping smartly from car to door-

way; Lord Halifax, almost unnoticed in the flashy Arabians' wake; Anthony Eden, acknowledging handclaps and squeals with a wave, a smile. Noting them, and many others, the crowd stirred and incessantly asked: "Where are the Russians?"

Molotov came at last (*see below*), in due course took his allotted red plush seat in the hall, and with all the others surveyed the stage.

It was something to see. Broadway Designer Jo Mielziner had spent a wad of State Department money on its four golden, velour columns (for the Four Freedoms), its blue backdrop, the semicircle of 46 United Nations flags, the floodlighting. The effect was just about right—not dull, not gaudy.

A band had been stationed backstage to entertain the galleries while the delegates were arriving. Conditioned to *The Star-Spangled Banner*, hundreds rose when the first bars sounded. It was a false alarm. For reasons unknown, the band successively played *Lover, Come Back to Me; Stout-Hearted Men; Wanting You*. When the band got to *The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise*, the galleries were giggling.

The Flesh. As the delegates filed in, past a tapestry once presented to Poland's great King Stanislas by Louis XV of

* Upper left: M. Vartanoff, a State Department interpreter.

France, the music and the laughter ceased. Among the people in the galleries, watching the delegates settle into their orchestra seats, a thought took all but tangible form. Some of the more perceptive journalists sensed and reported it:

Why, that's just a crowd down there, a crowd of men and a few women.

There, in the red plush seats, was Dumbarton Oaks and all the hope that may be in it. There, in the eminent flesh, were all the big words and the cloudy labels: General Assembly, Security Council, Court of International Justice, trusteeships, multi-lateral and unilateral, collective security.

At 4:30 o'clock, on the afternoon of April 25, Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius Jr. struck his gavel three times on the podium and said: "The first plenary session of the United Nations Conference on World Organization is hereby convened."

blunt Soviet fashion, he asserted the Big Three's prime responsibility, and added: "The point at issue is whether other peace-loving nations are willing to rally around these leading powers to create an effective international security organization. . . ."

Anthony Eden, usually no great orator, outdid himself and brought his audience up cheering. When he spoke of peace machinery, he rotated his fists; when he spoke of war, he thrust them rigidly downward. His best (and final) lines: "In the last six terrible years, unnumbered men have died to give humanity another chance.

"We too have a job of work to do if we are not to fail those men.

"Let us do it with courage, modesty and dispatch.

"Let us do it now."

General Carlos Romulo, of the Philippines, was the star of the small-nation speakers. Cried he, in an impassioned re-

¶ The 40-odd smaller powers made it clear that they dislike, will try to temper, but will not strenuously oppose the concentration of responsibility for security in the Big Powers. There was absolutely no move for real political equality in the new world organization.

¶ Canada's Mackenzie King and the Latin Americans put great stress on the neglected economic and social aspects of Dumbarton Oaks. Many signs indicated that the Economic and Social Council will loom much larger in the final organization than it does in the original proposals.

¶ There was much talk of justice. There was even a little action. China's amendments, designed to establish "principles of justice and international law," were accepted by the Big Three and written into the proposals. But the sentiment for a heavier dependence on justice had



SAUDI ARABIA: PRINCES WAHBA, EL FAKIH, FAISAL



FRANCE: PAUL-BONCOUR, FRANÇOIS BILLOUX (AT RIGHT)

The Speeches

The voice that all had hoped to hear was stilled. No speaker stirred the conference as Franklin Roosevelt would have stirred it. But that was no great reflection on those who did speak. Like the war which had brought it forth, this was a conference without banners.

President Truman, speaking from Washington in a dry, hurried voice, used the words "just" and "justice" seven times ("Justice remains the greatest power on earth. To that power alone will we submit").

Secretary Stettinius delivered a sensible, realistic speech which struck no fire, admirably fitted the business and mood of the conference. He recognized the Big Powers' dominant role, acknowledged their responsibility to the world: "There can be no end to the tyranny of fear and want unless the proposed world organization commands the allegiance of both the mind and the conscience of mankind."

Viacheslav Molotov was at his best on Russia's overall attitude (*see below*). In

minder that might is not all: "Words are more powerful than guns in the defense of human dignity. . . . Human understanding is the only impregnable line."

Pattern of Power

In the first five days:

U.S. attitudes hardened and clarified. The biggest development was a new approach to Russia.

It was not a new policy; it was a new, tougher manner, and it had its dangers as well as its advantages. For the Russians, too, could play a tough game. Beyond a reasonable point, mere toughness could wreck the Big Three and doom world organization at the start.

This week the Russians, roundly beaten on the Argentine issue (*see below*) saw proof enough that they could not control the world's vote in open assembly even when they had a good case. Intelligence and patience, as well as toughness, would be needed to keep the Big Three in one family.

World attitudes toward the Dumbarton Oaks proposals and their Big Power sponsors also clarified:

yet to take any positive, coherent form.

¶ Power patterns, shaping up at the conference, foreshadowed the patterns of the world organization. A 14-nation executive committee included the Big Three, France and China, lesser members tied more or less to the U.S. (Mexico, Brazil, Chile), Russia (Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia), and Britain (Australia, Canada, New Zealand). Everyone saw that on the rock-bottom security issues of the future, virtually every small power would be tied to one of the Big Three. But on minor and intermediate issues, the smaller powers kept their independence.

The Russians

The trouble began when word got about that the Russians had brought a whole shipload of caviar and vodka. Actually, the Russian ship anchored in San Francisco Bay was there primarily for radio communication with Moscow. Some of the delegation lived aboard, and they presumably had a supply of their national food and drink. But the refreshments were

INTERNATIONAL

incidental. Thanks to Russian secrecy about the ship, and the press's failure to check, tongues were clacking furiously when Foreign Commissar Viacheslav Molotov arrived by plane from Washington.

He was smiling, gracious, obviously eager to please. But an unconscionable mixup in press arrangements soured newsmen, colored their whole attitude and many of their stories.

Behind the Azaleas. Russian security police seemed to be everywhere. They were hard-eyed and husky. They made pathetic efforts to be unobtrusive, standing self-consciously behind potted palms and azaleas in the hotel lobbies, and giving their identities away with their long Russian cigars. Some of them, arriving without proper headgear, visited a store and bought felt hats. The clerks carefully creased the hats. The Russians as carefully uncreased them, restoring

the brushoff?" Gromyko speaks and understands English; Molotov does not.

Guards & Gavels. Next morning, before the conference steering committee opened its first meeting, newsmen had clustered around erect, impassive Field Marshal Jan Christian Smuts when someone cried: "Molotov!" In mid-question, the reporters deserted Smuts. Resembling Cartoonist Otto Soglow's "Little King" amid his guards, Molotov entered the Veterans' Building lobby and walked rapidly to an elevator. Smuts trailed along, tried to enter the same elevator and was blocked by a line of photographers. A U.S. Army captain pushed a photographer aside, and Smuts eased in. Molotov, painfully embarrassed, bobbed a greeting to Smuts. One of the hard-faced Russian guards peered at Smuts's insignia, twitched an eyebrow at another guard whose expression seemed to say: "How would I know?"

chairman of the potent steering and executive committees. Molotov seemed to agree, then insisted that only the four-way split of the conference presidency be announced that day. Everything was put over until the next day. Thoroughly incensed at Molotov, the committeemen filed out.

In the lobby, Molotov strode ahead of his guards and encountered a San Francisco girl. Said she: "Welcome to our city." Molotov understood her manner, if not her words. He bobbed his quick, characteristic little curtsy, smiled with his eyes, and tossed something in Russian over his shoulder. Someone told the girl that he had said: "You are very nice."

"My," she breathed. A punctilious Russian who spoke English paused and set her right. The Commissar had said: "You are very kind to say so."

By Their Words. . . . Within the



BELGIUM: BARON SILVERCRUIJS, FOREIGN MINISTER SPAAK



BRITAIN: CLEMENT ATTLEE, EDEN, HALIFAX, VISCOUNT CRANBORNE

the round newness of hats on a shelf.

Molotov never appeared without his flying wedge of guards and his interpreter.* Some of them were inoffensive consultants in his delegation, but they all spelled *Ogpu* to the onlookers. The contrast with Stettinius and Eden, striding carelessly through the lobbies, was too much for Americans, who often forget that three of their Presidents have been assassinated.

Russian officials soon learned that their seclusion, their secretive official air did not sit well. On the conference's opening day, Molotov and Andrei Gromyko, the Soviet Ambassador to Washington, must have overheard the rude remarks of newsmen waiting with them for an elevator in the Fairmont Hotel: "Those bastard Russians!"; "Did you hear how so-&-so got

* Molotov's harassed interpreter, Vladimir Nikolayevich Pavlov, is a pallid, thin fellow of 29. Pavlov sometimes translates for Stalin. But he is Molotov's man, accompanies him everywhere. At Yalta his penetrating voice pleased President Roosevelt because it was so easily heard. Pavlov speaks English with a decided British accent, but has an accurate ear for the idiom and nuances of American speech.

Most of the committeemen expected to elect the official host, Secretary Stettinius, permanent president of the conference. Anthony Eden made the routine nomination. Curt and strained, Molotov rose and objected. The conference, he said, should have four presidents, one for each of the sponsoring powers (the U.S., Russia, Britain, China); each of the presidents should take his turn with the gavel, and together they should control all the business of the conference. The delegation heads who made up the steering committee heard this proposal with successive disbelief, dismay, anger: it seemed to them to be a deliberate, pointless affront to Stettinius and international custom.

Secretary Stettinius, who was presiding, kept his head, kept out of the quarrel, and did his failing best to keep order. Molotov had forewarned both Stettinius and Anthony Eden that he would propose to rotate the presidency, but not that he wanted to tie up all conference procedure in a four-man presidium. Eden finally suggested a way out: rotate the conference presidency, make Stettinius permanent

hour, Molotov called a press conference, apologized for being late, met all questions (mostly about Poland) amiably and well, and dashed off with a farewell "*Poka*"—"So long!"

So far, the No. 1 Russian in San Francisco had been alternately sullen and affable, domineering and humble. Net reaction: what the hell? Then came the Russians' first formal, enlightening statements to the conference.

Two notes—one from the White Russian Soviet Socialist Republic, one from the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic—sought to justify their requests for seats and votes at the conference and in the future General Assembly. Nobody credited their pretensions to separate sovereignty; if the requests were granted, the Soviet Union would have three votes. But knowing delegates paid attention to both notes' emphasis on the war record and the sentiments of the White Russians and Ukrainians themselves.

When Molotov addressed the conference, not one listener in a hundred understood his emphatic Russian. But they sat

in taut quiet, waited anxiously for weary Mr. Pavlov's translation. It told them much.

¶ The Russians felt that Britain and France, the guiding powers of pre-1939 Europe, had botched their job. Russia now proposed to do better.

¶ The Russians' memories of the League of Nations, and of their unhappy exit from the League, still burn and rankle. Russia perforce took a back seat in the League; she proposes to take and hold a front seat in the new world organization. Front-seat manners will have to be acquired later, if at all.

The few who could follow Molotov in

mand—recognition and seating at the conference of Poland's still unreconstructed Warsaw Government. Stettinius, backed to the hilt by President Truman and Anthony Eden, met Molotov head-on, and the Polish proposal never had a chance.

Molotov accepted the decision—until the executive committee insisted upon admitting Argentina's tawdry, turncoat government on the basis of its recent enforced conversion to the United Nations. At that, Molotov put his Russian back up, rocked the conference with his stern objections.

He called his second press conference, argued quietly but earnestly that Russia asked only to delay the vote until Argen-

The Birds & the Beasts

Only the Saudi Arabian princes, wearing burnouses and traveling in limousines supplied by Standard Oil, lent an exotic touch. Spotting the Arabs at the Opera House, a glamor-hungry spectator sighed: "This is more like it." For the most part the San Francisco conferees wore drab, diplomatic grey and black.

But the conference had its moments. The Brazilian delegation got no tickets for the opening. The flag flown for Lebanon was wrong. Britain's sprightly Ellen Wilkinson had hoped to buy kitchenware, discovered that she would be unable to carry the extra weight by air, and settled for rayon stockings. The French complained of boredom. A secretary from the French consulate tried to scare up some French-speaking dinner and dancing partners among the women employes of the City of Paris department store.

In more serious mood, French Foreign Minister Georges Bidault sprang a neat maneuver on Secretary Stettinius, got French accepted as an official language of the conference. Later, during long translations of English into French, the French fidgeted with the rest.

Valets at the Fairmount Hotel on Nob Hill groaned when they discovered that the flowing white robes of the Saudi Arabians had to be pressed daily. The Arabians steadfastly refused to sign autographs (as did the Russians), obeyed Moslem laws and drank only fruit punch and orange juice in the bars. Bellboys at the Mark Hopkins complained that the British and the Chinese were the poorest tipsters, averaging a dime (the British are accustomed to tipping once, on arrival or departure).

Indians and Indians. The Top of the Mark, the Mark Hopkins' famed skyline cocktail room, was an international tipping spot. Viscount and Lady Cranborne drank Old Fashioneds, Earl and Lady Halifax Scotch & soda, Clement Attlee plain soda water.

On the fringes of the conference, special pleaders abounded. There were Zionists, Laborites, two representatives of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and six Poles (three Warsaw, three London) operating as newspapermen. Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, distinguished sister of the imprisoned Indian nationalist leader, Jawaharlal Nehru, challenged the right of the titled Indian delegates to speak for the Indian people. An Indian Moslem heckled her, was sent scurrying from the press conference.

There were also Canadian Indians, representing the Six Nations' Iroquois Confederacy. Beaded and buckskinned, they tried to interest the world in the repeal of the Canadian Indian Act of 1927. Said their leader, Chief Dagarleehogo (man with two minds): "We don't expect to get anywhere."



Associated Press

IROQUOIS POWWOW

They did not expect to get anywhere.

his own language felt the fierce intensity in his conclusion:

"You must definitely know that the Soviet Union can be relied upon in the matter of safeguarding the peace and security of nations. . . . It is the most important task of the delegation of the Soviet Government to express these sentiments and thoughts of the Soviet people."

After that, everybody felt a little better.

The Collision. The bargaining went on. At a second steering-committee meeting, Molotov conceded Ed Stettinius his important committee chairmanships, settled for Big Four rotation of the conference presidency. Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill had promised at Yalta to support the Russian demand for three Assembly votes; it carried without a public dissent.

Well content, Molotov raised but did not press Moscow's third immediate de-

mand—recognition and seating at the conference of Poland's still unreconstructed Warsaw Government. Stettinius, backed to the hilt by President Truman and Anthony Eden, met Molotov head-on, and the Polish proposal never had a chance. Molotov accepted the decision—until the executive committee insisted upon admitting Argentina's tawdry, turncoat government on the basis of its recent enforced conversion to the United Nations. At that, Molotov put his Russian back up, rocked the conference with his stern objections. He called his second press conference, argued quietly but earnestly that Russia asked only to delay the vote until Argen-

When Translator Pavlov reported the result, Molotov quietly rose, quietly walked out. Most of the other Russians followed. Ambassador Gromyko stayed in his seat, as if to say that Russia was not deserting the conference. Said Britain's Lord Halifax, strolling from the hall: "I don't think this is the end of the world."

FOREIGN NEWS

GERMANY

The Betrayer

(See Cover)

Fate knocked at the door last week for Europe's two fascist dictators. Mussolini, shot in the back and through the head by his partisan executioners, lay dead in Milan (*see below*). Adolf Hitler had been buried, dead or alive, in the rubble of his collapsing Third Reich. Whether or not he had suffered a cerebral hemorrhage (as reported from Stockholm), or had "fallen in his command post at the Reich chancellery" (as reported by the Hamburg radio, which said that he had been succeeded as Führer by Grand Admiral Karl Doenitz), or was a prisoner of Gestapo Chief Heinrich Himmler, Adolf Hitler as a political force had been expunged. If he were indeed dead, the hope of most of mankind had been realized. For seldom had so many millions of people hoped so implacably for the death of one man.

If they had been as malign as he in their vengefulness, they might better have hoped that he would live on yet a little while. For no death they could devise for him could be as cruel as must have been Hitler's eleventh-hour thoughts on the completeness of his failure. His total war against non-German mankind was ending in total defeat. Around him, the Third Reich, which was to last 1,000 years, sank to embers as the flames fused over its gutted cities. The historic crash of what had been Europe's most formidable state was audible in the shrieks of dying men and the point-blank artillery fire against its buckling buildings.

All that was certain to remain after 1,000 years was the all but incredible story of the demonic little man who rose through the grating of a gutter to make



Low © All Countries

THE VOICE OF DESTRUCTION

"You may have begun man, but I, Adolf Hitler, will finish him."

himself absolute master of most of Europe and to change the history of the world more decisively than any other 20th-Century man but Lenin. Seldom in human history, never in modern times, had a man so insignificantly monstrous become the absolute head of a great nation. It was impossible to dismiss him as a mountebank, a paper hanger. The suffering and desolation that he wrought was beyond human power or fortitude to compute. The bodies of his victims were heaped across Europe from Stalingrad to London. The ruin in terms of human lives was forever incalculable. It had required a coalition of the whole world to destroy the power his political inspiration had contrived. How had it happened? If it was

necessary to exterminate Hitler and his works, it was equally necessary to try to understand him.

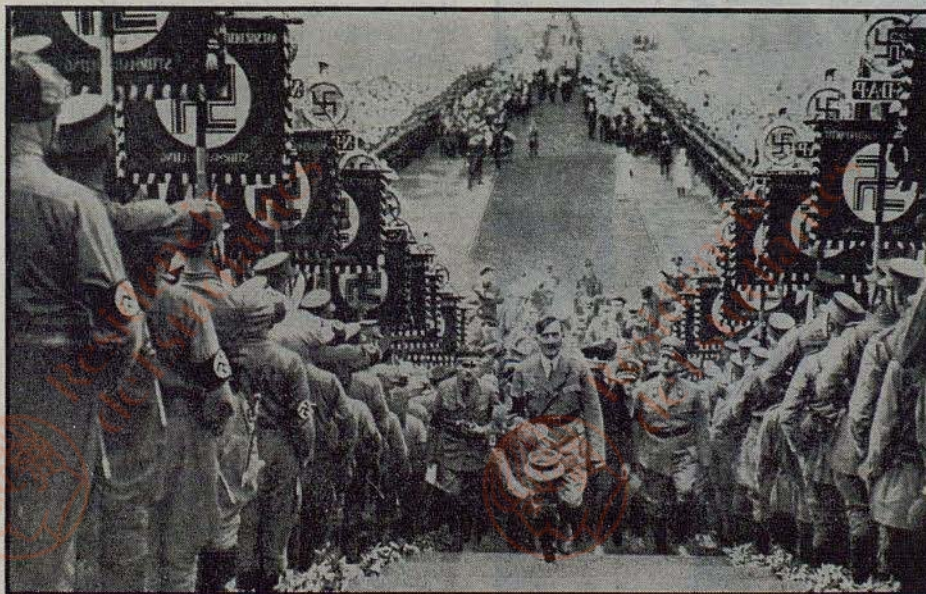
Clearly so absurd a character, so warped and inadequate a mind, despite its cold-blooded political discernment, could not in so short a time have worked such universal havoc if it had not embodied forces of evil in the world far greater than itself.

Blue Hills of Austria. Everything—backward environment, shabby heredity, dingy ambitions, neurotic sensitivity—prepared Hitler for his future role. But the beginnings of the future scourge of mankind were bucolic, even idyllic. Hitler was born (1889) at Braunau in Austria-Hungary, among the blue foothills of the Tirolean redoubt.

From his mother, the 20-year-old third wife of his 53-year-old father, Hitler inherited his psychotic blue-green eyes, and probably his tendency to tantrums and his anemic artistic talent. From his father, who had risen by a lifetime's effort from a peasant to a petty customs inspector, Hitler probably inherited a toughness of character that was not so much strength as a persistent stubbornness in overcoming weakness.

He was a somewhat strident boy, who early tried out the *Führerprinzip* (leader principle) by bossing his schoolmates ("I became a little ringleader at that time"). One day he discovered an account of the Franco-Prussian War in two old popular magazines. "Before long that great heroic campaign had become my greatest spiritual experience."

The *Führerprinzip* had no effect on Hitler's father, who wanted his son to become a petty official. Hitler wanted to become an artist. The long struggle between them was ended only by the death of his father. Then his mother sent him to



THE FÜHRER (AT BÜCKEBERG)

The Reich was to last a thousand years.

art school. Two years later she died. Young Hitler packed his few clothes in a suitcase and struck out for Vienna.

It was a momentous trip for mankind. For in gay, cosmopolitan, highly civilized Vienna the young German nationalist from the Alps suffered for the first time three new urban experiences that profoundly influenced his future: the slum proletariat, Social Democratic trade unions, Jews.

His political education kept pace with his human observations. Hitler learned to know trade unions when he got a job as a bricklayer. "When I was told I had to join, I refused." The radical talk of his fellow workers disgusted him.

Terror and Force. Adolf tried to reason with his fellow bricklayers. "I argued till finally one day they applied the one means that wins the easiest victory over reason: terror and force." He was learning fast. Hitler was given the choice of quitting the job or being tossed off the scaffold. He quit. He also took to reading Socialist literature and attending Socialist meetings to find out what it was all about. His researches led him to a conclusion that was to blossom later into the horrors of concentration camps like Maidanek, Buchenwald and Dachau.

Soon Hitler was reaching equally luminous conclusions about the Jews. He began to read the publications of Vienna's violently anti-Semitic Mayor Doktor Karl Lueger and his Christian Socialist Party. "One day when I was walking through the inner city, I suddenly came upon a being clad in a long caftan, with black curls. Is this also a Jew? was my first thought. . . . But the longer I stared at this strange face and scrutinized one feature after the other, the more my mind reshaped the

first question into another form: Is this also a German?"

Soon young Hitler's researches had revealed to him that the Jew is the enemy of all mankind, but by special malice, the peculiar enemy of the Germans.

In 1912 Hitler moved from racially impure Vienna to Munich. There he continued to live a slum existence, eking out a bare living by peddling his watercolor paintings. There in June 1914, the news reached him that a Serbian nationalist had shot and killed the Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo.

When Germany declared war and even the Social Democrats voted the war credits, Hitler was transported. Since he was an Austrian, he asked for and received permission to join a Bavarian regiment. The war was wonderful. The army was more wonderful. Hitler was made a corporal, received an Iron Cross, was wounded, and later gassed. While he was recuperating in a hospital near Berlin, news came of the German Revolution of 1918, and of the Armistice that was to save Germany from Allied invasion. Hitler buried his face in his pillow and wept. Then he decided to give up art and architecture for a new profession: "I, however, resolved now to become a politician."

One more step was necessary: the newly minted politician must find a political party. Hitler found it in the German Workers' Party, a tiny group which the Bavarian *Reichswehr* officers had sent him to observe. He became member No. 7 of the little party which was later to become the National Socialist German Workers' Party (Nazis). He found an impressionistic economic program in the scam-



HITLER & CHAMBERLAIN
The scheme worked.

bled economic theories of another member, Gottfried Feder. And he found something much more important—his voice. One night a visitor said some friendly words about Jews. Without thinking twice, Hitler burst forth in speech. He had become an orator.

Then Hitler made one of the most valuable mistakes of his life: he and his handful of Party comrades decided to seize the Bavarian Government. Hitler had promised to kill himself if the attempt failed. Instead he went to jail in the Landsberg prison in a cozy cell (compliments of friendly officials).

In Landsberg, with the help of Rudolf Hess, he wrote *Mein Kampf* (*My Struggle*). Seldom has a plotter set forth his purposes in plainer language or more explicit detail. The book was badly organized, but in it were the plans for Hitler's aggression against Germany and the rest of the world. The intellectuals contented themselves with laughing at Hitler's ideas and correcting his literary style.

Hitler had been sentenced to jail for five years. He was out in nine months. His prestige had increased. One by one the perverse paladins of the Nazi inner circle gathered around him:

¶ Hermann Göring, the former flyer and drug addict.

¶ Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, the unsuccessful novelist who became the Nazi Party's satirically clever propagandist.

¶ Joachim von Ribbentrop, the champagne salesman who became No. 1 Nazi diplomat.

¶ Julius Streicher, the obscene and sadistic Jew-baiter who became *Gauleiter* of Franconia.

¶ Captain Ernst Röhm, the homosexual



HITLER & HINDENBURG

Legal, not violent, revolution was the strategy.

Pictures Inc.

FOREIGN NEWS

organizer of the Brown Shirts, who was shot in the Blood Purge.

Slowly the Party extended its connections among financiers, industrialists and Government men. For Hitler had learned one lesson from the Beer Hall *Putsch*: legal, not violent, revolution was the strategy for Germany.

The education of Adolf Hitler was all but completed. The terrible education of the world was about to begin.

Selling Protection. It began with Germany. To Germany Hitler and his Party offered to sell protection against Marxism. It was a purpose that most non-Communist Germans could understand. For in the election that was to carry the Nazis to power the German Communist Party polled 5,970,833 votes. The Nazis fought Communism with the weapons of Communism. To oppose the Communist troops (Red Front Fighters), the Nazis used the Brown Shirts. In place of the dictatorship of the proletariat, the Nazis offered the dictatorship of the Nazi Party. In place of Bolshevism's scapegoat, the bourgeois, the Nazis offered the Jew. In place of internationalism, the Nazis offered fanatical German nationalism. In place of one dominating class (the proletariat), the Nazis offered the people (*Volk*).

In place of unemployment, the Nazis offered an economy geared to war production, with jobs for all. In foreign affairs the Nazis clamored for a revision of the Versailles Treaty.

Chronology of Degradation. The scheme worked. How well, time quickly told:

¶ In 1928 the Nazis won twelve Reichstag seats; in 1930 they won 107; in 1932, 230.

¶ In January 1933, senescent President Paul von Hindenburg appointed Hitler Chancellor.

¶ In June 1934, Hitler carried through the Blood Purge and became absolute Führer of the Nazi Party. In August Hitler became absolute head of the German state.

¶ In 1935 the Saar returned to Germany.

¶ In 1936 Germany reoccupied the Rhineland and signed the anti-Comintern pact with Japan.

The same strategy that had succeeded in Germany was transferred to foreign affairs; only, this time the Nazis sold protection against Russia.

In March 1938 Hitler seized Austria.

In September, he enticed Britain's aging, fatuous Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain to Munich. There the Sudetenland was ceded to Germany as the price of "peace in our time."

In March 1939, Hitler occupied the rest of Czechoslovakia. A few days later, he took Memel from Lithuania. In April he made territorial demands on Poland. Britain threatened war. On Aug. 23 Germany and Russia agreed to sign a non-aggression pact. A week after it was ini-

TIME, MAY 7, 1945

tialled, the *Wehrmacht* overran Poland. World War II had begun.

Last week, with their country four-fifths conquered by the Allies, Nazi fanatics were still forcing the Germans to fight on. There was little left to fight for or with.

Same Old Tune. From Germany TIME Correspondent Percival Knauth cabled:

"If Hitler is today lying dead on a street in Berlin, like Benito Mussolini on a sidewalk in Milan, there will be few people in Germany who will be mourning his passing. The few will be the Nazi Party's fanatic core who still believe in Nazism, and for that belief and for the sake of their own lives fight on. A growing majority of Germans, however, are looking on Adolf Hitler today with bitterness

more and more proof of how those men have ruined us! And they're still fighting, letting us be killed—they'd drag our whole country down to death with them if they could!"

We Are Lost. "And someone else in Leipzig said to me, a young girl whom I had known before the war who has a two-and-a-half-year-old son now and a husband somewhere down in Austria: they gambled everything away, everything. We are lost as a nation. If I had known when I was in school that this was going to happen, I would have committed suicide.

"It is the same picture in all parts of occupied Germany which I have seen and where I have talked to Germany's little people. When the Nazis left their towns



Associated Press

HITLER REJOICES (WHEN FRANCE FELL)
Few had been so insignificantly monstrous.

and angry despair as the man who gambled them and their lives away.

"This realization is dawning on Germans as they come out of the trance-like state in which they fought the war until the Allied armies crossed the Rhine. It is not the realization of their own measure of responsibility for what has happened to them; if that comes to them it might be their salvation. It is an awakening which is expressing itself in the old cry heard after the last world war: '*Wir sind belogen und betrogen worden*'—'We have been lied to and betrayed.'

"I heard that cry in Leipzig last week expressed in just those words. The janitor of an apartment house which stood alone in a street of utter wreckage buttonholed me, shook his fist in my face and cried: 'You must tell your people how we've been lied to and betrayed! Every day we see it more and more! Every day we have

and villages a world came to an end for them. Leaderless, helpless, they watched the Americans come in. As a mass they did not know what to do. Without newspapers, without radio, without all the thousand and one accustomed details with which the Nazis had organized their daily lives and influenced their daily thought, they slowly began to realize the full scope of the catastrophe which had befallen them, how thoroughly they had been cut off from and ostracized by the outside world which was now bursting in upon them with such cataclysmic power.

"It is what they have lost that is haunting the Germans now. As long as the Nazis were still there, exhorting them, promising them victory and restoration, most of them did not fully realize how complete their loss actually was. It is a material loss measurable in homes destroyed, industries bombed into ruins,

fortunes burned up in incendiary bombs. It is a moral loss felt in the loss of national honor, independence and dignity. It is the loss of every foundation of their lives, and many Germans already and probably many more to come see only one way out: suicide.

No Sense of Guilt. "In that respect it seems that even the war has not changed the German character. It has not infused new political strength into these people who can not only be led, hypnotized, to their own destruction, but can actually be made to participate in it. In all the various emotions which the Germans are feeling now—fear, anger, hopelessness, bitterness, shame, servility and helplessness—there is one which you will rarely find and that is a sense of guilt, the sense of being responsible personally and as a nation for what has happened.

"Most Germans realize now or profess to realize that this war was unnecessary and wrong. But they still don't go beyond that to the salient realization that Nazism and everything that went with it was wrong. The main reason the war seems wrong to them is because they lost it. They place the blame on Hitler because he got them into it; if he had won the war few people in Germany today would be concerned with the question of whether the war was right or wrong.

"Judging by present appearances, it does not seem likely that Adolf Hitler will go down in German history as a martyred leader. All last week the radio was propagandizing him as the nation's military and spiritual leader fighting at the head of his troops in Berlin. Nobody I met was in any way impressed. But when rumors circulated that the Führer had been killed in Berlin, Germans began to stop Allied soldiers on the streets to ask them if it was true. What they were concerned about, however, was not whether Hitler was alive or dead. What they said was: 'If it is



Associated Press
HEINRICH HIMMLER
Was Hitler his prisoner?

true, then finally perhaps the war will end."

For the German people, as for the rest of the world, the end of World War II would bring—had already brought—one tremendous, if negative, good: the end of the monstrous historical lie embodied in Nazism and its perverted practices. Hitler, if he were still able to wonder what his historical function had been as everything crumbled, might say with Mephistopheles in Goethe's *Faust*: I am

*Ein Teil von jener Kraft,
Die stets das Böse will
und stets das Gute schafft.*

*(Part of that force,
That in forever willing evil,
continually produces good.)*

Dachau

When all other German prison camps are forgotten the name of Dachau will still be infamous. It was the first concentration camp set up for Hitler, and its mere name was a whispered word of terror through all Germany from the earliest days of Nazi control. It was one of the largest of the camps to which opponents of Nazism were sent. And here, too, was concentrated the flower of Nazi sadists whose business was torture and death. Last week the U.S. Seventh Army entered Dachau and liberated 32,000 of its still living inmates. With them went TIME Correspondent Sidney Olson. His report:

Beside the highway into Dachau there runs a spur line off the Munich railroad. Here a soldier stopped us and said: "I think you better take a look at these box-cars." The cars were filled with dead men. Most of them were naked. On their bony, emaciated backs and rumps were whip marks. Most of the cars were open-top cars like American coal cars. I walked along these cars and counted 39 of them which were filled with these dead. The smell was very heavy. I cannot estimate with any reasonable accuracy the number of dead we saw here, but I counted bodies in two cars and there were 53 in one and 64 in another.

The main entry road runs past several largish buildings. These had been cleared; and now we began to meet the liberated. Several hundred Russians, French, Yugoslavs, Italians and Poles were here, frantically, hysterically happy. They began to kiss us, and there is nothing you can do when a lot of hysterical, unshaven, lice-bitten, half-drunk, typhus-infected men want to kiss you. Nothing at all. You cannot hit them, and besides, they all kiss you at the same time. It is no good trying to explain that you are only a correspondent. A half-dozen of them were especially hap-



THE ORATOR

"I, however, resolved now to become a politician."

March of Time, International



Opportunity blooms in a desert

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

HERE in the lush land of the Salt River Valley of Arizona — only yesterday a desert — a carefully selected group of rural youths of limited means today is working to satisfy the eternal longing of every farmer to own his own land.

These young men are employed at Goodyear Farms where, for many years, Goodyear has dedicated thousands of acres to better agriculture. They work under the personal supervision of Goodyear men who have had long experience in successful farming.

As they earn and learn, these ambitious youths qualify for ownership of acreage that has been set aside for them. First, Goodyear provides a house. Then, step by step, the young farmers advance toward their goal. Goodyear furnishes the opportunity. They do the rest.

Eventually, each becomes the owner of a completely equipped 80-acre farm. But Goodyear knows he has a lot more than that. He has independence and incentive . . . and a solid foundation for useful citizenship and satisfactory living.

The world's leading builder of tires and a pioneer in rubber, Goodyear also is a busy and experienced worker in aviation, chemistry, metals, fabrics and many other vital fields . . . each day acquiring new skill to serve you better.

BUY WAR BONDS—BUY FOR KEEPS



THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER



How to catch a fisherman

ONE of the surest ways to win a fisherman's heart is to offer him a Four Roses Cold Toddy.

You see, no whiskey in the world is quite like Four Roses.

Four Roses has always had its own special flavor. It's smooth and mellow in its own distinctive way. Expect it to be different from any other brand you've tasted... for it's an exclusive combination of

specialty distilled whiskies.

And Four Roses is *still* the same great whiskey today as it was before the war. Try it, in a Four Roses Cold Toddy.

So easy to make

1. Into a Toddy glass, put $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ jigger water, 2 ice cubes and a generous jigger of Four Roses.
2. Stir gently—twist a thin slice of lemon peel over the Toddy—then drop it in.

FOUR ROSES

The same great whiskey
today as before the war



A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.



FOREIGN NEWS

py and it turned out they were very proud: they had killed two German soldiers themselves.

Skeleton Stacks. We went on, and the great size of the establishment of Dachau began to open before us. Buildings and barracks spread on and on. Outside one building, half covered by a brown tarpaulin, was a stack about five feet high and about 20 feet wide of naked dead bodies, all of them emaciated. We went on around this building and came to the central crematory. The rooms here, in order, were: 1) the office where the living and the dead were passed through and where all their clothing was stripped from them; 2) the *Brausebad* (shower) room, where the victims were gassed; and 3) the crematory. In the crematory were two large furnaces. Before the two furnaces were hooks and pulleys on rafters above them. Here, according to a number of Frenchmen, the SS men often hanged prisoners by the necks or by the thumbs or whatever their fancy dictated. From here the victims could watch while being whipped and tortured as their comrades were slid into the furnace.

Each of these pitiful, happy, starved, hysterical men wanted to tell us his home country, his home city, and ask us news and beg for cigarets. The eyes of these men defy my powers of description. They are the eyes of men who have lived in a super-hell of horrors for many years, and are now driven half-crazy by the liberation they have prayed so hopelessly for. Again & again, in all languages, they called on God to witness their joy.

Heart of Darkness. But though we were tired from the long journey, we were lured on and on and on, from building to building. What lured us was a sound which at first we had thought was the wind in the pines of Dachau. Then after a while we knew it was cheering—the sound of thousands of men cheering and cheering again.

At last we came to a high wooden wall and went through the gates. Before us stretched the great prison compound of Dachau. This must be at least one square mile in extent. In & out of this vast stretch of open compound studded with low barracks were swarming the liberated men of Dachau. I cannot pretend to estimate the number with any exactness. But there were many thousand.

These men, cheering as hard as their feeble strength would permit, tore themselves getting through the barbed wire to touch us, to talk to us. Some of them were nearly mad with joy. Here were the men of all nations whom Hitler's agents had picked out as prime opponents of Naziism; here were the very earliest Hitler haters. Here were German social democrats, Spanish survivors of the Spanish Civil War, a correspondent for the *Paris Soir*, who cried so hard I could not get his name.

TIME, MAY 7, 1945

Joy in the Inferno. We went into one barracks after another. So many men were sick and possibly dying of starvation and beatings that they merely lay or leaned or sat shoulder to shoulder, too weak to do more than grin glassily. It was here that we even found some Hindus.

All this time the cheering went on, and we were being forcibly mobbed by hundreds of men strong as only the half-insane can be, kissed and kissed again by men who stank like the inferno, obviously sick toward death of all kinds of illnesses.



Associated Press

NAZIS & PROCESSED VICTIMS*
At Dachau, 32,000 still survived.

One giant Russian held me for at least 30 seconds while he kissed all over the U.S. insignia on my coat. They shouted in all languages but sometimes in American phrases; one little Pole ran beside us until he dropped flat, shouting desperately: "Hello, boys!"

Out of the Pit

The first shock of horror had been absorbed, but this week came news of a monstrosity that appeared to top all previous tales of Nazi inhumanity.

To U.S. Army questioners a captured German doctor, Gustav Wilhelm Schuebbe, casually admitted that the Nazi Annihilation Institute at Kiev had killed from 110,000 to 140,000 persons "unworthy to live" during the nine months he had worked there. Dr. Schuebbe, a crippled drug addict who was head of the Institute, added coolly that he himself had killed 21,000 people.

The Nazi medico was very candid. The Institute had been established after the Germans took Kiev in 1941. Its human material included epileptics, schizophren-

* At Belsen, near Stuttgart.

ics, Jews, foreigners, gypsies. Each doctor on the staff "processed" about 100 persons per working day with injections of morphine tartrate. Explained Dr. Schuebbe: the subject showed "breathing difficulties and a shrinking of the eye pupils; the face assumed a blue color; there was sporadic breathing; then a breathing stoppage and a heart stoppage. *Exitus letalis.*"

Dr. Schuebbe was scientifically detached in his motives. Said he:

"Of course, we, the circle of German physicians at Kiev, were aware of the importance of this job. Aside from certain devious phases of this action I still maintain that, just as one prunes a tree—by removing old, undesirable branches in the spring, so for its own interest a certain hygienical supervision of the body of a people is necessary from time to time."

Flame and Floggings. With this revelation in mass murder came flesh-creeping details of other crimes from Germany's own cancerous camps. Examples:

¶ For breaches of discipline at Buchenwald prisoners were dispatched in wholesale lots. They were marched into an incinerator and there converted into bone-ash in four fast, efficient stages: 1) pushed down a 13-ft. chute to a strangling room; 2) garrotted by SS guards with a short double-end noose; 3) hung on hooks along a side wall (those who still struggled on the hooks were stunned with wooden mallets); 4) carted to the furnaces, 18 at a time, by incineration crews. The cremation capacity was 400 per ten-hour day.

¶ Sergeant William Sandler, a U.S. prisoner of war, saw three young Frenchwomen flogged to death at his camp near Chemnitz. SS guards thought the women, slave workers in the camp, were becoming too friendly with the Americans. One morning 250 prisoners were assembled on the prison ground. The three women were lined up before them and stripped. SS men then lashed them with a cat-o'-nine-tails till they died. Said the sergeant: "It took about 20 minutes."

At the Bridge

Toward the American lines streamed caravans of weary, frightened Germans. They were fleeing in terror from the Russians. At Grossbothen, a hamlet by the Mulde River, the refugees milled around the barricaded bridge.

In the crowd one woman stood out, a tall blond woman in a grey-green woolen suit with a green alpine hat, woolen stockings, and heavy walking shoes. Despite the pack on her back, she walked erect. To the American guard at the bridge she gave a note addressed to his commander. It was signed Princess Elisabeth Solms-Lich, with the notation, "Relative of English Royal Family" (her cousin, she said, was the Grand Duke of Hesse, a grandson of Queen Victoria). With her was her husband, Otto Vossler, who described himself as Professor of American History at

FOREIGN NEWS

Leipzig University, and former Harvard student.

TIME Correspondent Bill Walton, who was present, tells what followed:

Both held themselves aloof from the throng, waiting impatiently for a reply. When the answer came back negative, the Princess stormed in a torrent of German and stilted English, then wept while her harassed, haggard husband tried to comfort her. Other refugees looked on inquisitively, each wrapped in his own cares. When her weeping slackened, she turned to the G.I. guarding the bridge with an ingratiating smile: "But you don't understand, they are going to kill me."

"Who's going to kill you?" asked the soldier.

"The Russians."

"How do you know?"

"They killed my brother and my cousin," she said tremulously. "I know I am on their list. They would kill me next. They are so cruel."

She was clutching now at his dirty uniform, looking up under his battered helmet.

"Lady, don't you know they are our allies? If you are their enemy, you are ours too. Besides, you Germans started this war."

"But I am a woman. Women don't make war."

"Yeah? Plenty of women are members of the SS and *Volkssturm*. And look at what you Germans did to people in every country where your Army went."

"Oh, but we didn't have anything to do with that. Those were the politicians and the generals. Not us."

"Seems like I've heard that one before," said the soldier. "Now that you're beaten,

nobody was a Nazi. It was some other guys."

The Princess' face was white and tense, her thin hands clutched together. As she talked she tried to smile, but there was desperate urgency in her face. Her husband, even more distraught, muttered hoarsely: "But we had no part in it, no part in it."

"It was your Government, wasn't it?" said the soldier. "You supported your own Government, didn't you?" The Princess and her husband fell silent. Finally she turned to the guard for one last try. "Is there to be no compassion?"

The guard, without changing his expression, said: "You cannot cross the river."

AUSTRIA

New Government

Moscow lifted its blackout of news from Austria. A terse Tass dispatch from Vienna reported: a conference of Austrian political parties had proclaimed a new "Austrian Provisional Government." Chancellor and Foreign Minister was aging (74) Dr. Karl Renner, veteran Social Democrat, head of the Austrian peace delegation in 1919, first Chancellor of the Austrian Republic (1919-20). Thirteen other Cabinet posts were parceled among a coalition of Social Democrats (four), Christian Social (four), Communists (three) and Independents (two).

The organization of the new government resembled others in Russian-occupied Europe. The Communists had always been a minuscule party in Austria. Now they held three key government posts. Party workhorse Johann Koplenig, an old-

time Communist, was one of three Councillors to the Chancellor. Franz Honner, another Party stalwart, was given the strategic Interior Ministry (police). Smooth-talking Ernst Fischer held the Ministry of Education and Religion, where he would dispense propaganda and handle Catholic Austria's relations with the Vatican. This Communist trio (all just returned from exile in Moscow) seemed the real power behind Dr. Renner.

Russian commentators hastened to say that the new government was formed within the framework of the Big Three's 1943 Declaration on Austria. U.S., British and Russian Foreign Ministers had agreed that Austria "shall be liberated from German domination" and made "free and independent" again. But Soviet spokesmen said nothing of a Big Three understanding that Austria would be administered by a U.S.-British-Russian Commission until her future was determined.

The *fait accompli* in Vienna was timed with the arrival of U.S. troops at the Austrian frontier. It extended Russian influence to the Swiss borders. But Washington and London promptly let Moscow know that they had no intention of recognizing the new Austrian regime.

FRANCE

Toward Twilight

A motorcade of eight cars crossed the Swiss frontier from the collapsing Third Reich. A very old Frenchman, wearing a black coat and a grey fedora, was the chief passenger. Beside him sat his worried wife. "Don't overdo it, Philippe!" she said. "Don't overdo it!" When a Swiss officer shook his bony hand, the old man's eyes watered. When Swiss girls gave him flowers and candy, his eyes watered again. His wife fretted: "Don't overdo it, Philippe!"

Henri Philippe Pétain, Hero of Verdun, Marshal of France and Chief of State of Vichy France, was home again. It was his 89th birthday. With German permission, through the Swiss Government, the Marshal had offered to surrender himself to the French Government of General Charles de Gaulle and to stand trial for high treason. The offer had been accepted.

At the French frontier Lieut. General Joseph Pierre Koenig, hero of Bir Hacheim, Commander of the F.F.I. and Military Governor of Paris, waited in stony silence to put the old man under arrest. A Swiss Guard of Honor presented arms. But French troops presented reversed arms (rifle butts upward), a gesture of dishonor. The old Marshal doffed his hat, offered to shake hands with General Koenig. The General stiffly declined. Quietly, in the twilight, Henri Pétain boarded a special train for Paris.

Next morning the Marshal and his wife were installed in a plainly furnished room of old Fortress Montrouge on the capital's outskirts. Below a barred window was the



PÉTAİN & WIFE
"Don't overdo it, Philippe!"

International

FOREIGN NEWS

execution ground for those condemned by the Paris purge court. The Marshal glanced at the two beds, the two leather chairs, the table. Then he asked dumb-founded guards for a picture of General de Gaulle to hang on the bare wall.

Germany's V-5. Politically, Pétain's return was embarrassing, confusing, frightening. General de Gaulle said nothing. State Prosecutor André Mornet, fiery scourge of World War I's spies and traitors, who had come out of retirement to prosecute the men of Vichy, hastily postponed plans for a trial of Pétain *in absentia*, prepared a new trial for June or later. Cried the leftist press: "Pétain is Germany's V-5. . . . Germany wants to use him to sow disorder in France!"

Four other leaders of the old France were also returning from Germany. Ex-Premiers Paul Reynaud (Pétain's predecessor), Edouard Daladier (of Munich fame) and Léon Blum (of the Popular Front), were presumably coming home via Switzerland. Ex-Premier Edouard Herriot (leader of the Radical Socialists) was stopping first in Moscow. These men, plus the 2,500,000 plain French prisoners and deportees pouring back home, were the potent imponderables of France's political future.

GREAT BRITAIN

Goodbye to All That

The blackout was officially ended in Britain* last week. But for most Britons the lightup was a letdown. Instead of full illumination, they got only an installment. Darkened cities along the coast will remain dark. And streets will not be fully lit till July 15.

In London lights gleamed only in patches around hotels, pubs, penny arcades. Around Piccadilly Circus, crowds, looking for lights, milled on one another's toes in the blackness. On Leicester Square, London's movie mecca, two beaconlike signs sliced the darkness. One said: "Gentlemen"; the other: "Ladies."

For most Britons the best thing about the lightup was that they could at last take down their blackout curtains. For 2,061 nights (and mornings) they had been one of the biggest minor nuisances Britons had had to struggle with. Now the curtains were being converted into black clothes and funeral coverings. Said a housewife: "With the curtains gone, I feel I've got no clothes on." Said a five-year-old moppet, watching her mother take down the curtains: "It's lovely to let out the light, but how shall we keep out the dark?"

As gingerly as they lit up again, Britons relaxed from their V-2 strain. The stratosphere siege had lasted seven months, and

* Moscow's blackout was lifted on April 30. For the first time in four years, lights shone again in the huge stars atop the Kremlin's towers.

TIME, MAY 7, 1945



Associated Press

IL DUCE DEAD

Later they hanged him head down.

the noiseless rockets had worn Londoners' nerves thin. The V-2s started dropping the day after Prime Minister Winston Churchill's son-in-law, Minister of Works Duncan Sandys, announced that V-1 was licked. Before they stopped coming on March 27, 1,050 rockets had killed 2,754 people, seriously injured 6,523, damaged an untold number of buildings (including a million-dollar cinema at Marble Arch).

Last week Churchill was asked in Parliament if he had an announcement to make about V-2. Mindful of Duncan Sandys' unfortunate experience, he answered: "They have ceased." Then he sat down.

ITALY

Death in Milan

Death came last week to Benito Mussolini, from the rifles of an Italian firing squad. As his body lay, reviled and spat upon, in a public square of Milan, it was as though the pent-up fury of a nation was beating upon the senseless clay of the man who had led it to vainglory, shame and disaster. From TIME Correspondent Reg Inghram came this eyewitness report of one of history's raw spectacles:

"For My Murdered Sons!" The first of the Fascist dictators was the first to meet death at the hands of the people he had so long oppressed. This Sunday morning (April 29), in a sun-drenched square not far from Milan's center, where 22 years ago Editor Benito Mussolini launched the Black Shirt March on Rome, his battered, bullet-riddled corpse sprawled in public display. His head rested on the breast of his mistress, comely Clara Petacci, who had died with him. Around

him stretched the bodies of 16 of his Black Shirt henchmen.

When I and other correspondents reached the scene, a howling mob was struggling for place beside the heap of cadavers. Partisan guards vainly fired rifle and pistol shots into the air to keep the crowd back. We drove our jeep to the edge of the scene, I clambered atop the hood.

While I watched, a civilian tramped across the bodies and dealt Mussolini's shaven head a terrific kick. Someone pushed the twisted head into a more natural position again with a rifle butt. Although the Duce's upper teeth now protruded grotesquely, there was no mistaking his jaw. In death, Mussolini seemed a little man. He wore a Fascist Militia uniform—grey breeches with a narrow black stripe, a green-grey tunic and muddy black riding boots. A bullet had pierced his skull over the left eye and emerged at the back, leaving a hole from which the brains dripped. Mistress Petacci, 25-year-old daughter of an ambitious Roman family, wore a white silk blouse. In her breast were two bullet holes ringed by dark circles of dried blood.

The mob surged and swayed around the grisly spot. One woman emptied a pistol into the Duce's body. "Five shots!" she screamed. "Five shots for my five murdered sons!" Others cried: "He died too quickly! He should have suffered!" But the hate of many was wordless. They could only spit.

"I'll Give You an Empire!" As nearly as can be pieced together at this writing, the last days of Benito Mussolini ran out in this fashion:

On Sunday, April 22, Milan's railway-



ACTORS' FACES are extra sensitive

*—that's why Elliott Nugent shaves
with soothing WILLIAMS*

IMAGINE having heavy make-up on your face for hours every day. Think of rubbing off that make-up after each performance . . . removing it so thoroughly that not a trace remains. No wonder that actors' faces are sensitive to irritants in shaving cream.



ELLIOTT NUGENT is currently starring in the hit comedy, "The Voice of the Turtle." His playing of a sergeant on a week-end pass is a high spot of the Broadway season.

Even a sergeant's role requires putting on and taking off make-up. Mr. Nugent says: "After removing make-up, my face often feels sensitive and tender. But I can shave close without irritation with Williams."

To be kind to your skin, a shaving cream must be made of mild, first-quality ingredients, blended in exact proportions. Williams is such a cream. Made with a skill that comes from over 100 years' experience, it is bland and easy on your face.

Smooth, Easy Shaves

Rich, easy-lathering Williams soaks through the oily film around each whisker . . . wilts toughest beards completely soft. It lets the razor do its work easily—helps you get close shaves without pulling or scraping.

Discover for yourself why Williams is such a favorite with well-groomed men. Get a tube today.



men went on strike. The city's German garrison correctly interpreted this as the prelude to a revolt, withdrew from the streets into their barracks. On Wednesday a general strike was called. Demonstrations against the Germans and Fascists swept through the city. That evening Mussolini, as chief of the Republican Fascist Government, and his War Minister, Marshal Rodolfo Graziani, met with partisan representatives. Terms of surrender were discussed. Mussolini cried: "The Germans have betrayed me!" Bombastically he asked for one hour's time to inform the German High Command of his displeasure.

Before the hour expired, the Duce, who in his fustian prime had bellowed to his followers, "If I retreat, kill me!" was in headlong flight. At 9 p.m. he reached Como near the Swiss border. At 2 a.m. Thursday he sent an envoy to ask Swiss authorities to grant asylum to his wife, Donna Rachele, and their children. The Swiss emphatically declined. About 6 a.m. Mussolini sneaked northward presumably in the hope of reaching Germany. According to one report he joined a German truck convoy trying unsuccessfully to disguise himself in a German officer's overcoat. He was spotted near Dongo and held for arrest.

A partisan commander known by the *nom de guerre* "Eduardo" dispatched ten men and an officer to "settle the matter." They found the dictator and his mistress in a cottage on a hill outside the village. When he saw his countrymen approaching, Mussolini thought they had come to liberate him. Joyfully he embraced his Petacci. When he learned that he was under arrest, his face turned yellow with fear and fury. He cried: "Let me save my life, and I'll give you an empire!"

But the partisans gave him short shrift. He was bluntly informed that he had been condemned to death. After a brief "trial," the 16 other Fascists in the Duce's party were also adjudged guilty. The Duce's last words as he faced the firing squad were: "No! No!"

The bodies of the 18 were loaded into a moving van and trucked south to Milan. There, at 3 a.m. Friday, they were dumped in the old Piazza Loreto, now renamed Piazza Quindici Martiri, in honor of 15 anti-Fascists recently executed there.

"It Is Finished." The bodies lay on the ground for many hours. Then, to give the mob a better view, the partisans hanged Mussolini and Petacci by their feet from a scaffold on the Piazza. "Hah!" jeered an onlooker, "Mussolini has become a pig!"

Shortly before noon today the bodies were removed to a mortuary. Mussolini and Petacci were dragged like sacks of grain into a high-walled courtyard. Men, women & children followed, climbing the brick wall and peering over at the shapeless pulp that was the Duce's face. The people's temper, as though satiated, seemed calmer now. "At last, it is finished," said one quietly. "He was punished by God."



"... he's the editor of 'Gourmet Magazine'."

WORLD BATTLEFRONTS

THE WAR

Next!

Nazi Germany was finished. Nevertheless, despite peace feelers put out by Heinrich Himmler, despite the death throes of Berlin, despite revolution in Munich, cradle city of Naziism, despite the U.S.-Russian link-up, which cut the mortally wounded monster in two, some thousands of German fanatics stared blindly ahead and still had the will to fire another useless shot or two.

On the other side of the world, Japan's war lords could watch these events with profound and somber interest. They might or might not reflect that less than six months ago Germany had still owned the strength to inflict cruel setbacks on her foes at the Roer and in the Ardennes, for-

est. They might or might not see that some breaking point had been reached, after which the German catastrophe had gathered volume and speed like an Alpine avalanche. And they might or might not wonder when the breaking point would come for Japan.

BATTLE OF BERLIN

Masterpiece of Madness

Berlin, keystone city in the shoddy Nazi structure, was the masterpiece of all the senseless, suicidal last stands the Germans had painted in blood and flames along the roads back to it.

The world's fourth city, in its dying hours, was a monstrous thing of almost utter destruction. The once-wide *Chaussees* were mere lanes in a jungle of enor-

mous ruins. Even the lanes heaved and quaked to underground explosions. The Germans, driven from the streets, had carried their final fighting to the subways, and the Russians blasted and burned them out. The Germans had burrowed into the sewers to get behind the attackers, and Russian sappers went systematically about the foul business of blowing out great sections. Avalanches of stone thundered into the lanes and blocked them off.

The Spree River and the canals near the university and the palaces of the Kaisers, along whose banks Berliners had once promenaded, now bore a sluggish parade of corpses. Towers of fire surged into the pall of smoke and dust that overhung the dying city. Here & there Berliners risked a dash from their cellars to the bomb craters filled with brackish water. Berlin's water system had gone; thirst was worse than a possible bullet.

Red Dream. By night big Russian searchlights focused their rays down the battle-broken streets into the wide Alexander Platz, where Soviet shells clipped at the Gestapo headquarters and its hundreds of fanatics. Other beams poked into the last little fortress of scorched chestnut trees that had been the cool, fresh Tiergarten.

This was the Berlin that every *krasno-armeyets* (Red Army man) had dreamed of entering in triumph. But in his wildest dream none could have imagined these vignettes etched by a madman. Once the Red storm had passed and the German shells had run out of range, waiters from a *Bierstube* stood in the rubble with foaming steins, smiling tentatively, offering them to the Russians, going through the motions of tasting the brew, as if to say: "See, it is not poisoned."

Where the searing breath of battle had not touched them, luxuriant apple blossoms bloomed along the side streets. Where shells had not amputated the trunks of century-old lindens, there were soft, green leaves, and they fluttered down and stuck like bright greeting cards on the Russian tanks' hot grey armor. In the gardens multi-hued tulips swayed to the gun blasts, and lilacs offered a faint fragrance through the acrid fumes.

But up from the caldrons of the subways came a hot, sour, brownish odor—a smell of sweating men, of dank nests burned out by flame-throwers. Out of the subway's stench emerged boys in grey-green and hobnailed boots. These were among the last—the *Hitlerjugend*. Some were drunk and some reeled from weariness, some sobbed and some hiccupped. One more *Platz* in the last long mile to the Wilhelmstrasse had been won, and one more Red banner flapped over a scene of dead bodies and discarded swastika armbands.

Into that *Platz*, then into others, and finally into the vast wreckage of Unter den Linden came tanks and guns. *Katusha*





The best cared for wounded in the world

The men in this Pullman car were wounded in Europe.

Now, in an almost unbelievably short time after they received their first medical attention at aid stations right on the battlefield, they are in America—on their way to General Hospitals near their homes.

No other wounded in the world are cared for with the skill and devotion which the men and women of the Army Medical Corps give American wounded. No other wounded in the world are brought home so speedily.

Motor vehicles and ships, planes and trains, all play a part in getting them here fast.

And Pullman—working with the railroads through its "pool" of sleeping cars—is privileged to contribute to their comfort.

Pullman's part of the job is providing sleeping cars to supplement the Army's special hospital trains. These cars—like the one above—may have to be taken out of regular passenger service in order to meet Army needs as promptly and fully as possible.

So please—if you should be unable to get the Pullman space you want exactly when you want it—remember this:

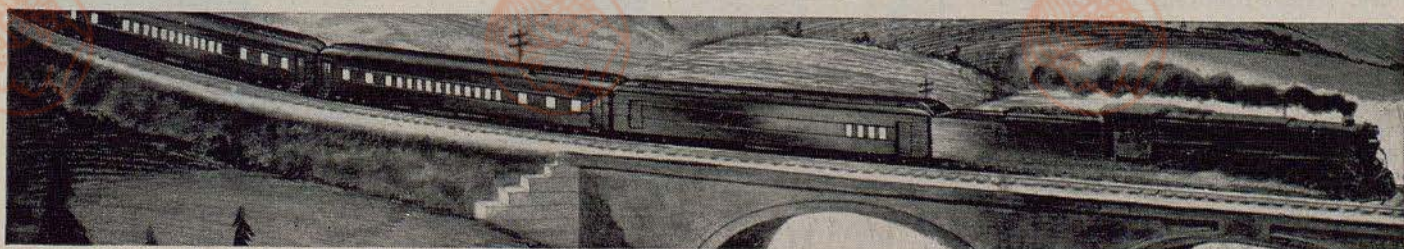
About half the Pullman fleet is assigned to carrying out mass troop movements and transporting other military personnel.*

The other half is carrying more passengers than the whole fleet carried in peacetime.

And from this half must be drawn the increasing number of sleeping cars in which the wounded ride.

PULLMAN

For more than 80 years, the greatest name in passenger transportation



WORLD BATTLEFRONTS



RED ARMY BANNER IN BERLIN (SPRING, 1945)
Zhukov had carried it . . .

Sovfoto

rockets screeched over the Brandenburger Tor. Then, against a background of flames, the Red banner of victory was unfurled over the gutted Reichstag building. But, even after the ten-day battle was won, Germans died hard.

Red Monument. But Berlin was a masterpiece in another way—the finished canvas broad-brushed by Marshal Georgi Konstantinovich Zhukov in 41 months of battling back from Moscow. In the dust and ashes of death, Berlin stood as a monument to the enormous sufferings and the monumental resolution of the Red Army, and imperturbable Marshal Zhukov had been the chief instrument of that Army's victory. Up from the darkest days before Moscow, up from the bloody pit of Stalin-grad and the snows and mud and dust of the Ukraine and Poland, he now stood before Berlin as one of the truly great military leaders of World War II.

More than any other man, except his chief, Joseph Stalin, strong-shouldered, heavy-legged Deputy Commander in Chief Zhukov had carried the responsibility for the life or death of the Soviet nation. No Allied field commander had deployed and employed larger numbers of troops and guns; for the attack on Berlin and north and central Germany he had 4,000,000 men. No Allied commander had plotted strategy on a grander geographic scale; none had matched his complex tactics and massive attacks.

Zhukov seemed to be marked for more history. Stalin's politically reliable, piously Communist confidant, he might now be the instrument for the delicate inter-Allied business of governing a beaten Germany. But Marshal Stalin might have another task in mind for Russia's No. 1 soldier—a return to Mongolia. There, in 1939, he had surrounded and destroyed a Japanese army.

BATTLE OF GERMANY

Death Rattle

Throughout Germany the grey-green legions that once ruled Europe were now slack and disorganized in defeat—a soft, mushy mass of an army with only a few muscles of resistance. Cut in two by a U.S.-Russian meeting (*see below*), the *Wehrmacht* was all but cut into thirds and sixths. Bremen and Munich fell. The threat of a formidable national redoubt in the Alps was fast fading, and with it, the last German hope of delay.

In the two halves of Germany, Allied columns from the west were speeding down *Autobahnen*, hopping across rivers, rushing through white-flagged towns for more meetings with the Russians. General

George S. Patton's Third Army rolled along the Danube through Austria toward a junction with Marshal Fedor I. Tolbukhin's Third Ukrainian Army. Together they would cut Czechoslovakia from Austria, tear the entire side out of the mountain fortress the Germans hoped to hold. The British crossed the Elbe near Hamburg in the north for a drive toward Lübeck. The U.S. Ninth and the U.S. First, southwest of Berlin, broke out for more link-ups with Russian troops.

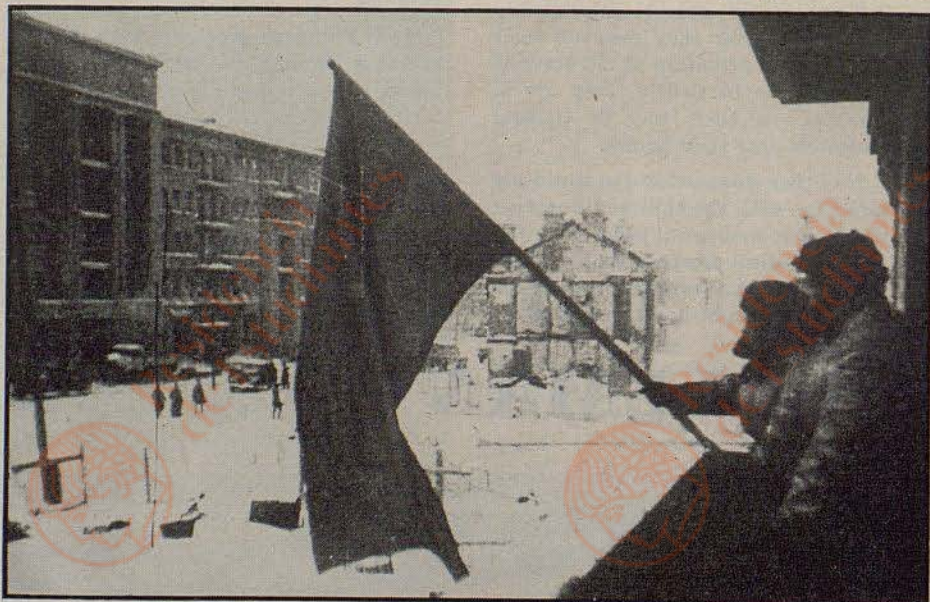
Behind these armored needles lacing up the German shroud, the Allies tidied and mopped up. Regensburg, the Ratisbon where Napoleon won a battle and a wound in the heel; Augsburg, 95 miles from the Brenner Pass; Bremen in the north, Germany's second largest seaport, all fell within the week.

Munich, heart of Nazidom and Germany's third largest city, was torn by revolution but fought savagely nevertheless. The U.S. Seventh Army had plunged 20 miles through defenseless countryside to the outskirts of the old city where Adolf Hitler hatched his movement in a beer hall. Then suddenly nests of SS men had exploded into action and forced the Americans to battle their way in.

Other towns fell in Bavaria: Oberammergau of the Passion Play, Garmisch-Partenkirchen, scene of the 1936 Olympics, Dachau of evil concentration-camp fame. At Dachau 32,000 political prisoners were freed, and at nearby Moosburg the U.S. Third tore down the gates for 110,000 Allied war prisoners.

Clearly the German Army was in the stage of panicky crackup before final disintegration. This week the U.S. War Department announced the total of Germans captured by the western Allies since D-day: 2,629,000.


There were little groups of men who



RED ARMY BANNER IN STALINGRAD (WINTER, 1942)
. . . up from the bloody pit.

Associated Press

TIME, MAY 7, 1945



*Just alike?... No! The difference
in Quality lies under the sparkle*

... as for tires ~

**General's difference in Quality
is proved by Longer Mileage**

Far from "all alike". . . tires today, more than ever, are being judged in comparison with the *extra mileage* delivered by General Tires.

To car owners, General's marked difference in mileage means not only long, dependable service and greater safety . . . but it is tangible evidence that they have bought the best.

Now, as for 30 years, you can put your trust in General . . . the tire that lives up to its reputation for *Top-Quality*.

BUY WAR BONDS
— FOR KEEPS



— goes a long way to make friends



The MARCH of COLOR

Color Photography for the amateur has become such an unconscious part of everyone's life—most of us forget that but a short time ago it was no more than a scientist's dream.

Untiring research—miracles of patience on the part of Kodak workers—have made this dream a practical reality for countless millions. The bulk of Kodak color film is still going to our armed forces—but, as soon as war conditions permit, *Color Photography*—perfected by Kodak through the following steps—will again be a luxury within the reach of every American home:

In 1928 Kodak brought out a film for making home movies in full color.

In 1935 Kodak introduced full-color Kodachrome Film—making color movies available to every American home.

In 1936 Kodachrome "still pictures," shot with a Kodak Bantam or 35-mm. camera, became the joy of tens of thousands.

In 1938 Kodachrome sheet film led to full-color photographs as magazine and newspaper illustrations.

In 1941 Kodak introduced Minicolor Prints from miniature Kodachrome Film transparencies—the first direct full-color photographic prints.

In 1942 Kodacolor Film fulfilled the dream of generations—color snapshots, full-color prints from color negatives made in an ordinary roll-film camera . . .
Eastman Kodak Co.,
Rochester, N. Y.

Kodak Research *has made Color Photography a part of everyone's life*

WORLD BATTLEFRONTS

continued to fight, who here & there formed a hard core that had to be torn apart. But actually the phase of the "pockets" seemed to be ending before it had well begun. The *Wehrmacht* was through. This was its death rattle.

The Mouthpiece Talks

Displaying a small white flag with a red cross on it, five men last week took a row-boat across the Elbe River to U.S. positions at Magdeburg. Out onto the shore stepped a jug-eared, thin-faced man in a carefully tailored *Wehrmacht* officer's uniform. He identified himself as Lieut. General Kurt Dittmar, "Mouthpiece of the *Wehrmacht*"—the highest ranking, most objective and (outside Germany) most seriously regarded war commentator on the German radio.

Dittmar said he wanted to arrange transfer of German wounded and civilians to the U.S. side. Major General Leland S. Hobbs, commanding the U.S. 30th Division, suggested that he make his humanitarianism official by persuading the *Wehrmacht* commander on the other bank to surrender. Dittmar was willing to try—but not to recross the river. He sent a note across. When no answer was forthcoming, he surrendered himself and his party, which included his 16-year-old son.

Thus safely captured, the mouthpiece talked. He said: 1) that the war really had been lost since last July 20, the day the bomb attempt on Hitler's life failed; 2) that Hitler and Goebbels were in Berlin, and probably would die there; 3) that Göring, who had been officially reported relieved of his *Luftwaffe* command because of "acute heart disease," was out of the picture—"Nobody talks about Göring any



GENERAL REINHARDT (RIGHT) & RUSSIANS
At Torgau, history repeated itself.

Associated Press

more"; 4) that Himmler was at Salzburg, in the national redoubt; 5) that the redoubt was an indefensible shadow fortress, a myth; and 6) that the war would not last more than a few days after Berlin's fall.

"Hello, Tovarish!"

Torgau is a small German town (peacetime population 14,000) but it had its place in history long before last week. It was the scene of Frederick the Great's victory over Austria in 1760, and a junction point for Austrian and Russian armies massing against Frederick the following year. Last week history repeated itself at Torgau.

In the early days of last week Torgau was almost deserted. Marshal Konev's artillery had battered it from across the Elbe. Only a few Germans, too numb to care what happened, searched rubbish piles for scraps of food and hunted cigaret butts among the cobblestones. The rest had joined a panicky throng swarming westward toward the U.S. lines.

Two infantry and one armored divisions of the U.S. First Army had pulled up along the narrow Mulde River, a western tributary of the Elbe. One morning a patrol from the 69th Division's 273rd Regiment, sent out to direct surrendering German soldiers and liberated Allied prisoners to the rear, rolled beyond its officially prescribed radius of action and found itself in Torgau. This patrol consisted of four Yanks in a jeep—Second Lieutenant William D. Robertson, a small, wiry officer from Los Angeles, and three enlisted men.

Mercurochrome & Ink. The Russians on the other side of the Elbe—mem-

bers of Marshal Konev's 58th Guards Division—sent up colored flares, the pre-arranged signal to designate friendly forces. Robertson had no flares. He took a bedsheet from a house, broke into a pharmacy, found mercurochrome and blue ink, made a crude representation of a U.S. flag and waved it from the tower of an ancient castle. The Russians, who had been tricked by Germans waving U.S. flags, sent over a few anti-tank shells.

Then Robertson decided on bold action. He and his men strode confidently out in the open, toward a German-blown bridge whose twisted girders offered a precarious footway across the river. The Russians decided that only Americans would do such a thing. While Robertson's party picked its way over the girders, two Russian officers scrambled out from the eastern end. In the center, only a few feet over the swift-running water, the men of Eisenhower and the men of Stalin met. Robertson slapped a Russian leg and cried: "Hello, Tovarish! Put it there!"

Feasting & Toasting. The Russians took the four Yanks into their camp on the east bank, where they were beamed at, saluted, back-slapped, plied with wine and German schnapps, sumptuously fed. Robertson arranged with the commander to send a delegation across the river to meet U.S. higher-ups. Colonel Charles M. Adams, commanding the 273rd, greeted the delegation at his regimental headquarters, then started out for the Russian camp at two o'clock in the morning, with a platoon in ten jeeps. When they arrived at six, there was more grinning, saluting, back-slapping, feasting and toasting.

Later the 69th's division commander,



Associated Press

DITTMAR (RIGHT) & SON
The war was lost on July 20.

TIME, MAY 7, 1945



Nominated for solid comfort! Casual clothes of modern Celanese* synthetic fabrics, slacks of smooth Hawkskin* and shirts of soft-touch Flannese†. Both are tops for looks. What's more, being made of Celanese*, the original synthetic yarn—they'll keep cool all summer, stand up to tough treatment. In sportswear at fine men's stores everywhere. Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

† Trademark

Celanese Fabrics
of Synthetic Yarn*

stocky, solemn, Major General Emil F. Reinhardt, crossed the Elbe in one of several flimsy racing barges commandeered from a German boathouse. Next day the V Corps commander, Major General Clarence Huebner, arrived and was presented with a tattered Soviet flag carried all the long way from Stalingrad. By that time the place was swarming with G.I.s and the fraternization was uproarious. Both the G.I.s and the U.S. brass hats learned that Russians are the world's most enthusiastic proposers of toasts, and the most capable consumers. The supply of vodka seemed endless.

"My Dear, Quiet Please." The great meeting, so long awaited, was real at last. Moscow fired its maximum salute of 24 salvos from 324 guns; Joseph Stalin, Winston Churchill and Harry Truman issued resounding statements. TIME Correspondent William Walton, who reached Torgau not long after the first meeting, reported the hesitant speech of a Red Army lieutenant, who, rising in the midst of a joyful hubbub, said:

"My dear, quiet please. Today is the most happy day of our life, just as Stalingrad was the unhappiest when we thought there was nothing to do for our country but die. But now, my dear, we have the most crazy of our life. You must pardon I don't speak the right English, but we are very happy so we drink a toast. Long live Roosevelt!" A comrade whispered Harry Truman's name; the speaker looked at him blankly and went on: "Long live Roosevelt! Long live Stalin! Long live our two great armies!"

ITALIAN FRONT

Collapse & Cleanup

Suddenly the fight went out of the Nazi armies in Italy. Their lines had collapsed. Allied armor, spearing through masses of bewildered Germans, spread out over northern Italy, reached toward the Swiss border near Como, cut retreat lines and started the final mop-up.

Warplanes roamed the skies, found holes in the cloud banks to dive on milling Nazi columns and add the finishing touches to the job. A winter and spring of ceaseless air attack had left the Germans weak, immobile, unable either to fight or get away.

Now the Allies seemed to be taking a warlike census of historic Italian cities. Lieut. General Lucian K. Truscott's Fifth Army swept northward from Bologna, spanned the Po's yellow waters and raced for the mountains. They by-passed Mantua, Virgil's home, and Verona, the town of Romeo and Juliet. Milan, Italy's No. 1 industrial city, was occupied; so was Turin.

Along the Ligurian coast Major General Edward Almond's task force, among them Negro and Japanese-American troops, captured Italy's chief naval base of La Spezia. Farther north, Genoa, Italy's first commercial port, was freed.

Lieut. General Sir Richard L. McCreery's Eighth Army, working the Adriatic coast, captured Ferrara and Padua, "the city of millionaires." With the 56th (London)

Division in the van they entered historic Venice. Other units sped on to block the Udine and Belluno escape routes through the Tirolean Alps.

Partisans Up. There was little resistance. Fortified positions were found abandoned. Yugoslav Partisans captured Trieste. Everywhere Italian partisan units emerged from hiding. At Milan, Genoa and many another place they forced the surrender of German garrisons before Allied troops arrived. Near Como they caught and shot Benito Mussolini (see FOREIGN NEWS).

The Germans tried only to get away. Near Ferrara they abandoned more than 1,000 fuel-starved motor vehicles and fled on foot. At other places they harnessed up horses, oxen, cows and even human beings to move heavy equipment.

Confusion spread through their forces. A Messerschmitt pilot landed near Verona,



LIFE

ALEXANDER OF ITALY
Many nations shared his glory.

found himself looking into the guns of a squad of U.S. soldiers and heard a Yankee voice drawl, "Climb down, brother, it's old-home week."

Cabled TIME Correspondent Reg Ingham: "At a road junction I saw a dozen dead Germans sprawled grotesquely in the dust beside wrecked vehicles and one dead mule. They had run into an American road block while trying to escape northward."

By the 21st day of the offensive, 120,000 of the estimated 250,000 Germans in Italy were prisoners. The chance of escape for the rest grew slimmer by the hour. General Mark Clark, whose polyglot Fifteenth Army Group won the victory, announced: "The military power of Germany in Italy has . . . ceased, even though scattered fighting may continue. . . ."

The glory was shared by Britons, Americans, New Zealanders, South Africans, British Indians, Poles, Jews, Brazilians

TIME, MAY 7, 1945

and Italians. Joyously Prime Minister Winston Churchill cabled Field Marshal Sir Harold R.L.G. Alexander, Allied Mediterranean commander: "Never, I suppose, have so many nations advanced and maneuvered in one line victoriously. . . ."

BATTLE OF THE PACIFIC

Tails Up

At Okinawa the future moved in on the Japanese, gun in hand. New York's 27th Division, its regiments adding new laurels to laurels won in the Civil War and World War I, captured the northern half of the Machinato airstrip, reached within two and one half miles of Naha, the capital. The 96th Division, in the center of the line, fought its way atop and over "Skyline Ridge" dominating the field. The 7th Division, on the left, pressed toward the Yonabaru airstrip.

Against these units, supported by the fire of warships, planes and artillery, the Japanese fought skillfully. In three caves U.S. soldiers found more than 300 enemy bodies, all huddled together, but in most places the Japanese no longer clung stubbornly to a position until they died there. Instead, they withdrew to new ridge entrenchments and fought on. Their artillery, firing 7,000 shells a night, covered their movements.

The U.S. Tenth Army paid for its advances in blood. Casualties reached 11,413,* including 9,148 wounded. Without warning, the Japanese record for respecting hospital ships (they have permitted U.S. hospital ships to sail within 15 miles of their base at Truk) was suddenly thrown overboard. Out of a clear moonlit night a *Kamikaze* plane dove into the U.S.S. *Comfort*, steaming southeast of Okinawa with its lights ablaze, in accordance with international law. The crippled 700-bed mercy ship, with 29 dead, limped toward port.

To the battlefield came Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, overall commander of the operation. Generals and admirals in varied uniforms, sun helmets, marine wool jackets, coveralls, khakis and tin hats, accompanied him on an inspection tour. The task ahead was tough—a process of digging the Japs out of one fortified ridge after another to the end of the island, twelve miles away. But the Admiral was confident. As his amphibious-force commander, Vice Admiral Richmond Kelly Turner, expressed it: all the troops have "got their tails over the dashboard and are going to town."

Baka Bomb

The strange little men of Japan turned up in the Pacific with a strange little aircraft—a man-controlled rocket plane that carried its pilot to certain death. At Okinawa, where it made its first tentative appearance, U.S. soldiers promptly dubbed it the "baka" (Japanese for "foolish") bomb.

Apparently an adaption of German designs, the new Japanese weapon was a

* Latest estimate of Japanese casualties: 21,269 killed; 399 prisoners.

TIME, MAY 7, 1945

The One and Only

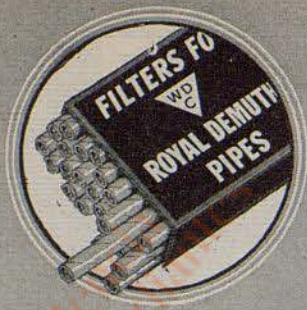
In timepieces, it's London's "Big Ben"
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20-ft., two-ton, wood-and-metal airplane launched from a conventional bomber. Carried to about 15,000 feet by the mother plane, the baka would be cast loose by its pilot to ride on the 40-second "whoosh" from three powerful rockets. Since the nose was simply a ton of TNT, the "Kamikaze" suicide pilot had only to aim himself at his objective, then prepare to meet his ancestors. There was no landing gear; the pilot was doomed from the moment he stepped into the cockpit.

The baka had a 16-ft. wingspread, an estimated range of 35 to 40 miles, a speed of from 400 to 600 m.p.h. (depending upon the angle of dive). It had twin rudders, but first reports from the Pacific said it seemed to be wild and difficult to steer.

Airmen and ack-ack gunners gave the bakas the standard defense treatment. But more were expected to appear; as long as the supply of Japanese fanatics and plane manufacturers held out, the baka would be a menace.

Women's War

The last Jap holds on the Philippines were being pried loose. On Mindanao last week two U.S. Army divisions were pressing close to Davao. A second landing was made on Negros. Major General Innis P. Swift's I Corps, racing the rainy season that starts in mid-May, stepped up its drive over the razor-backed ridges of northern Luzon and captured Baguio, summertime capital of the islands.

From Luzon TIME Correspondent William P. Gray radioed:

The mountain war for Baguio may be remembered best in time to come as the war of the Igorot women. Scores of these sturdy, brown, barefoot descendants of head-hunters have padded softly out of Baguio and down through the protecting jungles into the U.S. lines. Now they are climbing back, carrying rations, water and ammunition for the 33rd Division, helping to solve a tough problem in mountain logistics.

Each morning the Igorot women line up beside the road, standing or squatting like bright salt shakers on a shelf, awaiting their orders for the day. They are modestly clothed, many in American house dresses, though their men frequently wear only loose-tailed shirts and red G-strings.

The women go where the bulldozers have not gone and the trucks cannot go. They carry their burdens on their backs, holding them with thin, woven bamboo head straps. Each woman takes up to 50 pounds, one-fourth the load saddled on pack horses on the same trails. But there are six times as many Igorot women available as pack horses.

First Forty. It was the women's own decision to go to war. There was a shortage of men carriers and 40 women volunteered. The Army paid them 1.50 pesos a day. The first day they made three times as many trips as the men. At least one battalion of the 33rd Division lived and fought last week on supplies carried up by the Igorot women. When Japs

fired on the trails the men dropped their loads and scattered; the women, undisturbed, plodded on in a long single file to the front.

There are pretty young girls and a few pregnant matrons among them. There is also Aning Andao, a wizened old lady in a brocaded black head cover, grey striped shirt and patched quilted skirt, wearing an athlete's gold medal around her neck. She has the milky rings of old age around her irises and old cigar stains on her teeth, but she can climb and carry with the best of them.

All, with soft rippling laughs, will tell you what they see on their way to the front. Said one: "First we came on 20



Pictures Inc.

IGOROT CARRIERS
Four—one pack horse.

dead Japs. Then, farther up the trail, we came to a place where there were 40. And when we got up where the soldiers were, there were more than 100 dead Japs. It was a beautiful sight."

Happy Anniversary

One year ago six Japanese fighter pilots sighted their first B-29 high over the Himalayas. They jumped the big ship, then broke off as its guns blinked. One of them went down; two others were damaged. The most formidable U.S. warplane had received its baptism of fire.

By last week Japan's own skies echoed to the roar of B-29 motors. Airfields on Kyushu whence enemy planes have been attacking U.S. positions on Okinawa were furrowed by exploding bombs. Intent bombardiers sighted carefully and began an anniversary celebration that was to go on for three straight days of attack.

In one year the Superfortresses had come far. Operational losses, once admittedly as high as 5%, were now negligible. Small, ineffective raids, spaced about two weeks apart at first, had grown to 400-plane raids at two-day intervals. More

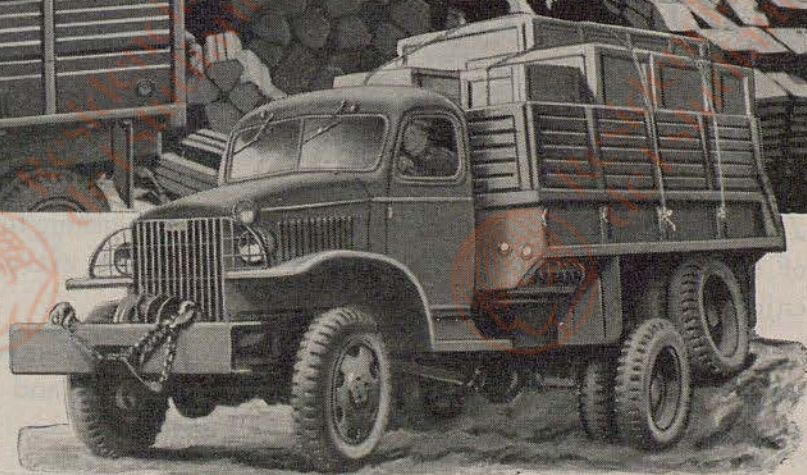
TIME, MAY 7, 1945

Leading Load Carrier *on Leyte*



From LST to GMC is the word of the day in this supply scene from the Leyte beach. Acme News photos.

***GMC Has Built More
than 475,000 Like It!***



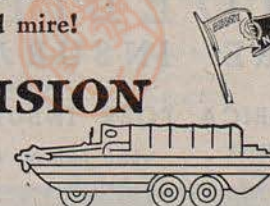
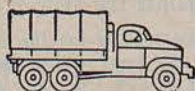
The conquest of Leyte, accomplished in but 68 days, is a splendid tribute to the courage and efficiency of American fighting forces, not only on battle lines, but on supply lines as well. The photograph above tells part of the story of the gigantic job of supply. An even better understanding is provided by War Department estimates that overseas Armies are furnished with 700,000 different items of equipment and

supply . . . a ton a month for each man in combat. In the Leyte campaign . . . as at Salerno and Saipan, New Guinea and Normandy . . . the leading load carrier from beach to battle line was the Army's leading transport truck, the GMC 2 1/2 ton "six-by-six." With its powerful "270" engine driving through all six wheels, it has proved to be as much at home in Pacific sand and swamp as in European mud and mire!

In addition to being one of the largest producers of military vehicles, GMC builds many commercial trucks for essential users. Civilian GMCs are powered by engines of the same basic design as the famous "270" used in more than 475,000 GMC "six-by-sixes" — "Work-horse of the Army."

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than 60,000 tons of bombs have been dropped on Japan, almost twice the 37,000 tons U.S. and R.A.F. planes dropped on all Europe in 1942. New U.S. fire bombs have proved to be a white-hot success.

Intelligence officers estimated that 40% of Japan's plane production was gone, that 50% of metropolitan Tokyo, 20% of Kobe and Osaka, more than 10% of Nagoya had been burned out. B-29s have destroyed 395 Jap planes in the air, racked up another 301 probables, smashed 106 on the ground.

The Japanese openly wince under the lash of the B-29s. Cried Radio Tokyo: "The enemy seems bent on using them to destroy utterly the Yamato race in a manner far greater in fury than any bombings our Axis partners in Europe experienced."

BATTLE OF ASIA

Southward in Burma

One of the world's half-forgotten wars moved on in southern Burma. The advancing British Fourteenth Army neared Rangoon. The oil towns of Yenangyaung and Magwe fell; so did Toungoo. The foe seemed weak and confused: a single Japanese sentry stepped out to stop a British tank and was run over.

On a 6,000-ft. mountain far in the north the "Jinghpaw Elders of the United States Army"* gathered to celebrate. These Kachin tribesmen, armed with everything from bazookas to an issue of 500 good-as-new Civil War muskets, had taken Uncle Sam's 30¢ a day and fought the Japanese over the mountain trails in one of the war's toughest campaigns. Once 46 Kachins held a pass against 470 Japs, and killed 22; another time eleven Kachins held a ridge against 100 Japs. Now the admiring womenfolk, garbed in silver bracelets, colored turbans, hand-woven jackets and lungis (bright-hued skirts), watched in fascinated silence while their warriors sang native chants and American hymns, danced and feasted in honor of many victories.

MEN AT WAR

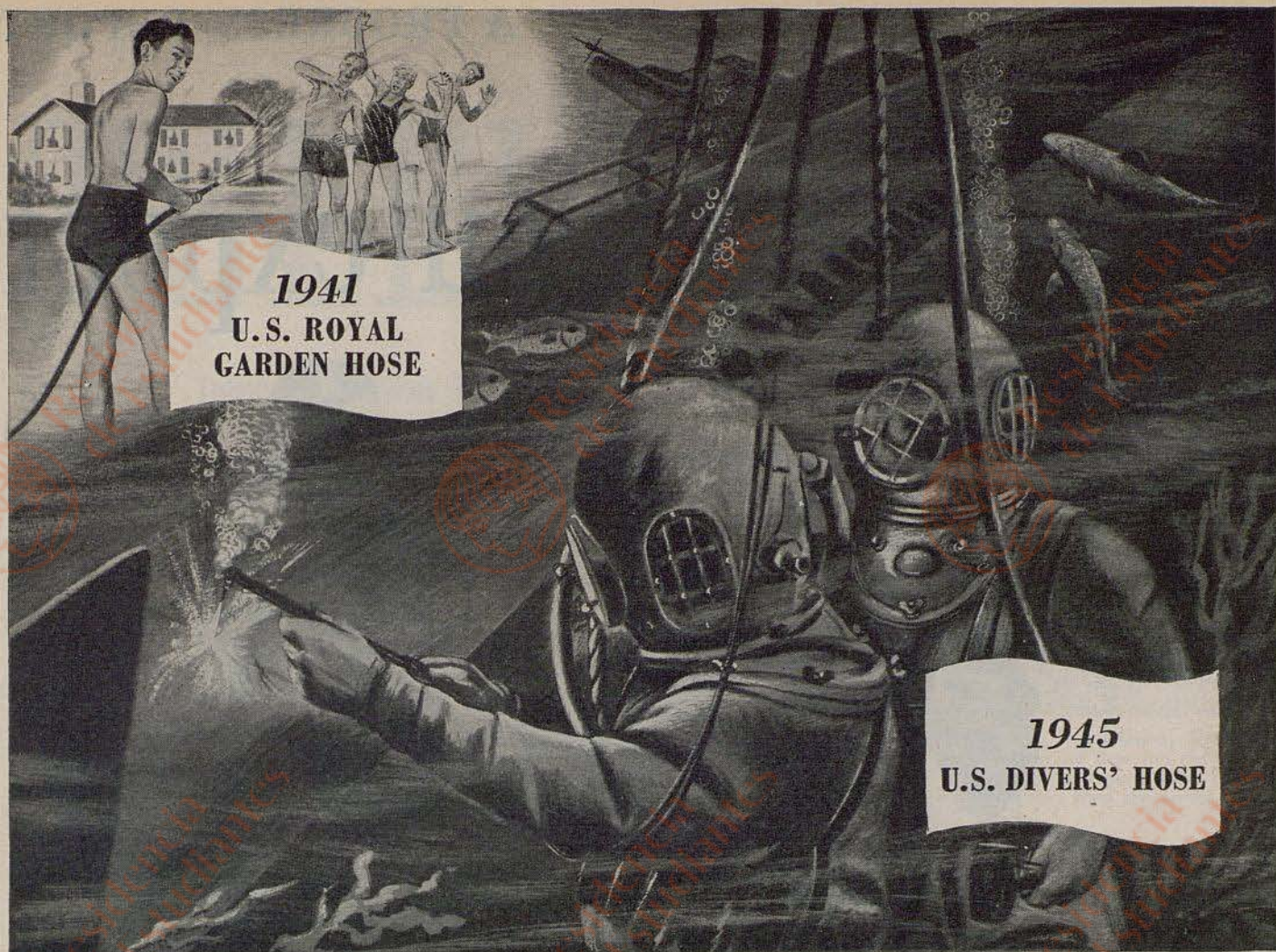
One for the Scrapbook

In Midland Park, N.J., Pfc. Wilson Ackerman's parents got a letter from their son, with some news and a request: he had landed with the 6th Marine Division on a Pacific island named Okinawa; if the newspapers carried anything about it, would they send him the clipping?

Money's Worth

Fresh from a Philippine army hospital, Captain "Strench" Moran, husky 6th Division rifle-company commander, drew 800 pesos back pay, stuffed the notes in a shirt pocket, and trudged off to the battle line east of Manila. There the 800 pesos proved just enough to buy his life. A bullet grazed one arm, bored into his bankroll, nestled against the skin of his chest.

* The Kachin designation for the native guerrilla units the U.S. Army called the American Kachin Rangers.



**1941
U. S. ROYAL
GARDEN HOSE**

**1945
U. S. DIVERS' HOSE**

ARTERIES OF RUBBER...

TO AN American boy, hose used to mean watering the lawn, or washing the family car, or envying the firemen with the high-pressure lines.

Today, hose has a new meaning for all those boys.

For hose is a fighting weapon...a versatile and vital tool of war. On land, at sea, and in the air, these rubber arteries are serving in indispensable ways.

Carrying life-sustaining air to the diver, working with hose-operated torch beneath the sea...bringing oxygen to the bomber crew, 30,000 feet above the target.

Speeding the fueling of planes, tanks and vehicles...circulating the power-giving fluids to engines and motors...venting the fumes and gases.

Or helping to extinguish the consuming flames of a wounded Hellcat as it lands on carrier-deck or jungle girt air-strip...permitting fire protection aboard ships laden with ammunition.

For these and countless other services, our fighting forces require hose of every description...hose that meets and masters conditions unimagined four short years ago. Bullet-sealing hose for gas lines...hydraulic hose to give the bulldozer its crushing strength...hose specifically engineered to handle air, gasoline, steam, noxious gases, acrid chemicals.

The list is far longer. Yet, thanks to the efforts of scientists, researchers, engineers in the prewar days, each need of our arms has been met.

Royal Garden Hose, and other U.S. Rubber products you chose years ago helped make possible "rubber arteries of war". Your purchase helped put men to work. It helped erect special machines and buildings to produce hose. Under the impact of war, these men have developed new and revolutionary opportunities for service tomorrow...when our way of life changes again...changes for the better.

SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE

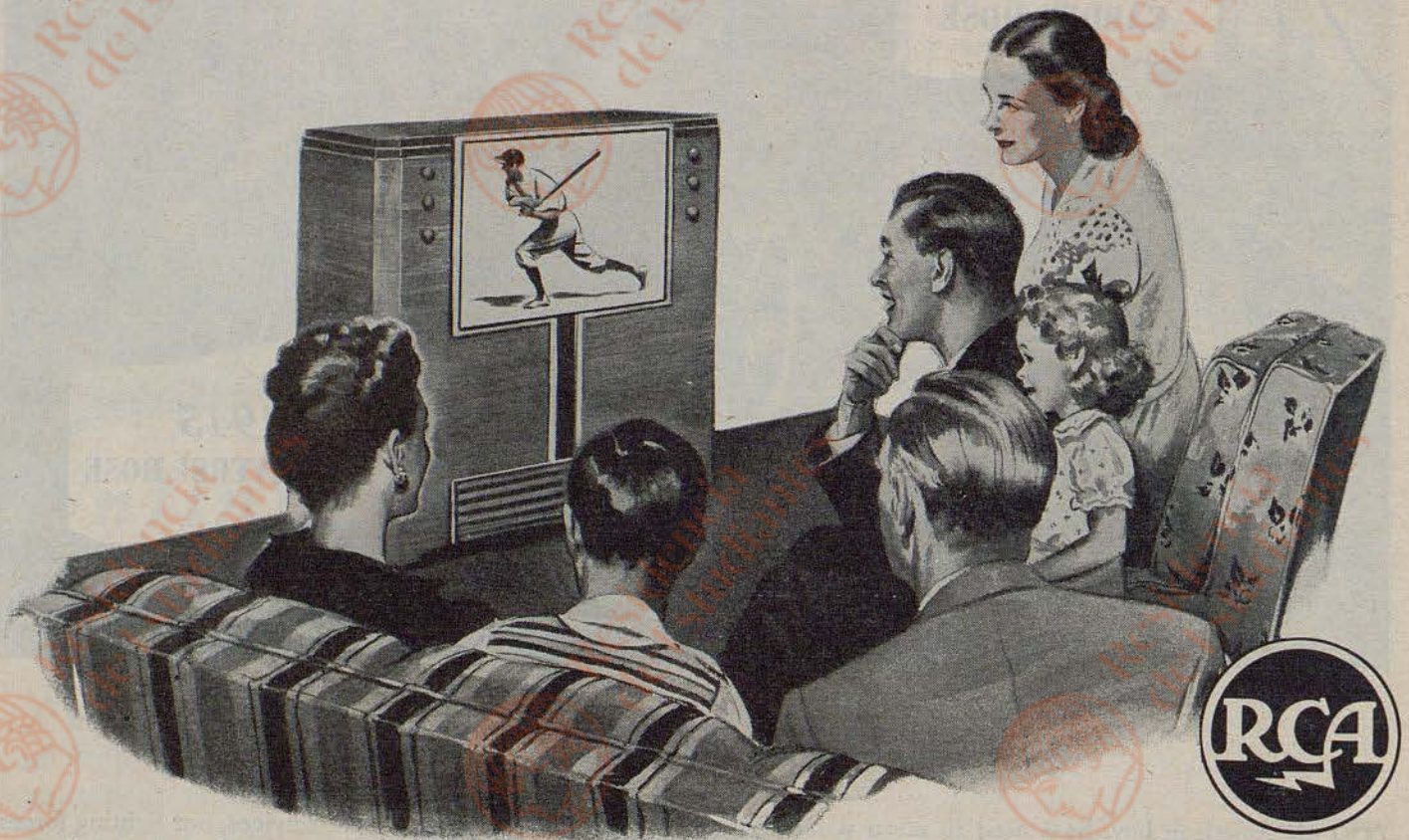


Listen to "Science Looks Forward"—new series of talks by the great scientists of America—on the Philharmonic-Symphony Program, CBS network, Sunday afternoon, 3:00 to 4:30 E.W.T.

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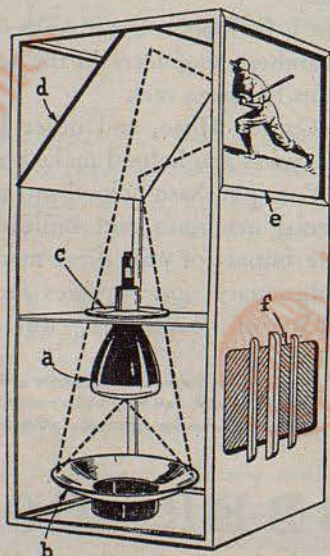
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When can you expect



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PICTURES AS BIG AS A NEWSPAPER PAGE and of bright portrait quality became a postwar reality when RCA scientists adapted a principle of astronomy (shown in simplified form here) to the projection of television images on large screens contained within the receiver itself. a. Receiving tube. b. Spherical mirror. c. Aspherical correcting lens. d. Inclined mirror. e. Screen. f. Loudspeaker.



EXPERTS who have seen the laboratory model demonstration of RCA Large Screen Home Television acclaim the bright, life-like quality of the pictures . . . almost 5 times larger than pre-war.

This is but one example of the remarkable technical progress that has been made in television largely as the outcome of RCA research before the war. Highlighting the many brilliant achievements of RCA scientists is Dr. V. K. Zworykin's development of the Iconoscope, which is the "eye" of the television camera; and the Kinescope, or "screen" tube from which the received picture is reflected to the screen. These revolutionary advances did away with mechanical scanning—and opened the way for the high-quality, all-electronic television system.

BY RCA

TELEVISION?

**Television is Ready Technically
Estimate First Sets Available About a Year
After Civilian Manufacturing is Authorized**

Thus far, more than a hundred applications for new television stations, located from coast to coast, have been filed with the FCC.

If you live in or near New York, Philadelphia, Schenectady, Chicago or Los Angeles (where television broadcasting stations operate now), you will be able to enjoy television as soon as receivers can be purchased . . . predicted at about a year after Uncle Sam gives manufacturers the green light for reconversion. Others throughout the country will receive broadcasting service as fast as new stations and networks can be built. Then, television will begin unfolding on a wide scale its many golden promises . . . thrilling new entertainment . . . a new public education service . . . a new industry to provide jobs.

The television industry holds promise of creating jobs that never before existed—for factory workers, engineers, actors, script writers, scenic artists, directors, make-up men, camera men, building craftsmen and many others. Beyond this direct help for America's postwar economy, leading thinkers see an even greater effect through the advertising of goods and services by television. They forecast such far-reaching stimulation of public buying that thousands upon thousands of additional workers will be needed to keep America's outlets and markets supplied.

* * *

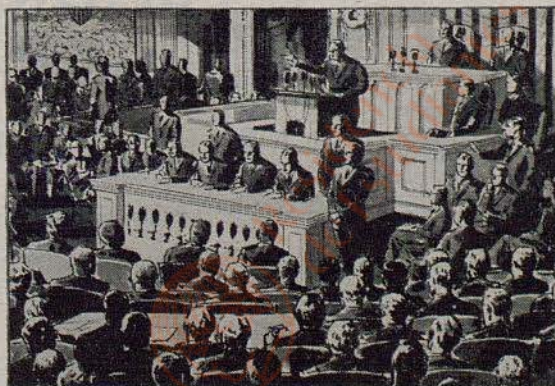
RCA is uniquely equipped through its wide experience and facilities to hasten the spread of television after the war. For RCA leads in every phase of television . . . the manufacture of equipment for studios and stations . . . as well as home receivers . . . and television broadcasting through the National Broadcasting Company. When television comes to your community, you'll enjoy it to the fullest on a receiver bearing the mark of the pioneer . . . RCA Victor.



TOMORROW . . . America looks to television, directly and indirectly, to provide brand new job opportunities and to stimulate employment with great benefit to men and women returning from the armed services.



TOMORROW . . . Chart shows how 118 television stations now applied for with FCC might reach more than 50% of all wired homes. Black symbols very roughly show locations of wired homes where television might be available if all applications are granted.



TOMORROW . . . Remarkable new television programs will take shape. Foremost leaders in political thought, education, religion and the great stars of the entertainment world, will be seen in radio's new "dimension."



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Plans & Promises

The Duke & Duchess of Windsor, bidding farewell to the people of the Bahamas in a joint three-minute broadcast, made a promise: "You have not seen the last of us . . . au revoir."

Eleanor Roosevelt announced that she will live in a two-story frame cottage at the eastern end of her 900-acre Hyde Park estate, rather than in the 40-room "Big House." Her reason: "It is simpler and easier." Another reason: privacy—the cottage is almost two miles from the mansion, which eventually will be opened to the public as a national shrine.

Humphrey Bogart, Hollywood's favorite Dead End kid (45), made it official: he will marry slow-burning Cinemactress Lauren Bacall, 20, his co-star in two pictures (*To Have and Have Not*, *The Big Sleep*). When: as soon as his third wife, Mayo ("Sluggo") Methot, serves her six weeks Reno residence for a divorce. Where: the Ohio farm of friend Louis Bromfield.

Money Matters

Gloria Vanderbilt Stokowski, filling out papers for her visit south of the border with Husband Leopold Stokowski, listed her occupation as housewife. In Los Angeles, the Bank of America turned over to Gloria's just-discarded first husband, Pasquale di Cicco, a \$200,000 slice of her \$4,500,000 inheritance (Pat's first wife, the late, blond comedienne Thelma Todd, bequeathed him \$1 in 1935).

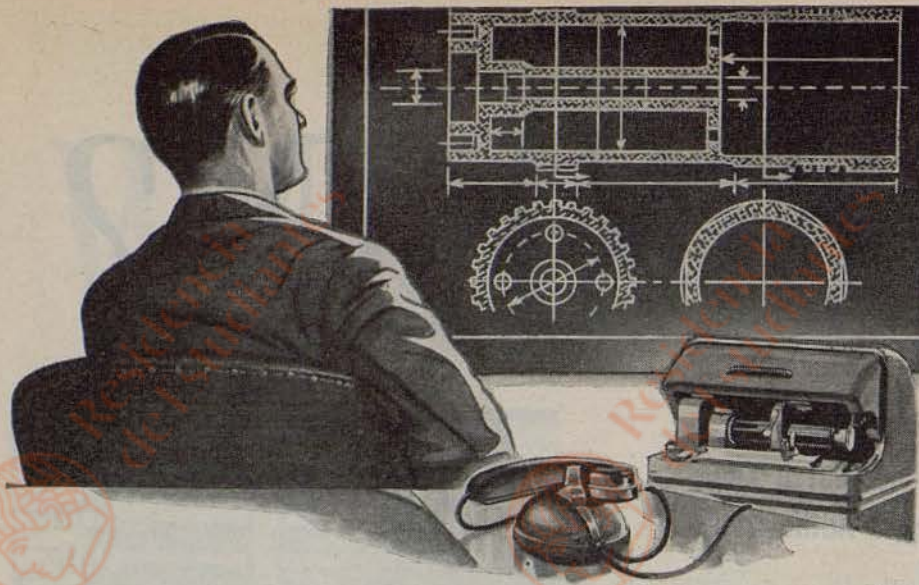
Henry Morgenthau Sr., veteran financier and diplomat (Ambassador to Turkey, 1913-16), made his annual birthday prediction: "Billions in unused resources are going to start us off on a real era of prosperity" at war's end. On his 80th birthday, nine years ago, he predicted that his son, Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau Jr., would balance the budget by 1940.

War & Peace

William ("Billy") Lendrum Mitchell, whose ardent advocacy of U.S. air power led to his court-martial for "insubordination" in 1926 and demotion from brigadier general to colonel, was posthumously voted (by the U.S. Senate) the Congressional Medal of Honor, promotion to the rank of major general.

Alfred Noyes, British poet (*The Highwayman*) now living in California, advised San Francisco conferees to renounce power politics for "the religion of unselfish love. God help us if we reach a stage in which our plumbing is perfect but in which the human soul atrophies."

Colonel Robert S. Allen, onetime columnist with Drew Pearson (*Washington Merry-Go-Round*), lost his lower right arm by amputation after being wounded in Germany, captured, freed three days later by advancing GIs.



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The Too-Warm Dinosaur

If heat can sterilize a bottle and a surgical instrument, why can't heat sterilize a man? A scientist who thought up this murky question, and has been brooding over it, is Biologist Raymond B. Cowles of the University of California at Los Angeles.

Dr. Cowles began by asking himself: why did the dinosaur become extinct? Dismissing the usual theories (the dinosaur's unwieldy size, an increase in the earth's carbon dioxide, etc.) Dr. Cowles decided that it was much more likely that dinosaurs simply perished of a declining birth rate—just stopped breeding during an interglacial heat wave. Last week he was ready to document his theory that there is a definite relation between heat and male fertility.

For reasons which biologists do not clearly understand, male sperm is extremely sensitive to heat, is quickly destroyed even at body temperature. In many animals (notably man), sperm is protected by a special cooling system in the scrotum which keeps it at 2 to 15° below normal body temperature. Experimenters have caused temporary sterility in dogs, rabbits, cats and bulls by artificially heating their testes; Australian sheep breeders recently reported that a sterile breed of rams became fertile when a thick growth of wool on their testicles was sheared off.

Dr. Cowles noted that the English sparrow apparently mates only during the cool early morning hours when its body temperature drops below normal. The garter snake rarely breeds in summer.

Dr. Cowles reasoned that the unadaptable dinosaur, lacking a cooling system, became sterile during a cycle of warm weather. To test his theory, he tried heat treatments on a descendant of the dinosaur, the night lizard (*Xantusia vigilis*).

A week in a 97° climate made the lizards sterile for a whole season; 100.5° sterilized them permanently.

Avoid the Noonday Sun. All this, thinks Dr. Cowles, may be a warning to man. He cites the fact that high fever sometimes causes temporary human sterility. A 1943 survey in Galveston, Tex. showed that the rate of conception of babies is higher in cool seasons than in warm. Other investigators have reported that the fertility of white men is greatly reduced in the tropics, and even natives conceive fewer children in the hot months. Dr. Cowles believes it entirely possible that a sustained cycle of hot climate on the earth might radically change or even wipe out the human race.

Much the same conclusions were reached independently at almost exactly the same time by a London scientist, H. Chapman Pincher, who reported his studies of temperature and male fertility in the British magazine *Nature*.

Tests were made on a group of healthy young men kept in a steam cabinet at 110° Fahrenheit for half an hour. After 18 days, their sperm counts fell well below the minimum for fertility, and they remained sterile for 67 days. Dr. Pincher, following up this study, investigated hospital and domestic bath temperatures which range from 105 to 110°. Putting two & two together, he suggested that the modern hot bath habit may be largely responsible for the declining birth rate in "civilized" countries.

Guinea Pig's Rival

Few laymen have ever heard of the golden hamster—but they are likely to hear of it from now on. Thousands of hamsters are being raised in U.S., British and Canadian laboratories. The furry, golden-brown, short-tailed rodent is a serious rival to the guinea pig.

Laboratory workers consider the hamster's laboratory qualifications practically



HAMSTER
It has taking ways.

News pictures

ideal: it is even more susceptible to human diseases than the guinea pig. The gestation period is the shortest known for a mammal—15 days, 21 hours. It begins to mate by its 43rd day, bears its first litter at the age of two months. Thereafter, until the age of one year, when it stops bearing, it can deliver a litter of two to 15 young every month.

The first Syrian hamsters arrived in the U.S. in 1938; now one laboratory alone (the University of Chicago's Hull Biological Laboratories) has a breeding colony of 1,500.

The hamster is slightly smaller than a guinea pig and looks like a toy bear. It eats practically anything: carrots, cabbage, lettuce, peanuts, dog chow, calf meal. It drinks no water, getting all the liquid it needs from leafy vegetables. At mealtimes, it stows all its food in huge pouches in its cheeks; later it empties the pouches and chews at leisure. Its only defects as a laboratory animal: it likes to fight other hamsters, and a hamster, if disturbed during a delivery, may eat her young.

Research Boom

U.S. industry has vastly expanded its research laboratories, as well as its factories, during the war. What will happen to them in peace? Will the laboratories, too, slow down when war orders stop? Industrialists think not.

The National Research Council's Office of Scientific Personnel quietly polled representative laboratories, including most of the top-ranking ones, for a conservative estimate of their plans and needs. All the laboratories, instead of cutting back, hope to enlarge their staffs at war's end. Total planned increase: 20%. The biggest laboratories, convinced of a research boom in postwar business, expect to hire about three times as many scientists as they did before the war.



American Museum of Natural History, N.Y.
TRACHODONS (SPECIES OF DINOSAUR)
A heat wave may have done it.

WHAT NEXT

WILL THEY DO WITH THESE

FIBERS OF GLASS?



DELICATE RELAYS and switches in many of the Nation's busy telephone exchanges are kept free of harmful dust, dirt and lint with *Fiberglas DUST-STOP* Air Filters* installed in the air conditioning systems. Adhesive-coated glass fibers account for the great efficiency of these popular replacement-type filters—having great surface area for catching dirt—providing clean air at low cost for forced-warm-air-heated homes as well as industry.

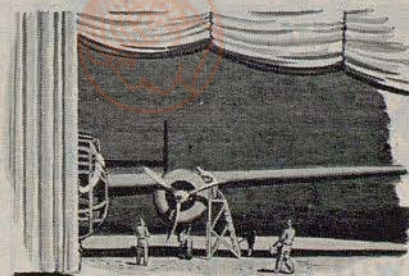
IN 37,000 HP TURBO-GENERATORS—as in midget, pitch-change motors for aircraft propellers—electrical engineers are utilizing the unique properties of *Fiberglas** Textiles to provide better *electrical insulation*. Woven from strong yarns made of fine filaments of glass, these Fiberglas tapes and cloths (and braided sleeveings) are highly resistant to heat, moisture, oil and corrosive vapors. When used with suitable impregnants they make possible better performance and longer life for hard-pressed, vital-to-victory electrical equipment.

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CURTAINS OF FIBERGLAS CLOTH, coated with specified synthetics, serve as weatherproof doors and side walls of demountable repair-shop hangars at advance aircraft bases, close to the enemy. The Fiberglas textile base, being glass, doesn't stretch or shrink; is unaffected by temperature changes; will not rot, decay, mildew. Wartime uses—such as water tanks, flexible ducts, battery covers, etc.—suggest innumerable peacetime applications for coated Fiberglas cloth.

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EDUCATION

The Case for Federal Aid

¶ Nearly two million school-age children are not attending school.

¶ About 23% of all U.S. teachers are paid less than \$1,200 a year; 3% get less than \$600.

¶ More than ten million U.S. adults have had four years or less of schooling.

¶ At least one million men have been classified 4-F because of poor schooling.

Such facts, enforced by documents and charts, were offered as testimony last week at a Congressional hearing on the \$300,000,000-a-year federal school-aid bill. Conclusion drawn by the chief witness, Columbia University's Dr. John K. Norton: federal aid is the only remedy.

But despite Dr. Norton's persuasiveness, chances for federal aid seemed little brighter than during all the years (the last hearing was eight years ago) that educators have quarreled about it. Although the bill stipulates that state and local control shall remain inviolate, arch-conservatives fear the bogey of federal control of schools; some Catholics are afraid that their parochial schools would suffer; many a Congressman suspects selfish motives in the bill's main lobbyist, the National Education Association, whose membership is composed overwhelmingly of teachers (who stand to gain a \$200-million-a-year boost in total salaries).

"Almus Pater"

When slight, precocious, 16-year-old Freshman "Murray" Butler got his first glimpse of Columbia in 1878, it was a college with 227 students and a little cluster of buildings on one city block. Last week, when 83-year-old Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler handed in his resignation as president of Columbia, the university could boast 30,000 resident students, assets worth \$231,561,407, a reputation as one of the biggest and finest universities in the world.

Columbians have long referred to Dr. Butler as "Almus Pater." The luster of world acclaim he received through his ubiquitous personal activities he passed on to his school. He has been decorated by 15 foreign nations and honored with degrees from 37 universities. H. G. Wells once called him "the champion international visitor and retriever of foreign orders and degrees." President for 20 years of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, he won half a 1931 Nobel Prize. Friend Theodore Roosevelt dubbed him Nicholas Miraculous (after St. Nicholas Thaumaturgus, the "Miracle Maker"). Butler himself, never a diffident man, wrote some of his 3,500-odd publications under the pen name "Cosmos."

Columbia waxed great, not because of President Butler's single-mindedness but in spite of his versatility. A voracious appetite for responsibility was his shining virtue and his chief vice. While it nurtured

Columbia, it distracted Butler into politics, lured him into a maze of inconsistencies that may have kept him from achieving his fondest ambition: the Presidency of the U.S.

"Pick Nick." A New Jersey merchant's son who did his childhood prattling in Greek, Murray Butler wasted no time. Graduating from high school at 13, he entered Columbia three years later, soon became its biggest undergraduate "bun-yanker" (honor-grabber). At 20 he graduated as top man in his class, at 21 acquired his M.A., at 22 his Ph.D. He promptly became a Columbia teacher and founded Teachers College in his spare time.

At 27, he drew up a college-into-university expansion plan that was carried



Associated Press

COLUMBIA'S BUTLER

From bun-yanker to champion retriever.

out almost to the last detail. The next year he became Columbia's youngest full professor of philosophy. At 39, to nobody's surprise, he was Columbia's president. Administrative details detracted from the quality—though never from the quantity—of his scholarly output: his excellent annual reports during those early years include much of his best writing.

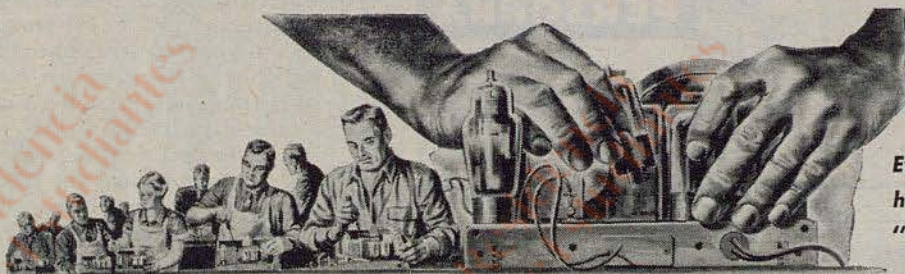
A Republican by family tradition, Dr. Butler was a party man from the time he went as a delegate to the 1888 Republican National Convention. In 1912 he became the G.O.P. vice-presidential candidate and went down to defeat with Taft. In 1920 he made a bold bid for the Presidential nomination with the slogan: "Pick Nick for a Pic-Nic in November." He got only 69½ votes.

Bad Bets. After that, Dr. Butler was through with active politicking. But he still had influence. He was one of the nation's first and most outstanding anti-

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prohibitionists and a large segment of voters kept their eyes on him. As a politician, he had an unhappy faculty for backing the loser: the Kaiser until World War I, Harding until the oil scandals, the early Mussolini who made the trains run on time. Despite his good words for academic freedom, students and teachers often denounced his conservative leanings.

Since World War II began, Dr. Butler has been comparatively silent on extra-curricular matters. In the house at 60 Morningside Drive which Columbia has built around him, and around which he has built Columbia, Dr. Butler made no public comment about his resignation, effective October 1. But he once told admirers that, if they opened him, they would find "Columbia" written on his heart.

Britons at Princeton

Many Britons firmly believe that 1) Americans talk like characters out of Damon Runyon and 2) that it is hazardous to walk the streets of gangster-ridden Chicago.

On a tip from a graduate whose similar haziness about life in England was cleared up by a visit to Cambridge, Princeton University had an idea. It began conducting weekend courses for groups of British and Dominion servicemen and women stationed in the U.S. Last week the 13th such group left Princeton's campus after a three-day closeup of U.S. opinion, culture, labor, politics, hospitality. The general student reaction: the U.S. is easier to understand and much more likable than its press, radio and cinema have led foreigners to believe.

The 29 members of the party included representatives of almost all British dominions and services, ranging in rank from corporal to brigadier. Before they arrived, each of the students received a U.S. history text plus a list of reference books. After a tour of the campus (during which guides discreetly said little about the mementos of a 1777 Anglo-American meeting at Princeton), they settled down to the first of four two-hour conferences in a room which used to be the office of Princeton's President Woodrow Wilson. Winding up the course was an all-afternoon "bicker session" at which final blunt questions were aired.

Typical questions: What is the difference between a Republican and a Democrat? Why are American children so badly brought up? What is the U.S. equivalent of Britain's prestigious Crown? Like their predecessors, most of the visitors were struck at the sight of adults eating dry cereal ("horse food") and drinking milk ("Put some brandy in it").

In Manhattan, similar classes on a more elementary level are being held for Russians by the American Russian Institute. Starting with such lofty themes as "American Traits and Attitudes," the professors are quickly reduced to explaining such U.S. oddities as Superman, the technique of dating girls, the mystifying myth of Horatio Alger.

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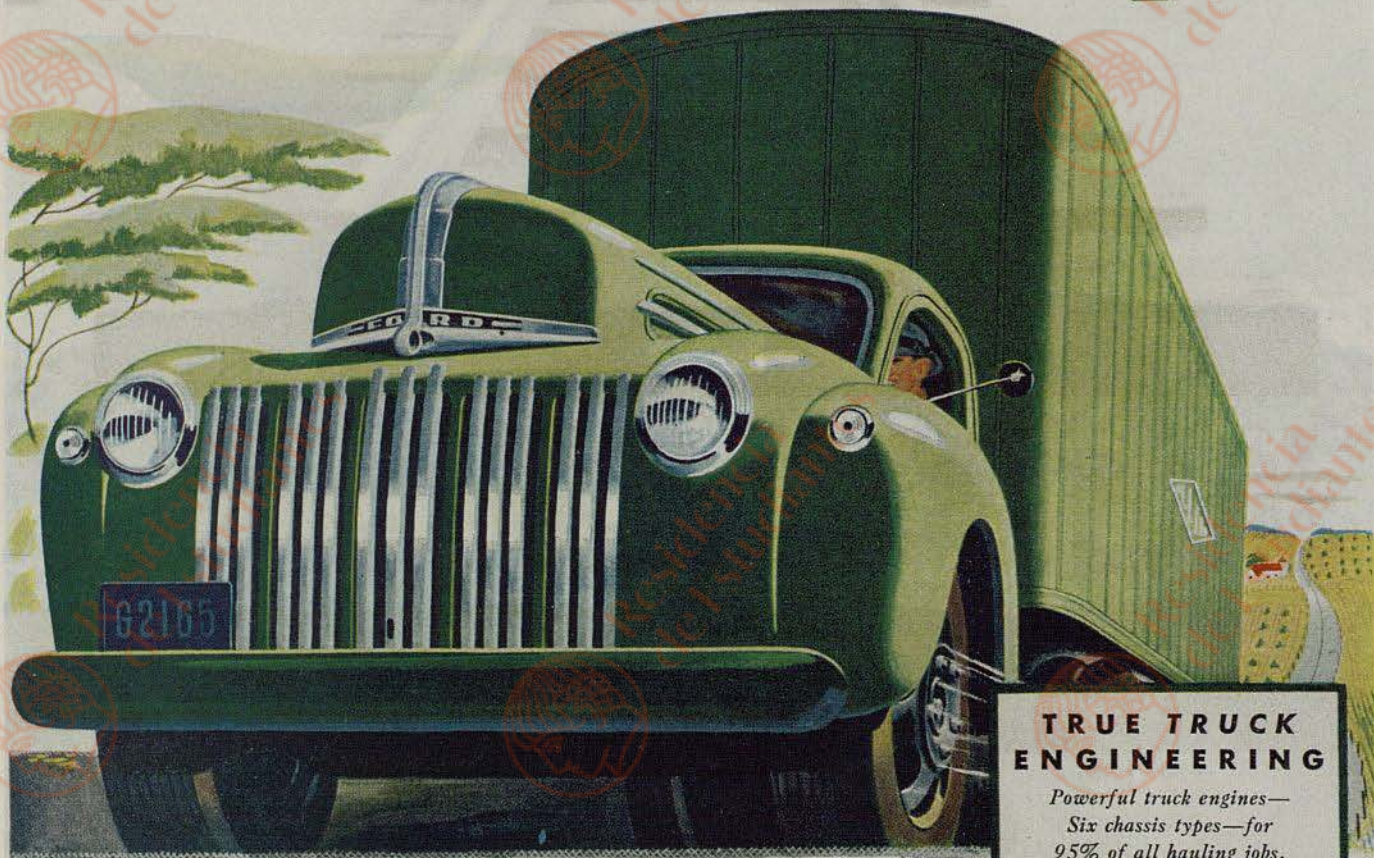
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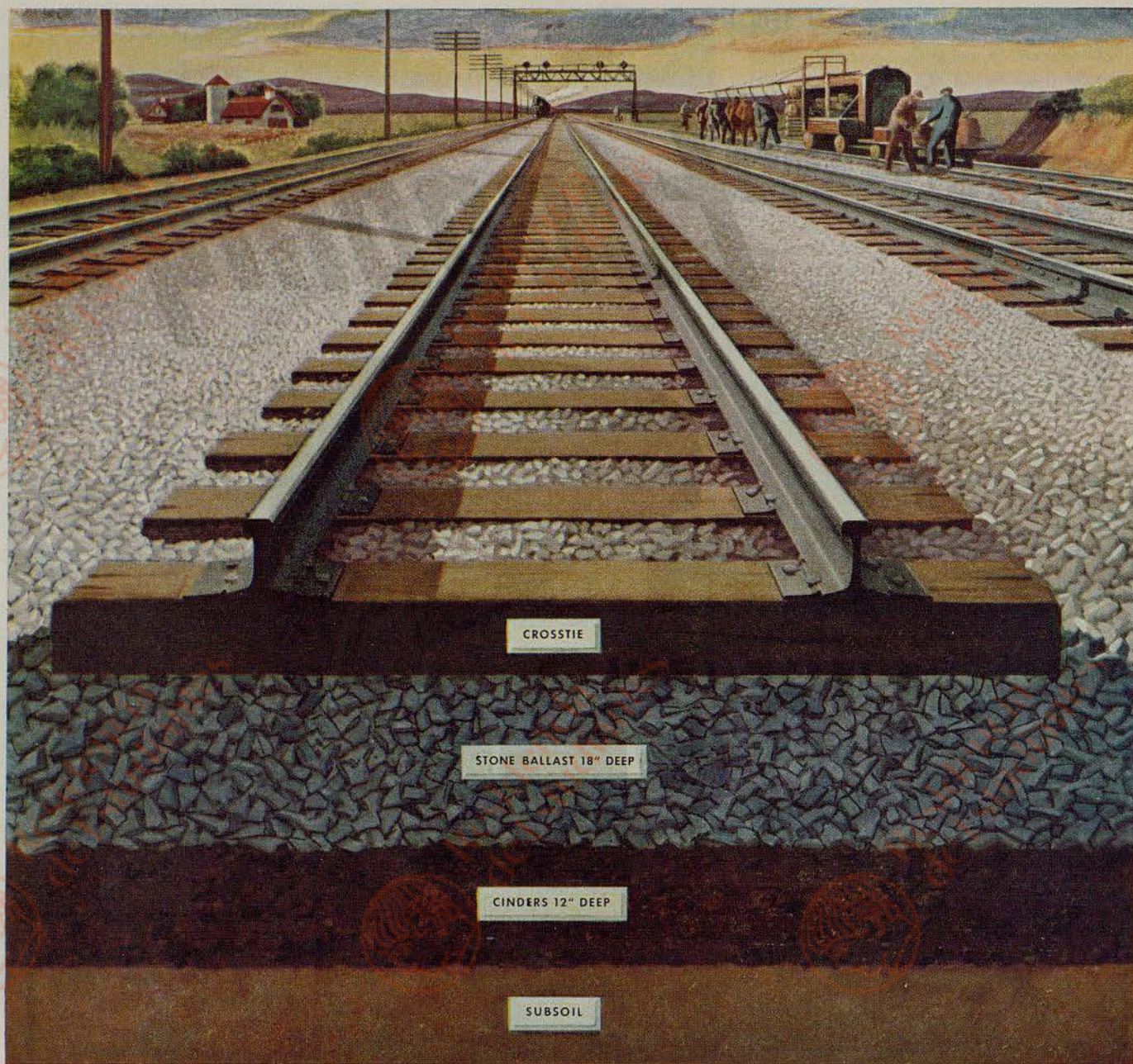
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Groundwork

Millions will be needed for "Deferred Maintenance"

TODAY'S mighty war loads are riding on foundations like that pictured . . . "highways" into which the railroads have put more than 4 billion dollars for improvements since the last war. This groundwork is the necessary basis for carrying the greatest load in history.



Wear and tear on roadway, bridges, locomotives, cars and equipment have been terrific. And material and labor for needed maintenance are not obtainable now beyond the minimum necessary for safe, continued operation. As a result, much work that should be done has had to be deferred. So the railroads are wearing out 25 per cent faster than they can be restored.

If permitted, railroads would put aside money from current revenues for postwar replacement of things that are worn out in earning that revenue. But the tax law forbids. If money for needed repairs cannot be spent for those repairs as it is earned, it is considered "profit" and practically taxed away.

Money that should be spent for maintenance isn't profit. Actually it is "repair money" that ordinarily would be spent for that purpose. As such, it is the lifeblood of the railroads. To tax it away, simply because it cannot be spent now because of war conditions, threatens the backbone of American transportation.

Congressional amendment of the tax law to permit this money to be put aside for repairs and replacement would mean strong post-war railroads and thousands of jobs for returning fighting men in furnishing materials and restoring the railroads for the needs of tomorrow.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

 *Serving the Nation* 

★ 51,779 entered the Armed Forces ★ 647 have given their lives for their Country

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Aerogyls & Tellurins

He lives in Mexico, but to judge from the pictures he paints, it might as well be the Mountains of the Moon. He calls his paintings *Spatiales*, *Gyras*, *Tellurins*, *Erouns*, *Aerogyls* and *Cosmogones*. They look it. Wolfgang Paalen, a shy, high-domed man of 37, an Austrian count, will have no truck with organized surrealism and abstractionism; they are too literary and cold for his taste.

Last week a show of his singular, science-inspired visualizations enlivened Manhattan's super-surrealistic Art-of-this-Century gallery. Executed in brilliant, Van Gogh-like splashes of color, they show objects (mostly humans) as they might



PAALEN & "LES COSMOGONES" (DETAIL)
No limit to tensions.

look if broken down to their cellular essentials. Likewise, they show Painter Paalen's idea of "pure spatial tensions" and "inner tensions of landscapes" (basically whorls and spirals). The net result: "plastic cosmogony"—which means, he says, "no longer a symbolization or interpretation but, through the specific means of art, a direct visualization of the forces which move our mind and body."

Wolfgang Paalen not only splashes words around—he edits and publishes a slick, desperately esoteric, semiannual literary-art magazine called *Dyn*—but he invents a few, too. Whenever he hits on an idea for showing an object in a new, analytical way, he coins a name for it. Thus *Gyra* is an abstract figure study, a *Tellurin* is a landscape (with inner tensions). The most ambitious painting in his current show is *Les Cosmogones* (see cut), a vast, wildly spinning composition with a hell of a lot of tension in it.

TIME, MAY 7, 1945

Whatever they got out of Paalen's visualizations, gallerygoers were liable to be alarmed by the show's catalogue. It said, threateningly: "It is no longer the task of art to answer naive questions. Now, it is the painting which will look at the spectator and ask him: what do you represent?"

Picasso at Home

"Of the adventurous and inventive spirit which had characterized French, or more exactly Parisian painting . . . hardly a trace remains. All the work produced during the Occupation (except Picasso's . . .) told of a passive, bewildered acceptance of exhausted motives."

This impression of an English visitor to Paris appeared in the April issue of Lon-



PICASSO & SCULPTURE
No end of variations.

don's *Cornhill Magazine*. The visitor was John Knewstubb Rothenstein, director of London's Tate Gallery, son of the late, famed portraitist-memorialist, Sir William Rothenstein. His principal report was on Pablo Picasso, considered by many (including himself) the world's greatest living artist. Excerpts:

Pilgrims & Progress. "Picasso lives in . . . a magnificent seventeenth-century house. . . . Visitors cross a spacious courtyard, climb a dark winding tiled staircase to the third floor. . . . A long narrow ante-room . . . contains a tall iron stove . . . canvases, paint-boxes, pieces of Negro sculpture, sketches . . . and two rows of kitchen chairs. . . . A number of these chairs were occupied [by] Communist politicians . . . art dealers, artists as well as miscellaneous pilgrims.

"Beyond this room is a large studio containing sculpture in progress: a huge classical woman's head and a shepherd, also

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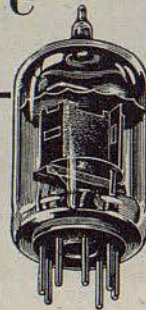
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over life-size, carrying a lamb. I had barely time to glance at these when Picasso appeared. His large dark eyes, which dominate his face, have a brilliant look of tireless alertness, characteristic of animals rather than of men. . . .

"I followed him up another staircase to a second studio. . . . 'You might like to see these,' he said, bringing [out] a folio of drawings. . . . All variations on the same theme: a young man asleep whom a girl is intently watching. . . .

"I asked him whether he did not find that there was something anomalous in the position of an artist, however illustrious, whose work was, after all, understood by relatively few, being publicly identified with a popular party, and whether revolutionary art, such as his, was not at bottom even resented by the revolutionary masses."

Life & Logic. "There is just such a want of accord between the two revolutionary forces," he conceded. "But life isn't a very logical business, is it? As for me, I have to act as I feel, both as an artist and as a man."

"There was a pause; he suddenly . . . said, 'I didn't show you the painting I'm doing now.' And he brought out a still-life of a tomato plant, then another and another, until there were 21 variations of the subject. 'I usually work on a number of canvases at a time. . . .' (He doesn't disguise or conceal his failures, but he simply tries again, seeing failure and success as parts of the abundant, continuous flow of his creative activity.)

"There are other things I'd like to show you; besides," he continued, "I don't care for working in the morning. I like to work in the afternoons, but best of all at night. You see these thick curtains—and he touched the window curtains gently, 'they shut out the daylight: artificial light suits me a great deal better: it's absolutely steady, and much more exciting.'"

"What are these?" I asked, indicating a number of very small canvases standing on the floor, end to end. "Oh those, don't look at them," he answered cheerfully, "they're painted by the dog." The big dog who dashed in and out of the room at high speed certainly looked intelligent enough to paint."

Etchings & Guards. "But that reminds me," Picasso said, "that I don't believe I've shown you my bathroom." We . . . saw the bathroom and the little engraving room where his press was. I told him that I counted his early *Déjeuner des Pauvres* among the very best of his etchings. "I'm glad you like that one," he said, giving me a quick, searching look, "I like it too, and do you know, I never miss a chance of buying a print? I found two in a small shop a month or two ago. Of course one has to pay for them."

"As I was leaving I told him how, on the previous day when I [visited] the Salon d'Automne, I saw two lorry-loads of gendarmes arrive to effect the changing of the guard in the Picasso room. He laughed: 'Just like Buckingham Palace, isn't it?' he said delightedly."



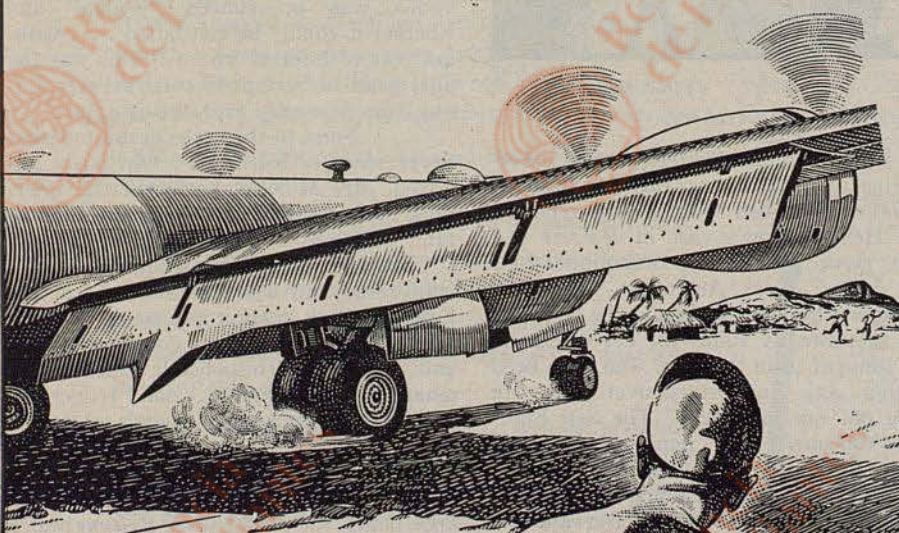
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BUY AND HOLD

7th

WAR LOAN BONDS



THE PRESS

False Armistice II

The nation's newspapers had been warned: V-E day will be official only when it is announced jointly by the Big Three. Yet many of them, on Saturday, April 28, broke out their blackest type. The *Chicago Times* took up its entire front page to say: VICTORY EXTRA. GERMANY QUITS. The *Knoxville Journal* spread one word ten inches deep: SURRENDER.

Their authority for this was a bulletin which the Associated Press (but no other press association) carried:

BULLETIN
SURRENDER

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 28—(AP)—GERMANY HAS SURRENDERED TO THE ALLIED GOVERNMENTS UNCONDITIONALLY, AND AN-

bald and blunt as Roy Howard's famed unequivocal cable from France Nov. 7, 1918, that set off a day's celebration of the "false Armistice": URGENT ARMISTICE ALLIES GERMANY SIGNED ELEVEN SMORNING HOSTILITIES CEASED TWO SATTERNOON.

San Francisco Spectacle

The United Nations Press Secretariat had handed out San Francisco credentials like tickets to a two-bit political clambake; accredited correspondents outnumbered delegates six to one. Legmen, pundits, gossip columnists, hatchetmen, trained seals and freaks—1,600 of them, all classified as newsmen—fought for seats in a press section big enough for 600.

Show Business. Newsmen and pseudo-newsmen who couldn't get into the conference sessions, or didn't want to, mobbed

specialists, with varying claims to international wisdom: Westbrook Pegler, George Fielding Eliot, Ludwig Bemelmans, Drew Pearson, Ely Culbertson, Orson Welles. Mixed in were avowed propagandists, ranging from Edgar Ansel Mowrer (who was pleased to call the conference "the most important human gathering since the Last Supper") to the *New York Daily News's* poison penman John O'Donnell. Even before the conference opened, O'Donnell said that "nothing ever was staged in this generation on such a scale of mass hypocrisy and global double cross." The *News's* isolationist sister, the *Chicago Tribune*, had already passed similar judgment: "The prime purpose . . . is to make certain that whenever the next war comes . . . we shall be in it."

Legitimate newsmen debated whether the men who were intent on wrecking the conference were as dangerous as those who were determined to wisecrack about it. They heard Hedda Hopper cooing in a hotel lobby: "My dear, if this thing doesn't pick up pretty soon, it's going to be the dullest clambake ever held." They read Elsa Maxwell's astute comments on the Russians: "a bunch of magnificent hemen." They debated who was to blame—the officials who issued the credentials wholesale, or the newspapers that assigned the freaks.

Final Goad. The *New York Post's* self-styled Saloon Editor Earl Wilson, whose usual preoccupation is with movie stars' brassières and "derrières," interrupted Molotov's press conference to ask whether vodka was pronounced "wodka" and whether it could "be consumed . . . without fear of internal injury." This was the final goad to Scripps-Howard's Peter Edson, who promptly exploded in type:

" . . . Some of the hacks in this business never seem to learn. . . . Obviously annoyed, Mr. Molotov broke off the interview, with a number of other more important questions still unasked. . . .

"The U.S. press is on exhibition at this conference and a lot of showoffs in the business aren't doing it any good. The wild predictions about what's going to happen and the utterly irresponsible experting by amateurs and cookoos . . . don't reflect any credit on the once-proud fourth estate."

News for Germans

When Hitler's SS bullies were still in knee pants, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* was a great and influential liberal newspaper, respected the world over as "the *Manchester Guardian* of Germany." In 1934 the *Zeitung* was briefly suppressed for printing Franz von Papen's one & only anti-Nazi bleat (attacking the "fanatical" wing of the Party). After that the *Zeitung* kept its tongue in cheek. Skillfully buried in its dreary business columns were more facts about Hitler's Germany than were reported anywhere else; its editorials condemned anti-Nazi incidents as a means of reporting them, and slyly quoted with approval early Hitler speeches to show how he had strayed from them.

The Nazis were not fooled. They gradu-

TIME, MAY 7, 1945



WILSON

WINCHELL

O'DONNELL

Acme, TIME

The showoffs might do more damage than the wreckers.

NOUNCEMENT IS EXPECTED MOMENTARILY, IT WAS STATED BY A HIGH AMERICAN OFFICIAL TODAY.

An hour and a half later, when President Truman said it wasn't so, recriminations began. Editors and broadcasters who had gone off half-cocked, blamed it all on the A.P. So, gleefully, did the U.P. and I.N.S., which have long smarted under the A.P.'s boast: the Byline of Dependability. The A.P. blamed it all on the "high American official"—Senator Tom Connally (see U.S. AT WAR).

Newspapermen would long debate how much of the blame belonged to the A.P. The red-faced A.P. treasured one technical defense: it had not sent the Connally story out as a flash (as such news deserved, if the A.P. were unreservedly vouching for it) but only as a bulletin. And the bulletin carried a hedge, "announcement is expected momentarily," which did not justify the unqualified headlines.

Yet the *Atlanta Constitution*, which had rushed out with an extra, front-paged a story: "How sweet is revenge, and at last after nearly 27 long years the United Press and Roy Howard are tasting it." Actually, much as the U.P. tried to talk up the "false reports carried by the Associated Press," the bulletin was far from being as

the Palace Hotel's Pied Piper bar, interviewing each other, exchanging rumors.

Walter Winchell breathlessly reported that Helen Hayes's cast in *Harriet* had been given poor hotel accommodations and quoted her: "Argentina, which declared war against the Axis at the last minute, gets swanky suites for her delegates. But some of us in the show who have been fighting Axis supporters over here are being put out of hotels." The *San Francisco Chronicle* drily reminded Winchell and Miss Hayes that Argentina had not been invited to San Francisco. The unabashable Winchell was off on another rumor. He persuaded Hearst's *Examiner* to by-line his prediction that the conference might be adjourned while Truman flew to meet Stalin and Churchill.

Not all the reporting was at this low level. There were also responsible men like Walter Lippmann, David Lawrence, Jay Hayden. The *New York Times's* star-studded eight-man staff, topped by Managing Editor Edwin L. James, included Anne O'Hare McCormick, Arthur Krock, James ("Scotty") Reston. British newspapers sent 43 men; the Russians, seven; the Chinese, five.

Wisdom & Poison. Nudging these working newsmen for space were big-name



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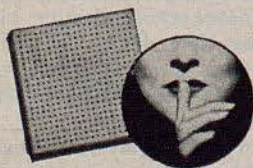
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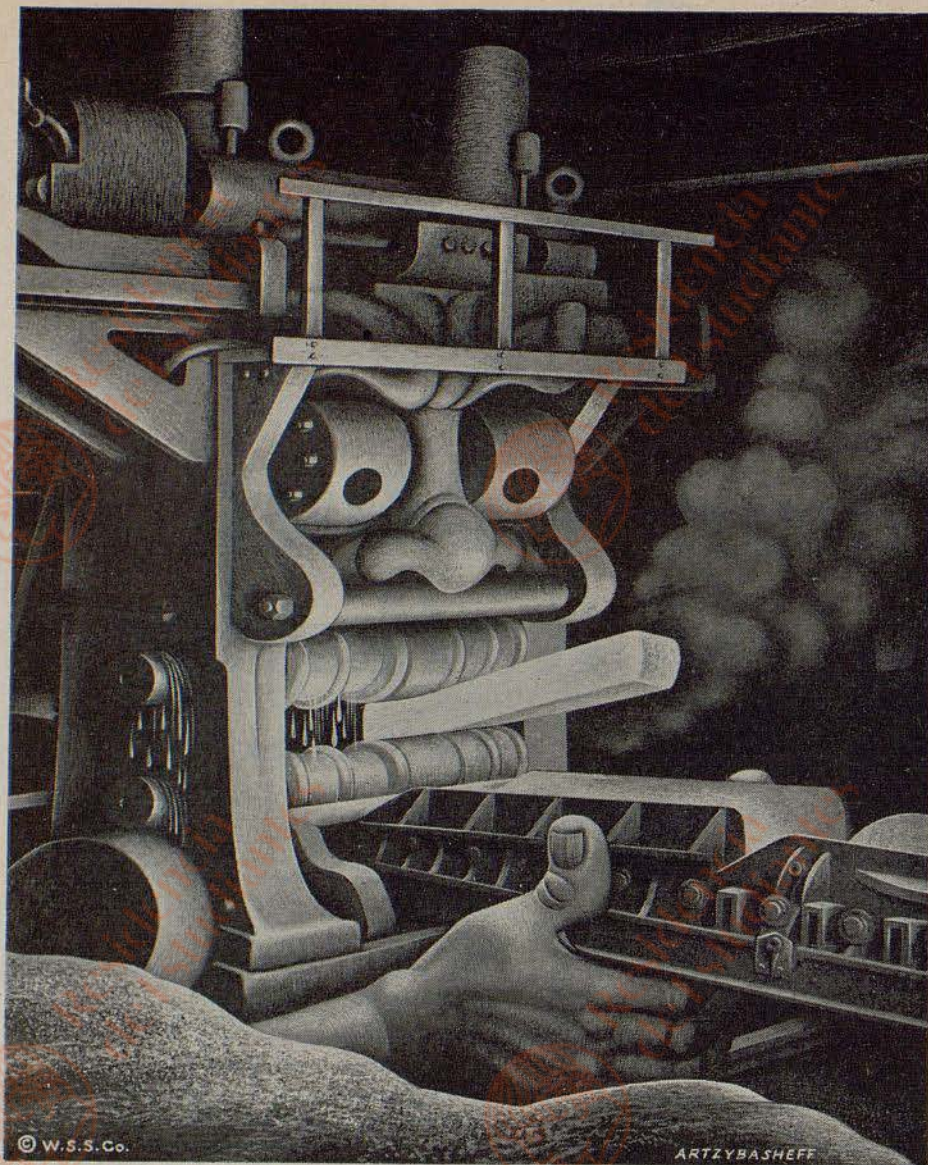


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Fifth of a series of Artzybasheff's impressions of the manufacture of steel wire products.

ARTZYBASHEFF

Enlarged reproduction free on request.

PASS THE INGOT

Here is an ingot at the second "pass"—the second of about twenty trips through the rollers of a giant mill that squeezes and lengthens the hot steel mass until it becomes a long bar known as a "bloom."

The process is something like running a laundry wringer—except that rolling steel calls for skill of the highest order. For unless the steel is rolled to exact specifications defects may result which will affect the quality of the finished product.

After rolling, other skilled workers will process the steel into wire and

wire products. Many of these craftsmen have been with Wickwire Spencer for over 25 years. And Wickwire is as proud of these men as it is of its 124 year record of service and its many "firsts" in steel wire development.

Right now five great Wickwire Spencer plants are still busy making rope, springs, conveyor belts and other wire specialties for war industries. As soon as conditions permit, these steel sinewed products will once more be ready to serve your peacetime needs.

WICKWIRE SPENCER STEEL COMPANY



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FAMOUS FOR QUALITY IN STEEL, TUNGSTEN AND MOLYBDENUM WIRE; TUNGSTEN CARBIDE DIES AND TOOLS; WIRE ROPE; SPRINGS; CHAIN LINK FENCE; METAL CONVEYOR BELTS; WIRE CLOTH; PERFORATED METALS; CARD CLOTHING; POULTRY NETTING; HARDWARE CLOTH; INSECT SCREEN CLOTH; ELECTRICALLY WELDED FABRIC

ally took over the paper, allowed it an illusion of independence, and traded on its former prestige to argue the German case abroad. Finally, in 1943, the Nazis gave up pretending and killed the 86-year-old *Zeitung* outright.

Last week, in the rubble of Frankfurt, the *Zeitung* presses were once again rolling out honest news for the German people. American Army units (of the Psychological Warfare Branch) had taken over. With the assistance of former *Zeitung* employes, the U.S. Army printed 620,000 copies of a new free, four-page paper for German civilians, the *Frankfurter Presse*. It was the third and largest U.S.-edited German language paper (others: in Aachen and Cologne), all edited by Hungarian-born Hans Habe (*A Thousand Shall Fall*), now a U.S. Army captain.



Allan Grant-Graphic House

JACOB GORTATOWSKY

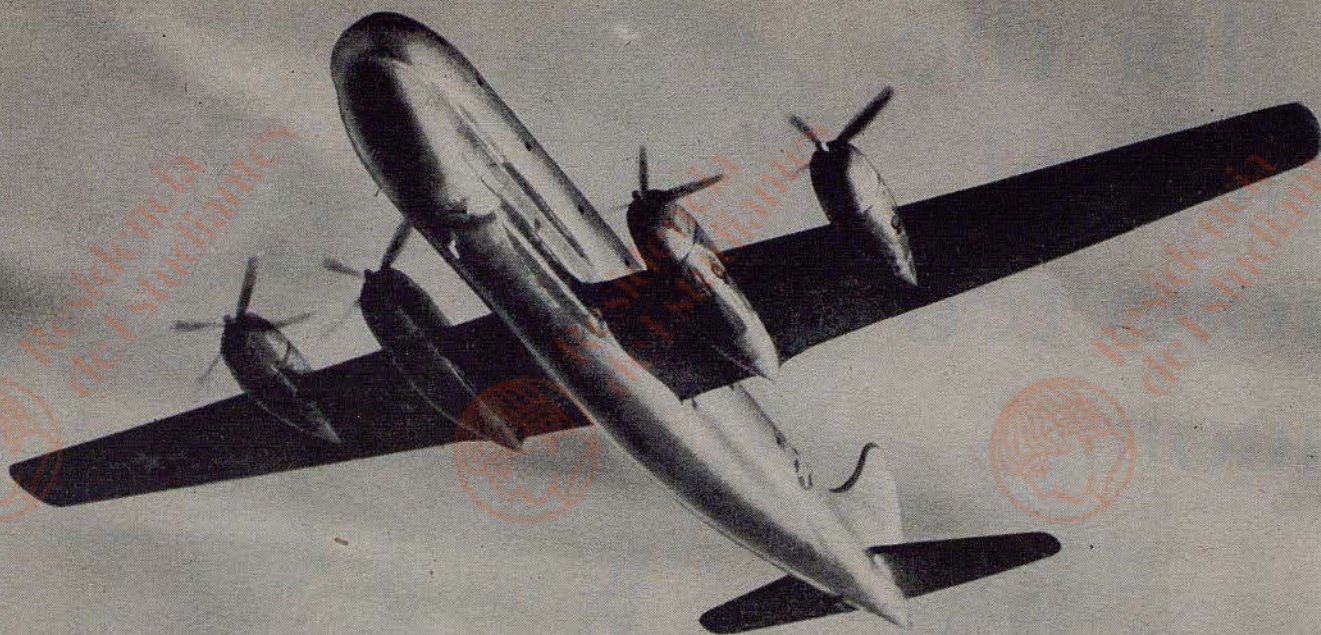
He chose to be unobtrusive.

No. 2 Man

Jacob Dewey Gortatowsky, whose name means nothing to the public, last week firmed his hold as No. 2 editorial man in the Hearst empire. For 29 years he has been a faithful Hearstling, for the past five years general manager of the 17 Hearst papers. With the death of Joe Connolly (*TIME*, April 30) he fell heir to two more jobs: running Hearst's International News Service and giant King Features (33 comics, Winchell, Pegler, etc.).

Southern Murmur. "Gorty" Gortatowsky's office in Manhattan's bustling Hearst Publications Building has no name on the door. It is tucked down a back hall, past a *Good Housekeeping* beauty clinic. The only thing that distinguishes its ascetic furnishings is a miniature American flag on the desk, standard equipment for all top Hearst executives.

Gortatowsky's physical slightness is concealed by skilled double-breasted tailoring; his keen-edged, taskmasterish mind is

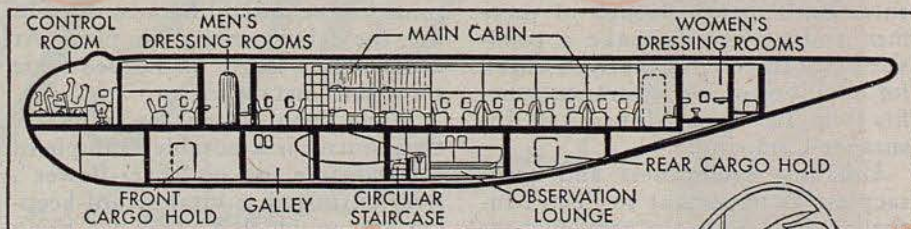


They crossed America at 6 miles high (in 6 hrs: 3 min.) and as comfortably as "driving a car"

Boeing's remarkable new C-97, with AiResearch "comfort-protected" cabin, forecasts a new kind of air travel

HERE YOU SEE the prototype of 100-passenger Boeing Strato-cruisers to come. In its record flight, you see what greater speeds and non-stop travel is coming through the higher, thinner air. And you see the comfort that will be yours.

For the C-97 cabin is *pressurized*, "comfort-protected" by AiResearch controls that seal the thin air and cold *outside*. That, at 20,000 or 30,000 feet or more, keep the cabin at the same comfortable pressure-level found thousands of feet below. Such a cabin also ends the air pressure changes of take-off and landing. Makes high-altitude flying like



riding in a limousine on the ground.

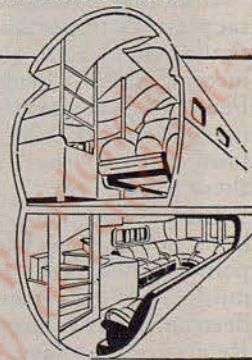
This is the *kind of air travel* ahead. And the kind of air control AiResearch is developing into new devices for your better living at home and at work, as well as in the sky. AiResearch Manufacturing Company, Los Angeles and Phoenix.

ABOVE

Sectional drawing shows proposed arrangement of sleeper version. This would carry 72 by day and sleep 36 by night.

RIGHT

Seats on the top deck are convertible into berths. Lower deck houses the luxurious cocktail lounge.



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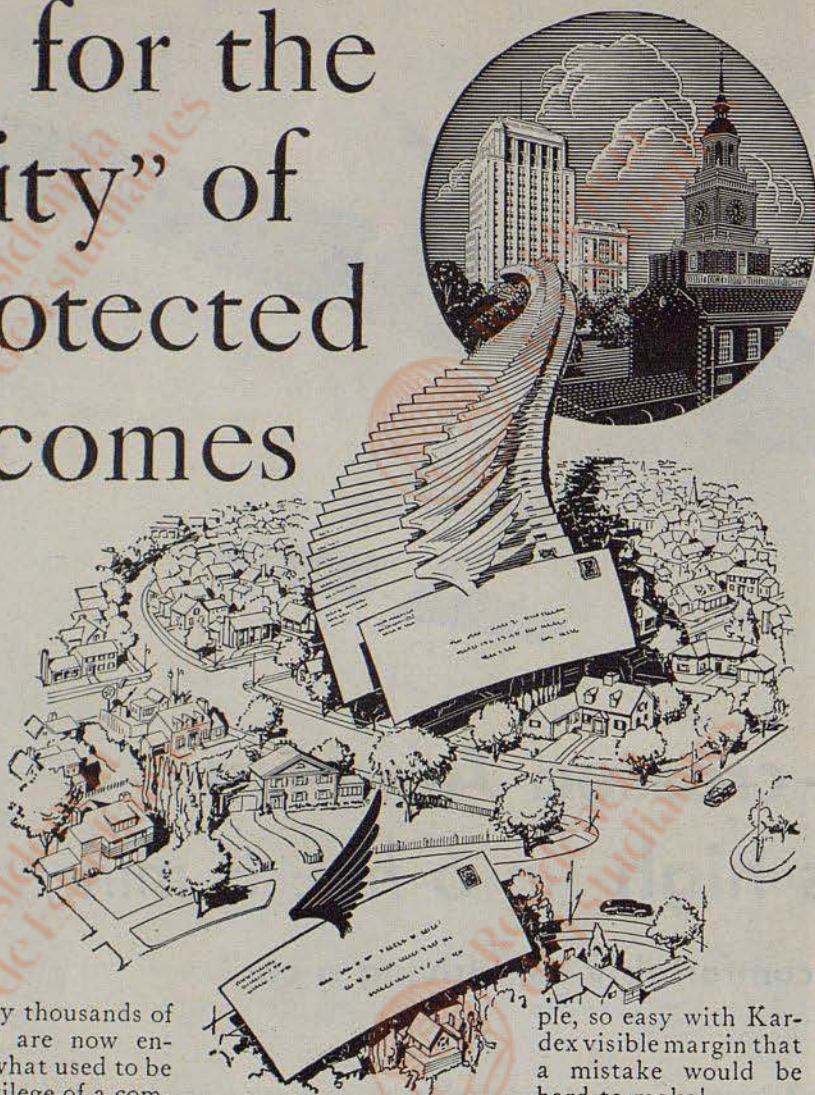
AiResearch

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● Many thousands of families are now enjoying what used to be the privilege of a comparative few—economic independence. Each month enough of these men and women to make a good-sized city receive, regularly, a check for annuities or life insurance benefits from The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Unfailing promptness and accuracy are as important to Penn Mutual as they are to the people whose income these checks provide. So Penn Mutual makes sure . . . and uses Kardex Visible for the important records that control these payments.

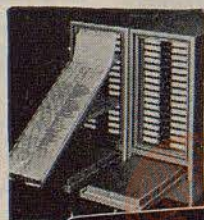
Errors and delays have been cut to the vanishing point, while the growing number of payments has been handled by fewer clerks. Reference is so fast, so sim-

ple, so easy with Kardex visible margin that a mistake would be hard to make!

Nor do Penn Mutual's records become lost or mislaid because even in use, they always remain in place. At a flip of the finger all needed facts come into instant view.

While Penn Mutual's administrative control is a notable example of the effective use of "Fact-Power", every business has vital record-keeping jobs to which Kardex can bring greater speed and efficiency—improved accuracy and facility of executive control.

For better control of procurement, materials, production, sales or personnel activities, write, phone or wire our nearest Branch Office.



KARDEX—of course!

SYSTEMS DIVISION

REMINGTON RAND

Buffalo 5, New York

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concealed by a lulling Southern murmur and a beatific smile. Of all ways to get ahead in the Hearst empire—beyond the first essential, obedience—Gorty chose one of the shrewdest: unobtrusiveness.

The son of a Confederate soldier, he went to small North Georgia College at the foot of the Blue Ridge mountains. He quit his first reporting job on the *Atlanta Constitution* "because they weren't paying me enough money; they paid me nothing." Eight years later, after working on smaller Georgia papers, he was invited back to the *Constitution*—as the boy-wonder managing editor, aged 27.

He didn't like the sloppy way a Hearst syndicate sent its features to the *Constitution*, and wrote long letters to the syndicate, saying so. The story (Gortatowsky calls it mostly legend) is that Hearst thereupon wired him: "If you know so damned much about running a syndicate, why don't you come up and help run ours?" He has been working for Hearst since 1916.

Empire Plan. Now, as general manager, Gortatowsky has a lot to say about how the Hearst papers are run, but like all well-mannered Hearst brass hats, would have you believe that "The Chief" does it all himself. This disavowal of credit also enables him to disavow responsibility for Hearstian yellow jingoism.

With Gortatowsky as operating head of the newspapers, and with the trio of Hanes, Huberth and Berlin in control of Hearst finances (*TIME*, Feb. 5), the papers are set to run even without William Randolph Hearst.* Should they be passed on to the five Hearst sons, none of whom has shown much of his father's talent for running bad newspapers successfully, they might be in a position to misguide, but not to wreck, the empire.

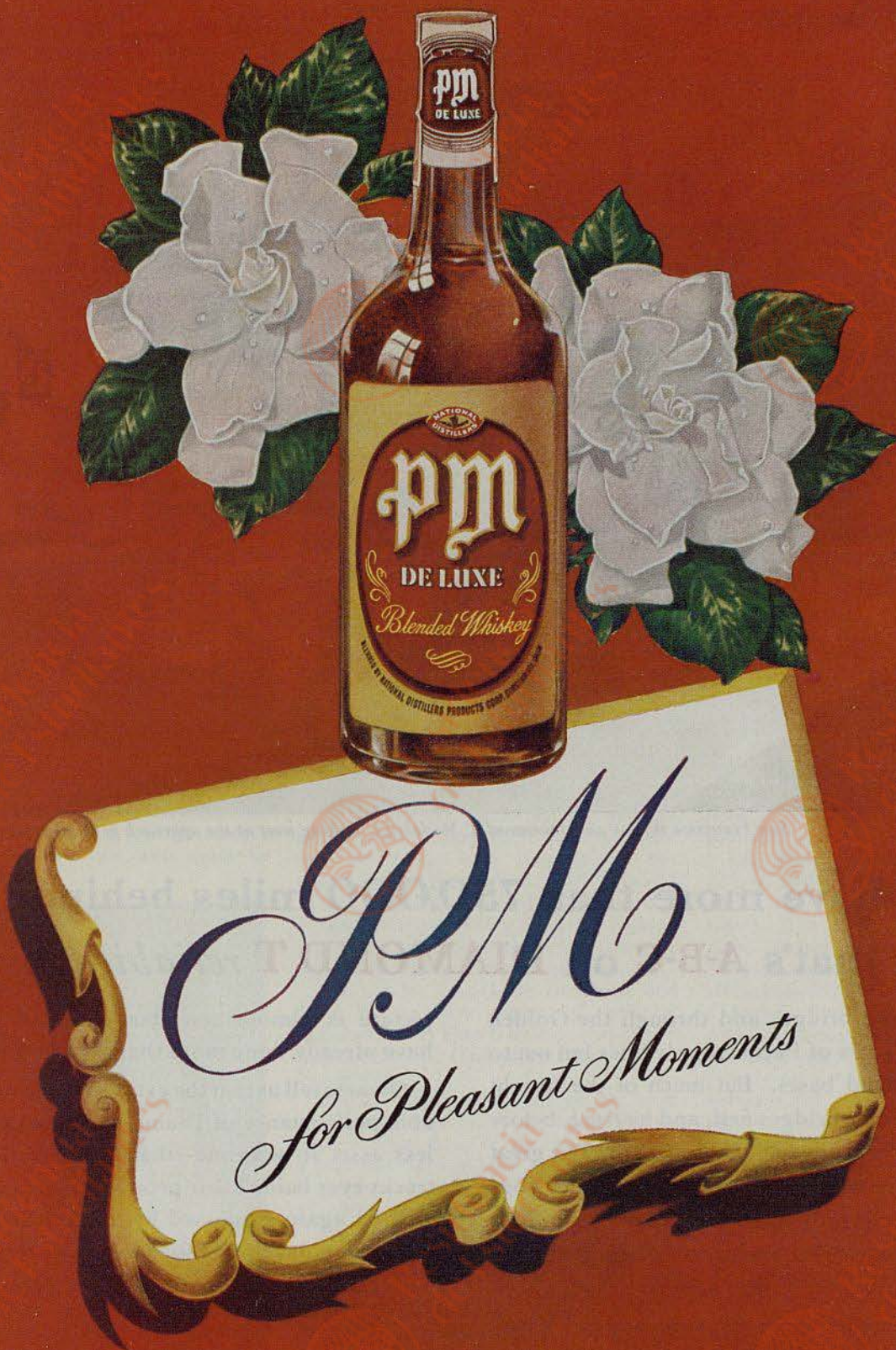
Hitler Story

Along with the authentic news from the perishing Third Reich came a rash of rumors and "reports." The dizziest to reach print was whelped by the unreliable "Free German Press Service," operated in Stockholm by Germans who call themselves "émigrés." F.G.P.S.'s latest gasp:

The "Hitler" who was in Berlin was not Hitler at all. It was a Plauen grocer named August Wilhelm Bartholdy, whose face was his misfortune: he looked like the Führer. Grocer Bartholdy, said F.G.P.S., had been carefully coached and combed, then sent to Berlin "to die on the barricades. . . . He will act as Hitler's trump card, creating a hero legend around the Führer's death, while Hitler himself goes underground." To fasten the hoax on posterity, *Reichsbildberichterstatler* (Photographic Reporter for the Reich) Heinrich Hoffmann would "be on hand to film Hitler's last moment on the battlefield."†

* Whose 82nd birthday was celebrated this week at a San Simeon party attended by sons and satellites (Louella Parsons, etc.).

† When Hoffmann was taking the real Hitler's picture in front of the Eiffel Tower in 1940, the Führer reportedly cracked: "Take this one, Hoffmann; then the next one in Buckingham Palace and the next in front of the skyscrapers."



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San Francisco skyline and Diamond T Model 614, looking west at the approach to the Oakland Bay Bridge

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For more than ten years this company has standardized on Diamond T. This A-B-C truck in the

picture is almost new, but some of the others have already done more than 750,000 miles.

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MUSIC

Cantata Without Conclusions

*Why cannot . . . the wheat be divided?
And the soldiers sent home? . . .
And the enemies forgiven?*

It was the first performance of *The War God*, a cantata for orchestra and choir. Although they found it next to impossible to understand the words—from a poem by Briton Stephen Spender—most of the listeners in Manhattan's CBS studio were genuinely moved by the rich orchestration. After the performance, the cantata's composer, gaunt, chestnut-haired Richard Arnell, tall (6 ft.), 27-year-old Briton in a grey flannel suit, coolly explained: "It goes beyond simple pacifism by only presenting the facts and offering no moral conclusions."

Richard Arnell is the son of a British contractor who opposed his son's music career. In 1939, after studies at the Royal College of Music in London, the young composer decided to burn his early manuscripts and try his luck elsewhere. He picked the U.S. for his future. In New York he taught composition, served as a music consultant to BBC, and became a protégé of Sir Thomas Beecham. In the past three years Sir Thomas has performed his young compatriot's *Sinfonia* and his *First Symphony*.

Last week, two nights after the cantata broadcast, Pianist Vivian Rivkin premiered Arnell's *Twenty-two Variations on an Original Theme* in Carnegie Hall. Composer Arnell admitted that it had been a successful week: "CBS paid for copying the cantata scores. I spent only \$10 for postage and a recording of the cantata performance—and I got two seats to Carnegie Hall."



Graphic House

COMPOSER ARNELL
His listeners were moved.

TIME, MAY 7, 1945



Bruno

SINGER SCOTT

Miss Wiborg also refused to listen.



Pictures Inc.

LADY DOVERDALE

Lili at the Pierre

In the chandelier-hung Cotillion Room of Manhattan's Hotel Pierre, 250 diners listened happily (some a little fuzzily) to Singer Margaret Scott. She sang three songs and two encores. Among the calla lilies and white leather banquettes, the only wartime note was a scattering of well-pressed uniforms. Then the blonde chanteuse started to sing *Lili Marlene*.

Lady Doverdale, middle-aged U.S. widow of a British title, sat at one of the white banquettes. With her was middle-aged Socialite Mary Hoyt Wiborg. When they heard the song, they hissed. Between hisses, they cried "No!" "Nazi!" "Don't sing that song!" "I won't have it!" Singer Scott, pretending she heard nothing untoward, kept on singing. The two protestant ladies up and marched out.

But not for long. Lady Doverdale and Miss Wiborg soon reappeared, emitting indignant cries. They retreated, reappeared again. "Hush!" (and other things) cried the diners.

Finally Singer Scott finished her song and slipped out. An Army major rose to explain what most of the world already knew: that German-born *Lili Marlene* had long been one of the top-ranking favorites of Allied soldiers in Europe.

Lady Doverdale, a guest at the Pierre, moved to another hotel. Miss Wiborg went into seclusion at the St. Regis.

New Records

Hot jazz and boogie, between bright red and yellow album covers, have stolen the record show this spring. Victor has issued six jazz albums (priced higher than its standard Red Seal records) ranging from old New Orleans Pioneer "Jelly Roll" Morton through contemporary Benny Goodman and Lionel Hampton. Columbia has reissued an 18-album series featuring Louis

Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Bix Beiderbecke and Frank Teschemacher. Decca has marketed such choice collections as *Riverboat Jazz* and *Harlem Jazz*, 1930. Asch has continued to record the jazz chamber music played in Manhattan's nightclubs by Mary Lou Williams and Art Tatum.

For more conservative collectors:

Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 2 in B-flat Major (Vladimir Horowitz and the NBC Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini conducting; Victor, 12 sides). A reissue of a brilliant 1941 recording. Performance and recording: excellent.

Lily Pons: Bell Song from Delibes' *Lakmé*, and *Mad Scene* from Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* (Columbia, 6 sides). The Met coloratura's polished style, as well as her occasional variance from pitch, heard in her two most famed roles. Performance and recording: good.

Andrés Segovia: Music of Albéniz and Granados (Decca, 6 sides). Segovia's fastidious reading of two Spanish composers—on a guitar as sensitive as a harp—makes this the collector's album of the month. Performance: excellent. Recording: good.

Stravinsky: Scènes de Ballet (Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, Igor Stravinsky conducting; Columbia, 4 sides). Much more exciting in concert version than in Billy Rose's *The Seven Lively Arts*, for which it was commissioned. Performance and recording: excellent.

Chopin: Music to Remember (José Iturbi; Victor, 4 sides). The four piano pieces with which Iturbi put Chopin on the cinema hit parade. Performance: excellent. Recording: good.

George Gershwin: Show Tunes (André Kostelanetz and his orchestra; Columbia, 8 sides). Gershwin's impressionism made sweet and fancy as a Strauss waltz. Performance: fair. Recording: good.

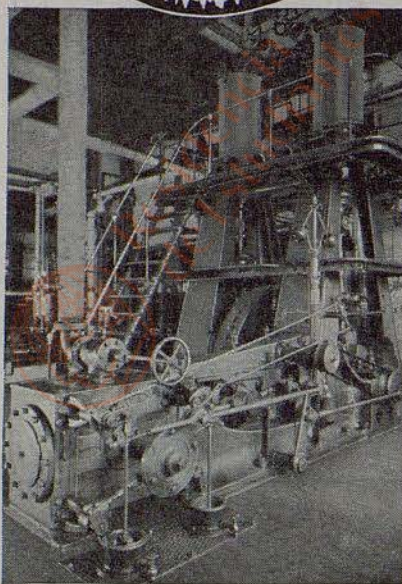
Veteran Machine, in Service 58 Years, Now Carries $\frac{1}{3}$ Extra Load!

This Frick Refrigerating machine was built in 1886. It was installed at Gipps Brewery, Peoria, Ill., in 1887. (Those were the days when American soldiers were still fighting the Apache Indians.)

The machine is still in daily operation, and is still driven by the original Frick-Corliss steam engine. We believe it is the oldest refrigerating machine in service in America.

So far from having seen its best days, however, the compressor was equipped with new valves some months ago, and the engine was speeded up. Result: the old veteran is now delivering 35 per cent more cooling capacity than ever—and doing it efficiently.

That's extra-dependable service! You get it with Frick Refrigerating, Ice-making and Air Conditioning Equipment.



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THE THEATER

New Play in Manhattan

Common Ground (by Edward Chodorov; produced by Edward Choate). Playwright Chodorov is of value to the theater these days less for his gifts than for his guts. Knowing where reaction, repression and prejudice have led and can again lead the world, he exposes them with blunt, even brutal, words. Last season, in *Decision*, he slugged away at the menace of home-front fascism. In *Common Ground* he tests (a little late) the democratic spirit in the grip of Axis power. Democracy comes off better than the play.

Common Ground is about some U.S.O. entertainers captured by the enemy just before the liberation of Naples. The melt-



George Karger-Pix
SCENE FROM "COMMON GROUND"
Democracy comes off better.

ing-pot troupe (Jewish comedian, Italian-born vaudevillian, Hollywood actor of German descent, etc.) faces a cold-blooded Nazi colonel who orders the Jew to a concentration camp, gives the others the choice between trouping as Axis propagandists or being shot. Each vacillates, rationalizes, wrestles with his conscience; all, in the end, choose to die. Their decision is also a retort: by their love of democracy and hatred of oppression, Americans of diverse backgrounds do share a common ground.

Common Ground is not glib in its affirmation of democratic faith. But it is too wordy and preachy. Under the sentimental pressure of its death-v.-dishonor plot, its tough, realistic tone slowly melts away. Anger rather than ardor makes Playwright Chodorov vibrant. His highly charged first act really gets under your skin. Thereafter, *Common Ground* strikes forcibly only upon the ear.

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The GUARDSMAN Billfold combines style and safety. With its smart chain, can't be stolen or lost. Has secret pocket with removable pass case. Write for FREE booklet "How to Remember by Forgetting." Wherever leather or jewelry is sold \$10. Others \$2.00 up. Tax extra.

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Consumer credit headquarters
in Western New York since 1916



"a hand as cold as (dry) ice"

Whether your taste is for ghost stories or not, you know that authors always allude to ordinary ice as the coldest of substances. But today we have to revise our ideas. *Dry Ice*—produced from carbon dioxide "snow"—is 140° colder than ordinary ice.

This triumph of modern science is playing an important and varied part in our war activities. It's used for shrink fitting of metals . . . preparing blood plasma . . . inflating life rafts . . . preventing fires in the gas tanks of Army and Navy bombers.

Dry Ice also serves as a mobile refrigerant for transporting fresh and frozen foods, ice cream. It is used in the manufacture of Sulfa and other essential drugs—so contributing to public health and sanitation.

These double demands explain

why the Wyandotte Dry Ice Plant at Wyandotte, Michigan—although the largest in the world—is being kept busy right around the clock. Peacetime will doubtless see the development of many new uses for Dry Ice—with Wyandotte equipped and prepared to supply it in quantities.



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"Unforeseen events . . . need not change and shape the course of man's affairs"



WHERE TO LOOK FOR TOMORROW'S NEWS

THE NEWS of 26 years ago is about to repeat itself. But it's not all good news. For 1919 recorded a postwar increase in crime—crime of all kinds, including employee dishonesty.

War's end, like war's beginning, throws human beings into turmoil. Facing different jobs, different incomes and a different tempo of life proves too much for many individuals.

Moral standards too frequently go by the boards. Dishonesty takes over.

Knowing that this situation confronts businessmen—The Maryland has prepared to meet it with a program of postwar security against employee dishonesty.

**PROGRAM FOR
POSTWAR SECURITY**
against Employee Dishonesty

This program protects employers, large and small, from losses due to the dishonesty of *any* and all employees, no matter who they may be. It is in effect *right now*—working right now for many businessmen. Ask any one of the 10,000 Maryland agents or your own broker about it.

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

TRANSITION

V-E Day for Industry

When the Battle of the Bulge knocked all reconversion plans galley-west, WPB's "spot authorization" plan for civilian production was one of the casualties. The plan, which had started up a trickle of new civilian goods, was summarily choked off by the Army demands. Last week, WPB decided that the time had come to put the spot plan into full operation again. This meant that, as fast as plants finish up their war contracts, they can get into production on a limited number of civilian goods.

The resurrection of the plan was only a part of the great step WPB took toward reconverting U.S. industry. Without waiting for a formal announcement, WPB quietly put into effect its own plans for V-E day. As fast as it could, WPB began to lift the system of controls from industry and turn loose manpower and materials for big-scale civilian manufacture. Items:

¶ The bans on the making of dozens of civilian items (e.g., telephones, fire apparatus, sunglasses) were lifted as WPB dropped 41 more of its production control orders. In a few months, almost a third of some 733 controls which now strait-jacket industry will be dropped. Only enough controls will be kept to make sure that the armed services get what they need.

¶ The job of cutting back war production some 15%, the first phase in shifting the U.S. from a two-front to a one-front war economy, has already started. WPB boss Julius Krug told a Senate committee: the cutbacks will take place within the next three or four months.

¶ WPB doubled its estimate of the amount of steel which can be used for civilian production in the first big cutback period, the first quarter. There may be 3,000,000 tons—enough to start mass production of cars, refrigerators, etc.

All these moves, WPB cautioned, did not mean that a flood of civilian goods will be turned out tomorrow; tight controls will still be kept on the three basic materials, copper, steel and aluminum. Controls on the last will be lifted this week. Nor did it mean that some of the most pinching shortages (e.g., textiles, leather and lumber) will end. Army requirements for the Japanese war may well keep such items short for months.

But these first great steps to shift the U.S. from a two-front war to a one-front war did mean that, as war contracts are canceled, the manpower and materials freed will be shunted into civilian plants with a minimum of red tape. WPB still held up the go-ahead for the making of autos, refrigerators and washing machines. But it is handing out so many top priorities for reconversion tools and minor new construction that it is confident the plants will be ready when the signal comes.

WALL STREET

Just a Mild Surprise

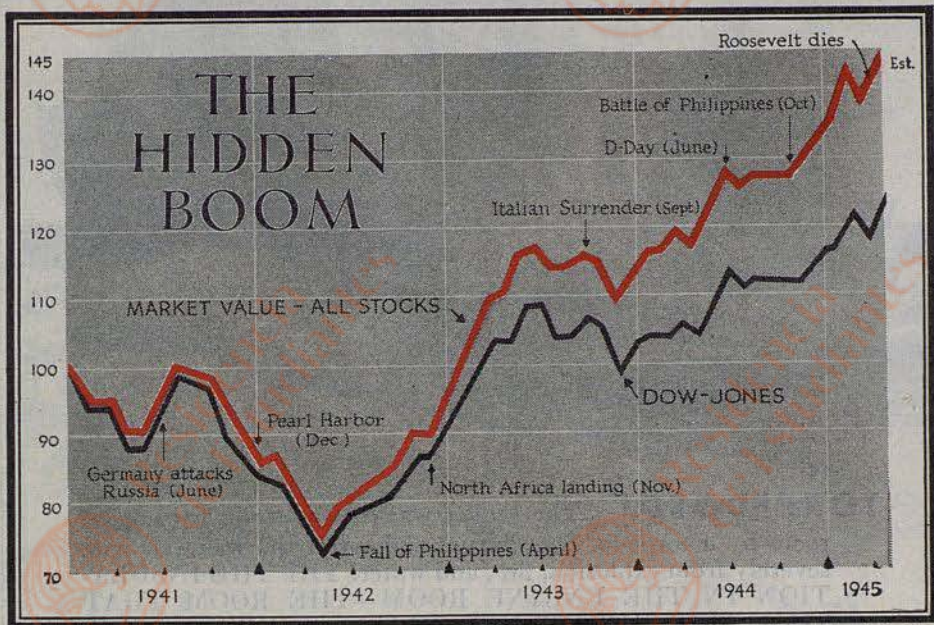
Said one broker: "V-E day won't be a shock to the market. It will be just a mild surprise."

Last week, there was evidence that Wall Street's lusty bull market was ready to take the end of the German war in its stride. In six bustling days of trading, the market climbed. At week's end, the Dow-Jones industrial averages were up to 164.71, highest point since the end of the booming bull market of 1937.

It was a poor stock that did not have its

100%) to nip the hidden boom. The Federal Reserve Board is well aware that market averages, because they take into account only a few stocks, no longer show the overall rise in stock values as they once did.

Now, with much buying of cheap stocks, the market value of all stocks has risen nearly twice as high as the averages (see cut). But brokers are as unconcerned over any margin boost as they are over V-E day. The reason: most stock buying is for cash. As long as it is, they are confident that the market is firm enough to withstand any peace shocks in prospect.



fling. Nor was there any sheep-&-goat distinction between war & peace stocks. Warplane-building Douglas Aircraft Co. climbed four points in a few hours to a new high. Right along with it were Chrysler Corp. and General Motors Corp., who hope to make plenty of money in peacetime markets.

The fact seemed to be that the market was well over any reconversion jitters. Now that the shift from war to peace had started (see Transition), the medicine was not as bitter as it had looked in the bottle.

Worrywarts gloomed that the market might not perform as expected, because it seldom has, during the war. For example, when the fall of the Philippines forecast a long, bitter war, the market started up. Reason: the war was bound to bail out many a floundering company. Stocks fell soon after D-day, at the prospect of an early peace, fell again when U.S. troops jumped the Rhine. President Roosevelt's death gave them a lusty boost (TIME, April 23). Perversely, in the face of an end to the German war, they have risen ever since.

Last week, the market barely shivered at something which has caused a slump before: the prospect of a margin boost (to

SHIPBUILDING

Thirty for the Dutch

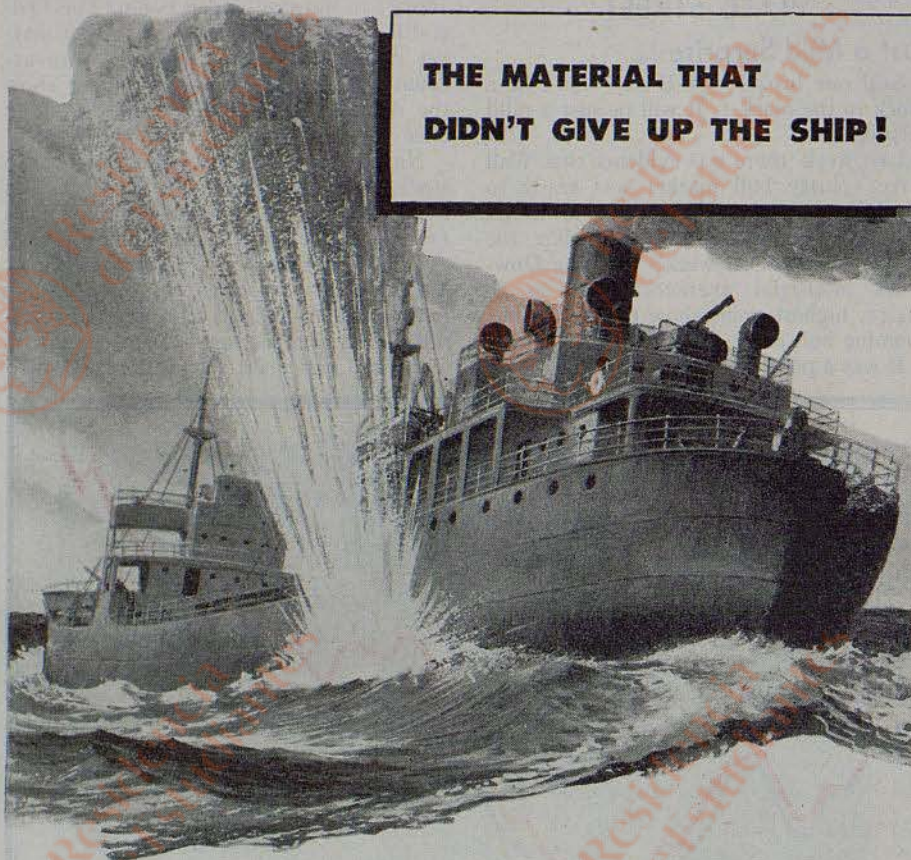
Congressman Richard J. Welch (R., Calif.) wanted to know why scarce steel was being used to build 30 merchant ships in U.S. yards for the Dutch Government. To this logical question he got a logical answer. Said the Maritime Commission's Vice Admiral Emery S. Land: when the ships are completed they will be assigned to the United Nations shipping pool and used for whatever service the pool considers necessary. Only after the pool is disbanded will the Dutch get their new ships.

The Dutch, whose prewar merchant fleet was the world's seventh largest (1,532 ships, 2,972,871 tons), had shown their usual perspicacity by placing their orders early. During the war the Dutch have lost 50% of their trim ships, including the crack liners *Statendam*, *Veendam*. New ships will be needed to haul reconstruction materials and raw materials to Holland. In the teeming Netherlands East Indies the only means of communications between the many islands is by coastal steamer.

Therefore, money for the new ships was among the first appropriations the Dutch

asbestos in action

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DIDN'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!**



TORPEDOED! The tanker was hit square in the engine room by a torpedo. She did not sink—but she was damaged severely from explosion, fire, and water. **YET THE INSULATION IN THE ENGINE ROOM—THE ROOM THAT TOOK THE DIRECT HIT OF THE TORPEDO—SUFFERED NO DAMAGE SAVE THE DIRECT HOLE MADE BY THE MISSILE!**

FIRE! What resisted the fire? K&M Sprayed "Limpet" Asbestos—a product used, not primarily for protection, but for insulation. Sprayed Limpet is famous in the marine field for providing comfortable quarters in the coldest, or hottest climatic zones.

WHY LIMPET HELD But it happened that Sprayed Limpet is a Keasbey & Mattison ASBESTOS material. It not only resisted the flames, but it suffered no damage from sea water. Asbestos is a tough material—it takes more than a torpedo to crack its morale.

GIVES FIVE PROTECTIONS Asbestos gives five protections—against fire, weather, rats, rust and vermin. Nature made Asbestos. K&M makes Asbestos serve on land, on sea and under the ground in pipe lines. K&M Asbestos Building Materials are ideal for modern structures of all kinds because they are durable, economical, attractive and **SAFE**.

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**KEASBEY & MATTISON
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made from the \$100 million loan (at $1\frac{1}{2}\%$ interest) they recently got from Wall Street bankers. Orders were placed for ten C-3 type cargo vessels of 10,000 tons each, from the Sun Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co., and 20 small coastal ships from the Albina Engine & Machine Works, at Portland, Ore. Shipping men estimated the total cost at \$50 million—almost twice as much as it would have cost to build the ships in Dutch yards before the war.

But when the Japs are booted out of the Netherlands East Indies, the coastal ships will repay their high cost. Their job will be to nose into the ports and bring out cargoes of badly needed crude rubber, tin, quinine and spices for the world.

CORPORATIONS

Chicago Rebellion

Nobody was apt to think of leftish James George Patton, the big, hard-working president of the Farmers Union, as a director of a \$300 million corporation. And the notion that Jim Patton would sit on the same board of directors with Montgomery Ward & Co.'s labor-baiting Sewell L. Avery was even more incongruous. But for a little while last week it looked as if these incongruities might come to pass.

In Chicago at the annual meeting of Montgomery Ward & Co. stockholders, Jim Patton was the candidate of a large group of stockholders who disapprove of Avery's unbending defiance of the National War Labor Board, and were out in proxy-collecting force for Sewell Avery's scalp. But in the final showdown Sewell Avery won handsomely. Dazzled by a 60% jump in profits before taxes for the first quarter of this year (\$12.6 million v. 1944's \$7.9 million), some of the rebellious stockholders thoughtfully laid aside their tomahawks. Final score: Rebel Patton: 1.8 million votes; Sewell Avery's slate of directors: 3.7 million.

SURPLUS PROPERTY

Wanted: a Policy

A realistic policy for the disposal of some \$16 billion in Government-owned war plants was laid before Congress last week by Attorney General Francis Biddle. Its gist: fix the selling price of the plants on the basis of their actual postwar "use" value, rather than on their sky-high original cost.

As a simple rule of thumb to find the use value, Mr. Biddle would lease plants to business for three to five years. After that, they would be sold—with the selling price based on the profits actually made by the plants in peacetime business. To make sure that the Government got its money's worth in jobs during the rental period, Biddle suggested (as Shipbuilder Henry J. Kaiser did six weeks ago—TIME, March 19) that the lessee guarantee to keep a minimum number of people employed, on penalty of letting the plant go back to the Government.

The provision that war plants should be leased at first, and not sold, was also made

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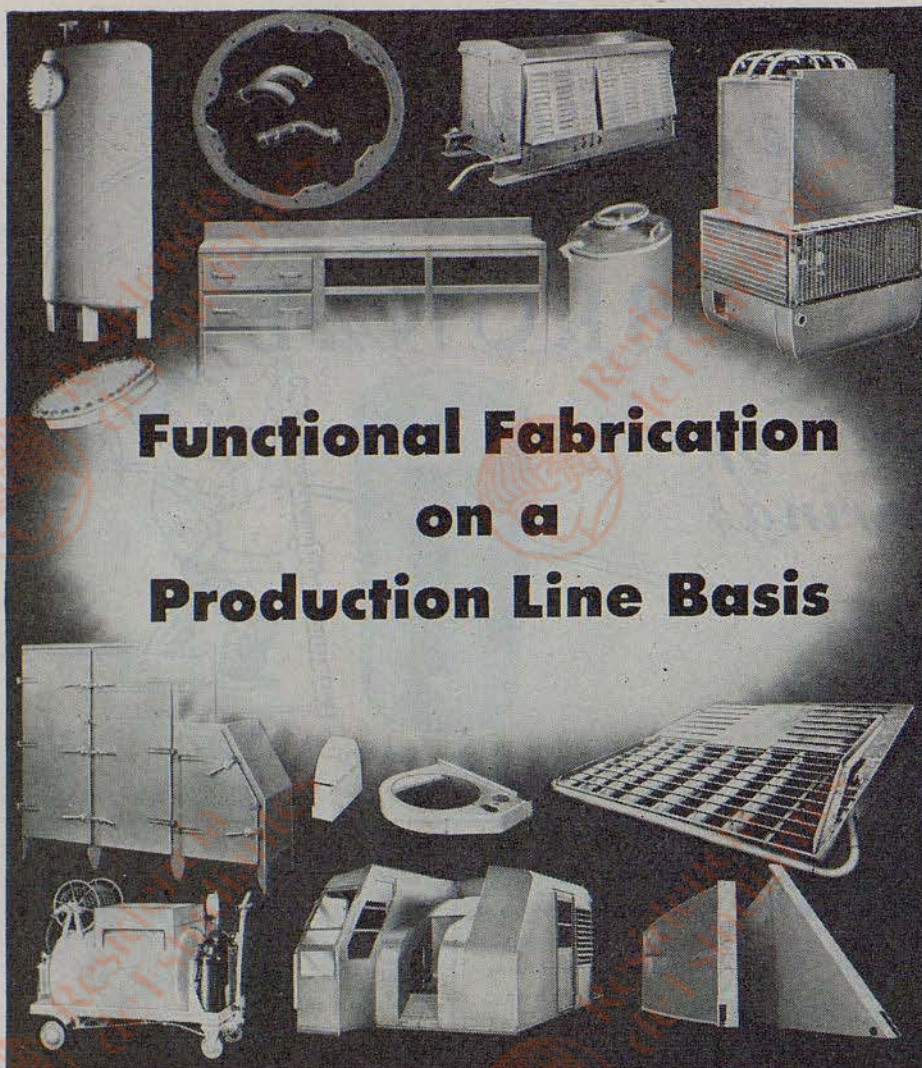
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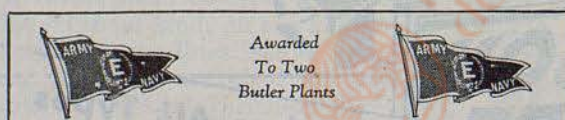
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to enable small business with limited capital to compete with big business. Biddle made it clear that any disposal policy should favor small business. Example: a "number of small business interests bidding for a plant that could be broken up might well be favored over a single rival whose bid might even produce more cash." The yardstick in all cases, said he, should be the number of jobs—and competition—created, not the amount of cash paid to the Government.

As Biddle must approve sales of surplus property valued at more than \$1,000,000, all this was encouraging to businessmen. But it was far from enough. The shocking fact was that at this late date in World War II, the Surplus Property Board itself still had no policy for selling surplus plants.



RAILROADER TIGRETT
Direction: north.

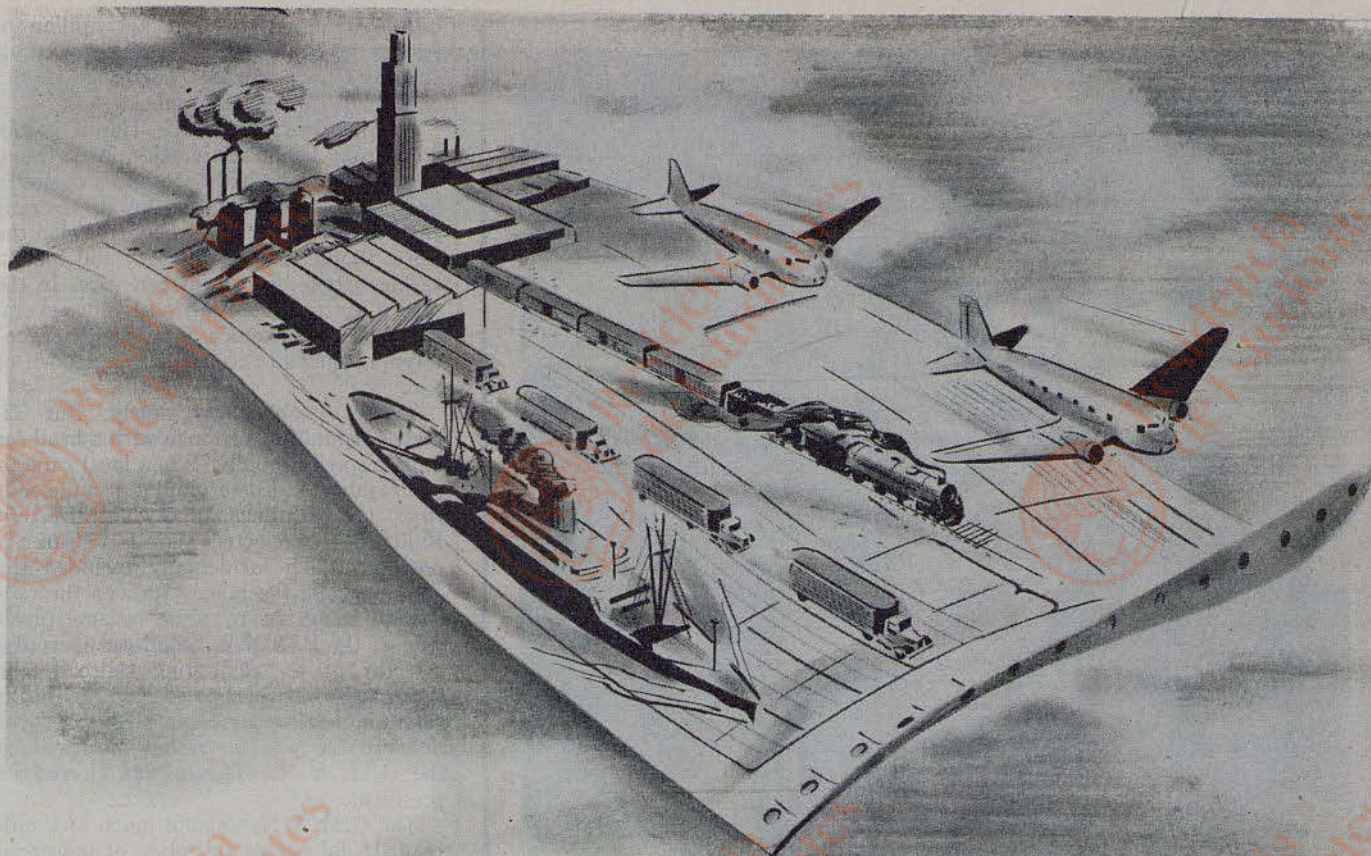
RAILROADS

Highballing the G. M. & O.

If infinitely patient Isaac Burton Tigrett, 65, can get control of the bankrupt midwest Alton Railroad Co., as he was all set to do last week, he will have reached a goal he set for himself 34 years ago. Railroader Tigrett's goal: to tie together a rail system reaching from the Gulf to the Great Lakes.

By the standards set during the Harri-man-Hill-Gould era, 34 years represents a long time to create a railroad empire. But Ike Tigrett was never in any great hurry. He immensely enjoyed taking over bits & pieces of broken-down railroads in the Deep South, linking them together, and making them work for a profit. The end product of this patient toil is the prosperous 1,970-mile Gulf, Mobile & Ohio Railroad Co., that links Mobile and New Orleans with East St. Louis.

Last week Tigrett was in Manhattan dicker with the bondholders' protective committee of the Alton. He got the com-



Everything goes on PAPER

TODAY'S magic carpet of business is a sheet of paper. Everything that is produced—from raw material to finished product—rides along on countless forms and records.

Purchasing orders, receiving records, stock lists, job tickets, cost sheets, shipping forms, labels, bills of material, invoices are only a few of the many items of paper routine.

The time required to handle this avalanche of paper work represents a big part of the cost of doing business. Every dollar cut from this cost means a dollar added to profit.

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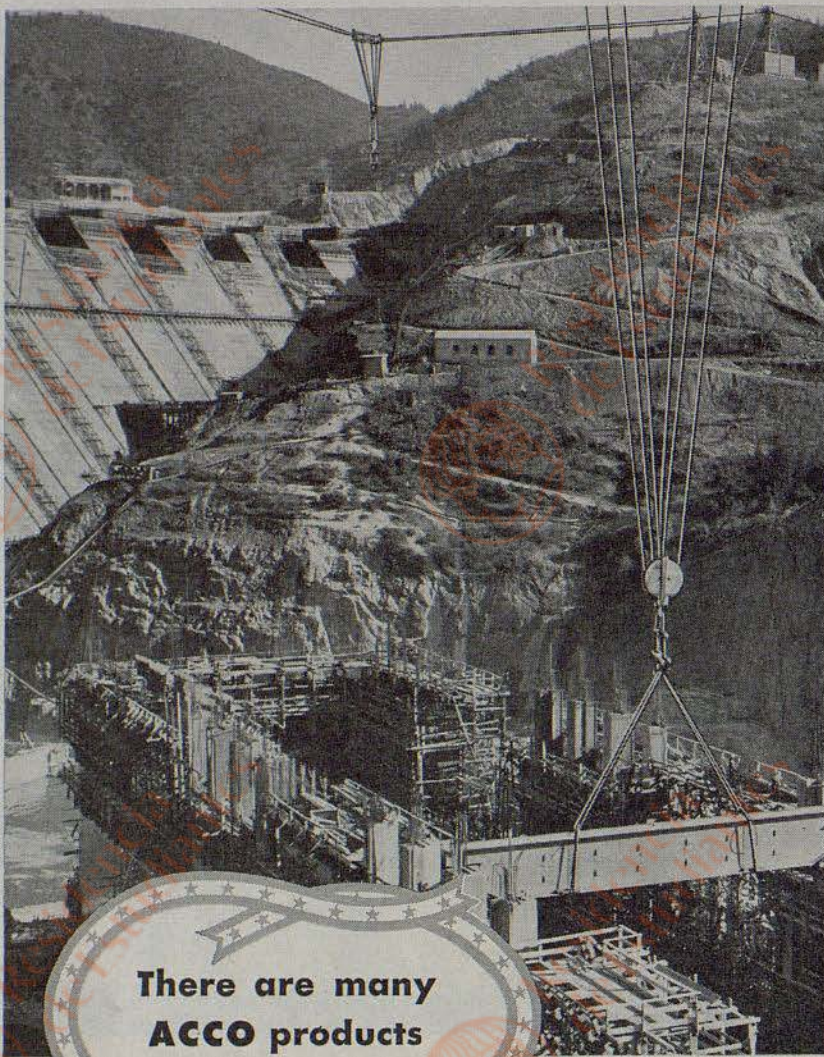
duplicating will help you save those dollars by saving time. From ordinary pieces of blank paper, the Multilith runs the business form and variable information *at the same time* . . . produces completed records that are black on white and *easy to read* . . . eliminates the need for carbons. And these records are *permanent* because they are duplicated with lasting, non-fading ink.

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**There are many
ACCO products
in this picture**

IN ANY big construction job like this, there are many uses for the products of various divisions of American Chain & Cable. There is chain by American Chain; wire rope by American Cable and Hazard; valves by Reading-Pratt & Cady; welding electrodes by Page; nuts and bolts by Maryland; hoists by Wright. Here, as in most operations of consequence, you'll find several of the 15 divisions of ACCO speeding the job—with good products and sound counsel regarding their application and use. ACCO products have long since proved themselves essential in industry, agriculture, and transportation in peace—vital in war.



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mittee to agree to swap \$45 million of Alton 3s, due in 1949, for \$23 million of G.M. & O. 4% income bonds, and 328,787½ shares of common stock.

Sidetracked. When Ike Tigrett graduated from Union University in Jackson, Tenn. in 1898 he had \$800 and a desire to become a banker. In a tiny town near Jackson he rented a building, scrawled the word "Bank" on the window, and built a cashier's cage out of chicken wire. In the cage Tigrett roosted anxiously for several days until the bank's first customer entered, opened an account with a deposit of \$50.

Tigrett's bank grew slowly. But Tigrett's reputation as a man with a head for figures spread rapidly. When local capitalists rashly decided to build a 48-mile railroad, the Birmingham & Northwestern Railroad, they elected Tigrett treasurer, a position which incidentally included the job of raising the money to keep the railroad running. In 1911, he became president of the B. & N.W., soon was elected a director of a neighboring railroad, the struggling Gulf, Mobile & Northern Railroad Co. Eight years later, largely because nobody else was interested in managing the G.M. & N., Tigrett was elected its president.

The G.M. & N. was not much of a railroad. It did not go any place of industrial importance after it left Mobile and struck out into Mississippi & Tennessee. The roadbed was so bad that freight trains were often held to a top speed of 6 m.p.h. One freight, snailing over a 33-mile stretch of track, was derailed 16 times.

Over the Hump. Ike Tigrett kept on buying up tottering railroads whenever he could get them at bottom prices, and used them to tap new sources of traffic for the G.M. & N. In 1933 he leased the New Orleans Great Northern Railway Co., which soon gave him a line into New Orleans and a chance to bid for export- & import freight traffic. In 1940 Tigrett bought the Mobile & Ohio Railroad Co. That took him into East St. Louis. It also gave him an integrated system that became the current Gulf, Mobile & Ohio.

At the start Tigrett had only a layman's knowledge of railroading, but two operating principles: 1) that most railroad problems were financial, 2) that the public were his customers. He spent his roads' income to repair tracks and equipment, got his trains running on time, and in 1935 placed in service the first streamline passenger trains to operate in the South.

If Tigrett gets the Alton he will have a mainline from St. Louis into Chicago, and an important connection into Kansas City. He will then be able to compete with the powerful Illinois Central Railroad Co. for the rich traffic up & down the Mississippi Valley.

But even if Tigrett should fail to gain control of the Alton, his friends would still have an unshaken belief in the G.M. & O. One reason: G.M. & O. owns 23,000 acres of potentially rich oil land adjoining the fabulous Heidelberg fields uncovered in Mississippi last year.

PATTERN FOR TOMORROW

SWEATING it out in a slit trench under fire, many an American dreams of the day when he'll be back home in God's country. And often his dreams take a definite pattern. He wants to get into his car and go.

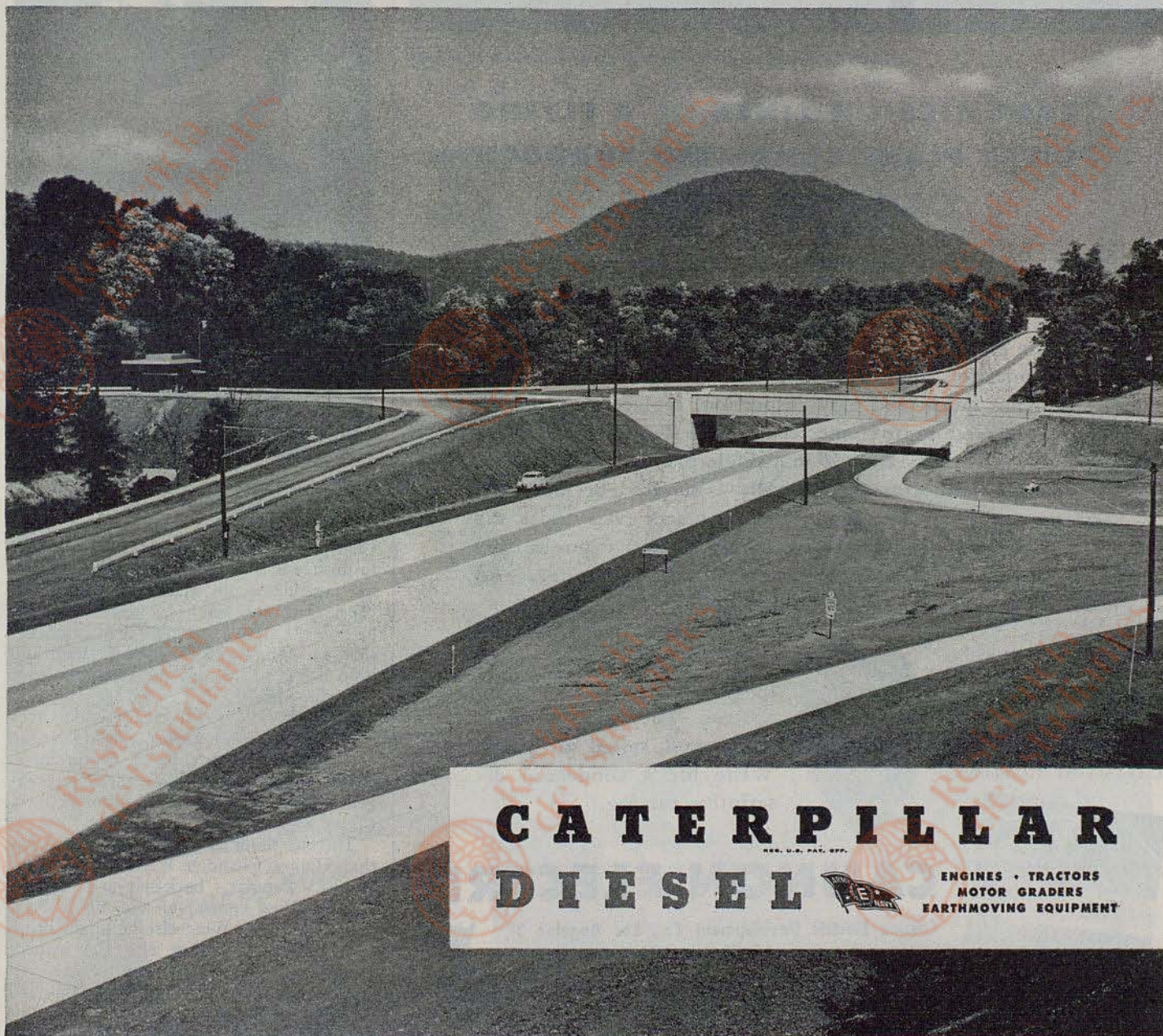
He wants to drive on broad, smooth concrete — on a road without a curve, a crossing, or a noticeable grade. He wants to push the accelerator to the floor and keep it there, speeding smoothly, safely across the endless sweep of his homeland.

America will build thousands of miles of such highways after victory. It won't be an easy or inexpensive task. But it can be done. That was proved by the nation's first real super-road, the 160-mile Pennsylvania Turnpike between Harrisburg and Pittsburgh, traversing some of the most difficult mountain country in the East. Completed in 1940, the highway has already justified its \$70,000,000 cost by the huge tonnages of war materials it has sped to the seaboard.

Twenty-three million yards of earth were moved in the construction of this great road, and in doing the job "Caterpillar" Diesel Tractors and Motor Graders were a five-to-one choice over all other makes combined.

These same tough, powerful, dependable machines, now proving their stamina on the war fronts, will be ready to create new jobs and expand the nation's resources in building the highways of the future.

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Happy Compromise

Since the death of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis last November, baseball's big-league club owners had fumbled the question of naming a new commissioner. Some insisted that a successor should be named at once; others wanted to wait, perhaps until after the war. One sure thing was that no one wanted another Landis.

Last week, the 16 club owners finally met in Cleveland—to pick a commissioner if possible. The three top candidates were Jim Farley, who would rather own a ball club than be President; Ford Frick, capable president of the National League; Bob Hannegan, Democratic National



Harris & Ewing

COMMISSIONER CHANDLER*

... after five hours of cigar smoke.

Chairman. When one after another failed to muster a majority, it looked as though the meeting would wash out with a rain check. But the Yankees' new boss, irrepressible Larry MacPhail, demanded action, and threatened to "lock the door and keep it locked" until a new commissioner was named.

After five hours of cigar smoke over half a dozen other names, the big league moguls got together on a compromise. Their surprise choice for the \$50,000-a-year, seven-year job: Senator Albert ("Happy") Chandler.

The one thing they were all sure of was that Happy Chandler was no dictatorial Landis. Popular, back-slapping Happy Chandler had enough of a name to be a good front man. What else he might bring to the job, and what else the owners wanted, remained to be seen.

* At Red Sox-Senators game in Washington, two days after his election.



A Few of the Type AN Cannon Connectors Used in the Boeing B-29 Superfortress

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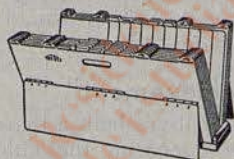
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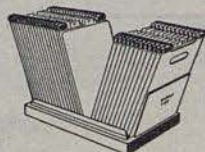
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RELIGION

For a Lasting Peace

As dusk fell over the little one-street town of Pleasanton (pop. 2,073), 50 plain Texans gathered in the white frame First Baptist Church. Many of the men—ranchers, merchants, peanut farmers, railroad workers—were in shirt sleeves. Their women wore wash dresses. They had come to pray for the success of the San Francisco conference.

All over the U.S. last week thousands of churches held special services to observe April 25 as a Day of Prayer. In Boston, 300 stood in a noonday drizzle for an outdoor service. In Evanston, Ill., 500 went through the rain to St. Luke's Episcopal Church. Oilfield workers in overalls joined 2,250 Oklahoma Citizens at a Methodist service.

They were a small minority; millions of

from his one-man concentration camp (TIME, Dec. 25).

With these bare details the Norwegian underground last week confirmed a rumor of the Primate's rescue after more than three years' imprisonment. Where the patriots had taken him, they would not say until he was safe.

"Amazing Achievement"

Two years ago, natives built a thatched chapel (capacity: 280) in the military cemetery on Guadalcanal. Then they gave it to the Americans in gratitude for driving out the Japanese. The presentation was made by a barefoot Christian native wearing a loincloth, who said: "We have worked hard and we hope you like this church. And we pray that God will bless all of you and we hope you will pray for your friends who are lying in this ceme-



NATIVE CHAPEL IN GUADALCANAL CEMETERY
Servicemen testified to the worth of missions.

U.S. Navy

U.S. citizens did not even think of praying for peace.* But many more prayed than went to church. For thousands it was a time to pray silently, at their work or at home. Said an Indianapolis housewife: "I didn't go to church because I had a sick child. I prayed, however; I prayed earnestly." Said a West Acton, Mass. businessman: "I don't pray very often, but I did today."

One Night in Norway

There was a rustling in the woods outside the barbed wire fence. The two Nazi guards who went to investigate were swiftly seized, bound and gagged. Then the intruders ran across the grounds as silently as shadows; crept up a ladder to a window of the summer lodge. Inside, they shook the sleeping prisoner. It was one o'clock in the morning. Two hours later a relief guard awoke to find that Bishop Eivind Berggrav, 60, Primate of the Norwegian State Lutheran Church, had been rescued

tery. . . . Now we give this church to you. But this church no belong to you and me. This church belong God. . . ."

Last week Dr. Henry P. Van Dusen, president-elect of Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary, cited this and other solid evidence to show that foreign missions are "in some respects the most amazing achievement of Christianity in all its history." The evidence is in his new book, *They Found the Church There* (Scribner; \$1.75). Chiefly it is a collection of personal stories and testimonies by scores of servicemen.

¶ Wrote a soldier stationed in New Guinea: "I had a few mental reservations as to the value of foreign missions. . . . I have had all my doubts . . . erased. . . ."

¶ Wrote a Marine from Guadalcanal: "When we look at the simple life and the love of God these natives display, it makes you wonder just which race is ignorant or savage."

¶ Wrote an officer stationed on another island: "The people [who] were head-hunters not long ago . . . may have to come over and evangelize our civilized western world after a bit."

* The conference itself was taken to task by two bishops, the Most Rev. Walter A. Foery (Roman Catholic) and the Rt. Rev. Malcolm E. Peabody (Episcopalian), for failing to open with prayer.

Wire for the Skyways Rides the Highways in Fruehaufs!



TRAILERS FORM 3000-MILE CONVEYOR LINE ... ELIMINATE STOCKPILES!

IF YOU'VE TRAVELED the central states, you've likely seen Essex Wire Corporation Trailers on the highway, but you may not realize the job these Fruehaufs do in speeding big bombers into the air!

TRAILERS ACCELERATE PRODUCTION

Chief production of Essex Wire, in peace or war-time, is electric wire, terminals and all sorts of electrical fittings used in airplanes and automotive vehicles. The corporation's plants and their chief sub-contractors are scattered over 5 states—but all are connected with a continuous Truck-Trailer "conveyor line" that totals 3000 miles.

TRAILERS WORK 2 WAYS

It's a continuous 2-way hauling operation that must maintain an exacting, precision schedule—with no interruptions. Fourteen Trailers, pulled by ten trucks, handle the job daily. No motion is lost. Truck-Trailers haul wire from Detroit to the other plants and on

return trips finished products are rushed to customers on the route. The Ford Bomber Plant at Willow Run is the biggest of these today.

STOCKPILES ELIMINATED

Essex discovered the flexibility of the Fruehauf method back in 1930. Soon their Trailers demonstrated that distant production lines could be fed over the highways—when and where needed. Stockpiles were eliminated. Turn-over of finished products was stepped up. In short, straight-line transportation balanced straight-line production methods.

CHALLENGE YOUR HAULING COSTS

If you are maintaining an inter-plant flow of materials, parts and finished products, now is the time to check your hauling efficiency. Executives in more than 100 different kinds of business will tell you that in most cases Trailers do the job better and at lower cost than it could be done in any other way.

FRUEHAUF TRAILER COMPANY

World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers

DETROIT 32

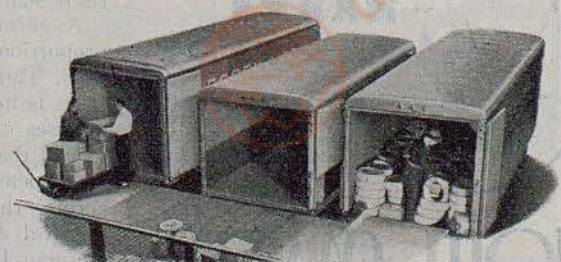
Service In Principal Cities



FRUEHAUF Trailers

"Engineered Transportation"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.





"What makes you think
he's the Steel Czar?"

"He always has a
Guinness when he's tired!"

In London—in Boston—in Sydney—at exclusive clubs around the world, in peacetime it's: "A Guinness, please!"... or "Black Velvet" (Guinness added to champagne)... or "Half-and-Half" (Guinness added to beer). There's nothing else like that brisk tang—with meals, at bedtime, or when you're tired.



STOUT

GUINNESS
is good for you

● Brewed in Dublin since 1759. Due to export controls and war demands, few dealers now have stocks. But Guinness will be back again before long. Edward & John Burke, Ltd., Long Island City 1, N.Y.. Sole U. S. Dist. GU-345



Syracuse



**MARKS
THE SPOT**

Cover upstate New York's rich market from the central spot, Syracuse, with Hotel Syracuse as headquarters. A famous hotel offering exceptional facilities.

HOTEL SYRACUSE
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

RADIO

Colorado Interlude

Outside the little town of Merino, Colo., Albert Stark rattled along with a truck-load of fertilizer. Some 1,400 miles away, in San Francisco, the World Security conference was scarcely two hours old; Mutual's commentators were up to their ears in commenting, and the Blue was airing an ambitious Ben Hecht dramatization of "the little people's" hopes for the world's future.

Suddenly Albert Stark's truck struck a soft shoulder, slithered 175 feet off the road and hit a telephone pole. Down came the pole, and the wires snapped. Everywhere east of Denver, San Francisco was off the air.

Mutual was silent for two and a half minutes, then carried on with recorded music from Chicago. The Blue was silent for about a minute and a half, then sloped into an organ recital. NBC's Eddie Cantor show from Hollywood was also knocked off the eastern air.

For some seven minutes the dominant voice on the U.S. air was Frank Sinatra's. The line that linked his CBS coast-to-coast hookup was on another pole.

MEDICINE

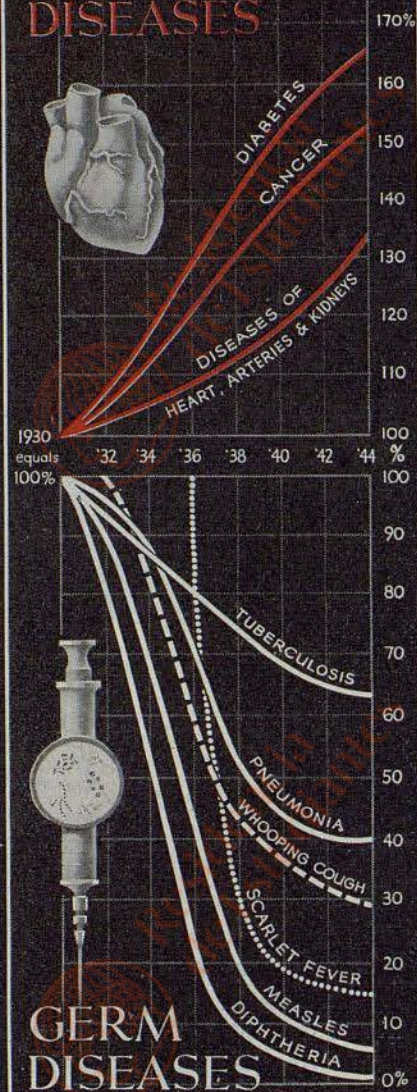
Losing Front

It sometimes looks to skeptics as if medicine is moving in a circle. It has made great strides against the germ diseases. But medicine is only fighting a delaying action against the omnipresent group of diseases roughly described as "degenerative" (disorders of the heart and blood system, cancer, diabetes, etc.). Last week New York City's Health Commissioner Ernest L. Stebbins published a bulletin which showed how mankind is making out in its war (see chart).

Based on New York City records (considered typical of U.S. cities), the chart shows the general trend of changes in death rates, by diseases, since 1930. Thanks to universal vaccination, sulfa drugs, penicillin, etc., the mortality from most germ diseases is dropping toward the vanishing point (diphtheria deaths, for example, dropped from a yearly average of 1,290 in 1910-19 to seven in 1944). But deaths from degenerative diseases have risen sharply, and are still rising.

As germs are brought under control, the proportion of oldsters in the population rises. Thus, the rise in degenerative diseases is not surprising: they are common diseases of old age. But doctors are convinced that, given as much money as has been spent for research in the war against germs, they could do something about physical degeneration too. Chicago's Dr. Herman L. Kretschmer drew a moral in the *Journal of the American Medical*

DEGENERATIVE DISEASES



TIME Chart by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

Association: "Prevention of chronic [degenerative] illness begins with . . . proper personal hygiene, right living and suitable diet . . . an annual physical examination."

Careless Care for Veterans?

The nation owes every disabled war veteran the best possible medical care; hardly anyone would dispute that. Yet last week, as for weeks past, newspapers, medical journals, lay magazines and veterans' lobbies were asserting that the care U.S. veterans are getting is second-rate.

Mississippi's turkey-gobbler John E. Rankin, chairman of the House Veterans Committee, which has been "investigating" the hospitals, last week gave them a clean coat of whitewash, just as newsmen had predicted he would: "Our veterans are receiving fine treatment and handling. . ."

Eleanor Roosevelt looked straight at Representative Rankin and wrote in her syndicated column: "In the interest of the taxpayer as well as . . . of the young men who fought this war, I hope there will be a real investigation by qualified people."

The *Journal of the American Medical Association* brusquely snapped that the

TIME, MAY 7, 1945

ENGINEERED BY AUTOCAR!



A limited quantity of new, heavy-duty Autocar Trucks are now being built by government authorization. A fortunate few haulers of essential loads can get them. Maybe you can qualify.

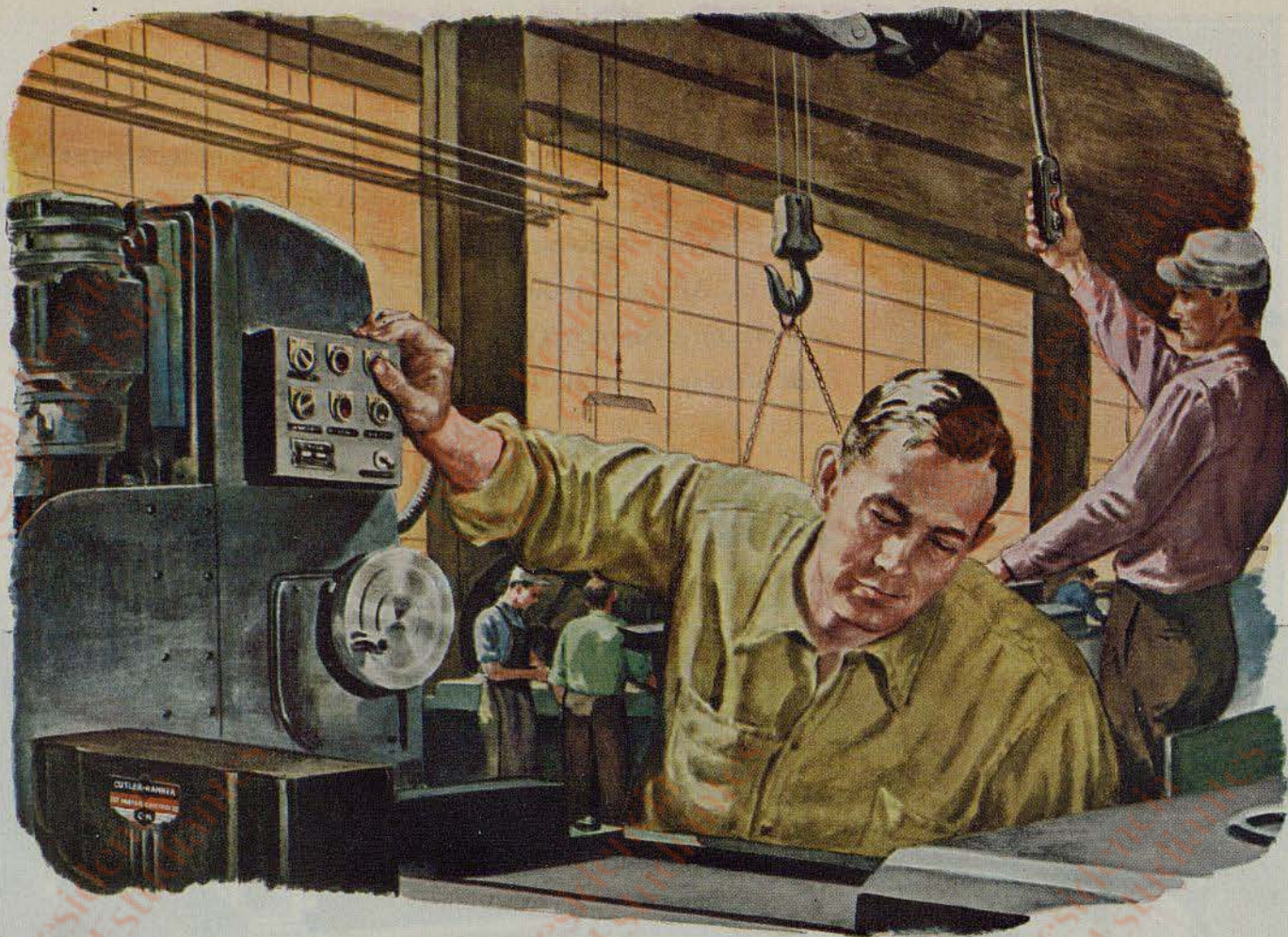
Superbly engineered...and don't doubt that for a minute. Superbly engineered and precision-built for any man-sized job under any kind of going. Autocar Trucks are famous trucks for heavy-duty hauling. All our resources and resourcefulness go into their manufacture. Autocar Trucks cost more *because they're worth more*. Ask Socony-Vacuum. They buy many Autocars.

Follow the Leaders, for They Know the Way

AUTOCAR TRUCKS

Manufactured in Ardmore, Pa. Serviced by Factory Branches and Distributors from Coast to Coast.





SOUND ENGINEERING VIA GOOD COMMON SENSE

Simple ideas often solve serious control problems

Many of the contributions Cutler-Hammer engineers have made to the dependable operation of Industry's motor-driven machines have come through the use of amazingly simple ideas. A typical example is the now-famous *vertical contact* design that has been a basic feature of Cutler-Hammer Motor Control for decades. It is a feature that many factory supervisors and electrical maintenance men give the rank of first importance in their selection of motor control equipment, a design which qualified experts have called "an outstanding example of fine engineering". But despite the importance

of this engineering and its far reaching influence on machine performance, this feature utilizes an utterly simple and obvious idea . . . the fact that dust settles on horizontal surfaces and *vertical* surfaces stay clean.

Dust can interfere seriously with the smooth operation of motor control by preventing the contacts from closing completely to make a good electrical connection. In some control circuits, this condition can prevent motors from starting or can make their operation erratic. At all times, dirty contacts mean loss of power, troublesome heating of the control mechanisms, burned and pitted contact surfaces that need constant attention and frequent replacement. *Vertical* contacts that cannot collect dust stay clean; do not heat

up, burn, pit, and stick; last longer, work better. These statements are not mere claims but *facts* which practical electrical men have seen proven repeatedly over many years of experience with *all* types and makes of motor control. If you too have an interest in the smooth, dependable operation of motorized machines, you will insist on dust-safe *vertical* contact motor control, Cutler-Hammer Motor Control. It is recommended by the majority of electric motor manufacturers, offered as standard equipment by leading machinery builders, carried in stock by recognized electrical wholesalers. CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc., 1308 St. Paul Avenue, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin. Associate: Canadian Cutler-Hammer, Ltd., Toronto.

Engineering excellence finds its greatest reward

in the respect and confidence of those it serves



94 U.S. veterans' hospitals (not to be confused with the Army & Navy hospitals at which sick and wounded World War II servicemen are first treated) give "deteriorated service." There were cries of "cruelty," "red tape," "politics." Some said the trouble was that the Veterans' Affairs Administrator, honest, efficient, but hidebound Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, a layman, tries to prescribe the medical treatment for the 72,000 veterans in his care—a number being swelled by 8,000 World War II veterans a month.

15,000,000 Patients. Congress has authorized \$500,000,000 worth of new hospitals for the 15,000,000-odd World War II veterans who will be eligible for care in them. But a series of hearings last winter convinced the Senate's Pepper Subcommittee on Wartime Health and Education (TIME, Jan. 15) that buildings are not enough. Preliminary findings: 1) salaries



Wide World
BRIGADIER GENERAL HINES
He leans over backward.

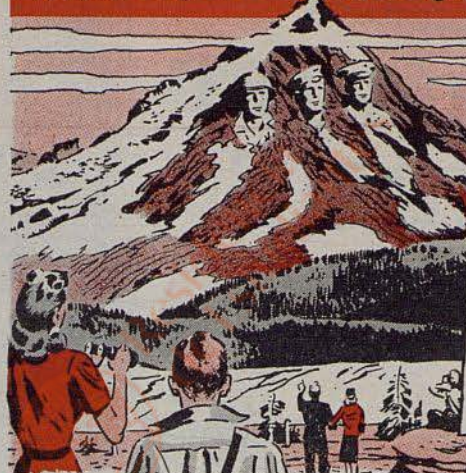
in veterans' hospitals are too low to attract good doctors and nurses (doctors start at \$3,200); 2) "hospitals are often isolated geographically and medically"; 3) the personnel shortage is severe.

Patients v. Doctors. Veterans' hospitals are always clean, but they are rarely pleasant places. Typical is the tuberculosis hospital at Rutland Heights, Mass., housed in a red-brick and stucco group of buildings at a lonely crossroads some 13 miles north of Worcester.* The morale of the 446 patients, 16 doctors and two dentists is decidedly low.

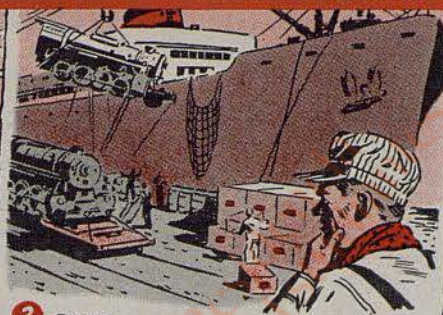
The patients, lying on their neat beds, lounging on the porches, tying fish flies, are bored, critical, worried. Day in & out, all they have to look forward to are the doctor's daily visit, a Gray Lady with some books, movies (if the patient is up

* Veterans' hospitals are of three types: general, neuropsychiatric, tuberculosis. More than half the patients are neuropsychiatric cases.

FACT OR FICTION? A QUICK QUIZ ON PORTLAND'S PROGRESS



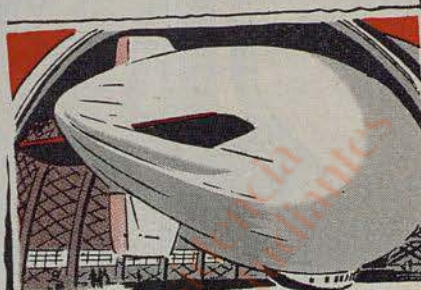
1 SUPER-GIGANTIC SCULPTURES CHISELED IN MT. HOOD WILL USE UP \$60,000,000 MEMORIAL FUND, RAISED BY CITIZENS OF PORTLAND, OREGON. **FACT OR FICTION?**



2 RUSSIAN LOCOMOTIVES BY THE HUNDREDS ADD TO THE BOOMING TRAFFIC IN PORTLAND'S FREIGHT YARDS. **FACT OR FICTION?**



3 MOUNTAINS OF ROSES SEEN IN PORTLAND'S ANNUAL ROSE FESTIVAL HAVE BUILT THE FAME OF THE CITY'S SWAN ISLAND. **FACT OR FICTION?**



4 BLIMP HANGARS 1000 FEET LONG AND AS HIGH AS A 20-STORY BUILDING HAVE SUPPORTING ARCHES BUILT IN PORTLAND ENTIRELY OF WOOD! **FACT OR FICTION?**



5 LEWIS AND CLARK, ILLUSTRIOUS HEROES OF OREGON'S HISTORY, TRAVELED MUCH OF THE WAY VIA THE "MAIN STREET OF THE NORTHWEST." **FACT OR FICTION?**

COMMEMORATING
THE 140TH
ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
LEWIS AND CLARK
EXPEDITION

CHECK YOUR ANSWERS HERE:

1. Fiction. To serve the living, Portland has already appropriated the first \$24,000,000 of a \$60,000,000 postwar building fund. The blueprints call for building of a new sewage system—port improvements—broad and beautiful thoroughfares—parks—playgrounds—bridges—a civic center. Thus, through its far-famed Moses Plan, Portland will make good jobs in a lovely city for returning veterans and former war workers.

2. Fact. These snub-nosed engines, and much other Russian railroad equipment, are part of U. S. Lend-Lease supplies to the U.S.S.R. Although located 100 miles inland, Portland is one of the nation's great seaports, and the No. 1 shipping point for Russian Lend-Lease. Thousands of tons arrive at the city's docks via Northern Pacific.

3. Fiction. These two great civic assets are separate and distinct. The Rose Festival is a gala summer carnival, while Swan Island is home of one of six shipyards in the Portland-Vancouver area, which have launched more than 1,000 wartime ships. N. P. service brings trainloads of materials and pre-fabricated parts to west coast shipbuilders.

4. Fact. It's one of many amazing uses for timber developed by Portland industries. Timber arches, trusses and beams shipped out via N. P. now support many of the hugest war-built structures in America.

5. Fact. The present N. P. route follows the explorers' trail for many miles. Now, the route is called "Main Street of the Northwest" because it links the largest number of Northwest population centers.



NORTHERN PACIFIC

Main Street of the Northwest

PARK & TILFORD RESERVE

"The Blend of Experience"

*"Proud legacy of an
unchanging tradition
-a Quality tradition
born 104 years ago"*



*The finest-tasting
Whiskey of its
type in America!*

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF

to it) three times a week, and food three times a day. They talk to each other endlessly about every detail of their cures, tell outsiders horror stories (usually highly colored) of neglectful medical treatment. But their bitterest complaints are about the food and the Veterans' Administration. During this year's first three months, 50 patients left Rutland without hospital discharges. This high AWOL rate is characteristic of veterans' hospitals.

Veterans' hospital doctors realize that other doctors look down on them (few are taken into local medical societies and the American Medical Association) and that patients boast of telling them off. Knowing from experience that any mistake means censure from above or a political stink, they are understandably reluctant to try anything new. Said a Rutland doctor last fortnight: "It isn't that the doctors don't practice medicine. It's that the patients won't let them."

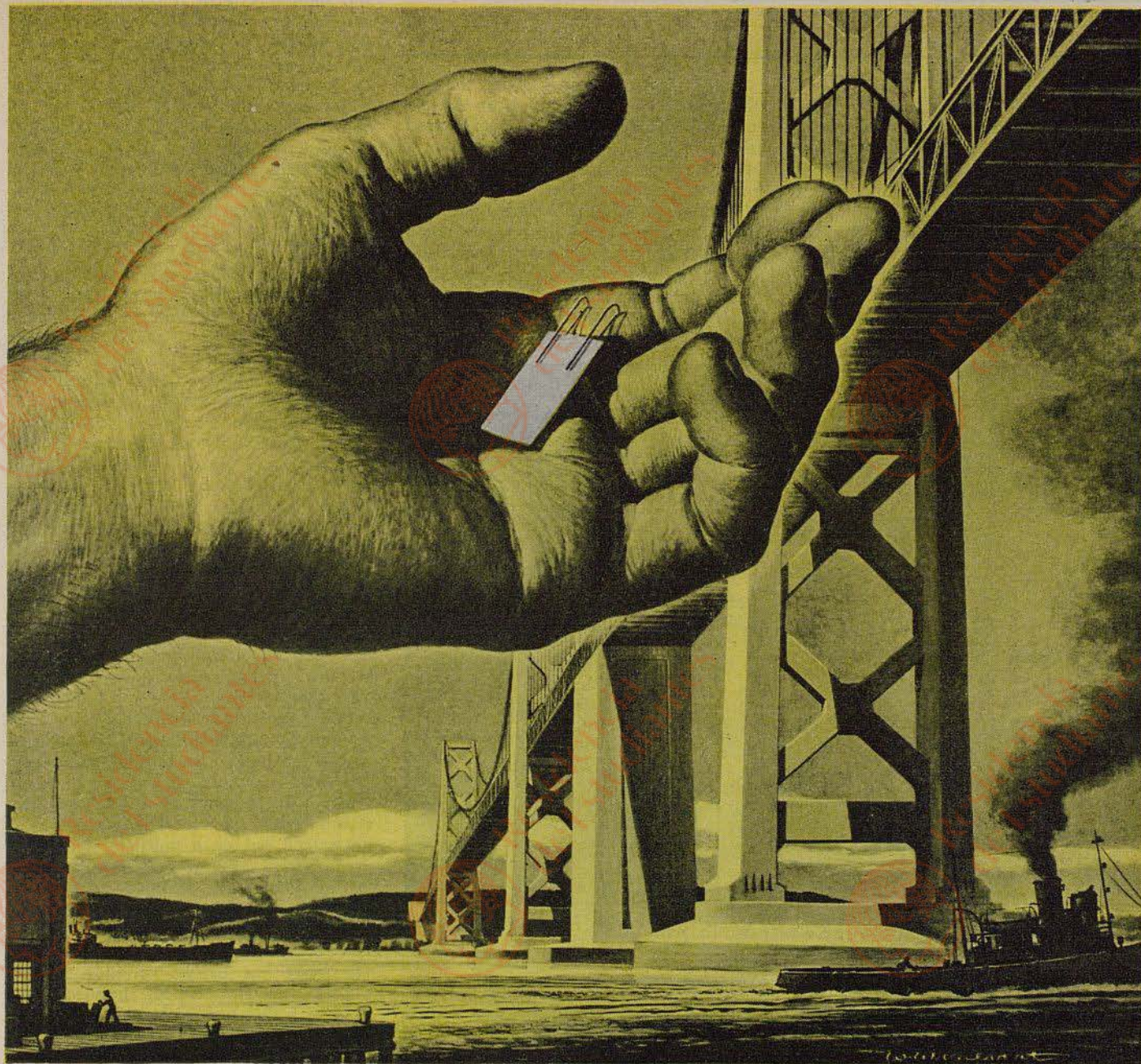
Last year, when Boston newspapers took up the patients' fuss about food and their complaints that doctors were dictatorial and arbitrary in refusing privileges (i.e., permission to attend hospital movies or go to town), Rutland had a shake-up. Administrator Hines appointed a new manager and clinical director, ordered that food be served hot, that doctors fit privileges to individuals instead of using blanket rules.

But the patients still beef about red tape, remote control from Washington, poor food, General Hines.

Moribund Medicine. Meantime outside doctors whisper about the life & death matter of the hospital's medical practices. Over 100 patients died at Rutland last year. Many more went home to die. These figures are not high for a tuberculosis hospital, but experts thought they could be cut. Some of the hospital's doctors, it was rumored, could not make sense out of a chest X-ray; many patients who needed surgery were not getting it. The doctors, it was said, were actually too lenient about giving in to their patients' demands for privileges; rest is essential in tuberculosis care.

True or not, these whispers are the logical result of the moribund medical atmosphere fostered by the Veterans' Administration. General Hines is so determined that no one shall use ex-soldiers as guinea pigs that he leans over backward, refusing to allow new methods of treatment until long after civilian hospitals regard them as old stuff. For the same reason, he has always squelched any suggestion that interns be trained in veterans' hospitals.

Two months ago, Rutland's chest surgeon was transferred to another hospital to do general surgery. Since then, the surgery has been performed by outside experts: Boston's Drs. Richard H. Overholt (TIME, May 22, 1944) and Bert H. Cotton. But the patients, now getting as good chest surgery as the U.S. affords and getting it when they need it, are still not satisfied. Reason: the transferred surgeon was the most popular man on the staff.



Almost unbelievable!

This tiny device makes bridges safer!

It's smaller than a postage stamp . . . yet it accurately records infinitesimal changes in length of bridge beams, and verifies their strength and safety. This is only one of the countless applications of the little SR-4 strain gage which has been hailed as one of the most remarkable testing developments in decades. It is just another example of Baldwin versatility in manufacturing . . . and of the engineering that makes the name Baldwin a sterling guarantee of a superior product.

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.



BALDWIN

The New Pictures

Salome, Where She Danced (Universal) has got practically everything except the rise of Silas Lapham and the decline & fall of the Roman Empire, and there seems to be no reason except pure niggardliness that they should not have been worked in too. Items: defeated General Robert E. Lee telling a Confederate soldier (David Bruce) that "we must move with the ages"; a Berlin correspondent for *Leslie's Weekly* (Rod Cameron) scoop-

One of the odd things about this odd picture is that there really is an Arizona town called Salome—Where She Danced. It was named, however, after a native, a Mrs. Grace Salome Pratt; and it is called, for short, Suhloam. The oddest thing of all, though, is that the show is quite a lot of fun. Most of the color and costuming is garishly pretty; the dialogue is richly flavored with such tongue-in-cheek lines as one man's description of the heroine: "She was always a great artist—but above all—a woman." Miss de Carlo, a new-



YVONNE DE CARLO AS "SALOME"
Above all—a woman.

ing the world on the opening of Bismarck's Austro-Prussian War, with the help of a dancer named Anna Maria (Yvonne de Carlo); Anna Maria emerging from a shell to the strains of *The Blue Danube* to dance some elementary ballet; an energetic cavalry battle in which her lover, a Hapsburg Prince, loses the war and his life rather than cause her political embarrassment in Berlin; a scene in a raw Western U.S. town, in which Anna Maria calms the beavered natives by executing, as Salome, the hootchy-kootchy; a scene in which she reforms the quondam Confederate, turned local bandit, by her snarling contralto rendition of *Der Tannenbaum* (*Maryland! My Maryland!*); San Francisco in its heyday, which includes 1) an infatuated Russian multimillionaire (Walter Slezak), 2) the attempted pirating of a Chinese junk, 3) its sagacious proprietor, who speaks Oriental proverbs in Edinburr dialect, 4) a duel with rapiers on a blood-red floor, 5) a hair-raising stagecoach chase, 6) a happy ending. This does not, perhaps, give a very clear idea of the story, but that is no great loss.

comer to the screen, is not exactly persuasive as the great artist, but as a woman, especially in her Salome number, she brings the house down.

Dillinger (Monogram) is the story of a Public Enemy No. 1 whose misbehavior seems so innocuous, beside the work of later international candidates, that you can almost smell the sachet along with the tear gas and gunpowder. The picture recalls how this born delinquent knocked over a string of banks, a mail train, a harmless elderly couple and two of his associates; and how at last his girl betrayed him to G-men, who shot him down as he walked out of a nickelodeon. Fortunately, this old-fashioned story is told in an old-fashioned way. The result: a tough, tight, tense, tricky little melodrama.

This sort of storytelling, related to balladry but a lot less long-winded, is not new to the screen. But it has been neglected so long that it is as good as new. Combined with evocative sets and appropriate performance (by Lawrence Tierney, Edmund Lowe, Anne Jeffreys and others),

and admirably terse, it provides a tinnily entertaining, cinematically energetic antidote to the two-hour doses of pure unflavored gelatin now alarmingly on the increase. Significantly, it was made quickly on very little money, as pictures go, and for a humble but reliable audience—the general equivalent of the audience which reads pulp magazines. Its overall cost was \$150,000. It was shot in 21 days. The screen play was slapped together in a week.

"I Should Bother . . ." The authors of *Dillinger*, both 30, are lean, bespectacled Philip Yordan and ebullient, jut-chinned William Castle, whose melodrama *When Strangers Marry* (which Castle directed as well as co-authored) was so well liked by carriage-trade critics last fall that it is soon to be re-released. Of these white-haired boys, the one that shines the brighter in the terms Hollywood best understands is Yordan. Reason: Yordan is already up to his ears in the jackpot.

His *Anna Lucasta* is more in demand in Hollywood than any play since *Life with Father*. He has been offered as high as \$1,000,000 for the screen rights. Hedy Lamarr and Lauren Bacall and Greta Garbo have all tried to persuade their bosses to buy it for them. (In the play, as first written, Anna and her family were Polish.) Among the top bidders are David Selznick and Mervyn LeRoy. Yet Yordan refuses to sell *Anna Lucasta* at any price unless he is allowed to co-produce the picture.

He is in demand as a \$2,500-a-week screen writer, but is strictly undazzled; he walked out on a polishing job (*Mildred Pierce*) at that pay as soon as he learned that Jack Warner requires his writers to show up at 9:30 and leave at 5. Yordan can well afford such independence. His 10% of the weekly gross on *Lucasta* (\$21,000) has hardly varied a quarter a week since the play hit Broadway, and Artkino wants him to bring the show to Moscow—an offer which he plans to accept as soon as the New York audiences begin to fall off. At the same time he is enjoying too much freedom and making too much money as a partner in King Bros. Productions, an independent unit with Monogram, to have to feel that his position, for the time being, is improvable. "We are making A stories on a C budget," he explains. "I should bother with the 'prestige' of writing for a big studio!"

\$250,000 a Year and Freedom. Frank and Morrie King are young promoters (in their early 30s) whose other interests range from slot machines in Los Angeles to horse racing in Mexico. At the time they met Yordan, in the spring of '43, they had already made a couple of pictures. Though they had realized a respectable profit, they did not receive the acclaim they had somehow expected. Their deal: Yordan would contribute "class" and a third of the money; in return they would give Yordan all the freedom he wanted (all there is), and a one-third

The Punch Presses that **RAN HOT...** and

Quit Cold!

► **THE SCENE:** A battery of seven automatic punch presses, each about nine feet high. The company—one of America's largest, oldest and best known.

► **THE PLOT:** These presses punch out a stream of critically needed parts for secret war equipment. Their production is geared to a fast moving assembly line that works 20 hours a day, six days a week.

Suddenly a press slams to a stop. A bearing has run hot... and the press quits cold. Maintenance men rush to the spot to start repairs. But precious parts and time will be lost before the press is back in action.

The seven punch presses have a total of 86 bearings. Some of them are difficult to lubricate with a hand gun. Others are close to belts and moving parts. Still others can only be reached on a ladder. The result—each press had to be stopped 20 minutes for lubrication 3 times a week—a total "downtime" of 7 hours a week for all seven presses. And often the oilers were inexperienced. No wonder hidden bearings were sometimes overlooked!

► **THE HAPPY ENDING:** Management decided to by-pass human error by installing foolproof lubrication. Alemite Lubrication Specialists recommended Centralized Lubrication. Bearing failures, due to faulty lubrication, stopped at once. Lubrication time for all seven presses was reduced to 3 minutes, twice a week! And all 86 bearings are now positively lubricated from one central point while the presses are in operation! (Note: an additional battery of seven punch presses will soon have Alemite Centralized Lubrication.)

* * *

ALEMITE Centralized Lubrication Systems end bearing failures due to faulty lubrication—costly shutdowns are avoided. Lubrication time can be cut more than 95%... costs of lubrication cut nearly 98%. Because machines need not stop for lubrication, you add "M.P.T."* to your plant. The savings can enable you to amortize an Alemite Centralized Lubrication System in about 3 months. From then on, savings are pure "velvet." That's a post-war competitive advantage that's worth looking into.

*More Productive Time



To Executives... See the Four New Alemite Systems Work... Right at Your Desk.

Without obligation, have an Alemite Lubrication Specialist demonstrate all four systems right in your office with transparent working models. Examine them minutely. Work them yourself. They're designed for manual or automatic operation and handle oil or grease. You'll see how they can be adapted to almost every machine—and how they give any plant "M.P.T."* Drop us a line—Alemite, 1835 Diversey Parkway, Chicago 14, Illinois. In Canada: Belleville, Ont.



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WATCH AND WAIT



FOR THE RETURN OF



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\$3.50 • \$5.00
\$10.00

The Miracle Pipe

IT STAYS DRY

FASHIONED BY M. LINKMAN & CO., CHICAGO 14, ILL.



The "Spirit" of Scotland

**PETER
DAWSON**

BLEND
SCOTCH
WHISKY



86.8 PROOF



IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

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*If your Beard fights
to the last whisker*

Durham Duplex is the original hollow-ground safety razor blade—for 35 years tops for tough beards. Twice heavier—with real heft and keen, smooth shaving power!

If you already own a Durham Razor, or can get one at your retailers, we will gladly ship you direct, to help conserve scarce wartime blades, a special Durham Strop Outfit, \$1.00, post-paid. Then you'll enjoy the complete combination for perfect shaves every time with real blade economy.

For special strop outfit, send \$1.00 direct to:—
DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP.
MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT



**Use a Durham Duplex
Safety Razor and Strop**

"FIRST in FUDGE"



WELCH'S
Quality & Candies

share of the business. Result: between King Bros. and *Lucasta*, Yordan makes not far short of \$250,000 a year. And he is probably the only man in Hollywood who has complete autonomy over what he is doing.

He acts out his scripts for the brothers, whose respect for his literacy is reverent; and he doesn't even have to do that for Monogram, which merely distributes for him. It is a very pretty pitch indeed, as Yordan will explain: "In the small-picture field there is a fixed gross, that is, you can almost tell how much you're going to make to a penny. I plan to use it as an experimental theater."

Yordan's experiments, so far, are at once vigorous and sure-fire: he believes in hard, straight storytelling, draws richly on and writes skillfully for deep-city folk of the kind that swarm North Side Chicago's Wilson Avenue, where he grew up.



Wide World

PHILIP YORDAN

Hollywood understands \$250,000 a year.

On the side, Yordan is co-producing Maritta Wolff's *Whistle Stop* (he wrote the script) with Seymour (Mayerling) Nebenzal. He has the script ready for his next movie, *Crime and Punishment*, with the setting changed from St. Petersburg to Boston.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Counter-Attack (Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman; TIME, April 30).

It's in the Bag (Fred Allen, Jack Benny, Robert Benchley; TIME, April 23).

The Enchanted Cottage (Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young; TIME, April 16).

Molly and Me (Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley; TIME, April 16).

Without Love (Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy; TIME, April 9).

Practically Yours (Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray; TIME, April 9).

Fury in the Pacific (Army, Navy and Marine Corps film; TIME, April 9).

Colonel Blimp (Roger Livesey, Deborah Kerr, Anton Walbrook; TIME, April 2).

25,000 a day!

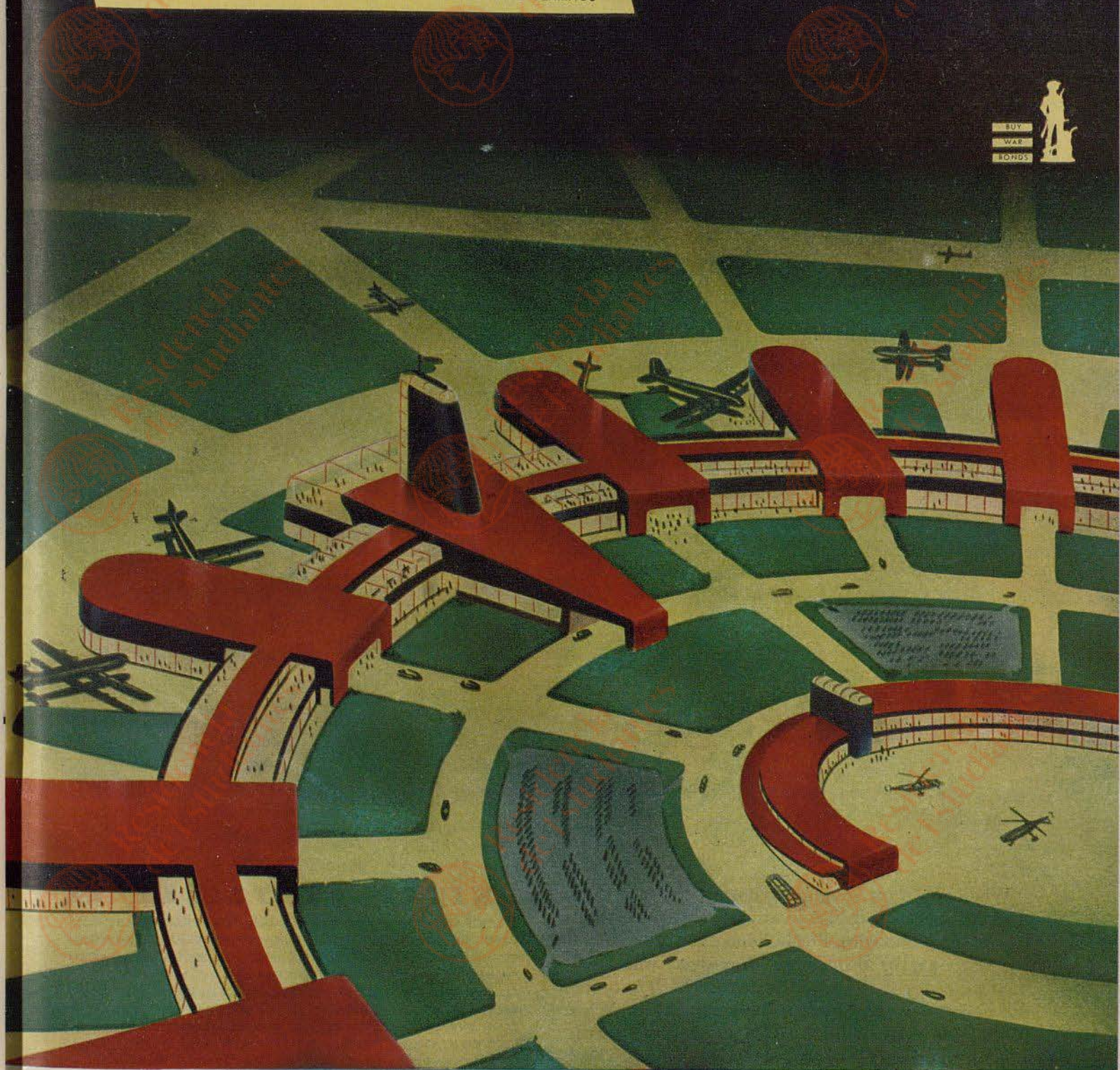
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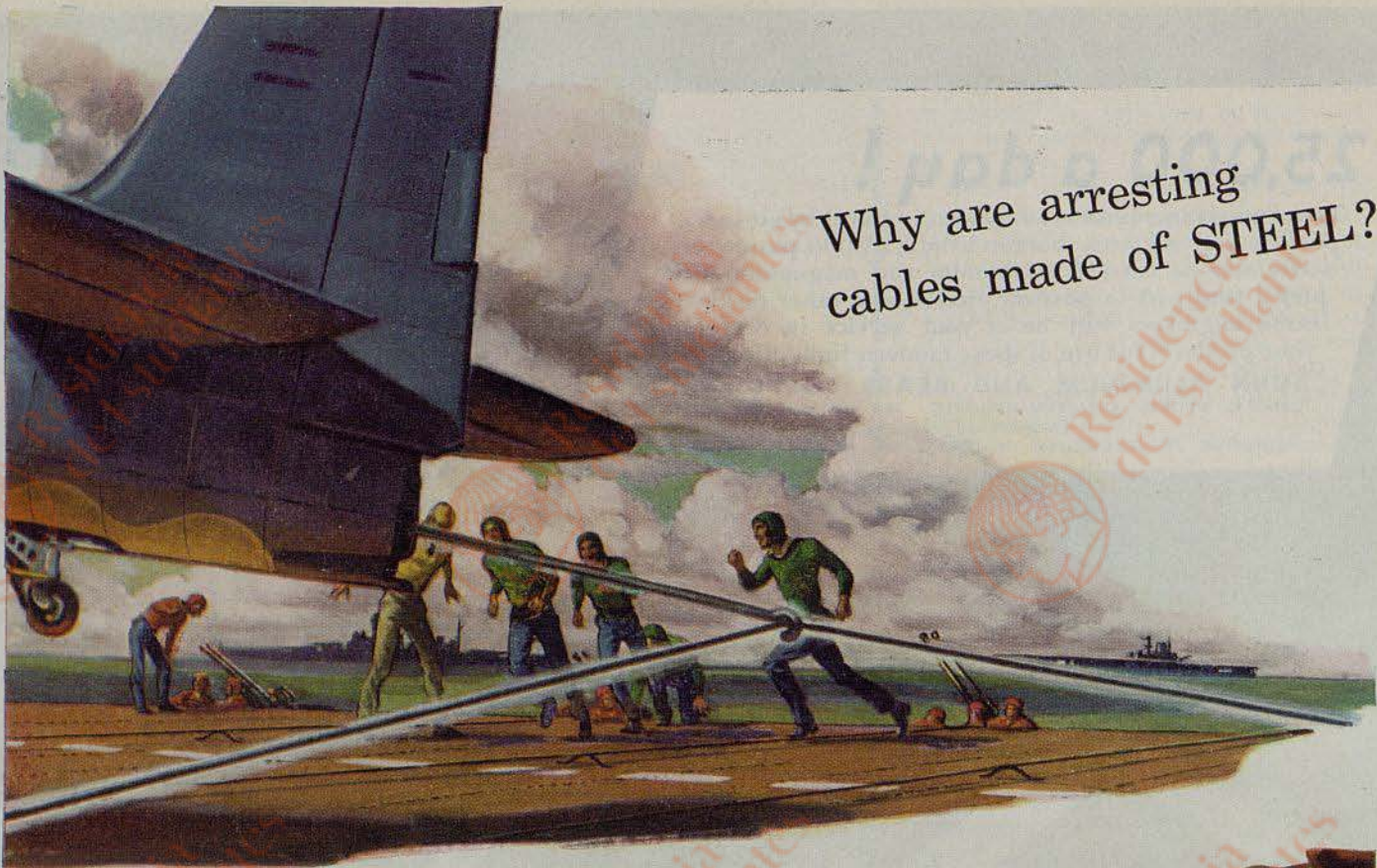
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Folklorist Abroad

A TEXAN IN ENGLAND—*J. Frank Dobie*—Little, Brown (\$2.50).

No pallid scholar is Professor J. (for James) Frank Dobie. In his years as head of the University of Texas English Department, the silver-haired, granite-faced, panther-hunting professor has spent about as much time in the shade of ranchers' chuck wagons in Texas, swapping yarns of gold strikes and bad men and vanishing longhorns, as he has in the university library. "Somehow or other," he once said, "I have been able to get to the heart of common people and rob them of their stories." Professor Dobie's many books on the U.S. Southwest (*Coronado's Children*, *The Longhorns*—*TIME*, March 17, 1941) glow with the lyric magic of the region's folk tales. His mellow, witty impressions of England, gathered in a year (1943-44) as professor of American history at Cambridge, are as vividly colored: he met and "robbed" many an Englishman in college commons, in pubs, manor houses, railway carriages, on country meadows and London sidewalks.

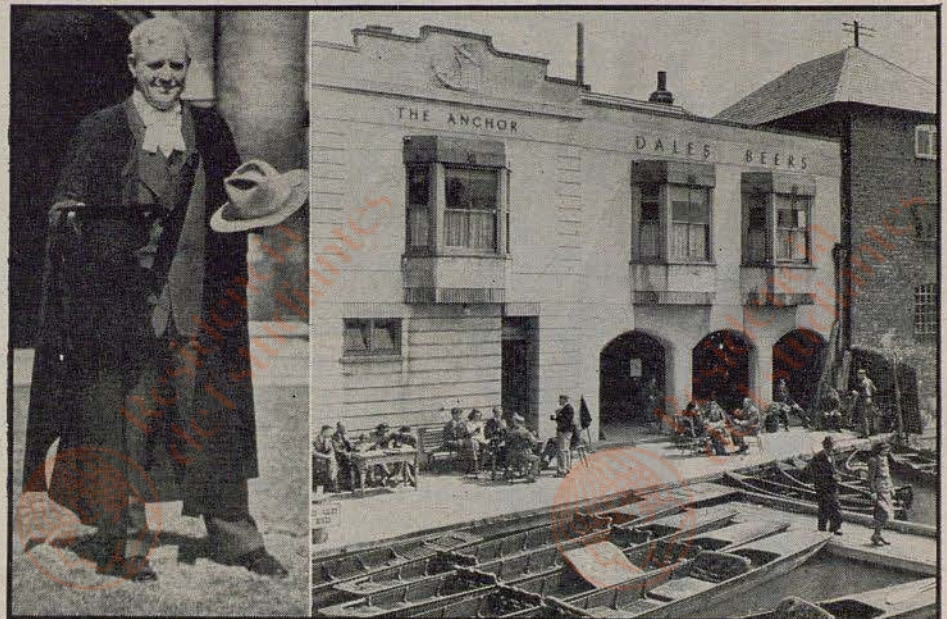
Secret of Contentment. In a prosperous riverside pub, *The Anchor*, Texan Dobie spent many hours "when darkness came early," swapping countryside legend and philosophy. There he would find at a corner table cronies like Horner, who ran away to sea at the age of 13, inveighing bitterly against politicians, against women "because they spend their lives making men think that unessential things, like furniture, napkins, sheets and silver plate, are essential," or "the blasted superficiality and bogus pretence of education." There were also the medico from a Highland regiment with his Cornish remedy for colds ("Hang a boot over foot of bed, go to bed, drink whiskey till you see two boots, go to sleep"), and the genial host, Jack Barrett, full of his customers' reminiscences: one, asked if he never broke his marriage vows, answered, "I ain't never exactly broke 'em, but I've sure give 'em a hell of a twist sometimes." Talk at the *Anchor* ranged from speculation on how partridges mated ("No man, they say, has ever seen the mating") to admiration of Patton's latest offensive.

"If [the *Anchor's* proprietors] operated such an establishment in America," Dobie speculates, "they'd take in a barrel of money. They'd enlarge it to take care of more & more customers and keep on enlarging it until it grew as big as Madison Square Garden. . . ." That the English proprietors are content to make only a simple living from the *Anchor* is, he thinks, the secret of England's proud contentment.

Customary Cockroaches. Dobie, who once described himself as "so damned old-fashioned I don't like to change," finds an ineradicable nobility in the British counterpart of his feelings, the omnipresent

conservatism that extends from "the Old Squire sentiment for old names, old fields, old ways" to the obstinacy of coal miners who labor in wretched forms of physical drudgery, yet "are more averse to new machinery than the mine owners are. . . . When the love for an old hall by a college of dons dooms charwomen to carry coal scuttles up and slop jars down three flights of stairs, the conservatism has a flavor not idyllic. Yet kitchen help in my college almost struck last winter over the installation of a plate-washer."

Love of the old, love of permanence and a decent concern for posterity have led this nation of "rememberers" to combine democracy and tradition, in Dobie's opinion, more successfully than any other people. "I go to a football game at home, and while I hear and look at the organized



TEXAS' DOBIE

The U.S. would make it as big as Madison Square Garden

cheering, I remember the casualness with which a crowd in bleachers viewed a game of rugby between Oxford and Cambridge . . . applauded good plays on either side—without orders from any cheerleader to goose-step." Famed throughout Texas for his maverick individualism (he once went to jail rather than pay a \$2 parking fine he considered "unreasonable"), Dobie found that England inspired in him a "renewed feeling for the individual."

Professor Dobie found Cambridge mercifully free from the German passion for organization and system that has pervaded U.S. colleges. Instead it relied mainly on custom and tradition, which worked very well in their way. "When a new steward swept the cockroaches, root and branch, out of his college kitchen, one of the cooks asked in dismay, 'What will the University Zoological Laboratory do? They have always depended on our kitchen for specimens.'"

New England Questions

A MASQUE OF REASON—*Robert Frost*—Holt (\$2).

Shortly after completing this 23-page verse-play, 70-year-old Robert Frost came down with pneumonia, lay wondering if God were punishing him for having written it. Happily—and justly—he recovered. A poet whose work has often been implicit drama, Frost is outright dramatist in *A Masque of Reason*—and still the New England philosopher asking questions about the nature of things.

They are embarrassing questions, and one of the dramatic values is the embarrassment of God, of whom the questions are asked. Job, the afflicted, who asks the questions, is embarrassed, too. Only his wife is not: she is too impatient with the two male colloquists. (And too bored: once, she falls asleep.)

The play's setting is "a fair oasis in the purest desert" of the afterworld. Job, his

wife, God and the Devil are the actors, and the theme is the place of reason (or lack of it) in man's lot under God's hand. Says God (who, like his servant, is pure New Englander in sense and idiom):

I've had you on my mind a thousand years

To thank you some day for the way you helped me

*Establish once for all the principle
There's no connection man can reason out*

Between his just deserts and what he gets.

He tells Job's querulous wife that

*Job and I together
Found out the discipline man needed most*

*Was to learn his submission to unreason;
And that for man's own sake as well as mine,*

*So he won't find it hard to take his orders
From his inferiors in intelligence*

Eastern Press Agency, LIFE

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In peace and war—especially in war. But all this strikes Job as mere "justifying ex-post-facto excuses"—and he presses God for a better answer. God seems to have nothing better, and Job soliloquizes on the inanity of metaphysical questioning.

Get down into things.

It will be found there's no more given there

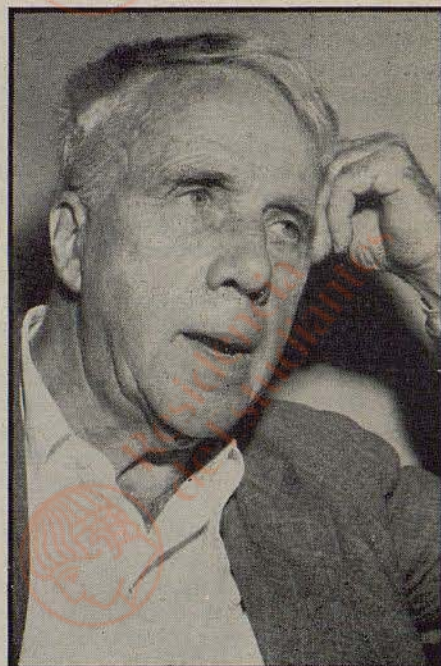
Than on the surface. If there ever was, The crypt was long since rifled by the Greeks.

Oh, we know well enough to go ahead with.

I mean we seem to know enough to act on.

God finally confesses to Job that, in making him suffer, He was really just "showing off to the Devil"—for which He is somewhat apologetic, now.

When God agrees to call in the Devil (in response to Job's suggestion of "a



Associated Press

ROBERT FROST

He made God embarrassed too.

good old get-together"), Job's wife perks up, runs for her camera.

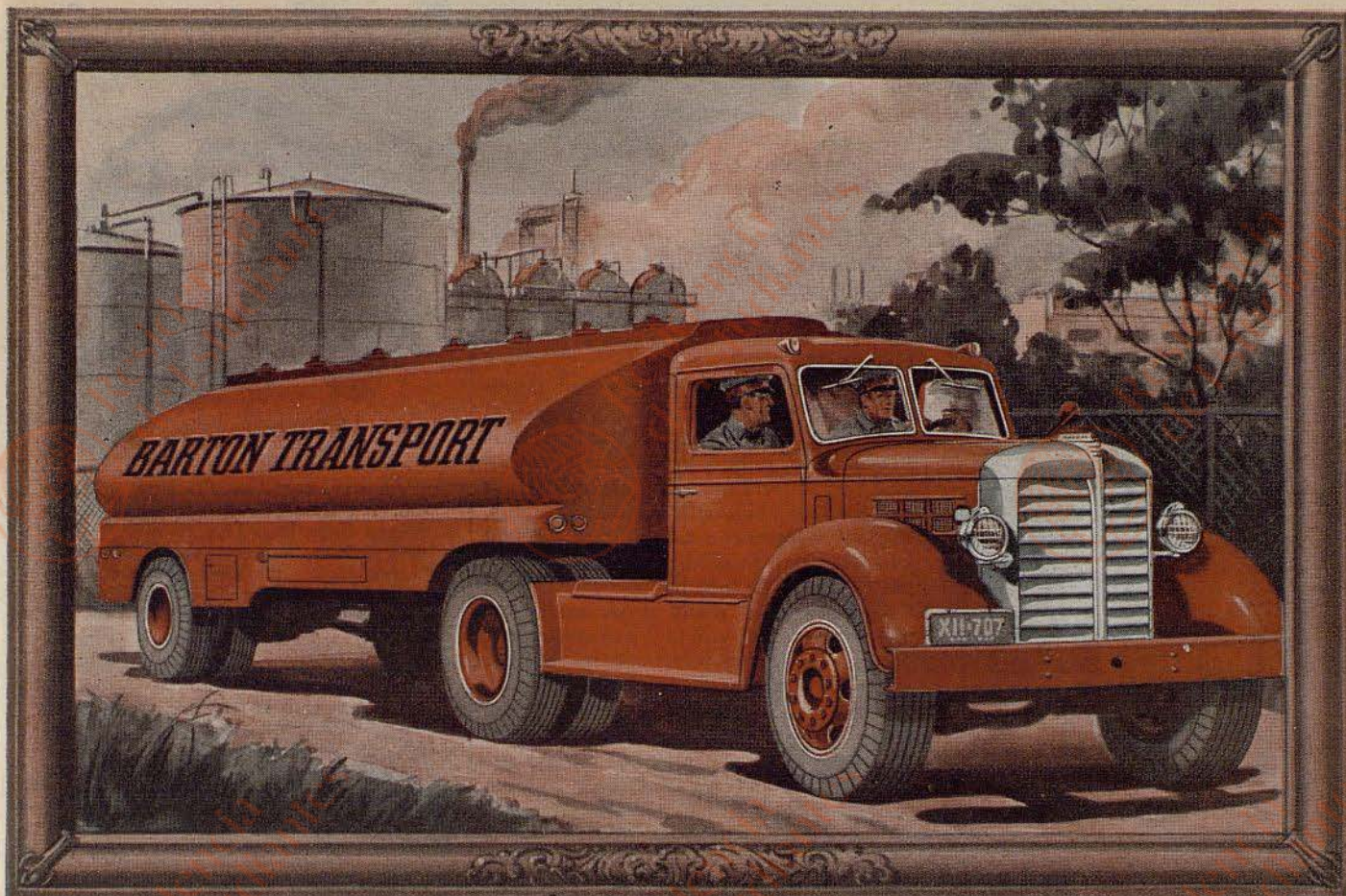
"Now if you three have settled anything You'd as well smile as frown on the occasion."

Which is about what the reader does—seeing that nothing is settled, but a good deal of wit and sly wisdom have been released. The 23 pages are good latter-day Frost: the ruminative philosophic wit whose pentameters are salted with gentle satire and unobtrusive learning.

Report on Utopia

ANGEL IN THE FOREST — Marguerite Young—Reynal & Hitchcock (\$3).

On the banks of the Wabash, some 30 miles from Evansville, Indiana, stands New Harmony, an ordinary, none too sprightly town of 1,400 souls, approached by a creaking ferry and boasting a 5-&-10¢ store, a saloon or two, and a movie theater. There, some time between



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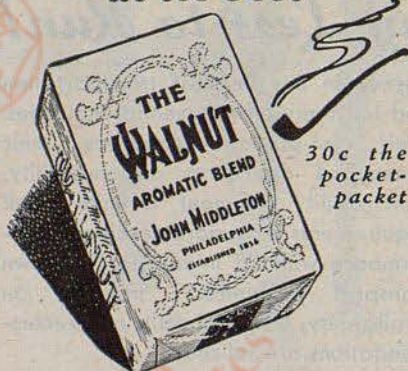
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1815 and 1824, an angel descended to the green earth. Many later saw the angel's footprint, embedded in a slab of stone; but only one man, a six-foot patriarch with snowy beard and flowing white locks, saw the angel himself. The lone witness was Father George Rapp, founder of the first of two Utopias that flowered and withered in New Harmony early last century. Exploring their brief history, Marguerite Young has written a sometimes difficult, often fascinating book whose erudite, poetical meandering explores some forgotten corners in the attic of U.S. history.

Of all the escapist Utopias that mushroomed in the shadow of the industrial revolution, Father Rapp's was the least suggestive of milk & honey. His first venture was in Germany. The spiritual leader of a flock of phlegmatic German peasants, Peasant Rapp was a mystic with a sound business head. In 1804 he brought his people to the U.S. "not because he believed that God's voice would speak out of the marsh more clearly than it had spoken out of the vineyard in Württemberg—but because the land was fierce and cheap."

Celibate Communists. Settling in Harmony, Pennsylvania, his harsh, puritanical doctrines and iron discipline turned the religious zeal of his "spiritual communists" to good account. Within a year his colony of 60 log cabins had become a thriving community with gristmill, barns, shops, houses of worship, sawmills, a tannery and a distillery. To keep his workers' energy channeled and profits limited, absolute celibacy was the rule in Father Rapp's Utopia.

When the young wife of John Rapp, the leader's son, became pregnant, vengeance struck quickly. John was found dead and castrated near the Rappite piggery. The Rappites stood in awe in the face of such Divine Wrath, though there were whispers that young Rapp's earthly father had done the deed.

Whether because of the whispers or not, Father Rapp soon adopted another son, sold the Pennsylvania property and moved on to Indiana. There his well-disciplined communists prospered even more, while the new son, Frederick, asked himself: Was not this holy continence "merely the end result of a system of covetousness?"

In time such doubts were to spread through the Rappite harmony—but not for many years. Meantime Rapp had taken his flock to greener pastures in Economy, Pa. In May, 1824, Harmony, Indiana, was sold lock, stock & angel's footprint to a dreamy Welshman, Robert Owen, who believed in happiness, love and government without punishment.

The Bliss of the McGuffogs. To Owen, the spiritual father of socialism and the labor union, Author Young devotes most of her history. Her ironic prose serves admirably to ridicule the pomposities of the Victorian world against which Owen spent his life tilting.

Born in 1771, the son of a farmer, Owen yearned to see the world. At ten, he became a clerk in McGuffog's drapery shop

I'm not having any fun



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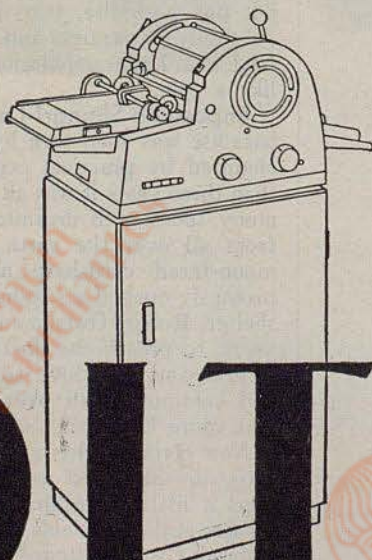
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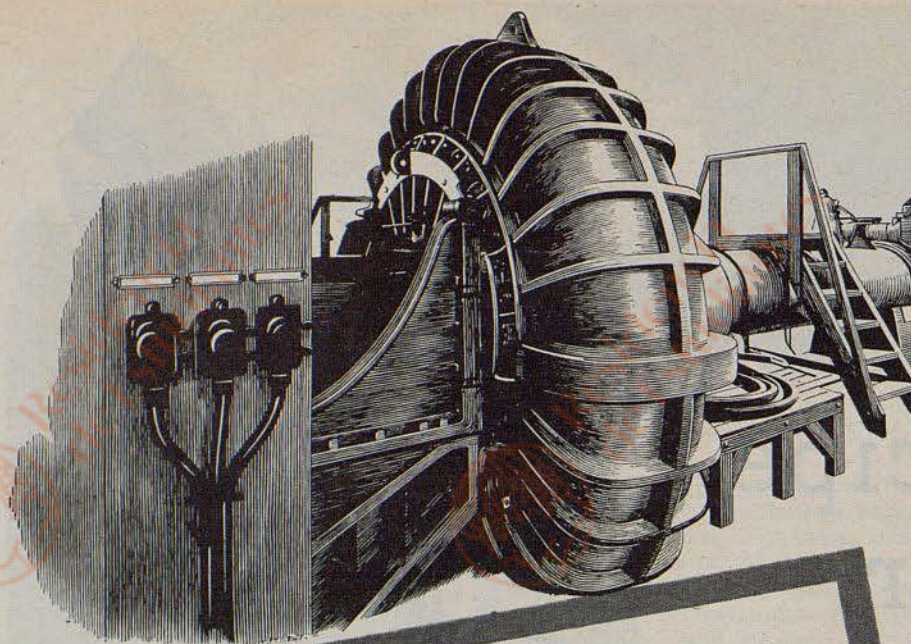
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at Stamford, England. There, lost in thought amid the bolts of cotton, he "began to see sectarianism as the root of evil. He noticed the conjugal bliss of his employers, that although Mrs. McGuffog went to High Church and Mr. McGuffog to Low Church, they drank water from the same well and the water was not poisoned. . . . Why should men be split asunder by abstruse considerations, such as the nature of the body of Jesus Christ?"

Obsessed with dreams of a happier world, Owen was nonetheless practical enough to become part owner of a cotton mill at New Lanark in Scotland. There Owen practiced his preaching, "to show that man is the best of all possible machineries, a being responsible to the best care." Owen's partners watched his experiments patiently, but bathtubs, school-rooms, shorter hours, little mill children clustered lovingly about an owner, and "other airy projects" were too much for them. They presented their junior partner with a silver salver in recognition of an undeniable increase in dividends "and suggested that he give up his many charities." Even his "dearest Caroline," a devout Calvinist, began to wish ardently that her Robert would walk closer to "the straight and narrow way of God."

Prairie Paradise. When, after discouraging years in England, Robert Owen's eye lit on an advertisement in the London *Times* offering a town for sale, he "saw, beyond the rolling seas, the promise of America, a place where there would be an end to the concocting of holy lies." He gathered a group of disciples and sailed to the Utopia vacated by George Rapp.

In New Harmony, 800 starry-eyed Owenites embarked on the perfect life. "Drawn together . . . from the four points of the compass without much deliberation or any reference to their professional usefulness," there were among them "twelve seamstresses and mantua-makers but not a saddler, two watchmakers but . . . only 36 farmers and field laborers to feed the large population, still swelling like a tide."

Impossible Shangri-La. Owen's earthly paradise was soon torn by dissension and engulfed by practical economics. In less than three years it was all over. New Harmony, lodestar of dreamers and crackpots from all over the earth, was sold to a moon-faced cardsharp and forger who promptly opened a saloon in a handy cow shelter. Robert Owen went on, for 30-odd years, to preach the doctrine of equality, reform and free love to crowned heads and commoners all over Europe and to plan more Utopias.

New Harmony has gradually become as rationally imperfect as other places—perhaps a little more so. The local theater owner still complains of the week he showed *Lost Horizon*. "The farmers saw no sense in the damned thing, Shangri-La, snow one minute and warm sunlight with green leaves the next. Such things simply could not happen, they say—and would rather see something that is at least possible, like Shirley Temple."

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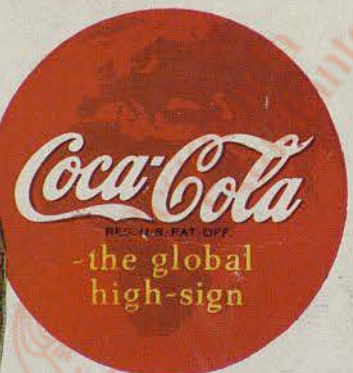
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