FIFTEEN CENTS APRIL 2, 1945

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



GENERAL RIDGWAY OF THE U. S. AIRBORNE

His fighters cross barriers on bridges of silk.

(World Battlefronts)

VOLUME XLV (REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.) NUMBER 14

SOME BRIGHT DAY...

You'll look down at the seat beside you, and there he'll be . . . your son . . .

Taller than you remember him . . . with freckles sprinkled across his nose and laughter in his eyes.

You'll get acquainted all over again, you and that boy of yours. You'll teach him how to tie a fly, and how to cast the shaded pools where the big trout lie. And he'll beg for stories about the war . . . and you'll tell him some of the things you saw . . . because that will be far away, and you'll be home.

Some bright day . . .

You'll feel the thrill of a wheel again . . . and a ribbon of road will unwind itself through a valley and over a hill, and you'll touch the throttle and fly.

And the trees will nod as they flicker by and the wind will whistle a welcome home . . . and the hum of your motor will be the sweetest music you ever heard.

You at the wheel of a Nash . . . and your son by your side . . . and the open road and the open sky singing a song . . .

All this will be waiting here for you . . .

When you come home again.

• • •

While all Nash plants are now fully devoted to war production . . . turning out aircraft engines, propellers, Helicopters and rocket motors . . . we stand ready, when our war tasks are done, to convert the full force of our war capacity to production for peace. To the building of a great new Nash "600" in the low-priced field . . . a great new Nash Ambassador in the medium-priced class.

These new Nash cars, designed to be the most comfortable, the most rugged, the most economical automobiles in America, will be produced in volume three times greater than our 1941 peak.

In this way Nash will bring you not only great new cars of advanced design but will contribute the peacetime jobs, the peacetime wages and opportunities that will help keep America the strong, vital, growing, prosperous nation for which all of us now fight and work.

A New Radio Hit Show! Tune in "The Andrews Sisters" and Guest Stars Sundays 4:30 P.M. E.W.T. Blue Network



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



Drinking "rubber soup" to make better jar rings

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

IT LOOKED like a hungry winter. Food jars need sealing rings to keep the food from spoiling—but there weren't any. Natural rubber wasn't available, and canneries found that rings of synthetic rubber gave the food a bad taste and odor.

Engineers of B. F. Goodrich were asked to solve the problem. By careful experiment, they learned why synthetic rubber caused the tastes and odors. They took out those ingredients but since each batch of synthetic rubber varies slightly, there was no positive way to tell that the bad taste and odor would not turn up again.

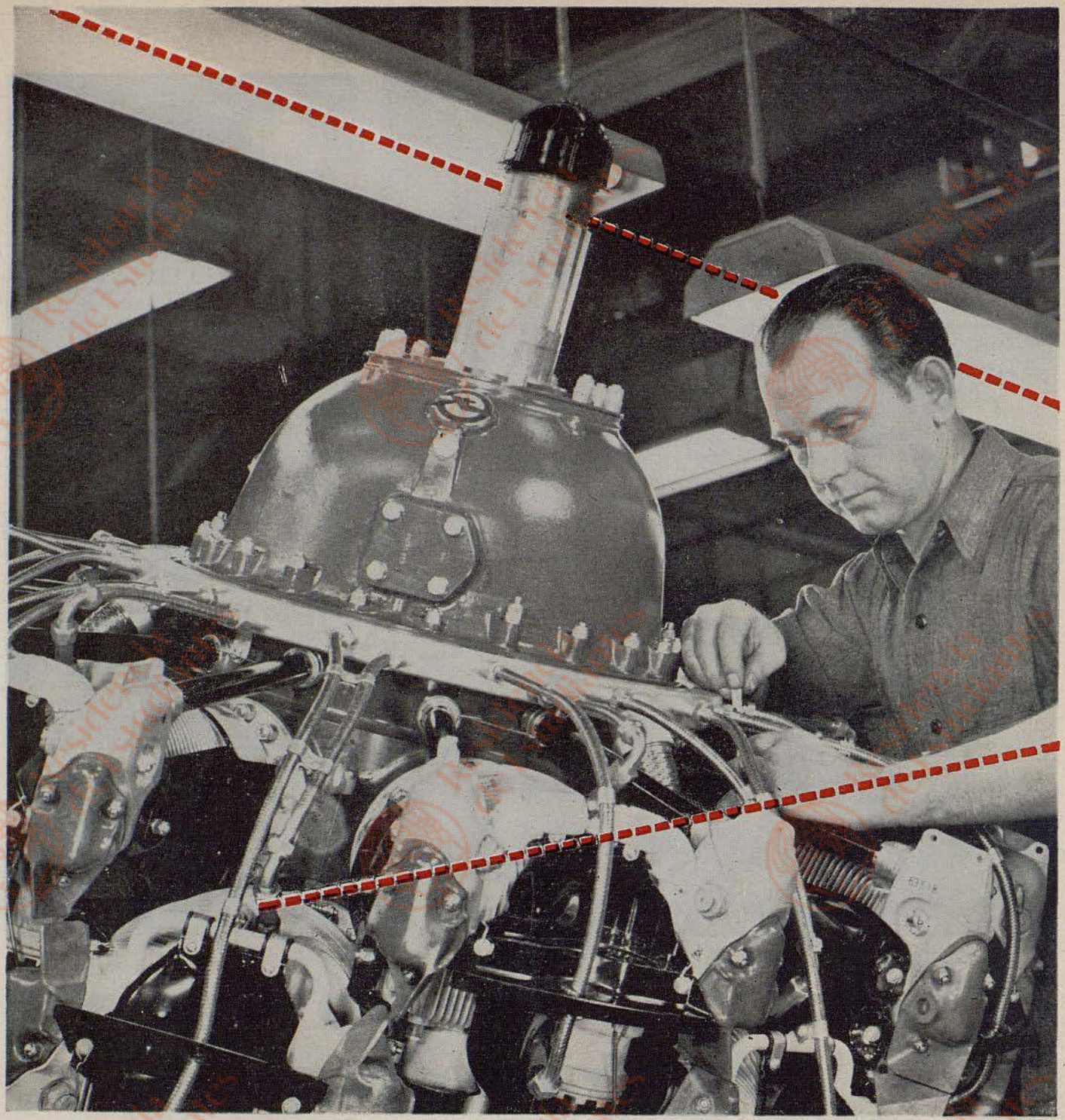
It looked like a tedious situation but B. F. Goodrich men kept on working. From each new batch of synthetic rubber they made a few rings. These were boiled just like a jar ring is boiled in canning. Then several people tasted the water. If no taste, that batch of rubber was made into jar rings; if a bad taste, it was used for something else.

It solved a problem that no one else had solved—and made possible the manufacture of millions of jar rings without which thousands of tons of food might have been wasted.

There is scarcely a day that doesn't see some problem solved by B.F. Goodrich research. There are no rules in the large development department here except one—*make it better.* Perhaps that explains why there have been so many revolutionary improvements in belting, hose and other B. F. Goodrich rubber products. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Industrial Products Division, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich

RUBBER *and* SYNTHETIC *products*



LIGHT, HEAT AND AIDS TO HEALTH



Westinghouse has *more* marvels in store for you—from lamps.

. . . A glowing tan—all year round from an RS Sunlamp, the self-contained sunlamp that needs only to be screwed into any portable or bathroom fixture.

. . . A radiant heat lamp that sends a soothing warmth to fatigued and aching muscles.

. . . And healthier offices and homes with Sterilamps whose ultra-violet rays actually kill air-borne bacteria.

All this—and lighting too.

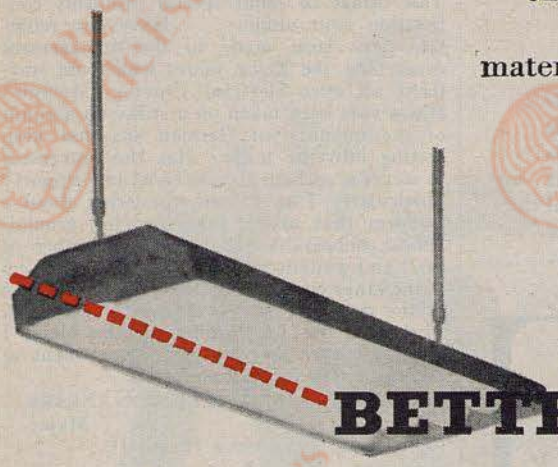


TIME
April 2, 1945

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Volume XLV
Number 14

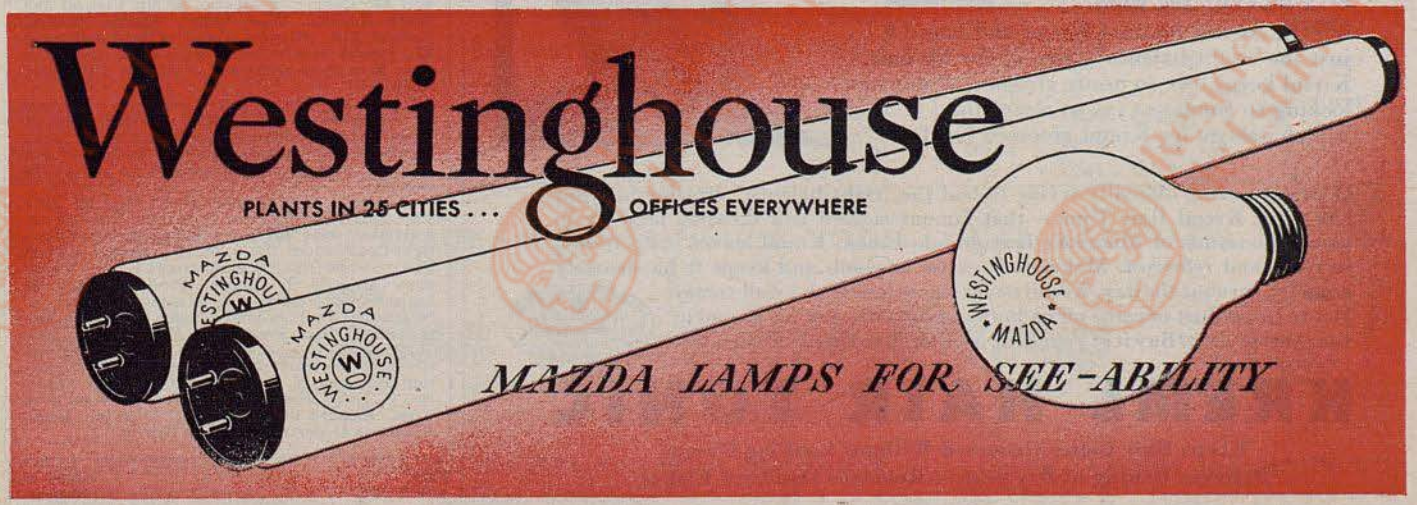
Better See-ability—the Westinghouse word that means the right light in the right place is the precision tool that welds design, material and workmanship into the complete whole. And Westinghouse can provide better See-ability for you with Fluorescent Lamps that stay bright and last long.



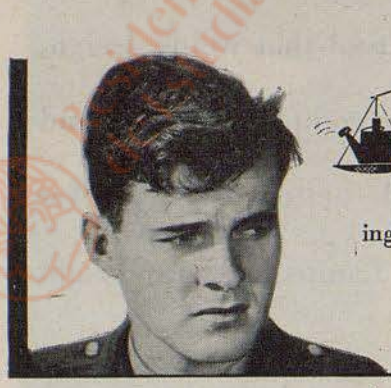
BETTER SEE-ABILITY HERE PUTS HORSEPOWER HERE

All over the country—in stores, offices and homes as well as factories—Westinghouse is making every seeing task easier with Fluorescent Lamps that are genuinely efficient, bright and long-lasting. Your Westinghouse Dealer has these lamps in stock *now.* Install Westinghouse Fluorescent Lamps and have better See-ability—*at once!*

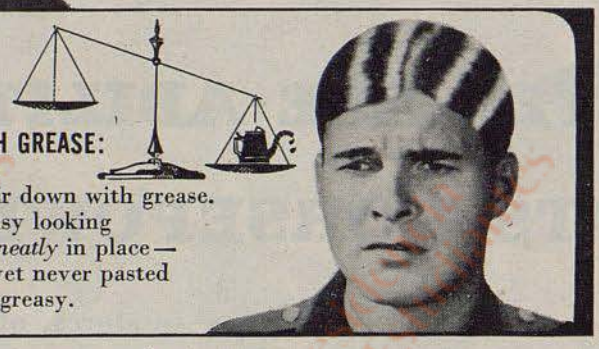
Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company,
Lamp Division, Bloomfield, New Jersey.



Hits Jackpot when he FINDS "RIGHT-BALANCE" DRESSING FOR HIS HAIR!



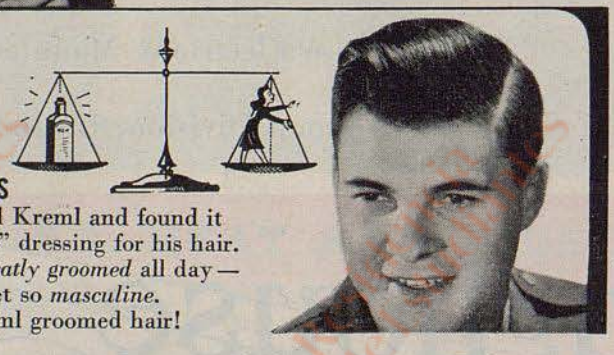
NO LUCK WITH WATER: Girls shunned him because his hair looked so wild and unruly. Combing his hair with water simply doesn't keep it in place. If only he knew how Kreml keeps hair *handsomely groomed* thruout the day.



ROLLS SNAKE-EYES WITH GREASE: How ridiculous he looks when he plasters his hair down with grease. And how girls hate greasy looking hair! Kreml keeps hair *neatly* in place—so *naturally lustrous*—yet never pasted down, sticky or feeling greasy.



SENT TO THE CLEANERS: His suit was covered with untidy dandruff flakes. Kreml is famous to relieve itching of dry scalp and remove dandruff flakes.



HITS JACKPOT and WINS QUEEN: At last he tried Kreml and found it just the "right-balance" dressing for his hair. Kreml keeps hair so *neatly groomed* all day—looking so *handsome* yet so *masculine*. Watch gals go for Kreml groomed hair!

If you're having difficulty trying to find the "right-balance" dressing for your hair—try Kreml Hair Tonic—that famous *modern* hair dressing used by so many thousands of America's best groomed men. Kreml leaves scalp feeling so *clean* and *refreshed*. Makes hair easier to comb and keeps it handsomely groomed thruout the day. Kreml never leaves hair with a dull greasy film to catch dust or come off on hatbands or sofa. Ask for Kreml at your barber shop. Buy it at your drug counter. Use it daily as directed.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or Refund of Money if Defective or Not as Advertised Thereon

KREML HAIR TONIC

Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy
Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes

LETTERS

Proving Grounds

Sirs:

Herewith a copy of a letter to my former tank driver, who is still with the outfit in Germany:

"Dear Sergeant Neibauer:

"I read in TIME (Mar. 12) that the tank drivers at Chrysler threatened to strike because the proving grounds were dusty. . . . This brings to mind several problems confronting your union. . . . Have any representations been made to the management concerning the *Teller* mines which are scattered all over Siegfried Proving Grounds? Has a vote been taken on a strike on account of the quantity of German 88s that keep getting into the tanks? Has the movement to secure a 20-hour day received any support? Particularly, I have been wondering about a problem that makes these proving grounds almost unbearable—that is, the number of dead and wounded tank drivers that show up in the tanks tested there. Did you and the rest of the crew get paid overtime for the extra work you put in cleaning up the blood I threw all over the fighting compartment at Bastogne Proving Grounds? . . ."

WILLIAM G. SEARS
Major

(Enroute to U.S. Army Hospital)

The Voice

Sirs:

You may be interested in an account of a major feat by TIME Correspondent Tom Durrance.

On one of our recent trips, Tom and I were stabled together. . . . Not more than five minutes after he crept aboard his cot, Mr. Durrance began his performance. He started with the classical buzz-saw *motif* and ran through other conventional numbers. . . .

Satisfied that he was limbered up Mr. Durrance . . . broke into a major theme of astonishing virtuosity: an outboard motorboat is drifting in a rock-girt bay, with no other sounds than the slap of waves on the hull and the seething wind. Then come a series of reluctant, coughing gasps as the pilot tries to start the engine. At last the motor responds to his desperate tug, and the little boat dashes across the bay, the puttering sound

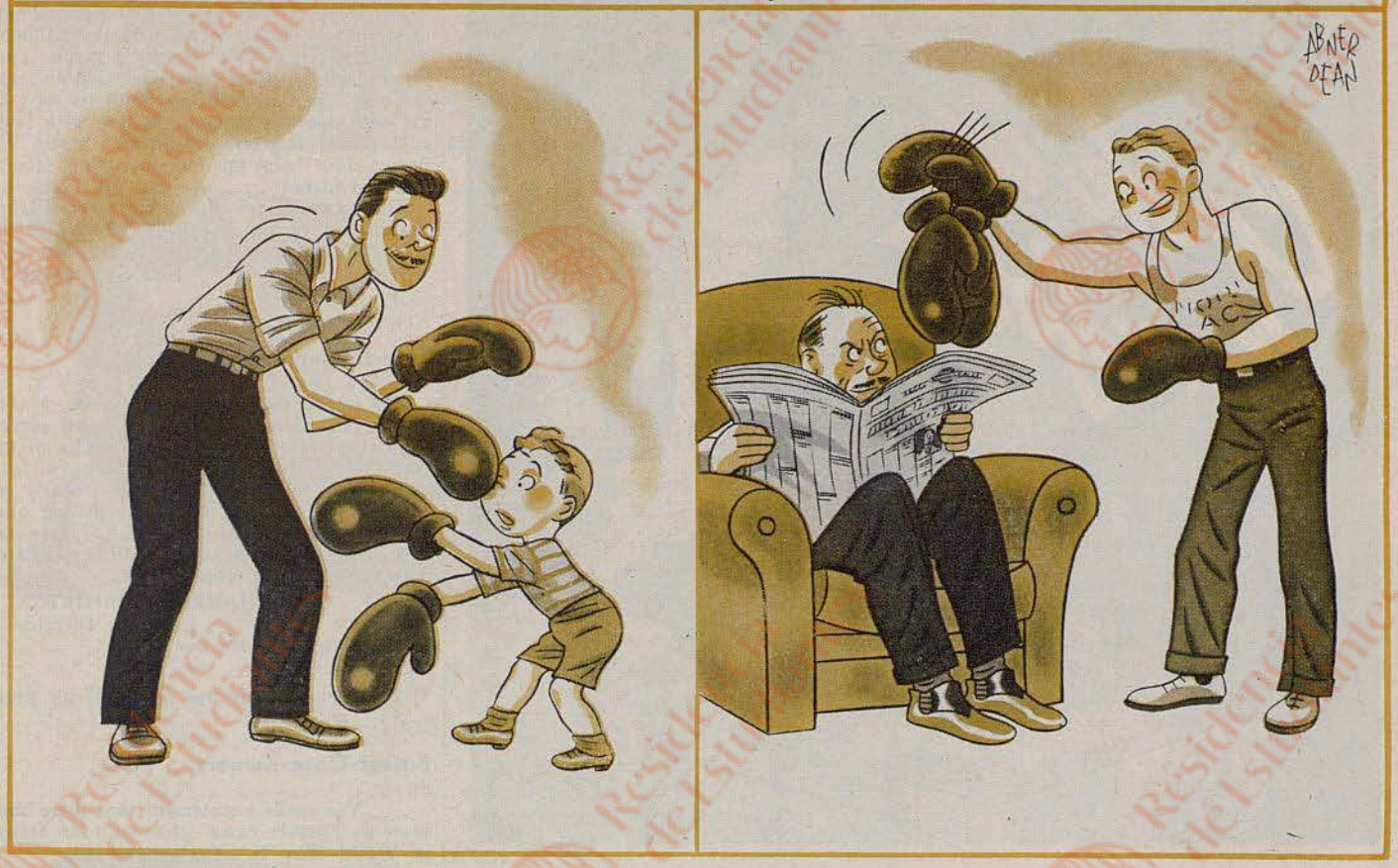
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What changes a few years can bring!



A particularly important change—and one you may have overlooked—is that the replacement value of your home or business property may be considerably higher today than a few years ago.

• • •

This raises the very practical question: Have you increased the fire insurance on your property enough to fully protect yourself?

• • •

If you are in doubt, why not discuss the matter now with your local insurance agent or broker? He can quickly tell you how to modernize your insurance in the light of conditions existing in your community. If you feel additional protection is needed, it can be arranged in a few minutes.

• • •

In no other business is the service of local agents or brokers more important than in insurance—which is why the Aetna Insurance Group sells only through such representatives.

• • •

It is a further satisfaction to know that when your insurance is with a capital stock company such as those comprising the Aetna Insurance Group, it is backed by *both* a paid-in capital and surplus.

Since 1819 **no policyholder has ever suffered loss because of failure of the Aetna to meet its obligations.**

WARS	CONFLAGRATIONS	DEPRESSIONS
1846 Mexican War	1835—New York City	1819
	1845—New York City	1837
1861 Civil War	1851—San Francisco	
	1866—Portland, Me.	1843
1898 Spanish-American War	1871—Chicago	1857
	1872—Boston	
	1877—St. John, N. B.	1873
	1889—Seattle; Spokane	1893
1917 World War I	1901—Jacksonville, Fla.	
	1904—Baltimore	1907
	1906—San Francisco	1921
1941 World War 2	1908—Chelsea	
	1914—Salem	1929
	1941—Fall River	

DON'T **GUESS** ABOUT INSURANCE—CONSULT YOUR LOCAL AGENT OR BROKER

Standard protection — CAPITAL STOCK COMPANY INSURANCE

Aetna Insurance Group

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Listen to
LELAND STOWE
Blue Network
Saturdays 7:15 p. m., E.W.T.

AETNA INSURANCE CO. • THE WORLD FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE CO. • THE CENTURY INDEMNITY CO.
PIEDMONT FIRE INSURANCE CO. • STANDARD INSURANCE CO. OF N. Y. • STANDARD SURETY & CASUALTY CO. OF N. Y.



. . . when kitchens have ILG rapid air change!

Here's one post-war dream you can count on! After Victory you can get genuine ILG Kitchen Ventilators to remove excessive heat, cooking fumes and odors quickly and quietly. You can eliminate the 403 lbs. of "greasy grime" given off while cooking in an average home each year—save housecleaning toil, redecorating costs. Put an ILG in your post-war plans—send coupon for *free* booklet.

ILG VITALIZED VENTILATION
AND AIR CONDITIONING



FREE! Colorful new booklet "The Case of The Careless Kitchen."

ILG ELECTRIC VENTILATING CO., CHICAGO 41, ILL. 2847 NORTH CRAWFORD AVENUE • OFFICES IN 38 PRINCIPAL CITIES
☐ Send free booklet "The Case of The Careless Kitchen."
Name.....
Address.....Zone.....
City.....State.....

of the engine reflected faithfully by the towering cliffs ahead. The boat goes faster & faster, and at last races altogether out of control. We see the pilot wringing his hands and hear his frightened moans as the boat roars for the rocks, and crashes with a series of hellish explosions, the broken propeller thrashing against the stone. . . .

But Durrance was not content with a single masterpiece: [there were] the leaky balloon; the old streetcar; the stealthy assassin (gurgle and choke); the delayed-action infernal machine; the badgered bear with its refreshing and vigorous variant, the dog with bone . . . [and] the difficult aircraft *motif*. He flew a four-hour mission, involving several hundred planes. . . .

Tom awoke refreshed. His work takes nothing out of him. He asked me how I felt. I forget what I said. I hope he has too. . . .

BOB STROTHER
% Postmaster
New York City

Entertainment, Not Morals

Sirs:

The implication in Theater (TIME, March 12) is that Commissioner Paul Moss served a novitiate in censorship as a member of the National Board of Review, which you call "watchdog of cinemorality." For nearly 30 years the Board has been actively and outspokenly against censorship: its reviewers classify and recommend films on the basis of entertainment, not morals. . . .

JAMES S. HAMILTON
Executive Director
National Board of Review
New York City

¶ Is Cerberus neuter as well as neutral?—ED.

Basket Case Rumors

Sirs:

. . . You made a statement that there have been no "basket cases" (loss of four limbs) in World War II (TIME, Feb. 26).

On March 7th, a wounded war veteran spoke in our plant for the Red Cross. He stated that there are four wards of basket cases in the Tilton General Hospital alone.

IRENE G. HOFFMEYER
West Orange, N.J.

Sirs:

. . . There is a whole ward of the . . . hospital . . . devoted to these pitiful cases. They are brought in at night so the squeamish public will not have to know they exist. I think it's a shame that the public gets all its news so sugar-coated. . . .

ALVIN SINGERMAN
Los Angeles

¶ Shame, rather, on Reader Singerman for believing false rumors. Says Surgeon General Norman T. Kirk: there have been no basket cases in World War II; no man losing all four limbs could live.—ED.

Hazing Homicide

Sirs:

The story "Boys Will Be Boys" (TIME, March 5) about the boy who was killed while being initiated into a college fraternity is one that should rouse to action every citizen of the U.S. . . .

JOHN L. BATES
Meadville, Pa.

Sirs:

. . . I think it is about time the fraternities got together and agreed upon some ceremony which will not shock the public; if this goes on parents will be justified in boycotting such educational institutions where cruel treatments are practiced. . . . I hope the

A visit to James Melton's

JALOPPY MUSEUM





"This handy fish basket is what sold me on this 'Ford-with-the-fringe-on-top'! Good mechanical condition, too. Probably was brought up on Havoline, the best motor oil you could get—then as now!"



"Bet a lot of back seat drivers have tumbled through this rear exit. They put too much confidence in the door latch. But one thing that did justify confidence in the old days was Havoline, because it was improved year after year to match every new engine requirement."



"Believe it or not this was a Fiat limousine once. Makes a fine greenhouse now. With Havoline in the crankcase, I wouldn't be afraid of driving it coast-to-coast."

"Won't be long until today's cars are antiques, what with the new wrinkles promised for postwar. And Havoline will be ready with the best motor oil for tomorrow's engines just as it has for every new engine in the past 40 years."



. . . and best for your car today! Jimmy's right. Today's cars will be antiques some day. But don't let it happen to *your* car ahead of time. Prolong its life with Havoline—the motor oil with 40 years of scientific improvement that makes possible a cleaner engine, more power and "go," more miles per gallon of precious gas. See your Texaco Dealer today. Fill up with Havoline and keep going strong!



For Your Enjoyment . . . 2 Great Radio Programs

Tune in **JAMES MELTON:** The TEXACO STAR THEATRE every Sunday night. | **METROPOLITAN OPERA:** Complete broadcasts of great operas every Saturday afternoon.

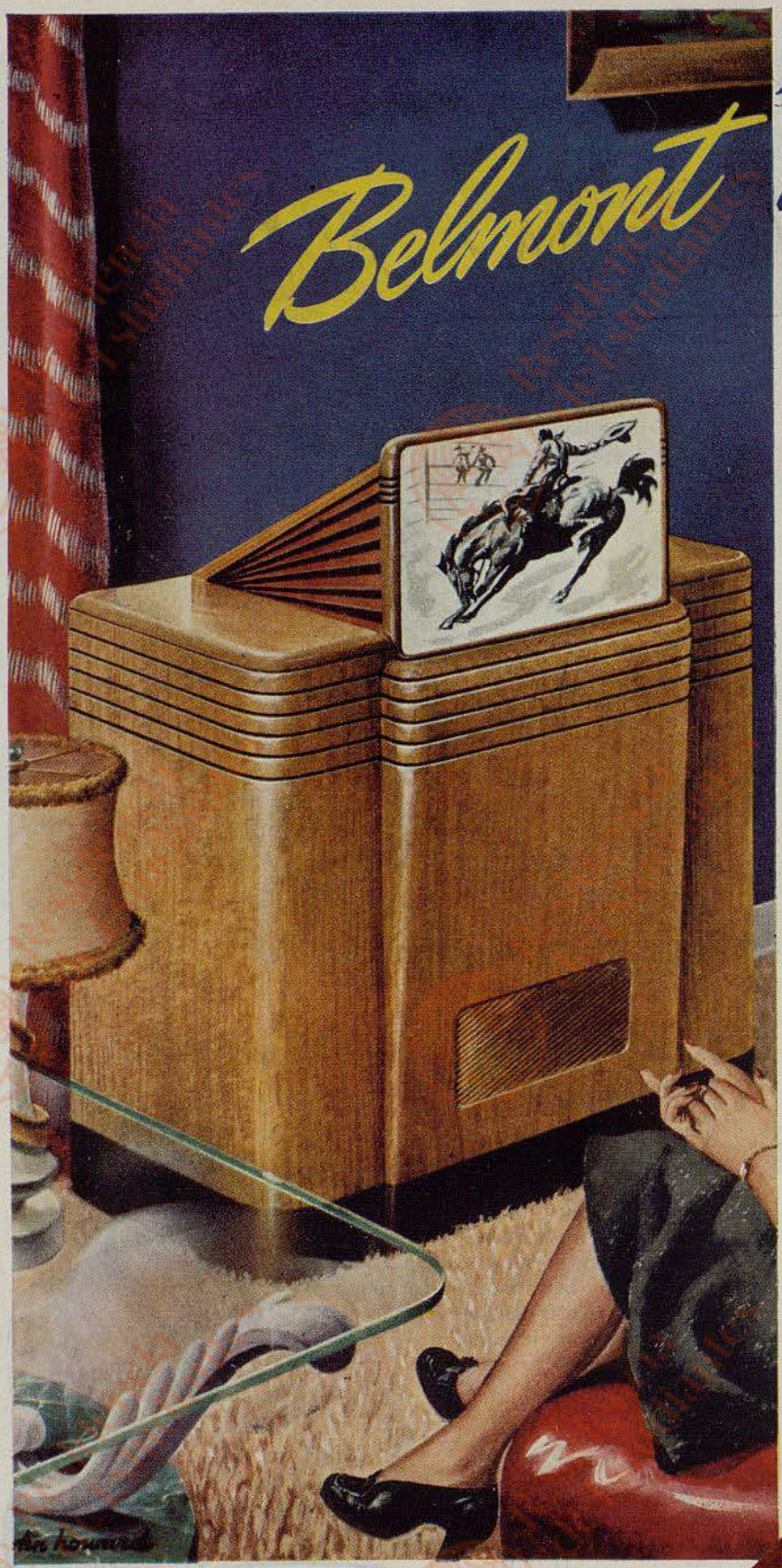


Consult newspapers for time and stations

You're welcome at **TEXACO DEALERS**



THE TEXAS COMPANY



Television

WILL BE OUT FRONT

With enlarged pictures big enough for the whole family to see

With faithful reproduction of both sound and scene

With familiar push-button tuning

With a full line of beautiful cabinets

You've heard of illusions created with mirrors. But here's where mirrors create something real!

In the coming Belmont Television Receiving Sets, mirrors, as used in the Schmidt Optical System, produce bright, greatly enlarged pictures. Then these pictures are flashed before your view on a large sized screen. The results are pictures the whole family can see . . . without straining or crowding.

And you'll know ease of operation that fulfills every wish. You can pull pictures from the air as easily as you "tune in" with your present radio. You'll have the same familiar push-button control. And with every picture, you'll enjoy faithful reproduction of every broadcast sound . . . *talking pictures at television's best.*

As one of the pioneer builders of fine radios, Belmont has the experience, the facilities and the skill to bring you television as you want it . . . in the cabinet you want . . . at the price you want to pay. And that's our goal.

Today, Belmont's job is to produce high-precision electronic equipment for the Armed Forces . . . in volume and on time. In this job, there will be no lull until it is finished. But that day will come. Keep your eyes on Belmont! Belmont Radio Corporation, 5925 W. Dickens Avenue, Chicago 39, Illinois.

Wage War With Your Wages—
Buy War Bonds!

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.

Belmont Radio

RADAR ★ TELEVISION ★ FM ★ ELECTRONICS

parents of Robert Perry will bring a civil suit against the University for the death of their son; and the fraternity and its members should be indicted for such kind of homicide as the laws of the State of Missouri allow.

JAMES R. WALTERS

Little Rock, Ark.

Ungnarled Nimitz

Sirs:

TIME (Feb. 26), which gives the cover to Admiral Nimitz, contains a grand story on him. We are all delighted with it. But there is the statement that "Nimitz reached for his pen, gripped it in a hand gnarled by rheumatism. . . ."

He has no gnarled hands, nor has he rheumatism. Actually, he retains all of his physical well-being, with perhaps the exception of the loss of the tip of one finger.

OFFICER'S NAME WITHHELD

Headquarters of Commander in Chief
U.S. Pacific Fleet and Pacific Ocean Areas

Sirs:

. . . Newspapermen habitually refer to midshipmen of the U.S. Naval Academy as



MIDSHIPMAN NIMITZ (1905)
Midshipmen do not like the inference . . .

"cadets"—a term which specifically applies to boys at West Point and other military schools. . . . Naval Academy men for obvious reasons do not like the inference.

Furthermore, "Cadet" Nimitz is wearing the uniform of an ensign, in peacetime full dress. . . .

E. W. SWEETLAND
Lieut. Commander, U.S.N.R.
Naval Training School
Harvard University

¶ TIME's apologies to ungnarled, able-bodied, ex-Midshipman Nimitz (*see cut*).—ED.

Dictaphones & Dictographs

Sirs:

You seem to be having your troubles with a dictating machine trademarked Dictaphone. Because your editorial treatment involves an evident misconception of a fundamental point of law concerning the use of trademarks, I'd like to set the matter straight for the benefit of all concerned. On p.18 of the March 19 issue you use the word to denote a phonographic apparatus to take dictation—but with a small "d" as a common noun instead of a



You don't have to start with much

The important thing about protecting your family with life insurance is to get started - and you don't have to start with very much.

●● Even modest deposits on the Lincoln National Salary Continuance Plan, will assure your wife an adequate monthly "salary", if you should die...and guarantee you a life income if you reach retirement age.

●● Other Lincoln Life Insurance programs include Life Income Plans which enable you to assure your family ample protection yet provide any income you want for yourself when you wish to retire. See your local Lincoln agent for details - or write us.

More than a billion and a half dollars of insurance in force

The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company

Fort Wayne Indiana



Its Name Indicates Its Character

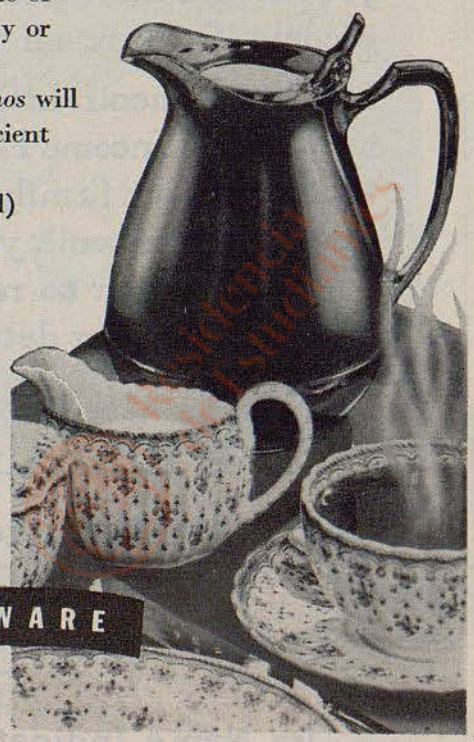


"Hot brew for hours, dearie. These Thermos Coffee Servers are supernatural"

● The bewitching aroma of hot coffee, brewed before the guests arrive . . . the magic of having hot drink or food anytime, day or night . . . that's *Thermos* service.

And you'll have it that way. *Thermos* will bring you many beautiful and efficient peacetime products made to keep hot things hot (and cold things cold) —just like the famous *Thermos* brand vacuum bottle, which serves war-workers today.

One of Many War-Curtailed Thermos Models



THERMOS
TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BRAND VACUUM WARE

THE AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO., NORWICH, CONN.
Thermos Bottle Co., Ltd., Toronto • Thermos Limited, London

capital "D" as a proper noun, denoting a trademark which it is. (It's like saying joe doakes, smoking a camel, drove off in his ford to buy some listerine.) On p.92, in an item about a spy movie, you refer to "hidden dictaphones" when you mean a secret listening device. Well, Dictaphone just isn't that kind of machine and Dictograph, a trademarked voice-transmitting device, isn't really used by criminal investigators, local or federal, to overhear remote conversations. (They usually have their own small delicate apparatus privately built for them.)

After all, these manufacturers have property rights in the names of their products just as you have in the name of your magazine.

PAUL B. WEST
President
Association of National Advertisers
New York City

¶ Hereafter TIME will mind its Dictaphones & Dictographs.—ED.

Gum-Chewing Newspaper

Sirs:

Just what in hell, we ask in all sincerity, is a "gum-chewing newspaper?" (TIME, March 5).

(M/SGT.) EUGENE J. POTTER
(S/SGT.) ROBERT W. DIETSCH
Tampa

¶ Ever hear the New York *Daily News* (for one) crack its gum?—ED.

Unusual?

Sirs:

I had been warned not to go to Washington without train accommodations, appointment made, and counting on three or four days before seeing my man.

I arrived on the morning of Feb. 28, got a taxi with ease, acquired hotel accommodations, saw the gentleman in WPB without waiting, settled all business, ate all my meals without standing in line, and was able to visit friends before taking a train back to Jackson, with sleeping accommodations acquired without reservation. Is this unusual?

JAMES T. CANIZARO
Jackson, Miss.

¶ Is a jackpot unusual?—ED.

Why?

Sirs:

I am 29 years of age . . . blind in one eye, weigh 124 pounds, as compared with my normal 160, and I know what it is like to be under Jap bombings, strafings and groundfire.

The above is written only to prove my right to ask the following questions:

1) Why are there so many healthy 4-Fs left in America when they are able to serve?

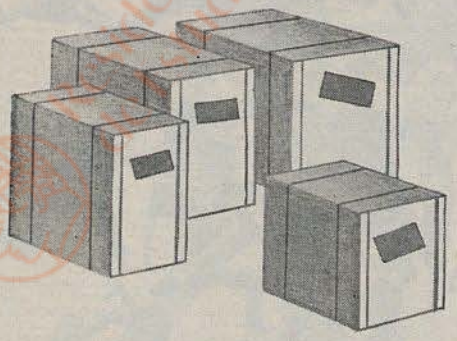
2) Why does Congress hesitate to pass a National Service Act? If a man can be forced to die for his country, why should he not be forced to work for it?

(CPL.) W. ESKELUND
% Postmaster
San Francisco

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.



Alert airlines are using **MAGNESIUM** in ever-expanding quantities to reduce dead weight.



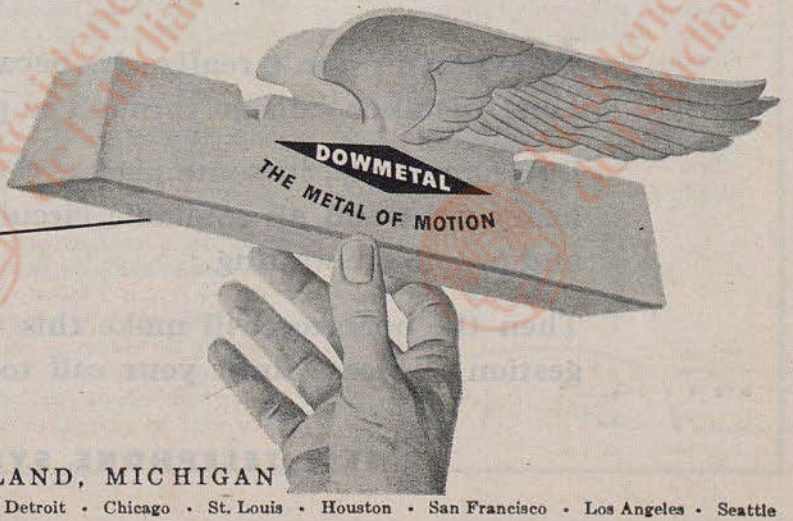
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Subscriber

Percy Knauth took off this week for Berlin.

It may be some time before he gets there, but as the Allied troops smash into the heart of Germany he is going in right behind them, to help reopen TIME's Berlin Office, closed since June 1941 when our last correspondent there locked its door and caught the train for Basel to telephone us the true story of Hitler's break with Stalin from the uncensored side of the Swiss frontier.



TIME'S PERCY KNAUTH

Back to Berlin....

Percy Knauth is as American as baseball—he was born within sight of the towers of Manhattan—but this will be something like a homecoming for him. He knows almost every country in Europe firsthand (Finland, the Low Countries and Russia are just about the only places he has never been). He went to school on the Continent—first in Switzerland, then in Germany; and he lived and worked in Germany as a New York *Times* correspondent for years—all through the shame of Munich and the ravaging of Poland, the fall of France and the blitz of Britain. In fact, his mother and three sisters were caught in Leipzig when Hitler declared war on America—went through three of the heaviest bombings there (*"The house was like rubber, bending back and forth, the floor rising up and down like waves"*).

Knauth remembers his Berlin correspondent days as one bout after another with the Nazis. He got his best chance to study Hitler's bigwigs closeup at the Berlin Auto Show, when he talked his way into a restricted area, found himself rubbing elbows with Hitler himself, Hess, Goebbels and Göring. Twice he was arrested by the Gestapo—once for photographing a riot, again for being in a café suspected as a gathering place for people who didn't like Nazis.

Knauth came to TIME soon after Pearl Harbor to write his personal knowledge of Central Europe into our Foreign News stories, but a year ago he flew to Turkey to take over the listening post we'd set up in Ankara to keep us posted on what was really going on in Hitler's Fortress.

As soon as he could, he got back inside the Fortress: in Bulgaria he watched a Russian division moving up to battle, a sight rarely witnessed by U.S. newsmen. In Rumania he lunched with young King Mihai and Queen Helen, got the King's own story of how he had trapped Antonescu. En route back to Turkey he joined the British troops clearing the Nazis out of their Aegean outposts.

Knauth will see and report plenty of fighting in his new assignment—but war cables to TIME's Battlefronts editors are just part of his job. He speaks fluent German, of course, with so little accent most Germans take him for a Swede—tell him things they might hesitate to hint to an American. So Knauth's main work will be with the German people. He will talk with as many of them as he can, and pass on what he hears to TIME's editors—so that TIME can bring its readers a better understanding of what crushing defeat has done and is doing to the once arrogant Germans.

Cordially,

P. I. Prentice



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Vol. XLV No. 14

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

April 2, 1945

U. S. AT WAR

THE NATION

The Road to Berlin

U.S. troops poured over the Rhine by the thousands—in boats, over bridges, through the air. Now even the most professionally pessimistic observers had to admit that the final round was on. The roads to Berlin had opened up.

At home, the U.S. people took this significant advance in stride. A year ago, such a tremendous push might have started public celebrations. By now, the U.S. people, like their Army, had become more professional in their attitude toward war. They were also, as ever, mindful of the cost.

In the week before the Big Push, U.S. casualties reached an alltime high—19,998 for seven days. Casualties since Pearl Harbor now totaled 859,587, more than twice the number of World War I. And the battlefront pictures showed the cemeteries growing ever larger (*see cut*).



Associated Press

BEHIND THE FRONT IN BELGIUM*
Ahead, a road was opening up.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Price to Pay

The Crimea Conference's stern decision on German reparations—to exact payment in kind—had left the U.S. people waiting for a more detailed picture of official U.S. policy. Last week, although there was still no detailed statement of policy, they got a strong hint that Franklin Roosevelt was minded to go along with the Russians and, presumably, the British, in demanding a strict accounting for German destruction in Europe.

The President had turned the problem over to two of his sharpest troubleshooters.

Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius Jr. appointed small, sharp-eyed Dr. Isador Lubin, White House fact-finder and economic adviser, to represent the U.S. on the Reparations Commission. This week Dr. Lubin was preparing for a trip to Moscow, where the Commission will sit. At the same time, Elder Statesman Bernard M. Baruch was expected in London to explore Germany's postwar economics, talk with Winston Churchill about what should be exacted from Germany.

Washington knew that 75-year-old Bernard Baruch favored a stern peace for Germany, although short of Henry Morgenthau's reported plan to eliminate German industry. Baruch was for a long occupation of the Reich and stripping down all German war industries.

Isador Lubin, who recently toured occupied areas in Germany, was known to favor a strict settlement by which Germany would pay heavily in raw materials and even food.

The Envoys. Tall, white-haired "Bernie" Baruch, veteran adviser to Presidents, is no stranger to the heady reparations problem. As an adviser on reparations, he went with Woodrow Wilson to the Versailles Peace Conference, jousted with Clemenceau and Lloyd George.

He was against reparations to the extent imposed at Versailles because he was sure Germany could never pay and that the economic burden would breed another war. By Washington account, Elder Statesman Baruch will join this time in the proposition that if reparations are heavy enough, Germany will never be able to go to war again.

Greying, 49-year-old Dr. Lubin, who has an intimate knowledge of White House operations, also has experience in world economics. In 1918 he was economic expert for the U.S. Food Administration; he held the same post the following year with the U.S. War Industries Board. Since 1933, when he went into the Roosevelt administration as Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, he has been busy as a New Deal figure-man and statistical expert.

When the war started, he was borrowed by the White House and officially titled chief of the statistical and analysis division of the Munitions Assignment Board. His real assignment: solution of all manner of war problems dumped on his desk by Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Hopkins.

The Policy. While neither of Franklin Roosevelt's envoys had anything to say last week, the general outlines of U.S. reparations policy had begun to take form. To Washington insiders it seemed clear that proponents of the Morgenthau plan for Germany, rather than having lost everything at Yalta, had won at least half a victory. It was also clear that the final reparations plan would depend largely on the extent of destruction inside Germany. Stemming from that point, Washington thinking was running along these lines:

¶ Germany should be made to pay heavily from her vast stores of raw materials—coal, potash (badly needed to fertilize Europe's wasted farmlands), timber, etc.; she should also pay with some of her food.

¶ Neither the U.S. nor Britain is minded to invest money to help Germany restore her smashed-up industrial plants; these would have to be repaired by the German people themselves, living on standards

* U.S. military cemetery at Henri-Chapelle, largest on the western front.

probably below even what they maintained during the war.

¶ Germany should be made, it was thought in Washington, to return the machinery and facilities she has stolen from the ravaged countries of Europe, and she should be left, in her period of recovery, to find her own markets as best she can.



Harris & Ewing

THE BOSS OF MEMPHIS
Summoned?

Finally, Washington knew that no U.S. official now was thinking in terms of a strong, centralized Germany again. U.S. official opinion, forming gradually, was moving along a strong policy line. Germany would have to face her debts, pay them in kind—and in full.

THE PRESIDENCY

Old Issue, New Style

A new tariff battle was on. In a surprise message to Congress this week, Franklin Roosevelt asked not only for extension of the reciprocal Trade Agreements Act (it would expire June 12), but also for power to reduce present tariffs still more.

The original Trade Agreements Act, passed in 1934, gave the President power to cut existing tariffs by 50%. In the case of some countries (especially England and Canada) the full cuts were made. Now the President asked for power to reduce the present tariffs by another 50%—or a possible total cut of 75%.

Said Franklin Roosevelt: "This is essential to the substantial increase in our foreign trade which is necessary for full employment and improved standards of living. It means more exports and it also means more imports." Elaborating the idea of reciprocal trade, Franklin Roosevelt argued that other countries cannot pay what they owe the U.S. unless the U.S. is willing to take that payment in imports. And it cannot take the imports if tariffs are high.

Without specifically recalling the famed fights over the Smoot-Hawley Tariff, the President added that, in his opinion, this was no longer a question which should divide Democrats and Republicans. But he promptly heard from two Republicans. Minnesota's Representative Harold Knutson declared that the President's proposal would close many a U.S. factory. Michigan's Roy O. Woodruff called for defeat of the entire reciprocal trade program. Congress set itself for long debate.

Last week the President also:

¶ Drove to Union Station in an open car to welcome Canada's ramrod-straight Governor General, the Earl of Athlone.

¶ Took the Earl along to the annual White House Correspondents' dinner, there laughed at jokes about Term IV.

¶ Asked the Advisory Board of the OWMR to undertake a study of the annual wage. The committee promptly got to work. The study will be directed by U.S. Chamber of Commerce President Eric Johnston.

¶ Had a visit from Memphis' owlish Democratic Boss Ed Crump. Leaving the White House, Ed Crump was mum. Scuttlebutt had it that he had been summoned in an effort to get him to stop Tennessee's Senator Kenneth McKellar, the Senate's premier spoilsman, from trying to wreck TVA.

¶ Appointed Assistant Secretary of State Nelson A. Rockefeller's great & good friend Wallace Kirkman Harrison, 49, as the $10,000-a-year Director of Inter-American Affairs. No career diplomat, Appointee Harrison is a Manhattan architect, co-designer of Rockefeller Center and the New York World's Fair Trylon & Perisphere.

WOMEN

Advice for Brides

Around the world last week thousands of overseas brides of American soldiers waited for the day when they would sail for the U.S. In Australia were some 3,000 (and hundreds of babies); in New Zealand, 350. In Great Britain 2,000 have applied for entry to the U.S., and some 20,000 will apply as soon as their husbands, now fighting in the European Theater of Operations, head for home.

While they waited for travel permission or soldier husbands, those in Britain got some advice on how to act when they get to their new home. The advice, "A Bride's Guide to the U.S.A.," was cooked up by the British *Good Housekeeping* and the London staff of OWI. Excerpts:

"In America it is good manners to praise anything you like, whether it is the food, the furniture or the view from the window. Dress your smartest for the first interviews, and remember that except in the smallest villages lipstick is expected.

"Arm yourself with a few items of 'small talk'—any odd fact . . . to cover your thoughts while you look about. . . ."



Harris & Ewing

THE EARL OF ATHLONE
Feted.

On Kidding. "There are some kinds of spoken humor that you must learn to take calmly . . . kidding is perhaps [hard] to get used to but you have to learn. It may consist of mimicking to see if you 'can take it.' This variety is a subtle form of flattery as it makes you the center of attention and assumes that you can laugh at yourself, a quality that is much admired.

"The Americans do not say 'Thank you' in as many situations as the British, and they often ask a question without begging pardon. It is good American when thanked for a real favor to say, 'You're welcome,' 'Don't mention it,' or 'Not at all. . . .'

"As to table manners, your knife and fork system will seem strange to most Americans but not bad-mannered. You can make a joke of trying to learn the American cut and switch system. . . ."

On Home and Ambitions. "You will have to get used to what they mean by 'settling down.' It does not mean finding a secure job and a house and stopping there forever. It means first of all finding a line of work with prospects of higher pay and a 'future' rather than security. Love of home also is not necessarily connected with a house. Americans move often and may attach their home feeling

almost entirely to their furniture and car.

"Americans do not like to be 'pushed around' any more than British people do. Along with the feeling that everyone is 'born free and equal' and ought to have an equal chance in life is a spirit of hope with great expectations for the future. In spite of many shortcomings America is a new country where past achievements are only a starting point for the future. You will be welcome in America, for you too have taken your chance and embarked on a great adventure. Americans admire courage. They will wish you good luck and happiness in your new life in the new world."

SHORTAGES

Who Is to Blame?

The Senate's Agriculture Committee this week began to dig to the bottom of the food muddle (*see* INTERNATIONAL). It had a big job on its hands. In all of vast bureaucratic Washington, everyone could put a finger on someone to blame. All this seemed to boil down to one main fact: there was no top control of the U.S. food supply or its allocation.

War Food Administrator Marvin Jones had the authority to do the job. Instead, he had let competing agencies—particularly the armed forces—grab all they thought they wanted. This had created some shortages where there should have been none. Actually, there was ample food for the U.S. Although the meat shortage is the worst of the war, the U.S. cattle population of over 80,000,000 is at an alltime high. But no one had laid down a basic, overall policy to get the meat to U.S. dinner tables.

More to Come. There were other shortages here, or on the way:

¶ The rubber program, floundering under increasing military schedules and shortages of components for tires, was again in trouble. As a result, WPB cut the April allotment of civilian tires a third to 1,000,000, lowest quota in a year. Holders of A cards and most holders of Bs could hope for no new tires for months.

¶ The armed services will take 40% of the U.S. butter supply in April, and 55% in May, more than double the take in butter-short February and March.

¶ The civilian allowance of paper products —towels, tissues, bags, etc.—was heavily cut.

All down the line, from steel to soft drinks, the U.S. was being pinched tighter than at any time during the war. Washington turned away criticism with the pat phrase: "It's the war." To a large extent this was true; there was just not enough of everything to go around. But it was equally true that there were enough red tape and squabbles between competing agencies, and enough plain, old-fashioned bungling to keep the U.S. from getting the best use out of what it had.

RACES

Postwar Exports

They were born in the U.S. and, until Pearl Harbor, had therefore enjoyed all the blessings of citizenship. They had gone to the public schools, voted, earned a living. Some of them had friends or relatives in the U.S. armed forces. But last week these 6,000-odd U.S. Japanese were busy renouncing their citizenship to swear allegiance to Emperor Hirohito.

By & large, they were the fanatical, trouble-making variety of Nisei segregated at Tule Lake, Calif., for disloyalty. Until a year ago change of allegiance was so difficult to achieve that a Nisei had to commit treason or desert from the armed forces to make it. Now, thanks to a recent act of Congress, anybody can renounce his U.S. citizenship if the U.S. Attorney General finds it is not contrary to the national defense.

Some of the Nisei who have got or are getting a chance at renunciation are afraid that to be returned to the hostile Pacific Coast would be worse than being re-interned as aliens. But the majority of them dearly want to go back to Japan—even though they can see from their newspapers how their future homeland is being devastated by the U.S., how close it is to defeat. After the war is over they will be sent back to what is left of the land few of them have ever seen.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Power & Politics

The U.S. Senate's coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats, only half successful in its fight against Henry Wallace, has been pointing up for a fuller victory. If they could not keep Wallace out of the Commerce Department, there was one thing they could do: keep leftish, New Dealer Aubrey Willis Williams from becoming Rural Electrification Administrator.

Last week, after a debate notable for irrelevant oratory and the bored absence of most Senators, the time came to strike. Franklin Roosevelt's nomination of Aubrey Williams was rejected, 52 to 36.

Disapproval of the lank, one-time NYAdministrator had been a foregone conclusion, but the strength of the opposition was surprising. Against Williams were 19 Democrats, most of them from the South, and 33 Republicans. On his side were 31 Democrats, 1 Progressive, 4 Republicans. Not in nearly six years had a Presidential nomination been turned down.* For the anti-New Deal bloc it was a thumping victory; for the White House

* In June, 1939, the Senate rejected the nomination of William S. Boyle to be U.S. Attorney for Nevada. Later, in the face of certain defeat, nominations of Edward J. Flynn to be U.S. Minister to Australia and of James V. Allred to be a judge of the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals were withdrawn.



Associated Press

TILLERS OF THE SOIL

These Amishmen in wide-brimmed hats and collarless black coats were called up last week for physical examinations by their Lancaster County (Pa.) draft board. They had previously been deferred as essential farm workers. If deferment is rescinded, they will all claim draft exemption as conscientious objectors, not only on religious grounds but also because they object to the use of machines. (They work their rich farms by horse, plow and harrow, own no automobiles.) To date, few Amishmen have been inducted into the Army; there is hardly an Amish family which does not have a son in a conscientious objectors' camp.



Acme

AUBREY WILLIAMS
Congress just didn't like him.

it was a stinging and perhaps significant defeat.

The Fight. Lean-jawed, contentious Aubrey Williams, social-worker protégé of Harry Hopkins, had been an easy target. Before the Agricultural Committee, the fight was led by Tennessee's knob-nosed, choleric Kenneth McKellar, an old Williams foe, and no holds were barred.

McKellar accused Williams of being a Communist sympathizer, a waster of government money (particularly in NYA), and unqualified for the job. Soon McKellar produced a letter from a clergyman charging that Williams, onetime student for the Presbyterian Ministry, had "renounced the Divinity of Christ." Then Williams' religious and political beliefs got a going-over. The Committee rejected his nomination.

On the Senate floor, the issue of religion, which has a way of backfiring, was touched only lightly. But new attacks on Williams as a leftist with no special qualifications for the job came from Mississippi's Theodore G. ("The Man") Bilbo, from Ohio's Taft, from South Dakota's Bushfield, many another.

When it was all over, Aubrey Williams had his own interpretation. In the headquarters of the National Farmers Union, where he works as an organizer, he said he was defeated "because I openly espouse the idea of getting [political] power into the hands of the common people. . . . I'm just Joe Doaks in this thing. . . ." In the manner of P.A.C., Aubrey Williams' Farm Union friends threatened to go into Senatorial bailiwicks for a "total war of issues."

But the bloc which had turned him down gave no sign of worry. The fact was that, however sound their reasons, they just didn't like Aubrey Williams or what he stood for.

WARTIME LIVING

Midnight in the Metropolis

Many a citizen wondered what was happening to Jimmy Byrnes's midnight curfew. Thousands guessed that the 12 o'clock closing order, already sidetracked in New York by Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, would soon be completely derailed. But the mayor's attempt to keep Manhattan bars and night clubs open until 1 a.m. had the opposite effect.

President Roosevelt quickly took a stand—he wanted the curfew observed everywhere. And though Jimmy Byrnes had all but admitted that the Government had no way of enforcing his order, the War Department put teeth in it by proclaiming a midnight curfew for soldiers.

Military police moved into Broadway bars, began hauling soldiers away from their drinks while delighted sailors raised glasses and jeered happily. The next day the Navy spoke too—obey the midnight curfew.

Then, in an excess of zeal, the Army's Second Service Command ruled that enlisted men could not even eat in New York restaurant-bars after midnight. Hotelmen and bar and night club operators began shutting up at 12 again, shuddering at the idea of trying to separate service men from liquor or food an hour before civilians went home.

LaGuardia, still curfused, still certain that a 12 o'clock curfew disrupted Manhattan's subway and bus systems, and that it would cause speakeasies to flower, made a nationwide radio speech to explain himself. He said that an hour of "tolerance" would make the curfew more easily enforced. Then he went on to plead that the city does not license bars which offer no entertainment, thus has no control over them. But nobody seemed to be listening.

Mayors from all over the country righteously denounced the LaGuardia attitude. Across the country (where the curfew was being observed without much fuss), editorial writers and cartoonists wound up and chucked their bluntest barbs at New York City's Mayor.

New York bars and night clubs went right on shutting up at the stroke of midnight. At week's end administration officials, far from being indignant at the Little Flower, had begun to regard him benignly. The U.S. public, which had considered the curfew an unnecessary imposition, had got so mad at the mayor of sinful New York that they had begun to like it.

THE PHILIPPINES

"The Metal in Our Being"

During the three years of Japanese occupation of the Philippines, stocky, brilliant Tomás Confesor, 54, hid out in the lofty, mist-drenched mountains of Panay. There he calmly continued to conduct the affairs of his office as governor in exile of Iloilo Province and later of all Panay.

Last week, when U.S. troops swarmed on to Panay (*see* WORLD BATTLEFRONTS), Tomás Confesor was gone. He was in Manila, where President Sergio Osmeña had appointed him Secretary of Interior in the new Cabinet (*see cut*). He was also the Mayor of Manila.

In his two new posts Tomás Confesor was both happy and busy. The long hideout had given him time to think of a lot that needed doing. His timetable of reconstruction and reform was a 25-year-plan for the Philippines.

First the Present. Confesor had been realistic enough not to let his dreams for the future interfere with the harsh needs of the present. For the Filipinos he had scheduled first the plain, hard job of rebuilding bridges, highways, railroads,



Fitzpatrick-St. Louis *Post Dispatch*, Hutton-Philadelphia *Inquirer*

WHAT TO DO?
ALL OUT OF STEP BUT BUTCH
The Mayor's curfewsion made people mad.



Acme

PRESIDENT OSMEÑA & NEW CABINET*
The Secretary of Interior used his own stationery.

schools, re-establishment of banking and retail trade, restoring the administrative functions of civil government.

For the future, workers were promised a 48-hour week, abolition of child labor, equal pay standards for men & women, medical and health benefits. Youths 18 to 20 would serve on forest and soil conservation projects. There would be Government supervision of schools, and Confesor hoped that within 25 years illiteracy (reduced from approximately 90% to 51% since the U.S. took possession in 1899) could be eliminated. Water and land transportation would be socialized, and large retail cooperatives established.

Flight to Panay. The son of a farmer-schoolteacher in Iloilo, Confesor came to the U.S. as a youngster, worked his way through three years at the University of California. Later he graduated from the University of Chicago, where he majored in municipal government and economics. He was in Manila, as chief of the National Cooperatives Association and also governor of Iloilo, when the Japs arrived, got away to Panay in a small sailboat. When he struck out for the hills, he took with him his wife and three children.

When the Japs failed to capture Tomás Confesor, they tried persuasion. The puppet governor of Iloilo begged Confesor to return, to bring "peace and tranquillity to our people." Confesor's reply has become a classic of resistance literature: ("This war has placed us in the crucible to assay the metal in our being. . . . You underrate the nobility and grandeur of the character and soul of the Filipino. . . . I will not surrender as long as I stand on my feet."

Firmly on his feet last week, Confesor was ready to start clearing up battered Manila, preparing to rebuild the Philippines. His first principle for rebuilding: wide streets, no slums.

NEW YORK

No Privacy Left

Ruth Elizabeth Collins is a comely girl who went to New York from Concord, Mass. to become a dance band singer. She changed her name to Dale Belmont, borrowing the first name of Flash Gordon's girl friend. At first she had little success. But after a microscope salesman named Joe Bond became her manager she began wearing sweaters. Engagements at Manhattan's Versailles and Glass Hat followed.

Miss Belmont specialized in what she called "frustrated love songs," called herself The Blue Velvet Voice. Her singing was popular with men. Columnist Earl Wilson came, watched, went away and wrote simply: "Busting all records." Miss Belmont became a pin-up girl, sent 50,000 photographs of her sweatered self to soldiers who wrote countless formal, polite letters in return.

Last week, at the prompting of her manager, and with the aid of her attorney, Miss Belmont grew emotionally upset. She sent a registered letter to a firm known as Harvest House, to which she had once sold a photograph. The letter, which the attorney kindly wrote for her, threatened suit if the firm did not cease using her photograph to advertise a book entitled, *The Complete Guide to Bust Culture.*

The advertisement, she felt, insinuated that she had achieved "proud, glamorous curves" by exercise or artifice: her soldier friends were beginning to notice the ad in movie magazines. "They will think that I have deceived them, that I have faked," said Miss Belmont.

The detail of the letter over, her lawyer asked her permission to telephone a New York *Daily News* photographer. Miss Belmont, who was wearing a white sweater that day, assented. When the photographer arrived, Miss Belmont placed her hands behind her head, elbows out, swayed back happily, and smiled for a new photograph. But she still held to the complaint her lawyer had made in his letter to Harvest House. Its legal basis: her privacy had been invaded.

ARMY & NAVY

The Arms of the U.S.

Up to the start of the big push in Europe, the press was filled with bitter complaints that U.S. weapons are inferior to the weapons of the *Wehrmacht.* G.I. gripes ranged over everything from guns to winter camouflage dress. Mainly it focused on U.S. tanks.

One tank platoon commander, quoted by the New York *Times's* Hanson Baldwin, declared: "Whoever was responsible for supplying the Army with tanks is guilty of supplying material inferior to its enemy counterpart for at least two years or more." Associated Press's Wes Gallagher, in London, reported the angry reactions of men and officers "fed up with the statements coming out of Washington praising American equipment." A.P.'s Robert Eunson, with the Ninth Army, ironically summed up: "Our greatest asset, of course, is manpower."

Patently such statements as Eunson's were unwarranted. If they were true, the results would have shown in U.S. casualty lists, which were not out of line with the usual grim cost of war. But it was an in-



Bruno

DALE BELMONT
A lawyer kindly wrote . . .

* Pres. Sergio Osmeña, Hon. José S. Reyes, Maj. Gen. Basilio José Valdés, Hon. Maximo M. Kalow, Tomás Confesor, Hon. Delfin Jaranilla, Hon. Sotero B. Cabahug, Hon. Ismael Mathay.

escapable fact, nevertheless, that the Germans had run ahead of the U.S. with some of their weapons.

The Terrible 88. One of the German weapons that had long been clearly superior was the 88-mm. gun mounted on heavily armored Tiger tanks. The hard-hitting 88, which G.I.s have learned to fear more than any other single weapon and which German propaganda has exploited for all it is worth, had been in the German arsenal at the beginning of the war. It was well known to the U.S. Army long before it gave Germany another "superior" in the Tiger tanks.

But the Army's Ordnance Department was determined to build a better gun of its own. Instead of copying the 88-mm. piece, Ordnance continued to turn out 75s, 76s and 90s while it experimented.

It now has what it wanted: a new 90-mm. with a high velocity shell which will penetrate even the six- to twelve-inch frontal armor of the Royal Tigers. But this weapon, which has been in production for only eight months, was a tardy addition to the U.S. arsenal.

The T-26. In tank development, the U.S. has also been slow. Some Army officers long ago recommended a heavier tank than the 34-ton General Sherman on which Armored Force commanders still put their main reliance. U.S. tank theory was then—and still is: tanks should be light and fast, built chiefly to exploit breakthroughs.

Ranking Armored Force officers never believed the tank's function was to slug it out toe-to-toe with other tanks. But faced with the necessity of close infighting, many had to admit that for much infighting the U.S. did not have the best tank for the job.

The new 45-ton General Pershing (T-26) might be an answer—but again it was a tardy one.

The Enterprisers. The development of the German armory has been marked by great enterprise. German policy has been to try out new weapons in actual combat. Many of these untested weapons failed and a lot of German soldiers died in the course of the experiment. But the *Wehrmacht* was able to get on the field first with many a new design.

Right or wrong, the U.S. Army is ultra-conservative about its weapons. The Chief of Ordnance, husky, able, 58-year-old Major General Levin H. Campbell Jr., has speeded up the processes, but they are still slow.



LIFE

ORDNANCE'S HARRIS, BARNES, CAMPBELL
Top-ranking customers were more than satisfied.

Due Process. Ideas for new weapons are first screened by the Ordnance Technical Committee, headed by Major General Gladeon M. Barnes, engineering graduate of the University of Michigan.

Ideas that look promising are handed on to every branch which may be interested. When they have made all their recommendations, O.T.C. gives its approval for pilot models, and they are sent to Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland.

There, under the supervision of hard-boiled, West Point-trained Major General Charles T. Harris, every gun or vehicle is exhaustively tested and compared with enemy weapons in Aberdeen's museum of foreign material. Then a number of the weapons are made and sent overseas for trial in combat. Not until final revisions are made does Ordnance order mass production.

Many an Army man says there is too much red tape and delay in the process. Ordnance has an answer: it is not U.S. policy to use troops as guinea pigs; before a weapon is put in their hands, it must be right. It usually is, even if sometimes a little out of date.

O.K. with the Big Customers. Army Ordnance has the word of the top commanders that they are more than satisfied with the weapons they have.

One of Ordnance's jobs is to determine when soldiers' criticism of a weapon is based on fact and when it is just griping. In the case of the Royal Tiger and its 88-mm. gun, front-line criticism was impressively dismissed by fighting commanders, including Eisenhower and Patton, as a gripe. It was not until recently that field commanders decided the front-line men might be right and asked—but too late—for the T-26. There would not even be a token force of Pershings on hand now if Ordnance had not started building them more than a year ago.

The Rest of the List. For the rest of its job, Ordnance could claim more than a passing grade. It had the best rifle in the world—the Garand (which the riflewise Marine Corps had originally rejected after exhaustive tests, thus proving that there is more than one judgment to be made about any weapon). It had been first on the field with the bazooka.

U.S. artillery had been battle-proved as topflight; its grenades were at least as good as the Germans', probably better; its rolling stock, from jeeps to tank carriers, was better than any other army could hope to have. On total score, the U.S. Army was far out in front in quantity, quality and variety of weapons.

Sit-Down & Sentence

In the U.S. Army's troubled history of race relations, an army court-martial wrote one more entry. The court found four Negro WACs guilty of refusing to obey a superior's command.

The accused were members of a company of 99 Negro WACs stationed at Lovell General Hospital, Fort Devens, Mass. The four and 56 others, most of whom served as orderlies, had gone on a sit-down strike, complaining that they were given menial jobs and were treated badly because of their color. After Negro and white officers (including a major general) had talked to them, the 56 had gone back to their jobs. But not the disgruntled four: Privates Anna Morrison, Mary Green, Alice Young and Johnnie Murphy steadfastly refused to work.

The court (two white WACs, five white male officers, two male Negro officers) listened for two days to testimony, heard the ranking Negro WAC officer, Lieut. Tenola T. Stoney, when asked if she had noted any difference between the handling of black and white WACs at Lovell, answer: "I have not." When all the testimony was in, the court retired, soon reached its verdict: for each of the four, a year of hard labor, dishonorable discharge.

ECONOMICS

Statesmen v. Housewives

Over the transatlantic telephone Churchill and Roosevelt, like a couple of worried matrons, talked about food. A British major general with a distinguished record for bravery in Italy faced, with obvious trepidation, his new assignment to handle The Netherlands' "potentially perfectly awful" relief problems. Workers in France's nationalized Renault works hijacked a convoy of meat-laden trucks which had been seized by the Food Ministry. French railwaymen blocked gendarmes who tried to take away ten cattle, threatened to tie up the big Villeneuve-St.-Georges freight yards with a strike. Paris entered its fourth meatless week. Alarmed by reports from the hungry Continent, two British Cabinet Ministers emplaned for Washington, where a seething row over food split the Administration.

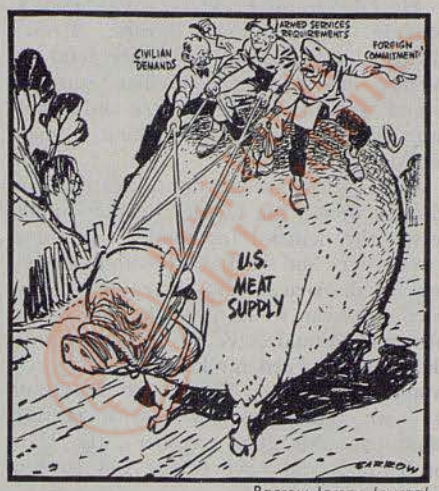
Statesmen last week looked over the world's food prospects for 1945-46, realized that most relief food for Europe could come only out of the U.S. civilian supply, and concluded in all seriousness that the fate of democracy in Western Europe depended on U.S. housewives.

Would the U.S. public take further cuts, in addition to recent ones caused by huge military purchases? If so, the U.S. and Britain had a chance to win a prime peace aim—stable, democratic, friendly Governments on the near side of Europe. If not, a European food crisis might produce political chaos and totalitarianism.

Empty bellies sharpen memories. In 1942 official propaganda promised that the U.S. would put aside part of each year's crop to meet Europe's relief needs, pledged enough U.S. food stocks to "win the war and write the peace."

Now the pledge was due, and some 70,000,000 underfed Western Europeans knew it. But there were no such stocks, nor other regions to which Europe could turn for food. Japs still held most of Asia's food exporting areas. Drought held South America, South Africa, Australia (TIME, March 26). The U.S. and Canada, after alltime peaks of food production last year, expected a slight drop this year.

In all the world, only North Americans had a general diet level well above nutritional needs.* In all the world, only



Barrow-Jersey Journal

"YOU CAN'T GO THE WHOLE HOG"
Dynamite is also in the menu.

North Americans ate more food in wartime than before the war. This last was such an uncomfortably conspicuous fact in world politics that 1) Canada talked of resuming meat rationing although Canadians knew it would not reduce consumption significantly, and 2) one group of U.S. Administration leaders wanted a drastically reduced civilian food supply, although they knew it would raise howls from U.S. consumers who have looked to V-E Day for relaxed rationing, not further cuts.

The Causes. Why had liberation and victory brought a crisis in food which the Germans had managed to stave off? There were many reasons. The Germans had managed European agriculture as a whole, introduced some improved methods, distributed food with a harsh, discriminatory—but efficient—hand. Even so, by D-day European food production was already running down for lack of phosphates, tractors, fuel, transport, manpower. After D-day disorganization mounted, European transport disintegrated, the German armies took horses to save fuel, and greatly reduced the working power of European farmers.

The war did not end as soon as the Allied planners expected. Sowing time this year finds armies fighting over some of the most important food-producing areas. Hundreds of thousands of farmers have been uprooted, unable to get home. Thousands of those who remain have no seed or tools. According to Washington's calculations, Europe will be lucky if it produces 105 million tons of food in 1945.

That would be only 10% below 1944, and Europe as a whole normally has to import only about 10% of the food it eats. Without any imports, Europe would have 80% of its normal supply. On the face of it, this was not catastrophe or even crisis. But, unhappily for the U.S. and the world, this was not the whole story. The danger lay a good deal deeper. Europe in 1945 was not likely to be "a whole."

In good times, the countries east of Germany produce more food than they eat. Germany and the countries west of it produce less than they eat (France, 83%; The Netherlands, 67%; Belgium, 51%; Norway, 43%). Damaged transport would hinder westward movement of food across Europe. Eastern food-surplus countries lie in the Russian sphere of military occupation or political influence.

Millions of hungry Russians, on short rations since the summer of 1941, are likely to get any surplus from the Danube Basin and nearby areas.

Thus the European food shortage will be largely concentrated in Western Europe, and even there it cannot be spread evenly over the whole population. When food is short, only the strongest governments can make rural areas disgorge food for the cities. Inflation makes the task almost impossible. Strong governments



LIFE, Pictures Inc., Canadian Army-Acme

LIBERATED CHILDREN IN FRANCE
Empty bellies sharpen memories.

* The U.S. soldier eats nearly 4,000 calories (double the 2,000 held necessary for health), including five times as much meat as the twelve ounces a week allowed British civilians. U.S. civilians, who before the war averaged a little over 3,100, now eat about 3,300 calories of the best-balanced diet in the world. Canadians are eating about 3,200 calories a day. French city-dwellers get about 1,300. The British are now up to about 2,900, but their diet is badly balanced and lacks variation. The Germans have had slightly less (but better balanced); the Russians, about 2,000.

and stable money are not good 1945 bets in Western Europe. Lack of adequate transport between farm and town has already driven food standards of European city-dwellers far below rural levels. In almost every liberated area, black markets abound, further concentrating the full effect of shortages on the poorer city-dwellers who cannot afford to buy what food there is.

In London and Washington, all this added up to potential revolution. That was why Britain's Minister of Production, the Rt. Hon. Oliver Lyttelton, and Food Minister Colonel John Jestyn Llewellin hurried to Washington. Lyttelton and Llewellin did not come to oppose last week's whacking cut in U.S. Lend-Lease meat to Britain. Britons were grumbling, but the British Cabinet, as sensitive to high international policy as to domestic politics, was more alarmed about what might happen across the Channel.

That, too, was why U.S. officials in France sent urgent warnings; why Churchill in Commons denied hotly that Britain was hoarding food at the expense of liberated Europe; why Judge Samuel Rosenman, speaking for the President, swung through the liberated capitals trying to persuade them that even Germany would have to be fed to prevent chaos and release U.S. soldiers for home or the Pacific. And that was why the decision on U.S. food exports was too big for Assistant President James F. Byrnes. The question could be settled only by the President—or Congress.

How Much? The U.S. now sends to Europe (mostly to Britain) 14 million tons of food a year. How much more would Europe need? In all, 50 million tons, or about half the present U.S. civilian supply, was the experts' staggering answer. But nobody took this figure seriously. Even if Washington politicos were brave enough to face such a cut, ships would not be available to carry so much.

More practical estimates called for 18 million tons, most of it in addition to the 14 million now moving. How much would actually be sent depended on the relative influence of three groups (TIME, March 26):

1) *The Peacemakers* (Secretary of State Stettinius, Harry Hopkins, the British) believed that civilians could and willingly would pull in their belts if they were convinced that the future of democracy in Western Europe depended on it. These officials had made up their minds, and the official U.S. policy was to send more food. But that could not be done unless the other groups consented or gave in to a direct Presidential order.

2) *The Warmakers* (Army, Navy, WPB) argued hotly that any constriction in military shipping or food supplies might delay victory. So far, they have balked all political decisions to send more food to Europe.

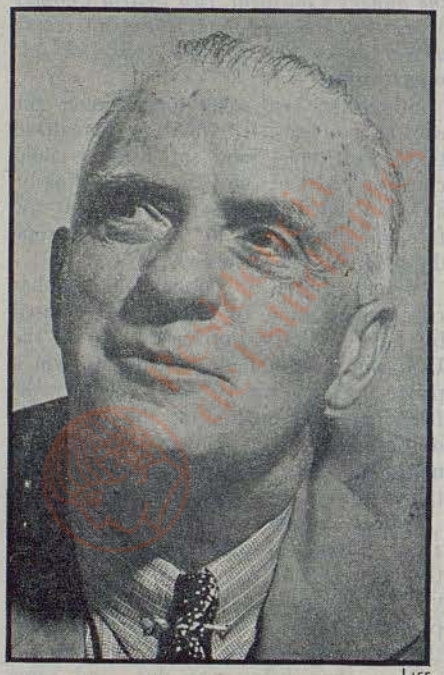
3) *The Home-Fronters* (War Food's Marvin Jones, Jimmy Byrnes, *et al.*) thought that any cut in soldier food or further heavy cuts in civilian supplies would be politically impossible and might hurt the war effort by cracking civilian morale.

Since distribution difficulties within Europe were a big factor, the U.S. might lessen the demand for food by shipping locomotives and trucks. A few ships carrying North African phosphates across the Mediterranean would produce food which otherwise would have to be sent across the Atlantic. Feed for European livestock would greatly help Europe to provision its own table. But even with perfect planning (plus good weather), the U.S. probably would have to eat less to win the peace.



International

MONSIGNOR TARDINI



LIFE

BOSS FLYNN

Either way, an Irishman smiles.

THE CHANCELLERIES

Visit to the Vatican

A grey, military sedan drew into San Damaso courtyard in Vatican City. Out stepped dapper, grey-haired Edward J. Flynn of The Bronx, fresh from Cairo, Moscow and Yalta. Eight minutes ahead of time, he and dark-clad Myron C. Taylor, Presidential representative at the Vatican, hurried to the private study of Pope Pius XII.

The Pontiff postponed a scheduled audience with Pietro Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, the Prefect of Propaganda Fide, and received the two Americans at once. They were with him 56 minutes. From the Pope's study on the second floor, Flynn moved to the third-floor office of Monsignor Domenico Tardini, the Vatican's Secretary for Extraordinary Affairs and president of the special Vatican Committee for Russia.

Later that day Flynn received 50 Allied newspapermen at the Barberini Palace, in U.S. Ambassador Alexander C. Kirk's huge apartment.

What was he doing in Rome? Mostly, said Ed Flynn, he was making the personal pilgrimage of any good Catholic.

Had he discussed Vatican-Kremlin relations with the Pope? "Just casually, very casually," said Mr. Flynn. "I've come here on a mission from the President and whatever is to be said about it must be said by the President, if he wants to say anything after I get home and report to him." The same remarks presumably applied to his recent meetings with Joseph Stalin at Yalta and in Moscow.

Newspapermen found the usual "Vatican sources" more informative. Said one: Flynn described to the Pope religious conditions in Russian-occupied Lithuania, Poland, Rumania and Hungary, and explained Stalin's views on Catholics in these countries. Some sort of working agreement between the Vatican and Russia was discussed. Perhaps the details would be left to another intermediary—for instance, Archbishop Francis J. Spellman of New York.

Said another source: "The Holy See is accustomed to move slowly and cautiously. . . . The Church has no political motives, and time is no object, so long as true freedom of religion for all creeds in Russia and Russian-dominated areas is secured. The Vatican remains in a position of 'confident expectation.'"

At week's end the Pope granted Ed Flynn a second interview.

Stalin's Friendship

Russia slapped an old friend in the face last week. Without warning, the Soviet Government cancelled its treaty of friendship with Turkey and called for a new deal.

Bitter enemies in the 18th and 19th Centuries, the two defeated, revolutionary nations fell into each other's scrawny arms after World War I. They were among the first to recognize each other's new regimes, signed their treaty in 1925, and remained fast friends until World War II. One source of irritation may be Russia's only outlet from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean, through the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, which Turkey kept closed to warships during most of World War II. Russia wants the Straits open to Soviet merchant shipping and war vessels at all times, and closed to the war vessels of hostile nations in time of war. Any change would have to be discussed with all the interested nations, but *Izvestia* may have had the Straits in mind when it said: "It is clear . . . that the Soviet-Turkish agreement calls for serious amendment."

But the consideration uppermost in Moscow's mind was probably the fact that the Treaty of 1925 was little more than a pledge of passive friendship. It bound Russia and Turkey not to help each other's enemies, but did not require either nation to give the other positive political or military support. In the southeastern Europe of 1945, Russia demands active friendship, and apparently expects to wring it from the uneasy Turk.

No Haven

Lauchlin Currie, the President's economic blitzman, got much more out of Switzerland than the first accounts indicated when he completed his mission to Berne last fortnight (TIME, March 19). In addition to cutting their war trade with Germany, the Swiss:

¶ Revoked the banking-secrecy act which protected Nazi deposits in Switzerland.

¶ Froze all German assets in Switzerland, including those held by Swiss dummies.

¶ Stopped the blackmarket trade in German gold, by which the Nazis put their capital in Swiss francs.

In Switzerland alone, the Nazis thus lost a huge gob of capital and hidden assets which might otherwise have been used to hasten defeated Germany's return to power. Even more important, the Swiss measures established a precedent for similar safeguards in other neutral countries where the Nazis might seek financial and personal shelter. "Lauch" Currie had British, French and U.S. associates on his mission, but he was entitled to a personal accolade when he returned to Washington. Said he: "This really ends the last hope of the Nazis for establishing themselves through the safe haven of property held abroad."



LIFE

FOREIGN MINISTER BIDAULT
He wanted something better.

THE NATIONS

Charlie's Challenge

France spoke her piece to the Big Three last week. What she had to say did not suit the power-thinkers of Yalta and Dumbarton Oaks. But, considering General Charles de Gaulle's recent choler, the French attitude was surprisingly good-tempered—and too cogent to be ignored.

Definition of Security. Drastic changes in the Big Three proposals for a world peace organization were recommended by the French well in advance of the San Francisco security conference.* Their proposals:

¶ Above all, leave France, Russia and any other powers allied in regional treaties against postwar Germany free to act without awaiting the approval of the world organization.

¶ Abolish the right of veto now reserved to each of the Security Council's big-power members (including France).

¶ Give the world organization's parliament of nations, the General Assembly, some authority over the Security Council, which the Big Three would put completely beyond the Assembly's control.

These amendments seemed to amount to a bald declaration of "no confidence" in the Big Three design for peace. French Information Minister Henri Teitgen heightened this impression when he said: "France is in favor of collective security, but does not believe the Dumbarton Oaks plan, as changed at Yalta, comes up to France's requirements. . . . France's definition of collective security is the construction of a real international democracy, with an international goverment with authority to decide disputes and enforce decisions. France does not think Dumbarton Oaks-Yalta meets such conditions."

France also had a complaint against Big Three manners. Foreign Minister Georges Bidault's Paris newspaper *L'Aube* had recently said: "Let us be perfectly frank: we want assurances that there will be no further Big Three conferences . . . without France." The French, in short, doubted that the Big Three were big enough to run Europe and the world.

But General de Gaulle did not want the Big Three to think that he would insist on wrecking Dumbarton Oaks if nothing better were offered. He apparently realized that he had gone too far in some of his recent displays of anger and defiance, took this opportunity to make graceful amends. Said a temperate, challenging statement which *le Grand Charlie* personally edited:

"France believes that a durable peace calls for an international organization as extensive and as strong as possible, which provides for the establishment of an international authority and an international justice superior to those of the various states. She would be ready on her part to go even farther than Dumbarton Oaks and consent to greater limitation on her sovereignty in exchange for a more effective international organization than that proposed by this plan. But France admits that in the period which follows this war the keeping of peace will depend mainly on agreement between the great powers. Thus, France will take care to make no proposals that could in any way compromise such an agreement."



LIFE

LAUCHLIN CURRIE
He got something better.

* Formal name, announced last week by the State Department: "The United Nations Conference on International Organization."

THE WAR

Week of Climax

Within one spring week it suddenly seemed that the war across the world was mounting to a climax and a breaking point. Germany's legendary Rhine barrier was forced in five growing bridgeheads; a storm of steel and fire was building up in the East. Defeat was staring Germany in the face, and the Germans had nothing with which to stave it off.

For Japan the specter of doom was not yet so close at hand, but it was coming closer. U.S. warplanes bombed Japanese warships in their home harbors. The panicky Japanese reported that the voracious Yankee naval task force was preparing to gobble more island bases near the Japanese homeland.

The plain fact was that the Axis enemies had lost the ability to take the offensive—Germany on her continent, Japan on her ocean. The Allies might be worn down by the strain of war, as Russia and Britain surely were. They might be drawn fiddle-string tight between two wars over vast distances—as the U.S. was. But they were on the offensive. And the longer they could drive themselves to stay on it, the sooner they could write the end of World War II.

WESTERN FRONT

"For Dear Life"

There was deadly certainty in every Allied move, whether studied or daring. There was a sense of finality, of nearing climax: this grand offensive might be the last big battle in the west.

Scottish veterans of far-off El Alamein heard it in the whine of shells, and they skirled bagpipes and sang *Annie Laurie* as they crossed the Rhine. Canadians who remembered their dead at Dieppe could scent victory in the smoke. U.S. doughboys, who had learned bitterly before the Roer and in the Ardennes that pessimism could also be a virtue, spilled out of the Navy's inland fleet (*see below*) with more than usual speed. There was confident enthusiasm now in the workman like way they went about their jobs.

Winston Churchill, squinting out over his cigar from an observation post back of valleyed Xanten, peered into the darkness as Field Marshal Sir Bernard L. Montgomery's troops thunderously transformed the Rhine from a barrier into just another stream. Then, all morning, he watched the big parade of aircraft sprinkling colored parachute blossoms on the green fields over the river.

Warrior Churchill could sight even greener fields not far beyond. He messaged: "British soldiers, it will long be told how, with our Canadian brothers and valiant United States allies, this superb task was accomplished. Once the river line is pierced and the crust of German resistance is broken, the decisive victory in Europe will be near. May God prosper our arms in this noble adventure after our long struggle for King and country, for dear life, and for the freedom of mankind."

This week Allied arms were indeed prosperous. The crust of German resistance behind the Rhine was not yet broken in telling depth, but it was crumbling under the swift knifings of U.S. armies and the grinding crunch of Monty's might.

Strong Heave. The Allies had only begun the one strong heave which Churchill had predicted would end the struggle quickly. In their expanding sectors east of the Rhine, the Americans were speedily turning to fluid movement. After a surprise crossing, Lieut. General George Smith Patton Jr.'s Third Army was on the loose (*see below*). Lieut. General William Hood Simpson's Ninth Army had slashed a quick opening, after its crossings downriver from Duisburg, and cut a by-passing path north of the Ruhr Valley's complex of industrial cities. Lieut. General Courtney Hicks Hodges' First Army had begun to burst the seams of its beefed-up bridgehead along a 35-mile front. Front reporters flashed the magic word: breakthrough.

"Monty" and Lieut. General Sir Miles Christopher Dempsey (TIME, March 19) had wrought a precisely timed, superbly managed amphibious operation, but when it came the only surprise about it was the lack of immediate German resistance. Monty had taken his own good time to put the last bit of detail into its tidy place. The 51st Highland Division, which always leads a major Montgomery assault, the gallant 15th Scottish Division, the famed "Desert Rats" of the 7th Armored Division, all had rehearsed their roles.

Monty had all the guns his careful heart desired—they were massed less than 22 feet apart in some places.

Lesson Learned. He had telegraphed his punch for weeks, for three days had stoked a 66-mile smoke screen in hundreds of chemical generators strung along the river. The Germans had advertised their anticipation of airborne drops. But when they were made, German reaction was surprisingly light. One reason: the enemy had expected the drops farther east. Cautious Monty profited by the Arnhem lesson. This time the First Allied Airborne Army chuted to within artillery range of the ground forces.



U.S. Army Signal Corps-Associated Press

CHURCHILL & FRIENDS CROSSING THE RHINE
Once the river line was pierced and the crust broken . . .

By this week, rumbling over bridges captured by the Airborne, the British were across the Yssel River and, well ahead of schedule, had pushed at least 15 miles into the plain. General Simpson's Americans had broken across the Essen-Berlin *autobahn*, at one point were 17 miles east of the Rhine.

But Monty's and Simpson's men were likely to meet a hard core of defense. The Germans apparently had staked their bets on a plan to confine the British and Americans within a small perimeter of the bridgehead, were believed to have their best armored divisions in depth.

Monty exuded confidence. Said he: "The last round is going very well on both sides of the ring—and overhead. . . . Having crossed the Rhine we will crack about in the plains of northern Germany,

chasing the enemy from pillar to post." Winston Churchill wanted to crack about with them. He crossed the Rhine, had a close call when a German shell burst only 50 yards away. For a life that was dear to Britain, he was persuaded to retreat.

Speed & Daring

The Germans, preoccupied with the Montgomery-Simpson threat in the north (*see above*), let part of Lieut. General George S. Patton's dashing Third Army out of sight for a night along the Rhine last week. Using no chemical smoke, but combining the elements of speed and daring, the Third quietly jumped the barrier near Worms that night. It did not lose a man, did not draw a shot until the crossing had been made solid.

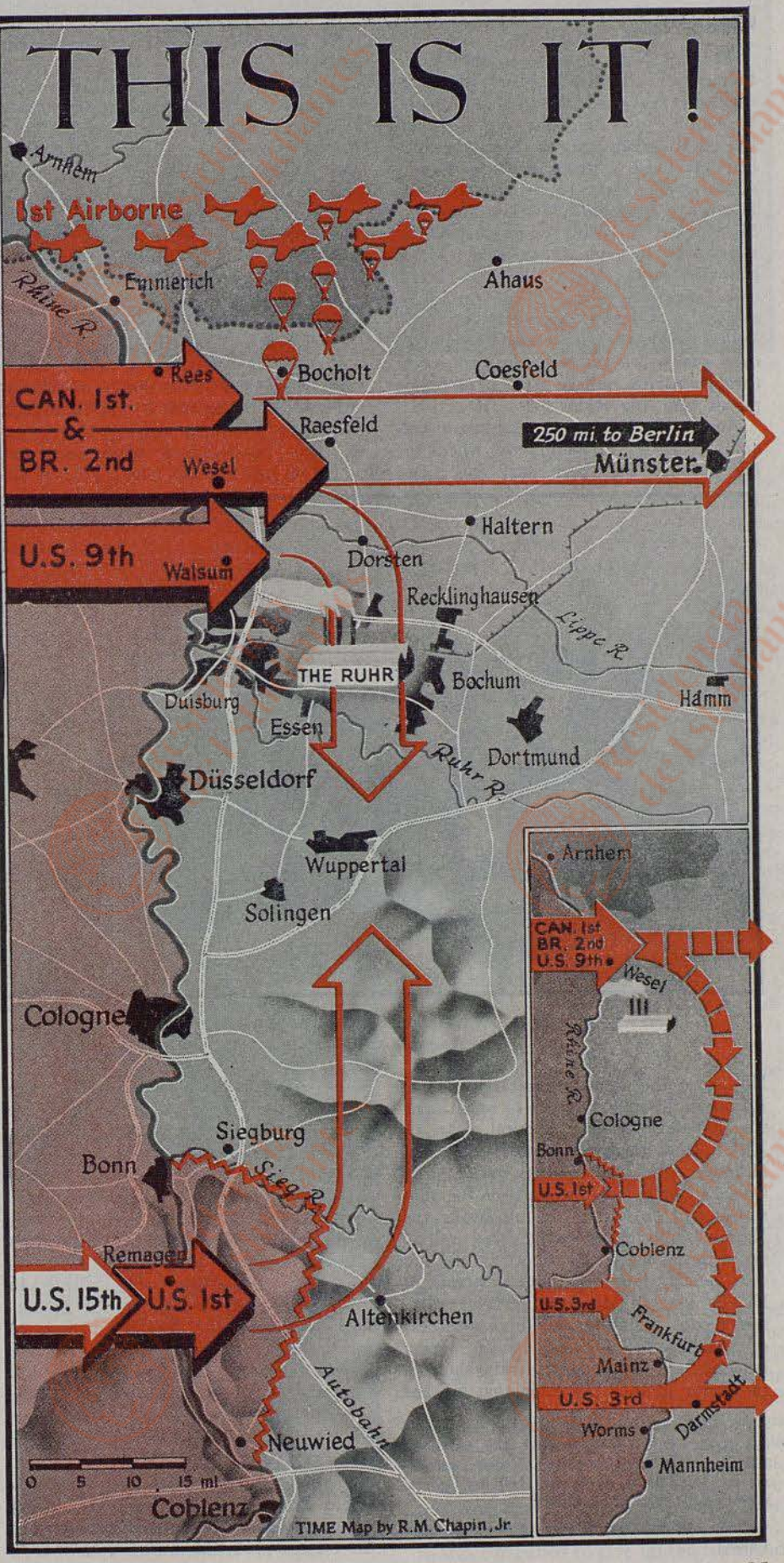
A less harried German command would have known better. In less than a fortnight Patton's Third and Lieut. General Alexander M. Patch's Seventh Army had cut to ribbons two good German armies in the Saar-Palatinate cleanup, and had taken 100,000 prisoners the *Wehrmacht* could not afford to lose. Now Patton posed an even more serious threat to the weakening foe. He was in position to strike into the Main River valley, to try to split northern and southern Germany, thus perhaps prevent the expected Nazi move to hole up in the Bavarian and Austrian Alps.

Patton lost no time in seizing his opportunity. The day after his crossing he struck boldly, dashed nearly 30 miles through and around Darmstadt, entered Frankfurt, the Reich's ninth city. More important, the Third seized a Main bridge south of Frankfurt, put another force along the river opposite Hanau, ten miles east of Frankfurt. If Patton were to be held back, the Germans would have to match his speed—and they never had.

Horse v. Engine. The Third was also within a dozen miles of joining up with the right wing of Lieut. General Courtney H. Hodges' First, whose main forces had broken out in a swift armored drive aimed at the central German plain.

Patch's Seventh, without help of aircraft or artillery, hurdled the Rhine (the Germans reported that Yanks were in Karlsruhe). The French First Army was getting set to follow (Paris reported that it already had). There were no Germans left on the west side for the French and Patch's men to clean out. One reason was evident on a three-mile stretch of road in Patch's conquered area. There, mangled to shreds, was an enemy supply train of 400 vehicles. In the wreckage lay the carcasses of hundreds of horses, the bodies of scores of Germans who had ridden the wagons in a fatal race against U.S. tanks and trucks.

In that incident the Germans' plight was starkly clear: they could not fight long without enough fuel for enough tanks, enough trucks, enough airplanes. The Allies had enough of everything.



Inland Navy

The U.S. Navy was also on the Rhine.* Along with the Royal Navy, the U.S. overland fleet had hundreds of vessels in action.† For months, on U.S. and United Kingdom streams, Navy crewmen had practiced a trick new to them—maneuvering their cumbersome, 50-ft.-long, 14-ft.-beamed LCMs (Landing Craft, Mechanized) in swift river currents. For weeks, in Belgium, khaki-clad, Army-helmeted sailors had worked like hairy-eared engineers to get the 26-ton LCMs and the 36-ft.-long LCVPs (Landing Craft, Vehicles, Personnel) safely transported over shaky bridges and damaged roads, through narrow village streets, to hiding places near the Rhine.

Among the U.S. crews were many veterans of D-day in Normandy, where the big problem had been surf and tides. U.S. correspondents mumbled that the place looked like the Poughkeepsie Regatta.

At Remagen the Navy had steamed up in trucks 48 hours after the bridge seizure, and helped mightily in getting the heavy stuff across. At the Third Army's crossings, about 250 miles from the nearest ocean, the Navy carried most of the freight, most of the passengers. There crewmen dubbed their operation: "U.S.S. *Blood & Guts*." Lieut. General George S. Patton beamed his approval.



U.S. Army Signal Corps-Associated Press

U.S. NAVY LANDING CRAFT ON THE RHINE
Far from the nearest ocean.

Not since then had an operation in the European Theater required so much careful preparation. Vice Admiral Alan G. Kirk's landborne outfits were ready at H-hour. On the Twenty-first Army Group's north front, soon after the first troops had crossed in assault boats, the Navy's ramp-bowed craft came rolling up to the Rhine on mammoth trucks and were quickly launched. Soon a stream of LCVPs and LCMs were ferrying men, tanks, guns, bulldozers, hundreds of drums of gasoline to the east banks. Power launches and other small craft shuttled the Rhine in such profusion that amazed

* It was not the first time the Navy had helped out the Army at a river. In 1863 Admiral David Farragut sailed monitors, frigates and gunboats up the Mississippi, gave vital help to General Grant in the siege of Vicksburg.

† Thus providing the dateline of the week (*see* PRESS).

Horizon Unlimited

(See Cover)

In the velvety darkness before dawn, fresh winds blew across dozens of airfields in France and England. By the thousands, sleepy-eyed, yawning warriors climbed into their big-pocketed jump suits and pulled on high combat boots. For the airborne troops it was another fateful morning of: "Well, here we go again!" This time they were going beyond the Rhine.

For breakfast there were fresh eggs. But many a tight-stomached trooper passed up this crashing luxury and wanted only scalding black coffee. Soon they were at the airstrips, piling aboard the transport planes and gliders, stacked nose to tail in neat, herringbone formation, with their towlines carefully coiled on the ground.

Once started, the take-offs had to be run with stop-watch accuracy. At ten-second intervals the tow planes moved in from the sides, gently tautened the line, then poured on power and roared down the runway and off into the sky. By then the day had dawned clear and bright, with a near-perfect ten-mile wind.

Big Parade. It was Saturday, March 24, 1945. The western Allies had launched the biggest push, the drive for Germany's throat. General "Ike" Eisenhower was moving more than a million men into action. To the broad picture of overall strategy, the First Allied Airborne Army was contributing its own ultramodern specialty: vertical envelopment of an enemy position.

Flying in double column, two great aerial task forces were converging on a target. Near Brussels the forces joined—the British 6th Airborne Division flying from England, the U.S. 17th Airborne from France. There were more than 3,000 transports, towing gliders and carrying men and equipment. They had 2,000 fighter planes and bombers running interference. If the planes had been strung out in single file they could have stretched in unbroken line from Paris to Berlin. The Allies' big parade was over its German objective for three hours.

Hit the Silk. On the roads below the roaring air fleet, guns, trucks and marching men were raising dust clouds. Farther ahead were smudges of black smoke where heavy bombers were still beating up the target area. Suddenly, out of the smoke, the now bridgeless Rhine appeared, flowing placidly. In the lead transports gum-chewing paratroops were tense. From the jumpmaster in each plane came a curt command: "Stand up!" Then, "Hook up! . . . Stand in the door! . . . Go!" They went tumbling out, 15 men in ten seconds.

To transport pilots and correspondents flying as observers it seemed that the operation was moving at the unreal pace of a speeded-up movie. Within 30 seconds the drop had begun, German flak opened up, colored equipment parachutes dotted the ground, a white parachute was hung up in a tree, a big Hamilcar (British) glider lay on its back, broken and burning.

Fighter pilots saw concealed flak positions open up on the plump transports; one ship exploded in the air, others tumbled and burned. The fighters, in rocket-firing P-47 Thunderbolts, cursed and went in on the deck, taking desperate chances to silence the enemy ack-ack. One low-flying pilot had to weave his plane through a group of parachuting soldiers. He launched rockets against a flak emplacement, looked up and saw a paratrooper directly in front of him.

"I had to tip my left wing, and rolled past him with only inches to spare," the flyer said. "My tail almost got him, too, and the plane's slipstream must have shaken him up, but thank God I missed him—I don't know yet what my rockets did to that gun position."

Beyond the River. Down on the ground the Allied troops—airborne no longer, just expert infantrymen now—set about speedily to vanquish the first and most formidable foe: the inevitable confusion and disorganization of a large-scale drop. The fact that they were in the middle of enemy territory did not disconcert them. That is what the tough-trained, extra-paid



U.S. Army Signal Corps-Associated Press

PARATROOPS DROPPING NEAR WESEL
For the enemy: excruciating unpleasantness.

airborne troops are trained for. Their corps spirit is as cocky as the marines'. The masters of many weapons, from the lovingly whetted knife to the .57-caliber antitank gun, they are prepared to fight without tanks or artillery support. They are well aware that their presence in the enemy's vulnerable rear zone is excruciatingly unpleasant to him. But men have to find their outfits; outfits have to get in line with each other for tactical operation; the whole organization has to establish communications and a functioning chain of command. The process takes time.

But once the first shock of landing was over, the men of the Rhine drop went into action smoothly, setting up their guns and mortars, unpacking ammunition, getting the command radios working, moving out to crush local opposition and drive for the main objective.

In this case the objective was a limited one: to help in the establishment of a Rhine bridgehead for the British Second Army by seizing and holding an oblong patch of high ground northwest of Wesel. The drop itself, made in great strength, went on from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. By late afternoon both the British and U.S. divisions had made contact with British troops working overland from the river; by 6 p.m. the skytroopers had taken all their assigned objectives, including several intact bridges over the Yssel River, regarded as the Nazis' next main line of resistance after the Rhine. Before midnight the airborne men had captured 4,000 German troops behind their own front lines.

Nazi resistance was spotty—weak at some places, iron hard at others. British paratroopers at the north end of the area ran head-on into the German 7th Parachute Division, dropped back before one counterattack, then drove forward again.

Through the night there were short, bitter patrol clashes all around the perimeter, especially where German detachments came to grips with bands of paratroopers who had dropped farther out and were making their way back to the main body.

But by the second day it was clear that the airborne attack had come off beautifully, and that it could stand almost as a texbook model of sound airborne docrine: jump for the open spots and clip the enemy from the side; jump in real strength, not in penny packets for the enemy to chew up one by one; jump close enough to the main attacking ground force so that contact can be made before the airborne group is worn down.

For the quality of the performance, major credit was due to two U.S. generals who went in with their men: Major General William M. ("Bud") Miley, commander of the 17th Airborne, taking his outfit into combat for the first time, and Major General Matthew Bunker Ridgway, veteran airborne fighter and commander of the Airborne Army's XVIII Corps. They had led their troops across the enemy barrier on bridges of silk.

The Bosses. Overall commander of the First Allied Airborne Army is a colorful, hell-for-leather airman, Annapolis-trained Lieut. General Lewis H. ("Louie") Brereton. In Brereton's command setup, the role of deputy is filled by tall, bluff, ruddy Major General Richard N. Gale, who also doubles as active head of the First British Airborne Command. But the Airborne Army's heavyweight punch, the potent XVIII Corps with three known U.S. divisions, is wielded by husky, aggressive, driving General Ridgway, rated by U.S. Army chiefs as the world's No. 1 active airborne commander.



BRADLEY & RIDGWAY
Now they know all the ropes.

Six years ago Ridgway was not even involved in U.S. airborne training. Neither was anyone else. U.S. airborne activities began in 1940, in a shy and tentative way, with an experimental platoon of 48 men and a couple of lieutenants. There was no ready-made body of doctrine or data: in the beginning some of the best information came from the Department of Agriculture's forestry experts, who knew something about parachuting men & materials to fight forest fires.

Like a sensitive plant growing in a bull pit, the U.S. paratroop platoon modestly expanded to a battalion, then to a provisional group.

Nazi airborne coups in Crete and the Low Countries opened many military eyes, and some of the U.S. Army's best brains, including Air Forces General Henry H. ("Hap") Arnold and the late, great Ground Forces chief, Lieut. General Lesley J. ("Whitey") McNair, lent support and advice to the U.S. paratroop and glider program. That program really got rolling in 1942, with the setting up of two full airborne divisions.

As commander of the newly activated 101st Airborne, the Army chose Major General William Carey Lee, unquestioned father of U.S. airborne doctrine. In the training program from the start, Lee had been the first general to jump with his troops, the first chief of the Airborne Command. General Lee trained the 101st, took it to England, whetted it to a razor edge for the Normandy invasion. Then, to the heartbreak of his officers and men, he was compelled to give up the command

because of illness, and return to the U.S. For its other airborne outfit, the Army decided to take a hot infantry division and convert it. The choice fell on the 82nd—once commanded by Lieut. General Omar N. Bradley, then by his friend and deputy, Matt Ridgway. As Ridgway recalls it, his introduction to the airborne merry-go-round was brisk and informal. The War Department simply called him up and said: "Would you like to become airborne?" Said Ridgway, no hater of change or challenge: "Yes."

He started methodically, reading all there was to read on his new subject—which did not take long. Then he applied himself to the fundamentals of parachuting and gliding. His first jump came off without incident; his first glider ride characteristically ended in a rousing wreck, from which he jumped clear, ending up bruised in body and dignity, but professionally impressed with the way the ungainly box kite could put down a whole squad, jeep or gun in one place.

By the luck of the draw and the schedules, the 82nd was the first airborne division to go overseas and into action. Ridgway and his outfit became the test case for the whole airborne program. Elements of the division went first to North Africa, and the entire division was first committed in Sicily, July 1943.

That show, for the airborne people, was something like giving a command performance with a symphony orchestra of well-trained musicians, none of whom had been introduced to each other or had ever played in public before. Liaison between air, ground and sea forces was faulty. In one of the war's most tragic errors, U.S. antiaircraft guns blasted down a covey of troop-laden planes like fat ducks. Because of this, the scheduled glider runs were hastily called off. Other transport pilots missed landmarks and sowed their hapless paratroops up & down the coast, miles from their objectives. In consequence, the parachutists came down in so many places that the alarmed Germans thought they were being hit with a fantastically large skyborne force, and milled around in such indecision that the surface invasion was greatly facilitated.

For a time after Sicily the Army was about ready to scrap the airborne divisions; even some of its most progressive commanders feared that a division was too unwieldy a unit to jump and glide. Ridgway and the other airborne men had to summon all their powers of tact and persuasion. In the end they prevailed, and the divisions survived to undergo the test of D-day in Normandy. On that historic morning three airborne divisions—the 82nd, 101st and British 6th—spearheaded the great invasion, took their objectives, helped secure the all-important beachhead. That ended the arguments. Eisenhower went ahead and organized the First Allied Airborne Army, naming Ridgway to head the XVIII Corps.

Airborne's next show was the Arnhem drop, a bold effort to turn the German defenses on the lower Rhine. That gamble failed gallantly when the British 1st Airborne, key division of the offensive, was badly cut up and finally forced to retire. Whatever the true explanation, nothing will ever persuade airborne men that the failure was not caused primarily by overcautious use of Field Marshal Montgomery's armor, which never broke through to relieve the beleaguered British division.

After Arnhem the U.S. airborne outfits retired to rest areas in France. While "resting," they contributed notably to the blunting of the desperate German winter offensive in the Ardennes. There the 101st staged its epic defense of Bastogne, while the 82nd held like a rock on the northern side of the bulge. After setting up his corps headquarters for that battle, Ridgway made a mild contribution to military literature. Over a field

THIS INVASION WAS DIFFERENT

Robert Capa, war-going LIFE *photographer, parachuted into Germany last week with the U.S. 17th Airborne Division. Two nights later he turned up in Paris, bone-weary, unshaven, still clad in a dirty paratroop uniform. At the apartment of* TIME*'s chief military correspondent, Charles Christian Wertenbaker, Mr. Capa consented to eat some ham and eggs and beefsteak and bread and butter and cheese and cake, and to drink some coffee and burgundy and champagne and cognac. Between swallows he explained what it was like.*

"This was the first invasion of my life where nobody was puking. I waited for it but nobody did it. We left from somewhere in France. Everybody left from all over. It was very funny, the ride with this terrific armada over France and Belgium. Fifteen minutes before I had to jump I started thinking over my life. I went over everything I ever ate and did and I finished up in twelve minutes. I had three minutes left so I started to read a book by Eric Linklater.

"We dropped at 1025, four miles north of the Rhine. Our plane was a hell of a lot hit before we got out of it. Those troop-carrier command boys deserve a hell of a lot of credit. They have to drop their men at 600 feet and that is too low for them to get out themselves and so they have to turn around and nurse that plane back and sometimes they do and sometimes they don't, but they always drop their sticks of men. The Germans had small arms and small antiaircraft fire but compared to the Normandy defenses the defenses of the Rhine were definitely nonexisting. If the Germans could have put in 20 tanks they could have murdered the gliders. They knew we were coming but they had no defenses.

"I jumped with three cameras and a canteen of Scotch and I pointed out to myself that the canteen was very important. The other guys jumped out yelling 'Umbriago!' which is what you yell now, but I was yelling 'one thousand' because if your parachute does not open you are to yell 'one thousand, two thousand, three thousand' before you pull the string. The moment between your jump and land is 24 hours in any man's life. I had time to figure out six or seven things before I hit—one thing was that there is no future in this paratroop business.

"The most amazing thing I ever saw is the way everybody just lays on the ground when they get down. It seemed like two minutes and everybody was just laying there. The first thing is a certain relief. You are down, you are not hurt. You are reluctant to start the next phase. There were some paratroopers hanging in the trees and they were murdered by the Germans. They were shot twenty times. It is fine in practice if you land in a tree but if there is a guy with a gun shooting at you you are a dead duck. I started getting out of my harness. Then somebody started shooting at me and I started a beautiful long Hungarian swear. The guy next to me said: 'Don't start those Jewish prayers now. They won't do you any more good.'

"It was 20 minutes before I had a chance to smoke and it was 1210 before I had a swig of whiskey. After that we were busy all day. At 1830 I finished and went to look for the CP. I found General Ridgway and Miley, the divisional commander, playing Big Indians. They were cleaning out the woods and crawling around on their hands and knees like they were lieutenants and having a hell of a lot of fun. I went to bed in my parachute and dreamt that LIFE said this was a fine story and I could go back skiing.

"It seems to me that the last days of the war were in the battle of Bastogne. Those kind of slow-moving businesses afterwards when we moved up the Rhine finished the German Army. And much as I hate to make primitive statements, the Germans are the meanest bastards. They are the meanest during an operation and afterwards they all have a cousin in Philadelphia. That is what I like about the French. They do not have cousins in Philadelphia."



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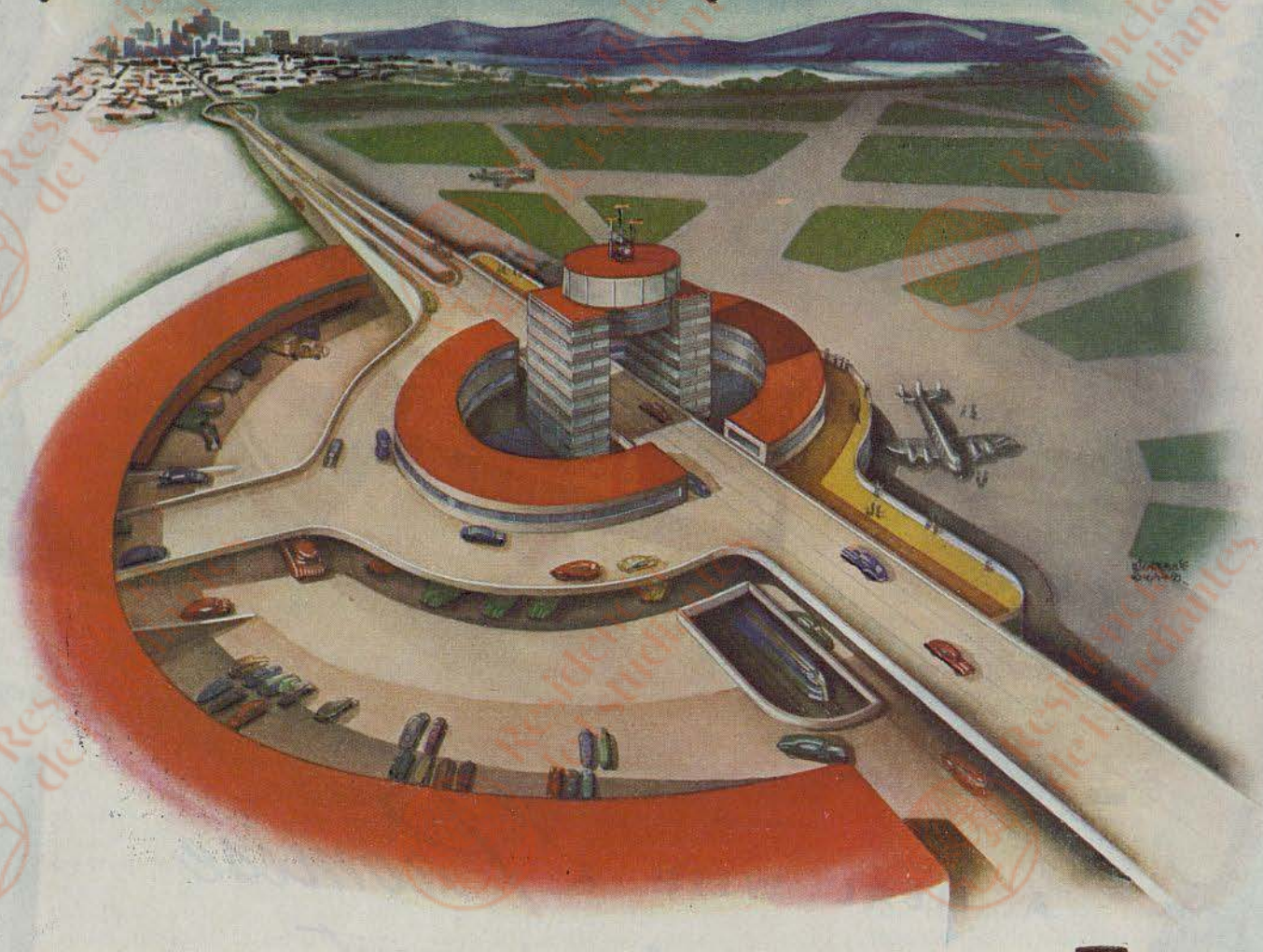
Sing a song of sixpence,
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From 1 and 20 Campbell's Soups
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21 KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM: Asparagus · Bean with Bacon · Beef · Beef Noodle (*new!*) · Black Bean · Bouillon · Chicken · Chicken Gumbo · Chicken Noodle · Clam Chowder · Consommé · Green Pea · Mock Turtle · Cream of Mushroom · Ox Tail · Pepper Pot · Scotch Broth · Cream of Spinach (*new!*) · Tomato · Vegetable · Vegetarian Vegetable · Vegetable-Beef.

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PLANNING TODAY FOR TOMORROW'S TRAVEL

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YESTERDAY'S PLANNING FOR TODAY'S PLEASURE

The youngest whiskies in Seagram's V.O. Canadian, were laid away six years ago... the year Franco won the Spanish Civil War, the year "Gone With The Wind" had its movie premiere in Atlanta, and "Life With Father" started its record run. Today enjoy the mellow lightness of Seagram's V.O. Canadian.

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Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND....OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

telephone, to a bewildered general in another sector, he remarked conversationally: "There hasn't been a breakthrough here and there isn't going to be. We are going to attack."

Army Brat. At 50, Matt Ridgway looks like a Roman senator and lives like a Spartan hoplite. He is ruggedly built (5 ft. 10½; 175 lbs.), has straight dark brown hair sprinkled with grey, dark brown eyes, expressive eyebrows. His face (variously described as "distinguished," "handsome" or "austere") is deeply tanned and crinkled with the lines natural to an outdoorsman. He has never known any life except that of the Army. An "army brat," he was born at Fort Monroe, Va., son of Colonel Thomas Ridgway. In due time he went to West Point, was graduated in 1917, and like many another unhappy officer (Eisenhower, for one) fretted out World War I in a training job in the U.S. Afterward he served in China, Nicaragua, the Philippines.

In peacetime he played a fast game of tennis, liked hunting, riding and flying (he is not a pilot). In war, for an airborne general, exercise is not a problem; his chief recreations, fitted in at odd moments, are reading and cribbage. Kipling is his sure-fire reading, but a correspondent who visited his command post on a recent evening found him deep in Lord Moran's *Anatomy of Courage*. Like any G.I., he is avid for mail from his blond wife, who lives in Washington, and their daughter, wife of a lieutenant colonel now on duty in Europe.

After Europe, What? The war in Europe is still a bitter war, and there can be more airborne drops before it is over. But the time is at least dimly in sight when the men of the Airborne Army will be temporarily out of places to go when they feel like passing the word: "Here we go again!" When that time comes, there is no reason to doubt that Brereton, Ridgway and the rest of the gang will pack up and head for the other war. The 11th Division, fourth announced U.S. airborne outfit, went direct to General MacArthur's Southwest Pacific Theater, and fought well on Luzon, making a notable drop on Corregidor. In the big push against Japan, airborne men will have plenty to do.

Whatever tasks they do, the manner of their doing will bear a strong stamp of Matt Ridgway. All four announced commanders of U.S. airborne divisions served under him in the 82nd at one time or another. In the words of a colleague: "Each of them is a hunk of Ridgway."* For them and for all their men, Matt Ridgway once set down the definitive rule for airborne operations: "The horizon is unlimited."

* The four "hunks": Major General Maxwell D. Taylor (101st); Major General James M. Gabin (82nd); Major General William M. Miley (17th); Major General Joseph M. Swing (11th).

BATTLE OF THE SKIES

Vanishing Points

For three days & nights Allied planes had worked over 53 target areas in the Ruhr-Westphalia sector, north and east of Field Marshal Montgomery's points of attack. Crossroads villages became the rims of great craters. Towns burned like torches for a night, smoldered for a day, then lay blackened and dead. The rain of bombs knocked out cities' antiaircraft defenses, and the flak vanished. Then the cities themselves vanished under clouds of flame-streaked smoke.

For the Allied air masters each day was a "record": 7,000 planes went out, then 8,000 planes. But all this was only a prelude to air power's awesome climax day of coordinated attack.



Associated Press

MARSHAL KESSELRING
Knockout or towel?

From dawn to dusk a vast procession of aircraft streamed across the Channel. Nearly 2,000 were engaged directly in the airborne drops (*see above*). But there were at least 8,000 more—from England, The Netherlands, France, Belgium, from new-won fields inside Germany itself. At some points over Westphalia there were five layers of aircraft, crisscrossing at set altitudes, building a wall of fire inside a 1,000-sq. mi. box.

British and American pilots wondered how any German could live in the inferno below. Said one flyer: "The Ruhr is lit up, messed up and ruined. The hearts of the cities are dead." Perhaps the main targets —Münster, Osnabrück, Rheine, Coesfeld, Siegen, among many others—were now only names for history, the relics of air power's biggest day in its biggest week of 1945.

THE ENEMY

Nazis' New Broom?

Field Marshal Gerd von Rundstedt, who had twice been at the top of the *Wehrmacht* command ladder in the west, went down again last week—and this time probably out. His successor: bulldog-face Field Marshal Albert Kesselring.

There was more behind the sudden shift than the ditching of an unsuccessful commander for one who bore a somewhat overblown reputation as a "stonewall" defender in Italy. To Allied minds who know the Nazi mind best it appeared likely that Kesselring was chosen not primarily for his generalship, but as the commander who might best—from the Nazi point of view—take the Allied knockout punch or throw in the towel.

"Smiling Albert" Kesselring has one positive and some negative qualifications lacked by more able German militarists. He is a shrewd diplomat. He has never been closely identified with the Nazi party.

Kesselring could play the role the Nazis may want him to play. He could surrender the bulk of the armies in the west, then plead that he had no control over Nazi-led fanatics. From their southern bastion, the Nazis could blame the final blowup on leading Army figures.

EASTERN FRONT

Prongs of Steel

The Russians heaved and sweated to keep step with their western Allies. All along the front Red Army marshals tugged at the handles of giant war prongs, drove jagged tearing teeth into the German lines.

One set of prongs cut up from Hungary and down from Silesia, ripping toward the Bohemian bastion. In three months Colonel General Johannes Friessner had sacrificed four of his eleven armored divisions to drive the Russians back from the southern entrances to this natural fortress.

Generals Forward. But now in Hungary Marshal Fedor I. Tolbukhin, the bull-like, flower-loving Ferdinand of the Red Army, sent the 60 generals of his Third Ukrainian Army group forward. By their side moved 27 generals of Marshal Rodion Y. Malinovsky's Second Ukrainian Army group and a Red Fleet Rear Admiral of the Danube Flotilla. Along a 90-mile front, from Lake Balaton to the Danube, 1,000,000 Russians were on the march. Others stormed over the Hron River north of the Danube.

And in Silesia stocky Marshal Ivan S. Konev's First Ukrainian Army group hammered southward from its Oder bridgehead. Konev's troops neared the gateway to the Ziegenhals Pass, and the Czechoslovakian city of Moravska Ostrava, guarding the Moravian Gap.

Bloody Prelude. In the 17-by-6-mile Oder bridgehead directly east of Berlin, Marshal Georgi K. Zhukov, the Nazis

said, had packed some 72,000 Red Army soldiers and more than 400 tanks. They clawed their way through Küstrin fortress, reached within 31 miles of the capital. But this, added the Germans, was only the prelude to the real Battle of Berlin.

Nervously they looked southward, where Zhukov was reported to have 1,200,000 men massed, waiting for the flooded Oder to return to its banks. Northward the Red Marshal's columns smashed their way into Altdamm, the last German position on the right bank of the Oder.

To the east Marshal Konstantin K. Rokossovsky split land communications between Danzig and Gdynia and was closing a double set of prongs on the two cities. Farther east Marshal Alexander Mikhailovich Vasilevsky, 47-year-old Cossack, took Braunsberg, onetime stronghold of the Teutonic Knights.

BATTLE OF THE PACIFIC

Closing In

The war has closed in on Japan with a rapidity which, only a year ago, seemed inconceivable. Last week, as a great fleet of B-29s made the heaviest demolition attack on the Japanese heartland, Premier Kuniaki Koiso and his cronies (*see* FOREIGN NEWS) gibbered of invasion. Actually, Allied forces now have no base large enough, or close enough to Japan, to launch amphibious operations against the main islands. But they are moving ahead on an accelerated schedule, and this week, by Jap account, an amphibious force was off the Kerama Islands, within sight of Okinawa, within 400 miles of Kyushu. If confirmed, this was clearly a preliminary to the invasion of Okinawa itself—the seizure of a base which would really imperil Japan.



Of the three island chains which constitute steppingstones to Japan (*see map*), the Ryukyu line is the most inviting. Iwo, already serving as an advanced base for fighter bombers, is too small; the rocky Bonin and Izu Islands, which would be defended as savagely as Iwo, are also too small. The Kurils, extending northeast toward Russian Kamchatka, are not much larger, and are blanketed by weather almost as foul as that in the Aleutians.

As against these drawbacks, Okinawa (and, to a less extent, Amami, still closer to Japan) has plenty of room for airfields and ground-force installations, and has adequate harbors.

To fend off an assault on its inner fortress, Japan has an army probably as strong as it was on Dec. 7, 1941. But its navy has been reduced to impotence. And last week, U.S. Army and Navy airmen agreed that Japan's air force has been effectively defeated.

Up Ag'in, Down Ag'in

For five months, since the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea, the Japanese had been busy repairing damaged warships. Soon, although their fleet had been permanently pared down, they might have enough patched-up battleships and carriers to offer a sizable threat to Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz' extending operations in the far western Pacific. Something had to be done.

To Japan's home waters Nimitz sent his mighty Fifth Fleet, under Admiral Raymond A. Spruance. The carriers cruised (by Jap admission) within 60 miles of Shikoku. Still the enemy fleet skulked in its bases.

If the Jap ships would not come out and fight, they must be hunted down in their yards. Vice Admiral Marc A. Mitscher's birdmen found good hunting at Kure and Kobe on the Inland Sea. In one day they damaged one or two battleships; two or three larger carriers, two medium carriers and two escort carriers; two cruisers and a dozen smaller craft. Six small freighters were definitely sunk.

Insult to Injury. Though the enemy refused to fight back with his surface ships, he was as eager as ever with his planes. Reinforcements staged from northern fields lashed again & again at Mitscher's carriers and their screen. One U.S. ship was seriously damaged. In two days, over land and sea, 281 Jap planes were shot out of the air, 275 were destroyed on the ground and 175 more were crippled.

Spruance and Mitscher turned south to hammer the central Ryukyus. Main target was Okinawa, 60 miles long and up to 16 miles wide. The weather was bad, but Navy airmen hunted through the overcast for Jap airfields, arsenals and shipping. Then Spruance sent his fast battleships inshore for heavy bombardment of coastal objectives. This was the crowning insult.

We're sorry it ever came to this...



and it may never come to this, but...



The wartime handicaps now facing us in the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York haven't affected our plans for that future day when Hotel Pennsylvania guests can request and receive the exact type of accommodations they require.

Plus the full range of services and conveniences that make the Hotel Pennsylvania the kind of place you enjoy stopping at.

Of course, even today, your stay at the Hotel Pennsylvania is a remarkably comfortable one, in spite of wartime problems.

You can always count on the pleasant atmosphere of our comfortable rooms with their famous Statler beds.

After the war, all of us who serve you in the Hotel Pennsylvania will be able to make your stay even more enjoyable.

Meanwhile, we will appreciate your continued patience and thoughtfulness.





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

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

Spring, 1945

Last week Britons went swimming from the beaches of Dover for the first time since 1940.

Signs of Peace

In the sparkling sunlight, Britons looked up at the endless parade of planes bearing war to Germany. In every heart the hope was high that here, at length, was Winston Churchill's "last big heave" to end the war.

There were other signs of coming peace. On a Midlands country road, gaffers gaped at shiny new cars under test for postwar motorists. In a Warwickshire ammunition-box factory, civilian gas stoves began coming off the assembly lines at the rate of 100 a week. The Government's new prefabricated houses were mushrooming all over bombed Britain.

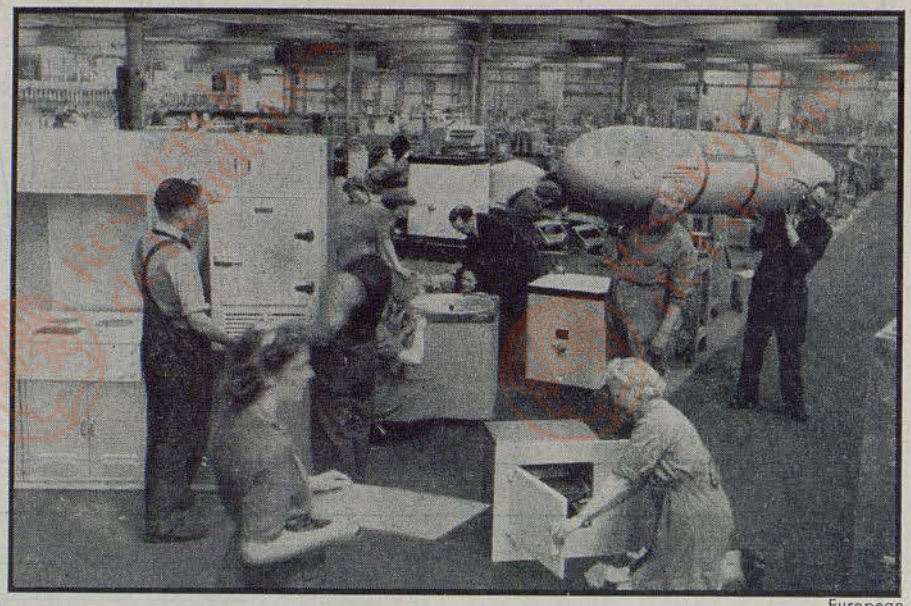
From the Ministry of Supply came an unostentatious announcement that 19 Government-owned war factories, employing 50,000 workers, had been released for civilian production. Simultaneously came news that one of Britain's leading automobile makers, Standard of Coventry, whose trademark is a Union Jack, had been freed from war output a month ago. Dunlop of Speke (manufacturer of rubber products) had been similarly released last fortnight.

The switch-over will swell each week. War contracts must be completed first, but plants may reconvert before the end of the war with Germany. For roofless Britons, patiently trudging to work in their shiny trousers and shabby dresses, home-front production will give priorities to clothing, building material, household equipment. Cars, tires, refrigerators, electrical gear, machinery will get preference for the vital export markets.



Associated Press

FRANCE'S MENDÈS-FRANCE
For endless greys, rosy hues.



European

BRITISH AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS PLANT, PARTLY RECONVERTED
For petrol tanks and guns, kitchenettes and cars.

First of the Allies to declare war, Britain is intent on being first to turn back its industry to peace. Its vast, humming workshops have multiplied manyfold since 1940, when, in all England, there was but one drop hammer—a prewar, German-made model—capable of forging the life-&-death Spitfire crankshafts. (The man in charge of operating that precious hammer, 49-year-old William Forster, received the British Empire Medal in 1943; but only last week, when the story was told in Parliament, did Britons find out why.) Already, those desperate days seemed far away.

GERMANY

Only the Lucky

In a score of bombed-out cities, thousands of dead rotted in the rubble; corpses of fleeing refugees lay in windrows along the roads. Only the lucky ones got burial, and last week Berlin limited even their luck: henceforth only two sizes of shrouds will be manufactured—and coffins will no longer have linings.

FRANCE

Out of the *Stalags*

Though beardless adolescents walked among them, they were all gaunt and old beyond their years. In the station's bright light they blinked, like men emerging from a cavern of despair into the sun. They were the lost sons of France, home from the prison camps of Germany, the vanguard of 2,500,000 prisoners of war still shut up in German *Stalags* and labor camps.

As many as 3,500 prisoners and deportees were returning each day; 20,000 had already been liberated on the Western Front, 15,000 in the east. Under the eye of the Ministry of Prisoners and Deportees, they had been assembled, deloused, given pocket money and train tickets to Paris. In the Gare de l'Est a military band welcomed them with the Marseillaise, an F.F.I. Guard of Honor presented arms. Bustling officials distributed packets of food (sardines, sausage, gingerbread) and cigarets. Some of the ragged men smiled their thanks, some bowed their heads to hide their tears.

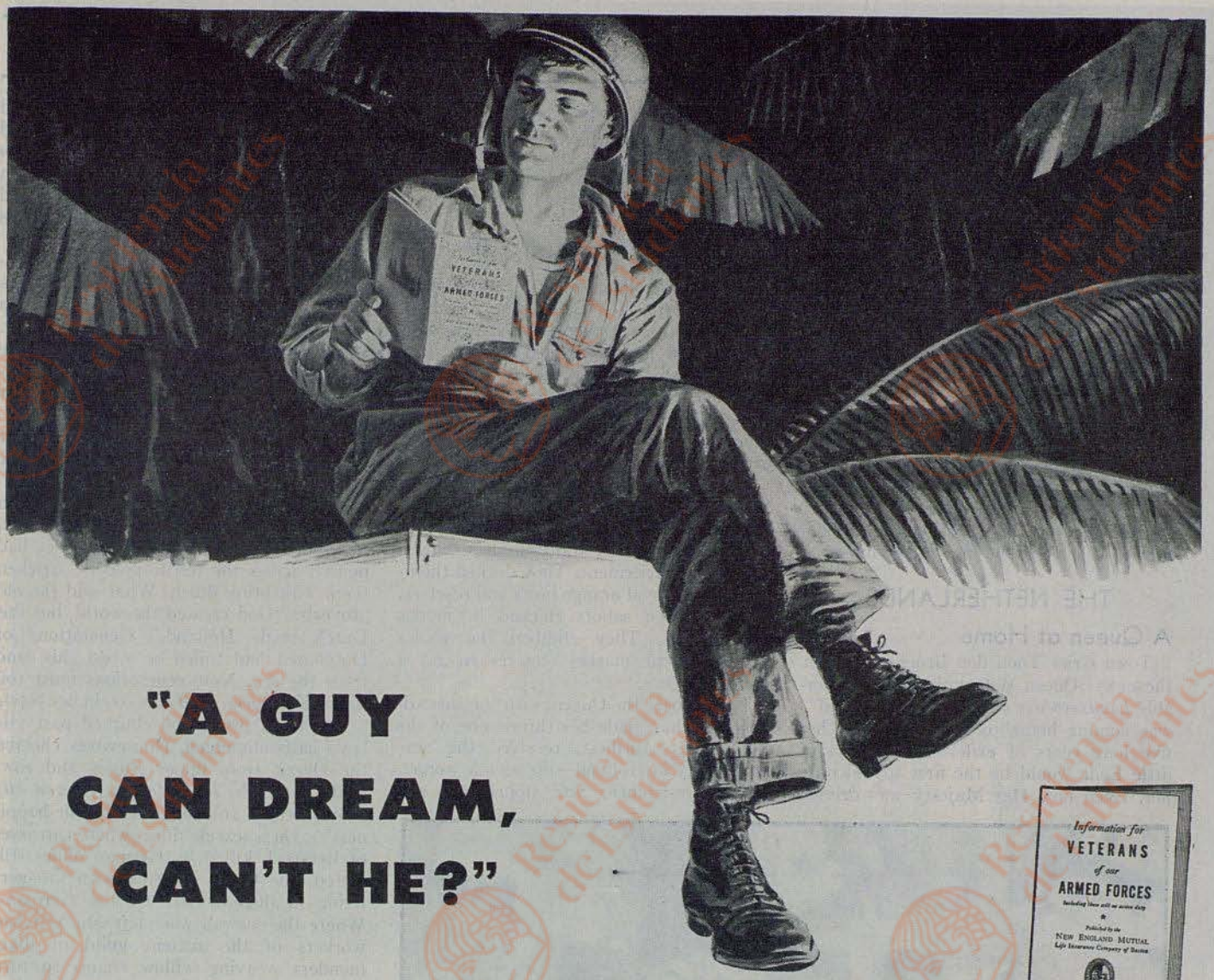
For a long time they would be men of another world. Ahead lay more thorough physical checkups (many were tuberculous), new clothes, double rations, promises of work. With patience and effort, most would be absorbed again into the national life. Some would remain misfits forever.

The reclaimed sons of France accepted everything gratefully. What would they think, and do, when they got home and found there was not much to eat? "Dry bread," said one, "will taste better in France than in Germany."

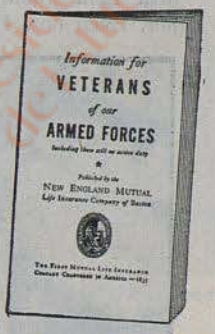
Just around the Corner?

Ebullient Pierre Mendès-France is a youthful (38) politician with a veteran's flair for gauging the public mood. Last week spring burgeoned in Paris, and it was inevitable that winter-weary, war-worn Frenchmen should feel that at least half their troubles were over. Sensitive Mendès-France sniffed deeply and bounced up with the most optimistic official word yet on French recovery.

Said Minister of National Economy



"A GUY CAN DREAM, CAN'T HE?"



SURE. And most of the fighting men we hear from are not only dreaming of home, but are putting some wide-awake, serious thinking into it. Nearly every letter we get asks: "What are my rights as a veteran?" "How about my National Service Life Insurance?" "What about a civilian job when the fighting stops?"

Last year we put the answers to the first two questions in a free booklet for the benefit of the million or more men already demobilized. We were surprised to get thousands of requests from men still on active duty, many of them in combat theaters on all fronts. So we have brought out a new, enlarged edition — including a comprchensive survey of job opportunities.

Write to us at 501 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass., and ask for the free, 40-page booklet, "Information for Veterans of Our Armed Forces." No matter whether you're still in or now out of the service, it will tell you what the score is.

To Parents and Wives of Servicemen
We shall be glad to send you this booklet to forward to your son or husband. It contains information *he wants.*

HERE'S A SAMPLE OF THE INTERESTING CONTENTS

Highlights of the "G.I. Bill of Rights"—
How to continue your education, guidance on loans, benefits, etc.

Your National Service Life Insurance—
How to keep it in force, how to reinstate, and convert, with rates.

The word on—
Mustering-out pay, pension privileges, hospitalization, vocational training, Federal income tax, etc.

What kind of a post-war job?—
And where you fit in the picture.

New England Mutual
Life Insurance Company of Boston

George Willard Smith, President *Agencies in Principal Cities Coast to Coast*
The First Mutual Life Insurance Company Chartered in America—1835

Mendès-France: "Conditions now appear ripe for improvement." The curve of the national economy, which touched its nadir several weeks ago, is now rising. Shipping is no longer so scarce; for example, the port of Marseilles handles more than its prewar tonnage. Carloadings are up. The textile industry is gathering headway. By 1946 French agriculture will supply the nation's bread, the period of "repairs" will be over, the period of "getting started" will begin. And by 1948 the period of genuine "economic planning" can be launched.

Minister Mendès-France skipped lightly over certain qualifying facts: Marseilles' tonnage is mostly for Allied military use; for almost two years before the 1946 harvest is in, the nation will have to import its bread. But France, tired of endless greys, welcomed the first rosy hues.

THE NETHERLANDS

A Queen at Home

Town Crier Toon den Broeke sang out the news: Queen Wilhelmina, their venerable *Landsmoeder* ("Mother of the Land") was coming home to Holland. After her five long years of exile, the villagers of little Eede would be the first to welcome her. Even now Her Majesty was driving up the highway from Belgium. The news sent Eede's villagers scurrying to their battle-scarred homes; nothing but the best wooden shoes, starched collars and embroidered waistcoats would do for such an occasion.

A few minutes after noon an Allied staff car, driven by Corporal Steve Fisher of Montana, rolled up to the white chalk line that separates Eede from Belgium. Out stepped the Queen, stout and grandmotherly in her low-heeled oxfords, hip-long woolen jacket, red-fox scarf and plain black hat. For a moment she paused, then slowly walked across the chalk line, savoring each step of the good Dutch earth she has ruled for nearly 47 years.

Orange Bows & Tea. For nine days Wilhelmina traveled up & down the liberated third of The Netherlands. Everywhere her ordinarily staid subjects showed their loyal excitement. They decked themselves with royal orange bows and rosettes. Their wooden sabots clacked in joyous folk dances. They climbed the gables above ancient market squares to get a glimpse of her.

Everywhere the Queen, with the shrewdness that has made her throne one of the Continent's sturdiest, received the new aristocracy of Holland—the men & women of the resistance. She sipped tea and munched sandwiches with them, listened to their stories, promised them food and clothes. Once a column of *Stoottroepen* (men of the resistance) marched past in review, smartly saluted. She responded with handclapping, motioned her generals to do likewise.

Plain Dutchmen loved her homely gestures. They said: "She means many things to all of us. . . . She has been Queen longer than most of us can remember. She means there will be justice and peace in the land with a fair chance for everyone. She is our past, and our hope for the future. . . ."

Flooded Polders & Prayer. It was not all joy. The royal tears welled up again & again.

Aboard an Allied "duck," Wilhelmina toured flooded Walcheren Island. Through the bomb-breached dikes the grey sea had poured across the fertile polders, stricken them with briny death. What said the old proverb? "God created the world, but the Dutch made Holland." Generations of Dutchmen had toiled to wrest this land from the sea. Now generations must toil again. The Queen muffled a sob in her scarf.

The royal procession churned past villages half-submerged. Housewives cheered the Queen from upper stories and rowboats, sang *Wij leven vrij, wij leven blij* ("We live in freedom, we live in happiness"). On a seaside dune, where carcasses of livestock killed by German mines still rotted, the Queen chatted with villagers living in dugouts left by the Germans. Where the seawall was cleft, she watched workers of the ancient guild of dikemenders weaving willow chains to turn back the waters again.

In medieval Middelburg she walked among her people, heard how they suffered (in the north, she knew, in the land still unliberated, famine and disease were even more shocking). This old lady had sheltered an Allied airman. This youth had spied on a V-bomb launching site, sent word to the Allies. This widow had lost her husband to a German firing squad. God-fearing Wilhelmina thanked them all, called for two minutes of silent prayer for those who had died in the fight for freedom.

In the silence a baby cried. It was the infant daughter of a man executed for resistance to the Germans. Silently the Queen wept.



Associated Press

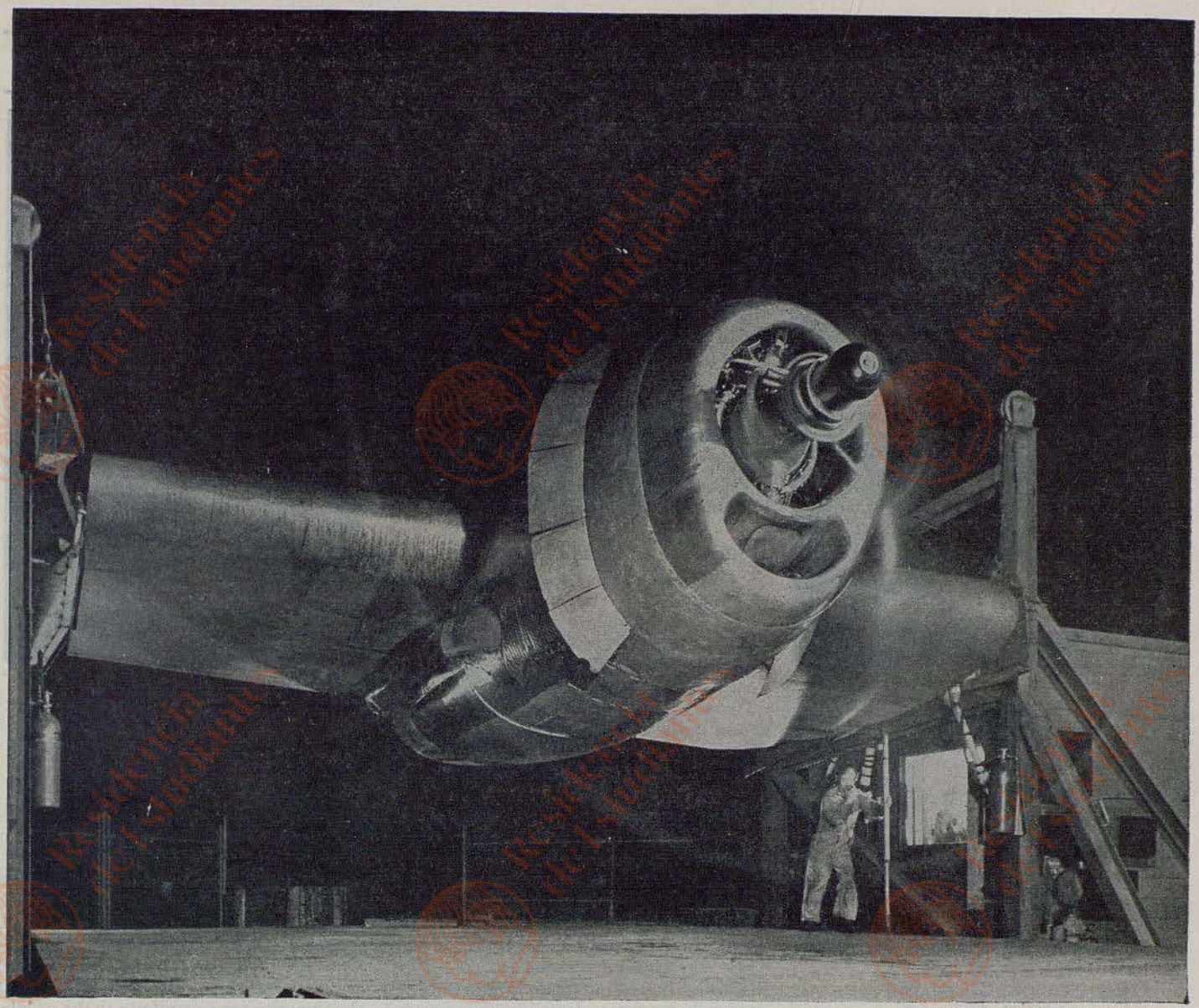
WILHELMINA IN HOLLAND
She met the new aristocracy.

PALESTINE

Three-Way Compromise

In Jerusalem, holy city of Jew, Moslem and Christian, every political skirmish leaves a wide-open wound. A talent for healing is a prime requisite for the job of the British High Commissioner.

Back in August 1943, Jerusalem's Arab mayor, Mustapha Bey Khalidi, died in office. Jewish Councillor Daniel Auster automatically became acting mayor, pending a permanent appointment. Jews, con-



Finish the Fight — with War Bonds

"Ground Flight" of a Boeing Superfortress

You're looking at one of the world's strangest laboratories . . . hidden in a closely guarded corner of Boeing's huge Seattle plant. It's a one-room house alongside a large steel frame in which an engine and a section of wing are firmly anchored. House, frame and engine can all be revolved on a circular track.

Designed by Boeing engineers, it is capable of testing the characteristics of the most advanced power-plant installations planned for great warplanes and transports of the future! The picture above was taken when the Boeing B-29 Superfortress—which is now being flown so valiantly by Army Air Force crews in Japanese skies—was still in the development stage.

Hour after hour, week after week, the 2200-hp. engine roared and tugged at its captive wing section. Inside the little laboratory the test crew watched a battery of instruments. They were testing the functioning of the power-plant with its many services and accessories at various engine speeds and powers—finding out how a new nacelle design affected their operation.

The B-29 nacelles offered Boeing engineers a particularly tough problem. Each one had to be big enough to accommodate a huge, complicated radial engine, dual turbo-superchargers, three separate cooling systems, intake and exhaust systems, electrical and ignition systems and fuel lines—besides the retractable landing gear housed in the inboard nacelles. Yet, aerodynamically, each had to be slim and compact, to reduce drag to a minimum, for the B-29 was to be a bomber with the speed of a pursuit ship.

The long bombing missions flown by the Superfortresses, through every variation of climate and temperature, are striking testimony to the success of Boeing engineers in solving this and other problems.

Sound research, design, engineering and manufacture have always gone into every Boeing product . . . one reason why you can depend on peacetime aircraft of the future, "Built by Boeing" to lead the way.

DESIGNERS OF THE B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW STRATOCRUISER
THE KAYDET TRAINER • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

BOEING



RUSSIA'S SUVOROV
On his way.

stituting two-thirds of the city's population and taxpayers, demanded that Auster be confirmed. Arabs demanded that another Arab succeed the late lamented mayor.

For 19 uneasy months the High Commissioner pondered the possibilities. Last week Lord Gort came up with a three-way compromise: he would give the mayoralty in turn to a Moslem, a Jew, a Christian for a year at a time.

Reaction to the rotation plan was prompt. Jews denounced it as "unjust, unfeasible." Arabs called a general strike.

BULGARIA

A Revolutionary Returns

The Sofia radio casually announced a piece of news: flashing-eyed, mop-maned Georgi Dimitroff, storied revolutionary, had come home at last. After 22 years of exile, the burly, brimstony Bulgarian had taken his rightful place as the No. 1 Communist in the Fatherland Front, his country's dominating political coalition.

A factory worker's son and a militant trade unionist, Dimitroff began making international incidents in the early 1920s. En route to the second Comintern Congress in Moscow, he was picked up in Rumania as a spy, was rescued from liquidation by Russian intervention. In 1923 he led Bulgaria's abortive Communist revolt, barely escaped with his life across the Yugoslav border.

He was in Germany at the time of the famed Reichstag fire trial in 1933, and the Nazis tried to make him a scapegoat, along with dullard Marinus Van der Lubbe and German Communist Ernst Torgler. But they found Dimitroff too hot to handle. The flimsy case against him collapsed. Once again Moscow intervened, conferred Russian citizenship on the Bulgarian and obtained his release, then sent a plane to whisk him to his new home. He was hailed as a hero. Lenin's widow and sister sent him flowers. "I am a soldier of the revolution," Dimitroff said, "and will fight where duty sends me. . . . The U.S.S.R. is my fatherland."

Stalin made him a deputy of the Supreme Soviet and chief of the Comintern. In this post, Dimitroff promoted "popular fronts" abroad. After the dissolution of the Comintern in 1943, he lapsed into relative silence. Now he will help keep his native Bulgaria in the Soviet sphere.

RUSSIA

Hero on a Horse

For 33 long years the citizens of Ismail, Bessarabian city on the lower Danube, have shared a suppressed desire. In 1912 they ordered a statue of Catherine the Great's famed General Suvorov, Russian hero who liberated the city from the Turks. In nearby Odessa a suitable equestrian statue of the general was made, and was ready for shipment when World War I broke out. When that war was finished, Ismail was no longer part of the Russian Empire, and the new Red Russia was not interested in the memory of Tsarist heroes.

The bronze General, lying on his side, bided his time in an Odessa cellar. Last week, with Ismail again Russian and Russia again interested in its heroes of the past, the General was hoisted out of his hideout, dusted off and readied for his 120-mile journey to Ismail's public square.



Sovfoto

BULGARIA'S DIMITROFF
On the job.



Associated Press

SPAIN'S DON JUAN
On the record.

SPAIN

Franco on the Spot

Never had the fleshy, Falangist fundament of fat Francisco Franco felt a smarter whacking than it got last week.

Aristocratic Whack. In his Swiss villa at Lausanne, handsome, non-hemophilic Don Juan Charles Teresa Silvère Alphonse, Prince of the Asturias, Count of Barcelona, and pretender to the throne vacated by his late father Alfonso XIII, judged the time ripe for a manifesto to the people. Proclaimed Don Juan:

"Spaniards: I well know your disillusion and your fears. . . .

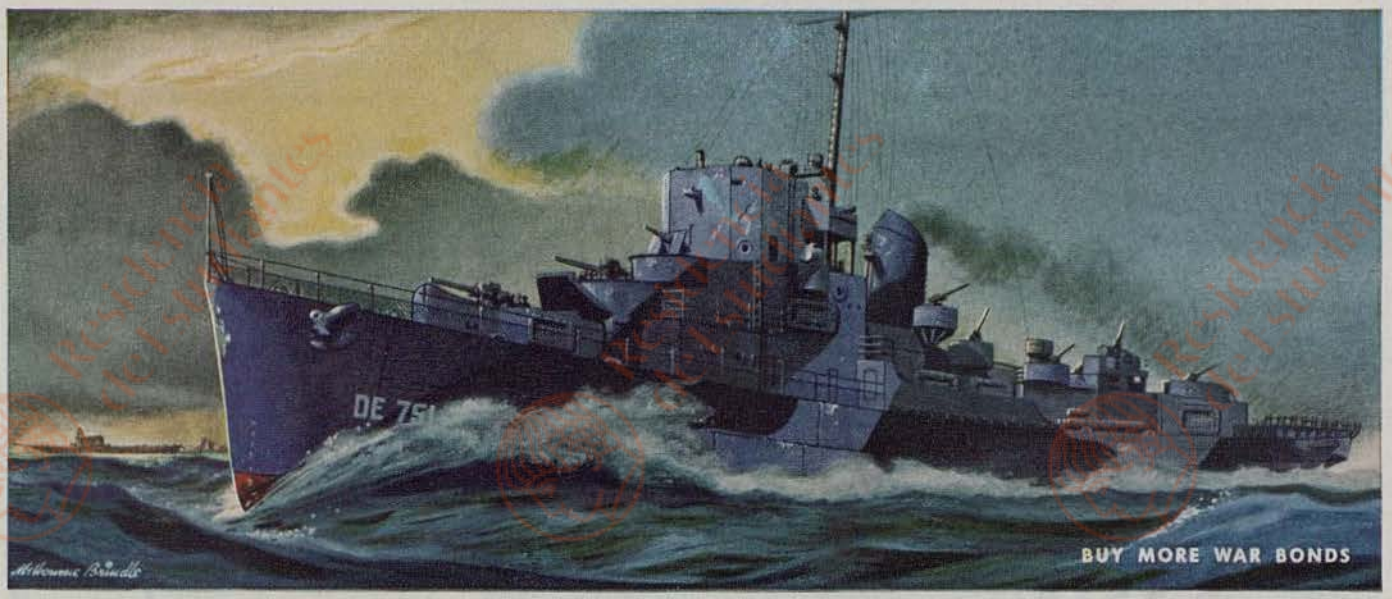
"The regime established by General Franco, modeled on the totalitarian systems of the Axis powers . . . is fundamentally inconsistent with conditions prevailing in the world.

"Spain faces the dangerous possibility of a new fratricidal conflict as well as world isolation. . . . The only instrument capable of avoiding both threats and bringing about a reconciliation of all Spaniards . . . is Spain's traditional monarchy. . . .

"I . . . solemnly call upon General Franco . . . to relinquish power. . . ."

In Paris moderate Miguel Maura, one-time Minister of the Interior, declared that most Spaniards were opposed to the monarchy. In London, astute Juan Negrin, the Republic's last Premier, labored quietly for a Republican comeback.

Proletarian Whack. From Moscow, via London, came a venomously polite inquiry: two Spanish soldiers had been captured on the Russian front—long after Madrid announced withdrawal of its notorious Blue Division; what should the Kremlin do? Regard the two Spaniards



1. This is a destroyer escort . . . it runs with less engine strain, thanks to Fluid Drive!



2. This is a Diesel Switching Locomotive. It moves heavy freight cars with Fluid Drive.



3. This is a Chrysler Car . . . it is the first passenger car that adopted and developed Fluid Drive.



4. It can start and stop without shifting gears! The Fluid Drive principle eliminates mechanical jerks, lengthens the life of the car.



5. And the smooth application of power greatly improves wheel traction, especially on slippery surfaces.

6. It's the greatest driving improvement since automobiles were invented . . . yet it's been proved by 8 billion miles on the road!



See your Chrysler Dealer for Fluid Drive facts—

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DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Enjoy Major Bowes Program Thursdays, C.B.S., 9 P.M., E.W.T.

LOOK FOR MOUNT VERNON

IT'S THE Mildest

YOU EVER TASTED

Mild and mellow beyond compare—with just a whisper of the grain in its taste—Mount Vernon is winning new laurels every day. Old friends of Mount Vernon are enthusiastically proclaiming it the mildest Mount Vernon they ever tasted. New friends say it's about the smoothest rye whiskey that ever passed their lips. Try it soon and see if you don't agree.



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as prisoners of war, despite their Government's announcement? Or treat them as irregulars, liable to summary execution?

Embarrassed Madrid replied: treat them as irregulars.

Dictator Franco, hastening to change the painful subject, tried to make common cause with the U.S. and Britain (whom he once called "victim to [their] own errors"). Over a Vatican report that Jap troops in Manila had butchered 172 Spanish men, women & children, the controlled Madrid press waxed hotly indignant. An official communiqué protested the "systematic, premeditated murders." An official demand for satisfaction was dispatched to Tokyo.

JAPAN

Not Yet Enough

One hundred million countrymen: The enemy now stands at our front gate. It is indeed the gravest moment in the history of our nation. . . . We must either win . . . or we shall all die. . . . The time is here for the . . . people of Japan to man their posts . . . and make secure the divine country of his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor.

Thus the twangy voice of Japan's Singing Frog, Premier General Kuniaki Koiso, croaked through the nightmare of bombs, flames, death and flight that engulfed his country. He did not exaggerate.

In Tokyo, once the world's third largest city, more than 3,000,000 of the 7,000,000 inhabitants (according to official broadcasts) had been evacuated or killed. Three other big cities—Osaka, Kobe, Nagoya—had been similarly scourged.

How long could the nation hold out against the incendiary typhoon? Not long, thought some. There were rumors of peace bids in the making. But the war lords, disdaining whatever war-weariness might have come to industrialists whose factories were gutted and to civilians whose paper-&-bamboo homes were obliterated, had by no means had enough. Premier Koiso and his fanatical War Minister, Field Marshal Gen Sugijama, drafted another emergency measure, pushed it through another emergency Diet. It ordered:

¶ Mobilization of a National Volunteer Army—the Jap version of the Nazi *Volkssturm*—to include all save "the aged, the sick, the very young and pregnant women."

¶ Confiscation of any "land, buildings and materials" for military works.

¶ Redistribution of food and munitions for "an area-by-area defense structure."

¶ Virtual martial law for the entire homeland.

Then one of the Army's prime morale boosters, Major General Chuon Sakurai, rallied his countrymen. We must follow the example of Frederick the Great, he radiorated. "Regardless of victory or defeat," the Prussian king "always put his hand on his chest. . . . Without uselessly indulging in worry over the prevailing war situation, we also should calmly place our hand upon our chest and think . . . that our efforts are not yet sufficient."



Bubble . . . bubble without trouble!

ARMY E NAVY

MOTHERS find that Curity nursery products are a wonderful help when it comes to getting little babies off to a healthy, happy start. Curity Diapers, Pads, Masks, Bibs, and Absorbent Cotton take trouble and uncertainty out of baby care. Of course, such scientific product perfection didn't just happen. It is the result of years of Kendall research.

But Kendall Textiles by no means confine themselves to the nursery. In many quarters of the world today, Kendall cheesecloth, filters, interlinings, curtains, and scores of other essential products are doing important jobs well. Come to Kendall with your cotton textile problem. . . . KENDALL MILLS, *Division of* The Kendall Company, Dept. T-3, Walpole, Massachusetts.

KENDALL MILLS

CURITY Diapers, Nursery Pads, Bibs, Masks, and Cotton; Curity Cheesecloth and Bunting—all distributed by Kendall Mills. (At drug stores, Curity Surgical Dressings distributed by Bauer & Black.)

KENDALL Sabel Curtain Fabrics, Progar Uniform Poplin, Clex Collar Linings and Lexon Interlinings, and a wide variety of Kendall fabrics and finishes for industrial and consumer use.

BACK UP YOUR FIGHTING MEN WITH BONDS

THE DOMINION

Who Wants Japs?

The Prime Minister had long ago laid down the Government's postwar policy on Japanese Canadians: they would be dispersed across the Dominion, never again be allowed to concentrate in British Columbia. Last week the British Columbia Security Commission, the federal agency in charge of Japanese Canadian affairs, went into details:

¶ A survey of all Japanese Canadians (some 23,000) will begin in early April.

¶ Those who volunteer for repatriation will be sent back to Japan after the war, with expenses paid and with compensation for property they leave behind. (In Ottawa, estimates of the number of volunteers ran from 4,000 to 10,000.*)

¶ Those who wish to stay will be asked to settle somewhere east of the Rockies, "as evidence of their desire to be good Canadians."

¶ Those who decline to make a choice will be considered "disloyal," presumably subject to compulsory repatriation.

British Columbians generally applauded the Commission's plan. Some even thought it was too lenient (in the Provincial Legislature last fortnight, the Government's agriculture committee recommended legislation making it illegal for Canadian Japs, wherever born, to own or lease any land or business). Anti-Jap feeling was strong elsewhere, too. Alberta's Public Works Minister W. A. Fallow said that his Province wanted no postwar Japs. Quebec's Premier Maurice Duplessis said that he would take "necessary steps" to see that no Japs were relocated in his Province. Said Nova Scotia's Premier A. S. MacMillan: "We've got troubles enough."

Few Canadians spoke up for the Japs who had moved eastward from British Columbia in the early days of the war—although most of them had proved to be good workers and had fitted quietly into their new communities.

Peace above Politics

It was a week of decision.

The Prime Minister was deadly serious; no colloquialisms spiced the earnest, careful, 10,000-word speech in which he asked Parliament to support Canada's participation in the World Security Conference at San Francisco. He carefully stated the conference's great objective: to erect an enduring world peace structure. He patiently explained the Dumbarton Oaks blueprint, on which the conference would be based. He discreetly suggested changes: "middle (secondary) nations" like Canada should have powers commensurate with their responsibilities; those without powers —*i.e.*, without representation on the peace organization's security council—should not be expected to send armed forces against an aggressor.

William Lyon Mackenzie King had no delusions: "It is not a question so much of what is perfect as of what is possible. . . . Even should the charter as finally drafted not be all that we could wish, its acceptance might nevertheless be preferable to its rejection." He had sound reasons for thinking so: "Were another great war to break out . . . in the future, it is certain that Canada would not escape its fury. The development of . . . the flying bomb [makes] it impossible for any country to claim immunity from sudden aggression."

This was talk that every Canadian could understand, and Parliament responded in kind. A handful of diehard isolationists said that they would vote no (cried Frederic Dorion: "We are asked to declare, right off, that we will participate in any future war"). Some Tories demurred, but only to the extent of urging that Canada do nothing to "endanger our close ties with the British." For the most part, the debate was above politics. Member after member rose to support the Prime Minister.

* For news about U.S. Japs who want repatriation, see U.S. at War.

Food Draft

The world's food problem was acute (*see* International), and Labor Minister Humphrey Mitchell was taking no chances. He announced that henceforth any male between 16 and 65, employed or not, could be drafted for farm work.

ALBERTA

Alcartra's Party

Alcartra Gerben, 6, was primped to look her best. At Calgary, there was a superbanquet, with speeches in her honor. Some 500 folks attended, some from as far away as New York and Quebec. Alcartra took it all as a contented country maiden should. A sleek Holstein, she had yielded a barn-shaking 1,410 lbs. of butterfat, 27,800 lbs. of milk, in one year.

ONTARIO

Push & Prelude

The eyes of Canada were on Ontario's clamorous Legislature. The government seemed headed for defeat. If that happened, there would be a provincial election—of national importance.

Finally, every legislator had said his say on a CCF motion criticizing the Tory administration. Then up rose big, slick Premier George Alexander Drew. Said he: he would accept an adverse vote on the motion as evidence of lack of confidence. It took just two minutes for him to get his answer: no confidence—51-to-36.

Despite appearances, George Drew's government did not really fall; it was pushed. In power 19 months, its 37 members had managed to control the 90-seat House by grace of the Legislature's 16 Liberals. Then bumptious Liberal Leader Mitchell Frederick Hepburn had upset the applecart by teaming with teacherish Edward Bigelow ("Ted") Jolliffe and his 32 socialist CCFers.



Roseborough and Rice, British Combine, Toronto *Star*

DREW JOLLIFFE HEPBURN

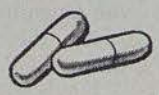
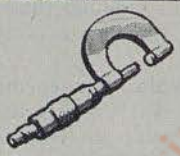
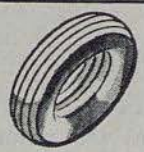
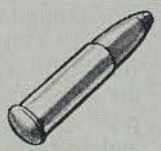
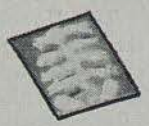
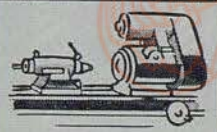
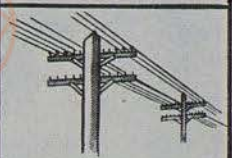
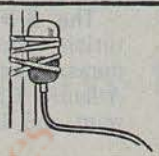
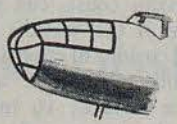
The one who was beaten was the one who beamed.

The Tory defeat, strangely enough, was annoying instead of pleasing to Ted Jolliffe. His party had just been shellacked in the February by-election in Grey North (Time, Feb. 12); the CCF wanted no election now. Mitch Hepburn, who engineered the business, could grin at the defeat of one rival and the discomfiture of another, but there was little chance of the Liberals picking up many new seats. The man who beamed was George Drew. Now he could go to the people, contend that his opponents had sabotaged him, ask for a clear majority.

Outside the province, Ontario's upsydaisy was important because the election it necessitates—probably to be held in May or early June—will be a straw-in-the-wind prelude to the Dominion-wide election due this summer. Certainly all parties will shoot the works in Ontario, aware that provincial victory will boost national chances.

WHAT DO THEY HAVE IN COMMON?

ANSWER BELOW

 AIRCRAFT	 MEDICINES	 COMMUNICATIONS	 TANKS	 MOTORS	 FOODS
 GAUGES	 CAMERAS	 TIRES	 MILK	 SHIPS	 OPTICALS
 AUTOMOBILES	 MUNITIONS	 METALS	 RECORDS	 CHEMICALS	 TEXTILES
 MAPS	 OIL	 RADIO	 X-RAY FILM	 MACHINE TOOLS	 COPPER
 PAINT	 PLASMA	 PLASTICS	 GEARS	 WATCHES	 PARACHUTES

ANSWER: *All* these products are being made faster, better, at lower cost, or are giving better service—through use of *air conditioning or refrigeration.* Yes, all these and thousands more! Wherever you can use air conditioning or refrigeration for faster, better, lower cost production, see G-E!

AIR CONDITIONING AND INDUSTRIAL REFRIGERATION BY

BUY and hold WAR BONDS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

General Electric Co., Air Conditioning and Industrial Refrigeration Divisions, Section 5204, Bloomfield, N. J.

Tune in: The "G-E HOUSE PARTY," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., E W T, C B S . . . The "G-E ALL-GIRL ORCHESTRA," Sundays, 10 P. M., E W T, N B C . . "THE WORLD TODAY" News, Monday through Friday, 6:45 P. M., E W T, C B S



LATIN AMERICA

COLOMBIA

Dry Run

Since Christmas just three rains have fallen on Bogotá. But not one drop has touched the city's reservoir, 15 miles away at Regadera (which means "shower bath" in Spanish). Intimidated by the brassy skies, duly alarmed by the nearly empty "shower bath," local authorities last week urged all Bogotanos to get out of town if they possibly could. Some water mains were already dry. Schools were beginning to close down. Washing an automobile was declared a crime.

Partly to blame was the U.S. engineer who designed the water system, not dreaming that the city would grow from 332,000 to half a million in seven years. But Bogotá boosters were not in a mood to boast. Only the local temperance leaguers felt like rejoicing: the flow of workingmen's *chicha* (corn beer) was also drying up.

CHILE

Whoever Dun It . . .

Through the night, the nitrate-laden *Mapocho* labored up the Chilean coast. The ship's bell tolled once—half-past midnight. Suddenly, explosions in the hold bounced the dinky, 63-year-old ship about. Flames burst above deck, firing lifeboats before they could be launched. The trapped crew and passengers scrambled for their lives. In half an hour the *Mapocho* went down, taking at least 83 people with her.

The *Mapocho* disaster underlined anew the old superstition that disasters run in cycles of three. Two other Chilean ships had been plagued by mysterious fires in recent weeks. In Valparaiso, stevedores loading the merchantman *Naguilan* had discovered a suspicious blaze in the ship's hold. Off the Peruvian coast, the square-rigged *Lautaro,* one of the world's largest sailing vessels and pride of the Chilean navy, exploded and sank with another cargo of war-scarce nitrate; 19 midshipmen burned to death or drowned.

Chilean officials, putting fire and fire together, promptly shouted, "Sabotage!" Newspapers, with next to no justification, blamed it on the minuscule (300) and well-guarded Japanese colony. The police put 20 Germans under preventive arrest. Chipping in their two cents' worth, the Argentines—who are far more worried about Communists than Germans and Japs—contributed a complicated suspicion: before leaving port, the assistant butcher of the *Mapocho* had been told by his boss that the ship was doomed to destruction; since the boss was known to be a Communist, it was no doubt a dark Red plot.

Since the Chileans were still running Chile, the Communist theory got nowhere. But public resentment toward Germany and Japan might prove a big help to President Juan Antonio Ríos. His recent declaration of a state of belligerency against the Axis comes before Chile's obstreperous Congress next week.

GUATEMALA

Student Spree

Newly democratic Guatemala's university students went on a long-awaited rampage last week. Fourteen years ago Dictator Jorge Ubico had savagely suppressed their traditional Eastertide "*Huelga Estudiantil*" (Students' Strike); now at last, in the liberal light of President Juan José Arévalo's regime, it roared its way through the laugh-hungry city. There was at least twice the oldtime noise, fun, bawdiness.

Funds for the *fiesta* had been begged by students bearing chamber pots. They paid for scurrilous floats and costumes, and an unmerciful kidding that spared nobody, friend or foe. Some of the victims:

President Arévalo. His enemies had whispered that he was pro-Argentine because of his long exile in Argentina. So the "strike" featured Gaucho costumes. With a syrupy Argentine accent, a student representing the President wooed a girl named "Guayaba" (tropical fruit, slang for the Presidency). When Guayaba hiked her skirts, she showed a label: "The Treasury." President Arévalo himself watched and laughed.

U.S. Central American Policy. Uncle Sam drove five Indians, representing the five Central American republics, across a stage. The Indians were loaded with shackles labeled "Bananas," "Fixed [coffee] Prices," "The Railroad." Although the Great Good Neighbor cracked his whip, he cooed to the slaves: "I am your friend."

The British. Guatemala's new constitution claims Belize from British Honduras. A banner cried: "Principles of the Atlantic Charter: to live without fear, want and Belize."

MEXICO

Point of Honor

From a hole in the wall of Mexico City's penitentiary, guards extracted a counterfeiting outfit and 200 phony $20 U.S. bills. The proprietor was inmate Luis Eduardo Shelley Hernández, counterfeiter extraordinary, graduate of Atlanta and Alcatraz.

Born in Venezuela and claiming a Spanish father who was once Ambassador to France, Señor Shelley's gentlemanliness wrecked his latest effort. In return for some of the $20 bills, a fellow inmate offered the hand of his daughter, not in marriage. When Shelley indignantly refused, the pimping parent betrayed the man of honor to the guards.



How to choose a life partner

John Hanson knows good tools and good guns, and likes to handle them. That—plus his native independence—may be the reason he scrimped and saved to open his own hardware store, and the reason his fellow-townsmen buy from him. Be that as it may, he's a successful small business man—*a man of character*.

We recommend John Hanson as a "life partner" for you. The life insurance company with such people as policyholders is a good place for your own insurance. Much of the strength of a life insurance company lies in the strength of the men and women who buy its policies—in their thriftiness, in their determination to carry on *without lapsing*. For most lapsed policies mean a loss not only to the man who lapses, but to the company, and ultimately to its policyholders.

Your NWNL agent has a special incentive to find and sell such men. For while he too is an independent business man, under his unique contract with us his income depends not primarily on new insurance sales, but on his policyholders' persistence in keeping their insurance in force. If you drop a policy he has sold you, his rate of income on all the insurance he has sold is correspondingly reduced.

Therefore, he has a special incentive to sell you exactly the kind of insurance you need and the amount you can afford—and to confine his selling efforts to the kind of people you can welcome as fellow policyholders in a life insurance company.

NORTHWESTERN *National* LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

O. J. Arnold, President — Minneapolis 4, Minn.



KATHLEEN WINSOR — JOSEPHINE BAKER — MAE WEST — LUCIUS BEEBE

Wide World, Associated Press, Eileen Darby-Graphic House

Too busy . . . too chichi . . . too harshly pressed . . . too badly dressed.

PEOPLE

Fine Feathers

King George VI added color and dash to a tree-planting ceremony at Windsor by appearing in a new Scottish border tweed suit (three-inch red-line squares against a light brown background) which cost him some 26 of his annual allotment of 48 clothing coupons. A West End tailor, moodily studying the cloth and cut, predicted that His Majesty's new ensemble would be a fashion setter.

Josephine Baker, toast-colored toast of the prewar Paris stage, who weathered the Nazi occupation (despite one death report) in Morocco, put on a private fashion show to let Paris friends see the too-chichi gowns and hats she will wear on tour with E.N.S.A. (British U.S.O.). Her favorite get-up: a "Russian" costume (*see cut*) featuring a white satin tunic, black velvet trimming, a train.

Lucius Beebe, whose sartorial sharpness is the despair of other Manhattan fancy-dressers, got caught with his spats down in Colorado. Returning from a dusty tour of the Pike's Peak country, he started confidently toward a table in Colorado Springs' swank Broadmoor Hotel, was briskly stopped by the headwaiter. The management's firm attitude: Columnist Beebe, in riding clothes, was not suitably dressed for hotel dining.

Paulina Karpovskaya Zhemchuzhina, wife of Russian Foreign Commissar Vyacheslav Molotov, acted as a judge at a Moscow fashion show. The no-fuss-&-feathers prizewinners were designs suitable for mass production.

Fuller Explanations

Kathleen Winsor, ornamental author of the sexy best-seller, *Forever Amber,* denied that her book was in any sense autobiographical: "If it were . . . would I have time to write a book?"

Benito Mussolini, who hoped to model his Fascist state on the Roman Empire, emerged from hiding long enough to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the Fascist Party, wearily admitted its decline & fall. The Duce lauded fellow Italians who died for his ideal, politely thanked his Nazi hosts for a good try.

Elsa Maxwell, plump, professional party-planner turned columnist, was tickled when Photographer Leora Thompson assured her that she had an "exuberant"-looking leg. She exulted: "Really, it's not so bad. There may be a lot more of it than necessary, but . . . I don't know any fat women with legs that can compare with mine."

Mae West, playing the lead in her *Catherine Was Great* to packed Chicago houses despite the drubbings of a harsh, hostile press, drawled back at her drama-critic detractors: "The way the boys wrote up the show, I'm surprised *they* weren't raided. And to think I took out the stronger lines . . . on account of Lent!"

Adventure & Travel

Mrs. Winston Churchill packed up for a month's visit to Russian hospitals. Outstanding stop: Rostov-on-the-Don, where her Red Cross Aid to Russia fund will equip two 500-bed hospitals as



International

GEORGE VI

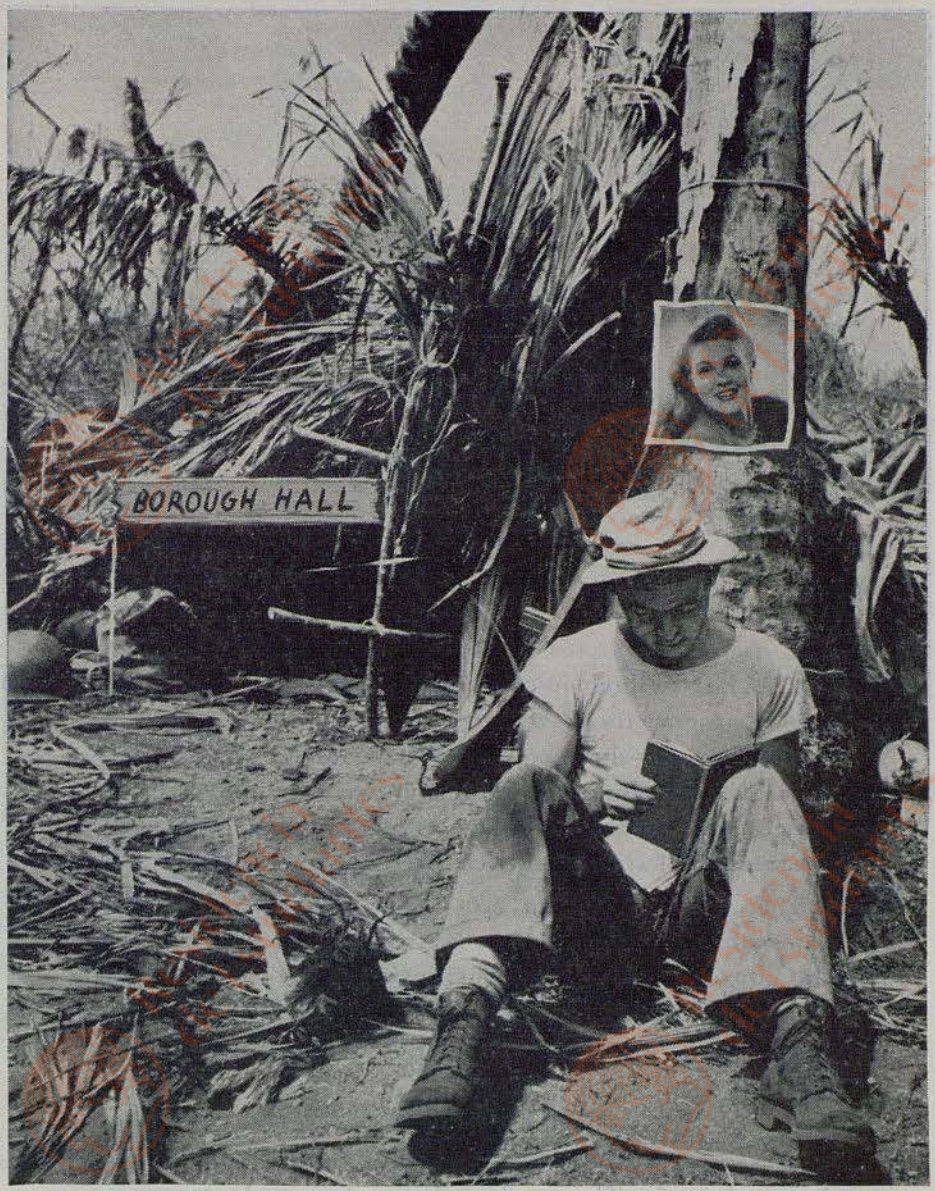
Other Englishmen might copy him.



ELSA MAXWELL

Other fat women might envy her.

a BROOKLYN grows in the TREES



Wherever GI's move in, they take a part of America with them . . . the speech, the place names, the interests of home. Overnight, a branch Brooklyn or Peoria or Chattanooga comes into being among the jungle trees . . . the ruins of a European town.

Pin-up pictures are a part of these Brooklyns . . . swing records . . . comic books. Always present, too, are technical and business textbooks and instruction papers. Thinking ahead to tomorrow while they are fighting magnificently today, our men are preparing for victory in post-war careers as in present battles.

Many of the texts they use are supplied by International Correspondence Schools. These are texts especially designed for study anywhere — a hut in a New Brooklyn of the South Pacific, a home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

This is not a new function for I. C. S. Dedicated to success through spare-time training, these Schools were founded in 1891. In 1898 every ship that sailed with Admiral Dewey to Manila Bay carried I. C. S. students.

Thousands of overseas fighting men were served as independent students through World War I. In 1920 the U. S. Marine Corps Institute was organized by the late Major General John A. Lejeune. The need was for mobile education that could go to the ends of the earth in Leathernecks' locker trunks. The Government met it by working out an agreement with I. C. S. to supply lesson texts and services.

So huge a success was M.C.I. that six years later the United States Coast Guard Institute was organized according to the same plan. In 1939 came the United States Air Corps Institute, and I. C. S. texts were adopted again.

The Army Institute was founded right after Pearl Harbor; quickly broadened out to USAFI (United States Armed Forces Institute) as the Navy joined in. All military and naval service personnel — including WACS, WAVES, SPARS, Lady Marines — are eligible. Correspondence courses reaching into foxholes and bomber stations include a large number of I. C. S. lesson texts.

And we are still serving independent enrollees in all branches of the Armed Forces, too.

The International Correspondence Schools

SCRANTON 9, PENNSYLVANIA

Representatives in principal cities in the United States, Latin America, Canada, Great Britain

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS

ICS

Sometimes governments *destroy* jobs

TALKING about 40 or 50 or 60 million jobs isn't going to produce them. And government can't put 60 million people to work—there wouldn't be anyone left to pay the bills. Active business is the only thing that ever makes jobs. Therefore every government tax law, or labor law, or "directive" that restricts business restricts jobs.

There are more than 5,000,000 jobs created by the automobile industry because years ago a few pioneers had the courage to go into business for themselves, and operated under a government that enabled them to plow profits back into the business so they could grow, and so hire more people.

There are more than 1,500,000 jobs in the oil industry because men drilled wells and built refineries with the hope of profit. Thousands failed, a few made money—but they made jobs, too.

The machine tool industry, without which this country could never have armed itself, was ready for war because a few hard working men years ago went into business for themselves and were able to keep the profits of good years to carry them over the inevitable bad years, and so stay in business.

Business, labor, individuals—and government itself—all need a certain amount of wise, fair regulation. But let's be sure the regulations don't become restrictions that destroy the very thing they promise to protect—*jobs.*



WARNER & SWASEY
Turret Lathes
Cleveland

YOU CAN MACHINE IT BETTER, FASTER, FOR LESS...WITH A WARNER & SWASEY

memorials to united Anglo-Soviet sacrifices.

Gertrude Sanford Legendre (Mrs. Sidney Jennings Legendre), 42, adventure-loving socialite who was the first U.S. woman captured on the western front (last September), escaped from the Germans, fled across the border to Kreuzlingen, Switzerland, still wearing the service uniform in which she worked as interpreter and secretary.

Steve Early, back from an Army mission to Europe, cleaned out the White House desk he has used for twelve years in the hot-corner job as Franklin Roosevelt's press relations secretary, turned it over to Jonathan Daniels, North Carolina newsman and author, son of World War I's Navy Secretary Josephus Daniels. Early will fill in as the Presidential appointment secretary until the late Major General Edwin M. ("Pa") Watson can be replaced. By June 1 he hopes to have a better-paying private job he has still to find ("I'm wide open").



MR. & MRS. HARRY BRIDGES (1922)
Her purse must fit his position.

Causes & Complaints

Dorothy Parker, bang-browed verbal bangster, of late more preoccupied with causes than with her famed encaustics, mused: "Committee meetings poison my life. They're mainly lots of people sitting around with their heads in their hands. Then somebody finally says, 'Doesn't *anybody* know Baruch?' "

Mrs. George S. Patton Jr., sick abed with a head cold, asked reporters: "Did my husband have to swim across [the Rhine]?"

Mrs. Harry Bridges, estranged wife of San Francisco's lanky longshoremen's boss (whose deportation as an alien Communist is awaiting U.S. Supreme Court review), demanded $450 a month temporary alimony, pending settlement of their divorce suit. Her plea to the court: she needed that much to support herself "in a style and manner fitting a wife of a prominent union official."



©1945 The Studebaker Corporation

Studebaker Weasels help pace the drive to Tokyo

LET'S read what they said about this amazing new personnel and cargo carrier in a Philippines dispatch to "Yank," the Army weekly. Here's the quotation:

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

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

Power plant of the Weasel is the brilliantly responsive 6-cylinder engine of the remarkably economical Studebaker Champion motor car.

Studebaker proudly adds the versatile new Weasel to its list of war equipment for our valiant fighting forces.

Awarded To All ARMY NAVY E *Studebaker Plants*

Studebaker

PEACETIME BUILDER OF FINE CARS AND TRUCKS

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

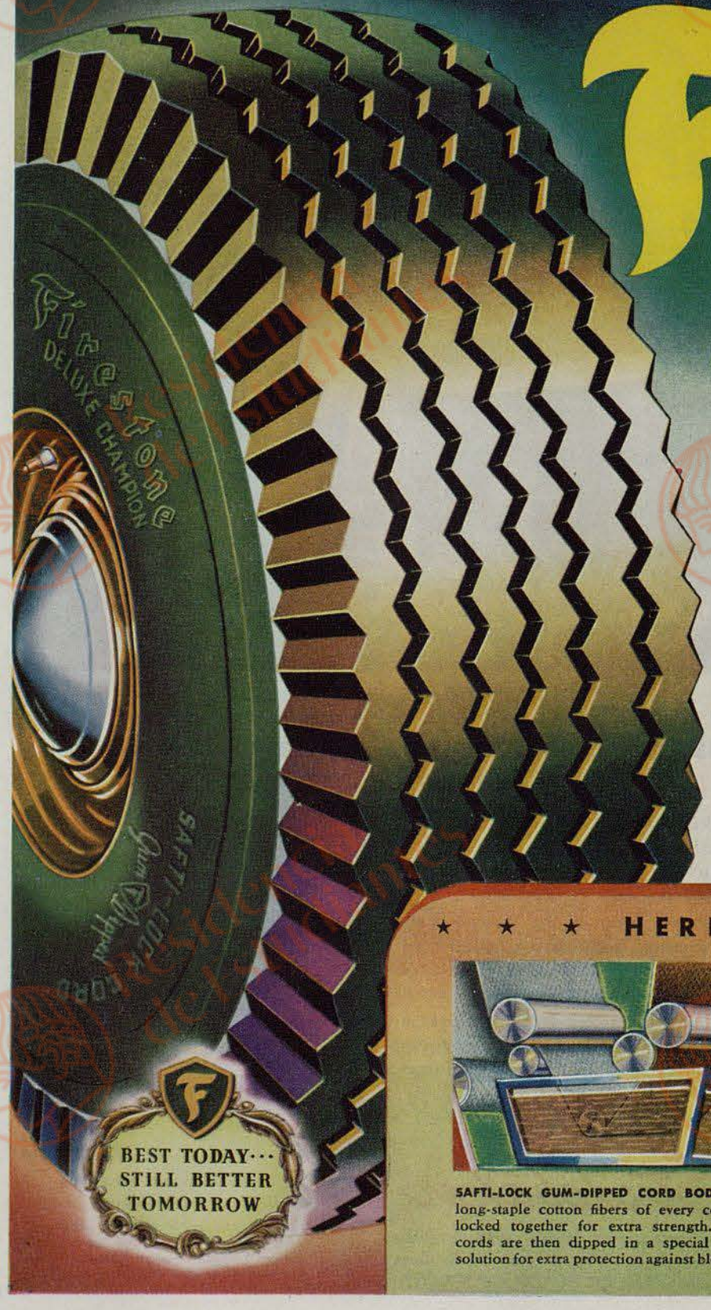


Your bonds help pay for every Flying Fortress flight

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

THE ONLY SYNTHETIC RUBBER TIRES ON THE SPEEDWAY FOR YOUR

MADE THAT ARE SAFETY-PROVED PROTECTION ON THE HIGHWAY!



Firestone

DeLuxe CHAMPION TIRES

Wilbur Shaw Averages 100.34 Miles An Hour for 500 Miles at Indianapolis Speedway on Stock Firestone Tires Made with Synthetic Rubber

FOR the past three years, Firestone DeLuxe Champion Synthetic Rubber Tires have been setting new performance records under today's driving conditions.

But car owners have been wondering what would happen when the national 35-mile-an-hour speed limit was lifted. Would synthetic rubber tires fail at higher speeds and cause a nation-wide wave of accidental deaths and injuries?

The Government wanted to know the answer to that question, too. So it authorized the release of tires and gasoline to Firestone for a high-speed test of tire strength and endurance. It was decided to equip a race car with regular, *stock* Firestone DeLuxe Champion Synthetic Rubber Tires, the same as you can buy at Firestone Dealer Stores and Firestone Stores, and race it for 500 miles around the Indianapolis Speedway under American Automobile Association supervision.

Wilbur Shaw, famous three-time winner of the Indianapolis Sweepstakes, volunteered to make the run. And on November 29, 1944, he averaged 100.34 miles an hour, hitting more than 135 miles an hour on the straightaways.

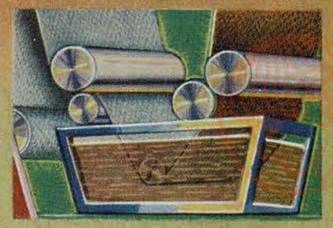
Imagine the punishment those tires took as they pounded over the rough brick and grinding asphalt! Yet, in this grueling, tire-torturing test, not a skid or blowout occurred. Remember this fact when you get permission to buy new tires — Firestone DeLuxe Champions are the *only* synthetic rubber tires made that are safety-proved on the speedway for your protection on the highway.



The tire shortage is more critical today than ever. The only hope that car owners have of keeping their cars on the road is to continue to observe the national 35-mile-an-hour speed limit and other simple, yet fundamental, precautions which have proved so successful in conserving tires.

Wilbur Shaw, three-time winner of famous Indianapolis Race

★ ★ ★ HERE'S WHY FIRESTONE DELUXE CHAMPION TIRES STAY SAFER LONGER



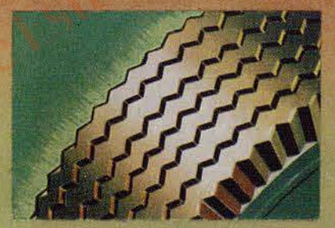
SAFTI-LOCK GUM-DIPPED CORD BODY. The long-staple cotton fibers of every cord are locked together for extra strength. These cords are then dipped in a special rubber solution for extra protection against blowouts.



VITAMIC RUBBER. The rubber used in both the tread and cord body contains Vitalin, a rubber vitamin developed by Firestone, which gives extra protection against weather and wear and keeps rubber live and tough.



SAFTI-SURED CONSTRUCTION. There are two major parts of a tire — tread and cord body. Safti-Sured Construction means that the tread and cord body are welded together inseparably into a unit of extra strength.

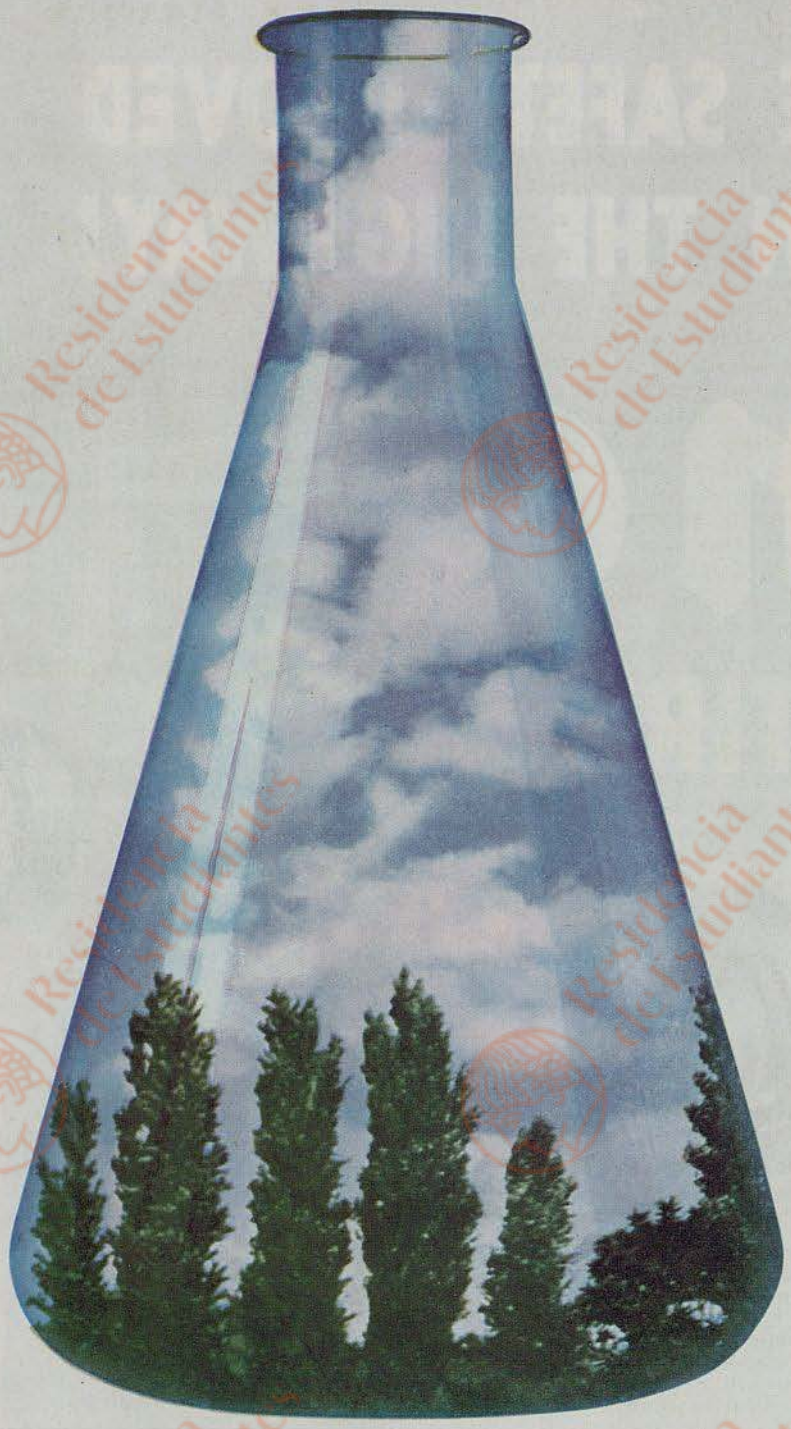


GEAR-GRIP TREAD. 3,456 sharp-edged angles in the tread design provide extra protection against skidding. Greater non-skid volume of rubber in the tread and greater tread width give extra traction and extra mileage.



"KNOW-HOW." More than 40 years of experience in building quality tires and more than 20 years of working with synthetic rubber are your best guarantee of extra quality and extra performance in Firestone Tires.

Copyright, 1945, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.



Out of thin air...

a brighter future

Thin air . . . just plain air . . . but from it, today's chemists are extracting some of the vital ingredients that play an impressive part in tomorrow's better world.

Sulfanilamide and a whole array of other pharmaceuticals for a longer, healthier life; better soaps for easier cleaning; shrink-resistant woolens for finer clothing; phosphates for lighter fluffier biscuits; insect-killers and repellents for improved human health and comfort; chemicals that bring new advancements in flavorings, dyes, plastics, paints . . . in all these, some of the basic ingredients were drawn by chemistry from the earth's atmosphere.

In these and in many other new and exciting ways, Monsanto Chemistry is working toward a brighter future with greater human comforts, better health, higher living standards and increased job opportunities in those better days ahead for all of us.

MONSANTO CHEMICAL COMPANY
St. Louis 4

MONSANTO
CHEMICALS AND PLASTICS

SERVING INDUSTRY . . . WHICH SERVES MANKIND

Congregation v. Choir

¶ In Chicago's swank Fourth Presbyterian Church this Easter, worshipers will hear music by Composers Cesar Franck, the late Sergei Rachmaninoff and Sir Edward Bairstow, a widely-recognized English contemporary.

¶ In little Martensdale, Iowa (pop. 172), worshipers at St. Paul's Lutheran Church (membership: 170) will hear ten farm boys & girls and the local hardware merchant sing such stirring old favorites as



Associated Press

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK
For Hitler, death on sight?

Christ, the Lord, Is Risen Today and *Jesus Lives!*

The difference between these two Easter programs is a striking illustration of what is going on throughout the U.S. in church music. For the past decade, music directors and organists of big city parishes have been vigorously campaigning to throw out the oldtime Victorian anthems and Gospel hymns and substitute the works of the so-called "pure classicists" like Bach, Palestrina, Victoria and the modern imitators of their polyphonic styles. Most ministers and congregations are either indifferent or hostile to change. Volunteer smalltown choirs, unopposed by professionals, are still enthusiastically flatting their way through the complicated, sentimental stand-bys. And even in Manhattan—hotbed of the classicist movement—one of the two old hymns that Martensdale will sing will also be heard in 70% of the big city's churches this Easter.

Main reason the ardent purists have not been more successful is that congregations like to sing. Listening to Palestrina, however purely performed, is not the same thing at all. Many a churchgoer has come to feel that the service is already less for the congregation than for the choir, and he resents any fresh attempts to turn his place of worship into what is beginning to look like a mere concert hall.

Prime mover of the drive for classical church music is cherubic, inexhaustible Dr. Clarence Dickinson, 71, director of the School of Sacred Music at Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary. He has written or arranged some 500 anthems and chorales, edits the standard Presbyterian Hymnal, has trained some 300 U.S. church music directors. Now, as chairman of the American Guild of Organists' service committee, he spends his spare time telling organists how to needle the clergy into planning services with good music instead of merely "decorating" them with "soul-saving hymns." Dr. Dickinson pours most of his philosophy into one anecdote: "Once I heard a preacher sermonize on *Launch into the Deep*. Then the choir stood up and sang *Pull for the Shore*. You see, it's better to plan your service."

Justice over Mercy

In the House of Lords, five days before Palm Sunday, up rose the Church of England's foremost humanitarian, the Archbishop of York. Said the gentle, 70-year-old Most Reverend and Right Honorable Cyril Forster Garbett: there should be no sensational public trials of "the master war criminals Hitler and Himmler and their gang who have corrupted Germany and ordered these hideous crimes"; as soon as their identity is established "those who catch them should at once put them to death."

The Allies, he said, could then concentrate on trying and punishing "the subordinates, who could have refused to give orders for these crimes and [yet who] have sometimes carried them out on their own initiative with enthusiasm and delight. . . . I am thinking of the horrible tortures in concentration camps, of the burning of women and children in that church in southern France where the whole population was massacred, of crimes which no man ought to commit, however strong the order given to him. . . . Some share of guilt [must go to] the whole German people. We cannot entirely distinguish [them] from the Nazis. . . .

"It would, of course, be much more pleasant for me to plead for mercy, but sometimes justice has to take precedence over mercy, just as righteousness has to take precedence over peace."

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MEDICINE

Sister Kenny Fights On

For the umpteenth time Sister Elizabeth Kenny, the Australian nurse who developed the Kenny treatment for infantile paralysis, last week threatened to go home. Her running feud with orthodox medical men has long enlivened the press (TIME, Sept. 27, 1943; June 26). And her forthright disposition has earned her the nicknames "The Duchess" and "Madam Queen." Not satisfied when doctors accept her methods, she insists that they also accept her theories—theories that many experts say lack proof.

Sister Kenny ascribes her present huff to three new indignities: 1) No research men have come to the Elizabeth Kenny Institute in Minneapolis to study her methods; 2) the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis refused to give her as much money for research as she thinks she needs ($840,000); 3) her permit to stay in the U.S. will expire in May; to stay on she must apply for a renewal.

A fourth source of irritation has resulted from her recently acquired interest in spastic paralysis, a disease in which damaged nerves cause uncoordinated movements. When she took four such cases into the Kenny Institute for treatment, local doctors had them removed. Sister Kenny soon resigned from the Institute. The Institute's board of directors refused to accept Sister Kenny's resignation and the Institute promised to do "everything humanly possible" to further the research she wants.

The day after Sister Kenny made her latest threat to go home, New York Representative Donald L. O'Toole introduced a bill proposing a Congressional investigation of the opposition to Sister Kenny. On hearing of the bill, Sister Kenny announced that she would wait: ". . . I do consider in all fairness that the suggested Congressional investigation should be initiated at once in order that the people of America . . . should know the truth. If it is their desire that I leave . . . I shall go. If it is their desire that I stay, I shall remain."

Virility Transplanted

Wherever the Germans retreat, they leave land mines behind. And wherever there are land mines (particularly the specially developed "castrator mine") some Allied soldiers are sure to suffer the most inhumane of all war wounds. Genital injuries have driven hundreds of men to suicide in World Wars I and II.

A freckled, red-haired Red Army surgeon named Anatole Frumkin, of Moscow, has developed an international reputation by successfully repairing hundreds of these once hopeless wounds. Dr. Frumkin jokingly says he now gets so many inquiring letters from abroad that he could start the world's biggest mail-order business.

For reconstructing external organs, Dr. Frumkin ingeniously adapts well-tried



U.S. Army Signal Corps-Associated Press

COMPARING LEGS

At the Army's McCloskey General Hospital in Temple, Tex., the Hon. Richard Wood (*center*), son of Lord Halifax, shows off a wooden leg. He lost both legs fighting in Africa, now visits hospitals to show other amputees how well he gets around. Comparing legs with Wood is Corporal George Foster, while Privates Ralph Rose and Clifford Warren, not yet equipped with new legs, look on.



Sovfoto

RED ARMY'S FRUMKIN
The colonel stopped piping.

plastic surgery techniques—a tube of flesh transferred from the abdomen, a strip of cartilage from a rib. But until recently he shook his head when both testicles were destroyed. Without their hormones, he knew, his patient must inevitably become effeminate in appearance and action —a eunuch.

Last spring a Red Army colonel, redheaded as Dr. Frumkin, was brought in with such a wound. With the colonel's permission, Dr. Frumkin decided to chance an operation that most doctors frown upon: he would give the colonel another man's testicle. The operation had to wait until the right donor was found, someone newly dead whose blood type matched the colonel's. The needed gland was eventually supplied by a young man killed in a streetcar accident.

Instead of planting the gland in the scrotum, Dr. Frumkin put it in a pocket in the colonel's thigh where its veins and arteries could be linked with the big vein and artery of the leg, thus insuring a good blood supply. The results were spectacular. The colonel's piping voice went down, his red beard sprouted anew, the fat around his hips disappeared, and he began to take an interest in women again. The colonel now feels fine, commands his regiment, enjoys a normal sex life. (He is sterile; Dr. Frumkin will not try to connect the delicate sperm-carrying tubules.)

By his operation on the colonel, Dr. Frumkin got much the same results that can be achieved by regular hormone injections or by pellets of slow-dissolving hormones implanted under the skin (TIME, Oct. 3, 1938). Many U.S. doctors say that such a grafted gland will inevitably wither & die after, at most, four years. Dr. Frumkin hopes his colonel may prove the greybeards wrong, but admits that only time can tell.



Dreams of Glory

(Postwar Version)



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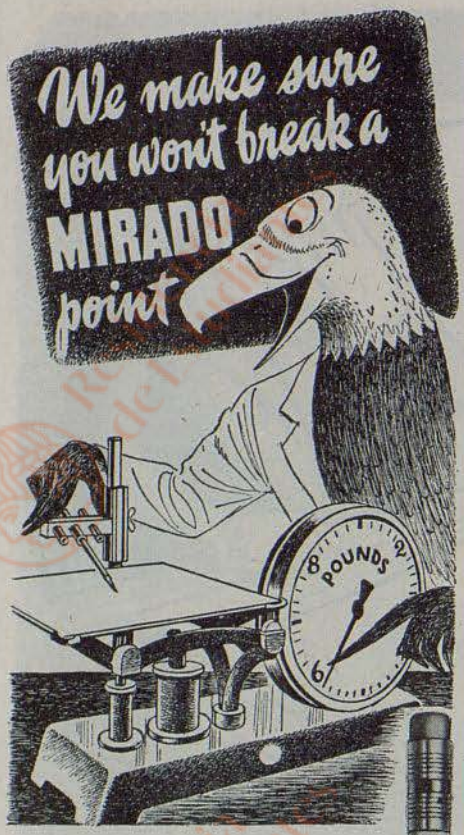
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MUSIC

Gypsy

If Larry Adler can be highbrow on the harmonica or Andrés Segovia on the guitar, what's wrong with an accordion? To prove there was nothing wrong, a slight, pretty accordion player with gold loops in her ears took the stage at Manhattan's staid Town Hall.

Gypsy Markoff, the 27-year-old Town Hall debutante, was after cash as well as kudos. She wanted to begin to pay off some $40,000 in medical bills. She had had 17 operations since the night in 1943 when the *Yankee Clipper,* filled with U.S.O. entertainers, crashed near Lisbon, leaving her with two paralyzed left-hand fingers.

Gypsy's demonstration was a success. With two good fingers and a thumb, she played Liszt, Chopin, Ravel. To mollify Town Hall officials (who swallowed the accordion but balked at her accustomed gypsy spangles), she appeared in a demure marquisette dress.

Gypsy has traveled the theatrical road since 1917, two months after she was born, in Milwaukee. Her Russian musician father and Egyptian mother—gypsies both—took her to China, India and Europe (where on cold nights Gypsy slept with the bear cubs). At 14 she was playing a secondhand accordion in a Chicago nightspot. She has played in Paris, in Sweden (before King Gustaf), in Egypt (before Farouk), in Washington (for President Roosevelt).

A moody girl, Gypsy frankly prefers the society of Siamese cats to men. Both devout and practical, she offers up one prayer daily to the Virgin to "keep me pretty" and another to St. Anthony to "pay my bills."

Thunder Under the Dome

The lieutenant governor of Washington (state) is a onetime bandleader who still delights in music. While collecting votes last year, Victor Aloysius Meyers impulsively invited a former movie-palace organist, just discharged from the Army, to come to the State Capitol some time and play for the legislature. Organist Phil Raboin eventually showed up in Olympia, was put on the state payroll as a clerk and assigned to soothe ruffled legislative nerves with a daily recital.

One night, just before the legislature adjourned, Organist Raboin pushed his little organ out to the Capitol's echoing rotunda. He sat down, idly began playing *The Lost Chord.* After a few notes he stopped, awed. The Capitol dome, fourth highest in the world, had amplified the organ notes to rolling musical thunder. Raboin experimented. He discovered that by sounding different notes on a low pedal he could create sympathetic vibrations in the rotunda of the Capitol. The effect was terrifying. The sound rose to an eerie roar. It rattled the windows, shook doors, threatened to bring down the 5½-ton chandelier suspended from the dome's cap.* But that was only one side of it. Even the softest of lullabies rolled clearly and without echo in the rotunda.



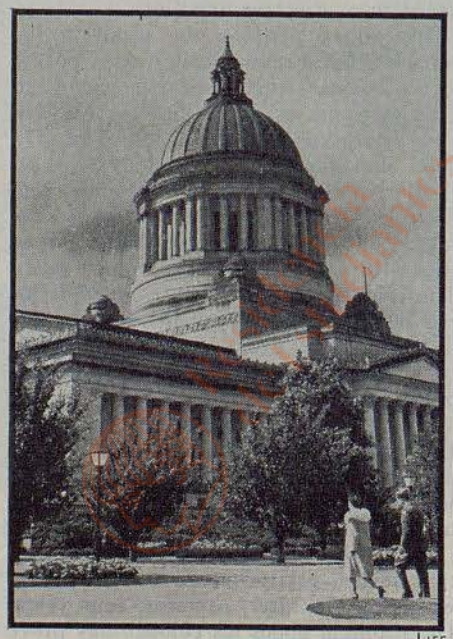
Bruno

GYPSY MARKOFF
She wants to pay her bills.

Secretly Governor Wallgren began calling in sound engineers, grew more & more excited. Finally he announced: "The Capitol possesses a musical sounding board the equal of the most famous in the world. . . ." There were hasty comparisons to the Vatican and the Mormon temple.

Last week Raboin (who now has a new job: state organist) held his first Sunday concert. A reporter commented: "It was terrific. People stood with their mouths open. . . . It's got everybody on his ear."

* Since Joshua's trumpets collapsed the walls of Jericho, the destructive qualities of musical vibrations have been legendary. Actual example: Chicago's indoor stadium organ (strong as 25 brass bands) smashes electric bulbs when played fortissimo.



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New Plays in Manhattan

The Deep Mrs. Sykes (by George Kelly; produced by Stanley Gilkey & Barbara Payne) is the first play in nearly a decade by the man who left his imprint on the 1920s with *The Torch Bearers, The Show-Off, Craig's Wife. The Deep Mrs. Sykes* is not their equal. It is a little too talky, too thin, too pat. But it asserts its theatrical independence at every turn, it makes grown-up assumptions, and the best of it seems written with a rapier rather than a pen.

Beginning with a middle-aged matron and a bit of perplexing gossip, *The Deep Mrs. Sykes* ends by revealing the key dislocations in half a dozen lives. For all her inscrutable airs and vaunted "intuitions," Carrie Sykes (Catherine Willard) is just a stupid mischief-maker and egoist. When a woman in her cups spills the story that some one has been anonymously sending flowers to a neighborhood bride, Carrie suspects her own husband (Neil Hamilton), but lets the intoxicated woman—who goes haywire with jealousy—imagine it is hers. Actually it is Mrs. Sykes's married son—and gradually there opens up a group picture of tangled lives and one-sided marriages.

Playwright Kelly is no punch-puller—and no knight of chivalry. In *The Deep Mrs. Sykes* he brings down the whip, with a kind of cold fury, on the whole "female" nature. Yet he carefully digs beneath behavior for motive, explains Mrs. Sykes as well as excoriates her. In fact, he explains everybody—a virtue that winds up as a kind of fault, because the play resorts to outside enlightenment rather than self-revelation; it tells rather than shows. The result is more like a solved cryptogram than a thing of flesh & blood. But, if not a satisfying experience, *The Deep Mrs. Sykes,* with its verbal claws and vivid theater, is very often a stimulating one.

The Author. The most inward of men and fastidious of playwrights, tall, fiftyish George Kelly oddly enough first won fame as a vaudeville actor. Totally lacking in ambition to write, he got started by writing his own vaudeville material.

Kelly's pen was sharp from the first, but as time went on he dipped it into ever darker ink. Manners gave place to morals, nose-tweaking to vivisection. Spoofing the Little-Theater Movement in *The Torch Bearers,* he harshly satirized a blustering Babbitt in *The Show-Off.* In the Pulitzer-Prize-winning *Craig's Wife* he impaled a woman who put her house ahead of her husband; in *Behold the Bridegroom* he sentenced a girl who was guilty of amorous trifling to lose real love when she finally found it.



Richard Tucker-Graphic House

NEIL HAMILTON & CATHERINE WILLARD
The playwright is short on chivalry.

Some people would blame the relative artistic failure of Kelly's later plays (*Maggie the Magnificent, Philip Goes Forth, Reflected Glory*) on his retreating too far from life. "I go out very little," he admits. And when he is working on a play, he is too preoccupied to enjoy being with people —"It's like having a sick child at home." He has written little in recent years because he has not been too well himself. But besides *Mrs. Sykes* he has written another play: a love story called *Where the Heart Is.*

George v. Ethel. Kelly denies the frequent charge that he is particularly vindictive about women. Women, he thinks,

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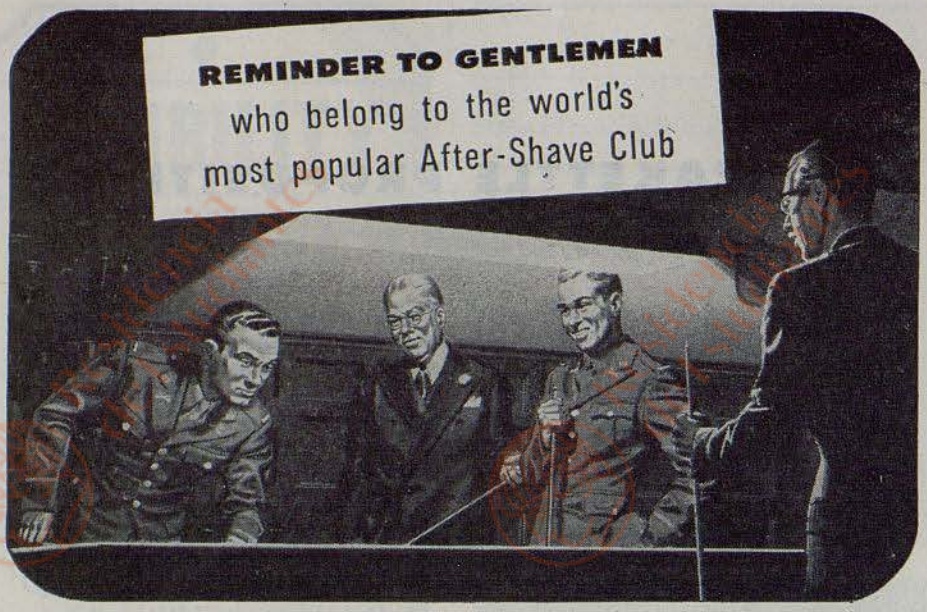
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just make better play material than men because they are "more showy by nature," more challenging. But he doesn't let them off easily: "You say to the average man: 'I'll see you tomorrow at four'—and that's that. Women rattle on for ten minutes: 'If I'm not there, you can call Ethel, and I'll have left a message, or I'll let you know or maybe you better call me. . . .'"

After his plays became hits, Kelly wangled an unusual arrangement in Hollywood; he never had to appear at story conferences or follow a schedule, just phoned when he felt like doing a picture. Over the years he has made as much money as he wants. "I have no desire," he smiles, "to be the richest man in the graveyard."

Kiss Them for Me (adapted by Luther Davis from Frederic Wakeman's *Shore Leave*; produced by John Moses & Mark Hanna) concerns three Pacific flyers who foozle a four-day leave in San Francisco. Wanting only women and liquor, they find themselves hounded into making speeches at war plants, herded into a hospital for physical exams. Then, worse yet, one of them is ordered grounded and another given his medical discharge. It takes a lot of doing to get themselves back to their outfits.

For a time, *Kiss Them for Me* is likable and lively. Better still, it faithfully conveys the mixed toughness and touchiness of fighting men, their impatience with civilian thinking and back-home ways. But, lacking any plot, *Kiss Them for Me* too soon rambles and repeats itself. And as the whole point of the play is that its heroes reflect a common psychology, there is naturally little contrast of character, and even less development. Running out of honest material toward the end, *Kiss Them for Me* vainly resorts to a few old theatrical dodges—including a Rover Boy windup.

New Musical in Manhattan

The Firebrand of Florence (music by Kurt Weill; book by Edwin Justus Mayer & Ira Gershwin; produced by Max Gordon) sets to music Edwin Justus Mayer's 20-year-old comedy about Benvenuto Cellini, *The Firebrand*. Though the music itself proves an asset, it has to consort with a yarn that time has made paunchy and libretto-writing made puerile. The brawling man-killer, the dashing lady-killer, the impudent, artistic scapegallows Benvenuto (Earl Wrightson) becomes just another musicomedy swashbuckler; the plot and gags are such spinach that the whole thing turns out to be a musical poached eggs Florentine.

More an operetta than a musicomedy in treatment, *The Firebrand of Florence* largely dispenses with dance routines, specialty numbers, personalities (only nimble Melville Cooper as the nitwitted Duke of Florence makes himself felt). But the show does boast opulent operatic trappings and Composer Weill's (*Lady in the Dark, One Touch of Venus*) full-bodied, romantically tuneful score. But even the tunes, pleasant as they are, suffer from a certain sameness.



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ART

France's 25

Before D-day the French Government in London listed 25 buildings and monuments as the most important in the cultural heritage of France. Last week in Paris, SHAEF's G-5 monuments section gave a final report on how these 25 masterworks had fared in the war. The bad news: 750-year-old Rouen Cathedral, one of Europe's most ornately beautiful churches, had been "badly damaged . . . but far less than Reims in the last war." Thanks to the care taken by Allied forces —and perhaps to the carelessness or haste of the usually thorough Nazis—all the rest of G-5's report was good news:

¶ Notre Dame and the Louvre, top favorites of U.S. tourists, only scarred by rifle fire during the battle for Paris' liberation.

¶ Strasbourg Cathedral, outstanding 700-year-old example of Gothic architecture, bombed twice, but damage "insignificant."

¶ Reims Cathedral, one of the hardest hit of World War I and rebuilt with Rockefeller help in the 1920s-30s, undamaged.

¶ Mont-Saint-Michel, rock-ribbed island abbey founded in the 8th Century, intact.

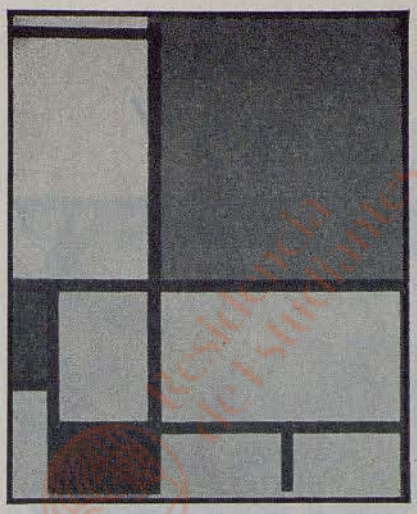
Driven to Abstraction

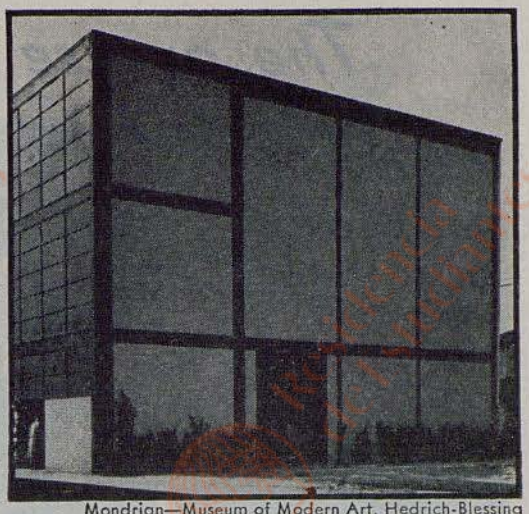
The unwary gallery-goer whose eye lights on an abstract painting immediately suspects that someone is trying to pull his leg. He is baffled or indignant when such an expert as the New York *Times's* Edward Alden Jewell proclaims some of it "great art." Last week in Manhattan, three famed abstractionists were on display, to give the layman that old feeling.

Of the three, the canvases of Swiss-born **Paul Klee** (1879-1940) were the most recognizable. Concealed in his childlike scrawling was many a suggestion of reality (shadowy trees, clouds, heads); much of his work possessed simplicity, sharpness and humor, and a spontaneity as fresh as a candid camera shot.

Russian-born **Wassily Kandinsky** (1866-1944), whose designs are both whirling and geometrical, hated the thought of painting "dogs, vases, naked women." To him "a circle is a living wonder" and a blob of color is enough to convey a mood (blue, "the typical heavenly color," stands for rest; blue-black for grief; violet, the echo of grief; green is "the bourgeoisie—self-satisfied, immovable, narrow").

Dutch-born **Piet Mondrian** (1872-1944), pioneer of purest abstractionism, also felt fettered by objects. But where Kandinsky went off in a whirl, Mondrian painted straight, narrow paths. He finally became so ascetic that curves were too emotional for him, and he drew nothing but horizontal and vertical lines, convinced that the right angle was the purest "expression of the two opposing forces [which] constitute life." To the uninitiated, the result might look something like a linoleum pattern, but Mondrian spent days shifting colored Scotch tape around a canvas, hoping to achieve a perfect harmony of balanced rectangles.





Mondrian—Museum of Modern Art, Hedrich-Blessing Armour's Chicago Laboratory

MONDRIAN'S "COMPOSITION"

Like Gertrude Stein . . .

Klee, Kandinsky and Mondrian stand in somewhat the same relation to art as Gertrude Stein does to literature. Just as the unfettered Stein prose confused many a layman but benefited such popular writers as Ernest Hemingway, and John Dos Passos, so the abstractionists have had a major impact on U.S. typography, advertising layout, architecture (*see cut*). By now, the layman, whether he knows it or not, owes a good-sized debt to the nonobjective painters.

Threatened Temples

From Cairo last week came new evidence that ancient temples of the Nile Valley are threatened with ruin. The threat comes not from war but from the measured plans of peace. Diverted by the elaborate network of dams and canals developed early in this century by the British to irrigate parched cottonfields, the waters of the Nile have been gradually washing away the foundations of some of Egypt's most famous monuments.

In the ancient city of Abydos, the great Temple of Seti I, finished in the reign of Rameses II (1324-1258 B.C.), is settling into the soft subsoil while cracks in its walls grow dangerously wider. On the Island of Philae, close to the Aswan dam and artificial lake, the Kiosk of Trajan (1st Century B.C.), in recent years so submerged that often only its upper half could be seen, has collapsed completely. On the same island, the Temple of Isis is in such danger that Egyptians have planned to move it to a safer spot.

To save the temples, the Egyptian Government has recently appropriated some $60,000. But that, says Director General of Antiquities Etienne Drioton, is nowhere near enough. Unless many more thousands are spent soon, these great archeological relics, now precariously shored and buttressed, will disappear.

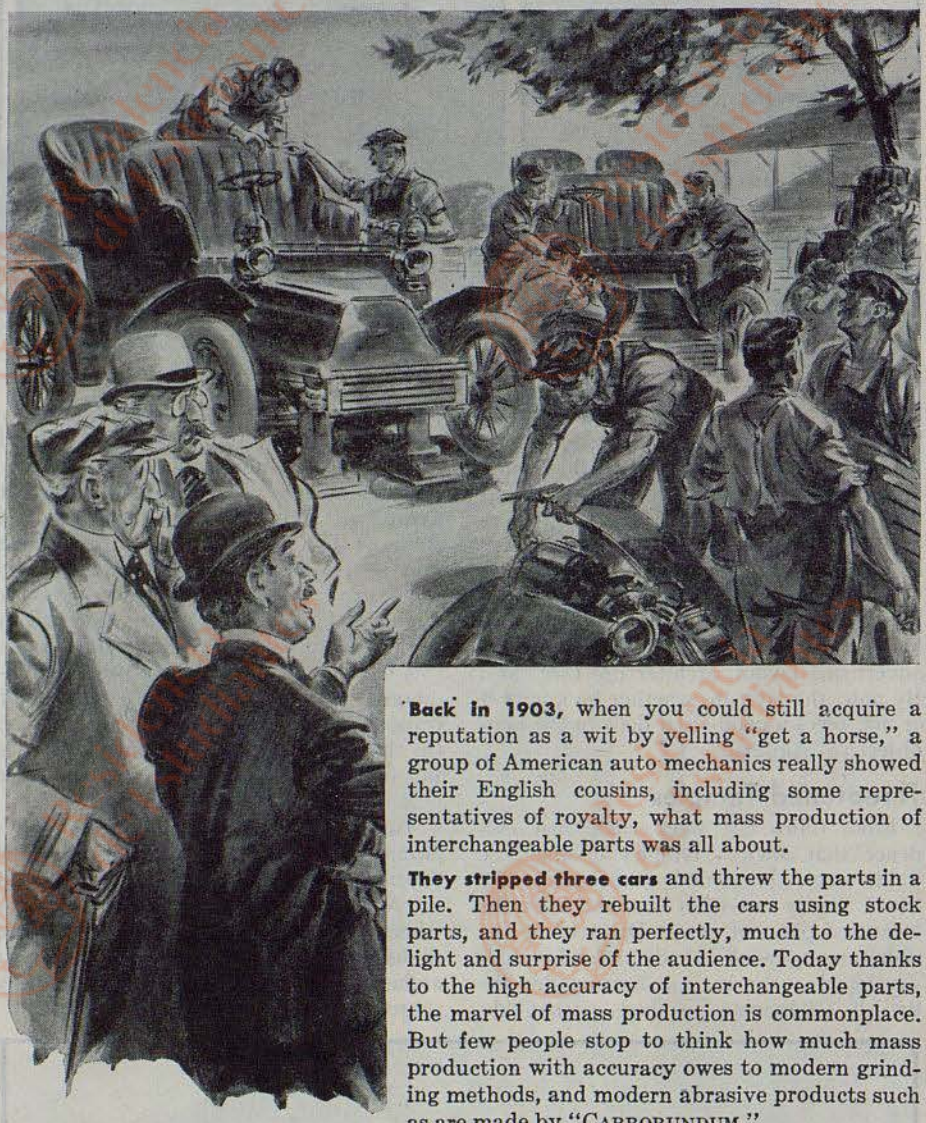


Brown Brothers

TEMPLE OF ISIS

A neighbor has already collapsed.

The grease monkeys that tickled Royalty!



Back in 1903, when you could still acquire a reputation as a wit by yelling "get a horse," a group of American auto mechanics really showed their English cousins, including some representatives of royalty, what mass production of interchangeable parts was all about.

They stripped three cars and threw the parts in a pile. Then they rebuilt the cars using stock parts, and they ran perfectly, much to the delight and surprise of the audience. Today thanks to the high accuracy of interchangeable parts, the marvel of mass production is commonplace. But few people stop to think how much mass production with accuracy owes to modern grinding methods, and modern abrasive products such as are made by "CARBORUNDUM."

In the automotive industry alone, abrasive products by "CARBORUNDUM" grind cranks, cams, cylinders, pistons, bearings, pins, and motor blocks—and thousands of metal-working tools and machine tool parts. In fact abrasive products by "CARBORUNDUM" are among any industry's most necessary tools. The Carborundum Company, Niagara Falls, New York.



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HELP YOU MAKE THINGS BETTER
IN INDUSTRY, AGRICULTURE, ARTS AND CRAFTS

Sales Offices and Warehouses in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, Boston, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Atlanta, Grand Rapids

("CARBORUNDUM" is a registered trade mark of and indicates manufacture by The Carborundum Company)

SPORT

Baseball, Yes

Washington thinks baseball is probably pretty good for civilian and service morale —even if nightclubs are not. Last week, after satisfying himself (and the White House) that there is widespread clamoring from soldiers at home & abroad for baseball's continuance, WMChairman Paul McNutt gave the great American game his official blessing.

The McNutt go-ahead was an order "unfreezing" all bona fide ball players from their off-season war jobs. Applying mainly to 100-odd 4-Fs reluctant to leave war plants for fear they might be reclassified, it gives baseball some badly needed manpower and the psychological shove it needs. Greying National League President Ford Frick said cheerfully: "The use of these players should enable us to go through the season in good shape."



International

SWEDEN'S HÄGG
Up to waltz time.

Hägg's Legs

Nothing about Gunder ("The Onetime Wunder") Hägg's trip to the U.S. had run on schedule. He had arrived from Sweden four weeks ago on a big buildup and rubbery legs. He promptly lost three races while trying to nurse his soft calf muscles back into shape. Last week, gangling Gunder finally salvaged a blue ribbon.

Against the poorest field of a war-poor indoor track season in Cleveland's K. of C. Mile, Gunder Hägg stepped to the front at the three-quarter mark, lasted just long enough to win by a yard in 4:16.7 waltz time. He had one more chance on the schedule to hit his stride—at Buffalo this week. His fans wondered if the speedy Swede hadn't just come over for the ride.

Tall Boy

He was bounced from his high-school team because "his feet didn't match." Now he is the glamor boy of college basketball. George ("Scaffold") Mikan stands 6 ft. 9 in his socks, weighs 227 lbs., sleeps in an 8-by-6 bed and looks like a gangling Harold Lloyd, even to the horn-rimmed spectacles. To keep his elongated bones together, De Paul University's mild-mannered Mikan makes away with a daily breakfast of oatmeal, a half dozen eggs, ham, angel cake, three cups of coffee, a cod-liver pill.

His lumbering height and near-sighted eyes almost ruined George's basketball career before it began. He got a cold shoulder from Notre Dame's basketball men, might never have made the grade at De Paul in normal times. But Coach Ray Meyer was hard pressed for a center. Meyer drove his clumsy recruit through dozens of daily dozens, interspersed with rope-skipping, shadow-boxing and whatever else might develop coordination until



International

DE PAUL'S MIKAN
Up from marbles.

Mikan cried: "What do you want, Coach, my blood?" Slowly Mikan's muscles learned to obey. The onetime marble-shooting champion of Will County, Ill. eventually got the hang of shooting baskets with a marble champion's sharp accuracy, upped his per-game scoring average from 14 points in 1943 to a dazzling 23 points this year.

Last week, De Paul's tall boy gave a basket-making exhibition in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden. He couldn't have picked a more spectacular time or place. With 18,253 admiring fans looking on, he piled up 21 field goals with his lazy lay-up shot, added eleven free throws for a total of 53—exactly as many as the whole opposing Rhode Island State team made. He smashed the National Invitation Tour-



Cheap Transportation?

Let's Look at the Facts!

THIS Chinese coolie carries 5 gallons of oil in each container. His daily job is to walk 10 miles and carry 10 gallons, for which he is paid 10c a day.

Cheap transportation? *Look.* The consumer pays the exhorbitant cost of one cent a gallon for 10 miles of overland transportation. The oil dealer has to content himself with a speed of one mile an hour in transit. The poor coolie earns only $3 a month.

Here in America, your railroads have invested more than 26.5 billion dollars in equipment—an average of $15,000 per employee. Railroad workers are paid a standard of wages higher than anywhere else in the world. Yet, American tank car shippers find that here, *one cent* can move a gallon of oil as far as *500* miles—not 10!

It's this principle of progressive *mass transportation* which makes your railroads so vitally essential to our American way of life.

Erie Railroad

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

ERIE

Buy War Bonds and Stamps





There'll be plenty of home-work to be done this summer so pick your easy clothes in practical Celanese* fabrics—slacks of cool, comfortable Hawkskin* and shirts of feather-touch Flannese†. Both are made of Celanese*, the original synthetic yarn, scientific basis of truly modern fabrics that give you outstanding serviceability as well as good looks.

Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16

MAKE FOOD FIGHT FOR FREEDOM BY GROWING A VICTORY GARDEN IN 1945

Celanese* Fabrics of Synthetic Yarn

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. †Trademark

nament individual scoring record, rang up eight more points than had ever before been scored by a player in Madison Square Garden.

Half-Million-to-One

Willie Hoppe figures the odds. On a three-cushion billiard shot, he gives himself a 50-50 chance. Last week in Boston's City Club, Willie made a 500,000-to-1 shot.

The onetime "boy wonder" clicked off 17 straight shots to tie the world's record for championship competition. Then he stretched the record to 20. After two legs of a thirteen-leg, city-by-city title tour, 57-year-old ex-Champ Willie had a slim 16-point lead over Champ Welker Cochran. He figures that the new confidence he has acquired from his record run is just the edge in odds he needs over his younger competitor.

RADIO

Down He Goes

If present plans come to pass, the first U.S. radio correspondent to reach Berlin will be a CBS newscaster, who will float down into the invaded city by parachute.

At SHAEF's suggestion, correspondents of the four big networks have drawn lots for this coveted and perilous privilege. CBS officials last week admitted that they had won the lot-drawing, said that any one of several well-known CBS men might actually make the jump. But the Office of Censorship passed a story in the radio trade magazine, *Broadcasting*, definitely naming one man as the lucky jumper. He was William Randall Downs Jr., 30, currently shuttling between the western front and Paris.

Bill Downs is no acrobatic superscoopster of radio journalism (he has never yet jumped from a plane), but a quiet, grey-eyed, bespectacled graduate of the University of Kansas. He used to be a United Press reporter, joined CBS's London staff in 1942, reported by microphone from Moscow the following year. Since D-day, he has spent most of his time plodding along with the land forces in western Europe, is now assigned to the Twenty-First Army Group.

The plan is for CBS's jumper to leap from a bomber during the first phase of the entry into Berlin, before any other newscasters are allowed to land by plane. He will broadcast from a German station if one is still in operation; if not, probably from a 60,000-watt mobile transmitter which the Army packs on 17 trucks. All U.S. networks will carry his historic broadcast.

The Local Touch

On the well-founded theory that people are most interested in people and places they know, the West Virginia Network tried an experiment in "country journalism." Last week the Washington news bureau of the network* celebrated its first birthday, and could congratulate itself on proving that its kind of radio coverage had paid off.



CBS's Downs
For him, a perilous privilege.

The bureau consists of two reporters: Ray Henle and Malvina Stephenson. Henle handles the "heavy" news, energetic Miss Stephenson does the chitchat items and the legwork. On Sunday nights they feed West Virginia a program of intimate, homey details about what West Virginians are up to. The state's Washington delegation, most frequently mentioned, listens expectantly and attentively. Outraged complaints to the network from Capitol Hill are frequent—but they keep up a lively interest.

Henle & Stephenson constantly buttonhole West Virginians in hotel lobbies, in Congress, at teas, in their offices, in Union Station. Then the pair goes on the air and tells all. They quote Congressmen's offhand comments on one another. They report who went to what luncheon, whose wife was not invited, who has been appointed to what. When a poem by a West Virginian gets into the *Congressional Record*, they rush the news to the home folks. When Kentucky-born Fred Vinson was appointed Federal Loan Administrator, they reminded their listeners that he had relatives "all over the western part of West Virginia," and read off the list of names.

Other little stations that have had the same idea have failed. The network's exultant Managing Director Howard Chernoff knows exactly why: "They get impressed with being a Washington correspondent. Pretty soon they get talking about White House press conferences and Congress and forget the local touch. Why, we never even mention President Roosevelt on this program, except incidentally."

* Charleston's WCHS, Clarksburg's WBLK, Parkersburg's WPAR, Huntington's WSAZ.

"Vacation lands of two continents will share in air service"

by WILLIAM A. COULTER, *President, Western Air Lines, Inc.*



Western is now busy full time carrying men and materials of war throughout the North American continent. The experience this job is bringing us will benefit the air vacationist of tomorrow. For Western Air Lines then will serve directly with through connections the vacation lands of two continents, from Alaska to South America, including many areas heretofore inaccessible.

In addition, Western is taking a lead in providing new service to the multitude of cities throughout the West. That in turn means the public will have more air service and our men returning from war will have more and better jobs.

AiResearch promises new flying comfort.

Can you imagine flying through the substratosphere—through air that is vapor-thin, colder than the North Pole—and being as comfortable as at home?

This will be possible in future airliners. It is *exactly* the travel comfort you'll enjoy through high altitudes in AiResearch "comfort-protected" cabins.

These will be a peacetime version of the Boeing B-29 Superfortress *pressurized cabin*. The same AiResearch-perfected controls will lock high altitudes *outside* the cabin, keep the *inside* at an altitude far below the plane's actual flight level.

Even the cabin temperature will be "comfort-protected" by AiResearch. For a system has been developed here to provide measured amounts of heat in cold weather, and cool fresh breezes when it's sultry.

This is AiResearch's promise for your sky travel. But count on the same AiResearch engineering to harness air, pressure and temperatures with new devices for your better living on the ground. AiResearch Manufacturing Company, Los Angeles and Phoenix.

ARMY E NAVY

"Where Controlled Air Does The Job" • Engine Oil Cooling Systems • Supercharger Aftercooling Systems • Engine Air Intercooling Systems • Temperature Control Systems • Automatic Exit Flap Control Systems • Cabin Pressure Regulating Systems

AiResearch
DIVISION OF
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MANY fine homes and estates owe their quiet seclusion and peaceful security to an Anchor Chain Link Fence. Anchor Fences give you day and night protection against trespassers, short-cut seekers, picnickers and animals that deface your lawns and shrubbery. Built for strength and permanence, Anchor Fences are held erect by deep-driven "anchors," stand strong and in line in any soil or any climate.

Give your own home or estate this important all-out protection. Send for our Catalog, make your selection and place your order now at low prewar prices. Then, when residential fence is available, you will be among the first to have proper protection.

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"No window washing, we dine out and my husband is always good-tempered... he shaves with Marlin Blades!"

Marlin double edge blades 18 for 25c. Guaranteed by The Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Connecticut

Continental Atmosphere



THE Carlton

TARIFF from $6

FRANK E. WEAKLY, (President)

16TH & K • WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE PRESS

Amphibian

Dateline of the week:

"WITH UNITED STATES NAVAL FORCES ON THE RHINE."

Last Word

City editors have a curious tolerance toward flamboyant adjectives which circus press agents think up—adjectives which they would never allow promoters of Brahms recitals or eat-more-cheese weeks to get away with. Last week, with the circus due in town, Manhattan city desks braced themselves for the old bag of superlatives: "astounding . . . prodigious and prodigal plenitude of pageantry." But circus publicists were parading a new and restrained descriptive, born of last season's disastrous Hartford big-top blaze (TIME, July 7). The favorite 1945 adjective: "Flameproofed."

"I Am Able to Reveal"

Louis P. Lochner's credentials as a German expert are of the best. He has a German wife, spent 18 years in Germany for the Associated Press. His good sources and good friends include monarchists of imperial days, Republicans of the Weimar days, and post-1933 Nazis. He has had exclusive interviews with Hitler and acclaims himself as "the first foreign correspondent allowed to follow [the] German army into Poland." For his labors, he got a 1939 Pulitzer Prize and 18 months in a German internment camp. On his return to the U.S. he preached from lecture platform, book and radio that Hitler is fighting a "one-man war" and that Germany has a "Front of Decent People."

Two months ago the A.P. sent Lochner back to Germany. His "exclusive" cables on the way immediately blossomed with the phrase, "I am able to reveal. . . ." They had an authoritative air: "As [the late Baron von Bose] put it to me only a few hours before he was murdered by S.S. men"; "As a near relative of Göring put it to me," etc. One hot tip came from the only man outside Germany of the three persons who had seen Hindenburg's will. (*"From a casual phrase dropped at a dinner party somewhere in Europe I stumbled on the fact. . . . This 'third man' seemed flabbergasted for a moment at my detection. . . ."*)

Last week balding, tireless Correspondent Lochner, 58, was hard at it. His latest stories seemed as Sax Rohmerish as the "informed" reports that stream incessantly from the rumor factories of Stockholm, Lisbon and Berne. But many a U.S. editor, recalling Lochner's Pulitzer prestige, gingerly played them deadpan. Sample Lochner:

¶ "Göring . . . is regarded by his own physician as physically and mentally finished . . . now spends most of the time in bed worrying over the possibility that he may be deprived of the jewels and paintings." Source: "A German informant, whom I have known for years."

¶ Rommel and Himmler were in on the plot to kill Hitler last July 20, but Rommel got killed before he was found out, and Himmler "reneged."

¶ "Hitler was badly hurt. His hearing apparently has been impaired permanently. . . . Since then he often loses his memory . . . for days is unable to function. . . . Occasionally he swoons. Frequently speech fails him. . . . He snaps out of his fits of despondency" when he is shown movies of the conspirators, hanging naked, "deriving [from them] a vicarious, sadistic satisfaction."



Wide World

CORRESPONDENT LOCHNER
Göring's jewels . . . Hitler's fits.

Rival press associations which neither confirmed nor tried to scotch the Lochner stories, nervously waited to see whether the A.P.'s German ace was on his way to another Pulitzer Prize, or whether his "inside information" would eventually assay as low as similar lurid accounts from the anonymous "Swedish travelers in Germany" who always know the Wilhelmstrasse "inside."

Temporary Invasion?

Two New York newspapers, the good, grey *Times* and the New Dealing tabloid *Post*, last week made plans to publish special San Francisco editions during the United Nations conference. The *Times* was considering a radio-sent facsimile edition for delegates only; the *Post* planned 16-page daily tabloid, to be printed in San Francisco.

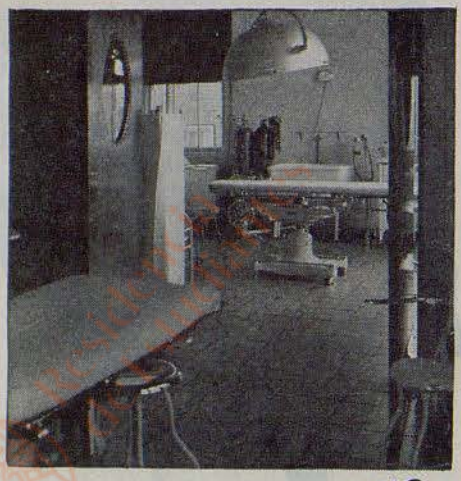
Oddly, it was the *Post's* ambitions which most worried San Francisco papers. The formidable *Times* could be relied upon to come & go. But the far-from-formidable



U. of S. A.

Union of South Africa uses American supplies for war and peace — packed in paper.

CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA



Operations are safer with

FRICK

Air Conditioning



Hospitals are finding year 'round air conditioning an indispensable aid in operating rooms. Patients, doctors, and staff are all greatly benefited by its controlled temperatures and invigorating freshness.

Years of experience in this work have taught us how best to satisfy the special requirements of operating rooms.

High relative humidity is necessary to carry away static electricity; explosion-proof motors and switches are used; fresh conditioned air is admitted in unusually large proportions: controls are automatic, but can be instantly adjusted by the surgeon. Drafts, noise, dust, and unsteady conditions are avoided.

Does your hospital have air conditioning? Would you like to get literature on the subject? Write to

DEPENDABLE REFRIGERATION SINCE 1882

FRICK CO.

WAYNESBORO, PENNA. U.S.A.

The operating room at the Detroit Osteopathic Hospital, among many others, has Frick Air-Conditioning.



Post, which was turned down recently when it tried to buy the San Francisco *Chronicle,* yearns to invade the Golden Gate newspaper field. Despite its small Manhattan circulation (207,524), the *Post* has big money behind it: Owner-publisher Dorothy Schiff Hall Backer Thackrey is the granddaughter of the late Wall Street Banker Jacob Schiff.

Post Editor Ted O. Thackrey (whose wife is the boss) explained the reasoning behind the *Post's* conference special: "With only the two Hearst papers, a Scripps-Howard paper and a *Chronicle* in town, delegates would get essentially a very conservative view. We think they need the *Post's* type of reporting."

Unanimous

The late Raymond Clapper had New Deal leanings that did not blind him to New Deal faults; his prose was not always exciting but his words were usually scrupulously fair. These qualities are shared by his good friend Raymond ("Pete") Brandt, 48, Washington bureau chief since 1934 for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* whose kettledrum voice frequently rattles the gimcracks on Franklin Roosevelt's desk when he rumbles out an embarrassing question at Presidential press conferences.

Last week ex-Rhodes Scholar Pete Brandt was unanimously chosen by fellow newsmen to be the first recipient of the $500 annual Raymond Clapper Memorial Award for the fairness and quality of his Washington reporting. He got the prize at a White House Correspondents' dinner attended by Franklin Roosevelt. The President had not been told the winner's name beforehand, only that it was someone he liked and respected. Said he, when Brandt's name was announced: "I'd have voted the same way."

The Salesman

Behind almost every major U.S. newspaper sale in the past ten years has been a hustling, cocksure trader whose name rarely appears in print. The men he represented got the headlines: Marshall Field III, or Akron's Jack Knight, the nation's fastest rising newspaper owner. The man-behind-the-deal got the Miami *Herald* for Knight, then sold him the Detroit *Free Press,* lock, stock and Edgar A. Guest. Five months ago, he helped Knight buy the Chicago *Daily News,* fourth largest afternoon paper in the U.S. His chores for Marshall Field include winning over Milton (*Terry and the Pirates*) Caniff from Field's opposition at $2,000 a week.

The broker of all these deals is a man named Smith Davis. A complete record of his tradings is not available, for a basic Davis credo is "my business is mystery." His trick is to bring together publishers who usually don't speak to each other on their editorial pages. He has sold conservative papers to liberals and liberal papers to conservatives, with a cheerful irreverence for editorial principles—except when they can be calculated as part of a paper's balance sheet.

Last week Davis, many times a matchmaker but never a bride in newspaper mergers, for the first time bought two papers for himself. As Davis deals go, these were small: he took over the Spartanburg (S.C.) *Herald* and *Journal,* in Jimmy Byrnes's home town, for $750,000. But this time, said Davis, there was no mystery about his business. In his plush suite in Manhattan's Waldorf Tower, he reassured anxious friends that he was still a salesman, had not suddenly started to scratch a journalistic itch. He had simply found an able young newspaperman to go partners with and do the editing (fellow Clevelander William Townes, 35, a Nieman fellow and former assistant city editor of the Cleveland *Press*).

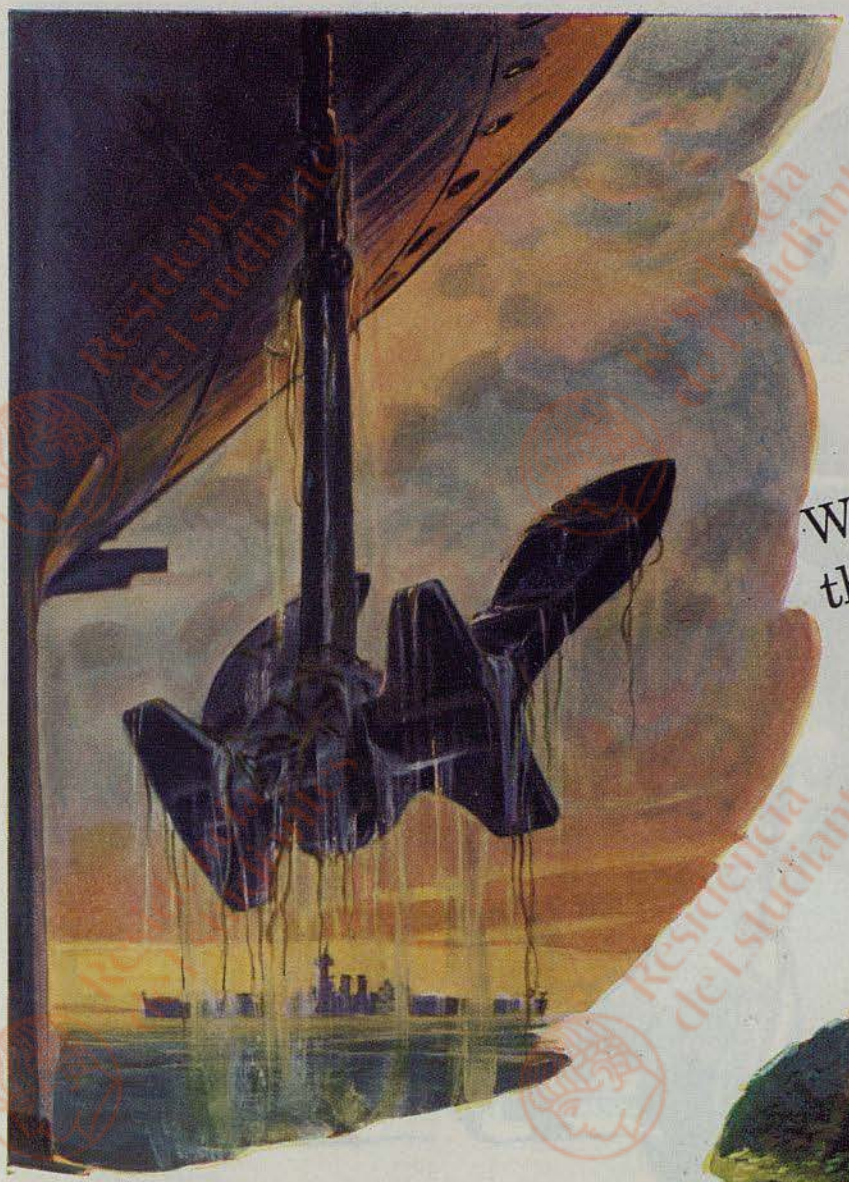
Bond-Selling Halfback. Smith Davis (the kind of man who becomes "Smitty" after five minutes' acquaintance) makes it his business to get along with such unalike rich men's sons as Marshall Field and William Randolph Hearst. Now 43, Smitty is one answer to what became of the bond salesman of the fast & loose '20s. A husky near-six-footer with a broad face and a bent nose, he looks like the halfback he once was (Western Reserve University). He gave up college because classes cost him money: they kept him from selling bonds. At 27, he had earned a half million dollars, and a few months later went broke in the 1929 crash.



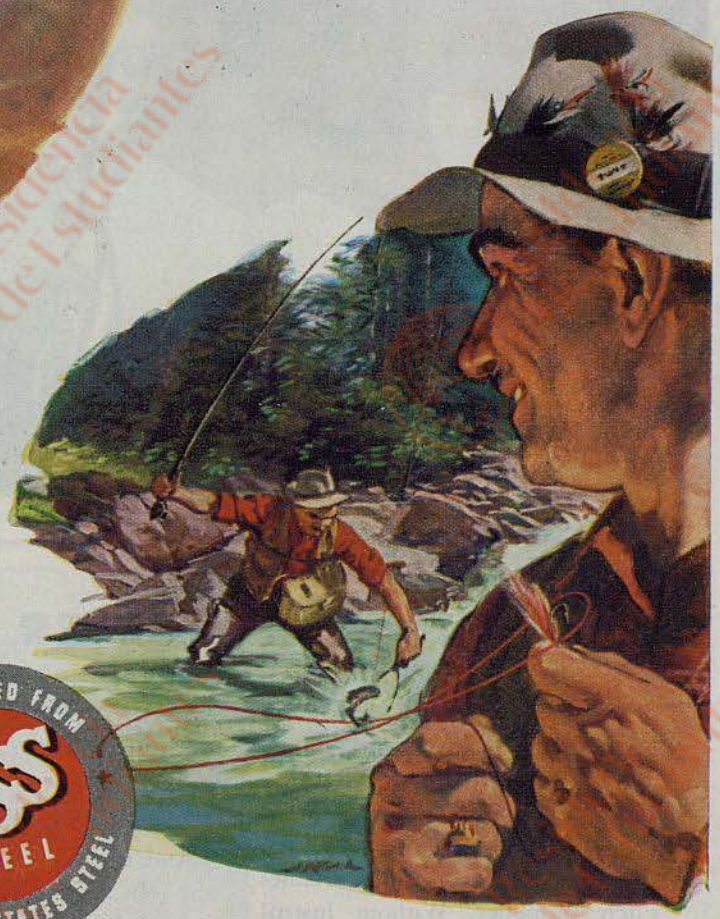
International

SMITH DAVIS
He is not scratching an itch.

During the depression Davis made two profitable discoveries: 1) that good newspapermen are usually bad businessmen, and 2) that good businessmen who don't know the first thing about newspapering often itch to run a paper. Mixing this knowledge with a gift of the gab, he has since juggled millions of dollars worth of newspaper investments in Miami, New Orleans, Chattanooga, Detroit, Chicago, Atlanta, Indianapolis and points between and beyond.



Why do they make the "hook" out of STEEL?



Because you can't beat STEEL for strength!

MANUFACTURED FROM USS STEEL UNITED STATES STEEL

For rugged, sturdy strength, you can't beat steel. For ship anchors or fish hooks; for farm machinery or automobiles, refrigerators or stoves. Today, there are better steels than ever before . . . many of them developed in United States Steel laboratories. After the war you'll get these better steels in scores of peacetime products. But be sure you look for the U·S·S Label on them. It's the mark of quality steel.

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THE PROPELLER WITH A BRAIN

IT SEEMS LIKE MAGIC. The unique Aeromatic Propeller, built by Koppers, steps up plane performance amazingly... *automatically*. It's the one and only *self-acting* variable-pitch propeller. Without instruments or controls . . . with nothing extra for the pilot to watch or do . . . it shortens the take-off run, lets the plane climb faster, increases cruising range and speed, all with minimum fuel consumption and engine wear.

After the war, this "Propeller with a Brain" will make the private planes of tomorrow easier, safer, more fun to fly. Meanwhile, of course, Koppers is making the Aeromatic for military use.

And that's just one of Koppers' war jobs. If you could take a trip through Koppers plants today, you would see a great variety of activities. You'd see one plant making new and better piston rings for submarines and airplanes, automobiles and locomotives. You'd see other plants treating millions of feet of timber with preservatives to make wood last longer and serve better. Still other plants are making couplings, chemicals from coal, ship propellers and airplane catapults.

This vital work for war has vastly increased Koppers' engineering and chemical knowledge. When peace comes, Koppers will be better fitted than ever to serve American industry well. Koppers Company, Inc., Pittsburgh 19, Pennsylvania.

BUY BONDS FOR VICTORY!

The industry that serves all industry... KOPPERS

SCIENCE

More Quinidine

Two 28-year-old chemists created a mild sensation last year by quietly announcing their discovery of a way to synthesize quinine, a problem that had baffled scientists for 90 years (TIME, May 15). Last week, sprawling before a desk in a cluttered laboratory at Columbia University, boyish, grinning Dr. William von Eggers Doering modestly admitted that he and his partner, Harvard's Dr. Robert Burns Woodward, had been at it again. This time they had found a way to produce large quantities of quinidine, a war-scarce drug widely used for heart ailments.

The new Woodward-Doering process is not a synthesis. It is a method of extracting quinidine (hitherto derived chiefly from a variety of the cinchona tree, growing only in Java) from quinine itself. Since widely used atabrine has largely displaced quinine in the treatment of malaria, part of the stockpile of quinine can thus be turned to good use by converting it to the scarcer drug.

Incendiary Jelly

"Red fire clouds kept creeping high and the tower of the Parliament Building stuck out black against the background of the red sky. During the night we thought the whole of Tokyo had been reduced to ashes."

A Jap broadcaster thus described the havoc wrought by last fortnight's great B-29 fire raid on the Japanese capital. U.S. airmen gave much of the credit to a new type of incendiary bomb called the M-69.

The military use of fire, which goes back at least to Samson's day (he tied firebrands to the tails of 300 foxes and loosed them in the fields of the Philistines) has been developed in World War II to a fearsome degree. At the beginning of the war, both sides relied mainly on thermite and magnesium-filled bombs. Such bombs, as every air-raid warden knows, burn with terrible fury but are comparatively easy to put out if attacked in time.

The U.S. Army, casting about for a better and more easily produced bomb, found an answer in M-69, developed by the Standard Oil Development Co. (N.J.), an Esso research outfit.

The Esso incendiary is a 6½ lb., 19 in. length of six-sided pipe filled with gasoline thickened to a sticky, raspberry-pink jelly by the addition of a still-secret powder. This oil-bomb produces almost twice as much heat in proportion to weight as magnesium and spreads destruction much faster.

Dropped in loose clusters of 14, or "aimable" clusters of 38, the finless oil-bombs are exploded by a time fuse four or five seconds after landing. Thereupon M-69s become miniature flame-throwers* that hurl cheesecloth socks full of furiously flaming goo for 100 yards. Anything these socks hit is enveloped by clinging, fiery pancakes, each spreading to more than a yard in diameter. Individually, these can be extinguished as easily as a magnesium bomb. But a single oil-bomb cluster produces so many fiery pancakes that the problem for fire fighters, like that of a mother whose child has got loose in the jam pot, is where to begin.

• • •

While Jap cities blazed, the R.A.F. was dropping on Germany the biggest explosive bomb of all. Called variously "volcano bomb," "townbuster" and "Ten-Ton Tess" (eleven tons, by U.S. measure), it carves an enormous crater (*see cut*), tossing up divots weighing five tons apiece.

* Esso's gasoline jelly is also used in the Army's flame-thrower, affectionately called the "G.I. hot-foot" (TIME, Jan. 31, 1944).





Associated Press, Acme

VOLCANO BOMB & CRATER
The divots weigh five tons.

PRECISION PARTS

Lobbing Howitzer Heavies on the Target



Blasting the way through well-fortified lines calls for heavy ordnance—accurately aimed. Because of the long distances from the guns to the target, any errors in the aiming-mechanism are multiplied many times over.

This worm-shaft is part of the sighting-device on a 105-mm. howitzer. Ace machines and grinds them complete from heat-treated forgings. The worm thread, and the class 3 threads at the small end of the shaft, are ground from the solid. The whole job involves very careful machining and grinding and is typical of Ace facilities and abilities.

Here under one roof you will find competent management and modern equipment well qualified for turning out complete parts and assemblies involving stamping, machining, heat-treating, or grinding. The Ace knack of holding pieces to close tolerances and yet turning them out on a mass-production basis offers many worthwhile advantages. Let us quote on your next job. Send blueprint, sketch, or sample.



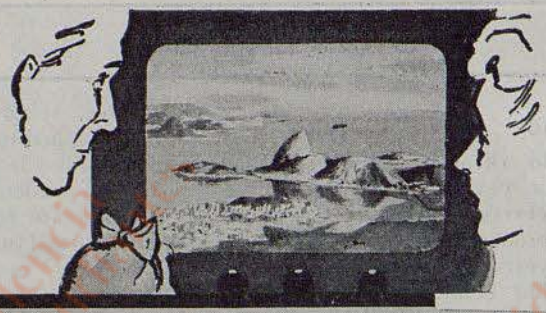
FINE PRECISION *is yours for the asking. Keep a copy in your files.*

ACE

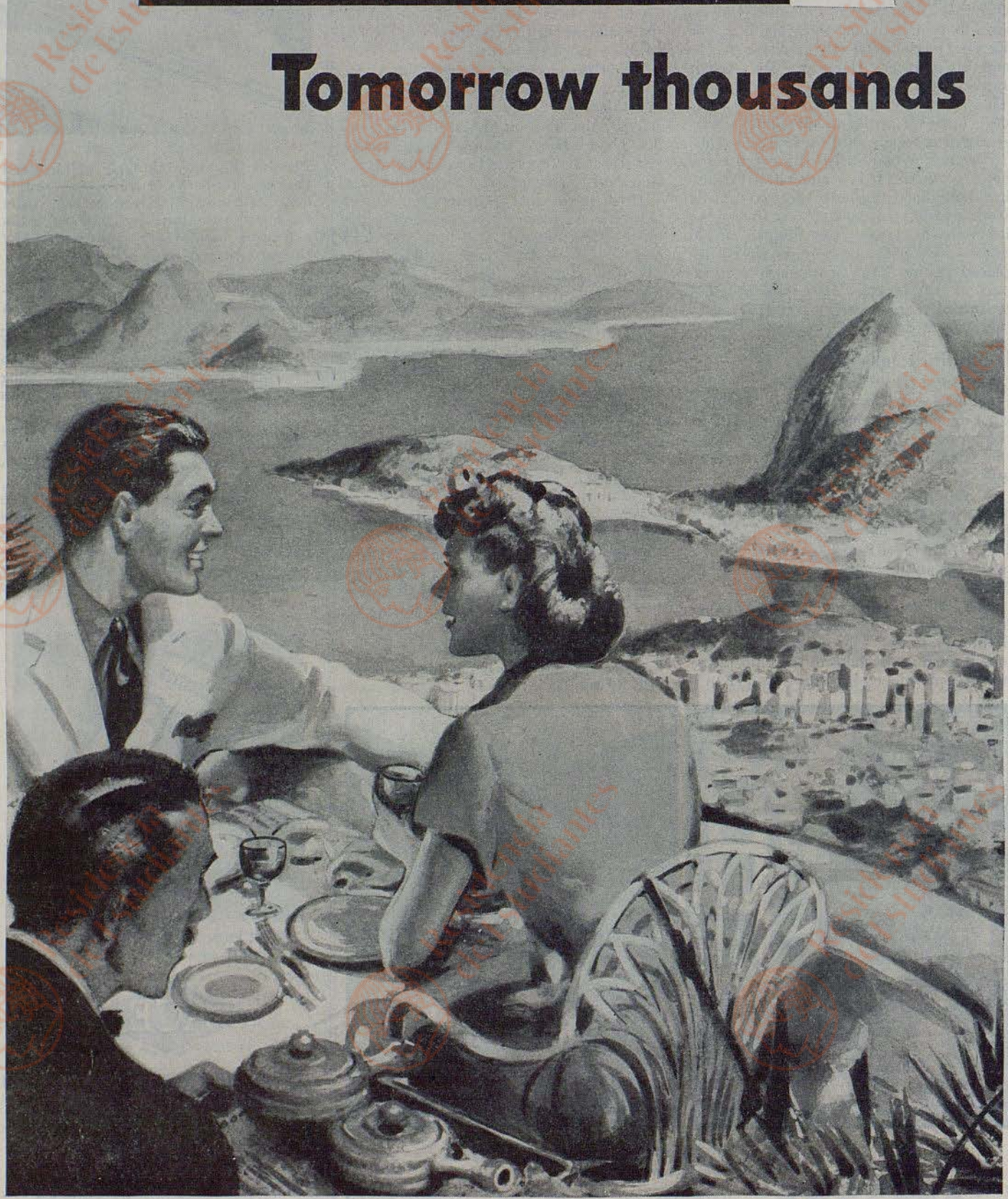
ACE MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
for Precision Parts

1261 E. ERIE AVE., PHILADELPHIA 24, PA.

Last week hundreds saw Rio by television . . .



Tomorrow thousands



ON STATION WNBT

TELEVIEWERS: Visit foreign lands by "video." Dial in "Wings of Democracy," Pan American's new television program. Monday evenings over Station WNBT, New York.

will go to Rio by CLIPPER

Yes, you will be able to afford the trip because Pan American's post-war fares will be so low... And you'll have time to go because a two-weeks' vacation will no longer be a barrier to world travel.



Post-War Clippers will have ample space for you to move around. Delicious, piping-hot, complimentary meals served aloft will be planned by the world's greatest chefs.

TODAY Pan American is in the war up to the hilt... But some day soon, peace will come. Some day soon, Pan American's plans for high-speed, low-cost transport *within reach of the average man and woman* will come true.

These plans were laid *before Pearl Harbor.* Only the war held them back... All the giant, four-engined Clippers on order in 1941 were released to the Armed Services. Last year Pan American's plans moved forward once again. Orders were placed for a huge new fleet of 100-passenger, 300-mile-an-hour Clippers which will take you to Rio de Janeiro, for example, in *less than 20 hours* from New York City.



New, giant Clippers will mean new, low rates for world travel

Are you a war worker, doing your level best to knock out the Axis with production and saving War Bonds for a well-earned, post-war vacation?

Would you and your wife like to see one of the most breath-taking harbors in the world on that vacation? Would you like to see the *samba* danced as only Brazilians can dance it? Would you like to spend ten or twelve lazy mornings on the internationally famous beach at Copacabana...?

Then nothing must stop you from flying down to Rio de Janeiro by Clipper after the war! And, best of all, you will be able to *afford it* because Pan American's proposed post-war fares will be so low!



Seventeen years' flying experience... built up both in peace and war

And wherever you plan to fly after the war—Rio, London, Paris, Alaska, Hawaii, Australia or China—remember that no other airline can equal the 17-year flying record built up by Pan American World Airways in both peace *and* war.

Pan American Clippers have now completed more than 323,600,000 miles of overseas flight. This experience will mean much to you when you want to fly to Rio after the war—or anywhere else in the world.

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

PAA

The System of the Flying Clippers has logged more miles than any other international airline

Where they peel a fighter LIKE A BANANA!



Official Photo U. S. Air Forces

● Peel a fighter-plane—like a banana? They have to do it to those that arrive "over there" by ship. For "over here"—in preparation for its long journey—each fuselage is coated with a plastic preparation that protects it against the elements. And it's this material that must be peeled off before a plane can take to the air.

At Dade Brothers, Inc., a unique organization specializing in the packaging of planes for safe delivery, it was found that brush application of the plastic gave poor results—took too much time. But using a DeVilbiss Spray System of units chosen especially for the job, Dade men apply three tight, even coatings at an amazing saving in time. And Dade gets similar fine results using DeVilbiss equipment for spraying the plastic over boxes containing precious aircraft parts.

Countless unusual applications of DeVilbiss spray systems in packaging and other fields have come to light since the outbreak of war. Here's flexibility and adaptability based on the fact that *the best of everything you need* for any type of spraying operation is contained in the four DeVilbiss lines—spray equipment, exhaust systems, air compressors, hose and connections.

Let a DeVilbiss engineer sit in on any discussion of spray painting systems for your plant. His "know-how," based on DeVilbiss' 57 years of experience in utilizing and handling air, will save you time and money.

THE DEVILBISS COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

Canadian Plant: Windsor, Ontario



DE VILBISS

Spray Systems

SPRAY EQUIPMENT • EXHAUST SYSTEMS • AIR COMPRESSORS • HOSE & CONNECTIONS

COMMUNICATIONS

Chosen Instrument #2?

Unlike most other nations, the U.S. has no stated policy governing international communications; it has been content to let anyone set up a radio, telephone or cable company, let free competition determine the outcome. Last week, Navy Secretary James V. Forrestal told Congress that this way of doing things was sadly out of date.

In place of competition Jimmie Forrestal advocated a monopolistic chosen instrument. Congress, said he, should require all U.S. companies engaged in international communications to merge into one big government-backed corporation.

Before the Senate's Interstate Commerce Subcommittee, now busily mulling over monopoly *v.* free competition, Secretary Forrestal unfolded the Navy's plan in clipped words. He wants the Federal Government to form a new corporation, financed by private stock sales, to buy and operate the facilities of the 13 U.S. companies engaged in international radio, telephone and cable communications.

A Limited Marriage. In any such lumping of facilities, the Army & Navy, which are spending some $3 billion on their global network communications this year, will contribute more than all the other companies combined.

The corporation, if the Forrestal plan is adopted, would be run by 20 directors. Five, appointed by the Government, would represent the Departments of War, State, Navy, Commerce and the Post Office. But in any question of national policy, the five Government directors could overrule the 15 from private business.

When Secretary Forrestal sprang his proposal on Congress, he argued that only by such a government-backed corporation could the U.S. hold its own against similar foreign companies. In the past, he said, U.S. companies have been played against each other, have often had to make costly contracts. Also, the U.S. must be able to send diplomatic and commercial messages free of prying foreign eyes.

Promptly, Federal Communications Commission Chairman Paul A. Porter dubbed the plan unworkable, "a limited marriage between government and private business." But, he told the committee, the FCC itself does favor one big communications company, wholly owned and operated either by private interests or the government. The FCC has no company in mind.

Unwanted Children. All this was only one side of the argument. Before the committee makes up its mind and perhaps a new U.S. policy, it plans to hear from all sides, particularly from the 13 companies concerned. Some of them, notably International Telephone & Telegraph Corp. and Radio Corp. of America, which generally favor the merger, have had nothing to say so far on Forrestal's proposal.

Their best argument for monopoly operation is Britain's Cable & Wireless Co., Ltd., into which Britain's four communications companies merged 16 years ago with the blessing of the government. Cable & Wireless carries messages within the empire more cheaply if sometimes more slowly than U.S. companies.

Lined up against the one big company are American Telephone & Telegraph Co., which does not want anyone to cut into its telephone monopoly, and lusty, young Press Wireless Inc., which now carries over half of all press dispatches in & out of the U.S. Its owners (four press associations and seven newspapers) frankly fear that one big company will 1) slow transmission by favoring cables over radio, 2) make it easy for the government to censor radio and cables in peacetime.

On this question of censorship, more than any other, the question of a chosen instrument will probably be decided.



AIRCRAFT CARRIER "MIDWAY" & TUG "ALVAH H. CLARK"
The big ships were built . . .



Harris & Ewing
SHIPBUILDER FERGUSON
. . . at a profit.

SHIPBUILDING

The Biggest

With a notable lack of fuss, the Newport News Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co. last week launched Hull No. 439. To the U.S. Navy, Hull No. 439 was the aircraft carrier *Midway*, biggest warship in the world.

In its sleek, V-shaped hull, the 45,000-ton *Midway* has enough electric power to light up a city of 1,000,000, enough steel for 25,000 autos. It is wider and almost half again as heavy as the *Essex* class carrier, now the first line craft of the U.S. fleets. But the tin-hatted, horn-handed men who built the *Midway* are accustomed to superlatives. They have long bragged that: 1) Newport News is the biggest U.S. shipyard; 2) its sharp-eyed, terrier-like boss, Homer Lenoir Ferguson, 72, is by all odds the best builder of warships in the U.S., if not in the world.

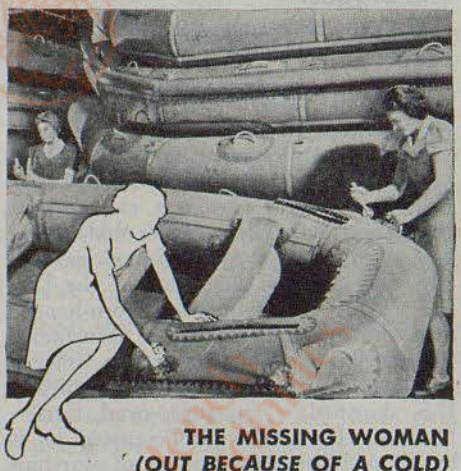
Dry Land Sailor. Shipbuilder Ferguson runs his acres of ways and forests of derricks with the offhand manner of a country storekeeper. He keeps no regular office hours, usually refuses to sign papers, spends his time cruising about the yard. Says he, out of the side of his mouth: "My predecessors damn near wore themselves out signing their names."

He lays his career in shipbuilding to a fluke. At 14, a cousin suggested that they take the entrance examinations for Annapolis. Young Ferguson, who had given no thought to the Navy until then, agreed.

Your Washrooms are the "HEALTH ZONES" of your Plant



HOW DO YOUR WASHROOMS COMPARE WITH THIS ONE? Are they clean, modern, really sparkling? Today, smart plant managers everywhere are checking up on their washrooms. For the right kind of washrooms pay big dividends in employee efficiency and morale. Make sure that yours are "Health Zones"—not "Germ Exchanges."



THE MISSING WOMAN (OUT BECAUSE OF A COLD)

About a million workers are absent every day due to illness. Approximately one-half of these illness absences are due to the common cold and its more serious complications. Yet actually, colds can be spread or checked right in your washrooms. This alone makes it well worth-while to check up on them. See to it that they have plenty of hot water, soap and individual tissue towels to encourage the thorough washing that cleans away the germs of contagion. For further advice, possibly some money-saving suggestions, simply call on the Scott Washroom Advisory Service.



THE SCOTT WASHROOM ADVISORY SERVICE shows how to make ScotTissue Towels go farther. That's now of utmost importance. For instance, our educational material (sent to you upon request) reminds workers that *one* "Soft-Tuff" ScotTissue Towel dries completely . . . will absorb twice the water left on hands. It is soft, yet has ten times the previous rub strength. Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

SCOTTISSUE TOWELS
STAY TOUGH WHEN WET

Thirsty Fibre

Trade Marks "ScotTissue," "Soft-Tuff" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

A week later, he passed and was appointed.

When he graduated, he found that he had no love for a sailor's roving life, but he liked ships. So he settled down in the Navy's construction corps, left it after ten years to join Newport News. It had been established 19 years before by railroad-building Collis P. Huntington, whose aim was to "build good ships here, at a profit if we can, at a loss if we must, but always good ships."

Newport News did build good ships. Its first, the tug *Alvah H. Clark*, still chuffs up & down the James River, helped shepherd the *Midway* (*see cut*) from the dry dock in which it was built to the outfitting pier downstream. But the yard could not show a profit until Ferguson joined the company, after Huntington died and the yard had passed to his heirs.

Near the Rocks. By 1915, when Ferguson was president, the yard was building warships so fast that 20% of the tonnage with which the U.S. entered World War I, from destroyers to battleships, came from Newport News. Yet in the postwar slump the company almost went broke. It squeaked through by making freight cars, turbines, bridges, marine paints and even street signs, till orders for ships began to trickle in again. Fortunately the well-heeled Huntingtons, who sold out only five years ago, regarded the yard more as a family institution than as a business, let Ferguson pour much of the profits back in improvements.

Thus, when World War II came, Newport News was one of the few yards ready & able to turn out big carriers. Nine of them, including the *Enterprise* and *Hornet*, slid from the ways. Helping matters were 1) an apprentice system that provided a backlog of topnotch workers, and 2) an incentive-pay plan that has kept the yard free of work stoppages.

Trouble Ahead? All this has proved very profitable for both the Navy and Newport News. Ferguson, who thinks that renegotiation is a good thing, has already turned back some $120,000,000 to the Treasury and waived the yard's claim to contract price increases of another $50,000,000. Yet Newport News still had a net profit of $4,500,000 to $5,000,000 last year.

What the yard will do when its war contracts all run out, some time in 1947, is anybody's guess. If the slump is bad enough, Ferguson expects to go back to making anything he can. But last week, he was too busy admiring his latest creation to worry about that.

PRICES

Haste Makes Confusion

Fighting for the return of the $2 shirt and the 98¢ cotton housedress, Chester Bowles last week led his Office of Price Administration into another skirmish. He ordered some 300,000 retailers' mark-up of clothing and some household furnishings prices frozen at March 19 levels.

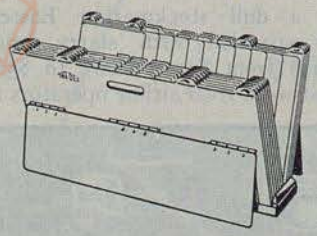
The order had merit, and no fair-minded merchant sniped at its objective.



Large Chicago steel company increased sales volume 25% by adopting FLEX-SITE Visible Binders to maintain a consolidated inventory record of four warehouses so they could give customers prompt service. Installed 1935.



CARDINEER ROTARY CARD FILE
Brings records instantly to hand for quick reference or posting.
Available Now

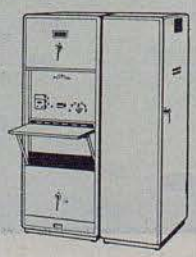


TRA-DEX VERTICAL VISIBLE TRAY
Horizontal — diagonal — vertical. This three-way visibility gives all pertinent facts at a glance. *Available Now*



V-LINE POSTING TRAY
The versatile record tray for faster filing, finding and sorting.
Available Now

FLOFILM
Entire process of reproducing records on microfilm handled in your own office. Preserves vital data exactly.
Postwar



INCREASE SALES

Through Improved Inventory Control with DIEBOLD Systems Equipment

The way to keep customers is to tell them what you can do, and when . . . *then do it.*

Inventory records, properly set up and maintained, are an aid to daily sales—not merely a history of the in-and-out movement of materials or merchandise. *They aid that movement* —coordinate sales, purchasing and manufacturing activities.

DIEBOLD recommendations for systems equipment are based on helping you do a completely useful job with your records. The DIEBOLD man will recommend visible—vertical—or rotary files—whichever is best suited to your job.

Consult us regarding your record-keeping problems. Let us guide you to more efficient control—and the kind of service that keeps customers on your books.

DIEBOLD, INCORPORATED • CANTON 2, OHIO

DIEBOLD

Since 1859

BANK VAULT EQUIPMENT ★ HOLLOW METAL DOORS ★ MICROFILM
FIRE & BURGLARY PROTECTION EQUIPMENT ★ RECORD SYSTEMS

What's THIS?



...It's paper that doesn't go to pieces in boiling water

It may be hard to believe that paper can be boiled in water without going to pieces. But this isn't ordinary paper. It's Patapar* Vegetable Parchment, the great wet-strength paper. You can boil Patapar for hours and it will come out firm and strong.

Patapar stands up to grease, too



When grease, fats, or oils come in contact with Patapar, it has power to resist penetration. It makes a clean, protective package for products like butter, bacon, fish fillets.

This unique paper has solved thousands of tough problems in packaging and other fields

Patapar is made in a wide variety of types for thousands of different uses. A few examples: Food wrappers, milk can gaskets, bottle hoods, liners for motor oil containers, rubber mold liners, substitute for Holland cloth, packaging tobacco products, substitute for oiled silk.

BUSINESS MEN:

Most of the Patapar produced now is required for war purposes. But a limited amount is available for essential civilian needs. And if you're looking ahead, this is a good time to investigate and see how Patapar might be helpful in your business. When writing please give us as much information as possible about the application you have in mind.



Patapar Keymark, symbol of wrapper protection

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Paterson Parchment Paper Company
Bristol, Pennsylvania
West Coast Plant: 340 Bryant St., San Francisco 7
Branch Offices: New York, Chicago
Headquarters for Vegetable Parchment since 1885

Bowles wanted to be sure that the strong-armed rollback of textile manufacturers' prices (TIME, Dec. 4, March 5) is passed on to consumers instead of swelling retailers' profits.

But, to be fair, OPA may still have to admit that it had moved in too abruptly on the retailers. One alert merchant lost no time in giving OPA an example to prove it.

Raphael B. Malsin, president of the Lane Bryant, Inc. chain (stylish stouts & maternity clothes) patiently explained to Advertising Man Bowles that a store might have bought 1,000 sun suits at $2 each to sell at $3. But on March 19 twenty of the least desirable suits might have been marked down to $2 each; a few to $1, just to get them off the shelves. Result: the composite average of these three prices would be $2. Then on reorders the merchant's selling price would be frozen at cost.

Clearly, said worried Mr. Malsin, under these circumstances no merchant could afford to rebuild inventories. Mr. Bowles, worried too, said he would think it over.

ADVERTISING

The Wonderful Kitchen

The tall tales that advertising men have been telling housewives about the labor-saving wonders of the mechanical "world of tomorrow" have been enough to make realists see red. Sidney A. Mullikin, sales and advertising manager, and Thomas L. Hand, formerly product designer for The Schaible Co. (small plumbing fixtures) of Cincinnati, have been much annoyed by these streamlined taradiddles. Seized one day with a desire to debunk the false prophets, Mullikin & Hand planned a *reductio ad absurdum*, their own radar-electronic "kitchen of tomorrow," and showed a sketch of it to their boss. Schaible was so tickled that it rounded out the idea in a burlesque pamphlet, sent it out as direct-mail advertising. By last week, requests for the pamphlet were running ahead of the printers.

The two big basic items of Schaible's wonderful kitchen ("Costs no more than a good six-room house") are a 105-mm. twin-spout faucet, jutting formidably from a revolving turret in the center of the kitchen; and a glistening floor which is at once a swimming pool, ice rink, washing machine, merry-go-round and giant strainer. (Schaible's chief products: faucets and strainers.) Other wonders:

¶ Sealed tanks of compressed sun rays and cold waves which provide warmth in winter and "coolth" in summer.

¶ Self-rocking rocket cradle for "streamlined baby."

¶ Chemical garden which raises predehydrated fruit, vegetables and fish in sufficient quantities to feed the whole neighborhood.

¶ A "mood control keyboard" which will influence the frame of mind of everyone in the kitchen. "Has dangerous possibilities: keyboard can run gamut of emotions up to complete hypnosis."

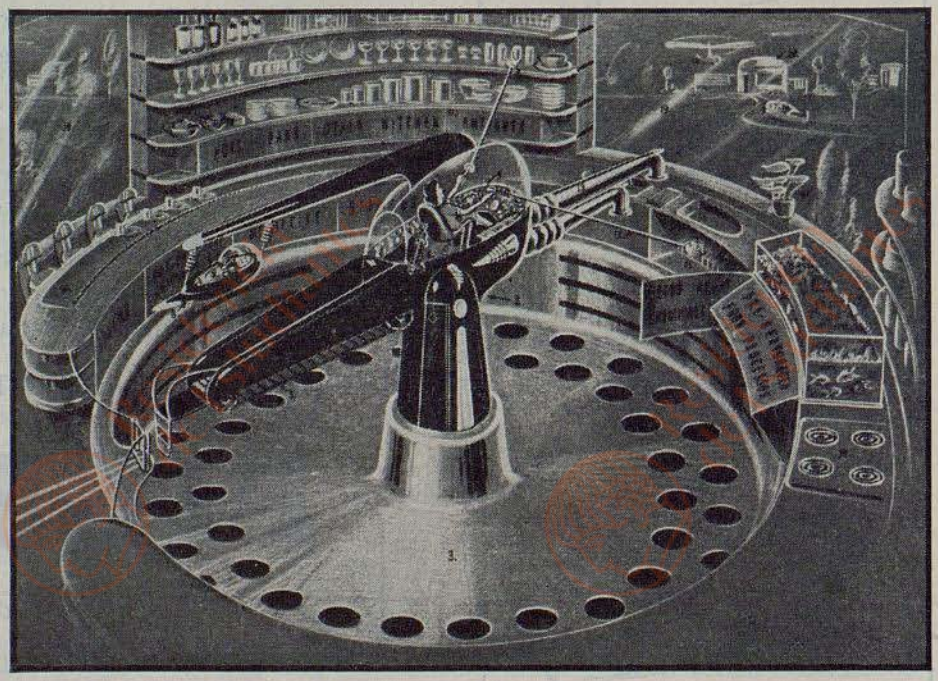
¶ An automatic device which fills strainer floor with water to depths of two feet for wading children, to seven feet for swimming adults. "If you must show off still further, go ahead and turn on Hollywood electrical aquatic display, in color. Warning: with swimmers in pool, for goodness sake watch out for button that operates automatic disposal!"

AVIATION

Maneuvers

In a dull stockmarket Eastern Air Lines sparkled with starry brightness, climbed from $42 a share to $56.

Last week rival airline operators thought



REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM
"Costs no more than a good six-room house."



In your business—

How often do you write the same thing more than once?

YOU can cut the cost of repetitive writing—whether it be names, numbers, descriptions—in fact, any information whatsoever.

Addressograph is the modern method of doing the tedious and expensive job of writing repetitive information in both small and large offices and factories—does the job with speed, accuracy, and economy. Addressograph methods are simplicity itself. And Addressograph flexibility enables it to be utilized with any system or routine.

Addressograph helps speed factory production, slashes cost of writing business records, simplifies your distribution and customer contacts, saves on shipping and billing.

Here is versatile equipment to aid you in every department that puts information on paper. Wherever time or money are important, Addressograph proves its service through savings.

Our Research and Methods Department will gladly work with you—show you how Addressograph simplified business methods are being used by others in your field—both large and small. Telephone our local office or write Addressograph-Multigraph Corporation, Cleveland 17, Ohio.



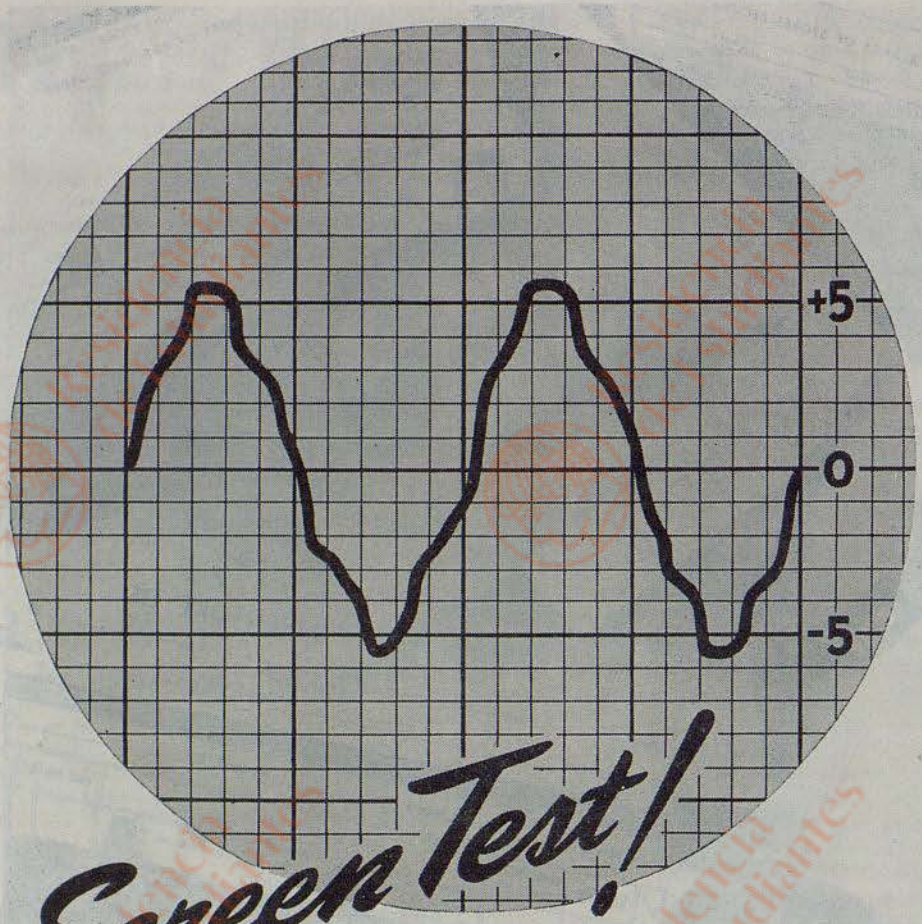
Prices of hand model Addressographs begin at $12.50; electric models at $177.50. Illustrated is the Class 1900 Addressograph.

Addressograph

TRADE-MARK REG U.S. PAT OFF

SIMPLIFIED BUSINESS METHODS

Addressograph and Multigraph are Registered Trade Marks of Addressograph-Multigraph Corporation



Screen Test!

and a midget motor has fidgets...



The "shakes" show up in even the best-balanced electric motors. For the super-sensitive cathode-ray oscillograph, on which Robbins & Myers engineers test all new fractional horsepower designs, greatly magnifies even the slightest case of jitters in order that it may be studied. And a motor that vibrates beyond a fixed limit never gets out of the research laboratory.

For excessive vibration set up by magnetic or mechanical motor unbalance is bad. Take, for example, in a phonograph or oil burner. With one, you'd squirm while a discordant motor squeal fought with the sweet strains of the Moonlight Sonata. With the other, you'd probably chill as the repairman worked over the worn bearings that result from unbalanced operation at the speeds which oil-burner motors usually attain.

Robbins & Myers engineers design fractional horsepower motors for balance. But they don't check a drawing and call it a day. They test out their own precise calculations with this cathode-ray "screen" test.

Why not let this type of "follow-through" engineering help you find the right motor for your particular application. That also goes for problems of materials handling, converting machines to direct drive, ventilating, and pumping. Address: *Robbins & Myers, Inc., Springfield, Ohio.* In Canada: *Robbins & Myers Co. of Canada, Ltd., Brantford, Ontario.*

ROBBINS & MYERS, Inc.

FOUNDED 1878

MOTORS · HOISTS · CRANES · MACHINE DRIVES · FANS · MOYNO PUMPS

they knew what was in the wind. They guessed that: 1) W. R. Grace & Co., ship operators, were bidding the stock up in building up their holdings in Eastern; 2) Eastern in turn was set to buy Grace's 50% stock ownership in lusty money-making Pan American-Grace Airways.

There would be logic aplenty for such dealings. Eastern expects to operate a postwar route from the U.S. to the Canal Zone, northern terminus of Panagra, which operates down the Andean-wrinkled west coast of South America to Chile, and over the hump to Buenos Aires. Such a hookup would give Panagra its long-sought entrance into the U.S., and give Eastern through connections on the short route to Latin America. Pan American Airways, which now ferries Panagra traffic between the U.S. and Balboa, could be by-passed.

But if Eastern should acquire Grace's half control of Panagra, it would still not be free of arch-rival Pan Am. The reason: Pan Am owns the other half of Panagra.

• • •

Pan American Airways did not let the week pass without shaking a fist at its potential rivals who dream of spanning the oceans. Pan Am swooped into the office of the Civil Aeronautics Board and filed applications for eight domestic air routes. While it was about it, Pan Am picked the best—New York to Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Miami and New Orleans; Chicago to Miami and New Orleans; Seattle to Los Angeles.

With the applications Pan Am frankly stated why it wanted these plums: if domestic airlines are licensed by CAB to elbow into postwar overseas routes, there is no reason why Pan Am should not crowd its rivals for a share of their rich domestic traffic.

FOREIGN TRADE

First from France

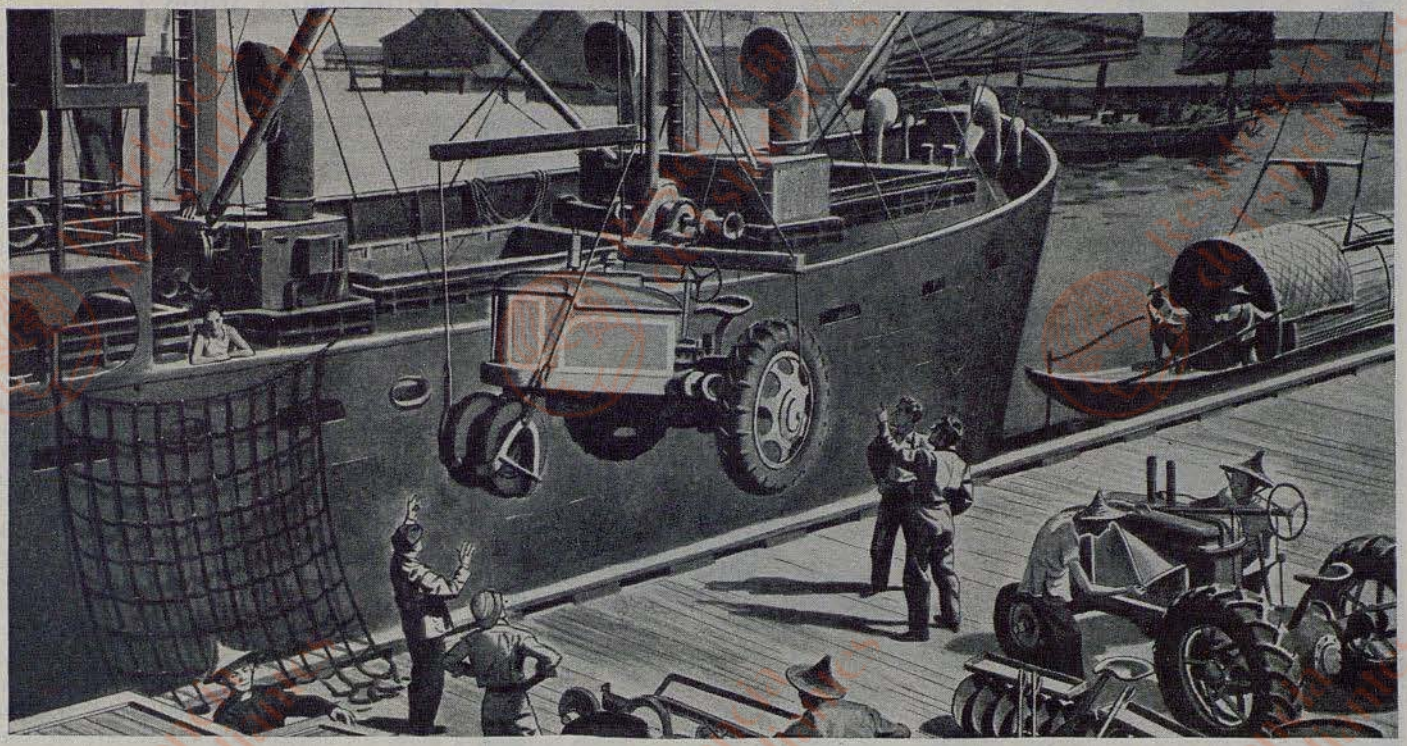
One of the dozens of ships that crept through the fog into Manhattan's harbor last week was a French merchantman inbound from the Mediterranean. Stowed within her salt-stained hull were 6,000 cases of Hennessy brandy, 2,500 cases of Martell brandy, and four cases of Caron perfume. This was not a large shipment by prewar standards, but it was the first consignment of French luxury goods to arrive in the U.S. since 1940.

The news that the brandy was piled on the pier spread quickly. But the arrival of the French ship did not mark the resumption of a flourishing wine trade with France. The shipment had been four years en route to the U.S. Ready for shipment when trade with France was halted, the 8,504 cases were stored in Marseilles and left untouched by the Germans, who seemed to prefer champagne.

No importer could say when the next shipment of French goods could be expected. French inland transportation is crippled. And few ships have time to spare for luxury cargoes of wines and perfume.

Do you know...?

Quiz on timely production short-cuts—No. 13



Q. Experts estimate our postwar foreign trade volume at:
☐ $2,000,000,000 ☐ $7,000,000,000 ☐ $12,000,000,000

A. With devastated countries to be rebuilt, and new world markets opened up, postwar foreign trade may become a twelve-billion-dollar business within a few years. One of the most important sources of this income will be machinery and parts of various kinds shipped overseas—and, in this respect, Permacel moisture-proof cloth tape (Utilitape) will play a vital role. Wartime experience in packaging planes and tanks for overseas shipment proves that this tape is an ideal moisture-sealer for openings and vents. Protects metals of all kinds against corrosion, helps eliminate the need for reconditioning plants abroad, assures arrival of materials in perfect condition, ready for immediate use.



Q. How many feet of tubing in a B-29?
☐ 1,000 ☐ 5,000 ☐ 2 miles

A. Two miles. In assembling sections of tubing and pipe lines at a factory, production is speeded, and costs are cut by bundling all sections needed for a particular assembly with Permacel cloth tape (Jonflex). With this tape, inventories can be maintained in terms of complete unit assemblies, no parts are lost or misplaced, no time is wasted searching through separate bins.



Q. What's the world speed record for typing?
☐ 104 words per minute ☐ 149 words
☐ 172 words

A. The record, set in 1940, is 149 words per minute; the average secretary types about 50. On postwar typewriters, scientifically planned finishes—applied with spray gun and Permacel paper masking tape—will help cut glare and fatigue, increase accuracy and speed. Color separation painting of *all* kinds is quicker and easier with this Permacel tape.



Q. The title of this widely discussed booklet refers to:
☐ Tape ☐ Electricity
☐ New-type wrench

A. Pressure-sensitive tape. This free booklet shows how Permacel Industrial Tapes speed work and cut costs all along the production line. Illustrates many tape uses that may be helpful in your business. Write for *your* copy today: Dept. T-13, Industrial Tape Corporation, New Brunswick, N. J.

IMPORTANT: *Our research laboratories are at your disposal for development of special tapes to meet war and postwar needs.*

Permacel Industrial Tapes

INDUSTRIAL TAPE CORPORATION • New Brunswick, N. J. Makers of **Texcel Tape**

"PERMACEL" REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



ARGUS C 3

Precision optical instruments made today for the Armed Forces by Argus . . . foretell the Good Pictures of Tomorrow and we are all looking forward to that.

argus

Cameras and Optical Instruments

AWARDED TO PLANT 2 OPTICAL DIVISION

ARGUS, INCORPORATED . . ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

EDUCATION

British *United States*

How can distant countries ever get the right idea about each other? One way would be through the cinema. In Britain last week such a film was released—perhaps the best single contribution to Anglo-American understanding in recent years.

Short (43 minutes) and inexpensive (about $30,000), the film is simply titled *United States*. It was written, directed, and produced by greying, 35-year-old Lieut. Colonel Eric Ambler, author of distinguished and popular thrillers (*Journey Into Fear, A Coffin for Dimitrios*). To gather his material, Ambler spent about five weeks in the U.S. viewing close to a million feet of film, spent many more poring over volumes of Americana. The final product is a composite of snatches from U.S. films—by Pare Lorentz, the U.S. Army Signal Corps, the MARCH OF TIME—and original scenes photographed in Wembley.

United States begins with a British soldier and his girl watching a U.S. gangster movie. After the show, at a tea counter, the Tommy tells his girl that the tough talk, the chattering machine guns, the breakneck getaways are all true, that America is really like that; he read all about it in a crime magazine. Nearby a G.I. (played by Corporal Warren Bryan sulks out loud: "Why, I've never even seen a gangster, never heard of anyone in our town who has. . . . That's not American but you can't tell them so. . . . But if some British guy who'd been around back home could tell them, he wouldn't even have to like us, not if he just put things down fair and square. . . ."

United States does precisely that. With Cinemactor David Niven, now a lieutenant colonel in the British Army, acting as narrator, it shows first New York, which "isn't America," then traces U.S. history from the landing at Plymouth, through the Revolution, the Civil War, the settling of the West, winding up with a panorama of the current U.S. scene. Typical of the tone that makes *United States* so successful is the commentary on the Revolution: "The men of Washington's Army were no longer British subjects resisting the armed forces of their king. They were Americans, fighting a war of liberation."

Misapplied Psychology

In her University of Kansas psychology class, she heard a lot about the advantages of a well-groomed appearance, a pleasant manner, and a cheerful outlook in getting along in the world. Golden-haired Elva Wallace, 19, who is almost as impressionable as she is pretty, got to thinking. She had plenty of manner and outlook but not enough clothes to match them.

Last December Elva walked into Kansas City's swank Harzfeld's store, charmed a clerk into selling her nearly $300 worth of clothes on someone else's charge ac-



Hot from the Oven ...AND INTO A FRUEHAUF



Next Thing You Know It's On Your Table!

IF YOU LIVE in Bridgeport, Toledo, Joliet . . . or almost any other city of about the same size . . . it's quite possible your daily bread arrived on a Fruehauf Trailer.

That's the case, for example, if the bread on your table is Silvercup. For Gordon Baking Company . . . bakers of Silvercup . . . depend on a fleet of 35 Fruehauf Trailers to deliver bread from their plants in New York, Detroit and Chicago to other metropolitan areas within an 80-mile radius of these cities. The Trailers each carry "a mile of bread" . . . 5,000 loaves . . . enough to supply 5 to 7 delivery routes.

MILK AND FLOUR, TOO

But delivering bread *faster* . . . and *fresher* . . . isn't the only job these Fruehaufs do . . . for, on the return trips, they also haul incoming materials to the bakeries. Gordon maintains its own milk processing stations at LaGrange, Ind., and Salamanca, N. Y. . . . and from these points the Trailers come into the plants with full loads of milk.

On arrival back in Detroit or Chicago they haul flour from rail terminals to the bakeries. As many as 140 bags ride in one Trailer . . . that's nearly 20 tons . . . yet these big loads are pulled by trucks with a load-rating far below that figure. That's because any truck can *pull*, on a Trailer, far more than it is designed to *carry!*

LONG HOURS—LOW COST

These Fruehaufs get a lot of hard usage . . . 14 hours a day or more . . . 75,000 miles a year. Repair costs? Only lubrication, painting and nominal maintenance. Endurance? Many of the Fruehaufs in this fleet have outlasted 4 trucks!

The Gordon Baking experience is typical of thousands of others . . . in more than 100 different kinds of business . . . whose executives will tell you that Trailers do countless jobs that couldn't be done as well, if at all, by any other method.

World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers

FRUEHAUF TRAILER COMPANY • DETROIT

Service in Principal Cities



Today's Bread Today—It's one o'clock in the morning . . . today's batch of bread is ready and loaded on a Fruehauf. By dawn the Trailer will be unloading its 5,000 loaves in another city 60, 70, or 80 miles away. Next thing you know, you may be having a slice of Silvercup for your noon or evening meal . . . today's bread today . . . thanks to the efficiency and speed of the Truck-Trailer delivery method.

The *first* Fruehauf purchased by Gordon Baking was a 1925-model Tank-Trailer for hauling fresh milk. This veteran unit is one of a fleet of 6 Fruehaufs doing duty at Gordon's La-Grange plant—20 years of service—and still on the road!

FRUEHAUF *Trailers*

"ENGINEERED TRANSPORTATION"

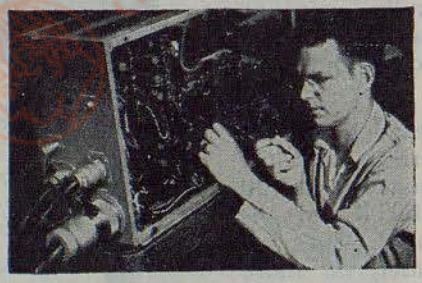
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF



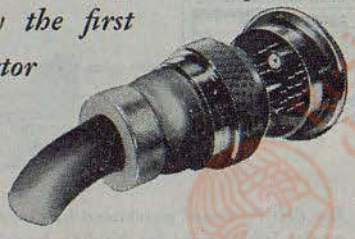
TELEVISION, SINCE PIONEER DAYS, HAS DEPENDED UPON CANNON PLUGS

Because Cannon Plugs and Receptacles were designed especially for use in critical circuits, they were incorporated into the first television hook-ups. Says Harry R. Lubcke, Director of Television for the Don Lee Broadcasting System:

"We find Cannon Connectors indispensable in our television operations. We called on Cannon in 1937 and what was probably the first all-television connector was fabricated."



All the circuits of a modern television camera pass through this single master Cannon Connector mounted on the side of the instrument. Equipment for the control of focusing, power and intensity of image is connected to power sources and to pick-up and broadcasting equipment through Cannon Plugs.



If you are interested in equipment of this kind, write for Cannon Condensed Catalog. Address Dept. A-175, Cannon Electric Development Company, 3209 Humboldt Street, Los Angeles 31, Calif.

CANNON ELECTRIC

Cannon Electric Development Co., Los Angeles 31, Calif.

Canadian Factory and Engineering Office: Cannon Electric Company, Ltd., Toronto, Canada

REPRESENTATIVES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES—CONSULT YOUR LOCAL TELEPHONE BOOK

count. By the time the fraud was discovered, Elva had gone back to the campus at Lawrence, distributed a good bit of the stuff as Christmas presents to friends, and settled down with her new clothes to enjoy a new popularity.

Last fortnight, with a weekend dance coming up and Easter in the offing, Elva decided on another foray. But by that time the word had been passed around the Kansas City stores to watch out for strange blondes. When Elva sauntered into Peck's department store and ordered $32.12 worth of bracelet charms "to help make a charming personality," the clerk got suspicious. When she appeared at another counter, under another name, to order a black formal and a blue street outfit, the floor manager did some quick checking. Next night, when the dance began, Elva was in jail.

Impressed by her previous good record,



Kansas City Star

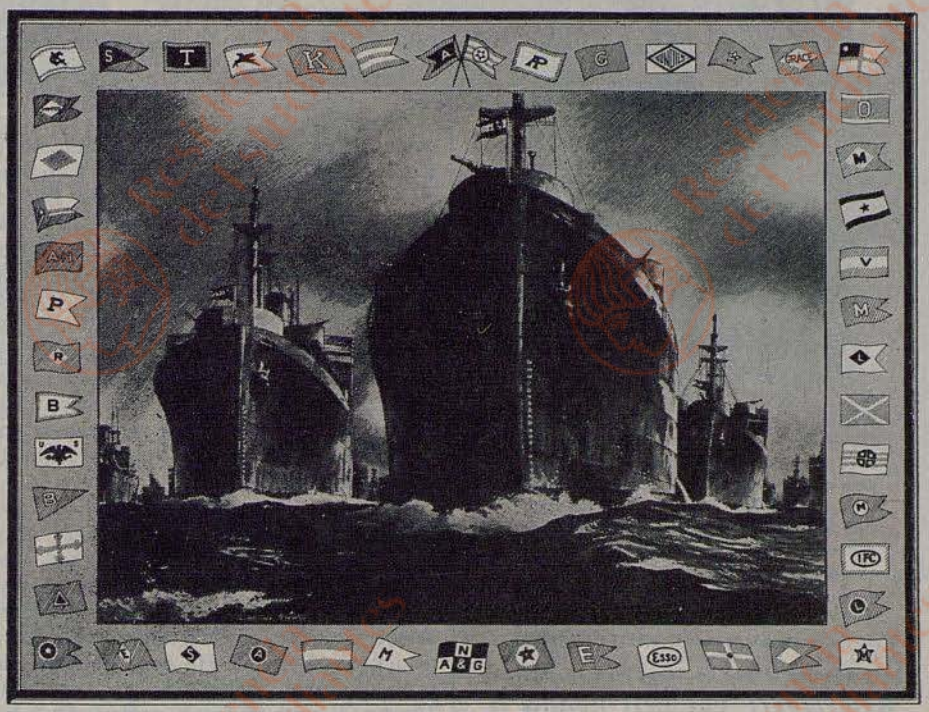
ELVA WALLACE
"Let us call it an experiment . . ."

store managers declined to prosecute. In return, Elva tearfully promised to quit school and go to work to pay her debts. "Let us call it an experiment," said she, "in which the reaction wasn't just what I expected."

Too Many Movements?

What's all this business about youth movements? Just an excuse for going out at night and getting into trouble, implied sharp-eyed, energetic Helen Sheldon, longtime headmistress of Britain's Luton High School. Citing complaints from parents that their daughters are being led astray, Headmistress Sheldon last week plumped for a 7:30 winter curfew for girls under 15. "It is not the movements that are at fault generally," said she, "but the fact that no discretion is shown in choice, so that two or three things are undertaken at the same time. One activity and once a week is enough."

WHEN YOUR SHIPS COME IN
will you sail 'em, sell 'em, or scrap 'em?



Outward bound . . . *a miracle!*

There she sails . . . a miracle in steam . . . the mightiest merchant fleet ever to fly the flag of a single nation . . .

Count the ships—count the tonnage—count the *cost!* 5,500 ships, 54,500,000 tons. A fleet five times as big as our pre-war merchant marine! Bigger than all the pre-war fleets of Britain, the U. S., Japan, Norway and Germany combined!

And they're yours! You, through your government, own nearly nine-tenths of them. You bought ships instead of new cars, or vacuum cleaners, or radios—with your War Bonds and your taxes. Yes, you're part owner of a miracle!

Homeward bound . . . *a headache!*

Coasters and tankers, C-types, Libertys and Victorys, the greatest mass of cargo carriers the world has ever seen . . . and someday they'll be rolling home, *empty!*

That's when the headache starts. Remember how our World War I merchant marine rusted away in forgotten backwaters? You said then, "That must not happen again!"

Well, once more your ships are coming in . . . *What are you going to do with them?* Sail them? Sell them? Scrap them? Save them? Or share them? Think well before you answer!

It isn't one fleet, *it's two!*

The inefficient fleet is larger . . . 7½ million tons of over-age and foreign-built vessels . . . 26 million tons of Liberty ships . . . all second choice ships for normal times. (The Libertys are the finest mass-produced cargo-carriers ever designed; they've done a swell war job. But they cost too much to operate, are too slow for competitive post-war trade.)

The efficient fleet is smaller . . . 2,200 ships of 24 million tons. Victorys, tankers, C-types (C-1, C-2, C-3), plus coasters and passenger-cargo ships. Fast, modern, economical, they're the finest ships afloat.

It isn't one problem, *it's four!*

1. The personal problem. The U. S. merchant fleet is all tied up to your job, your future, another world war.

For how much America exports and imports, **and in whose bottoms,** will affect postwar employment all through U. S. industry—standards of living all over the world—pressures for or against another world war in nations across all the oceans that wash our shores.

2. The national problem. National security demands a U. S. merchant fleet immediately available to transport men and material in every emergency. The Navy looks to the merchant marine for trained officers and men.

But how big a fleet do we need?

And what about subsidies to operate it? U. S.-built ships cost twice as much as the same ships foreign-built. American crews get higher wages. How much are you willing to be taxed to help overcome these higher costs?

3. The international problem. Some of our allies depend on maritime income far more than we do—and when the war ends half their fleets will be gone.

Shall we sell them ships from our *efficient* fleet (they won't want or buy Libertys)? Shall we help them recover from the war by setting them up in competition with us again on the seven seas?

Or shall we keep all our good ships, and try to hold our mastery of the merchant seas, even if this makes our allies poorer and leaves them fewer dollars to spend for U. S. goods?

4. The surplus problem. What can we do with the *inefficient* fleet . . . the ships that nobody wants?

Shall we scrap them, or "lend-lease" them, or leave them to rust as a "strategic reserve"?

TIME believes America's greatest need, now and in the coming years, is for the sovereign people to make up their minds and speak them out on these pressing problems of our time.

To do so, citizens must keep themselves *informed.* So in advertisements like this TIME is seeking to encourage reading, questioning, argument and straight, hard thinking.

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

This is the ninth advertisement in a series TIME is publishing to get more Americans thinking about the problems we must face after the war is won. This attempt to focus the full voltage of the nation's mindpower on the problem of what to do with our merchant marine after the war, is appearing in newspapers and magazines across the country.

TIME
The weekly NEWSMAGAZINE



This announcement has just appeared in the following newspapers and magazines: **NEWSPAPERS**—**New York** *Herald Tribune, Times, Sun, Wall Street Journal and Journal of Commerce;* **Chicago** *News, Sun, and Journal of Commerce;* **Washington, D.C.** *Post;* **Philadelphia** *Inquirer;* **Boston** *Herald Traveler and Christian Science Monitor;* **Cleveland** *Plain Dealer;* **Los Angeles** *News;* **San Francisco** *Chronicle;* **Baltimore** *Sun;* **St. Louis** *Globe Democrat;* **Pittsburgh** *Post Gazette;* **Milwaukee** *Journal;* **Minneapolis** *Times;* **Seattle** *Star;* **Atlanta** *Journal;* **Portland** *Oregonian.* **MAGAZINES**—*TIME, LIFE, Harpers, Saturday Review of Literature, American Exporter, Editor & Publisher—and marine, naval and export magazines.*



Ten to one you have—if you've hands like these. They're the hands of the sort of active, energetic man who gets around to doing almost everything. With their short nails, they're the hands of a man who's mighty critical, too. The things he'd say about a punch that wasn't made with dark, delicious Myers's Jamaica Rum would curl your hair!

Write for free recipe book to R. U. DELAPENHA & CO., Inc., Sole Distributor in U.S.A., 57 Laight Street, Dept.-T4, New York 13, N. Y.

Remember: For Best Results The Rum Must Be **MYERS'S**

CAN'T LOSE IT!



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.

By the Makers of

ROBINSON REMINDERS

WESTFIELD, MASS.

MILESTONES

Married. Al Jolson, 56, veteran "Mammy" singer; and Erle Galbraithe, 21, Southern-syllabled cinema starlet, ex-X-ray technician, remote kinswoman of General Claire Chennault; he for the fourth time, she for the first; in Quartzsite, Ariz.

Divorced. Sidney B. Wood Jr., 33, youngest Wimbledon tennis champion in history (19 in 1931), ex-Davis Cup star, now co-owner (with Tennist Don Budge) of a swank Manhattan laundry; by Edith Betts Wood, 33, New York socialite; after eleven years of marriage, two children; in Phoenix, Ariz.

Died. Major General William H. Rupertus, 55, big-jowled commandant of Marine Corps schools at Quantico, Va., able commander in the Solomons and Palau islands campaigns; of a heart attack; in Washington, D.C.

Died. Steve Donoghue, 60, tiny, socially sought-after British jockey who rode six Derby winners in his 30-year career, won the Queen Alexandra Stakes at Ascot six times in succession; of a heart attack; in London. He once declined the post of royal jockey to the late King George V with a frank explanation: the royal string was not quite up to his standard.

Died. Dorothy Campbell Hurd Howe, 61, only woman who ever won the world's four major women's golf championships: Scottish (1905, 1906, 1908) British (1909, 1911), Canadian (1910, 1912), U.S. (1909, 1910, 1924); from a fall beneath a train which she was boarding; in Yemassee, S.C.

Died. Lord Alfred Douglas, 74, scholar, sonneteer, son of boxing's famed rules-maker, the late eighth Marquess of Queensberry, whose note denouncing young Alfred's friend, Oscar Wilde, was the cause of Wilde's libel suit and subsequent imprisonment for pederasty; after long illness; in Lancing, Sussex, England. Lord Alfred spent a lifetime defending and explaining himself and his poet friend (*Oscar Wilde and Myself, Autobiography, Oscar Wilde: a Summing Up.*

Died. Marshal Enrico Caviglia, 82, onetime Italian Minister of War (1919), Senator, World War I hero, holdout against Fascism (in 1943 he was rumored plotting with Marshal Badoglio to oust Mussolini); after long illness; in Finale Marina, Italy. When Italy teetered toward war in 1940, he gave Il Duce some sound, unheeded advice: "The European political leader conscious of his responsibilities will not launch his country into a war with a great nation unless he has the power of continuing it until the exhaustion of his adversary."

Died. David Lloyd George, Earl of Dwyfor, 82, Britain's Prime Minister during World War I, last surviving member of the first Big Three (the others: Woodrow Wilson and France's Clemenceau); of complications following influenza; in Llanystumdwy, Wales. Through five reigns and three wars, the fiery, witty, flamboyant Welshman enlivened the House of Commons. A combination of zeal, oratory and energy pushed him, step by step, to leadership of the Liberal Party, the British Government, and finally the Empire-at-war.

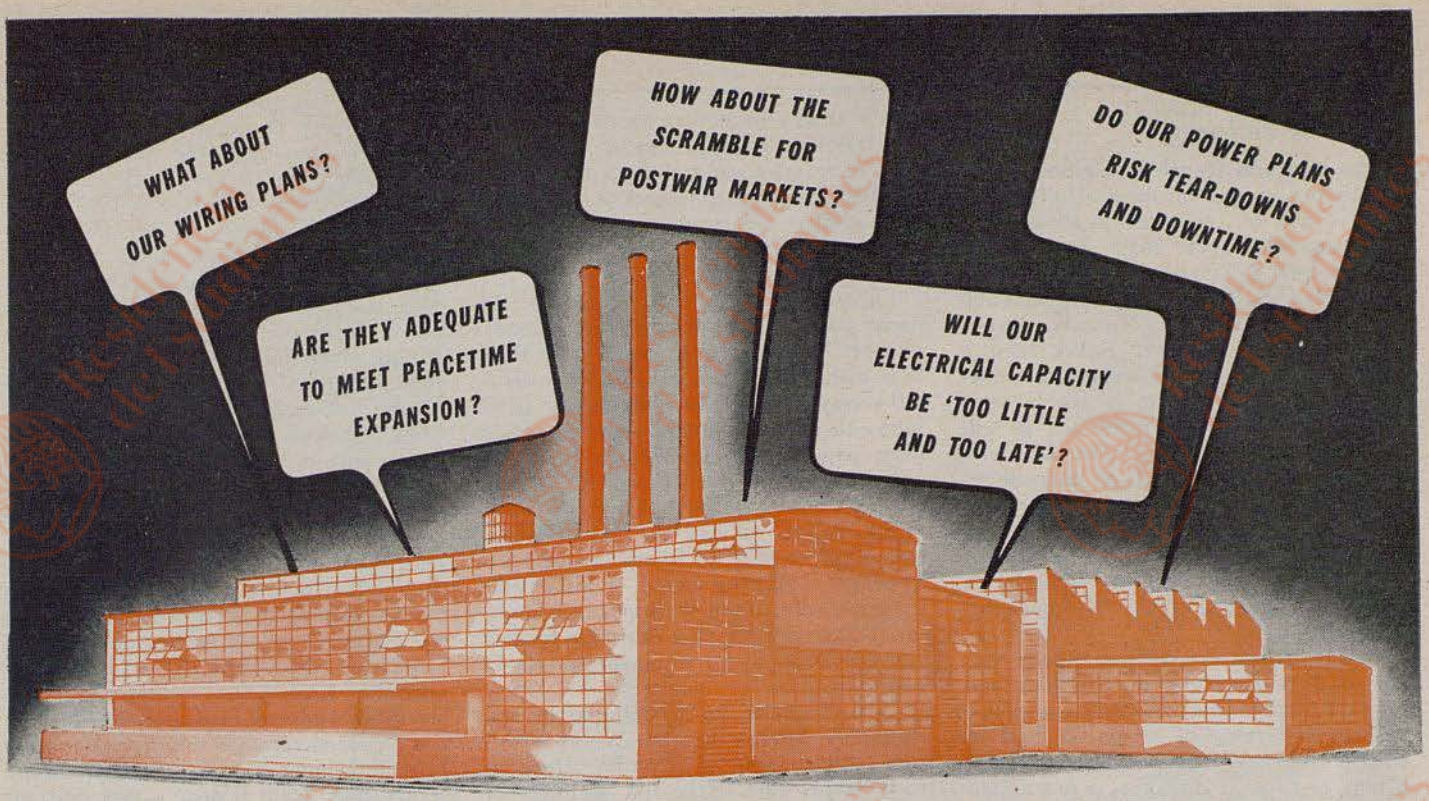
Born in Manchester (where his schoolmaster-father happened to be teaching), David Lloyd George was nonetheless first, last & always a Welshman. He grew up in North Wales without ever attending either public school or university, but never appeared to be much troubled by the lack. At 21 he became a solicitor without ceremony (he could not afford three guineas for the customary robes).

The year Robert Browning and Jefferson Davis died (1889), brash young Lloyd George, bubbling over with a reformer's fervor, won a seat in Parliament. His sharp tongue quickly made him enemies. In the wholesale barrage of criticism he inspired, he was charged with everything but cowardice. Belaboring Lloyd George became a Parliamentary habit. During his long career, he was denounced (among other things) for pacifism, for hypocrisy, for devising soak-the-rich budgets, for tactlessness.

When World War I seemed lost, it was the "Welsh wizard" with the glib tongue and unwavering eye who patched up Britain's faith in victory. He smoothly talked the reluctant British High Command into accepting the leadership of "simple, honorable, absolutely fearless" Marshal Foch. An architect of the Versailles Treaty and the League of Nations (both of which he was accused of bungling), he lived to see both curl up in the flames of World War II.

As his Liberal Party began to decline, Lloyd George lost power, became Britain's premier Elder Statesman. He still spoke with authority—but only for himself. In time his white-thatched, black-caped figure, appeared less & less often in London, more & more often on his Surrey and Caernarvonshire estates. But World War II brought him to his feet in Commons to give Prime Minister Chamberlain a piece of his mind for sending the Finns "too little and too late."

Even in his old age, friends & foes claimed that Lloyd George could still "talk a bird out of a tree." Last summer he returned to the 400-year-old farmhouse of his boyhood for his "last days." He finally accepted an earldom from a grateful government (TIME, Jan. 8). Of him Winston Churchill said: "There is no history like his in living memory. . . . Indeed, history will have to return her pages back to Chatham to find his parallel. . . ."



BE SAFE – BE CERTAIN

Wire Ahead!

If the facts below make sense, check up on your wiring plans *now!*

FUTURE MARKETS

Foresighted market surveys won't mean much if plant wiring and service equipment capacity don't back up potential volume.

NEW DEVICES

Do your plans anticipate the huge increase in the use of electricity—the power demands of new, complex electrical machines?

COSTLY TEAR-DOWNS

Figure the expense of possible downtime and labor costs for emergency wiring and equipment.

OBSOLESCENCE

What about your banker? He'll want to be sure that electrical efficiency is adequate to keep your plant a prime commercial risk.

POSTWAR EMPLOYMENT

You'll want to help assure places for the horde of returning men. Don't let inadequate wiring cramp your personnel.

Obviously unwired planning will cost a lot more than planned wiring. Wire Ahead! Have a talk with your electrical contractor, power engineer or utility power engineer.

ANACONDA

ANACONDA WIRE & CABLE COMPANY

25 Broadway, New York 4 . . . Sales Offices in Principal Cities

Well-Planned Power is Future Selling Power—Wire Ahead!

CINEMA

The New Pictures

The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp (General Cinema Finance—United Artists) is one of the most expensive and ambitious films ever made in England. It cost some $1,000,000 and it runs, even as cut for U.S. distribution, two hours and 26 minutes. Its very leisurely pace—almost that of a novel rather than a drama—may mystify the American cinemaddict, but the leisure is put to such good use that the chances are it will charm him instead. For *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp* is an uncommonly rich and pleasant study in character, both human and national. It brings to the screen the greatest English character since Pickwick: Cartoonist David Low's walrus-whiskered epitome of unenlightened self-interest.

In Low's famed cartoons, Blimp acts out in black & white, by one class and political reflex after another, the whole tragicomic history of a special kind of British stupidity. The screen's version of Blimp, in rosy Technicolor, is not a Low specimen of humanity at all, but one long apologia for the better side of the Low character. Watching on the screen how the old man got that way, you would never suspect that the Colonel and his kind had anything to do with bringing on the Second World War. Even insofar as Blimp is shown to be old-fashioned and shortsighted, this is simply because he is the soul of gentlemanly honor.

But if the movie is incomplete without the gently savage cartoons, by the same token the cartoons are incomplete without the affectionately explanatory movie. Many liberals and leftists are going to feel that Blimp has been whitewashed into a Dear Old Boy—as indeed he has; but David Low himself, who advised on the characterization and make-up, is well satisfied. Says he: "Blimp is a symbol of stupidity and stupid people are not necessarily hateful. In fact, some stupid people are quite nice."

Blimp first appears as a gallant and naive young officer named Clive Candy (Roger Livesey), back from the Boer War with a V.C., who takes it upon himself—very much without diplomatic portfolio—to go to Berlin in order to refute some popular German lies about British mistreatment of Boer prisoners. A café quarrel leads to a duel, thanks to which young Candy 1) gets the wound which causes him to raise his Blimpish mustache, 2) makes a lifelong friend of his unwilling opponent (Anton Walbrook), 3) loses, to this Prussian officer, a charming English girl (Deborah Kerr) whom he has shyly begun to love.

As a brigadier he serves quietly and creditably through the First World War—and catches sight of a nurse (Deborah Kerr again) who is the spit & image of the young woman whose loss in Berlin confirmed him in bachelorhood. After the war he marries her. Together, in a British prisoner-of-war camp, they seek out and are coldly rebuffed by Candy's old friend, the Prussian officer. Candy's young wife dies; and the walls of his home, through the years, grow ever more thickly studded with the big-game victims of his soldierly loneliness.

By the time his second great war is upon him, Blimp is the grand old lobster of the cartoon, angry, hurt and bewildered to find his age and his military experience in disesteem. The crowning blow comes when sharp young men of the new Army jump the gun in training maneuvers and capture him, boiling red and boiling mad, in a Turkish bath, hours before the sham battle was supposed to begin. Reluctant and heartsick, he begins at last to understand the one thing the movie tries to teach Blimp, or to show him inadequate in: the idea that the code that has ruled his life is a suicidal anachronism in a world threatened by global gangsters.

The picture would be no great shakes as a story if at every point, through a dozen means other than those of plot, it did not make itself illuminating, touching, and delightful. The tortuous protocols of preparation for the duel, and the duel itself, between the brave but reluctant contestants, is as pretty a satire on diplomacy and war and national character as the movies have achieved. Candy's relationship with his beloved girls, reticent, boyishly idealistic and far more deeply felt than the eye can see, is a moving exposition of a kind of love the movies rarely pay attention to. The life history of the subtle German and the sanguine Englishman culminates in a beautiful study of two kinds of old age: one seasoned through suffering, the other invincibly innocent. Long as it is, *Blimp* seems short, for it is done with a constant feeling for lightness and for style, and it is wonderfully well acted.

God Is My Co-Pilot (Warner), an adaptation of Colonel Robert Lee Scott's best-seller (TIME, Aug. 9, 1943), tells the story of the 34-year-old Georgia flyer who, refusing to believe he was too old for combat, became an ace under General Chennault (Raymond Massey), was forced to land in enemy territory after helping to bomb Hong Kong, and survived to teach Army flyers what he had learned during the lean, heroic days of air warfare in China.

The picture might have been better if



YOUNG BLIMP — OLD BLIMP — MIDDLE-AGED BLIMP

A grand old lobster learned that his code was a suicidal anachronism.



Think of it!

A new Baldwin every 14 hours for more than a century

Rolling out a new locomotive every 14 hours for more than a century is only one example of Baldwin capacity and versatility . . . and of its useful service to the Nation.

Baldwin produces many things for many industries—hydraulic presses that form bomber tires and wallboard—testing equipment that checks the safety of pursuit planes and bridges—propellers, diesel engines and steering gears which have earned the respect of the Navy and Merchant Marine personnel whose lives depend upon the performance of these products.

The engineering brains and imagination that wrought these wonders are available to help you solve current and post-war problems. Just write.

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.

BLW THE BALDWIN GROUP

BALDWIN

Founded P&T in 1840

From the Treasured Stock of a Century Old House



PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
America's Luxury Whiskey

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. • A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES • 86 PROOF

a priest known as Big Mike (Alan Hale) were not required to argue the validity of its title so often with the doubting colonel (Dennis Morgan), who has faith only in himself. Between these well-meant but not very convincing religious dialogues, however, there is a good deal of swift and explosive air combat, about as exciting as such material can hope to be, after it has been filmed so well and so often. A California-trained, English-speaking Japanese ace named Tokyo Joe (Richard Loo) adds a novel note of hatred by gritting "Yenkk" and other Homeric epithets into his cockpit radio, and meets his death in a long delirious streaking fall over fleabitten mountains, which is perhaps the best shot in the picture. Dennis Morgan, Dane Clark, John Ridgely and (barring some fancy eye-rolling) Raymond Massey are sincere and believable Flying Tigers, and Andrea King is a sincere, believable and charming Mrs. Scott, even when she has to tell her husband, in a singular greater-love-hath-no-woman outburst: "I love you so much that I'm unhappy when you're unhappy, even if deep down in my heart I don't agree with you."

The Affairs of Susan (Paramount) is Joan Fontaine's first fling at comic prettiness and vivacity in modern dress. Though it seems much longer, it lasts only an hour and 50 minutes.

The story: Walter Abel, a little bewildered by his fiancée Susan, assembles her former husband (George Brent) and a couple of other major influences on her career (Don de Fore and Dennis O'Keefe), in order to learn what is in store for him. In three long flashbacks they volubly oblige him, detailing her progress from innocent New England country girl to actress to burlesqued bluestocking to her present daftly sophisticated self.

In the course of the picture Miss Fontaine wears practically everything decency will permit, from pants to armor. Men who wander in by mistake may stay to enjoy the scenery (Miss Fontaine), but they are likely to feel that Paramount has been a trifle overgenerous with everything except what it takes to make an entertaining movie. *The Affairs of Susan* is one for the women.

Current & Choice

Murder, My Sweet (Dick Powell, Claire Trevor; TIME, Dec. 18).

On Approval (Beatrice Lillie, Clive Brook, Googie Withers; TIME, March 5).

Report on Italy (MARCH OF TIME; TIME, March 5).

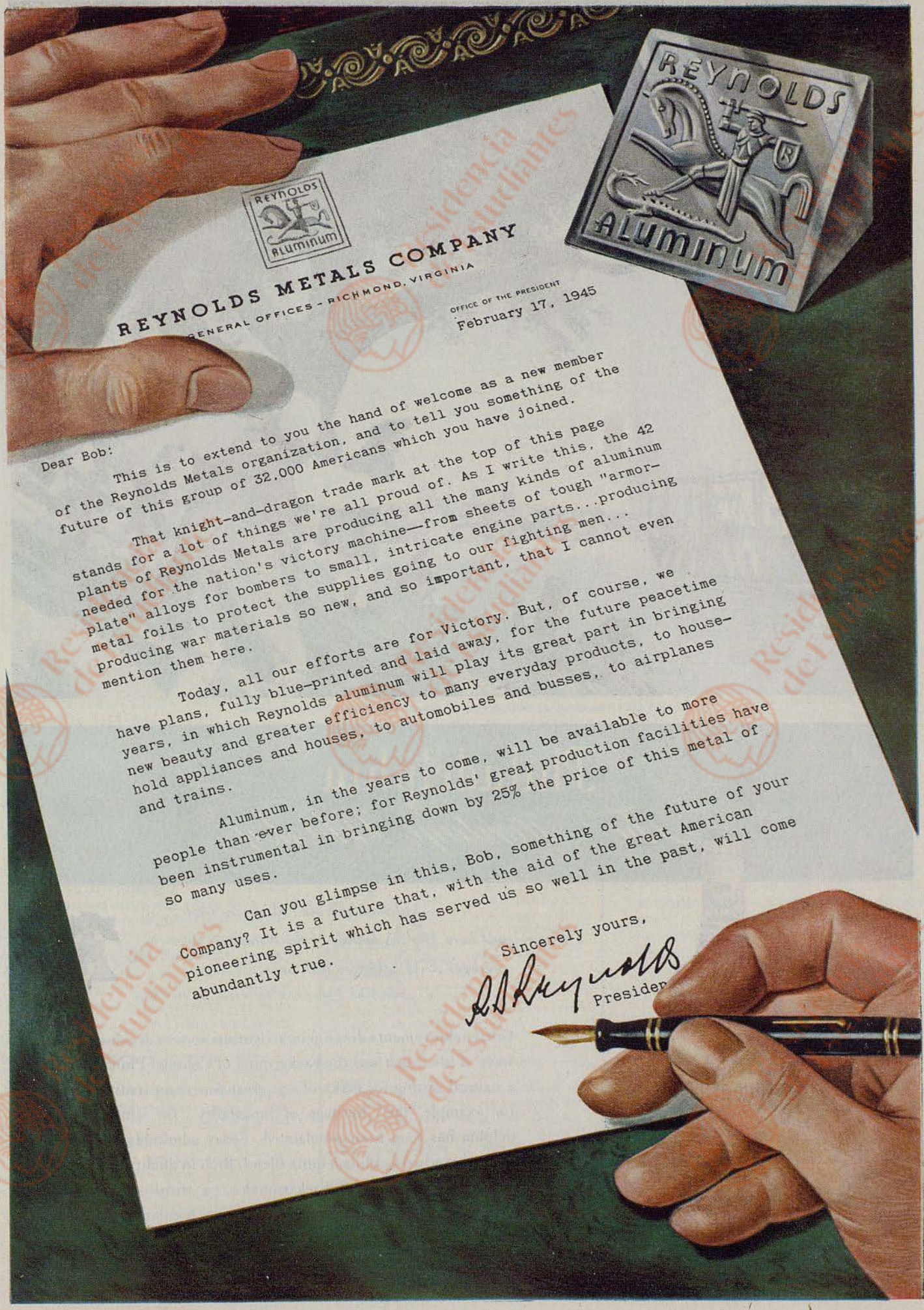
Objective, Burma! (Errol Flynn, Henry Hull; TIME, Feb. 26).

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn (James Dunn, Peggy Ann Garner, Dorothy McGuire; TIME, Feb. 19).

Tonight and Every Night (Rita Hayworth, Lee Bowman; TIME, Feb. 12).

Hangover Square (Laird Cregar, Linda Darnell, George Sanders; TIME, Feb. 12).

The Suspect (Charles Laughton, Ella Raines; TIME, Feb. 5).


REYNOLDS
Aluminum
REYNOLDS METALS COMPANY
GENERAL OFFICES - RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
February 17, 1945
Dear Bob:
This is to extend to you the hand of welcome as a new member of the Reynolds Metals organization, and to tell you something of the future of this group of 32,000 Americans which you have joined.
That knight-and-dragon trade mark at the top of this page stands for a lot of things we're all proud of. As I write this, the 42 plants of Reynolds Metals are producing all the many kinds of aluminum needed for the nation's victory machine—from sheets of tough "armor-plate" alloys for bombers to small, intricate engine parts...producing metal foils to protect the supplies going to our fighting men... producing war materials so new, and so important, that I cannot even mention them here.
Today, all our efforts are for Victory. But, of course, we have plans, fully blue-printed and laid away, for the future peacetime years, in which Reynolds aluminum will play its great part in bringing new beauty and greater efficiency to many everyday products, to household appliances and houses, to automobiles and busses, to airplanes and trains.
Aluminum, in the years to come, will be available to more people than ever before; for Reynolds' great production facilities have been instrumental in bringing down by 25% the price of this metal of so many uses.
Can you glimpse in this, Bob, something of the future of your Company? It is a future that, with the aid of the great American pioneering spirit which has served us so well in the past, will come abundantly true.
Sincerely yours,
Presider



John Fitch's Steamboat on the Delaware, October, 1788, from records of the time.*

Philadelphia
The Heritage Whisky



86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

"Although the wind blew very fresh . . .
we reigned Lord High Admirals of the Delaware . . .
no boat could hold way with us" . . .
from John Fitch's own account of his trial trip.

Great achievements develop in a vigorous society seeking better ways of life. Such was the background of Colonial Philadelphia, a natural setting for many of our great American traditions. As for example, the "heritage of hospitality" for which Philadelphia has long been proclaimed. Today admirably sustained by a great whisky, Philadelphia Blend. Rich in quality and flavor worthy of its splendid background . . . a whisky for special occasions, yet one you can afford to enjoy, regularly and often.

CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

*CONTINUING, BY POPULAR REQUEST, THE SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS FOR PHILADELPHIA BLEND...*THE HERITAGE WHISKY*...FAMOUS SINCE 1894

Great Eccentric

VICTORIA THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS: *The Life of Lewis Carroll*—*Florence Becker Lennon* — *Simon & Schuster* ($3.50).

"In that *direction," the Cat said, waving its right paw round, "lives a Hatter: and in* that *direction," waving the other paw, "lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they're both mad."*

"But I don't want to go among mad people," Alice remarked.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat: "we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How d'you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."



Brown Brothers

LEWIS CARROLL
Most of his life . . .

How Did It Happen? In 1865 a London *Athenaeum* critic was vexed by a new book called *Alice in Wonderland*—"a stiff, overwrought story," he complained, which would make "any real child more puzzled than enchanted." In 1932, when *Alice* invaded the Chinese province of Hunan, the sensitive provincial war lord was even more shocked. "Bears, lions, and other beasts cannot use a human language," he barked, and banned *Alice* as "an insult to the human race." In 1936, an eminent Austrian psychiatrist recoiled, shuddering, before *Alice's* "oral sadistic traits of cannibalism" and "continuous threat to the integrity of the body."

Meanwhile, the general public, unabashed, continues to read *Alice* by the millions. Distinguished mathematicians revel in the "logic" of its nonsense; psychologists acclaim it as a brilliant Freudian freak; politicians, editors and divines habitually use it to score points against their opponents; earnest translators bend to the task of rendering it into foreign nonsense.*

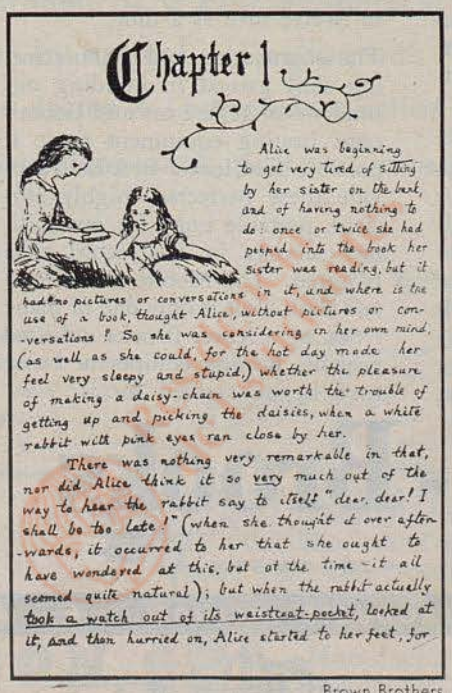
In 1928, the MS. of *Alice* fetched £15,400 at auction, and to date, in its 80 years of life, *Alice* has sold uncounted millions of copies. "How did it happen," asks Florence Becker Lennon, "that the Reverend Charles Dodgson, 30 years of age, lecturer on mathematics at Christ Church, Oxford . . . gave birth to one of the most famous stories of all time?"

Mousetraps and Notepaper. In the 387 pages of *Victoria Through the Looking-Glass*, Author Lennon, a minor U.S. poet and a student of anthropology, tries to answer her own question. To the tantalizing riddle of literary genius she has no answer, but she has brought together a fascinating collection of facts that show clearly the fantastically divided nature of the deacon who was equally a rigid, exemplary don and perhaps the most brilliant eccentric of his era.

Christ Church students, to whom Charles Lutwidge Dodgson lectured for 40 years, knew him only as a gawky, dull professor who could not utter the letter "p" and who left the room if he overheard a single indecent or irreverent remark. But visitors to his rooms were bowled over by what they found. Rugs and coats were stuffed against cracks in the door (Dodgson had a horror of draughts). Instructions for lighting an amazingly complicated gas lamp were pasted to the door—though no one was ever allowed to light the lamp.

* Sample stanza from a French translation of *Jabberwocky* (*Le Jaseroque*) by Frank L. Warrin, which appeared in the *New Yorker* in 1931:

Il brilgue: les tôves lubricilleux
Se gyrent en vrillant dans le guave,
Enmîmés sont les gougebosqueux,
Et le mômerade horsgrave.



Brown Brothers

ORIGINAL MS. OF ALICE
In 1928, it brought £15,400.

Ten Minutes for Tea. There was a darkroom jampacked with photographic materials (Dodgson was one of the most talented amateur photographers of his day); mousetraps of his own design with sliding doors and "humane" compartments for drowning; boxes of notepaper in five different sizes for letters of reply ("Let me see," he would say, "for this letter I will use number three size; that should meet the case exactly"); clockwork bears, mice, frogs and bats. Stacked on the shelves were copies of the scores of pamphlets he loved to write, their titles ranging from *Eight or Nine Wise Words about Letter Writing* to *The Formulae of Plane Geometry* and *Suggestions as to the Best Method of Taking Votes where More than Two Issues Are to Be Voted On.*



Brown Brothers

ALICE*
. . . was little girls.

When his visitors were seated, the tall, timid don (invariably dressed in black clericals) would produce a memorandum book, quickly draw a diagram of the room, and note in it precisely the position of each chair and its occupant's name. If he nervously pulled a handkerchief from his pocket, a cascade of carefully graded pennies, shillings and half crowns was likely to stream onto the floor. At this, he would hurriedly fill the teapot and pace up & down swinging it, for ten minutes exactly —"he claimed the tea was better so."

Men without Women. "Men cut off from the influence of women," says Author Lennon, with a faculty for understatement that any Briton might envy, "seem nearly always to develop eccentricities." The psychiatrist who felt that the country of Wonderland was "a continuous threat to the integrity of the body" was simply putting in the wrong nutshell the Reverend Dodgson's own anxiety about the dangers of everyday life. Son of a stern archdeacon, eldest of eleven children, only two of whom married and nine of whom were girls, young Charles

* Alice Liddell, the original Alice, as photographed by Dodgson.



Clothing and bedding are placed in the disinfecting chamber and subjected to 250° temperature plus live steam for effective decontamination and vermin destruction.

MORALE-BUILDER ON WHEELS

KEEPING clean is a great habit with American fighting men. Uncle Sam is seeing to it that facilities are available wherever possible, thanks to the foresight of our military medical authorities. It's essential and it's morale-building.

The Mobile Disinfector and Bath Unit, built by Cleaver-Brooks, is an ingenious machine that rids clothing, mattresses, blankets, of vermin; that serves as a surgical steam sterilizer in emergencies. It can also be used as a portable shower-bath unit, drawing water from a nearby stream or other source, heating it to a comfortable temperature for showers for six to twelve men at a time.

The engineering and manufacturing skill gained in building oil-fired steam generators and bituminous heating equipment made it possible for Cleaver-Brooks to provide these perfected, highly efficient, portable units for our military services in the record time required. The Mobile Disinfector and Bath Unit is only one of many types of Cleaver-Brooks oil-fired portable heating equipment being used by our armed forces.

Cleaver-Brooks

COMPANY

MILWAUKEE 9, WISCONSIN

★ CLEAVER-BROOKS PRODUCTS INCLUDE: ★



Steam Generators



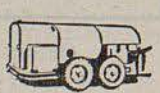
Food Processing Equipment



Tank Car Heaters



Oil & Asphalt Heaters



Special Military Equipment

seems never to have got over the belief that there was "something ugly and even cruel in masculinity." And "masculinity after all," remarks Author Lennon precisely, "is half of sex."

The Rev. Mr. Dodgson loved romance —but all he did about it was write a sad little satire about a young man who, on seeing a sign reading "Shop of Romancement," joyfully became an apprentice—only to find that the sign really read "Shop of Roman Cement." He loved the theater —but when he met beautiful Actress Irene Vanbrugh he could think of nothing to talk about but the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. Of dazzling Actress Ellen Terry he made what was probably the most passionate declaration of his life: "I can imagine no more delightful occupation" he said, "than brushing Ellen Terry's hair!"

Sweet Companionship. To fill this gap in his life, the nervous, affectionate professor sought the companionship of little girls—"of course there isn't *much* companionship," he admitted sadly, "but what there is, is sweet—and wholesome, I think." For 40 years he took them walking and boating, gave them elaborate tea parties, corresponded with them, drew and photographed them in the nude ("I confess," he said, "I do *not* admire naked boys . . . they always seem to me to need *clothes*"), carried tiny scissors for snipping off locks of their hair, talked to them tirelessly with the utmost tact and kindliness. Face to face with strange little girls, the shy don who blushed and stammered in the presence of adults became an assured, understanding human being who won a child's confidence instantly with his grave humor. "May I offer you this?" he once said with a bow to a little girl who had fallen into the sea, holding out a scrap of blotting paper torn from his notebook.

Soon, he said, little girls were "three fourths of my life." Had they not been, English literature would have lost one of its great classics. For one day, after he had enchanted little Alice Liddell, daughter of a famed Oxford professor of Greek, with a story of "Wonderland," she begged him to write it down for her. Dodgson went home at once, sat up all night writing, and soon presented Alice with the famous original manuscript of *Alice in Wonderland*, beautifully written in his own hand and illustrated with his own drawings.

Soon after, he decided to publish it, but with his usual shyness concealed his real name. Charles Lutwidge, Latinized, became Carolus Ludovicus, which, reversed and put back into English, became Lewis Carroll. Published with the now famous illustrations by John Tenniell, *Alice* was an instant success.

Gloves and Kittens. But the lonely, disjointed professor found little pleasure in being a celebrity. While he was becoming a household word, his adored little girls were growing into women, and, as a rule, passing out of his life forever. "He always used to say that when the time came for him to take off his hat [on meeting] one of his quondam child friends



THERE IS ONLY ONE SURE WAY TO TELL A GOOD *Bottleneck* FROM A BAD ONE

There are good bottlenecks and bad bottlenecks.

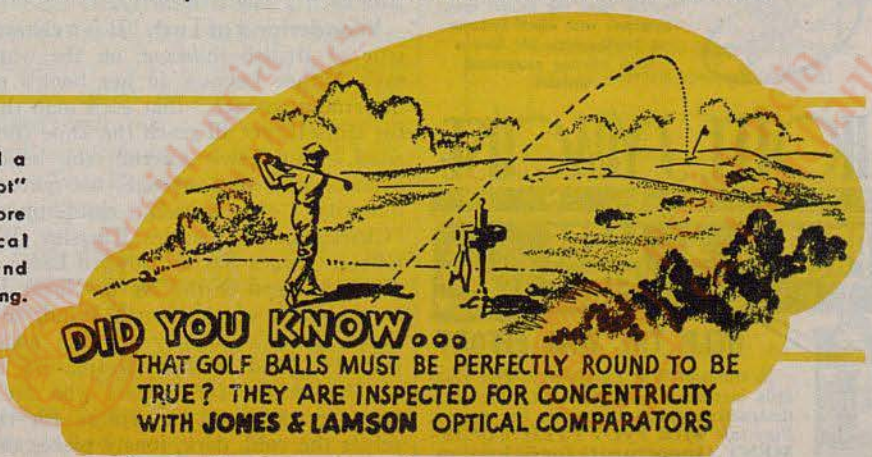
To form a perfect seal, the thread of a bottleneck and the mating thread of the closure must conform. By inspecting the thread contours of the bottlenecking mold and the closure, with a Jones & Lamson Optical Comparator, the accuracy of both is assured.

Forming Dies for plastic caps, and Seaming Rolls for metal cans are also inspected with Jones and Lamson Optical Comparators.

If your inspection department is a bad bottleneck, it will pay to investigate the possibilities of inspection by optical projection with Jones & Lamson Comparators. There is an experienced Jones & Lamson inspection engineer near you, ready to study your inspection problems—call, write or wire him without hesitation.



This book "Beyond a Shadow of a Doubt" will tell you more about our Optical Comparators and what they are doing.



JONES & LAMSON
MACHINE COMPANY
Springfield, Vermont, U.S.A.

Manufacturer of: Universal Turret Lathes • Fay Automatic Lathes • Automatic Double-End Milling and Centering Machines • Automatic Thread Grinders • Optical Comparators • Automatic Opening Threading Dies and Chasers.



"Are you sure this is where the Senator lives?"

"Of course! See the Guinness bottle!"

In London—in New York—in Bombay—at smart hotels around the world, in peacetime you'll hear: "Give me a Guinness". . . or "Black Velvet" (Guinness added to champagne)...or "Half-and-Half" (Guinness added to beer). At mealtime, bedtime, or when tired, there's nothing else like a Guinness!



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. Distributor.** **GU-343**

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

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HELP THE WAR EFFORT

In times of War Emergency, Fire Hazards increase at a terrific rate. Fire is a destructive agent that aids the enemy. Play safe **with Fyr-FYTER EQUIPMENT. Opportunity for Salesmen.** Write today for our Post-War Sales Plans.

THE FYR-FYTER CO.
Dept. 28, Dayton 1, Ohio

Fyr-Fyter

. . . it was time for the friendship to cease." And the public could hardly realize that the pixiness that gave enchantment to his books was, in real life, a subtle form of self-defense. When a too-adult girl sent him "a sack full of love and a basket of kisses," he neatly turned the danger into play by thanking her warmly for "a sack full of gloves and a basket of kittens."

On the other hand, intelligent understanding of the things he liked charmed him at once. A young man once entered the professor's apparently empty room and heard a low growl from under the table. He at once dropped on hands and knees and growled back fiercely. The Rev. Mr. Dodgson emerged immediately, followed by three little girls, and the young man became one of Dodgson's few intimate male friends.

Victorian Rebel. When his little girls had gone to bed and the lonely bachelor was alone in his rooms, he would find himself face to face with what Author Lennon believes was the other major problem of his life—his religious beliefs. To be a rebel in Victorian England required unusual boldness, and while such doughty fighters as Charles Darwin, Thomas Huxley and Samuel Butler were openly questioning the authority of the Church, the Rev. Mr. Dodgson was doing his utmost to quiet the tormenting questions that filled his brilliant, inquisitive mind. Cursed with insomnia, he would put himself to sleep by endless inventions of games, gadgets, toys, puzzles in mathematics; by day he would take a daily walk of 20 miles at top speed. At best, he would find release from "the sin of thinking for himself about religion" by turning his worries into innocent literary fantasies—such as the remarkable passage from his lesser-known children's book, *Sylvie and Bruno*:

"Sylvie was arranging some letters on a board—E-V-I-L. 'Now Bruno,' she said, 'what does *that* spell. . .?'

" 'Why, it's LIVE backwards!' he exclaimed. (I thought it was indeed.)

" 'How *did* you manage to see that?' said Sylvie.

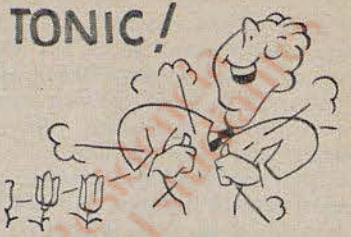
" 'I just twiddled my eyes,' said Bruno, 'and then I saw it directly.' "

Wonderland at Last. "It is a characteristic of British thinking, on the whole," says Author Lennon, in her book's most discerning passage, "that each man thinks for himself, yet all reach the same conclusions." But Lewis Carroll, she believes, belongs with that strange, not-quite-sane minority of British child-humorists (Charles Lamb, Charles Kingsley, W. S. Gilbert, James Barrie, Edward Lear) who "have all been to the Never Never Land at the Back of the North Wind, to the Snow Queen's country—to the edge of insanity, [and fetched] a treasure from the borderland for readers who are too busy or too timid to explore for themselves the cold, dark, lonely places of the spirit."

"Take away those pillows; I shall need them no more," said Dodgson on his deathbed. "Wonderland at last!" said the nephew who buried him.



TRY THIS SPRING TONIC!



There's a lift in Ticonderoga pencils! They skim swiftly, smoothly, lightly over paper. Do a big day's work with the greatest of ease. Offer grand rubber tips. Look for the green plastic ferrule with two yellow stripes.

When you buy pencils Demand Dixon

TICONDEROGA

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 6-J4-1, Jersey City 3, N. J.

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HOME GARDENER

PLOWS, CULTIVATES, MOWS

Finest small ROTOTILLER ever produced. Designed to meet the individual needs of both men and women gardeners as well as professional growers requiring thorough, narrow row cultivation. Two speeds and reverse. Plows deep, discs, harrows—in *one* operation. Cultivates weeds up to 12 inches high. Easily converted for lawn mowing or field mowing, cutting tall grass, trimming close to trees or flower beds. Easy handling; built for long, hard wear. Write for folder.

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CUSTOM FITTED

Write for Folder

DOMORE CHAIR COMPANY, INC.
DEPT. WT, ELKHART, INDIANA



Here's where you stand today!

Look ahead a year or two...for your own sake.

Over on the dark side is this: Every unnecessary thing you buy helps shove the country one step nearer inflation and the bad times that come in inflation's wake.

Over on the bright side is this: Every single cent you save helps move you and your country one step nearer the kind of prosperous, happy, post-war America you want.

Okay—you're human. You're thinking mainly about yourself.

YOU SHOULD. Because if every man Jack (and every girl Jill) buys nothing he can get along without . . . (avoids Black Markets and "just-a-little-above-the-ceiling" like the plague!) . . . pays off the mortgage or any other debts . . . takes out more insurance . . . builds a healthy sock of savings . . . buys and holds more War Bonds—inflation will stay away from our door.

And Jack and Jill will be in a sound position no matter what times come.

Maybe you ought to clip this signpost and paste it in your pocketbook as a reminder that you can BUY your way to bad *times. Or you can SAVE your way to* good *ones.*

That's where YOU stand today.

4 THINGS TO DO to keep prices down and to protect your own future!

1. Buy only what you really need.

2. When you buy, pay no more than ceiling prices. Pay your ration points in full.

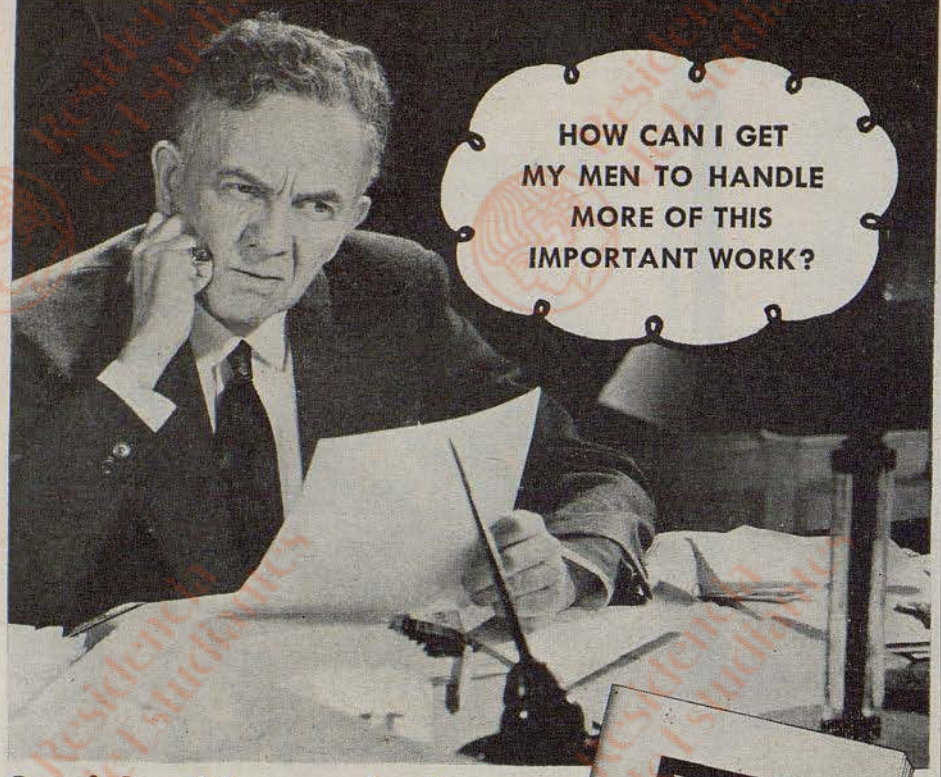
3. Keep your *own* prices down. Don't take advantage of war conditions to ask more for your labor, your services, or the goods you sell.

4. *Save.* Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can afford—to help pay for the war and protect your future. Keep up your insurance

HELP US KEEP PRICES DOWN

A United States War message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

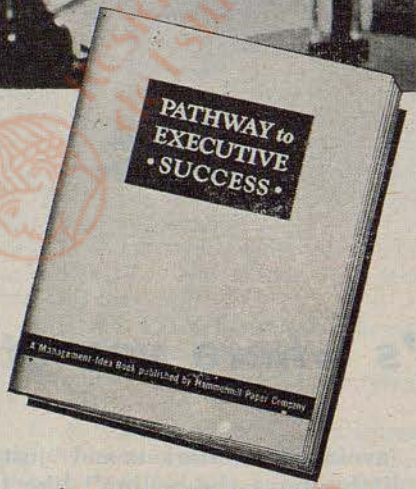
BOSSES NEED MEN TO SHARE WARTIME LOADS!



Send for this new book

After you've read Hammermill's new idea-book, "Pathway to Executive Success," we believe you'll want to distribute copies of it among members of your staff who should be taking part of the burden off your own shoulders these wartime days.

It tells how a man, with a little of the right kind of thinking and planning, can organize himself to carry more responsibility. It gives him a simple program for sizing up his present job, relating it to the company's broader needs, crystallizing his ideas so they'll work and click. Just mail the coupon. No obligation—no salesman will call.



▶ **Use and choose paper wisely. It is a critical war material. Choose dependable Hammermill Bond for letterheads and forms. Even today, its quality is still safeguarded by the most exacting laboratory tests in papermaking.**



HAMMERMILL BOND

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Hammermill Paper Co., Erie, Pa.
Please send me—free—a copy of the management-idea book, **"Pathway to Executive Success"**

Keep him posted with V-mail

Name_____ Position_____
(Please attach to, or write on, your *company* letterhead) T-4-2

MISCELLANY

Heel & Toe. In Toronto, the Board of Control repealed some 1944 bylaws, made it legal for pedestrians to run for streetcars once more, and to pass each other on the left.

Objective. In Lincolnshire, England, the *Chronicle* ran the following advertisement: "Owner of tractor wishes to correspond with widow who owns a modern Foster thrasher; object matrimony; send photograph of machine."

Hooping Cough. In Kingston, R.I., the Rhode Island State basketball team prepared for its game in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden, where smoking is permitted, by practicing with smudge pots of stale tobacco on the sidelines.

Try One of Mine. In Jersey City, when jury members at a murder trial politely reminded the judge that they were low on smokes, the prosecution dug up six packs of cigarets, the defense a handful of cigars.

Safe Deposit. In Mountain Home, Idaho, slot machines at the local air base bore this sign: "In case of air raid stand near these machines. They haven't been hit yet."

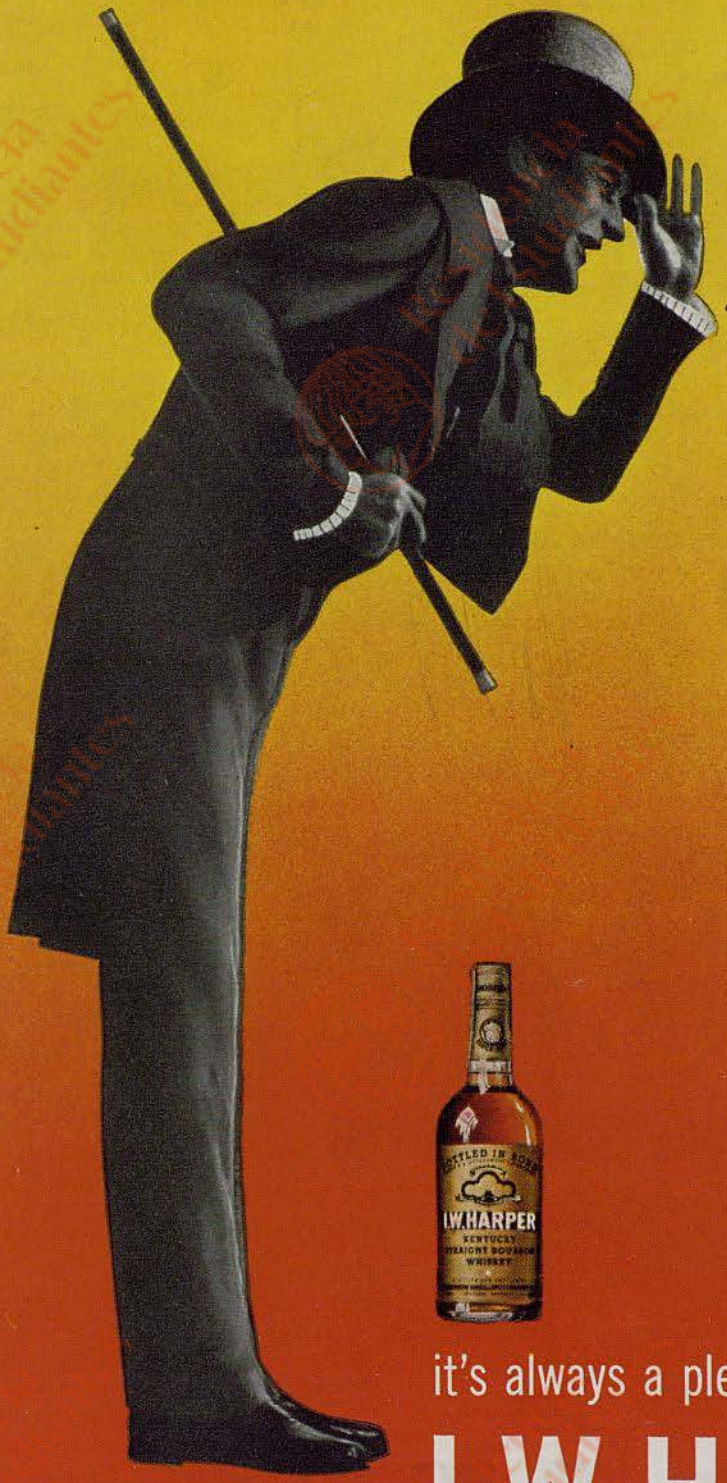
Full Houses. In Stockholm, Sweden, a mother who had just given birth to her fifth child talked with two wardmates who had each had twins, discovered that all five children had the same father. In a Chattanooga tax office, a woman claimed five dependent children, "Two by my first husband, two by my second, and one by myself."

Duly Noted. In Hartsdale, N.Y., Mrs. Winifred Day presented as evidence a note she had received from her husband Thomas, reading, "Winnie, I got married a week ago. I hope you don't mind." She got her divorce.

Interlude. In London, James Percy Knight, 67, retired as elevator man at the House of Commons, received extra pay but no pension because for 45 years he had ranked only as a temporary employe.

Reverse Rationing. In Lind, Wash., Mayor Joe Roller left his automobile at home to save gas, walked to work, was notified that during his stroll a gas truck had crashed into his garage, spilled 6,800 gallons of gas, caught fire, burned up his car and garage.

No Contest. In St. Louis, a contest to guess how long it would take a 300-pound cake of ice to melt ended suddenly when the cake slid off a platform in a flower-shop window, crashed through a plate-glass window, smashed to smithereens on the sidewalk.



. . . *may I urge you to hold on to all the War Bonds you buy.*

J. W. Harper

it's always a pleasure

I. W. HARPER

since 1872

the gold medal whiskey



Distilled in peace time and Bottled in Bond under the supervision of the U. S. Government.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof. Bernheim Distilling Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky



"ZERO ON BURMA ROAD! That," says War Correspondent Howard Baer, "has nothing to do with the temperature. It places the locale of this scene at *no miles* from Kunming, beginning of Burma Road."

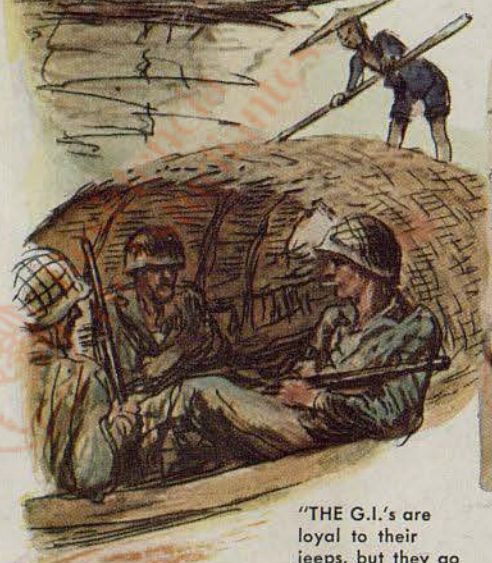
Flashes from Burma Road

by Howard Baer

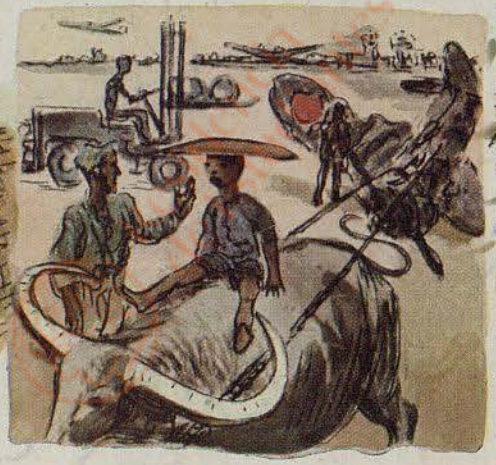
With pen and ink and brush, the noted artist and Abbott war correspondent, Howard Baer, gives you a sketchbook slant on G.I. Joe and Johnny in the China-Burma theater.







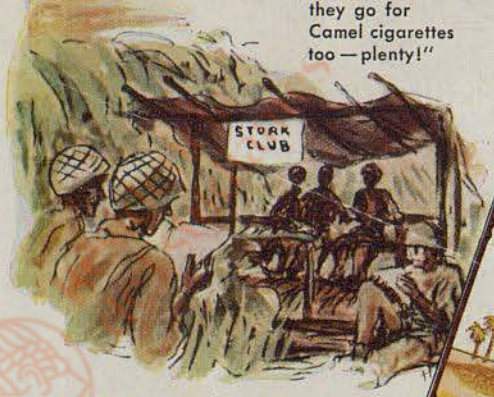
"THE G.I.'s are loyal to their jeeps, but they go for these sampans in a big way. And they go for Camel cigarettes too—plenty!"



"THE NIPS HAVE GONE. *Correction!* All but this one being towed off the air strip by the water buffalo. These boys not only can build air strips out of nothing—they can *protect* them too!"



"A FEW EMPTY gasoline tins—a few sticks of bamboo—a bit of Yank ingenuity—presto, you've got a *shower!* And nothing tops off a cool shower like a fresh, flavorful Camel."



"BASCHA, they called this recreation hut where the boys gathered with their mail and their Camels. In Burma and China, a fresh, flavorful Camel cigarette is just like a taste of home."



"THIS JUMBLE of symbols at the left is my *chop*—Baer, in Chinese. I can't speak one of their dialects, but I can tell you a pack of Camels says 'U.S.A.' without any interpreter. Camels are my smoke—they're tops with G.I.'s. And it's good to see them getting Camels, too, even if Camels are scarce on the home front."

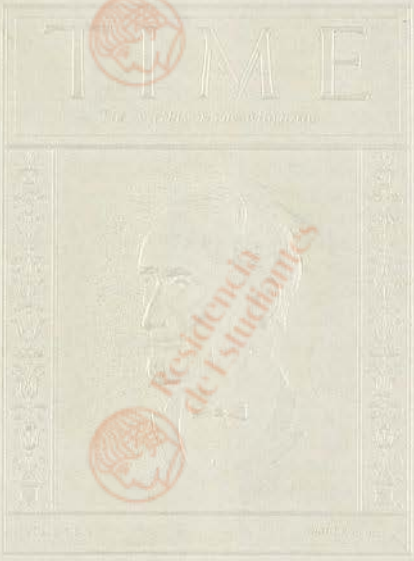
Yes, your dealer may not always have Camels, but when you do get them you're still getting *Camels* . . . costlier tobaccos, properly aged.

R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS Camels

BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS

Seating



Monday, the sixth of May

Nineteen hundred and sixty-three

Waldorf-Astoria



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If your name is not in this seating booklet,
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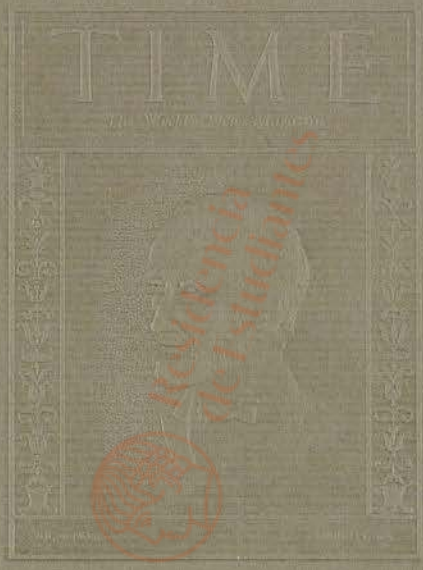
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Other guests who have appeared on TIME's cover
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after this booklet was printed:

BURTON K. WHEELER
**June 18, 1923: U. S. Senator from Montana*
Attorney

EDITH CUMMINGS
Aug. 25, 1924: National Women's Amateur Golf Champion

EUGENE L. VIDAL
Dec. 18, 1933: Director of Air Commerce, U. S. Dept. of Commerce
President, Vidal Co.; Aviation Adviser to Chief of Staff, U. S. Army

ROSWELL MAGILL
Jan. 31, 1938: Under Secretary of the Treasury
Chairman, Tax Foundation, Inc.

GEORGE C. KENNEY
Jan. 18, 1943: Commanding General, Allied Air Forces, Southwest Pacific
President, The Arthritis & Rheumatism Foundation

EDGAR BERGEN
Nov. 20, 1944: Ventriloquist
Entertainer and actor

BILLY ROSE
June 2, 1947: Theatrical producer. impresario
President, Billy Rose Enterprises, Inc.

ERNEST GRUENING
June 16, 1947: Governor of Alaska
U. S. Senator from Alaska

JAMES C. PETRILLO
Jan. 26, 1948: President, American Federation of Musicians
Consultant, American Federation of Musicians

CLARENCE STREIT
Mar. 27, 1950: Member of the Board, Atlantic Union Committee
President, Federal Union, Inc.

MICHAEL DI SALLE
Mar. 19, 1951: Head of Office of Price Stabilization
President and Chief Executive Officer, Reston, Virginia

ANDREA MEAD LAWRENCE
Jan. 21, 1952: Captain of the 1952 U. S. Women's Olympic Ski Team

G. MENNEN WILLIAMS
Sept. 15, 1952: Governor of Michigan
Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs

HEINRICH (HEINZ) NORDHOFF
Feb. 14, 1954: Industrialist, leader in West Germany's economic recovery
Director-General of A. O. Volkswagenwerk

DR. JONAS E. SALK
Mar. 29, 1954: Scientist who developed first polio vaccine
Commonwealth Professor of Experimental Medicine, Univ. of Pittsburgh

BOBBY LAYNE
Nov. 29, 1954: Quarterback Detroit Lions
Quarterback Pittsburgh Steelers

JOSEPH M. DODGE
Jan. 24, 1955: Special Assistant to President Dwight D. Eisenhower
Former Chairman of the Board, The Detroit Bank & Trust Co.

CARMINE DE SAPIO
Aug. 22, 1955: Leader of Tammany Hall
Democratic National Committeeman for New York

RALPH T. REED
April 9, 1956: President American Express Co.
Chairman, Executive Committee, American Express Co.

BILL HARTACK
Feb. 10, 1958: Jockey

VAN CLIBURN
May 19, 1958: Winner of Moscow's International Tchaikovsky Piano Competition

CHARLES E. CHAMBERLAIN
Oct. 27, 1958: Congressman from Michigan

ROBERT B. MEYNER
Nov. 24, 1958: Governor of New Jersey
Attorney; Member Board of Public Directors
The Prudential Ins. Co. of America

*****LYNDON B. JOHNSON
July 18, 1960: U. S. Senator from Texas
Vice President of the United States

MORT SAHL
Aug. 15, 1960: Comedian

WILLIAM B. SHOCKLEY
Jan. 2, 1961: Physicist; Lecturer, Stanford University
Director of the Shockley Transistor Div., Clevite Corp.

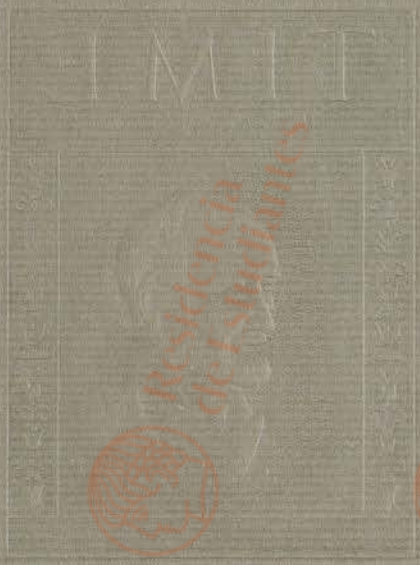
JAMES VAN ALLEN
***Jan. 2, 1961: Physicist*
Discoverer of Van Allen radiation belt
Professor and Research Physicist, State University of Iowa

ANCEL KEYS
Jan. 13, 1961: Physiologist, University of Minnesota

CLINTON MURCHISON, JR.
June 16, 1961: Texas Financier
Partner in Murchison Bros.

JOHN MURCHISON
June 16, 1961: Texas Financier
Partner in Murchison Bros.

VIRGIL COUCH
Oct. 20, 1961: Director, Industry Office, Federal Civil Defense Adm.

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COVERING FOUR DECADES

Nearly three hundred of the men and women who have appeared on the cover of TIME since 1923 are attending TIME's Fortieth Anniversary dinner. These distinguished guests represent every field of news from government and business to science and the arts. The roster of cover subjects attending was incomplete as this booklet went to press, but the roll call which follows, with cover portraits in chronological order, is a graphic reminder of the history of these past four decades and of the people who helped to make it.

JACK DEMPSEY
Sept. 10, 1923: World Champion Heavyweight Boxer
Restaurateur

JAMES S. ROCKEFELLER
July 7, 1924: Captain, Yale Crew, 1924 Olympics
Chairman, First National City Bank of New York

GEORGE SISLER
March 30, 1925: Player-Manager, St. Louis Browns
Scout for the Pittsburgh Pirates

F. TRUBEE DAVISON
Aug. 24, 1925: Chairman, National Crime Commission
President Emeritus, American Museum of Natural History

GENE TUNNEY
Aug. 30, 1926: World Champion Heavyweight Boxer
Business Executive

MARIA JERITZA
Nov. 12, 1928: Metropolitan Opera Soprano

INA CLAIRE
Sept. 30, 1929: Actress

HARRY F. GUGGENHEIM
Oct. 21, 1929: U.S. Ambassador to Cuba
Newspaper Publisher; Philanthropist

DEEMS TAYLOR
Feb. 16, 1931: Opera Composer
Music Commentator

ROY HOWARD
April 13, 1931: Publisher, Scripps-Howard Newspapers
Chairman, Executive Committee, Scripps-Howard

WINTHROP ALDRICH
Aug. 31, 1931: Commodore, New York Yacht Club
Former U.S. Ambassador

ERRETT L. CORD
***Jan. 18, 1932: President, Cord Corp.*

NORMAN THOMAS
Aug. 8, 1932: Socialist Candidate for the U.S. Presidency
Author; Lecturer

JAMES A. FARLEY
***Oct. 31, 1932: Chairman, Democratic National Committee*
President, Coca-Cola International

JOHN HAY WHITNEY
March 27, 1933: Race Horse Owner
Publisher & Editor in Chief, New York Herald Tribune

*This symbol indicates the number of TIME cover stories
for those who have been the subject of more than one.
Third line, when used, indicates present position or occupation.


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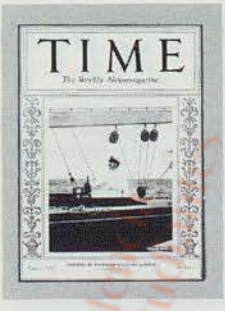

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RAYMOND MOLEY
May 8, 1933 : U.S. Assistant Secretary of State
Contributing Editor, Newsweek

FERDINAND PECORA
June 12, 1933 : Counsel, U.S. Senate Banking Committee
Attorney ; Former New York State Supreme Court Justice

FRANCES PERKINS
Aug. 14, 1933 : Secretary of Labor
Lecturer

HELEN ROGERS REID
Oct. 8, 1934 : Vice President, New York Tribune, Inc.
Trustee, Metropolitan Museum of Art

HERBERT LEHMAN
Dec. 31, 1934 : Governor of New York
Financier ; Former U.S. Senator

JOHN COWLES
July 1, 1935 : President, Minneapolis Star
Chairman, Des Moines Register & Tribune Co.

DON BUDGE
Sept. 2, 1935 : Member of Davis Cup Tennis Team
Business Executive

HELEN HAYES
Dec. 30, 1935 : Actress

MARRINER S. ECCLES
Feb. 10, 1936 : Chairman, Federal Reserve System
Banker

TORKILD RIEBER
May 4, 1936 : Chairman, The Texas Co.
Chairman, Barber Oil Corp.

CHARLES P. TAFT
Aug. 3, 1936 : Republican Presidential Campaign Adviser
Attorney ; Former Mayor of Cincinnati

JOHN DOS PASSOS
Aug. 10, 1936 : Author

WILLIAM CLAYTON
Aug. 17, 1936 : Co-Founder, Anderson, Clayton & Co.
Adviser on Economic Affairs

CLARENCE C. LITTLE
***March 22, 1937 : Director, Jackson Memorial Laboratory*
Scientific Director, Tobacco Industry Research Committee

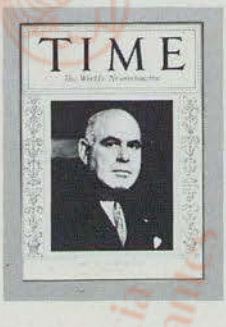
BOB FELLER
April 19, 1937 : Baseball Pitcher
Insurance Executive


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The Weekly Newsmagazine

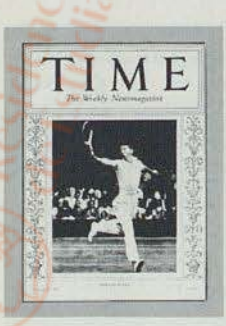

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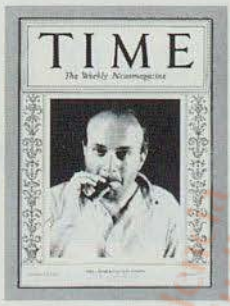

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MORRIS FISHBEIN
June 21, 1937 : Editor, American Medical Association Publications
Medical Editor

WALTER LIPPMANN
***Sept. 27, 1937 : Columnist*

COLBY M. CHESTER
Dec. 13, 1937 : Chairman, National Assn. of Manufacturers
Honorary Vice President, N.A.M.

BETTE DAVIS
March 28, 1938 : Actress

CLAUDE PEPPER
May 2, 1938 : U.S. Senator from Florida
U.S. Representative from Florida

BENJAMIN V. COHEN
Sept. 12, 1938 : Adviser to President Franklin D. Roosevelt
Attorney

THOMAS CORCORAN
Sept. 12, 1938 : Adviser to President Franklin D. Roosevelt
Attorney

WILLIAM PALEY
Sept. 19, 1938 : President, Columbia Broadcasting System
Chairman, CBS

CHARLES EDISON
Feb. 20, 1939 : Assistant Secretary of the Navy
Former Governor of New Jersey

GINGER ROGERS
April 10, 1939 : Actress

KAUFMAN T. KELLER
Oct. 16, 1939 : President, Chrysler Corp.

ETHEL MERMAN
Oct. 28, 1940 : Actress

EMORY SCOTT LAND
March 31, 1941 : Chairman, U.S. Maritime Commission
Vice Admiral, U.S.N. (ret.)

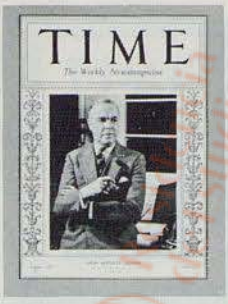
JOE LOUIS
Sept. 29, 1941 : World Champion Heavyweight Boxer
Boxing Promoter

ANDREW G. McNAUGHTON
Aug. 10, 1942 : Overseas Commander, First Canadian Army
Former Canadian Chairman, International Joint Commission

WILLIAM F. GIBBS
Sept. 28, 1942 : Naval Architect
President, Gibbs & Cox, Inc.


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JAMES H. DOOLITTLE
Nov. 23, 1942 : Major General, U.S. Army Air Corps
Director, Thompson Ramo Wooldridge Corp.

JUDITH ANDERSON
Dec. 21, 1942 : Actress
Dame of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire

RUTH GORDON
Dec. 21, 1942 : Actress; Playwright

JOHN W. BRICKER
April 26, 1943 : Governor of Ohio
Attorney; Former U.S. Senator

IRA C. EAKER
Aug. 30, 1943 : Commanding General, U.S. Eighth Air Force
Chairman, Advisory Board, Hughes Aircraft Co.

BOB HOPE
Sept. 20, 1943 : Actor; Entertainer

CHARLES EDWARD WILSON
***Dec. 13, 1943 : Vice Chairman, War Production Board*
Former President, General Electric Co.

LEVERETT SALTONSTALL
April 10, 1944 : Governor of Massachusetts
U.S. Senator from Massachusetts

CARL SPAATZ
***June 12, 1944 : Commander, U.S. Strategic A.F. in Europe*
Director, Litton Industries, Inc.

THOMAS E. DEWEY
*******Oct. 23, 1944 : Governor of New York*
Attorney

OMAR N. BRADLEY
*****Dec. 4, 1944 : Commander, Twelfth Army Group*
Chairman, Bulova Watch Co.

T. V. SOONG
Dec. 18, 1944 : President, Executive Yuan of China

ANITA COLBY
Jan. 8, 1945 : Motion Picture Executive
Fashion and Beauty Expert

JOAN FONTAINE
Jan. 8, 1945 : Actress

JENNIFER JONES
Jan. 8, 1945 : Actress

ROBERT E. WOODS
June 11, 1945 : First Cadet Captain, West Point
Executive, Continental Can Co., Inc.

DOUGLAS MacARTHUR
*********Aug. 27, 1945 : Supreme Commander, Southwest Pacific*
Chairman, Sperry-Rand Corp.

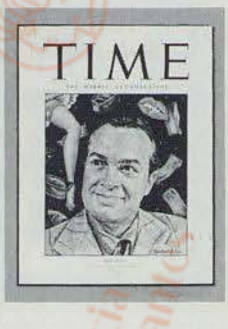
ALFRED P. SLOAN
***Sept. 24, 1945 : Chairman, General Motors Corp.*
Honorary Chairman, General Motors Corp.


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SPRUILLE BRADEN
Nov. 5, 1945 : U.S. Asst. Secy. of State for Latin America
Consultant on Foreign Investments

WALTER REUTHER
***Dec. 3, 1945 : Founder & President, United Automobile Workers*
President, C.I.O. Division, A.F.L.-C.I.O.

HENRY FORD II
****Feb. 4, 1946 : President, Ford Motor Co.*
Chairman, Ford Motor Co.

FRANCIS CARDINAL SPELLMAN
Feb. 25, 1946 : Archbishop of New York

DANNY KAYE
***March 11, 1946 : Actor ; Entertainer*

ELIZABETH ARDEN
May 6, 1946 : Racing Stable Owner
President, Elizabeth Arden, Inc.

JAMES BRYANT CONANT
*****Sept. 23, 1946 : President, Harvard University*
President Emeritus, Harvard University

HENRY A. WALLACE
******Sept. 30, 1946 : U.S. Secretary of Commerce*
Farmer ; Former Vice President of the U.S.

JOSEPH W. MARTIN Jr.
*****Nov. 18, 1946 : Speaker, House of Representatives*
U.S. Representative from Massachusetts

MARIAN ANDERSON
Dec. 30, 1946 : Contralto
Former U.S. Delegate, United Nations

JAMES F. BYRNES
****Jan. 6, 1947 : U.S. Secretary of State*
Former U.S. Supreme Court Justice

MILTON CANIFF
Jan. 13, 1947 : Cartoonist

MIGUEL ALEMÁN
April 28, 1947 : President of Mexico
President, National Council of Tourism

HEDDA HOPPER
July 28, 1947 : Columnist

DAVID LILIENTHAL
Aug. 4, 1947 : Chairman, U.S. Atomic Energy Commission
Chairman, Development & Resources Corp.


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HAROLD STASSEN
Aug. 25, 1947 : Candidate for Presidential Nomination
Attorney ; Former President, University of Pennsylvania

JACK KRAMER
Sept. 1, 1947 : Member, U.S. Davis Cup Tennis Team
Golf and Tennis Club Owner

SOPHIE GIMBEL
Sept. 15, 1947 : Saks Fifth Avenue Fashion Designer

JACKIE ROBINSON
Sept. 22, 1947 : First Baseman, Brooklyn Dodgers
Business Executive

deLESSEPS S. MORRISON
Nov. 24, 1947 : Mayor of New Orleans
U.S. Ambassador to the Organization of American States

LEWIS DOUGLAS
Dec. 1, 1947 : U.S. Ambassador to Great Britain
Chairman, Executive Committee, Mutual of New York

ROBERT J. KLEBERG Jr.
Dec. 15, 1947 : President, King Ranch, Inc.

W. STUART SYMINGTON
****Jan. 19, 1948 : Secretary, U.S. Air Force*
U.S. Senator from Missouri

CLARK CLIFFORD
March 15, 1948 : Adviser to President Harry S. Truman
Attorney

ROBERT LOVETT
***March 29, 1948 : U.S. Under Secretary of State*
Partner, Brown Brothers Harriman & Co.

GEORGE GALLUP
May 3, 1948 : Founder, American Institute of Public Opinion

EDDIE ARCARO
May 17, 1948 : Jockey
Representative & Consultant, American Totalisator Co.

LUCIUS D. CLAY
****July 12, 1948 : Commander, U.S. Forces in Europe*
Senior Partner, Lehman Bros.

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND
Dec. 20, 1948 : Actress

PERLE MESTA
March 14, 1949 : Washington's No. 1 Hostess
Former U.S. Minister to Luxembourg


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JUAN TRIPPE
***March 28, 1949 : President, Pan American World Airways*

CHARLES YEAGER
April 18, 1949 : Test Pilot, U.S. Air Force
Colonel, U.S.A.F.

MILTON BERLE
May 16 1949 : Actor ; Entertainer

LOUIS A. JOHNSON
***June 6, 1949 : U.S. Secretary of Defense*
Attorney

JOHN JAY McCLOY
June 20, 1949 : President, World Bank
Chairman, Chase Manhattan Bank

DAVID DUBINSKY
Aug. 29, 1949 : President, Intl. Ladies Garment Workers

RICHARD K. MELLON
Oct. 3, 1949 : Allegheny Community Development Leader
Chairman, Mellon National Bank & Trust Co.

HAROLD MEDINA
Oct. 24, 1949 : Presiding Judge, Communist Party Trial
Senior Circuit Judge, U.S. Court of Appeals

RAYMOND LOEWY
Oct. 31, 1949 : Founder, Raymond Loewy Associates
Chairman, Raymond Loewy-William Smith, Inc.

SELMAN WAKSMAN
Nov. 7, 1949 : Chairman, Dept. of Microbiology, Rutgers
Professor Emeritus, Rutgers

MARGOT FONTEYN
Nov. 14, 1949 : Ballerina
Dame of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire

ROBERT HUTCHINS
***Nov. 21, 1949 : Chancellor, University of Chicago*
President, Fund for the Republic

CONRAD HILTON
Dec. 12, 1949 : President, Hilton Hotels Corp.
Chairman, Hilton Hotels Corp.

CAROL CHANNING
Jan. 9, 1950 : Actress

EDWARD V. RICKENBACKER
April 17, 1950 : President & General Manager, Eastern Air Lines, Inc.
Chairman, Eastern Air Lines, Inc.


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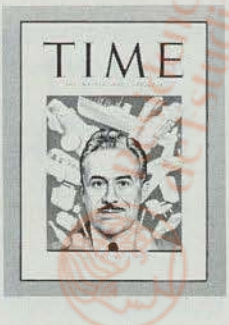

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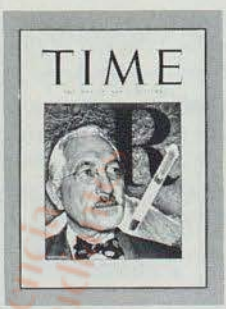

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ARTHUR HAYS SULZBERGER
May 8, 1950: Publisher, New York Times
Chairman, New York Times Co.

DARRYL F. ZANUCK
June 12, 1950: Vice President, 20th Century-Fox Film Corp.
President, 20th Century-Fox Film Corp.

WILLIAM J. LEVITT
July 3, 1950: President, Levitt & Sons, Inc.

AL CAPP
Nov. 6, 1950: Cartoonist

FRANK STANTON
Dec. 4, 1950: President, Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.

LESTER LUM COLBERT
***Jan. 29, 1951: President, Chrysler Corp.*
Chairman, Chrysler Corp. of Canada, Ltd.

MARGARET TRUMAN
Feb. 26, 1951: Daughter of President Harry S. Truman
Wife of Clifton Daniel Jr., Assistant Managing Editor, New York Times

MATTHEW B. RIDGWAY
****March 5, 1951: Commanding General, Eighth Army, Korea*
Former Chairman, Mellon Institute of Industrial Research

ESTES KEFAUVER
****March 12, 1951: U.S. Senator from Tennessee*

HENRY KNOX SHERRILL
March 26, 1951: President, National Council of Churches
Former Presiding Episcopal Bishop

CRAWFORD H. GREENEWALT
April 16, 1951: President, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.
Chairman, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.

JAMES A. VAN FLEET
***May 14, 1951: Commanding General, Eighth Army, Korea*
Real-Estate Executive

DAVID SARNOFF
***July 23, 1951: Chairman, Radio Corporation of America*

DICK SAVITT
Aug. 27, 1951: Wimbledon Tennis Champion
Investment Broker's Representative

LOUIS FINKELSTEIN
Oct. 15, 1951: President, Jewish Theological Seminary
Chancellor, Jewish Theological Seminary


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The New York Times


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PATRICE MUNSEL
Dec. 3, 1951: Metropolitan Opera Soprano

DeWITT & LILA BELL WALLACE
Dec. 10, 1951: Founders and Editors, Reader's Digest

MORTIMER J. ADLER
March 17, 1952: Author; Editor

MARK W. CLARK
***July 7, 1952: U.N. Commanding General in Korea*
President, The Citadel Military College of South Carolina

WALLACE K. HARRISON
Sept. 22, 1952: Architect

GEORGE HUMPHREY
Jan. 26, 1953: U.S. Secretary of the Treasury
Chairman, Executive Committee, National Steel Corp.

GWILYM A. PRICE
March 2, 1953: President, Westinghouse Electric Corp.
Chairman, Westinghouse Electric Corp.

ROSALIND RUSSELL
March 30, 1953: Actress

OTTO DIBELIUS
April 6, 1953: Bishop of Berlin-Brandenburg
Head of German Evangelical Church

EZRA TAFT BENSON
April 13, 1953: U.S. Secretary of Agriculture
Apostle, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints

OVETA CULP HOBBY
**May 4, 1953: U.S. Secy. Health, Education & Welfare*
President, Houston Post Co.

BENSON FORD
May 18, 1953: Vice President, Ford Motor Co.

CORNELIUS SHIELDS
July 27, 1953: North American Sailing Champion
Senior Partner, Shields & Co.

ALLEN W. DULLES
Aug. 3, 1953: Director, U.S. Central Intelligence Agency

LEWIS L. STRAUSS
**Sept. 21, 1953: Chairman, U.S. Atomic Energy Comm.*
Director, Radio Corporation of America


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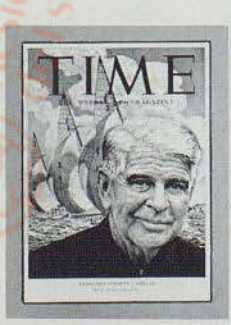

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WILLIAM JANSEN
Oct. 19, 1953 : Supt., New York City Public Schools
Trustee, Lincoln Savings Bank

GEORGE BALANCHINE
Jan. 25, 1954 : Choreographer, New York City Ballet

NATHAN F. TWINING
Feb. 8, 1954 : Chief of Staff, U.S. Air Forces
Vice-Chairman, Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Inc.

NATHAN PUSEY
March 1, 1954 : President, Harvard University

HENRY PITNEY VAN DUSEN
April 19, 1954 : President, Union Theological Seminary

JOHN SHERMAN COOPER
July 5, 1954 : U.S. Senator from Kentucky

PIERRE MENDÈS-FRANCE
July 12, 1954 : Premier of France
Attorney ; Author

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA
Aug. 16, 1954 : Actress

ALICIA PATTERSON
Sept. 13, 1954 : Newspaper Editor and Publisher

ARTHUR V. WATKINS
Oct. 4, 1954 : U.S. Senator from Utah
Chairman, U.S. Indian Claims Commission

CLIFFORD P. CASE Jr.
Oct. 18, 1954 : Candidate for U.S. Senator from New Jersey
U.S. Senator from New Jersey

BILLY GRAHAM
Oct. 25, 1954 : Evangelist

DAVE BRUBECK
Nov. 8, 1954 : Musician

THOMAS J. WATSON Jr.
March 28, 1955 : President, International Business Machines
Chairman, IBM

GWEN VERDON
June 13, 1955 : Actress


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TIME
I FIGHT FOR CHRIST!


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TIME


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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE


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REPORT ON McCARTHY
TIME


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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE


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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE


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AUGUST A. BUSCH Jr.
July 11, 1955 : Chairman & President, Anheuser-Busch, Inc.

HERMAN WOUK
Sept. 5, 1955 : Author

JOHN P. STAPP
Sept. 12, 1955 : U.S. Air Force Space Surgeon
Asst. Chief Space Scientist, U.S.A.F. Aerospace Med. Center

THURGOOD MARSHALL
Sept. 19, 1955 : Counsel, N.A.A.C.P.
Judge, 2nd Circuit, U.S. Court of Appeals

CASEY STENGEL
Oct. 3, 1955 : Manager, New York Yankees
Manager, New York Mets

ED SULLIVAN
Oct. 17, 1955 : Television M.C. ; Newspaper Columnist

W. AVERELL HARRIMAN
Nov. 14, 1955 : Governor of New York
U.S. Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs

G. KEITH FUNSTON
Nov. 21, 1955 : President, New York Stock Exchange

THEODORE ADAMS
Dec. 5, 1955 : President, Baptist World Alliance
Pastor, First Baptist Church, Richmond, Va.

LOUIS MARX
Dec. 12, 1955 : President and Chairman, Louis Marx & Co.

LEROY COLLINS
Dec. 19, 1955 : Governor of Florida
President, National Association of Broadcasters

LEONARD HALL
March 12, 1956 : Chairman, Republican National Committee
Attorney

ARLEIGH A. BURKE
May 21, 1956 : Chief of U.S. Naval Operations
Director, Chrysler Corp. and Texaco, Inc.

EUGENE R. BLACK
June 25, 1956 : Pres., Reconstruction & Development Bank
Consultant, Chase Manhattan Bank

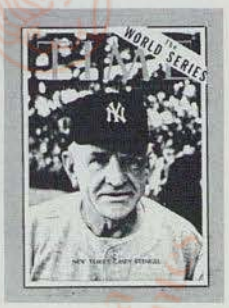
DAVID McDONALD
July 9, 1956 : President, United Steelworkers of America


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WORLD SERIES


TIME


TIME


TIME


TIME


TIME


TIME


TIME
GOP CHAIRMAN
LEONARD HALL


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REX HARRISON
July 23, 1956 : Actor

STAVROS NIARCHOS
Aug. 6, 1956 : Shipping Entrepreneur

ARTHUR B. LANGLIE
Sept. 3, 1956 : Governor of Washington
Chairman, McCall Corp.

WILLIAM McCHESNEY MARTIN Jr.
***Sept. 10, 1956 : Chairman, Federal Reserve System*

EDWARD HOPPER
Dec. 24, 1956 : Artist

ARTHUR W. RADFORD
***Feb. 25, 1957 : Chairman, U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff*
Member, Advisory Committees, Bankers Trust Co.

CARROL M. SHANKS
March 18, 1957 : President, The Prudential Insurance Co.
President, Universal Controls, Inc.

BERNARD A. SCHRIEVER
April 1, 1957 : Commander, Air Force Ballistic Missile Division
Commander, U.S. Air Force Systems Command

HERBERT BROWNELL Jr.
***May 13, 1957 : U.S. Attorney General*
Attorney

NORMAN CHANDLER
July 15, 1957 : President, Los Angeles Times

ALTHEA GIBSON
Aug. 26, 1957 : Wimbledon Tennis Champion
Tennis Teacher

GEORGE W. WALKER
Nov. 4, 1957 : Vice President, Ford Motor Co.
Industrial Stylist

THOMAS D. WHITE
Nov. 25, 1957 : Chief of Staff, U.S. Air Force
Adviser, U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency

LAURIS NORSTAD
Dec. 16, 1957 : Supreme Allied Commander, NATO
President, Owens-Corning Fiberglas International

NEIL HOSLER McELROY
***Jan. 13, 1958 : U.S. Secretary of Defense*
Chairman, Procter & Gamble Co.




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BATTLE OF THE SENATE
TIME


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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE


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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE


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FRANK PACE
Jan. 20, 1958 : President, General Dynamics Corp.
Director, General Dynamics Corp.

JAMES C. HAGERTY
Jan. 27, 1958 : Press Secy. to President Dwight D. Eisenhower
Vice President, American Broadcasting Co.

EDWARD DURELL STONE
March 31, 1958 : Architect

FRANKLIN CLARK FRY
April 7, 1958 : President, Lutheran World Federation
President, Lutheran Church in America

JOHN GUNTHER
April 14, 1958 : Author

WALTER O'MALLEY
April 28, 1958 : President, Los Angeles Dodgers

CHARLES S. RHYNE
May 5, 1958 : President, American Bar Association
Attorney

LUIS MUÑOZ MARÍN
***June 23, 1958 : Governor of Puerto Rico*

ROBERT PRESTON
July 21, 1958 : Actor

JACK PAAR
Aug. 18, 1958 : Television Master of Ceremonies

ROBERT D. MURPHY
Aug. 25, 1958 : U.S. Deputy Under Secretary of State
President, Corning Glass International

CHARLES H. GOREN
Sept. 29, 1958 : Bridge Expert

C. R. SMITH
Nov. 17, 1958 : President, American Airlines, Inc.

RALPH J. CORDINER
Jan. 12, 1959 : Chairman, General Electric Co.

ALEXANDER C. CUSHING
Feb. 9, 1959 : President, Squaw Valley Development Corp.


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U.S. MISSILES
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GENERAL DYNAMICS FRANK PACE


TIME
JESSE ISIDOR STRAUS


TIME
ARCHITECT EDWARD D. STONE


TIME
CLERGYMAN FRANKLIN CLARK FRY


TIME
REPORTER JOHN GUNTHER


TIME
THE DODGERS' WALTER O'MALLEY


TIME
LAW DAY
BAR ASSOCIATION'S PRESIDENT SYME


TIME
PUERTO RICO'S GOVERNOR MUÑOZ MARIN


TIME
"THE MOON MAN"


TIME
FRENCH WEST AFRICA


TIME


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TIME
AMERICAN AIRLINES C.R. SMITH


TIME
ATOMICS AT WORK
GENERAL ELECTRIC'S RALPH CORDINER


TIME

HARRY BELAFONTE
March 2, 1959 : Singer ; Actor

PAUL TILLICH
March 16, 1959 : Protestant Theologian
Professor Emeritus, Harvard

RICHARD BOONE
March 30, 1959 : Actor

LYMAN L. LEMNITZER
May 11, 1959 : Vice Chief of Staff, U.S. Army
Supreme Allied Commander, NATO

DWIGHT P. ROBINSON
June 1, 1959 : Chairman, Massachusetts Investors Trust

JOHN R. HELLER Jr.
July 27, 1959 : Director, National Cancer Institute
President, Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center

EDWARD N. COLE
Oct. 5, 1959 : General Manager, Chevrolet, General Motors
Vice President, Car & Truck Divisions, General Motors Corp.

HENRY C. ALEXANDER
Nov. 2, 1959 : Chairman, Morgan Guaranty Trust Co.

ROBERT E. KINTNER
Nov. 16, 1959 : President, National Broadcasting Co.

ROBERT B. ANDERSON
Nov. 23, 1959 : U.S. Secretary of the Treasury
Partner, Carl Loeb, Rhoades Co.

SAM HUFF
Nov. 30, 1959 : Professional Football Player

CHARLES G. MORTIMER
Dec. 7, 1959 : Chairman, General Foods Corp.

HUBERT H. HUMPHREY
****Feb. 1, 1960 : U.S. Senator from Minnesota*

JAMES RESTON
Feb. 15, 1960 : Chief, N.Y. Times, Washington ; Columnist

ELWOOD QUESADA
Feb. 22, 1960 : Administrator, Federal Aviation Agency
Director, American Airlines


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TIME
THE U.S. ARMY


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TIME
ROBERT KINTNER


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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
HUMPHREY FOR PRESIDENT


TIME


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SHERMAN FAIRCHILD
July 25, 1960: Chairman, Fairchild Industries

RAFER JOHNSON
Aug. 29, 1960: U.S. Decathlon Star
Director of People-to-People University Program

MARGARET CHASE SMITH
Sept. 5, 1960: U.S. Senator from Maine

HENRY CABOT LODGE
****Sept. 26, 1960: Vice-Presidential Candidate*
Director-General, The Atlantic Institute

CLARK KERR
Oct. 17, 1960: President, University of California

SYLVIA PORTER
Nov. 28, 1960: Business Columnist

JOHN COURTNEY MURRAY, S.J.
Dec. 12, 1960: Professor of Theology, Woodstock College

DEAN RUSK
Dec. 26, 1960: U.S. Secretary of State Designate
U.S. Secretary of State

DONALD A. GLASER
Jan. 2, 1961: Physicist; Professor, University of California

ISIDOR I. RABI
Jan. 2, 1961: Physicist; Professor, Columbia University

LEONTYNE PRICE
March 10, 1961: Metropolitan Opera Soprano

JAMES MORAN
March 24, 1961: Owner, Courtesy Motor Sales, Inc., Chicago

JEAN KERR
April 14, 1961: Playwright; Author

JOSÉ MIRÓ CARDONA
April 28, 1961: President, Cuban Revolutionary Council
Former President, Cuban Revolutionary Council

EUGENE CARSON BLAKE
May 26, 1961: Stated Clerk, United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A.

BARRY GOLDWATER
June 23, 1961: U.S. Senator from Arizona


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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE


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TIME
MEN of the YEAR


TIME


TIME


TIME


TIME


TIME


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LEONARD LARSON
July 7, 1961: President, American Medical Association
Member, Board of Trustees, A.M.A.

BILL MAULDIN
***July 21, 1961: Cartoonist*

MAXWELL D. TAYLOR
July 28, 1961: Military Adviser to President Kennedy
Chairman, U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff

DONALD J. RUSSELL
Aug. 11, 1961: President, Southern Pacific (Railroad) Co.

C. DOUGLAS DILLON
Aug. 18, 1961: U.S. Secretary of the Treasury

LAWRENCE O'BRIEN
Sept. 1, 1961: Special Assistant to President Kennedy

ARTHUR J. GOLDBERG
Sept. 22, 1961: U.S. Secretary of Labor
Associate Justice, U.S. Supreme Court

JEAN MONNET
Oct. 6, 1961: Crusader for European Common Market

MARY I. BUNTING
Nov. 3, 1961: President, Radcliffe College

JOHN ENDERS
***Nov. 17, 1961: Virologist, Harvard Medical School*

WILLEM ADOLF VISSER 't HOOFT
Dec. 8, 1961: General Secretary, World Council of Churches

THEODORE M. HESBURGH
Feb. 9, 1962: President, University of Notre Dame

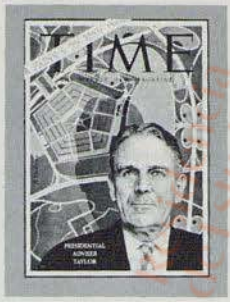
KONOSUKE MATSUSHITA
Feb. 23, 1962: Chairman, Matsushita Electric Industrial Co.

WILLIAM OGLE
May 4, 1962: U.S. Nuclear Test Director

FREDERIC G. DONNER
May 18, 1962: Chairman, General Motors Corp.


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NELSON ROCKEFELLER
*****June 15, 1962 : Governor of New York*

MRS. WINSTON GUEST
July 20, 1962 : New York Society Leader

SAMUEL I. NEWHOUSE
July 27, 1962 : Newspaper and Magazine Owner

DEL E. WEBB
Aug. 3, 1962 : President, Del E. Webb Corp.
Chairman, Del E. Webb Corp.

D. BRAINERD HOLMES
Aug. 10, 1962 : Director, U.S. Office of Manned Space Flight

EVERETT M. DIRKSEN
Sept. 14, 1962 : U.S. Senator from Illinois

EDWARD KENNEDY
Sept. 28, 1962 : Nominee, U.S. Senator from Massachsetts
U.S. Senator from Massachusetts

HARRY A. BATTEN
Oct. 12, 1962 : Chairman, N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.
CHARLES H. BROWER
Oct. 12, 1962 : President, Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn
LEO BURNETT
Oct. 12, 1962 : Chairman, Leo Burnett Co., Inc.
FAIRFAX M. CONE
Oct. 12, 1962 : Chairman, Exec. Comm., Foote, Cone & Belding
JOHN P. CUNNINGHAM
Oct. 12, 1962 : Chairman, Exec. Comm., Cunningham & Walsh
ROBERT M. GANGER
Oct. 12, 1962 : Chairman, D'Arcy Advertising Co.
GEORGE H. GRIBBIN
Oct. 12, 1962 : President, Young & Rubicam, Inc.
Chairman, Young & Rubicam, Inc.
ROBERT E. LUSK
Oct. 12, 1962 : Chairman, Benton & Bowles, Inc.
DAVID M. OGILVY
Oct. 12, 1962 : Chairman, Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.
NORMAN H. STROUSE
Oct. 12, 1962 : President, J. Walter Thompson Co.

WILLIAM SCRANTON
Oct. 19, 1962 : Candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania
Governor of Pennsylvania

JOHN M. KEMPER
Oct. 26, 1962 : Headmaster, Phillips Academy, Andover

GEORGE W. ANDERSON Jr.
Nov. 2, 1962 : Chief of U.S. Naval Operations

GEORGE ROMNEY
***Nov. 16, 1962 : Governor-elect of Michigan*
Governor of Michigan


TIME
NELSON ROCKEFELLER


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SAM NEWHOUSE


TIME
PUBLISHER
DEL WEBB


TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE


TIME
SENATOR EVERETT DIRKSEN


TIME


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TIME
WILLIAM SCRANTON


TIME


TIME


TIME
REPUBLICAN
GEORGE ROMNEY

ADLAI STEVENSON
*****Dec. 14, 1962: U.S. Ambassador to United Nations*

VINCE LOMBARDI
Dec. 21, 1962: Coach, Green Bay Packers Football Team

LYNN A. TOWNSEND
Dec. 28, 1962: President, Chrysler Corp.

MINORU YAMASAKI
Jan. 18, 1963: Architect

MORTIMER CAPLIN
Feb. 1, 1963: U.S. Internal Revenue Commissioner

RICHARD J. DALEY
March 15, 1963: Mayor of Chicago













Residencia de Estudiantes

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TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine

Time & Life Building/Rockefeller Center

New York 20, New York

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VOL. I NO. 1



Dinner

in honor of

the newsmakers of four decades

given by

Mr. Henry R. Luce

on the occasion of

The Fortieth Anniversary

of

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

on Monday, the sixth of May

Nineteen hundred and sixty-three

The Waldorf-Astoria

New York

Residencia de Estudiantes

We welcome tonight each and every one of our guests. Thank you for being here.

And we salute with special honor some three hundred of you who have been on the cover of TIME. Each of you — may we not assume — has found joy in your work, in your vocation; our joy has been in telling what you have done and something, so far as we could understand, of how and why.

History doesn't just happen. People make it happen. By history we mean not only the great affairs of state but also the happenings in science, in the arts, in the field of sport and in all the other fields of aspiration and endeavor. Taken altogether these mean Civilization; and so we say Civilization doesn't just happen, people like yourselves make it happen.

In recent years, we have had to face the prospect of a catastrophic end — to everything. But we also face a livelier and more likely prospect — the prospect of creating throughout the world a more splendid Civilization than was ever known before, the first great technological, prosperous, humane and reverent Civilization.

We give thanks tonight for the innumerable deeds and the countless discoveries that make our present lives so full of enjoyment and opportunity. We cherish the hope that much greater work may yet be done for the peace and prosperity of mankind. We would be faithful to the heritage and to the vision of ordered liberty by which so many of us are bound together in allegiance.

HENRY R. LUCE

May 6, 1963

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Program

Toastmaster
Mr. Henry R. Luce

Invocation
His Eminence Francis Cardinal Spellman

Introduction of Guests of Honor
by Mr. C. D. Jackson, Miss Helen Hayes,
The Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge, Mr. Bob Hope

Miss Leontyne Price
accompanied by Mr. David Garvey
"Chi' il bel sogno di Doretta" from Puccini's La Rondine

Remarks
The Honorable Lyndon B. Johnson, The Vice President
The Honorable Nelson A. Rockefeller, The Governor of New York

Addresses
The Reverend Dr. Paul J. Tillich
The Honorable Dean Rusk, The Secretary of State

Benediction
The Reverend Dr. Henry Pitney Van Dusen

Dancing
Jade Room and Astor Gallery
Meyer Davis and his Orchestra

Menu

Truite de Rivière en Gelée à la Muguette

Consommé Fantôme

Filet de Boeuf au Foie Gras
Sauce Périgourdine

Fonds d'Artichauts Sautés Argenteuil

Baba Anniversaire Flambé Montmorency

Café

Cognac, Liqueurs

Coeur d'Alsace Riesling 1959

Pommard Clos de la Commaraine 1959

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