

FIFTEEN CENTS

OCTOBER 30, 1944

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Artzybasheff

MACARTHUR OF THE PHILIPPINES

"I shall return."

(World Battlefronts)

VOLUME XLIV

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

NUMBER 18



MODERN MIRACLE: in 5 years the U. S. Aviation Industry jumped from 17th to 1st place among all the nation's industries! Shell participated by supplying 19 Aircraft and Engine manufacturers with Shell Industrial Lubricants.

STINGERS

*3,623 combat planes produced in 1939—
110,000 in 1944!*

In 5 years, by a production miracle the Aviation Industry has multiplied annual output *30 times*—turning out an average of 276 planes every day in 1944! We now have enough planes to give us complete and devastating air superiority—and our output rate is still climbing!

Shell's contribution to this production miracle was the development of special industrial lubricants to meet specific needs. For example, one lubricant stepped up cutting speed and at the same time substantially increased tool life. Another reduced drill breakage—lessened operator fatigue. Other Shell Industrial Lubricants helped a major manufacturer

achieve one of the lowest maintenance costs in the industry.

As war production enters the final phase, proper lubrication becomes more vital. Yesterday's solution is seldom good enough for today!

Constant improvement in lubrication is a major responsibility of the "University of Petroleum," Shell's research laboratories. Shell engineers apply these improvements in the field.

*Are you sure your plant has the benefit of all that is new in lubrication as it develops?
Call the Shell Lubrication Engineer.*



First oil refinery to win the Army-Navy "E"—Shell's Wood River Refinery.



**LEADERS IN WAR PRODUCTION RELY ON
SHELL INDUSTRIAL LUBRICANTS**

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



Photo courtesy of The Studebaker Corp.

Cars on snowshoes

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

WHEN there was danger that the Japs might invade Alaska the army needed a new kind of vehicle to travel fast on deep snow — or on ice, through water, swamps or on hard roads. It had to have "tank treads," not wheels, and it had to be so light it would "float" on snow.

B. F. Goodrich men had developed light rubber-covered treads for "half-track" vehicles but even those were too heavy. Could they be made much lighter? Could "fins" be added to push against snow, but which still wouldn't touch ground on a hard road?

Could they get the answers *quickly*?

For fastening rubber to metal, rubber men had always used *molds* — and molds took six months to make. B. F. Goodrich developed a method of blowing the rubber on the metal with compressed air. It was faster and worked just as well. They designed new treads while an automobile company was designing the machine itself. The "weasel", as it is called, is just about the fastest thing off wheels. They used it in France instead of Alaska, but the snowshoes turned out to be the best kind of sandshoes and mudshoes.

B. F. Goodrich research goes on in war or peace and applies to every kind of rubber product, new or old. No product is too standardized to be improved or changed to meet changing needs of users. B. F. Goodrich distributors can tell you about those improvements in products your company already uses or *might* use. If you don't know the distributor nearest you, write for address or ask about any problem you have that rubber might solve. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Industrial Products Division, Akron, Ohio.*

B. F. Goodrich

RUBBER and SYNTHETIC products

LETTERS

Wendell Willkie

Sirs:

Thank you for the beautifully written story about Wendell Willkie [TIME, Oct. 16]. I am ashamed now of the silence I affected after his Presidential defeat because I feared the ridicule of those who believed him to be a political clown. At least I had the redeeming grace to read, enjoy and tell others about his *One World*. When a majority of Americans reach Willkie's patriotic stature, America will finally attain true greatness.

MARGARET MILLIGAN

Cincinnati

Sirs:

... This man, who through his own great efforts had kindled the flame of true Democracy in the hearts of millions of our citizens, was discarded by the Old Guard element of his own party even though he was the titular head of the organization. These citizens will not forget this act of betrayal, and the "crocodile tears" shed by Republican bigwigs and their obedient press over his passing will only tend to magnify their shortcomings to followers of Wendell Willkie.

W. A. STROUD

Bethesda, Md.

Sirs:

I should like to propose a memorial to Wendell Willkie which I think he would have approved. I suggest that millions of our citizens contribute one dollar each to a Wendell L. Willkie Memorial Fund. The income therefrom would be used to provide traveling scholarships for American college students to spend their vacations touring various parts of the world, meeting the people Willkie loved and championed. ... Perhaps half of the income could be used to provide scholarships for foreign students to visit us. Here's my dollar to start it off.

LAWRENCE H. SINGER

New York City

Sirs:

I have just read ... of Wendell Willkie's death, and I feel a deep sorrow because a great hope has died with him. You have a Roosevelt and a Dewey and will have one of them as your next President. Both are poli-

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TIME
October 30, 1944

Volume XLIV
Number 18



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

The historic tang of

Early American Old Spice ... the historic touch of early

American pottery containers ... the historic triumph

of shaving requisites that have won the unstinted praise

of American men. Free-lathering Old Spice

Shaving Soap in pottery mug \$1.00, refreshing After-

Shaving Lotion \$1.00,[†] invisible Talcum 75¢.[†]

Not illustrated: Bath Soap, 2 cakes \$1.00. Also in sets—

\$1.00 to \$5.00.[†] Each a Shulton Original.

Make Your Dollars Fight ... Back Up Our Men

Buy War Bonds

[†] Plus Tax



BUY WAR BONDS! . . . TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

"Now you can finish cutting corn, Pop!"

"I had to chase all over town for your pitman rod, Dad, but I finally found one. Good thing the Plymouth doesn't break down. It fetches parts for you, gets stuff to market, brings goods home. Just as Bud says, it's our 'service of supply' in this war. Thank goodness, we *did* buy a Plymouth."*

On country roads as on city streets, Plymouth is a thoroughly useful car. It owes its all-around reliability to sound engineering, precision manufacturing and tough testing.

Plymouth is the low-priced car with fine-car engineering. It is a big car—long and wide. It's a sturdy car—with all-steel body and double-channel frame.

* Based on an actual interview in the Plymouth files.

This car has been matched against all kinds of driving conditions. Using the nation as their testing ground, engineers proved, improved and reproved parts and features in deep sand and winter mud, desert dust and far north cold, farm lanes and city streets.

Today, all Plymouth's facilities are going into plane and tank and gun production.

But Plymouths built before the war are proving their extraordinary value—reliable low-cost transportation reliably serviced by Plymouth's experienced dealer organization.

Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation

• TRUE YESTERDAY —

**PLYMOUTH
BUILDS
GREAT CARS**

• IN TRUST FOR TOMORROW

You'll enjoy Major Bowes Thursdays, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.



The team's gotta keep in shape!

You bet it has! After all, a cold or sore throat can play hobb with a flashy quarter-back or a watch-charm guard. So, at the first symptom of trouble, it's Listerine Antiseptic—quick; the coach says so, and there's sound logic behind the decision.

Tests made during a 12 year period showed that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and usually milder ones, and fewer sore throats, than non-users.

This impressive record is due, we believe, to Listerine Antiseptic's ability to kill millions of the potentially troublesome germs associated with colds and sore throat. Doctors call them the "secondary invaders". When body resistance is low they can frequently stage a mass invasion of throat tissue and cause much of the misery and discomfort you associate with a cold:

It is the business of Listerine Antiseptic to attack these germs on mouth and throat surfaces...to help halt such mass invasions before they can cause trouble. Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.

So, remember! When you feel a cold coming on gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. It may spare you a nasty and prolonged siege of discomfort.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC

**A GOOD FRIEND TO HAVE AROUND
WHEN COLDS AND SORE THROAT THREATEN**

ticians; both are shrewd. But we, the men of all nations, had a Willkie and we have lost him. He was not shrewd, but he was sincere. Perhaps he was a poor politician . . . but he was something very much more than that. He was a man!

FCO. BENA ALVÍREZ

Tacubaya, Mexico

The Campaign

Sirs:

Critical and even hostile attitudes of thousands of Americans, some Republicans, more Democrats, toward the candidacy of Governor Dewey are difficult to understand or justify. . . .

An inescapable conclusion from these antipathetic attitudes is that thousands of voters want a spectacular leader, a "Führer," for their candidate. They desire and seek an egocentric, messianic individual, under whose banner they may exultantly follow in search of the more abundant life.

Dewey seems to be no such man. He, therefore, disappoints these hero worshipers. He does, nevertheless, possess obvious qualifications. He is dispassionate and fairminded, a capable and thoroughly honest administrator. He is experienced and fully aware of the problems facing the nation. He has addressed the people with reasonable frankness on the subjects of employment, labor relations, social security and international affairs. He comes before the American electorate with fewer political commitments than any major candidate in recent history, with the exception of Wendell Willkie.

All of these facts may not determine the voters' preference for Dewey. It is opportune, however, for any fairminded voter to give them consideration.

ROBERT V. EDWARDS

Los Angeles

Sirs:

Well, you're at it again. In 1940 you played down Mr. Willkie's campaign, and now, four years later, you are going out of your way a mile to belittle Mr. Dewey and his campaign.

A. M. WIDENER

Cumberland, Md.

Sirs:

Tell Ben Turick, who hails from my home town, that those reasons for Dewey votes (TIME LETTERS, Oct. 9), are absurd enough but no more than the one a great many Roosevelt supporters give, viz.: "I will vote for Roosevelt in 1944 because of what Hoover did or didn't do in 1932." If Hoover's record of twelve years ago has any bearing on what either candidate proposes to do in 1945 I'd like to know what it is.

[U.S. A.A.F. OFFICER'S NAME
WITHHELD]

Minneapolis

Marines v. 27th

Sirs:

We have just received a copy of TIME [Sept. 18] and after reading your story about our 27th division on Saipan we feel that this article is outrageous and unfair to the men who gave their lives for their country.

Our regiment was committed a total of 23 days on the front lines without one day of relief from the Marines whom we relieved on the morning of June 17. Your article stated that the Marine divisions had to wait for us, which is untrue. They make it a practice to attack during the latter part of the morning, thereby holding up our advance a number of mornings. Aslito airfield, "the primary objective," was taken by our regiment after the Marines had twice tried in vain. Other units of the division had the job of



The lion arrived in a letter...That's right!...

It was a letter from a lawyer who informed us that his client had tripped on a break in our sidewalk... had wrenched his spine... and the only thing that would make his client happy was five thousand bucks!

We stared at that letter stunned-like... and as we stared it became a lion.

"I'm going to eat up every cent you have," he growled. "I'm going to wreck your home!... Five thousand dollars... five thousand... five thousand..."

"Stop! Stop!" I cried. But he kept on growling and he kept on growing until he practically filled the living room. And then, just as he was about to leap... Mr. Friendly,

the American Mutual man, appeared.

"American Mutual!" he cried... and the lion turned pale and started to slink out the door.

"This lion," said Mr. Friendly, "is a fraud... a mere figment of your imagination! You figment!" he said to the lion who was shrinking rapidly by now.

"Your insurance," continued Mr. Friendly, "covers everything... You don't have to worry about this baby... we'll take care of him!"

"Scram figment" he said, and the figment scrambled!

*The thing to remember is this... protect yourself from figments, fire, accidents and theft with American Mutual's new All American Plan.**

Mr. Friendly and the Lion in the Living Room!



*Nobody sells you insurance! You see for yourself what you need with American Mutual's new All American Plan. You know at a glance just how you can be completely protected. Send today for your free copy. Enjoy the peace of mind that comes with protection of your property... your income... yourself! Remember, when you insure with American Mutual you get the benefit of 56 years' experience... you have the opportunity to save 20%—one-fifth—on your premiums. Write Dept. D-51, American Mutual Liability Insurance Company, 142 Berkeley Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts.

*Your helping hand
when trouble comes!*



AMERICAN MUTUAL... the first American liability insurance company

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GREASE

- HOW MEN HATE GREASE !

The old-fashioned, greasy brushless shave is out! Men are switching by the thousands to the new, improved Mennen Brushless Shave because it has this big advantage—it's a cream, not a grease! Get it today at your druggist's in either jar or tube.

- wilts whiskers faster
- snowy white in color
- spreads easily, rapidly
- soothes dry, tender skin
- not messy, washes off easily
- goes farther, costs less per shave



**CREAM
NOT GREASE**

taking Mount Tapotchau while the Marines took both flanks and a great deal of the lower ground that flanked the mountain.

Anyone who could make a statement that we froze in our foxholes is not familiar with the operations on this island. The breakthrough that is mentioned in your article was one of the most heroic. We are proud to work with the unit who met the brunt of the attack. . . .

The boys who gave their lives on Saipan did not give them while sleeping or, as you say, freezing in their foxholes. We know that our division is one of the best fighting units in this area and wish to have it proven otherwise. We feel that someone should set the public right on this slur to our fighting ability. . . .

(T/SGT.) JOHN MAHON
(T/SGT.) PETE PISA
(S/SGT.) HENRY SPELLMEYER
(S/SGT.) FRED PROCTOR
(PFC.) DONALD LAIRD

c/o Postmaster
San Francisco

Sirs:

. . . Your article mentions the fact that a desperate Jap counterattack broke through our greenest regiment. That is true. But the Marine artillery *did not* stop any Jap counterattack. Our regiment moved up and re-established a line. While moving up they recaptured two batteries of Marine artillery, lost during the Jap counterattack. . . .

(PFC.) HYMAN BEIZER

c/o Postmaster
San Francisco

Sirs:

Many thanks to you people for printing the truth about the Army shake-up during the battle of Saipan. We have read many explanations of this situation, which is covered completely in *TIME*, but your story is the first to express the true picture of the circumstance. . . .

(SGT.) CHESTER W. ENGELMAN
(SGT.) JACK G. CHILDS

c/o Fleet P.O.
San Francisco

Sirs:

. . . The time for discrimination between branches of the armed forces is past. We are supposed to be a team united for victory. Sometimes we do a better job of fighting each other than we do fighting the enemy. . . .

(S/SGT.) FRED A. CUMMINGS

c/o Postmaster
San Francisco

TIME certainly intended no slur to the 27th Division's brave dead or to its embattled G.I.s. Neither the Army nor the Marine Corps has made an official report on the action. Fact remains that the Army relieved many a 27th Division officer during and after the Saipan battle.—Ed.

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

And the air will be full of pictures!



Just as your radio captures music and drama and news from the air, so your television receiving set will snatch from space *the sight as well as the sound* of the programs you tune in—*while they are taking place miles away!*

You can expect many exciting things—in radios, in phonograph-radios, and in television—from the engineers who develop Capehart and Farnsworth instruments. Their experience enabled them—almost overnight—to turn the

Farnsworth plants to production of Radar, military radios for planes, ships and land forces, and other communications equipment for Allied fighters.

Out of this unique background, after the war, will come new Capeharts and new Farnsworth radios and phonograph-radios with reception and tone and fidelity that will amaze you.

You will choose from a rich selection of Farnsworth and Capehart instruments . . . sizes and styles in great variety, and

at a wide range of prices . . . both standard broadcast and the new FM radio, dependable record-changers, and eventually the magic of television (reward of 19 years of Farnsworth research and development), in models from the most modestly priced to the most luxurious.

And every Farnsworth or Capehart will be a precision instrument—the finest that can be made for you at its cost! Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

INVEST IN VICTORY — BUY WAR BONDS

THE
CAPEHART

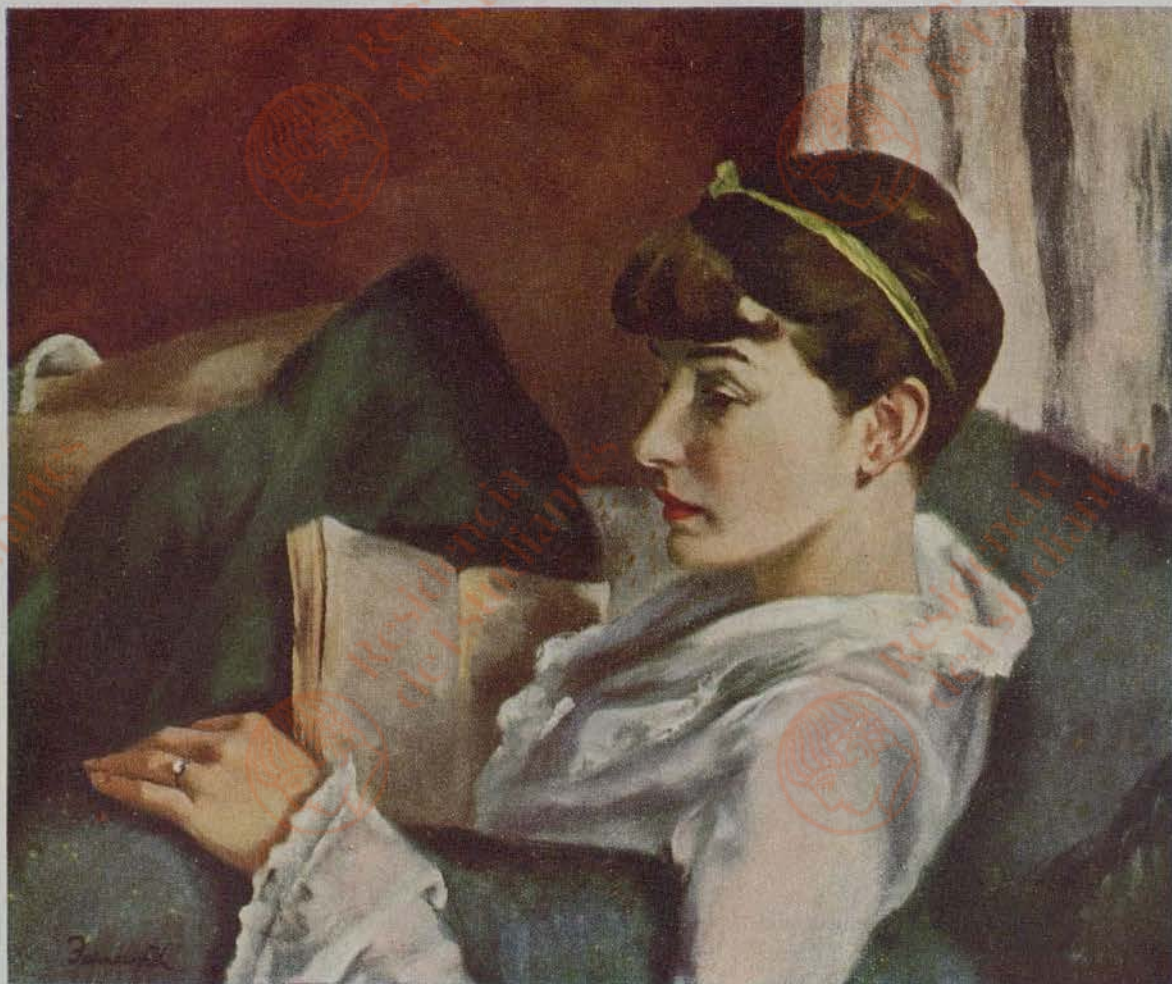


THE
FARNSWORTH

Television • Radio • Phonographs
FARNSWORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION

♥ of absence
and ♥
bond hearts

See on her finger—the ringset star that guides
his thoughts in swift succession to her 'round the
earth's great curve. Today its steadfast light reflects their
love and confidence while he is distant. Tomorrow
it will flame with the joy of their reunion.



"MARY ELLEN," BY JERRY FARNSWORTH, FROM THE DE BEERS COLLECTION

ONE-QUARTER CARAT  \$85 to \$200

ONE-HALF CARAT  \$190 to \$375

ONE CARAT  \$540 to \$835

TWO CARATS  \$1375 to \$2300

Facts About Diamonds: These are average current prices for unmounted quality diamonds. Add 20% for tax. (The exact weights shown occur infrequently.) Size alone does not determine diamond values. Color, cutting, brilliance and clarity have an equally important bearing. You should have a trusted jeweler's best advice at all times when buying diamonds.

Industrial Diamonds—a key priority for high-speed war production—come from the same mines as gem stones. Millions of carats are used in United States industries today. The occasional gem diamonds found among them help defray production costs for all these fierce little "fighting" diamonds. Thus, there are no restrictions on the sale of diamond gems.

An engagement diamond that has stood this bright
watch between young heart and absent heart
can never be replaced or duplicated;
it becomes their talisman for
all the future—the more-than-precious
treasure of all their life to be.

TIME

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INDEX

Army & Navy..71	Letters.....2
Art78	Medicine.....44
Battlefronts...19	Milestones....96
Books.....99	Miscellany....50
Business.....85	Music.....90
Canada at War.18	People.....44
Cinema.....54	Press.....64
Education....42	Radio.....58
Foreign News..28	Sport.....81
Latin America..38	Theater68
U.S. at War...11	

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TIME, OCTOBER 30, 1944

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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

Dear Subscriber

"Dateline—Leyte."

Last Friday John Walker of TIME's Battlefronts department handed his first dispatch from the Philippines to an Army short-wave broadcaster.

"American power came back to the Philippines today over the glass-smooth, grass-green waters of Leyte Gulf under a tropical sun coming through an ominous haze lit by yellow flashes and the blasting of guns," that message began. "It was virtually perfect weather for the landings."

Walker's words flashed across 7,000 miles of ocean via U.S. Army Signal Corps circuits to San Francisco. And there the monitors of the Blue Network picked them up—recorded them—wrote them down—and wired them east by fast overland telegraph—to reach TIME's editors in New York in less than an hour's time.

"All landings seem to have come off well," Walker reported. "The beach where I am was perforated by both mortar and artillery fire at landing. Two boats hit, one sunk. Casualties relatively light. Loyal Filipinos helping us from the first moment of landing."

Walker went on to tell how General MacArthur got his first view of the Philippines—"a gun-rocked coast backed by rolling hills. He saw it from a cruiser standing in to shore an hour after the landings, sitting placidly on the flag bridge puffing his pipe. . . ."

And when the General came ashore at Red Beach, TIME's Bill Chickering, veteran of the Gilberts and the landing on Bougainville, was waiting on that "toughest beachhead" to report MacArthur's arrival with President Osmeña:

"Both men seemed calm," Chickering short-waved, "but MacArthur borrowed a canteen and his hand trembled as he held it to his lips. Watching his expression, there was no mistaking his elation. . . ."

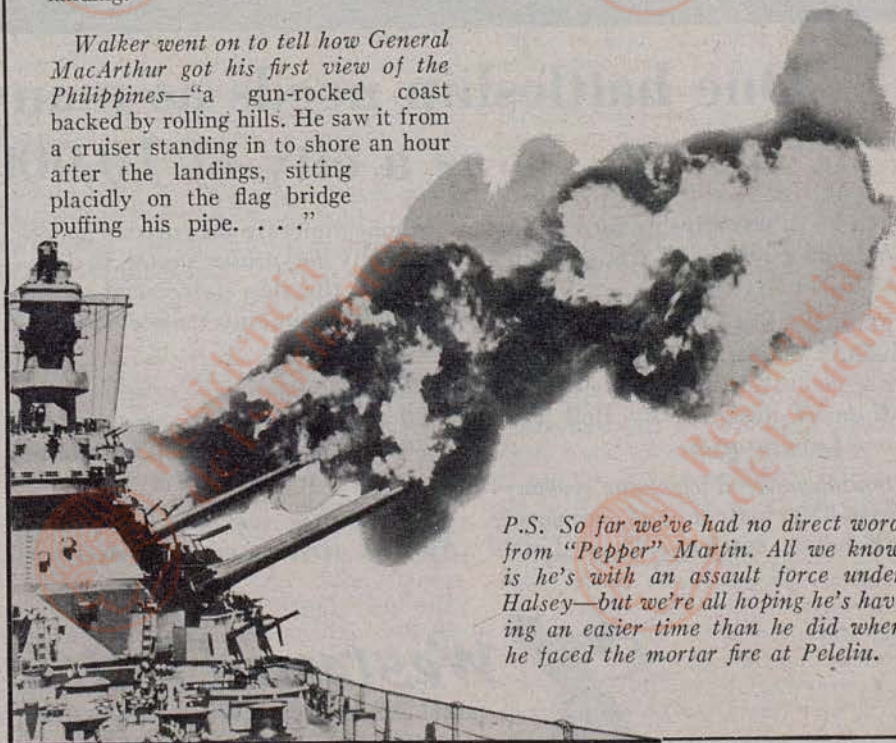
"This morning on this sandy beach, where nipa huts lean crazily, columns of Filipinos began to pass by. Their clothes were patched and the gay colors faded, but in their faces was dignity above any other native race we have encountered."

"Said one to me: 'Glad to see you, sir. It has been many years.'"

"I'm not ashamed to admit that as I looked into his intelligent brown face there were tears in my eyes. . . ."

Cordially,

P. I. Prentice



P.S. So far we've had no direct word from "Pepper" Martin. All we know is he's with an assault force under Halsey—but we're all hoping he's having an easier time than he did when he faced the mortar fire at Peleliu.

Electrical Weapons by the Maker of Bell Telephones

No. 2 of a series: *for the Navy*



One battleship needs as many telephones as a city of 10,000

When U. S. warships go into action, telephone equipment transmits orders instantly, clearly.

For the huge battleship "Wisconsin," Western Electric supplied two separate telephone systems using equipment designed by Bell Telephone Laboratories.

1. *Sound powered telephone system*—with 2200 instruments connecting all battle stations. These battle

phones operate on current generated by *the speaker's voice*, so damage to the ship's electrical power supply cannot interrupt communications.

2. *Battle announcing system*—with 20 transmitter stations and over 300 loudspeakers which broadcast orders in a giant voice.

All this for just one battleship! Aircraft carriers, cruisers, destroy-

ers, submarines, merchant ships too must have telephone equipment.

Today Western Electric—peacetime maker of telephones, switchboards and cable for the Bell System—is the nation's largest producer of electronic and communications equipment to aid our armed forces at sea, on land and in the air.

To speed Victory, buy War Bonds regularly—and hold on to them!



75TH ANNIVERSARY

Western Electric

IN PEACE...SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM.
IN WAR...ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.



U. S. AT WAR

THE CAMPAIGN

In the Stretch

Dopesters, pollsters, pundits, bigwigs, wardheelers—all shapes & sizes of political wiseacres—were now getting phenomenally nervous. By all counts this was one of the queerest, bitterest—and closest—of all the Presidential races in U.S. history. So dead certain were all the experts that the race would be neck-&-neck that a comfortable victory by either candidate would make political expertism indefinitely suspect. And the polls were indecisive—if they showed anything it was that Dewey had drawn nearly level since midsummer. (Only the gamblers saw it as 3-to-1 for Roosevelt, and not much money was being bet.)

Back to New York after a month of campaigning all over the U.S. came good grey Norman Thomas, Socialist Presidential candidate ever since 1928. Norman Thomas said two things: 1) "I am gloomy about both candidates," and 2) this was the hardest Presidential race to judge of any of the five he had run in.

If the race was close, it was also demonstrably one of the bitterest. But even more clearly it was one of the queerest. Item: the youngest candidate in history was running against one of the oldest. Item: for the first time, one of the candidates had already had three terms and wanted a fourth. Item: the P.A.C., the group making the biggest organized effort to elect the Democratic candidate, did not even belong to the Democratic Party. Item: the G.O.P. candidate not only didn't encourage foofaraw, bands, parades and demonstrations, but deliberately discouraged it. Item: one of the main campaign speeches was mainly remembered as being about the candidate's dog.

What were the issues of this queer campaign, as it went into its last feverish fortnight? They were:

Foreign Policy. The Democrats said the President saw the war coming, prepared the U.S. for it, and is just as expertly preparing the peace—and the Republicans didn't see it coming, balked at preparations for it, and don't really mean their present internationalism. The Republicans said if the President saw the war coming, why didn't he do something about it besides sign tighter neutrality bills passed by a Democratic Congress? The U.S. was very poorly armed. And the President is only making political improvisations about the coming peace. How can any



N.Y. Daily News
IN THE "DAILY NEWS" (ANTI)

"The people can make up their own minds."



The N.Y. Times-Wide World
IN THE "TIMES" (PRO)

peacemaking be effective when half the Democrats and all the Republicans in Congress distrust the President?

Communism or Hillmanism. Said the Democrats: neither Earl Browder nor Sidney Hillman is running for the Presidency; it takes all kinds of support to elect a President. Republicans: why do Reds and pinkos like the New Deal so much then?

Term IV. Democrats: the 16 years do not matter; this is a choice between the alternatives of Tom Dewey and Franklin Roosevelt. Republicans: long-continued power corrupts.

Domestic Policy. Democrats: humanitarianism is more important than a little bungling here & there; only Franklin Roosevelt can guarantee jobs to the returning war veterans. Republicans: the New Deal has messed up every field of government. How can the tired old men do better now, in tougher times? Government controls should be adequate but not oppressive, and enterprise free, or the veterans will have to go on federal doles.

Veracity. Democrats: Tom Dewey takes phrases out of context and then changes the subject. Republicans: Franklin Roosevelt has talked out of both sides of his mouth for twelve years.

Health. Democrats: the President feels fine. Republicans (politely): we hope so.

Ovation in the Rain

Franklin Roosevelt donned his blue-black Navy cape and his famed campaign hat—the gear in which he campaigned successfully into Terms I, II & III. Out of the White House garage came the huge black Packard touring car with the bullet-proof windows. To the Secret Service went the order to mobilize all resources. Franklin Roosevelt had decided to campaign in the usual partisan sense.

The President always heeds the campaign advice of New York's shrewd little Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia. Last week "The Hat," as he is known in New York, was a White House luncheon guest. A few hours later, in Manhattan, bumbling Bob Hannegan, Democratic national chairman, announced that the President would tour New York City. Said Hannegan: "After the people have seen him, they can make up their own minds about his vigor and health."

Then Bob Hannegan took a back seat again (which as often as not turned out to be a seat at Toots Shor's Manhattan restaurant). This Roosevelt trip—perhaps the most crucial in his political career—had to be handled by professionals. New York's 47 electoral votes were at stake, and few men know the strategy of cap-

turing those votes better than The Hat.

The Hat took over, and in moved the C.I.O.'s potent P.A.C., which has replaced Tammany as a power in Manhattan politics. All leaves and vacations were canceled for New York's 15,000 policemen. To the members of New York's garment, clothing and furriers unions—usually off on Saturdays—went orders: be on hand to greet the President, rain or shine.

The Roosevelt Luck. It had poured before on Roosevelt occasions, notably at the 1937 inaugural when the drops came down like icicles, although generally the Roosevelt luck with weather had been fabulous. But it had never rained more incessantly and gloomily than now. It had

velt's Packard drove up a ramp. The President dismounted, stepped a few feet to a speaker's stand. It began to pour. The President took off his grey fedora, let the Navy cape drop from his shoulders. Standing in the rain in his grey sack suit, he spoke for five minutes. Said he: Bob Wagner "deserves well of mankind."

The Parade. Then the long trek began. The President's car moved at 25 m.p.h., with four Secret Service men on the running boards. The top was down, but the bulletproof glass sides up, beside the President. His car was flanked on each side by six sidecar motorcycles, and followed by three cars loaded with burly Secret Servicemen, eyes on the second-story windows,

Most of the time the President was smiling, and the chill and the rain brought a pink glow to his face. At times he relaxed, and when he did so, the sallowness in his cheeks showed, and the heavy lines on his face; then he looked tired. Pictures of him smiling or tired were taken by all newspapers, and they made their selections according to their political sympathies (*see cuts*).

Some thought the performance bravura, others brave. But whether or not the President had answered the questions about his health*—questions with which voters of both parties are naturally greatly concerned—would not be known until Election Day.

Meanwhile, Franklin Roosevelt, now fired with the old fire-horse enthusiasm, made plans for repeat performances. His Philadelphia speech this week would be preceded by a similar parade, and he planned a Chicago trip with an appearance at Soldier Field—where Mayor Ed Kelly presumably could be counted on to fill all 110,000 seats. In the final weeks, Candidate Roosevelt would give it all he had.

Dinner at the Waldorf

Six hours after his tour of New York City (*see above*), Franklin Roosevelt appeared in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on Park Avenue. The diners—2,000 members and guests of the Foreign Policy Association—were already at their tables. The organ struck up *Hail to the Chief*; the diners rose, stood for seven minutes until Franklin Roosevelt was wheeled in to his place at the center of the head table.

In days gone by, at such dinner speeches, there was usually before Franklin Roosevelt's place a row of short flower vases. Behind the vases stood several Old-Fashioned cocktails, which he would sip during dinner.

But tonight there were no cocktails. He smoked only two cigarets all evening—one before the speech, one after. Silently, engrossed, unsmiling, he passed rapidly through his crabmeat, turtle soup, breast of chicken, then pulled out his speech text and went to work. Pencil in hand, wetting his big thumb from time to time as he turned the pages, he read the speech over to himself, speaking softly, gesturing slightly. In the unflattering light of the little reading lamp, his weary face looked seamed and haggard. As he read he would jot down little interpolations, asides and personal stage directions. This was the old experienced actor, going through the final rehearsal. Much depended on this speech.

Lights Up. Suddenly the floodlights came up; the hard-working craftsman disappeared. In an instant the President was his old broad-smiling self, waving gaily as the diners applauded, smiling and

* Two days later, Presidential Secretary Steve Early announced that the President "did not have even a sniffle."



THE ROOSEVELT PARADE—MANHATTAN'S GARMENT CENTER
Some thought the performance bravura, others brave.

begun long before 9:50 a.m., when Franklin Roosevelt climbed out of his private railroad car at the Brooklyn Army base. He eased himself into the black Packard, ordered the canvas top drawn back, and threw the Navy cape about his broad shoulders.

Franklin Roosevelt, in his role as Commander in Chief, gazed through the dull drizzle at the tanks and bulldozers, the jeeps and howitzers ready for loading on merchant ships, took the cheers of 40,000 workers, then moved on to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where the super-battleships *Missouri* and *Iowa* were built, where the battered old *Texas* rested in dock for repairs. Driving down the bustling streets, past the giant Hammerhead Crane, the President was seen by more than half the yard's 70,000 workers. They cheered.

Then Franklin Roosevelt became the Term IV candidate. He headed for Brooklyn's Ebbets Field, and a frankly political rally for New York's Senator Bob Wagner. In the damp morning, the Ebbets Field crowd was but 9,000.

Way out in right field, Franklin Roose-

hands on guns. The cavalcade passed through Queens to The Bronx, from The Bronx to Harlem, from Harlem to the canyons of Manhattan, and down Broadway. All along the 51-mile route were crowds, heads covered with sodden newspapers or umbrellas, legs chilled by the wind, feet soaked. Water rolled down the President's cheeks and dripped from his chin, stood on the lenses of his pince-nez. His thinning hair was pasted flat, and the raindrops trickled down the sleeve of his right arm as he raised it again & again to the crowds. Sometimes there were cheers, and sometimes little more than the swish of heavy tires on the wet asphalt streets. Some people caught sight of his infectious grin, some never saw him at all. Most got a bare glimpse of a lifted hat, a waved arm.

On Broadway, and in Manhattan's garment district, where the crowds were thickest, the ticker tape fell, confetti and torn telephone books swirled down from the windows, pasting the wet streets with wastepaper. The parade had lasted four hours. New York police chiefs estimated the crowd at from 1,500,000 to 3,000,000.

joking with others at the head table. He remained seated during the speech.

He began with the assurance that he would not lose his head or his temper. Then, in the tone of a Dutch uncle, he reviewed his Administration's foreign policy. Since this was frankly a political speech—although the Foreign Policy Association is nonpartisan—the President obviously reviewed only the good points.

Then he shellacked the Republican isolationists, with a passing reference to his highly successful "Martin, Barton & Fish" line from the 1940 campaign. Martin and Fish are still there, he said, and in a Republican Congress they would become, respectively, Speaker of the House and chairman of the House Rules Committee. And, said the President, he just wanted to remind the voters that, if Republicans should gain control of the Senate, his "old friend," California's 78-year-old, rock-ribbed isolationist Hiram Johnson might become chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and North Dakota's isolationist Gerald P. Nye would head the powerful Appropriations Committee.

The internationalist-minded audience heartily booed the isolationist names including the McCormick, Patterson, Gannett and Hearst press.

"The Whole Story." With solemn gusto, Franklin Roosevelt then read the roll of the war measures which the Republicans in Congress had opposed: Repeal of the Arms Embargo, 1939; Selective Service, 1940; Lend-Lease, 1941; extension of Selective Service, August 1941.

"You see," said Franklin Roosevelt, "I'm quoting history to you. I'm going by the record, and I am giving you the whole story, and not a phrase here, and a half phrase there. . . ."

At this crack at Tom Dewey's campaign of quotation by ellipsis, Franklin Roosevelt got a tremendous hand. He took it like a veteran trouper. "In my reading copy is another half sentence," he said, "but you got the point and I'm not going to use it. I happen to believe that even in a political campaign we ought to obey that ancient injunction—Thou shalt not bear false witness. . . ."

Authority to Act. In the second half of his speech he spoke of his own views. One of them: the United Nations organization, well begun at Dumbarton Oaks, should be completed before the war is over. And he stated flatly that, in his opinion, the U.S. representative on the United Nations Council "must be endowed in advance by the people themselves, by constitutional means through their representatives in Congress, with authority to act."

This was an advance over any position either he or Tom Dewey had yet taken on this point. Then Candidate Roosevelt used a homely illustration. He did not think, he said, that a policeman would be very effective if, on seeing a housebreaker, TIME, OCTOBER 30, 1944

he would first have to call a meeting of the town council to get a warrant.

He concluded with his program for a conquered Germany. It was stated in the broadest general terms, and might soothe the troubled feelings of German-American voters. Said he:

"We bring no charge against the German race, as such, for we cannot believe that God has eternally condemned any race of humanity. . . . [But] there is going to be stern punishment for all those in Germany directly responsible for this agony of mankind. The German people are not going to be enslaved. . . ."



THE DEWEYS RECEIVE A PITTSBURGH SALUTE
"Today no one knows what our foreign policy is."

Associated Press

But it will be necessary for them to earn their way back into the fellowship . . . of law-abiding nations. And in their climb up that steep road, we shall certainly see to it that they are not encumbered by having to carry guns."

He was applauded 42 times during the address, to which the blue-ribbon audience paid closest attention. After the ovation he was wheeled out again, and the diners went off to argue the question only Election Day would answer: was the speech as good as it had to be?

Always the Attack

Tom Dewey stayed on the attack. He kept his opposition scurrying through the voluminous records of twelve years, supplying the missing parts from quotations which Dewey had cited as indicative of New Deal thinking. At times the whole Government seemed busy justifying its long past; the White House mimeographs rolled out their "corrections" of the Dewey quotations.

Sample: Dewey had cited a paragraph

in an official report by the President's uncle, Frederic Delano, which favored keeping the boys in the Army, as an example of the Washington thinking that led to General Lewis Hershey's unfortunate remark that "We can keep people in the Army about as cheaply as we can create an agency for them when they are out." In fact, the full text of "Uncle Freddie's" report ended up by recommending speedy demobilization. But while the Democrats were getting to their feet to shout "I object," Prosecutor Dewey was attacking on another front.

Last week he made his first full-scale

assault on Franklin Roosevelt's foreign policy. His audience was the New York *Herald Tribune's* annual forum, which the President had declined to address. Tom Dewey reiterated his approval of Dumbarton Oaks "because in this matter we have followed the American way of doing things—[leaving] it to the State Department where it belongs." But, said Dewey, "to the extent that we leave our international relations to the personal, secret diplomacy of the President, our efforts to achieve a lasting peace will fail. In many directions today our foreign policy gives cause for deep anxiety."

"Even in the earliest days of the Republic," he said, "the United States wielded a moral force in excess of its military power." Now Candidate Dewey called a roll of European problems where the U.S. does not seem to be wielding a great moral force:

Poland. "The restoration of free Poland is the outstanding symbol of what we are fighting for. . . . Mr. Roosevelt undertook to handle this matter personally and se-

cretly with Mr. Stalin. Mr. Roosevelt has not yet even secured Russian recognition of those whom we consider to be the true Government of Poland." (This invited another spanking from the Soviet official press, which had already called Dewey a provocateur for his Pulaski Day address—*TIME*, Oct. 23.)

Italy. said Dewey, is suffering mass unemployment, hunger and despair. "The Italian people deserve something better than the improvised, inefficient administration which personal New Deal government is giving them today."

Germany. When Germany was invaded, there was still no completed plans for its occupation, said Dewey, although General Eisenhower had warned last January that the U.S. would have to deal with that problem in 1944. And when President Roosevelt met with Churchill at Quebec to discuss such plans, he took along not Cordell Hull but the Secretary of the Treasury, "whose qualifications on military and international affairs are still a closely guarded military secret. . . . Germany's Propaganda Minister Goebbels has seized upon the whole episode to terrify the Germans into fanatical resistance. On the basis of our Treasury's ill-conceived proposals the German people were told that a program of destruction was in order for them if they surrendered. Almost overnight the morale of the German people seemed wholly changed. Now they are fighting with the frenzy of despair. We are paying in blood. . . ."

France. "Mr. Roosevelt's well-known personal antipathy for General de Gaulle, [his] persistent refusal to grant recognition to the De Gaulle Government of France is contributing to the increasing civilian chaos behind our lines. . . ."

Rumania signed a peace treaty ("no mere armistice") negotiated "by the authority of the Government of the U.S.S.R., the United Kingdom and the U.S. by Melinosky [sic]." That treaty was signed by a representative of Soviet Russia acting on behalf of the U.S."

All this, concluded Tom Dewey, is "What happens when a President insists upon handling foreign affairs on the basis of personal, secret diplomacy. The result is today that no one knows what our foreign policy is with respect to Poland, France, Germany, Rumania or other countries of Europe, or for that matter South America or China. We have no hint of what commitments we have made. . . ."

To Pittsburgh. Next day, the State Department wheeled up its mimeographs to reply to the Dewey charge. The flaw it found in Dewey's case was that the Rumanian surrender terms were a military armistice, not a treaty; the U.S. had been consulted at all stages.

Tom Dewey felt well satisfied with his attack on Roosevelt's foreign policy. He moved on to Pittsburgh.

There, as in Seattle, he sought to

prove that labor's great gains had begun under a Republican administration—with the Railway Labor Act of 1926. "There's no reason why our social trend should not continue. There's no reason except one—the New Deal—tired out, and too long in office. It distrusts people. It treats social gains of the Nineteen Thirties as its own private property. It wants to hold office forever in stalemated idleness. I say that social gains are not the property of any party."

Then Tom Dewey quickened his attack: "The New Deal has posed for years as the friend of labor. But today it has turned collective bargaining into political bargaining." He recited the 13-month struggle of railroad workers for a pay increase, after which "Mr. Roosevelt seized the railroads to forestall a national disaster which he himself had prepared. And after he did that he graciously gave the very wage increase to which the railway workers had been entitled for over a year."

"Now political power wasn't the only profit in this case. There was political cash, too. . . . The railway workers were forced to hire someone who knew his way around the White House. So the Railroad Brotherhoods had to hire Mr. Roosevelt's third-term national chairman—that eminent authority on Belgian paving blocks, Boss Flynn of The Bronx. . . . The price of his services to the railroad workers of America was \$25,000."

"In Its Youth." This was the racket-buster speaking; this was what the crowds liked to hear. From organized labor Dewey shifted to the "white-collar workers" under the New Deal. He told how a friend had spent 15 months appealing his request for increased pay before the New Deal at last decided it "by the old kangaroo method of splitting the difference." He continued: "It's been the same with millions of other white-collar workers. The New Deal . . . did some good things in its youth, but now it seeks to live on its past. It's the inevitable end of a philosophy which sees no real future for America."

Three times now Dewey had carried the fight to crucial Pennsylvania. Heartened by his latest reception, Tom Dewey returned to Albany, then once again set out on the road, to Minneapolis, Milwaukee and Chicago. He seemed coolly confident.

Willkie Testimony

In Connecticut last week, the New Deal candidate for governor made a desperate attempt to defeat popular Republican Governor Raymond E. Baldwin by accusing him of having "deserted" Willkie to become a "Hoover Republican." Governor Baldwin, who seconded Willkie's nomination in Philadelphia in 1940, and who had been a strongpoint in Willkie's strategy ever since, could not take this lying down. So Governor Baldwin told a little history. Said he:

"On the morning of the last day of the

[Republican] convention, I called at Mr. Willkie's office in New York. . . . I will never forget his words after he heard the actual news of Tom Dewey's nomination. . . . It was a moment when a man speaks with candor and without restraint."

"And that was what Mr. Willkie did. He turned to me and said emphatically: 'Well, you can rely on one thing. I will not support the President in his campaign for a fourth term.'"

Wendell Willkie had been dead only 17 hours when New Deal Columnist Drew Pearson rushed to a microphone to say that Willkie, had he lived, would probably have voted for Candidate Franklin Roosevelt.

This brought immediate denial in a dignified statement by Massachusetts' Senator Sinclair Weeks, a close personal friend of Willkie's, who concluded that he "had good reason to believe that exactly the opposite" was true. The Weeks statement was supported by other even stronger statements that in any case Willkie would not have voted for Roosevelt. Said Brother Fred Willkie: "I think he eventually would have come out for Dewey." Last week, the most complete testimony was given by Carl M. Owen, Willkie's law partner. Said Partner Owen: "I can say most emphatically that under no conditions would he have supported the Roosevelt Administration."

Thereafter the best New Dealers could do was to insist that Wendell Willkie had not made up his mind. No qualified person said he would have come out for Roosevelt.

Despite all the quotations, the best on-the-record evidence that Wendell Willkie would not have voted for Franklin Roosevelt was his Omaha speech last April in which he attacked, killed, dissected and then embalmed Franklin Roosevelt's foreign policy. The best evidence that he would not vote for Tom Dewey was his personal dislike for Dewey, whom he had rarely met.

The friends of Wendell Willkie were mostly of two kinds: those who were for him as second-best to Roosevelt, and those who worked with Willkie for his own election to the Presidency. Of the score of men beginning with Campaign Manager Ralph Cake who had done most work for and with Willkie in his 1944 campaign, only one, Albert D. Lasker, was last week in the Roosevelt camp. All the rest were working for Dewey. Senator Joe Ball (*see below*) had led the rival campaign for Harold Stassen of Minnesota, whom Willkie disliked even more than he did Tom Dewey.

In Rushville, Ind., Edith Willkie, "distressed" by the political argument about her husband, asked that all speculation cease. Said Governor Baldwin: "I sympathize with her feelings and agree. . . ."

INDIANA

Farewell at Rushville

Wendell Willkie had come back to Rushville, Ind. for the last time. Here he had courted Edith Wilk and married her; and when he made his money he bought farms nearby. In the past he had come back to this small town (pop. 5,709) from the great cities which were his arena, like a boxer coming back to his corner between rounds. Last week Rushville was quieter than usual; schools were closed; flags hung at half-mast and big, crepe-bordered photographs of Wendell Willkie hung in store windows. All morning people went into the grey stone Wyatt Memorial Mor-

one in a passionate dedication to freedom like that which consumed him. . . . The uncorrupted instinct for true greatness has given unanimous suffrage that 'this was a man.' It is hard to lose him. But it is easier because we lose him to the immortals."

Eight Rush County farmers, seven of them tenants on Willkie land and one a former tenant, carried Wendell Willkie's flag-draped coffin to the hearse. As the funeral procession moved over the road to East Hill Cemetery, hundreds stood bare-headed. The hearse rolled through a grey stone arch, up a hill to the grave.

Here, even more than in the town, there was the feel of autumn quiet. People walking up the slope to the grave stirred fallen

"President Roosevelt . . . capped his record of action by meeting squarely and unequivocally . . . the vital and controversial issues on which the isolationists kept us out of the League of Nations. . . . Governor Dewey . . . has spoken for a strong international security organization, but in each speech has so worded his commitment that both isolationists and internationalists could find comfort in what he said."

White House Call. Joe Ball had thought long and deeply before bolting. Also he had been wooed by the Democrats. Soon after he seconded Tom Dewey's nomination at Chicago, word went round that Ball was lukewarm. The St. Paul *Pioneer Press* asked him point-blank. Replied Joe Ball on Sept. 29: "Governor Dewey . . . has not yet convinced me that his own convictions . . . are so strong that he would fight vigorously for a foreign policy which will offer real hope of preventing World War III. . . ."

The White House, eager for such a convert, got busy. Harry Hopkins invited Ball over to see the President. The three—Hopkins, Roosevelt and Ball—talked an hour together at the White House. The day was Sunday, Oct. 15. Two days later Ball told newsmen: he would decide after hearing the foreign policy speeches of both candidates.

After he announced his choice, newsmen jammed his small Senate office. Joe Ball made one point clear: he spoke for himself alone, and not for his political mentor, Minnesota's ex-Governor Harold Stassen, now a lieutenant commander in the South Pacific. Then he said, about the White House visit:

"We discussed Dumbarton Oaks and other phases of foreign policy. The campaign was not even mentioned. . . ."

In Minnesota, Governor Edward J. Thye, picked by Harold Stassen to carry on his administration, was campaigning vigorously for Dewey. And so were nearly all the Stassenites. When Joe Ball withdrew Stassen's name from the Chicago convention, he had said:

"One-man government must be ended in the United States of America. Our Republican nominee, Governor Dewey, must win, and to that all-important and vital task the friends of Harold Stassen in Minnesota and elsewhere will give from now on everything they have."

The Klansman

Campaigning in San Francisco, Vice Presidential Candidate Harry Truman amiably endorsed the entire California Democratic ticket. A reporter cut in sharply: did that include Hal Styles (candidate for Congressman from Hollywood, exposed last month as a onetime Kleagle in the Ku Klux Klan)? Harry Truman said blandly he was for anybody who was for Franklin Roosevelt.

On the three folksy, saccharine radio



THE WILLKIES AT EAST HILL CEMETERY
That day, schools were closed.

tuary, housewives pausing to leave their shopping bags at the door.

In the afternoon fifteen hundred gathered for the funeral. There was room for only 250 inside the mortuary. Mrs. Willkie sat beside her son, Philip, a Navy lieutenant rushed back from convoy duty in the Atlantic for his father's funeral. Loudspeakers were set up outside, and people stood on the lawn in the thin autumn sunshine. Three small boys sat on the mortuary steps self-consciously, hats held carefully in their laps; their elders greeted each other with the formality peculiar to small towns on grave occasions.

The simple ceremony began. As the Rev. Dr. George A. Frantz, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis, delivered a Midwesterner's eulogy, scores in the chapel and on the street wept.

"If men ask where is his monument," said Dr. Frantz, "let them but look around at a world, one in integrity like his own,

leaves. Mrs. Willkie stood quietly beside her son, and her husband's brothers, Fred and big Ed Willkie. When the coffin was lowered she took one quick step toward the grave. Then, slowly, with the family group, she walked away down the knoll. The crowd left. Wendell Willkie, who had discovered that the world was one, was back home in Indiana.

POLITICAL NOTES

Joe Ball Decides

Minnesota's earnest young Senator Joe Ball set his own terms for supporting either Dewey or Roosevelt: the winner must convince Ball of the sincerity and strength of his internationalism. Then he sat back to listen. First he heard Tom Dewey's midweek broadcast; then he listened to Franklin Roosevelt. His decision: "I shall vote for and support Franklin Roosevelt." His reasoning:

programs he conducts over Hollywood's KFVB, Hal Styles promptly made the most of this topflight support. He plastered Hollywood with 60 billboards proclaiming, "Senator Truman says: 'I'm for Styles.'"

Hal Styles came to California in 1932. For twelve years he read poetry, platitudes and "notes from my magic scrapbook of life" over the radio, became a favorite of Los Angeles housewives. Last May he took his kitchen popularity into politics, trounced union-hating John M. Costello in the Democratic primary. Hollywood's liberal Democrats cheered. P.A.C. boasted nationally that this was their work. But these happy pink faces turned lobster red when Hearst's Los Angeles *Examiner* dug up the fact that Styles had been a Klansman in Queens County, N.Y. in the mid '20s.

The Hollywood Democratic Committee, which had sparked Styles's primary campaign, promptly disowned their candidate. So did the rabidly pro-Democratic Los Angeles *Daily News*. Los Angeles' P.A.C. still stood by him. Styles tried to explain, somewhat lamely, that he had joined the Klan to expose it in the old New York *Graphic*. But this excuse fell through when it turned out he had never been on the *Graphic's* payroll. Then he took another tack. He pictured himself as a changed man, compared himself to Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black (whose onetime Klan connections almost kept him off the bench in 1937). Styles even wangled an endorsement from an editorial writer on the leading Negro newspaper.

But dopesters were sure that Hal Styles' goose was cooked—despite the support of Truman and P.A.C.—and that the district would now go Republican.

Meanwhile Hal Styles went on explaining & explaining. His best: "My life is an open book, with a few pages stuck together."

Dec. 7 to Nov. 7

The amount of the Administration's responsibility for the Pearl Harbor disaster was up again last week. Republican Representative Melvin J. Maas of Minnesota, in a speech at St. Paul repeated the oft-made charge that responsibility for the disaster rested solely with President Roosevelt and other high Administration officials. His specific claim: that they had six hours' notice of the time & place for the attack, but did not warn the Army & Navy in Hawaii. Said he: a new secret report had been completed by the new Navy Court of Inquiry, but was being "suppressed" by the Administration.

Next day Navy Secretary James V. Forrestal told newsmen that he had indeed received the report from the court, which does not try anyone, merely assembles the facts. More than that the Secretary did not want to say. The document, he admitted, would be kept con-

fidential for the present, because parts of it had been marked "top secret" and the rest "secret." Since the Navy insists that release of secret material "would cause exceptionally grave damage to the nation," all Secretary Forrestal could do was to buck-pass the report to Admiral Ernest J. King, with the request that he decide whether or not parts of it could be made public. At least one high-ranker sarcastically explained that the "damage to the nation" would be election damage.

In Boston Charles B. Rugg, counsel for Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, issued a statement saying that Forrestal's "suggested procedure is a spacious pretext to keep the truth of Pearl Harbor hidden from Dec. 7, 1941 to Nov. 7, 1944. This inconsistent and dilatory procedure is unjust to Admiral Kimmel."

One thing was probable: the court report would be kept secret until after Election Day. One thing was now certain: the famed Roberts report on Pearl Harbor issued in January 1942 did not tell the whole truth. The full history of Pearl Harbor had yet to be written.

Expert

William Henry Chamberlin is a scholarly author whose twelve years (1922-34) as the *Christian Science Monitor's* Moscow correspondent changed him from an ardent admirer of Communism into a disillusioned critic (*Collectivism—A False*

Utopia). This week, writing in Scripps-Howard's New York *World-Telegram*, he gave his verdict on the significance of the Browder-Hillman campaign for Term IV. Said he:

"Communists have been trying to exploit our wartime association with Russia in order to suppress in this country any objective discussion of Soviet foreign policies and internal conditions. They act on the assumption that America is already one of the Soviet republics, where there can be no discussion of Stalin and his regime except in terms of worshipful praise.

"Nov. 7, the date of the election, is also the 27th anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution in Russia. One of the leading candidates in this election has attracted the cheers, the other the jeers of the Communists. It is for the voters to decide which is better qualified to carry out foreign and domestic policies inspired by purely American considerations, without benefit of foreign political influences and ideologies."

The Pot Boils

The isolationist Chicago *Tribune*, which loves Tom Dewey so much because it hates Franklin Roosevelt more, last week chided its Chosen Instrument. "We think Governor Dewey made a mistake when he accepted so large a part of the Roosevelt program. . . . He will regret these commitments; they will not win him any votes."



Associated Press

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING

This is a picture of the happy ending to a frightening story many a U.S. mother knows by heart. All one night, Mrs. Frances F. Titcomb, 500 volunteer searchers, police and bloodhounds, scoured the countryside near Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y., for her three-year-old son, Gary, and his little sister Carol. Next morning a neighbor's chauffeur walked into a chicken coop a block from the children's home and found the little boy & girl huddled together, cold, tear-stained and dirty. At a hospital they were bathed, tucked into bed. For their mother, the sight was well worth the night she had passed.

TEXAS

Gonna Live to 93

The train pulling Harry Truman's special car ground to a stop at flat, dusty Uvalde, Tex. As vestibule doors banged in the silence of the sunny afternoon, a little old man with a bright pink face came hurrying up to the train. It was ex-Vice President "Cactus Jack" Garner, the copilot whom Franklin Roosevelt had dropped in 1940. John Garner, now 75, was wearing a worn work shirt, buttoned at the throat, a pair of dingy pants. There was an outrageous twisted rope of cigar between his teeth and a faded ten-gallon hat pushed back on his white hair. His old friend from the U.S. Senate stepped down, rushed forward, hand outstretched. Old Jack Garner clapped him on the back, beaming: "I'm glad to see you, Harry, bless your old soul."

Garner's hands were stained black. He leaned forward slightly, favoring his left ear, talking fast. "Got my hands like this hulling pecans yesterday. Today I've been in the cornfield since early morning—I took the 'down row'—had to bend down, following the wagon. I wish we had time to strike a blow for Liberty, Harry."

"We have got time, Jack," Truman said. "You come right back here in my car. We've got some good bourbon whiskey." The nominee led the way.

When he was seated inside the car the old man slapped his leg. "Yes, sir," he said, "this is fine." He recognized the grizzled porter, Lawrence Ervin, as he stepped up with a bottle of bonded bourbon. Said the old man, "Hello there, boy. How are you coming along? Glad to see you. Put a little branch water in there, son, yes sir. Harry, I never felt better in my life. I'll be 76 next month and I'm gonna live to 93. I get to bed early—and I still drink whiskey. Couldn't live to 93 if I didn't." He tossed off a hefty drink. Truman asked him about the fantastic cigar. "Why, it's a Mexican cigar. Best in the world. Well, Harry, this train is fixing to pull out." He got up, glanced carefully at the bottom of his glass, said goodbye and started for the door.

When he climbed back down to the ground Ervin jumped down behind him and tucked a box of Truman's cigars under the old man's arm. Garner said, "Thank you. Thank you. These are mighty good." He stood, looking up, as the train began to roll away. Then he walked off, stopping once to strike a kitchen match expertly on the seat of his trousers and re-light the frayed stump of his Mexican cigar.

DISASTER

The Tanks Go Up

In 1940 the East Ohio Gas Co. began constructing three big spherical tanks, and a smaller cylindrical one, at their sprawling plant in Cleveland's east side. Each was a giant thermos bottle, cunningly built to



Associated Press

FIRE AMONG THE GAS TANKS IN CLEVELAND
Birds tumbled dead out of the air.

contain a strange substance—natural gas reduced to liquid under intense cold. One tank leaked slightly, but it was repaired. After that the tanks performed a miracle of storage. The liquid they held, when vaporized would become 240,000,000 cubic feet of inflammable gas. One afternoon last week, a white, cloudlike stream squirted from one of them. A thick fog drifted up. Then the whole sky ignited, and men working in the open company yard crisped and died like moths.

Thousands of people in homes and in the streets felt the instant blast of furnace heat, blinked at the puzzling light. In a house a block from the tanks Mrs. Charles Flickinger plugged in her vacuum cleaner, and started back. At the same instant the walls glared red and the curtains caught fire. A surveyor stared at the towering flames, automatically sighted past a factory roof and a chimney and found the fire reached to $11\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ above the horizon. He pulled out a slide rule and calculated its height—2,800 feet. Within minutes crowds of men, women & children were leaving their homes to hurry wildly along the sidewalks, clutching bundles of belongings. The wail of fire sirens rose all over the city and sound trucks blared directions to refugees.

Then the explosions began. Vast sheets of fire were flung for blocks, as though the tanks had become giant flame-throwers. The moments after blasts were musical with the sound of tinkling glass. Block after block of houses smoked, caught fire, and burned wildly, the flames slanting in a searing wind. The sound of explosions spread as gas mains began to detonate. Manhole covers went spinning into the air like tiddlywinks and sections of paving

disintegrated as though from dynamite blasts. Birds tumbled dead out of the air. As night fell, the flames lighted scenes of surrealistic desolation. The hospitals were full of burned men and women, and as firemen moved into the edges of the great fire behind white curtains of water they began to meet the blackened, unrecognizable dead.

At week's end the fires had died—all except the blue fountains of flame which still rose above broken gas mains. One hundred and twelve people were dead, 104 were missing, hundreds were homeless. Production in 39 Cleveland war plants was halted. Bulldozers clanked in the ruins, pushing over chimneys and walls, sloshing in lakes of black water left by the fire hoses. East Cleveland around the ruined gas storage plant looked as though it had been bombed.

TERRITORIES

"Those So Many Ships"

The Americans had come back. Filipinos ran excitedly through the shellfire laughing, crying, cheering to be inside the U.S. lines. When U.S. troops marched into the streets of Tacloban, women in bright dresses crowded every window and doorway; old men sprang to exaggerated attention to salute every U.S. uniform; toddlers had somewhere learned to make the "V" sign with their fingers.

Sylvester D. Bavo said it for the other Filipinos: "We knew that Japan could not beat America, but I do not believe my eyes when I see those so many ships. I feel like crying but I just stood and shook my head. All along the hills everybody just sang. We cannot help ourselves."

CANADA AT WAR

THE ARCTIC

Northwest Passage, 1944

For days the ship crept along an invisible coast. A leather-faced man with icy blue eyes and a perpetual squint strained for the leadsman's cry. Out of the fog that shrouded the Arctic sea, the muffled call came back: "Seven fathoms. . . ." Suddenly the leadsman's cry changed: "The bottom has gone away."

Master Mariner Henry Asbjorn Larsen knew then that he had turned Point Barrow into the Bering Sea. He knew that he had done what no other man had done: navigated the legendary Northwest Passage from west to east and back again. Last week Staff Sergeant Larsen piloted the weather-beaten 80-ton Royal Canadian Mounted Police ship, *St. Roch*, into Vancouver Harbor. She was just 86 days out of Halifax, had sailed on a 7,500-mile trip around the top of North America.

On Hudson's Course. Henry Hudson and Sir John Franklin, great explorers, had perished trying to do what Larsen had done. The only man to make the east-west passage before him was Roald Amundsen. Larsen, too, was a Norwegian, born some nine miles from Amundsen's birthplace in Borge, Norway. As Amundsen's ambition to conquer the Arctic had been fired by Franklin's exploits, so Larsen had been kindled by what Amundsen had done.

Larsen joined the R.C.M.P., not to be a policeman but to become an Arctic mariner for the force. His ship, the *St. Roch*, was specially built for Arctic voyaging. A diesel-powered schooner, she was built of timbers two-thirds heavier than those used in any ordinary craft. Her hull is sheathed in Australian ironbark—the only wood that can stand the grinding pressure of the pack ice.

In June 1940, Larsen set out from Vancouver on his west-east passage. It took him 28 months (TIME, Oct. 26, 1942). When he started back for Vancouver from Halifax last July, he had two veterans of his first cruise in his hand-picked crew of ten. They were provisioned for three years. Larsen and his men sailed in part by old admiralty charts prepared by the 19th-Century explorers, in part on their own, as when they crossed Viscount Melville Sound, never traversed before by any white man.

Northwest Passengers. The *St. Roch* picked up some passengers on the way. She ferried an Eskimo family from Baffin Island to Herschel Island, not far from the mouth of the Mackenzie River. Mother, father, grandmother, five children and 17 dogs insisted on staying topside, pitched their pup tent on the open deck.

At one point the *St. Roch* broke out the blue ensign to signal a settlement of Aleuts. The Aleuts refused to answer until the *St. Roch* ran up the Stars &



NORTHWEST PASSAGE, 1611*
New record: 86 days.

Stripes. They thought their visitor was a Jap ship.

The *St. Roch's* voyages are patrols to assert Canadian sovereignty over the Arctic.

THE DOMINION

Farmer John's Remedy

Ever since he set out to be Prime Minister, Canada's Tory leader, John Bracken, has had a hard time outpromising his opponents, Liberal Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King and socialist CCFer M. J. Coldwell. Just before he

* Last days of Henry Hudson and son, in Hudson's Bay, by John Collier.



JOHN BRACKEN
His plan: a managed economy.

accepted nomination in the next Federal election for the farming constituency of Neepawa, Manitoba, John Bracken tried again.

He told farmers that their troubles were due to the fact that the farmer had to buy in a tariff-protected market, sell in competition with "the peon workers of the Argentine. . . ." For this familiar complaint John Bracken, who is a farmer himself, had a brand-new farmer's remedy—he would replace such agricultural aids as guaranteed floor prices and special subsidy payments with a basic formula: let farm prices be fixed in advance of each crop year at levels high enough to guarantee the farmers "their proportionate share of the national income."

Since Canadian farmers now represent 30% of the Canadian population, they would presumably be guaranteed 30% of the national income. The taxpayers would make up the difference between the market and the guaranteed price. One unofficial estimate of the cost: from 200 to 300 million dollars a year.

Even devout Brackenites swallowed hard at this proposal to make Canada over into a managed economy. Said the *Ottawa Journal*: "Pretty advanced thinking."

Pink v. Red

Like its U.S. counterpart, the C.I.O., the Canadian Congress of Labor organized a political action committee.* Last week, delegates to the annual C.C.L. convention found themselves neck-deep in politics. C.C.L.'s Quebec director, the convention's nominal host, was soon fed up with all the lobbying and argument. Said he: "When we invited you to come and have a convention in the city of Quebec, we had a labor convention in view. . . . This . . . has developed into a political convention."

The issue: should the C.C.L. endorse the socialist C.C.F. as the political organ of Canada's labor movement? At its convention a year ago the C.C.L. had plumped for the socialists by a thumping majority. But out to fight the socialists were Canada's pseudonymous Communists, the aggressive Labor Progressives, whose party line calls for all-out support of Liberal Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King. Behind the Communists were the old-line Laborites (who believe that unions ought to stay out of politics), and the delegates from Catholic Quebec (who welcomed a chance to whittle down socialist strength).

On the final roll-call vote the Communists lost. The convention voted 272-to-185 to uphold the 29-point report of the Canadian P.A.C., which in effect again endorsed the C.C.F.

* The C.C.L. maintains close fraternal relations with the C.I.O., includes in its membership the Canadian locals of important international C.I.O. unions like the United Steelworkers and the United Automobile Workers.

WORLD BATTLEFRONTS

BATTLE OF THE PACIFIC

Promise Fulfilled

(See Cover)

In the captain's cabin of the 77-ft. PT-41 he lay on the tiny bunk, beaten, burning with defeat. Corregidor was doomed and with it the Philippines, but one leading actor in the most poignant tragedy in U.S. military history would be missing when the curtain fell. Douglas MacArthur, Field Marshal of the Philippine Army, four-star General in the U.S. Army, had left the stage. It was the order of his Commander in Chief.

As he lay on the bunk, General MacArthur was already trying to plan for a swift and overwhelming return. The cockleshell craft pounded noisily south through the swells of the Sulu Sea. The General was seasick; his wife chafed his hands to help the circulation. Douglas MacArthur brooded about his old command, and waited for the interminable journey to end.

They could travel only by night; by day Jap aircraft ruled the skies and they had to skulk in coves. At last the PT put in at Mindanao; a battered Flying Fortress took the MacArthurs on to Australia.

That was in mid-March 1942. The MacArthur who flew into Australia then was the picture of what had happened to the U.S. in the Pacific. He had been West Point's First Captain, and one of its greatest students. He had been the Rainbow Division's commander in World War I, later the Army's youngest Chief of Staff, and always the professional soldier's notion of what a professional soldier should look like. Now he was rumpled and untidy and probably for the first time in his life he looked his age. He was 62.

But he was not really beaten. In Adelaide he made the promise that the U.S., bewildered and shaken by the Japs' victorious campaign, heard with renewed hope.

"I came through—and I shall return."

A Soldier's Return. Last week, on the flag bridge of the 10,000-ton, 614-ft. light cruiser *Nashville*, stood a proud, erect figure in freshly pressed khaki. Douglas MacArthur had come back to the Philippines, as he had promised.

He had slept well, eaten a hearty breakfast. Now with his cornob pipe he pointed over the glassy, green waters of Leyte (rhymes with 8-A) Gulf, where rode the greatest fleet ever assembled in the Southwest Pacific. Around him were hundreds of transports, shepherded by an Australian squadron and MacArthur's own Seventh Fleet, reinforced with jeep carriers from Admiral Chester Nimitz' vast armada of seagoing airdromes. On the horizon loomed the majestic battleships of Admiral William F. Halsey's Third Fleet—some of them ghosts from the graveyard of Pearl Harbor. Beyond the horizon steamed the greatest concentration of water-borne air

TIME, OCTOBER 30, 1944

power in war's history—Vice Admiral Mitscher's fast carrier task groups.

American Lake. There was not a Japanese surface craft in sight. Only one enemy plane ventured out to attack. It dropped one bomb harmlessly into the sea.

The *Nashville* bore shoreward. The first land sighted by General MacArthur was the islet of Suluan, the first seen by Magellan when he discovered the Philippines in 1521. The first landings, on Homonhon, where Magellan had made his first landing, and on nearby Dinagat (see below), were only the preliminaries in MacArthur's vast and meticulously planned schedule of operations. His first major goal was Leyte,

months ago, like his Chief of Staff, Lieut. General Richard K. Sutherland; men who had been sent out later to his command, like his air chief, Lieut. General George C. Kenney; men who were going back to their homeland, like President Sergio Osmeña of the Philippine Commonwealth. There was one notable absentee: Manuel Quezon, first President of the Commonwealth, who had died in the U.S.

Voice of Freedom. MacArthur sat upright in the stern of the barge. When it grounded in shoal water, he walked down the ramp and waded ashore. He was wet to the midriff, but the sun glinted on the golden "scrambled eggs" on his strictly



MACARTHUR AND QUEZON (CORREGIDOR, 1942)

There was one notable absentee.

in the heart of the islands, where devoted Visayan guerrillas had been heard calling by secret radio for help a year ago.

The Deceptive Blow. This was what Douglas MacArthur had long advocated, with an intensity which seemed wholly justified because he believed he had been ordered out of Corregidor only in order to lead a counterinvasion soon. Now at last he was striking his massive blow, far behind the enemy's main positions, where the enemy neither expected it nor had organized himself to resist it effectively.

Five hours after the first wave of Army infantrymen dashed across the shell-pocked beaches, General MacArthur and his party filed down a ladder from the *Nashville's* deck into a landing barge. With him were men who had left Corregidor with him 31

individualistic cap as he faced a microphone. To Filipinos his first words were the fulfillment of a promise: "This is the Voice of Freedom." That was how the last Corregidor radio programs began. Said Douglas MacArthur:

"People of the Philippines, I have returned. By the grace of Almighty God, our forces stand again on Philippine soil. . . . At my side is your president, Sergio Osmeña, worthy successor to that great patriot, Manuel Quezon, with members of his cabinet. The seat of your government is therefore now firmly re-established on Philippine soil. . . . Rally to me. . . . Let every arm be steeled. The guidance of Divine God points the way. Follow in His name to the Holy Grail of righteous victory."

MACARTHUR'S COASTAL CAMPAIGN



To Dick Sutherland MacArthur said the same thing in homelier language: "Believe it or not, we're here."

The Hard Road. There was a great difference between the Douglas MacArthur who had said goodbye to Lieut. General Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright at Corregidor and the man who now returned to the Philippines. He had been a good general then; now he was one of the great.

Outwardly he was the same colorful, often theatrical soldier, visibly aged since December 1941, a little flabbier around the jowls and belt-line, half bald, with a brushed-over lock of hair which he self-consciously stroked when his cap was off. But his military stature had grown vastly. He still spoke sound military theory in rounded periods, full of historical allusions. But theory had now been backed by experience in a new kind of war.

The Pitiful Best. The lessons that had gone into the making of a great captain were first learned in an ignorance shared by most of the U.S.'s professional soldiers. When Pearl Harbor was attacked, Douglas MacArthur had 35 Flying Fortresses (early models without tail guns) and 90 fighters, mostly of indifferent capabilities. At the time, this air force seemed of some value, just as the eight battleships moored at Pearl Harbor seemed a powerful battle line. But almost half of that air force was destroyed on the ground on the first day, the rest swiftly whittled away by the more experienced Japs. In Australia, MacArthur got a new air commander, Lieut. General George H. Brett. But when Brett's airmen failed to stop a landing at Buna and Gona in New Guinea, Brett was relieved; MacArthur asked Washington for someone else.

General "Hap" Arnold picked George Kenney from behind a desk and sent him to Australia. "Sir, I am your airman here," said brisk, bantam-sized Kenney when he reported for duty.

MacArthur liked Kenney's drive and cocksureness, was soon calling him "George." Kenney, an airman's airman who was getting his first chance to prove it, liked MacArthur, especially when the

General turned him loose to run his own air show without interference from groundlings. Like most ground generals of his day, Douglas MacArthur was not notably appreciative of the potentialities of air power. But he had flexibility of mind, and he learned.

Kenney fitted his new team swiftly into MacArthur's strategic plans. His first achievement was to fly a regiment of U.S. troops from Australia to Port Moresby, when the Japs were within 28 miles of pushing the Allies out of New Guinea. These troops helped the Australians to drive the enemy back across the Owen Stanleys. Then Kenney told the Chief he could fly soldiers in greater numbers across the mountains to Buna and Gona, land them there on strips cut out of the bristling kunai grass.

"But damn it, George, you'll kill them all," protested the General. Kenney said he was damned if he would; MacArthur



KENNEY

He saw runways in the grass.

was convinced. The bantam moved in men, ammunition, food, vehicles. MacArthur's coastal campaign (see map) was set.

West along the Coast. Kenney's combat airmen grew at their jobs. Their greatest victory was the Battle of the Bismarck Sea, where they sank every one of 22 ships in a Jap convoy headed south to reinforce the dug-in forces in the bitter fighting around Buna and Gona. In this technique Douglas MacArthur recognized one of the oldest principles of war—isolation of the battlefield—achieved with war's newest weapon. It was final proof that if he could control the sea north of New Guinea with air power and the help of the U.S. navy, he need not plow the 1,500 miles through New Guinea's jungle to the tip and the jump-off for the Philippines.

For the complicated deceptive tactics of the coastal campaign he needed more good soldiers than George Kenney and his airmen, and he had them. Most important of all was Dick Sutherland, a lean, bronzed, cool precisionist and a laboratory technician in the science of war. Sutherland knew how to translate MacArthur's sweeping plans into detailed operations schedules. For some of the moves in the campaign they made a six-inch-thick volume. In many an advance they refuted Moltke's dictum that no battle can be fought according to plan after the first few minutes. MacArthur-Sutherland battles were fought by plan for days after the first brush with the enemy.

Man with a Purpose. The coastal campaign began slowly. Fighting at the end of one of the war's longest supply lines, MacArthur was often short of supplies, never (until a few months ago) had all the fighting strength he needed. With the single-minded purpose that meant "the Philippines" to the exclusion of every other war objective, he wheedled and and needled Washington to get what he had to have. Soldiers in other theaters said he had "the worst case of localitis" of any theater commander.

This single-mindedness, until he became a success again, made him enemies. The Navy gave him a U.S. fleet (the Seventh)

TIME, OCTOBER 30, 1944

WORLD BATTLEFRONTS

and the Australian Squadron. Once he spoke unguardedly of "my Navy" and the proud Navy found it hard to forgive him. There was a time, especially while the MacArthur-for-President boom was being drummed up in the States, when the name of Douglas MacArthur was not always cheered in Navy wardrooms.

But as the tide of war surged back across the Pacific and the Navy's theater overlapped into MacArthur's domain, there came the inevitable discovery: MacArthur and the Navy (as wags liked to put it) were really allies. "Bull" Halsey met MacArthur; they found there was no reason for friction—at least, not any more. Chester Nimitz flew down to New Guinea; he and MacArthur conferred. While the Navy struck across the Pacific, through the Gilberts and Marshalls, past Truk and into the Marianas and western Carolines, MacArthur's men got stout naval support.

He also got heavy increases in his fighting manpower. By the time he was ready to invade the Philippines, he had already written military history: he had saved Australia, recovered New Guinea; his coastal campaign, fought by a series of leapfrog attacks with gathering momentum and a rare economy of men, had become one of the most successful of the war.

The Douglas MacArthur who landed at Leyte last week had written an extraordinary chapter in personal experience as well as in public service. Past 60, with a crack record behind him, he had had to prove himself all over again. He had done it.

Now, beyond the retirement age (64), he was still learning his art, still finding new plays for his battle-tryed team in which Sutherland and the three Ks (Krueger, Kinkaid and Kenney—see below) functioned as smoothly as the Naval Observatory clock in Washington. It was a winning team, and Douglas MacArthur had made it so.

Welcome Home

The invasion of Leyte was like no other in the long series which had carried Douglas MacArthur back to the Philippines. It was the first piece of recovered U.S. soil he had trod; it was an area where fighting had never entirely ceased.

After the Japs had isolated the central Philippines in 1942, hard-bitten Philippine Scouts, Philippine Army men and U.S. Army stragglers had kept up the fight. To get ammunition, they had dived to retrieve thousands of rounds in a sunken Jap ship and some had burst their eardrums in the job. Fifteen out of 16 rounds had misfired, but even soaked ammunition

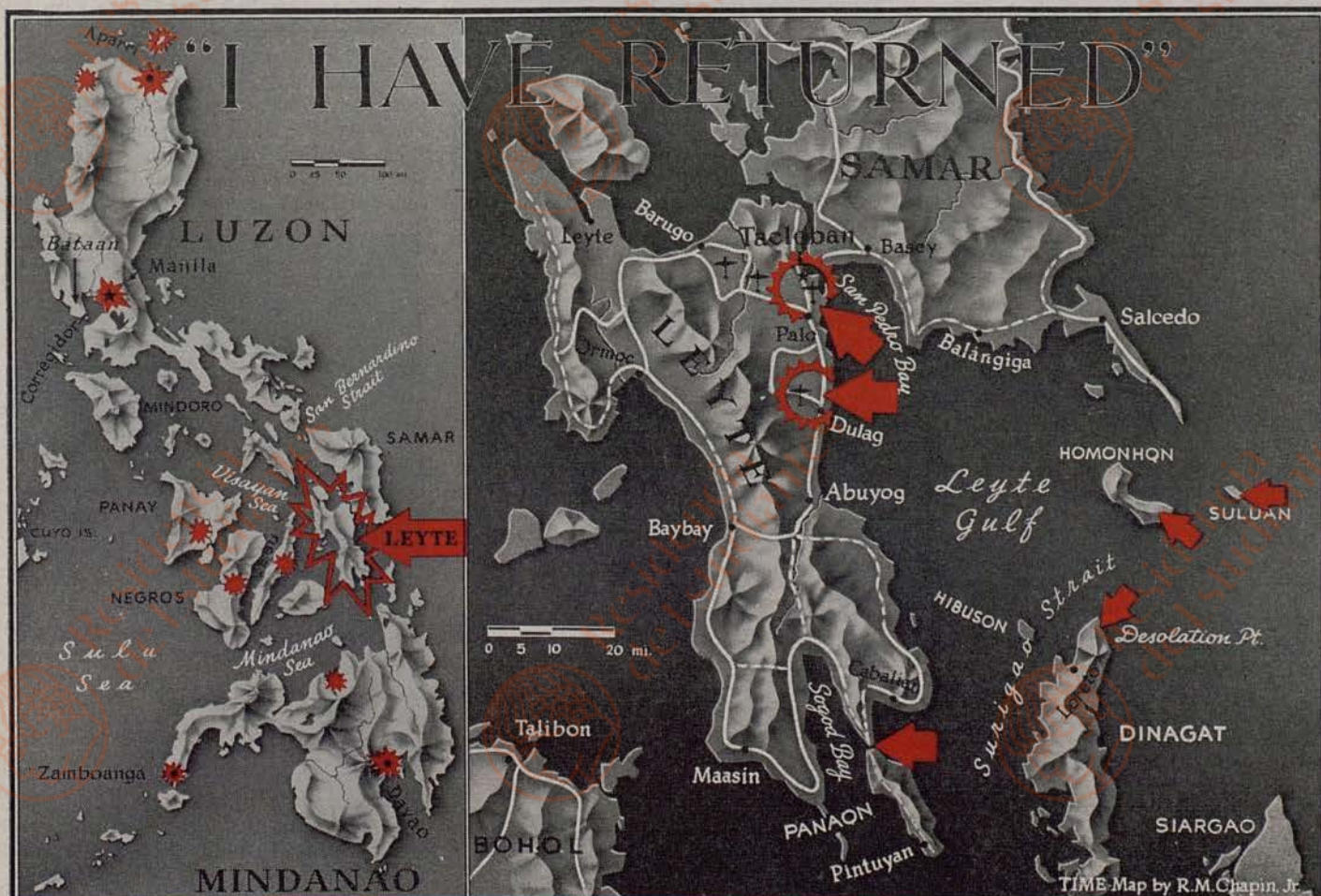
was better than no ammunition at all.

Somehow the guerrillas also established radio contact with MacArthur's headquarters; they got their instructions.

When the decision was made to bypass Mindanao and land on Leyte (as a result of the Navy's success in using carrier-borne air power to batter down Jap land-based air power), the guerrillas were alerted. Commando parties were sent by MacArthur's Sixth Army commander, German-born, 63-year-old Lieut. General Walter Krueger, to gather information and to destroy a few key Jap posts.

Sentinels Silenced. Even then, the landings in force could not be made with the shattering surprise characteristic of other amphibious assaults in the Pacific. Surprise had to be sacrificed, because Leyte Gulf was guarded by three sentinel islands. On A-minus-three,* company combat teams from an Army Ranger battalion landed from light, fast assault craft on Homonhon, Dinagat and Suluan. Jap communications were hamstrung but not completely destroyed. Tokyo got some kind of word that something was afoot, but apparently could not make up its mind that this was it. Field Marshal Count Juichi Terauchi, once the butcher of North China and now island commander in the

* A-day is equivalent to D-day in European operations.





HALSEY

There were ghosts in his fleet.

Philippines, made no special preparations for resisting a major assault.

After the Rangers had landed, mine-sweepers set about clearing the gulf for the 600-ship assault fleet then on the way. For two days and three nights they coolly quartered the gulf, watched for the assault that did not come. Experts in underwater demolition probed among the coralheads for mines; some of them swam for miles to the glistening white beaches, where they found more obstacles to destroy.

Meanwhile, the combined naval attack forces, under suave, bushy-browed Vice Admiral Thomas Cassin Kinkaid, were on their way. For a while it was a toss-up whether A-day would have to be postponed; a minor typhoon was whirling through the gulf. It died out and gave no trouble.

Pleasantries at Sea. The *Nashville*, bearing MacArthur, drew into the convoy on A-minus-three. Kinkaid blinkered: "Welcome to our city." Unusually exuberant, MacArthur blinkered back: "Glad to be in your domicile and under your flag. We're nearly there." Until they were there, and established ashore, Kinkaid would be "over" MacArthur.

The rendezvous had been made 450 miles from the Leyte beaches. From then on, the convoy advanced as a unit, so vast it spread over hundreds of miles of the Philippine Sea. On the night of A-minus-one, the weather man announced the departure of the baby typhoon; dawn would be clear, almost perfect weather.

It was. "Bull" Halsey's battleships rained 1,400- and 2,100-lb. shells on to the

beaches, amid the coconut and nipa palms which covered the narrow plain below the rolling, jungle-clad hills. There were two main beachheads: to the north, the X Corps under Major General Franklin Sibert was put ashore by Rear Admiral Daniel E. Barbey. On the right flank, the dismounted 1st Cavalry Division had "White Beach," with orders to strike out for the airfield on Cataisan Point and the town of Tacloban (pop. 20,000), capital of Leyte Island. To the left, the 24th Division stormed "Red Beach," and pushed ahead into Leyte valley.

Black & White. Overhead were swarms of light bombers and fighters from Kinkaid's jeep carriers, constantly swooping to bomb and strafe where Jap gun flashes revealed emplacements. Along the coast, column after column of dense smoke mushroomed up from the bursts of battleship shells. Fortified hilltops were crowned with white phosphorus bursts. Red Beach took an especially heavy lacing. But Jap mortars, rifles and howitzers poured in shells which hit several landing craft.

Except for Red Beach, the opposition from the Japs' 16th Division, conquerors of Bataan and perpetrators of the "March of Death" (TIME, Feb. 7), was so ineffectual that the troops waded in upright, and advanced hundreds of yards within a few minutes. Ten miles to the south, it was the same story.

There Vice Admiral Theodore S. Wilkinson put ashore the XXIV Corps under stocky, phlegmatic Major General John R. Hodge, the captor of Munda.

Fifty-five miles to the south, a regiment detached from the 24th Division landed without opposition, eight minutes ahead of H-hour (10 a.m.) and seized control of Panaon Strait, between Leyte and the pendent island of Panaon, leading to the boat anchorage of Sogod Bay.

Old Stamping Ground. To Tacloban, where he went ashore, MacArthur was no stranger. It was here that he had had his first Philippine duty as a second lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers, 41 years ago. Krueger, onetime enlisted man, had won his commission in the islands. Lieut. General Kenney surveyed the airstrip possibilities as the beachheads were deepened and MacArthur announced: "We are now commencing the preparation of a great base for all arms for future operations."

For the Japanese, "future operations" were menacing words. Most immediately destructive effects of MacArthur's landing would be wrought by air power. From airfields on Leyte and the other Visayan Islands, Japan could be effectively cut off from its stolen southern empire and its direly needed raw materials. MacArthur had also put ashore many more men (100,000 to 150,000) than he needed to take Leyte itself. There was another menacing meaning: Leyte was to be a great staging base for the recapture of all the lost archipelago.

Safe at Last

In 1942's skin-of-the-teeth days, when a Japanese invasion of Hawaii was more than a possibility, U.S. authorities declared that ordinary U.S. greenbacks were no longer legal currency. Greenbacks overprinted with the word "Hawaii" were substituted. Reason: if Hawaii were captured the monetary loot would consist of nothing more than "invasion money" which could not be used in international exchange.

Last week Hawaii's Governor Ingram M. Stainback announced that the overprint money would be discontinued as fast as it is used up, that regular U.S. currency was again legal. Admiral Nimitz, as commander of the Pacific Ocean areas (Kwajalein, Saipan, Peleliu, etc.), where the "Hawaii" greenbacks have also been used, concurred.

BATTLE OF GERMANY (West) "Hell of a Bang"

October was running out, and the October weather had been mostly bad. Low-lying meadows were spongy with waters; rivers and streams were rising. Aided by the weather and by the Allies' supply difficulties, the Germans fought to delay the big blow which they were sure was coming. The Allies fought to keep the enemy off balance, to keep him guessing, to keep his scanty reserves on the run.

Only intermittently did the weather hold back the Allied big bombers, which used their hidden-target instruments when necessary to unload through overcast. With Duisburg and Cologne temporarily shattered, the heavies turned their attention to Hamm, Bonn, Mainz, Wiesbaden,



**U.S. Army Signal Corps
KRUEGER**

He moved back into old quarters.

TIME, OCTOBER 30, 1944

Stuttgart, Mannheim and other supply ganglia serving the West Wall. It was an effort to wall off the Rhineland from the interior—just as, in the Battle of France, Allied air power had isolated the fighting area between the Loire and the Seine.

General Eisenhower was obviously not settling down to winter battles of attrition. A staff officer in the British Second Army told correspondents that the Allied build-up was gaining strength every hour, soon there would be "a hell of a bang."

Most of the German strength in the west is now committed to the fighting lines. The longer the blow is delayed, the longer Hitler will have to scrape up and train his ersatz divisions, to toughen his defenses in depth. On the other hand, a real breakthrough might tear the present front hopelessly open, might furnish the momentum for the knockout wallop in the west.

Historic Hour

At 11 a.m., a white flag fluttered outside the massive four-story shelter where the German commander at Aachen had holed up with his last surviving men. The surrender flag was carried by two U.S. sergeants who had been taken prisoner.

Wearing an immaculate uniform and mirror-shined boots, stiff, grey Colonel Gerhardt Wilck approached the commander of the U.S. attacking party—a 21-year-old lieutenant. The young American took the elderly German to U.S. headquarters.

The first document produced by Wilck was unsatisfactory to the Americans: it did not contain the word "unconditional." After some hesitation, which he said was due to fear of Nazi retaliation against his family, Gerhardt Wilck drafted another: "Aachen's defending German garrison ran out of food and ammunition. I am forced to give up my command and surrender Aachen unconditionally, with all its stores, to the commanding officer of the victorious Americans."

A Word of Farewell. Soon from the shelter strutted eight spic-&-span staff officers, one a Heidelberg alumnus with dueling scars on his face; 400 German soldiers and 30-odd U.S. captives followed them. Colonel Wilck asked for and received permission to address a word of farewell to his men. Said he: "Dear German soldiers, I am speaking to you at a painful moment. . . . I saw that further fighting was useless. . . . At this time I have to remind you that you are still German soldiers. Please behave as such. I also wish you the best of health in your future travels and fast return to the Fatherland after hostilities have ended."

"Return to Germany to help rebuild our country. I was refused by the Americans the authority to give the *Sieg Heil* and *Heil Hitler*. But we can still do it in our minds."

Then Colonel Wilck went off to the prisoners' cage and sobbed.

TIME, OCTOBER 30, 1944



EISENHOWER & FRIENDS*
The time for attrition was not yet.

Associated Press

Mud and Rubble. The town was a welter of muddy rubble, pervaded by the stench of dead animals and burst sewer and gas mains. Despite all efforts of Allied airmen to spare the cathedral, one bomb had pierced the roof of the Gothic choir and smashed the empty tomb of Emperor Otto III (11th Century). The U.S. troops who fought toward the air-raid shelter had been trained in the streets of a bomb-riddled town in England.

When the U.S. flag went up over Aachen, the Allied Military Government announced that there would be no "coddling" of German civilians camping in the vicinity. They must buy their own food from local farm supplies or sign chits to the A.M.G. for stores left by the *Wehrmacht*. Rubble would be cleared from the streets to ease military traffic and a military telephone service restored; beyond that no Allied restoration was contemplated.

Aachen was not only the first large German city (peacetime pop. 160,000) ever taken by U.S. troops, it was also

the first formal surrender of German arms on German soil to foreign invaders since the Napoleonic Wars. Eastward, the Nazis sullenly prepared to defend Düren and Jülich on the way to Cologne.

Taut Miracle

The story of the supply miracle that had put the Allied armies on Germany's border continued to unfold. In London last week, Colonel Leslie Arnold, one-time Eastern Air Lines assistant to Eddie Rickenbacker, told how the ten-day sweep of General Patton's Third Army across France had been serviced by hundreds of cargo planes shuttling back & forth from England. In the last stages of Patton's rush, 50 gallons of high-octane aviation fuel had been required for every 100 gallons of ordinary motor fuel laid down for Patton's tanks and trucks—but, Arnold added, "it was worth it."

The prefabricated ports which were * General Bradley, King George and General Hodges.

towed across the Channel, and which were first publicly described last fortnight (TIME, Oct. 23), sluiced the bulk of invasion supplies ashore. But that was only the first stage of delivery. U.S. engineers have now rebuilt 1,500 miles of French railroads and 100 rail bridges which had been wrecked by pre-invasion bombing, by saboteurs or by the fleeing enemy. Much U.S. rolling stock has been put ashore, but 60% of the locomotives and freight cars are French, Italian, Dutch, Belgian and German. Some old U.S. freight cars left in France after the last war have been retrieved and put back to work.

On the celebrated "Red Ball" truck highway across France, Piper Cubs at low altitude now patrol the roads, radio the nearest salvage depot when they spot

By this week the situation had undoubtedly been improved. A vast road-and-railroad communications system had been built up, and it would grow & grow. But until the Allies had Antwerp, where locomotives, railroad cars and other heavy freight could be poured ashore, troops on the line would have to get used to shortages.

BATTLE OF THE SEAS

Cautious Return

U-boats have come back to the Atlantic, First Lord of the Admiralty Albert V. Alexander warned last week. Running out of new weapons, Hitler has tried to re-sharpen this old and blunted one.

But the tone of Alexander's report was not alarming. He hinted that new shark

BATTLE OF GERMANY (East) Into East Prussia

For a week Berlin radio jittered with its strongest superlatives. "One of the war's bloodiest struggles," "mammoth offensive," "grand assault," "unheard-of numerical superiority," "monstrous force."

For six days Moscow was officially silent, permitted correspondents to cable that "when the news is finally released it is expected to be . . . sensational. . . ." But it was clear that three years and four months after Germany had invaded Russia, the Russians had invaded Germany. The battle for East Prussia—Germany's "bowels of iron and heart of steel"—had begun.

So far, history was repeating itself. Thirty years before, the Russians had driven into the bleak, lake-studded land of many a Junker overlord and his cannon-fodder peasant. In August 1914, General Paul Rennenkampf's Russian army attacked from the east, General Alexander Samsonov from the south. The Germans were routed in the first battle.

Dividing Point. In 1944 the Red Army confidently expected no further repetitions of World War I's East Prussian history. In 1914 the team of Field Marshal Paul von Hindenburg, his brilliant chief of staff General Erich Ludendorff and chief of operations General Max Hoffmann had gone to the rescue of the Reich's defeated army, and made Hindenburg an immortal among Junkers. Among East Prussia's lakes Hindenburg trapped the Russians, cut them to pieces.

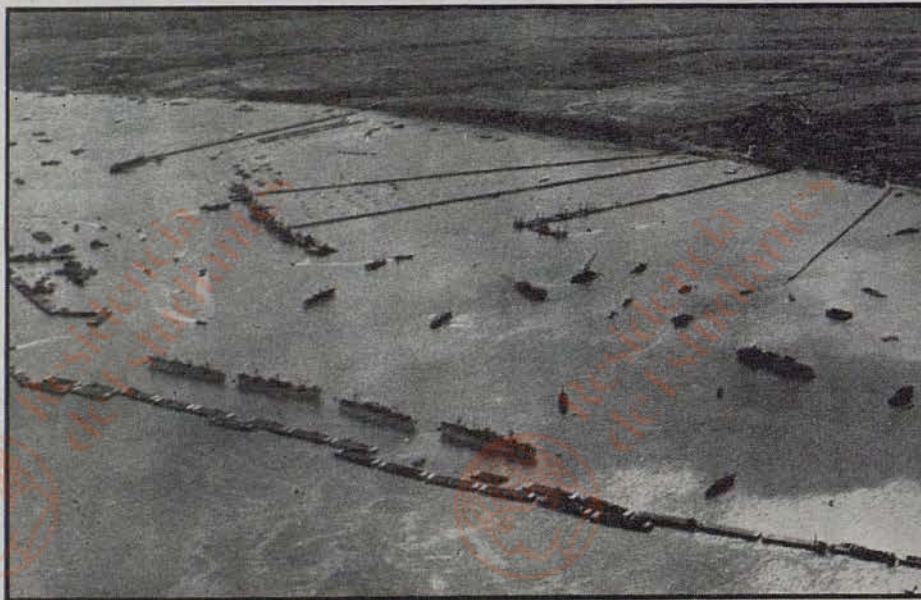
Joseph Stalin's armies would meet no such fate. Besides their overwhelming numerical superiority, they were also well supplied, competently commanded.

In 1914 supply was chaotic, soldiers were exhausted from long marches, liaison was fantastically bad, command corrupt and inept. At the Masurian Lakes one Russian commander deployed his corps by plain-language radio orders, stupidly tipped off the Germans.

This time the Russian Army waited two months at East Prussia's frontier, reorganizing and piling up supplies. When the attack began on Oct. 16, a frightened Berlin reported: "No battle in the east has ever seen such concentration of Russian air forces and seasoned campaigners cannot recall a similar surfeit of Russian artillery and tanks."

As in 1914, the Russians struck first with an army group from the east, on a line north of the Masurian Lakes. The honor went to the Third White Russian Army group, commanded by 37-year-old tank expert General Ivan D. Chernyakhovsky. The Third drove in from the east on a 25-mile front along the Kaunas-Insterburg Railroad. Then the Second White Russian Army group under Colonel Georgi F. Zakharov struck from the Narew River in the south and the

TIME, OCTOBER 30, 1944



British Official-Associated Press

PREFABRICATED PORT OFF NORMANDY

Organization and improvisation had done their utmost.

a breakdown. Behind the fighting lines, the "cannibalizing" of tanks and guns (piecing together new units from dismantled wrecks) has been put on an assembly-line basis. But even miracles have their limits: there came a point where the supply miracle had been stretched to the snapping point. Organization and improvisation had done their utmost. The Allied armies slowed down, stopped.

What the Allies now needed was a capacious, intact, nearby port—to wit, Antwerp (see above). Shortages of almost everything from ammunition to cigarets and field kitchens had popped up and were still popping up all along the front. Cursing doughfoots ate cold rations, got along on ten cigarets a day. At one point the Third Army fired captured shells from captured 88s. The First Army served their own 155s with ammunition which had been captured from the French by the Germans in 1940, retaken from the Germans in 1944.

fleets may have fresh tactics and technical equipment aimed to offset the deadly Allied location devices and methods which ruined the U-boats in 1942-43. But the sub commanders are more "shy, cautious and nervous" than they used to be. The "largest ocean supply convoy of all time"—167 ships spread over 26 square miles of seaway and carrying 1,000,000 tons of cargo—recently arrived in Britain without meeting a single U-boat attack on the way. Like most Atlantic convoys these days, this one was protected by an all-Canadian escort.

Alexander also disclosed that a big British fleet was on its way to the Orient—a fleet powerful enough to cope with the whole Japanese Navy, if the latter should happen to get in the way. Almost as he spoke, the Jap radio at Singapore squeaked that 24 British warships had arrived in the Indian Ocean—a force which included four carriers and ten battleships.

HUNCHES ABOUT LUNCHES

... AND SUPPERS



HUNCH!

MEN LIKE THEIR FOOD HEARTY...SO...

what could be better than big, piping bowls full of Scotch broth? There's a special heartiness about it that comes from choice mutton simmered for every bit of goodness and nourishment. To this are added garden vegetables, barley and pieces of mutton, which make a dish sure to win appetites. This soup is more than a "hunch"—it's the answer.

Campbell's SCOTCH BROTH



HUNCH!

"SOMETHING DIFFERENT"...SO...

how about a soup made of fresh garden peas, selected for plumpness and sweetness? These peas, gently puréed, then smoothly blended and seasoned, produce a soup that's "different" and delicious. It's extra-nourishing with milk added instead of water, as cream of pea soup.

Campbell's GREEN PEA SOUP



HUNCH!

CHILDREN ALWAYS

LOVE A "TREAT"...SO...

for lunch they'll be delighted with chicken noodle soup. In fact, whole generations of Americans have loved it since Colonial times. As Campbell's make it—with rich chicken broth, generous pieces of chicken and noodles—you'll enjoy it as much as the children!

Campbell's CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

Look for the Red-and-White Label



Proof of the pudding

You've got the right idea, Son! The way to tell if anything's good is to try it. That's what we do—and here's how it has proved its worth.

Plenty of new devices and products look good — on the blueprints.

But our engineers have always been just hard-boiled enough about our products to give them the final, conclusive check of actual field trials.

That's why, long ago, General Motors built the first automotive Proving Ground as a real aid in making more and better things for more people.

It's a 1245-acre outdoor laboratory — laced with miles of all kinds of roads

and crowded with driving hazards. Cobblestones, grades, curves, bumps — everything here to show up a weakness or to prove a strength. Millions of test miles were run every year to improve your car.

Then everything changed — literally with a bang! New war machines appeared, all in need of tests that might mean everything to our fighting men. And the Proving Ground was right there ready to try them out.

If you could visit the General Motors Proving Ground today, you would see tanks standing on their heads, half-tracks slewed around at impossible angles, strange

vehicles of war speeding waist-high through flying water. They are proving their good points, and showing up the bugs that might cause trouble to American fighters.

Here is a pressing wartime need met fully because of peacetime enterprise. It was possible because, in our country, men are justly rewarded for such enterprise.

This idea helped make America great, good to live in, good to bring up a family in. It proved its worth in war. And it will produce more and better things for more people as time goes on.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

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

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

KEEP AMERICA STRONG

★

Buy More War Bonds



First Baltic Army group of Armenian General Ivan K. Bagramian pushed in from the north near Tilsit. In 1914 the Russians had thrown 25 divisions into East Prussia. Now the Red Army strength, by the best guesses, was estimated at more than double that number.

Head-On for Königsberg. Last week there was little news of the attacks from the north and the south. But by Berlin's own admission Chernyakhovsky's armor, smashing head-on toward Insterburg and Königsberg, the capital, was making progress. With what Berlin called fighting "at white heat" the attack from the east swept over the border town of Eydtkau.

Beyond was the first big town in East Prussia, Gumbinnen, scene of the first World War I battle between Germans and Russians. Chernyakhovsky's left wing skirted the Rominter Heide, a deer forest once held sacred to Kaiser Wilhelm's royal hunting, captured Goldap 18 miles inside Germany.

Seven days after the offensive began, Stalin broke his silence, announced that the Red Army had reached 19 miles into East Prussia on an 88-mile front.

BATTLE OF GERMANY (South) Preparation

Like the attack upon Germany from the east and the west, the attack from the south was a supply problem. This week the Russians were straightening it out.

The Russian army group fighting in Hungary had been stalled some 50 miles from Budapest for several weeks. Last week General Ivan Y. Petrov's Fourth Ukrainian army group fighting southward from Czechoslovakia eased the supply problem. A railroad and a road pass across the Carpathians were taken, and thus southern Poland and Hungary were linked through Transylvania. Five other Carpathian passes were also captured. Now Petrov needed only to meet roving Cossack cavalry and tanks from eastern Hungary to complete additional links.

To the south, Russians and Yugoslav Partisans passed a historic milestone. Battle-torn Belgrade, capital of Yugoslavia, was captured after a week of struggle, three and a half years after the Germans had taken it.

Through Yugoslavia, Hungary and Czechoslovakia, the Russians were forming their lines, building up supply, preparing for the push that would take them to Austria and Germany's south. The Nazis' weakest front was going to feel some pounding.

BATTLE OF ASIA No India for the Japs

Indian troops of the Fourteenth Army, including the veteran 5th Division, last week wrote a successful conclusion to a chapter of the Burma war which had

started very unhappily. From the north-western Burma town of Tiddim the Japanese in March 1944 had launched a drive against India, 20 miles away. By the time the British captured Tiddim last week and pushed 30 miles farther south to Falam, at least 50,000 Japanese had been slaughtered, and the threat to India was ended.

The Burma theater, where more than a dozen British Empire divisions are now engaged, has been doomed to scant world attention. Nonetheless, Britons, Indians, West Africans have paid heavily in the inhuman jungles (battle casualties for the first six months of 1944: 40,000; disease casualties: 237,000).



Sovfoto

GENERAL PETROV
He captured the passes.

THE ENEMY Rehearsal for Obliteration?

Tokyo Radio boasted last week that three more Jap admirals had been killed in action. Proud total since Sept. 1: 22. By Tokyo's account, one of last week's casualties, Vice Admiral Nashaharu Arima, crashed his torpedo bomber into a U.S. aircraft carrier. The U.S. Navy acknowledged no such damage.

Why an admiral would be flying a torpedo bomber Tokyo did not even attempt to make clear. But there was a possible explanation in a recent speech by Colonel Kingoro Hashimoto, head of the central headquarters of the Imperial Rule Assistance Association. Cried Colonel Hashimoto: "We must crash into the enemy in suicidal attacks at the front and at home . . . the only thing for us to do is to decide to die, so this burning determination may take the form of firepower in the general war situation."

Many Pacific war observers—especially Marines—believe that by such incomprehensible devotion to self-destruction Japanese military fanatics are building up to a super-Wagnerian climax which might result, if carried to its mad extreme, in the virtual annihilation—self-inflicted or imposed—of one of the nations of mankind. Recent suicides (military and civilian) indicate that the Jap yen for suicide is due less to fear of torture and imprisonment by U.S. captors than to a belief that somehow each death provides "a shield for the Emperor" and "contributes to the inevitable victory."

Some examples of the enemy's fanatical tenacity:

¶ Marine pilots flying Corsairs still drew heavy antiaircraft fire from Jaluit, one of the Marshall atolls by-passed and hopelessly isolated in last February's capture of Kwajalein—although Jaluit is one of the most thoroughly bombed spots on earth.

¶ Navy Lieut. Eugene Sanford, ex-policeman from Evanston, Ill., was riding in a launch off Saipan when he saw a big PB2Y flying boat sinking. Japs who had been hiding in Saipan's caves for three months had swum out to the plane and blown a hole in it with a hand grenade. Lieut. Sanford killed the Japs with a Tommy gun—a fate which they must have known was inevitable.

¶ Marines digging into Peleliu's blockhouses found a board inscribed in Japanese: "Defense to the death! We will build a barrier across the Pacific with our bodies."

MEN AT WAR

Baby Patrol

On the Third Army front in France, soldiers of the 35th Infantry Division eyed a bleak château in no man's land and waited for night to fall. There were children in the house—81 of them, by best reports—and they had to be taken out.

After dark the 35th's volunteer "baby patrol"—a French captain, an American officer and ten G.I.s—slipped across the line, sloshed across 1,000 yards of rain-swept marsh, crept into the house.

The information, they found, was correct. There were 81 of them, the oldest six, the youngest two years old; they were frightened, without shoes and only half clothed. Each man picked up two toddlers, shepherded a group of the older moppets, headed back across the marsh.

Then there was trouble. The nervous Germans heard noises, opened up on the marsh with artillery and mortar fire. The baby patrol did not dawdle: it passed its youngsters across a creek, finally crossed the line and bundled them into trucks headed for Nancy and proper shelter. The expedition had had rare good luck. No one, soldier or child, was so much as scratched.

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

At Last

Last week, after more than a year of trying to make up their minds, the Governments of the U.S. and Britain recognized General Charles de Gaulle's Government as the Provisional Government of France. So did the Canadian Government. Russia, which had already given virtual *de facto* recognition (after the Quebec Conference in August 1943) to De Gaulle's Government, now also recognized it *de jure*.

Workmen & Soldiers

Down to Moscow's rain-swept airport dashed the great-great-great-great-great-grandson of the Duke of Marlborough—Winston Churchill. With him dashed the cobbler's son from Tiflis. Never before had Joseph Stalin made such a good-will gesture to any visiting foreign statesman. Stalin was all smiles. He had been ever since his talks with Churchill began in the Kremlin ten days ago.

As a final gesture of trusting friendship, he ventured into the British Prime Minister's airplane to see what it looked like.

Then Winston Churchill spoke:

"We have worked very hard. We have been a council of workmen and soldiers. . . . It has been a pleasure to me and an honor to have so many long and intimate talks with my friend and war comrade Marshal Stalin, and to deal with him on the many difficult questions inseparable from the united, forward march of the great nations. . . . I hope most earnestly and I believe with great conviction that the warrior statesman at the head of Russia will lead the Russian people—all the peoples of Russia*—through the years

* A polite historical reassurance—"all the peoples of Russia" now include Estonians, Latvians, Lithuanians.

of storm and tempest into the sunlight of a broader and happier age for all, and that with him in this task will march the British Commonwealth of Nations and the mighty United States of America." Then the British warrior statesman climbed into his bomber, roared off.

More Later. Much of what it had accomplished would be revealed to the world some time next week, when Prime Minister Winston Churchill is expected to report to Parliament. For the present, its achievements were set forth in an official communiqué in which words were strictly rationed. Most important sections:

"Important progress was made toward solution of the Polish question, which was closely discussed between the Soviet and British Governments. . . .

"These discussions have notably narrowed differences and dispelled misconceptions. Conversations are continuing on outstanding points.

"The march of events in southeast Europe was fully considered and agreement was reached on main points in the Bulgarian armistice terms.

"The two Governments agreed to pursue a joint policy in Yugoslavia designed to concentrate all energies against the retreating Germans and bring about a solution of Yugoslav internal difficulties by a union between the Royal Yugoslav Government and the National Liberation movement.

"The right of the Yugoslav people to settle their future constitution for themselves after the war is of course recognized as inalienable.

"The meeting took place with the knowledge and approval of the United States Government, which was represented at the conversations by the United States Ambassador at Moscow, Mr. Averell Harriman, acting in the capacity of observer."

If words, when used by statesmen,



WITH RIBBENTROP (1939)



WITH CHURCHILL (1942)



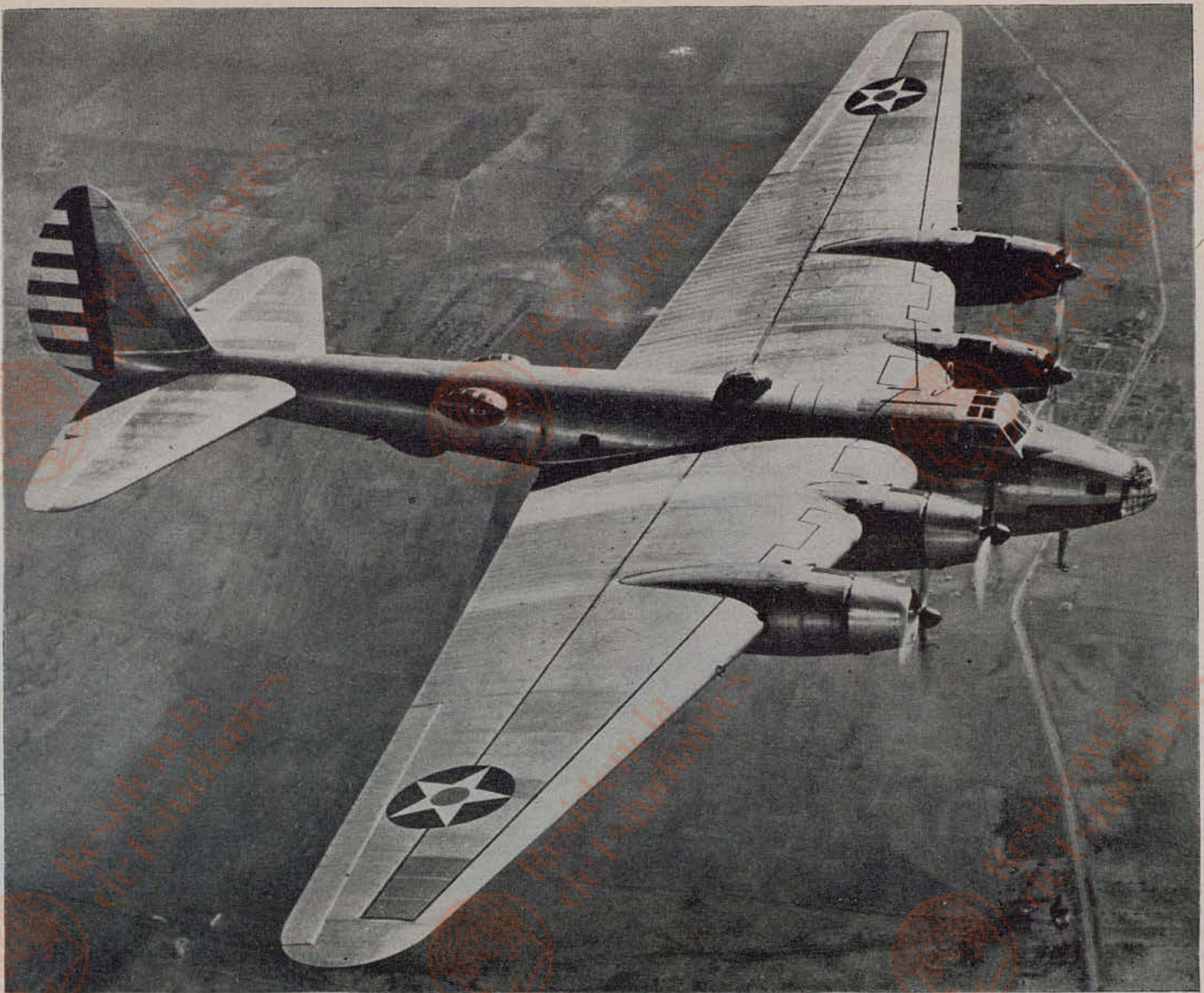
WITH ROOSEVELT (1943)



MOSCOW, 1944

Never before had Stalin shown such good will to a foreign statesman.

TIME, OCTOBER 30, 1944



Boeing B-15 . . . first of the Superbombers

"Grandpappy"

Today's history-making bomber is the Boeing B-29 Superfortress. But there is another huge plane still in service that years ago laid the groundwork for the B-29. It is the one airplane never spoken of in the feminine gender: "Grandpappy," they call the Boeing B-15 . . . first of the superbombers.

Even by today's standards, "Grandpappy's" long range and load-carrying ability were phenomenal. But back in 1937, when he made his test flights, the most powerful engines available gave him a top speed of only 200 miles an hour. So he was passed by in favor of the lighter, swifter Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress, then undergoing tests.

Though never in combat, "Grandpappy" has led an adventurous life. In 1939 the huge plane carried serum to earthquake victims in Chile, covering 3000 miles non-stop on the return trip. Today, thundering over the Caribbean, he's flying 15-ton cargoes to Army bases. He can go out for 24 hours at a stretch without landing to refuel.

The walls of his crew's living quarters are covered with thousands of autographs scrawled by generals, admirals, senators and buck privates.

But "Grandpappy's" greatest satisfaction is in knowing he helped make possible the building of the great Boeing B-29 Superfortress.

For more than any other aircraft manufacturer, Boeing has pioneered in the problems of long-range bombardment through development of the B-15 and B-17. In addition to this, the Stratoliners and Transocean Clippers have given Boeing unequalled experience in 4-engine aircraft, making it the company which could design, produce in quantity and get into action during wartime the world's greatest bombing weapon — the Boeing B-29 Superfortress.

Tomorrow, as today, Boeing principles of research, design, engineering and manufacture will be an assurance that any product . . . "Built by Boeing" . . . is bound to be good.

FOREIGN NEWS

mean anything, this communiqué meant:

1) The Polish problem was nearer solution, but not yet solved.

2) Britain had practically relinquished its political interests in Yugoslavia.

What of Nov. 7? No mention was made of Britain's interests in Greece. Also unmentioned was another topic which may well have furnished conversational matter for Churchill and Stalin: suppose that Franklin Roosevelt is not re-elected?

Back in London was Polish Premier Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, with the new Churchill-Stalin formula for solving the Polish question to present to his Cabinet.

Back in Lublin the Lublin Poles 1) opened a new campaign of denunciation against the London Poles; 2) appointed one Stefan Wilanowski as their representative in London.

Not definitely accounted for at week's end was Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden. He was reported to have flown from Moscow to Cairo, but might be at Ankara, Athens, or in Yugoslavia.

Midnight Sunbeam

In the wake of Prime Minister Winston Churchill's visit to Moscow, an incident from another famed visit bobbed up last week. All one night U.S. Chamber of Commerce President Eric Johnston and Writer William L. White* listened to their Moscow hosts sing Russian songs. Then the Russians politely asked their guests to sing an American song. Johnston and White responded with the only song they could think of: *Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam*.

Free Germans?

The Russian armies were some 19 miles inside East Prussia last week (see *WORLD BATTLEFRONTS*). What the Russians would do with Germany when they got farther was one of Europe's most arresting questions.

If Russia's planned economy of purpose in getting Rumania, Bulgaria and Finland out of the war was any clue, Russia had a plan for Germany. Almost certainly the plan involved the National Committee for Free Germany and the League of German Officers.

The Free Germany Committee was born in Moscow more than a year ago (*TIME*, Aug. 2, 1943). The League of German Officers was formed shortly afterwards. Now, in a country headquarters not far from Moscow, German Communists and *Wehrmacht* officers sit together, plot & plan their return to Germany. Neither the U.S. nor Britain has anything to match Russia's Free Germany Committee.

Political Keystone. Thus, around a Russian-guided center, a new Germany might well take shape. Like the new Poland, it would be friendly to Russia. And it would be the most important seg-

* Son of the Emporia (Kansas) *Gazette's* late, great William Allen White.

ment in a *cordon sanitaire*-in-reverse, the political keystone of the key continent. The Russians chipped and chiseled at this keystone long before World War II. But they lacked the proper tools until their great victory at Stalingrad.

The idea of basing a Free Germany on captured German officers and soldiers has been credited to Communist Author Erich Weinert, a bushy-maned Berliner who fought with the International Brigade in Spain, fled from the Gestapo to Russia. He is said to have written a memo to Stalin, who approved.

Skillfully the Russians and their German comrades won over the *Wehrmacht*

and General Walther von Seydlitz, commander of the LI Army Corps at Stalingrad, became chairman of the Officers' League. Other charter members: Wilhelm Pieck, 68, participant with Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht in the unsuccessful Communist attempt to overthrow the Weimar Republic, ex-Reichstag deputy, wheelhorse of the pre-Hitler German Communist Party; Lieut. Count Heinrich von Einsiedel, great-grandson of Bismarck, ex-*Luftwaffe* pilot, and a pro-Russian proselytizer among his fellow officers.

A long manifesto (*TIME*, Aug. 30, 1943), which may well be one of the basic documents of World War II, sum-



Sovfoto

FREE GERMANS IN MOSCOW*

A psychological weapon might become a political one.

officers and men. They kept the German commanders posted, by battle map, on the steady German retreat, east & west. They worked on the tradition of Russo-German friendship among the German military cadres—a tradition implanted by Bismarck, cultivated by General Hans von Seeckt, who outwitted the Allies and armed the *Reichswehr* in part with the help of munitions and plane factories in Russia.

Indestructible Germany. Prospective recruits for the League of German Officers were reminded of Stalin's speech to the nation (Nov. 6, 1942):

"We do not pursue the aim of destroying Germany, for it is impossible to destroy Germany, just as it is impossible to destroy Russia. We can and must destroy the Hitler State. . . . We do not pursue the aim of destroying the entire organized military force in Germany, for every literate person will understand that this is . . . impossible. . . . But we can and must destroy Hitler's army. . . ."

Politicians and Proselytizers. By July 1943, enough *Wehrmacht* men had been won over to set up the Free Germany Committee. By September, there were enough recruits to organize the League of German Officers, now a subcommittee of the National Committee. Erich Weinert was chosen chairman of Free Germany,

moned all Germans to unite in a democratic coalition.

Since then daily Free German broadcasts over the Moscow radio have ended with the slogan: "Germany must live! Therefore Hitler must fall! Fight with us for Free Germany!" A weekly, *Free Germany*, also appeared.

Now, on the front in East Prussia, Free German propagandists with the Red Army microphone their ex-comrades to surrender. They helped soften the *Wehrmacht* for last summer's great defeat in White Russia. After that debacle, 17 *Wehrmacht* generals, including Field Marshal Friedrich von Paulus, commander of the Sixth Army at Stalingrad, joined the Free Germans.

The Russians have lately been talking loud & long against a soft peace. Though they are using the Free Germans as a psychological military weapon, they have said nothing as yet about their possible political use.

Says General von Seydlitz: "Our intentions are to lead the *Wehrmacht* to the frontiers of Germany and to preserve it for the people. An honorable peace can be in store only for a people whose *Wehrmacht* is not disintegrated."

* Erich Weinert, Lieut. Count Einsiedel, Wilhelm Pieck.

"HEART DISEASE...but I've never been sick in my life!"

Why should heart disease strike a man of health and vitality?

Well, the doctor explained, you know how age affects your face and hands and hair. Over the years, your heart grows older, too, so that it may be less able to meet the demands of strenuous living. Unless you learn to know and live within the capacities of your heart, you may



Sudden exertion is a thing to avoid.

risk serious coronary heart disease even in the very prime of life.

Just what is coronary heart disease?

Coronary heart disease simply means that the walls of the coronary arteries—that is, the arteries feeding the heart muscle—have hardened up a bit, become thicker, and have lost some of their elasticity. As a result, the heart muscle receives less blood and thus less food and oxygen. Naturally, if you then make excessive demands on your heart, you're inviting trouble.

Coronary heart disease is the most common form among men past forty. Even at younger ages you should watch for such possible warning symptoms as excessive fatigue, shortness of breath, chest pains, or oppression near the heart.

What can be done about it?

First, see your doctor and be guided by his advice. If the attack is severe, he



It's wise to get at least 8 hours sleep every night.

may prescribe a period of complete rest in bed.

The doctor will surely recommend the rules for living which everyone over forty



would be wise to follow as a PRECAUTION against heart disease.

For example, the doctor will advise moderation in all things. He will stress the importance of avoiding sudden exertion—of not trying to be a "week-end athlete"—the wisdom of getting plenty of sleep and avoiding overweight. Peri-



Walking, in moderation, offers pleasure without strain.

odic physical examinations will probably be recommended, including X-ray, laboratory, or other tests.

Must patients become invalids?

No—so long as they don't overdo. Diagnosed early, the damage to the heart may be negligible. Besides, it should not be cause for needless worry. Today, thousands of people who have heart disease,

and who take care of themselves, are living virtually normal lives.

Strict self-discipline, to gain freedom from all worry and strain, is of primary importance. Less competitive forms of physical recreation should be found. In other words, it is necessary to relax.

For valuable information concerning the hearts of young and old, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "Protecting Your Heart."

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114-Q, entitled, "Protecting Your Heart."

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FOREIGN NEWS

ITALY

Going, Going . . .

Sicilian separatists want independence from Italy. Last week Sicilian separatism reached the shooting stage. In Palermo, Italian troops tommy-gunned 2,500 rioting Sicilians, killed 19, wounded 102. In Rome dry, precise British Ambassador Sir Noel Charles conveyed to Premier Ivanoe Bonomi's hard-pressed Government a precise, official message from London: any report that Britain was supporting Sicilian separation was utterly false.

Next day the Palermo shooting continued, casualties increased. The New York Times's Herbert L. Matthews investigated. His judgment: the riots were due in part to economic misery, lack of food. But agents provocateurs of the powerful Latifondisti (big land owners) had used this misery to promote Sicilian revolt.

Italy's empire seemed about to fall apart. Marshal Josip Broz Tito was doggedly pushing Yugoslavia's claim to Trieste, Fiume, Istria. (In the U.S. last week appeared *Yugoslavia and Italy*, a pamphlet quoting Marshal Tito, his Foreign Commissioner Dr. Josip Smolaka and others, urging the Yugoslav claims.) In Athens, the Greeks demanded, and with British help would likely get, the Dodecanese Islands.

Harried Italians had British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden's word for it that Italy's African empire was gone. In Addis Ababa, Ethiopian Emperor Haile Selassie, Lion of Judah, licked his chops in the expectation of regaining Eritrea. In North Africa, the Grand Senussi Seyyid Mohamed Idris expected that Britain would hand him Cyrenaica under some form of protectorate. Disposition of Italian Libya and Tripoli had not yet been suggested.

FRANCE

Fake

This week the Gaullist Government auctioned off Pierre Laval's confiscated property at Châteldon. ABSIE (The American Broadcasting Station in Europe) reported that the sale was a failure. Reason: most of Laval's antique furniture was fake.

Symptom

F.F.I. Colonel Rol-Tanguy is a lean, hard-bitten Parisian who, in the days when he used to be a boilermaker, was known simply as Tanguy. He became Rol when he headed the French section of the International Brigade in Spain. As Colonel Rol-Tanguy he headed the F.F.I. in the Ile-de-France region (Paris plus the Departments of Seine and Seine-et-Oise). Last August, during the battle of Paris, the Swedish Minister and a French military delegate negotiated an armistice with the German garrison. But Colonel Rol-Tanguy denounced it, ordered his Maquis



Associated Press

FOR GALLANTRY*

For another, a demotion.

to continue street fighting. It was this armistice upset which compelled the Allies to come to the aid of the besieged F.F.I. instead of sweeping around Paris.

Later Colonel Rol-Tanguy and his men took over the job of policing Paris, shaved * General Delattre de Tassigny embracing Colonel Jacquot.



Pictures Inc.

MAURICE THOREZ

For him, a promotion.

the heads of *collaboratrices*, broke into homes of suspected collaborationists, made summary arrests, looted some shops, helped themselves here & there to cigarets, drinks and even an occasional bicycle.

Then the Gaullist administration moved to absorb the F.F.I. into the Regular Army, and General Joseph Pierre Koenig, Gaullist Commander in Chief of the F.F.I., ordered the Paris Maquis to give up their arms. The National Council of Resistance agreed that the F.F.I. should be under War Ministry control.

Colonel Rol-Tanguy did not agree. For a time his headquarters on the Rue St. Dominique were cut off from telephonic communication with the War Ministry in the same building. Government ministers and C.N.R. representatives argued the issue. Last week it was settled. Colonel Rol-Tanguy went out as F.F.I. chief for Ile-de-France. His successor: General Revers, ex-postal clerk and a veteran FFier. Colonel Rol-Tanguy remained as General Revers' chief of staff.

In General de Gaulle's struggle to restore order in France, this little F.F.I. shake-up was symptomatic. It meant that the Paris Maquis, like F.F.I. units elsewhere, were deprived of their police duties. It was a blow to the leftist dream of a People's Army (more than a third of the F.F.I., some 100,000 men, are being absorbed by the French Army).

The Left does not like the trend. But the bulk of the F.F.I. still supports General de Gaulle, and Gaullist Regular Army men make a policy of appreciating F.F.I. services. Last week, while Colonel Rol-Tanguy was being whittled down, another F.F.I. colonel, Jacquot, received a medal and a Gallic kiss, for gallantry in action, from the French First Army's General Delattre de Tassigny. Nevertheless the F.F.I. remains wary. Last week they complained about lack of weapons for Maquis still fighting Germans in western France. Growled the Communist *Humanité*: "Is that fifth-column work in Paris?"

Thorez à Paris!

Walls and sidewalks in Paris' famed Red Belt (workers' suburbs) were scribbled with bold white slogans: *Thorez à Paris!*—"Thorez back to Paris!" Thus French Communists high-pressured the Gaullist Government for return of the Communist Party's prewar secretary, the onetime coal miner who is now an exile in Moscow.

Maurice Thorez had been the ideological father of Léon Blum's Popular Front. In the middle '30s Frenchmen called him "the French Stalin." During the period of the Russo-German pact, he had condemned France's "imperialist" war against Nazi Germany. When the Daladier Government outlawed the French Communist Party in September 1939, Thorez deserted from the Army, went underground.

When the Germans invaded Russia,

TIME, OCTOBER 30, 1944



*Now it can
be told!*

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THE CHEVROLET-BUILT ARMORED CAR

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This new armored car is unique among wheeled vehicles of this war . . . a fourteen-ton roving weapon—with the speed of a passenger car, the firepower of a tank and the armor of a mobile fortress.

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BUY WAR BONDS
AND KEEP THEM
★ ★ ★



A trainload of Chevrolet-built armored cars bound for Europe. The British call them "Staghounds" because they're fast and maneuverable, and their "jettison" gas tanks give them a 500-mile range without refueling.

CHEVROLET DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Thorez stopped whistling the *Internationale*, started whistling *La Marseillaise*. From Moscow, where he and his family had a two-room apartment, he broadcast to the French Resistance. He urged co-operation with De Gaulle. But General de Gaulle remembered that Thorez was a military deserter, would not permit him to return to liberated France.

The Communists claimed that Thorez had gone A.W.O.L. to save his life. Last week they defied the Gaullist Government by nominating Thorez for the expanded Consultative Assembly.

This action put General de Gaulle on the spot. If he did not permit the seating of Thorez, he could be attacked for arbitrary interference by the executive in legislative affairs. But Thorez' return would give a developing leftist opposition to De Gaulle its shrewdest leadership.

SPAIN

Storm in the Pyrenees

Generalissimo Franco was in trouble. From the French side of the Pyrenees, Spanish Republicans who had fought with the F.F.I. made raids into Spain. Bloody skirmishes flared in the mountains.

The Paris radio announced a new face on the streets of Perpignan, France—Diego Martinez-Barrio, last President of the Republican Cortes, lately a refugee in Latin America. Somehow he had come through the Allied blockade.

Angrily, Franco ordered the border shut. A division of his army moved into the raided region. Rumor said that the Spanish dictator might well use some 10,000 German soldiers who had escaped to Spain from France, that he had offered to help the Gaullist Government clean up "the Spanish Maquis problem."

This week the Gaullist Government prudently withdrew all F.F.I. men from the Pyrenees border. But the French leftist press made no bones of its sympathy for the Spanish Republicans. And from Moscow came a powerful supporting voice. Said the influential *War and the Working Class*:

"The liquidation of the center of the fascist infection in Spain [is necessary] for the future security of Europe. . . . As he loses his main support—Hitlerite Germany—Franco looks to other forces for aid. One of his best allies is the Vatican. Pope Pius XII could be called Franco's 'godfather.'"

GREAT BRITAIN

"Bev" Wins

Its political knees might still be arthritic, but Britain's senescent Liberal Party was halfway out of its club chair last week. Up in the border constituency of Berwick, famed Sir William Beveridge, the Liberals' greatest catch in years, had just wiped the hustings with his by-elec-



SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE, M.P.
He was almost a revival.

tion opponent, Farmer William Donald Clark. It was not much of a fight. White-haired Farmer Clark passed round the hat at his meetings. White-haired Sir William explained his famed social-security plan, already somewhat dated by the Conservative Woolton Plan (*TIME*, Oct. 9) which Sir William has endorsed. Sir William's majority: 7,523.

Looking and grinning like Mr. Punch, 65-year-old Sir William observed: "I in-

tend to devote the rest of my life to politics and to spreading liberalism wherever I go."

For the long moribund Liberal Party, with its minuscule representation in Parliament (19 members out of 615), "Bev" was indeed a catch. Even the rumored intention of Field Marshal Montgomery to join the Party after the war paled before the presence of Britain's No. 1 social-security expert among the Liberal members. With a general election likely next year, both the Liberal Party and its distinguished recruit firmly believe that Britain is on the eve of a Liberal revival—a genuine interest by the "disillusioned" middle classes in the Party's progressive program. With pride Party chiefs pointed to the good Liberal showing in recent by-elections, higher Party enrollments, the constant stream of requests, many from the services, for expositions of Liberal policy. With old Bev as a symbol of rejuvenated Liberalism, Liberals talked of winning 100 seats in the next election.

Housebroken Gypsies

In the 15th Century, fragments of obscure Indian tribes, having wandered across Asia and Europe, turned up in Britain. Englishmen thought the swarthy nomads were Egyptians, shortened the word to gypsies. Gypsies did not mind. To them all *gorgios* (nongypsies) were *boro dinellos* (big fools) to be tricked and preyed on by the *jinni Romanis* (clever gypsies). Except for the contacts inevitable in *dukking* (fortunetelling), *dooking gri* (casting a spell on horses to lower their value and price) or *drabbing baulor* (poisoning a farmer's pigs so that the gypsies could buy the carcasses cheaply for food), gyp-



GYPSIES AT EPSOM DOWNS

Associated Press

No more "dukking," no more "dooking gri," no more "drabbing baulor."

TIME, OCTOBER 30, 1944

OPTICAL SCIENCE reaches new heights at **Kodak**

... makes possible
the finest camera lenses
of all time

The first of Kodak's "postwar" lens formulas are incorporated in such lenses as Kodak Medalist's f/3.5, the Recordak microfilm lenses, and Kodak's f/2.5 aerial lens for night reconnaissance.

Experimental aerial lenses of other speeds, designed and made by Kodak, each requiring years of computation, are now with the Air Forces.

ONE great factor in these new lenses is the revolutionary "rare element" glass developed by Kodak. In the past the lens designer begged for new types of glass for the development of his ideas. Now he has resources in glass which outstrip his creative imagination.

His position is similar to that of the physician who suddenly is given a new curative agent such as penicillin. It takes years to explore and realize its full usefulness.

At Kodak, "optics" includes every step in lens making, from a design originated for a special purpose by Kodak scientists to the tested and approved lens finally mounted in the camera.

This applies from the lens of the lowest priced Brownie or Kodak to the rare-element "postwar" lens of the costliest Kodak.

This program of lens development is now being extended—for the better pictures you'll make in the future.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

REMEMBER THE MARINE CAPTAIN who led his platoon onto the beach in the first assault wave at Tarawa? . . . how, after all his men were killed, he wiped out a Jap machine-gun position before he was fatally wounded? . . . how, in his last letter home, he had written "The marines have a way of making you afraid—not of dying, but of not doing your job"? A stern example to us at home.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS.

POURING A "MELT" of optical glass in the world's first all-electric glass plant at the Kodak lens works. The heavy platinum lining of a melting pot costs \$4,800—only platinum keeps impurities down to the maximum allowed by Kodak, 1 part in 1 million . . . The glass itself is made of "rare elements"—tantalum, tungsten, and lanthanum. Kodak's use of these, instead of sand, to produce optical glass with a much higher refractive index (light-bending ability), without marked increase in dispersion, is the "first basic discovery in optical glass in 55 years."

$\frac{1}{2}$ "LIGHT WAVE"—after all surfaces of the several elements in a lens have been ground and polished to an accuracy of $\frac{1}{2}$ "light wave"— $\frac{1}{100,000}$ of an inch—the assembled lens is brought to a lens bench for study and adjustments. The microscope shows the image of a pinpoint of light about 200 feet away—it appears as a tiny star. The size, shape, and color of the star image are determining factors in judging the optical quality of the lens.



STARS BAD AND GOOD—At left a "bad" star, at right a "good" star, as seen in lens bench microscope. In a lens which passes muster, the star must be symmetrical in shape and color, not exceed a maximum size. Weird shapes and bright colors, as at left, mean rejection. Star images photographed at 11° off axis.

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Chicago; San Francisco; Los Angeles; Seattle.

sies wanted no part of the respectable *gorgios'* world, ways or wars.

But now Britain's 45,000 gypsies were going to have to mend their ways—if Professor R. H. Angold of Britain's Gypsy Lore Society had anything to say about it. Noting that Britain's postwar plans take no account of gypsies, Professor Angold demanded that henceforth Britain's gypsies be regarded as useful, not just romantic, citizens.

Glamor Goes. The process had already begun. World War II had de-glamorized the gypsies, forced them into an activity they had successfully avoided for centuries—work. Under the National Service Act, gypsy poachers now make camouflage nets, gypsy tinkers repair copper vessels in jam factories, knife grinders shape metals, basket weavers wire electrical equipment for aircraft. While gypsy women (heretofore the traditional gypsy breadwinners) earn good money in war plants, their work-scorning menfolk bear arms or log wood pulp in Britain's forests.

Scarce clothing coupons have curbed the gypsy love for bright finery; ration books and identity cards their wanderings.

In the absence of a Government post-war plan for gypsies, Professor Angold came up with one of his own. Some points: basic three-R education for all gypsies, special open-air gypsy trade schools to teach handicrafts, communal camps for gypsy woodcutters, music classes for orchestras and choirs, the establishment of a gypsy national theater. Traditional gypsy skills, the Professor urged, should be diverted into workaday jobs.

No doubt the forces of progress were on Professor Angold's side. Besides, the British gypsies were more assimilated than most other gypsy stocks. But progress and assimilation might have a stiff tussle with a people which still preserved its folk wisdom in a six-line catechism: *Miro dado, soskei shan creminor kaired?* (My father, why were worms made?) *Miro chabo, that puvo-baulor might jib by halling lende.* (My son, that moles might live by eating them.) *Miro dado, soskei shan puvo—baulor kaired?* (My father, why were moles made?) *Miro chabo, that tute ta mande might jib by lelling lende.* (My son, that you and I might live by catching them.) *Miro dado, soskei shan tute ta mande kaired?* (My father, why were you and I made?) *Miro chabo, that creminor might jib by halling mende.* (My son, that worms might live by eating us.)

The Virtues of Simplicity

Prime Minister Churchill's long war against "officialese" and for the use of plain English got official support last week: The British War Office issued a notice to its staff:

"Nothing is more conducive to long-winded and stilted writing than the use of a formal, pedantic or polysyllabic substitute for the natural word or expression that first comes to mind. There will be occasions, relatively rare, when they will be wanted, quite legitimately, to convey

TIME, OCTOBER 30, 1944

a different shade of meaning. They should never be used simply because it is thought they sound more official, more formal, more stylish or more impressive than their everyday equivalents."

Change of Mind

A year ago Britain's Trades Union Congress, representing 6,500,000 workers, brought a storm about its ears by declaring that the Nazis, not the German people, should be held responsible for Germany's guilt. Last week, after a year of reconsideration and buzz-bombs, the T.U.C. changed its mind. Meeting in annual session, it resolved, by 5,056,000 votes to 1,350,000, that the German people must also be treated as guilty.

Equally significant was the Congress' willingness to waive a sacred trade-union right: German forced labor should be used for the rebuilding of Nazi-devastated Europe. So far, only Russia has announced its intention to use German forced labor. Exclaimed excitable Will Lawther, Mine-workers' Federation president: "It is sheer humbug . . . to hail the Red Army in one breath, but in the other to say 'to hell with you' when it comes to footing the bill."

Fluttering Wings

Waiting for Prime Minister Winston Churchill on his return from Moscow was a flare-up between the Conservative and Labor wings of his Coalition Government. *Casus belli*: Britain's planning bill for postwar housing (TIME, July 24). Laborites and ultra-Conservatives could not agree on how much the Government should pay property owners whose lands and houses would be nationalized. Cried Laborites: no more concessions!

But Britain's latest Gallup poll showed that 35% of Britons favored continuance of the Coalition after the war, 26% wanted a Labor Government. 12% backed the Conservatives.

IRAN

Enough Said

Last fortnight Iran's Premier Mohamed Said Maraghei rejected a Russian request for oil rights in northern Iran.* Last week Moscow cracked down on Said.

Cried the Soviet trade-union paper *Trud*: "Iranian newspapers are inquiring why Premier Said does not resign, as are all public circles in Iran who understand that continuation of Premier Said's policy is harming the interests of Iran."

Trud recalled that Said had spent ten years in Russia as Iran's Ambassador, was mistakenly regarded as a man who understood the full importance of good relations with Russia.

Trud did not mention oil, but another Soviet thunderer did. *War and the Working Class* informed Russians that the U.S. controls 57% of the world's oil resources, Britain 27%, the Soviet only 11%.

* Also rejected: three U.S. companies, Standard Oil Co. (N.J.), Socony-Vacuum Oil Co., Inc. and Sinclair Oil Corp. They sought concessions in southwestern Iran.

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LATIN AMERICA

THE HEMISPHERE

Indignation

The Latin American diplomats in Washington, a tight little group when affronted, buzzed with indignation last week. The war in Europe was near its end; the postwar world was being planned. But their great continent-and-a-fifth was allowed no voice in its planning. Singly and in groups they had hinted to the U.S. State Department that a Pan-American conference was long overdue. (The last was at Rio de Janeiro two years, nine months ago.) The only answer they got was evasion.

Mexican Foreign Minister Ezequiel Padilla had also "hinted" to the State Department. So had Leo S. Rowe of the Pan American Union. Both got the run-around. According to Under Secretary Edward R. Stettinius Jr., there had been "consultations." But when a TIME reporter asked Latin-American diplomats whether the "consultations" ever worked both ways—with the Latins taking the initiative—he met raised eyebrows and an "Are you kidding?" attitude. Apparently the U.S. State Department intended to speak for the hemisphere.

In unofficial grumbles the Latin Americans presented their case: all the republics except Argentina had cooperated with the United Nations. Brazilian troops were fighting in Italy. U.S. forces freely used Latin ports. Brazil and the Caribbean countries were dotted with U.S. bases. The economy of every Latin American country was geared to the Allied war machine. Latin Americans were tired of being treated like bothersome children.

The State Department feared, if Washington rumor was right, that a Pan-American conference might take up the painful question of Argentina. This the Latin Americans denied vehemently. Most of them had withdrawn their ambassadors from Argentina. Beyond this action, they wanted no part in the U.S.-Argentine conflict, which they consider a U.S. worry.

"You can trust us," scoffed the diplomats, "to keep our necks pulled in." For a Pan-American conference with Argentina on the agenda would be under U.S. pressure to gang up on Argentina. If Argentina yielded ground, the State Department might forget the help it had received from the other Latin American countries. But Argentina would not forget—or forgive.

"Besides," said certain diplomats in deeply anonymous whispers, "we don't like such ganging-up. Any one of our countries may find itself in Argentina's shoes if it tries to get out of the U.S. sphere of influence or otherwise opposes the State Department. No one wants to prepare a scaffold on which he may be hanged." One diplomat quoted a Spanish proverb: "When you see your neighbor being shaved, prepare to lose your own whiskers."

GUATEMALA

Revolution

Young officers, students and workers last week captured Lend-Lease guns and armored cars to smash General Federico Ponce's Guatemalan dictatorship. When the shooting stopped, a provisional triumvirate ruled Guatemala: Captain Jacobo Arbenz, 28-year-old son of a Swiss druggist, who planned the revolt; Major Francisco Xavier Arana, and Jorge Toriello, son of one of Guatemala's first families.

Ponce, who lost one son in the fighting, was exiled to Mexico. General Miguel Idigoras Fuentes, who dreamt of becoming the strong man of Guatemala through his



DICTATOR PONCE
He wept.

friendship with Captain Arbenz, was sent to Washington as military attaché.

Early Friday, rebel officers smuggled 70 students and workers into the fortress of the Honor Guard. The officers and "prisoners" killed the commander and took over the fort. Stragglers from Guatemala City's nightclubs were surprised when they saw armed civilians roaring past in jeeps and motorcycle side-cars.

Lend-Lease Fireworks. On the immense Plaza de Armas before the Presidential Palace, a member of the palace guard was lying dead in a pool of blood. Knots of people headed for the barracks, where the Lend-Lease equipment was being distributed to civilians. The rebels planted three 105-mm. shells on San José Fortress, turned it into a huge crater, belching hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of Lend-Lease explosives. Loyal artillery in Matamoros Fortress laid 20 shells into the barracks of the Honor Guard before

Matamoros itself was reduced to rubble. White flags appeared, twelve hours after the revolt had started. Almost 1,800 had been killed or wounded.

Ex-Dictator Jorge Ubico heard that the mob was hunting him "like a wild beast," took refuge in the British Legation.

Death and Meat. In Escuintla, an unpopular political chief was killed. In the capital, 16 people were killed by Government tank fire when machine-gunning started in the meat market of U.S. Citizen Alfredo Denby.

The new revolt had been smoldering since last July, when an uprising ousted Dictator Jorge Ubico. By pretending that he would hold free elections for the first time in 23 years, General Federico Ponce got himself elected as temporary President by the Ubico-picked Legislature.

A free press sprang up. Most Guatemalans joined labor "guilds," exacted living wages for the first time. Tight Ubico monopolies were broken up. Pro-Nazi Foreign Minister Carlos Salazar was forced into retirement. The Government at last expropriated German-owned coffee plantations. Refugees returned. The Presidential campaign got under way.

Then General Ponce took to riding in Ubico's armored limousine. Suddenly he struck. Hundreds of workers, students, teachers, lawyers and doctors were jailed.

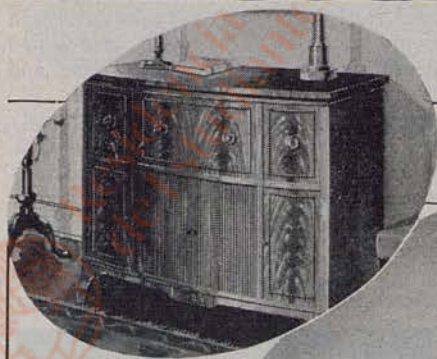
Grand Hotel. Handsome Dr. Juan José Arevalo became phenomenally popular as a Presidential candidate. Ponce forced him to take refuge in the Mexican Embassy. The Mexican Ambassador, Dr. Romeo Ortega, had openly supported the first "People's Revolution." The Mexican Embassy took in so many refugees that Dr. Ortega had to rent part of the Palace Hotel to care for them.

One Ponce critic who did not flee to the Mexican Embassy was Alejandro Cordova, bald little Congressman and publisher of *El Imparcial*. One day Publisher Cordova was murdered by assassins. Last week Ponce held a closely supervised election to name, among others, a successor for Deputy Cordova. People shouting "Viva Arevalo!" were clapped in jail. Then the revolution broke out. Before he left for Mexico, General Ponce occupied Arevalo's former suite in the Mexican Embassy.

At the airport, new Government officials confiscated \$16,000 from Ponce's luggage. The General, who had entered the Presidency penniless, wept unrestrainedly.

The revolutionary mood spread to neighboring El Salvador, where two opposing factions both battled Government troops in an attempt to move their candidates into the President's office. President Andrés Ignacio Menéndez resigned promptly "for health reasons" and was replaced by Colonel Osmin Aguirre y Salinas, who represented a third faction. Also from El Salvador came word that revolution had broken out in Honduras.

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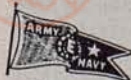
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PEOPLE

Decorators

Lady Mendl, eightyish, ageless, international smart-setter, predicted great things for her wartime home, Hollywood. Said she: "Hollywood is the new kingdom of youth and ambition. . . . This is the new focal point of civilization. . . . Among the kings and queens of the future, the stars of Hollywood will be prominently enthroned."

General Henry H. ("Hap") Arnold, of the U.S. Army Air Forces, pinned the D.S.M. on the be-medaled chest of Colonel Philip Cochran, 34-year-old inspiration for "Flip Corkin" of Milton Caniff's *Terry and the Pirates* comic strip. The



British Official
BARBER & MONTGOMERY
Another for Colin.

citation: for crack performance in the first airborne invasion of Burma.

Field Marshal Sir Bernard Law Montgomery, commander of the British ground forces in Europe, reached up and added a bar to the D.S.O. of Major General Colin Muir Barber, leader of the 15th (Scottish) Division and tallest British Army General—6 ft. 6 in.

Provocateurs

Humphrey Bogart, Hollywood's No. 1 he-man (*To Have and Have Not*, *Casablanca*), announced that he had separated from his wife, ex-Cinemactress Mayo Methot. Bogart, who nicknamed his wife (also his yacht) "Sluggo" and bragged about their many private and public fights in six years of marriage (on their fifth anniversary, he gave Sluggo a rolling pin), kept mum about the reasons. Hollywood newshawks pointed out that Methot was for Dewey, Bogart for Roosevelt.

Cyril Edwin Mitchinson Joad, Britain's bubbling, goat-bearded ex-pacifist philosopher and mainstay of the BBC "Brains Trust" (British equivalent of *In-*

formation Please), was invited to speak at Cambridge University on international affairs, was greeted with tear and smoke bombs by student rioters who aimed to prevent him from speaking. Reason: in 1933, Joad had spoken at Cambridge in defense of the Oxford Union's once-famed resolution—"Not to Fight for King and Country."

Earnest Albert Hooton, Harvard's pessimistic, publicity-wise anthropologist, who has long reported that men are reverting to apes, plumped for a woman President of the U.S., claimed that women "could hardly have made a worse mess" of world affairs than that made by men. He declared that women's "capacity for moral



U.S. Army Air Forces-Acme
ARNOLD & COCHRAN
Another for Flip.

self-deception is smaller than that of males . . . they see things black or white. . . ." He also hoped for a woman President, because "we should then have a first gentleman of the land, and some of us would rather be that than President."

Celebrants

General Dwight D. Eisenhower's Christmas wish was reported over the radio, and granted just before the U.S. mailing deadline. The wish: a 2-lb. package of hominy grits.

John Dewey, shy, sage Grand Old Man of U.S. philosophy, father of progressive education, quietly celebrated his 85th birthday in his Manhattan home, calmly reaffirmed his belief in education through scientific inquiry. Professor Dewey, who raised all of his six children by progressive methods, then recalled that one day his five-year-old son had turned on a kitchen faucet, could not turn it off, flooded the room, ran into his father's study and shouted: "Don't say a word, John; get the mop." Professor Dewey smilingly remembered that he had "got the mop."

TIME, OCTOBER 30, 1944

SKY SWEEPERS

40-mm. GUN CREWS perched precariously over their ship-sides sweep the skies with deadly aim when enemy aircraft threaten.

Whether it be 40-mm. shells no larger than a man's wrist or 16-inchers for the big guns, bombs, rockets or block busters, America produces them with skill and in gigantic quantities.

In the hundreds of arsenals here at home, supplying our fighters with the wherewithal to do battle, one element is vital. This is

oil. Fine lubricants, cutting oils and coolants that permit high speed precision and on-schedule production.

Texaco insures quick and convenient sources of supply through its *more than 2300 wholesale supply points* all over America.

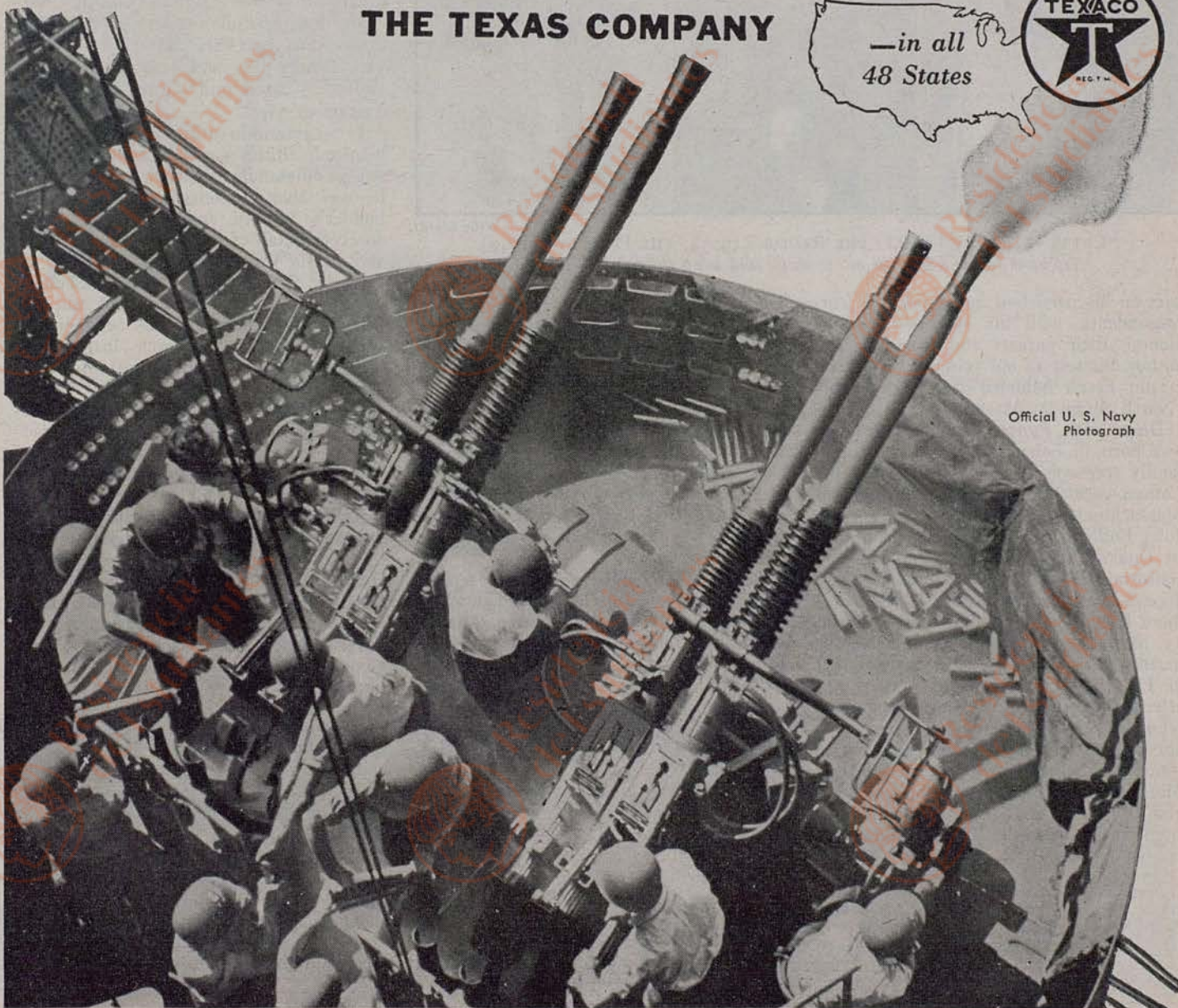
Then — to help in delivering full speed, efficiency and economy from these quality petroleum products, Texaco makes available, from the same sources, its skilled engineering service.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

—in all
48 States



Official U. S. Navy
Photograph



Victorian Headmaster

One of the few things which Franklin D. Roosevelt and the *Chicago Tribune's* Colonel Robert R. McCormick have in common is their headmaster. As prep-school boys both stood—and perhaps still stand, a little—in awe of the most famed U.S. headmaster of his generation: the founder of small, ultra-swank Groton School. Endicott Peabody, a living legend at 87, retired from Groton's headmastership in 1940—to a new house just off the campus. Last week he received his first full-length biography, *Peabody of Groton* (Coward McCann; \$5), based in large

Britain," observes Ashburn. When Endicott graduated, he knew only that he wanted to be useful.

"What About the Ministry?" When he returned to the U.S., a cousin recalls, he was "a wonderful specimen of stalwart youth, tall, broad-shouldered, fair-haired, blue-eyed, with an irresistible capacity for laughter. . . . Of course a young man like that landing in the midst of Boston society played havoc with the fair sex. They fell before him like ninepins." Handsome Cotty entered Lee, Higginson & Co., brokers, as a runner and clerk. Life among the trust funds soon bored him. He visited the famed, silver-tongued rector of Boston's

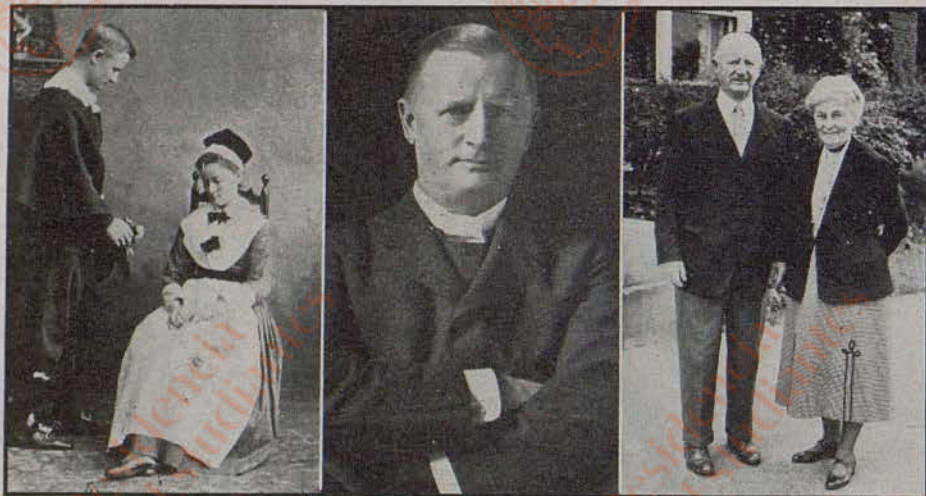
cousin Fanny Peabody, and, with funds supplied by rich patrons, to found his school at Groton, Mass.

Incomprehensible Groton. In October, 1884, Brooks House, newly built in a fenceless hilltop meadow that looked northwest to the blue New Hampshire hills, was ready for its first students. The 27 boys who arrived for the first term faced a faculty of four. Two of the teachers (William Amory Gardner and Sherrard Billings, who with Peabody formed Groton's cherished, long-lived triumvirate) had about as much experience of the world and of the classroom as their eldest students.

Many years later Teacher "Billy Wag" Gardner wrote: "Groton School is perfectly incomprehensible to those who have not belonged to it; only partly comprehensible to those who have. . . ." One reason was that Groton, unlike such colonial growths as William Penn Charter School or such 18th-Century endowments as Phillips Academy, was as much a Victorian import as the Prince Albert coat. Like the Prince Albert, it was tailored to the observance of a precise and ponderous ritual: a daily round of 6:45 bell, heavy breakfast, intense (almost neurotic) concentration on studies and sports; an annual round from First Day to Prize Day, with faculty teas and other protocol between, as fixed and formal as an Old Testament year.

In letter and in spirit, the pervasive influence in all this was the Rector's. He was not an outstandingly original teacher. But he was able to concentrate an empire-builder's vitality and single-mindedness on every detail of the school's daily round and yearly growth. During the term he lived for the school, from his muscularly Christian plunge at about 6 a.m. until he had observed the changeless ceremony of saying goodnight to each little, hair-brushed, white-collared, patent-leather shod Grottie. Gracious, friendly, athletic Mrs. Peabody, who defrosted her husband's high-collar sociability with never-failing warmth and humor, was always with him as he sent the younger boys off to bed.

Religion, Scholarship, Soap. The Spartan ended as he began, with emphasis on the fundamentals: religion, scholarship, soap & water (cold, in tin basins), sports. On the fives court, he was a strong player of this English version of handball. He never hurried, never sauntered. "Move along, boy," was one of his favorite phrases. Once a young English teacher proposed to allow the boys to read Rabelais and *Candide* (*Stalky & Co.* had once been on the forbidden list). Said the Rector: "I prefer . . . to keep away from dirtiness—keep away from mess . . . and I suggest that we will be better teachers and better men if we learn to keep our rifle and ourself just so." Returning from Bermuda in recent years he saw an old Grottie, ten years out, climb an ocean liner's davit to wave goodbyes. "Come down off that davit, F. . . .," said the Rector. "Yes, sir," said the alumnus, scrambling down.



"COTTY" & FANNY (1881); THE RECTOR (1905); THE PEABODYS (1940)
His boys learned how to move along and keep themselves just so.

Wide World

part on his persistent and prodigious correspondence with his rich and famous alumni, their parents and friends.* The author, himself an old "Grottie," is Headmaster Frank Ashburn of Brooks School (North Andover, Mass.).

Days with Punch. Endicott Peabody was born in Salem, Mass. in 1857. His family tree was one of the oldest in the Commonwealth. One of his ancestors was Massachusetts Bay Colony Governor John Endicott, who hanged Nonconformist Quakers, but was the friend of Nonconformist Roger Williams. Another was Joseph Peabody, owner of one of Salem's finest East India fleets. When "Cotty" was 13, his father became a London banking partner of Junius Spencer Morgan, father of J.P. the First. From 14 to 19, Cotty attended Cheltenham College, preparatory school, where he became "tall, strong as a horse, graceful." From there he went to Cambridge, where he read *Punch*, Dickens, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson and the law—and not much else. "There is a striking similarity between the Rector's humor and that of *Punch* in the days when he was in

fashionable Trinity Episcopal Church, Phillips Brooks. Their conversation:

P: Mr. Brooks, I am Endicott Peabody. My brother is going to be married by you.

B: Oh, yes. Come in.

P: What do you think of brokerage?

B: It doesn't lead to anything, and has little in it except a fortune, if that.

P: What about the ministry?

B: If it appeals to you as the most interesting and desirable thing in the world to tell people about Christ, you had better come in.

Baseball in Tombstone. After settling accounts with his family's cool Unitarianism, Anglophile Peabody entered the mild warmth of the Episcopal Church. Thereafter "he was . . . first of all a priest." With his brimming fund of faith, Peabody at Cambridge's Episcopal Theological School was "just not interested in details of the Higher Criticism or lower skepticism."

In 1882, after several months' study, he accepted a call to wild & woolly Tombstone, Ariz. Observed the Tombstone *Epitaph*: "Well, we've got a parson who doesn't flirt with the girls, who doesn't drink beer behind the door, and when it comes to baseball, he's a daisy."

Peabody soon returned East to re-enter the theological school, to marry his first

* Some famed "Grotties": Diplomats Sumner Welles, '10, and Joseph C. Grew, '98; New York *Daily News* Publisher Captain Joseph M. Patterson, '96; Artist George Biddle, '04; Attorney General Francis Biddle, '05.



TIMBER FOR TOMORROW Ssprings from Southern Soil!

Great southern forests yield lumber for myriad vital wartime uses. But greater still will be the demands of peace—lumber to be submitted to the magic of plastics and chemurgy, and lumber to satisfy the home-building instincts of millions of home-loving Americans.

Already the South is producing 40 per cent of U. S. lumber. And more than half the timber potential of our national forest areas is in the South. Thousands of acres of seedling trees give promise of timber deliveries equal to future needs as well as providing a new

and fertile source of income to the Southern planter. Timber's great prospective activity is but typical of the South's postwar outlook in other fields—steel, textiles, oil, mining, cotton, chemistry, agriculture.

Delta Air Lines serves a South of vast productive capacity. Delta personnel daily brings nearer completion their plans for finer service, swifter airliners and extended airways—whenever there is a moment to spare from the first-business of essential wartime transportation and special operations for the armed forces.

THE AIRLINE OF THE SOUTH...SERVING A LAND OF POWER AND PROMISE

DELTA Air Lines





A Tradition of Quality Still Unbroken...

SINCE 1661 when Jamaica's parliament passed its first measure regulating the quality of its Rums, there has never been any compromise where quality is concerned. Today, when demand far exceeds supply and temptations to "cut corners" are great, this rigid centralized control is still effective—still complete assurance that Jamaica Rums, regardless of brand or type, remain the same smooth, mellow favourites that have established their preeminent position as the world's finest. So, when rum is called for, call for

GENUINE

Jamaica Rums



JAMAICA OLD FASHIONED

Add 3 or 4 dashes of Angostura Bitters to 1 lump of sugar or 1 teaspoonful of syrup in an Old Fashioned glass. Then add 1 or 2 cubes of ice, a twist of lemon peel or a slice of lemon, 1 jigger of Jamaica Rum and a splash of soda water. Stir and serve.

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
(OF JAMAICA), LTD. - KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

MEDICINE

For the Disabled

Ten years ago, Betsey Barton was having the kind of good time only American girls of her background can have. She was 16, pretty, athletic, and the daughter of a rich father, famed Advertising Man Bruce Barton. She rode horseback, danced, played tennis, toured the world. Then she broke her back in an automobile accident. In spite of all that surgery could do, her legs remained paralyzed.

This week, in *And Now to Live Again* (D. Appleton-Century, \$1.75), Betsey Barton describes how a badly maimed person feels after the first shock of injury has passed, how such a person can make the agonizingly slow mental adjustment, sometimes more difficult than that of people deformed at birth. She hopes that her book will help teach the families of wounded men what to expect, what to do.

She intended to write an objective account of clinics, exercises, psychiatric treatments for the millions who have been badly hurt (besides the unknown number of disabled veterans, the U.S. has 4,000,000 handicapped people, acquires 800,000 new ones a year, of whom 90,000 are injured in industry). But what she produced was a moving description of her gradually victorious state of mind.*

Slow Beginning. Betsey Barton lay in bed for a year doing nothing, growing feebler & feebler. Recently she has visited people "who sit in back bedrooms . . . because rescue work was not brought to them. . . ." Rescue, she says, should begin the minute danger is over, or there will be a "serious psychic lesion which may result in total paralysis of the will." The trick is "never give food that is too strong for the weak-tea capacity," never assign a task at which the injured may fail—they may give up altogether. The Army's new rehabilitation program with its graduated exercises (TIME, Nov. 15, 1943) works on this principle. Betsey Barton's own first calisthenics were breathing and moving her abdominal muscles. Her first occupation was learning to type on a machine slung over her bed on a board. She now gets around, slowly, on crutches, can even stand on her head. Since learning to type, she has written for *Redbook* and *Liberty* magazines, the *Washington Times-Herald* and other publications.

"Terrifying World." A patient, she thinks, should get out of the hospital as soon as possible, even though it means entering a "new and terrifying world." She also feels that he should get no coddling, should learn to do things for himself, even when it seems harsh to make him do them. The best kind of help, she found, is from

* Facilities for disabled are listed in another book, out this week: *Normal Lives for the Disabled* (Macmillan, \$2.50) by Edna Yost in collaboration with Dr. Lillian Moller Gilbreth who, with her husband, late Dr. Frank B. Gilbreth, developed many industrial jobs for handicapped men after World War I.

someone similarly injured, Betsey Barton made this discovery at Manhattan's unique Institute for the Crippled and Disabled.* There she found an organization with many disabled people on its staff, using many kinds of special training methods. For example, there are replicas of bus steps, curbs placed just the width of a city street apart, with lights timed like traffic lights. Hardest trick for Betsey Barton was getting into a cab.

Cooperation Wanted. Betsey Barton can now take care of herself entirely. She can even cook from a wheel chair (keeping



BETSEY BARTON
She describes victory.

pots & pans in bottom drawers instead of top ones) and mop ("not too clean, of course").

Much help for the disabled, she believes, should be provided by the community:

¶ Centers similar to New York's Institute should be established all over the U.S.

¶ Trained physical therapists and occupational therapists are needed by the thousands.

¶ Most present-day appliances for crippled people, including her own braces, are "medieval," says Betsey Barton.

"Der Papa"

No man has more profoundly affected modern thought than the late, great Sigmund Freud. Yet few close-ups of Freud exist. The father of psychoanalysis has usually been seen from afar. Last week

* For those who need it, the Institute offers job training. There are over 2,000 kinds of jobs that handicapped people can fill, 275 of them for people with arm injuries. The value of such people to industry is beginning to be appreciated (TIME, June 21, 1943).

Lauritz Melchior

VICTOR RED SEAL ARTIST



Mr. Melchior is shown as Tristan in "Tristan and Isolde," one of his great Wagnerian roles.



HUGH WALPOLE SAW A HERO

When the English novelist, Hugh Walpole, saw and heard Lauritz Melchior, he recognized in him the ideal hero for Wagner's operas. Melchior heeded Walpole's urging, studied Wagnerian roles. Today, the world hails Melchior as the greatest Wagnerian tenor in operatic history.

Hear Melchior any time on Victor Red Seal Records! Enjoy in your home the performances that have thrilled thou-

sands at the Metropolitan Opera! You will hear Melchior's magnificent tenor in true-to-life reproduction—vital and powerful, broad in range, exceptionally beautiful in tone. And through his penetrating insight, you will feel all the vivid drama of Wagner's immortal music. See the Victor catalog and see what a treasure awaits you!

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THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON



VICTOR Red Seal Records

RCA VICTOR DIVISION, RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA, CAMDEN, N. J.



BRIGHTER TEETH ... BETTER HEALTH ...

get the **EXTRA PROTECTION**
of this Anti-soggy, Waterproofed Brush!

The smiles that charm are those that sparkle ... and they depend upon sound dental health! You can brighten your smile, better guard your health with the extra protection of a new Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft Toothbrush. For only in Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft do you get the advantages of waterproofed, anti-soggy "Exton" brand bristling—better cleansing, longer life. So, discard that battered brush that does only half a job. Get a new Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft Toothbrush today!



Sealed in glass for added protection—This famous toothbrush, the quality leader of the world at 50¢, also comes in the 2-Row "Professional" shape, as well as the 2-Row "Oro" design.

THESE "Extra Protection" Features MAKE MIRACLE-TUFT THE FINEST TOOTHBRUSH MONEY CAN BUY!

"EXTON" brand waterproofed bristling—the ONLY waterproofed anti-soggy bristle. Greater strength and resiliency. Cleans more thoroughly. Outlasts natural bristle.



Try to pull it out! Bristles won't split, break off or come out in your mouth. They are correctly spaced and their irregular shape is an important help in penetrating crevices.



Double convex shape—the original Dr. West's design. Conforms to all surfaces of the teeth. Reaches the hard-to-get-at places. Handle is streamlined.



Copr. 1944 by Weeco Products Company

VITAMINS

appeared a warmly intimate portrait of Freud: *Master and Friend* (Harvard University Press; \$2.50), by Dr. Hanns Sachs of Harvard, a survivor of the early group of six close disciples.*

Dr. Sachs first met his fellow Viennese in 1904. Sachs was then a law-school graduate bored with the law, fascinated by literature and, especially, by the psychological insights of Dostoevski. "I hoped to tread in broad daylight the obscure and labyrinthine paths of passion which he had traced." At this point, Sachs came upon Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams*. "I said to myself that these stupendous revelations needed and merited the most complete scrutiny; even if it should in the end turn out that every theory ad-



Schur-Black Star

THE LATE SIGMUND FREUD
"America, I am afraid..."

vanced in its pages were wrong, I would not regret the loss of time."

Freud then held the rank of "professor extraordinary" of neurology, but had, turned his back on orthodox research channels ("his monograph on the coca-plant gave the first indication of its wide possibilities as an anesthetic") for pioneer psychological theorizing which rarely drew more than a dozen listeners to his weekly lectures at the General Hospital.

Twenty Cigars. "[Freud's] office consisted of a dark little anteroom and three chambers. . . . Each room had but one window opening onto a courtyard in the middle of which stood a tall and beautiful tree." The man who placed so much importance on erotic drives that he was widely regarded as monstrous was "*der Papa*" to six adoring children—"when one of the children had been absent for some time and was met by another, the first word from the newcomer was: 'Father

* The others: the late Drs. Carl Abraham and Max Eitingon of Berlin, Sandor Ferenczi of Budapest, Otto Rank of Vienna, Ernest Jones of London (still living).

????

"B₂ or not B₂" has replaced "to be or not to be". Other questions are being asked by people everywhere—"Should I take Vitamins A or D, or the B Complex Vitamins, or Vitamin C?"

There is but one answer to all of these questions and it is supplied by nutrition authorities. The answer:

Deficiencies Seldom Single

¶ Well established today is the fact that vitamin deficiencies seldom occur singly in the diet. Lack of one nearly always means lack of several. One single vitamin may not materially benefit those whose diets are lacking in several.



GOOD RED BLOOD

Requires Iron—often lacking in the diet

Thus, multi-vitamin-formulas that contain all the vitamins known to be needed in the human diet—are today's preferred methods of vitamin supplementation.

Nor is America's dietary lack confined to vitamins alone. Prevalent, too, is the lack of vitally needed minerals.

Minerals are needed not only to help in various body processes, but also because it has been found that certain vitamins play their full role only in the presence of certain minerals and vice versa.

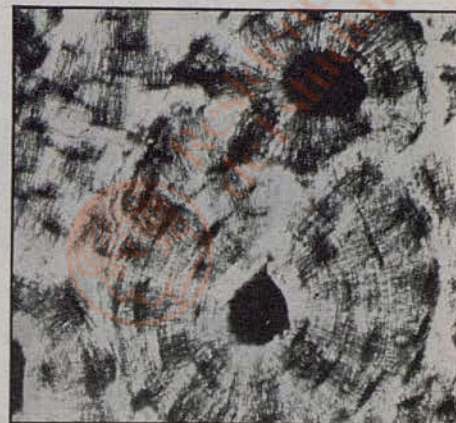
¶ For impartial evidence on how widespread is this lack of vitamins and minerals, one has only to read a survey of national eating habits released by the United States Department of Agriculture. It reveals that three persons out of four were not getting enough vitamins and minerals from their daily meals. These figures are backed up by other surveys.

How Come?

The reason for these widespread deficiencies is mainly that few people are dietitians enough to select foods that give them all the vitamins and minerals they should get; most eat for taste, not food value.

Important too is the fact that soil, growing conditions, transportation, storage, preparation and cooking, all rob food of vitamins and minerals in varying degrees.

¶ Wise, then, are those who take a dietary supplement that supplies all the vitamins known to be essential along with the commonly lacking minerals as well.



HEALTHY BONE CELLS
need Calcium, Phosphorus, Vitamins C, D

Here's How

The Vimms formula was specially designed with these widespread multiple deficiencies in mind. Vimms contain not only Vitamins A and D, not only the important B Complex Vitamins and costly Vitamin C, but *all* the vitamins that Government experts and doctors agree are essential in the diet.

Along with these vitamins, Vimms also supply vital minerals: Iron, necessary for good red blood; Calcium and Phosphorus necessary for strong bones, teeth and body tissues.

In developing Vimms, scientists found that no one tablet or capsule could contain all the vitamins and minerals in the Vimms formula and still be easily swallowed. That is why Vimms come in *three* tablets per day.



THREE, NOT ONE
... one too big to swallow easily

Taken every day, pleasant-tasting, easily swallowed Vimms will raise the average diet of young and old alike up to or above Recommended Daily Allowances for vitamins and minerals as adopted by the National Research Council.

FACT OR FICTION?



A 47-SECOND QUIZ ON RAILROAD DETECTIVES

Q. Stealing of freight cars by other railroads makes heavy work for Northern Pacific's car tracers. Fact or fiction?

A. Fiction. All U. S. railroads freely exchange freight cars . . . thus, other lines make extensive use of N. P. equipment. However, tracers keep close tab on all 39,000 N. P. cars.



Q. Mysterious X sometimes found on N. P. rails is secret sign of well known gang of saboteurs. Fact or fiction?

A. Fiction. Patrol car with electronic detector instantly puts the finger on any hidden flaw in track, marks the spot with paint to guide repair crew.



Q. "Platform snooper" frequently seen poking around train trucks is hunting stowaways. Fact or fiction?

A. Fiction. He is checking journal boxes to see whether wheel bearings need oil, packing or new "brasses". All N. P. trains are inspected, to forestall hot-boxes.



Q. A common variety of plant makes smart thieves wary of Northern Pacific freight cars. Fact or fiction?

A. Fact. *Plant*, in crooks' lingo, means an undercover police guard. Scores of railroad policemen protect the millions of dollars worth of goods moved yearly via Northern Pacific.



Q. N. P. "freight detectives" have uncanny ability to predict movement of products of Northwest states. Fact or fiction?

A. Fact. They're the friendly, competent Northern Pacific traffic agents . . . confidants and counselors to a host of shippers along the Main Street of the Northwest.



NORTHERN PACIFIC

Main Street of the Northwest

now drinks his tea from the green cup instead of from the blue one." As for Frau Professor: "I am sure that he was a great man to her before a word of his books was written as well as afterwards, and that he will remain so for her till the end."*

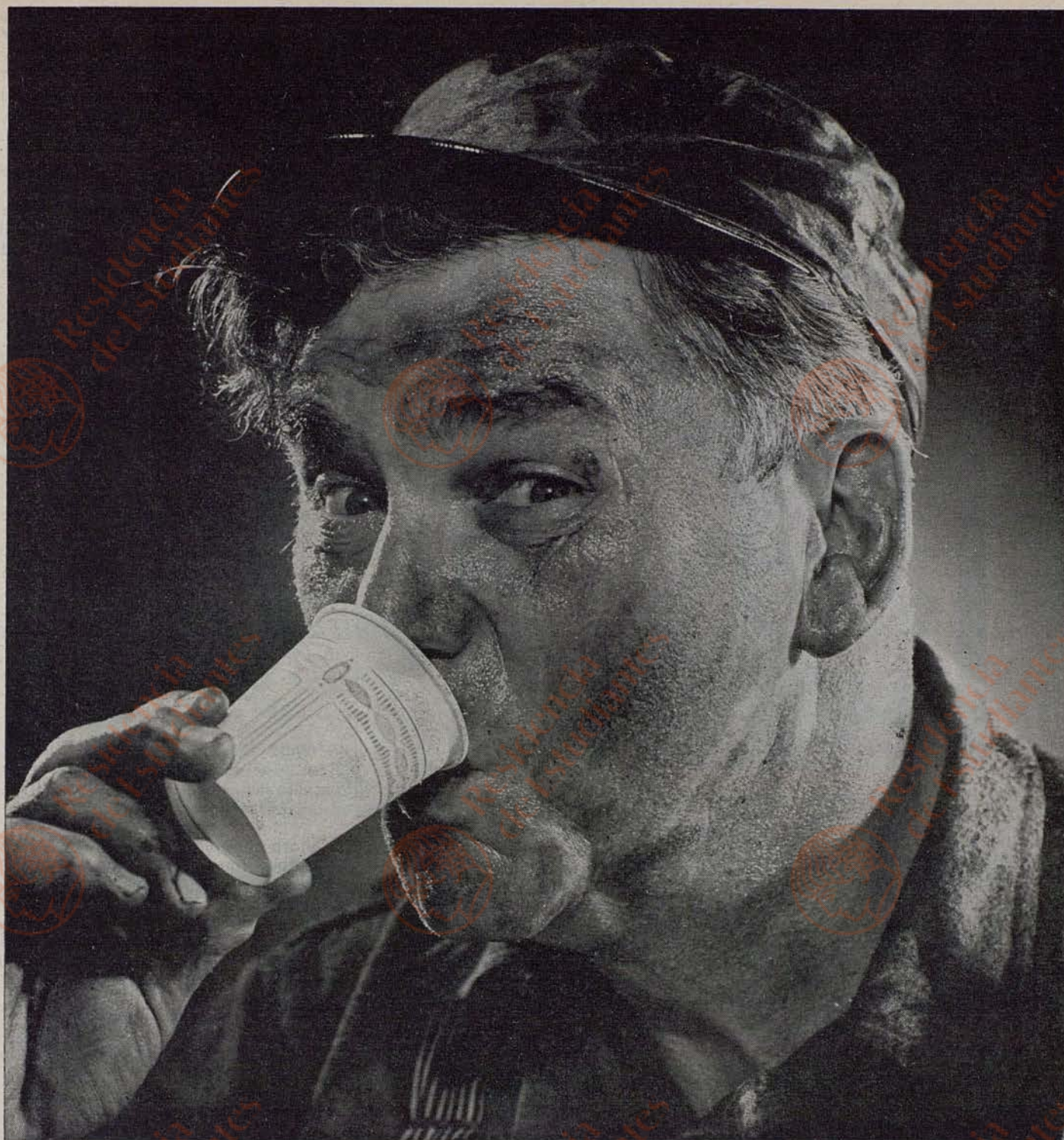
Freud received analytical patients all day, avoided society but not the theater or museums, worked most of his evenings, played cards on Saturdays after his lectures. He smoked 20 cigars a day—"he was so fond of smoking that he was somewhat irritated when men around him did not smoke." His talk was sharp and often humorous (he described one worn-out political friend as an "aged lion, well on his way to becoming a couch cover"). He did most of his writing during his annual three months' summer vacation, conceiving his works in his head and writing them down almost without correction.

"Incredibly Old." The son of a Jewish tradesman, Freud came of tough stock—his mother died at 93, when he himself was in his 70s. For 16 years before his death he endured the constant pain, intermittent surgery and increasing speech impairment which were the results of cancer of the mouth. When the Nazis invaded Austria, they allowed Freud to leave the country, but not until they had seized his psychoanalytical publishing house, "the institute, and the Clinic, lock, stock and barrel. . . ."

In England in 1939 Dr. Sachs found Freud "very ill and incredibly old. It was evident that he pronounced every word at the cost of an enormous effort. . . . But these torments had not worn down his will. I learned that he still kept his analytical hours whenever he had a time of slight alleviation of pain. . . . He discussed problems and personalities of the psychoanalytic movement in America with full knowledge of the details. . . . The greatest part of the time we . . . stayed in the garden and looked over the lawn where he rested, sometimes in light slumber, sometimes caressing his chow who did not leave his side for a moment. . . ." He died of cancer and heart disease in 1939, at the age of 83.

Freud, says Dr. Sachs, "saw everywhere around him the struggle of two opposing forces" (life instinct *v.* death instinct, subconscious drives *v.* repression). "He was not dazzled by the illusion of progress. . . . For this reason he was skeptical about the promises of communism. When a prominent Bolshevik told him that Lenin, who had been his personal friend, had predicted that Europe would have to go through a period of desolation much worse than that caused by the revolution, the civil war and famine in Russia, but that after that a period of unbroken happiness and stability would follow, Freud answered: 'Let's make it 50-50. I will accept the first half.'" Some years after his only visit to the U.S. in 1909, he remarked: "America is the most grandiose experiment the world has seen, but, I am afraid, it is not going to be a success."

* Frau Professor, 80, is still living in London.



**"one thing that's always clean
on my job..."**

DIXIE CUPS

"I don't mind the oil and grease that go with my job. But when it comes to putting my mouth where others have drunk before me, that's different. That's when I appreciate these fresh clean Dixie Cups. Yes sir, give me a Dixie Cup every time."

We hope it won't be long



Blackie: "I'm impatient, Whitey, but it's worth while waiting for."

Whitey: "You got that line from the friends of BLACK & WHITE, Blackie!"

You said it, Whitey—and you can't blame people for being a little impatient when they can't get BLACK & WHITE occasionally. It's hard for them to get used to any other Scotch. That's why folks everywhere are so eagerly looking forward to the day when there will be enough BLACK & WHITE to go around. We hope it won't be long.



"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

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MISCELLANY

Solid Booking. In Chicago, Pearl Feld worked 38 years at the Public Library, retired to catch up on her reading.

Officers' Mess. In Washington, the Internal Revenue Bureau ruled as legitimate business expenses, and therefore deductible on income tax returns, all "scrambled eggs" (visor scrolls), gold braid, lace, "chicken guts" (shoulder aiguillets) and chin straps.

Look Out. In Tulsa, a "Let's Swap" column listed: "Exchange. Unused engagement and wedding rings. Want automatic shotgun."

Cosmopolis. In Manhattan, James Sullivan picked up a manila envelope on the street, removed from it 10,000 Dutch guilders.

Follow the Gleam. In Washington, the Office of Price Administration rhapsodized: "Procedures under the transfer are formalized in General Order ODT-21A which superseded General Order ODT 21 as amended, and in Amendment 1 to ODT Administrative Order No. 8, Amendment 2 to ODT Administrative Order No. 15, and in Amendment 156 to OPA Ration Order 5-C-Gasoline, all effective October 16th."

What Is This Thing? In Winfield, Kans., the Fire Department doused an uncontrolled blaze of old love letters, listed it for the record as a "trash fire."

Sharp Shopping. In Pittsburgh, women at various stores were forced to buy razor blades to get a pack of cigarets.

To the Letter. In Jefferson City, Mo., Clarence Tremaine posted the prescribed OPA price list in his tiny restaurant—on the ceiling.

The Dirt. In Spa, Belgium, famed for its mineral and mud baths, Sergeant Edward Shelton of San Antonio relaxed in non-G.I., therapeutic dirt (*see cut*).



Acme

Picture your place in Postwar Electrical Expansion

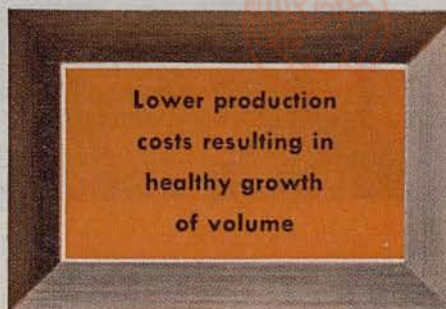
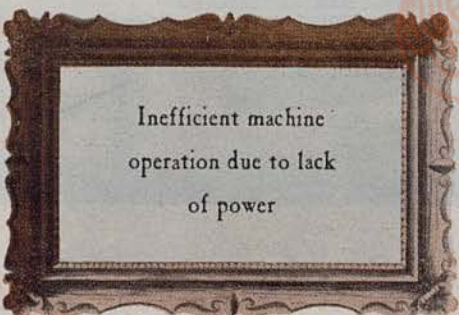
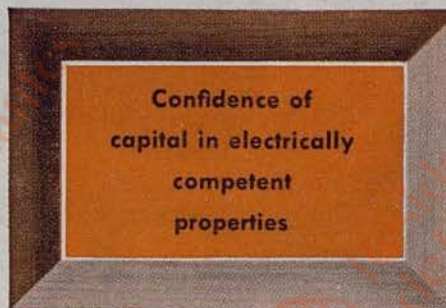
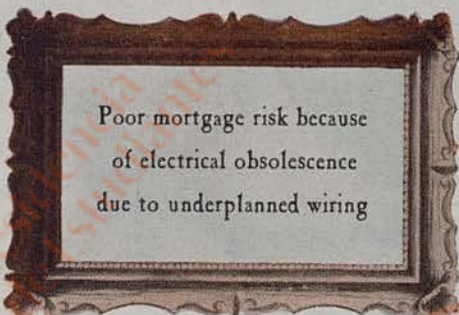
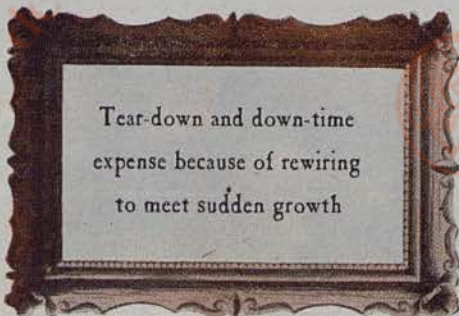
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INADEQUATE WIRING...

OR

WELL-PLANNED WIRING...



Wire ahead!

Isn't it always wiser? Now—whether you're planning postwar speculative houses . . . peacetime plants . . . or a brighter, livelier town—look into the future. Prepare—with adequate wiring—for the electrical opportunities to come.

Wire ahead!

Allow plenty of reserve capacity for circuits, service equipment. Beat the nuisance of peak-load inefficiency, hasty expedients.

Wire ahead!

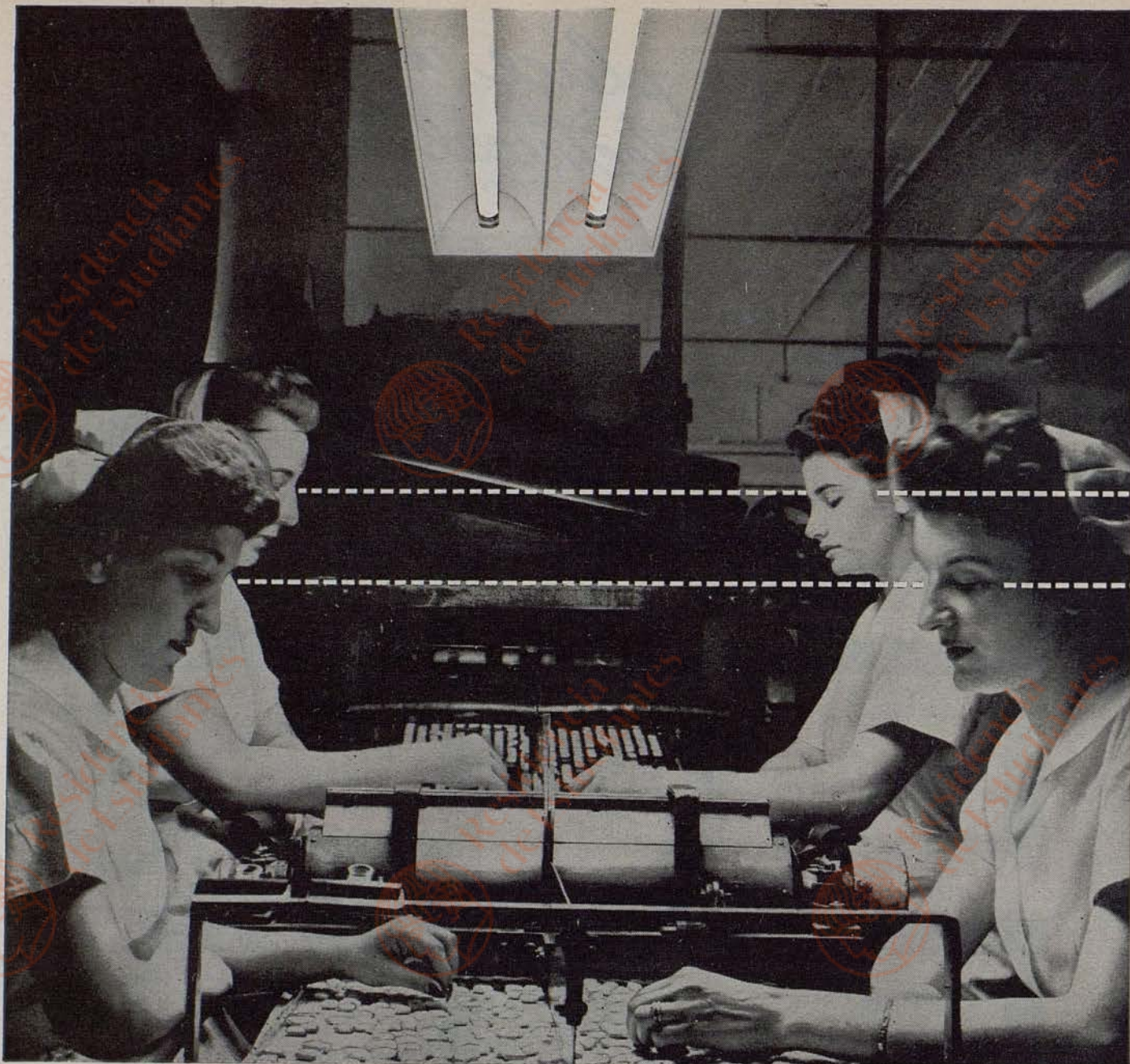
Talk it over with your consulting engineer, electrical contractor, or utility. They'll agree that Adequate Wiring means postwar expansion insurance. Unwired planning will cost you a lot more than planned wiring.

44244



ANACONDA WIRE & CABLE COMPANY

25 Broadway, New York 4 . . . Sales Offices in Principal Cities



HELP SHORTEN THE WAR...BUY MORE BONDS THAN BEFORE!



TOMORROW...

Tomorrow, lamps and light will serve America in new ways, new forms, new places. Westinghouse Mazda Lamps in new shapes and colors, along with new techniques in lighting, will open up a whole new field of decoration and display for the store owner. And Westinghouse Sterilamps—already widely applied by laboratories and food and drug manufacturers to reduce contamination from air-borne bacteria—will be used in homes, schools and public buildings to lessen the risk of infection and help bring safer, more healthful living.



THESE EYES

**must watch
a parade of
millions**

★ Cool, soft, eye-easy light from Westinghouse Mazda Fluorescent lamps enables these four inspectors to scan millions of gleaming white pieces of gum in a day. And with See-ability to aid their search for blemishes or defects, not one in a hundred thousand pieces gets by! See-ability helps workers do a better job—faster, more efficiently. Under See-ability conditions, mistakes are fewer, accidents reduced, materials saved, inspection speeded. And See-ability is welcomed by employees, too. For it lessens eye-strain and fatigue, promotes health and well-being. Whether you are modernizing existing installations or planning new ones, be sure to take advantage of See-ability with bright, long-lasting Westinghouse Mazda Lamps. For practical help in your light-planning, consult your local Power Company or Westinghouse Distributor. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Bloomfield, N. J.

Westinghouse

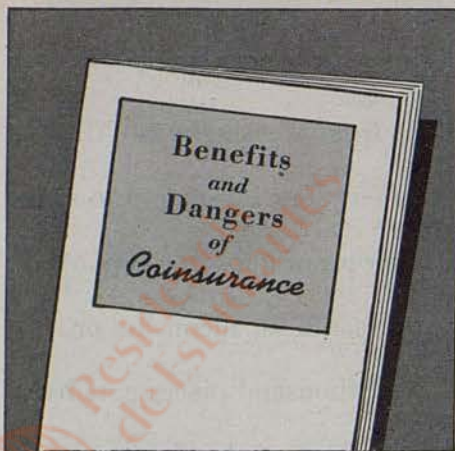
PLANTS IN 25 CITIES

OFFICES EVERYWHERE



MAZDA LAMPS FOR SEE-ABILITY

WESTINGHOUSE PRESENTS JOHN CHARLES THOMAS • SUNDAY 2:30 EWT., N.B.C.
TED MALONE • MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, 10:15 EWT., BLUE NETWORK



**Every Holder of a
Fire Insurance
Policy
should know about**

COINSURANCE

If you have a fire insurance policy, the chances are it contains a "Coinsurance Clause." Failure to understand this clause may result in inability to collect the full amount of your damages in case of a fire.

Under a coinsurance clause, for example, a house may be insured for \$20,000, and yet the owner may be entitled to collect only \$5,000 insurance after a \$10,000 fire.

Coinsurance has a beneficial purpose—to provide a reduced premium rate. But very few property owners understand either its benefits or its dangers.

Atlantic has recently prepared a brief explanatory booklet. It outlines the main features of Coinsurance so that a policyholder may be aware of his responsibilities and learn how to protect his interests.

We shall be glad to send a copy, without cost, to any holder of a fire insurance policy. Ask for booklet C-3.

ATLANTIC
Mutual Insurance Company
FORTY-NINE WALL STREET • NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

Albany • Baltimore • Boston • Chicago • Cleveland • Dallas • Detroit
Newark • New Haven • Philadelphia • Pittsburgh • Rochester

CINEMA

The New Pictures

Mrs. Parkington (M.G.M.) is the fourth lesson in the Garson-Pidgeon series on true love and enduring marriage (*Blossoms in the Dust*, *Mrs. Miniver*, *Madame Curie*). It discharges an obligation to the Louis Bromfield original by drawing a fine distinction between the robber barons of the '90s, who robbed each other, and the Wall Street wolves of the '30s, who robbed widows and orphans. Another distinction that may strike audiences as more valid is that the barons (most of them) ended up in mansions on Fifth Avenue and the wolves (some of them) in Sing Sing cells.

The biggest, most expensive, most marmoreal mansion of all was that of hot-tempered Major Augustus Parkington (Walter Pidgeon). The Major built it as an anniversary present for his wife Susie (Greer Garson), the pretty little boarding-house keeper from Leaping Rock, Nevada, and to open it planned the most elaborate ball of the season. But the Major was a crude fellow in the eyes of his neighbors and, when the night of the ball arrived, the Four Hundred cut him dead. Furious at the insult to his wife, the Major proceeded to ruin the remiss millionaires, one by one. When Susie discovered that one of them had resorted to suicide, she not only determined to halt her husband's vengeful program but succeeded, thanks to some pretty shrewd manipulation of the stock-market.

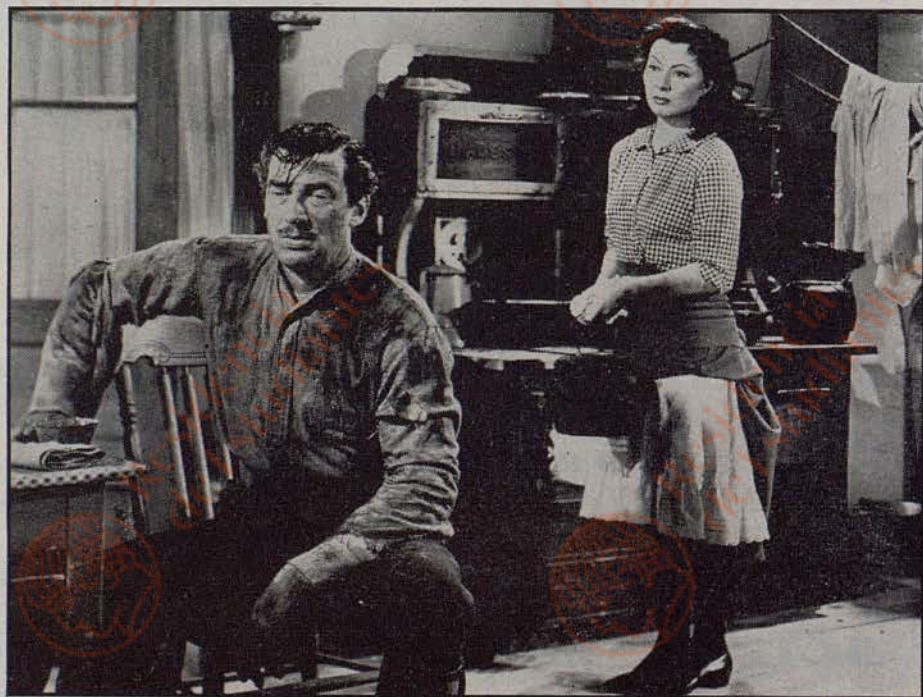
With a bouncing performance by Walter Pidgeon, the lifelong romance of wise Susie and her empire-building Major is a disarming and refreshing story—far more

successful than the double exposure which runs alongside it. This somewhat confusing counter melody concerns Grandmother Susie, the lone ruler of her late husband's empire; Grandson Amory, a Wall Streeter who has embezzled \$31 million; and the crummiest set of moneygrubbing relatives since *The Little Foxes*. In a practical demonstration of her old Major's rugged sense of justice, Susie pays back the \$31 million, leaving herself broke and sending the heirs apparent scuttling uselessly for their lawyers.

Somehow, the tricky juggling of these two simultaneous stories manages to avoid the awful fate it deserves. The somehow is an out & out triumph of Greer Garson's versatility as an actress. Reverting in dizzy succession from grandmother to bride to grandmother, she keeps the character of Mrs. Parkington sufficiently herself to lend unity and even dignity to a picture that might well have become a hodgepodge of cosmetic virtuosity.

Laura (20th Century-Fox), thanks to some slick direction by Otto Preminger and a cast out of the top drawer, is a highly polished and debonair whodunit with only one inelegant smudge on its gleaming surface. In swank settings that cry for a pinch of poison or at least a dainty derringier, the victim is obliged for purposes of plot to have her pretty face blown off by a double-barreled shotgun fired at close range.

The plot also is double-barreled, making a mystery not only of the killer but of the killed. Told in a series of flash backs narrated by snub-nosed Clifton Webb, in his first picture since 1924, it gives



WALTER PIDGEON & GREER GARSON
The fourth lesson in a convincing series.

Interstate

**IS MANY THINGS
TO MANY PLANES**



In addition to building complete planes of its own design for the U.S. Government, Interstate designs and builds vital aircraft units for the big ships that sweep the enemy sky.

For instance... Interstate builds this "fighting unit" for the Boeing B-29 Superfortress:



Bombs Away! The Boeing B-29 Superfortress... newest giant of the sky... wings back to its base, its mission accomplished. And Interstate has helped in that mission. For Interstate builds the actuating mechanism that operates the bomb bay doors. This "fighting unit" reflects the characteristic craftsmanship and precision performance of everything Interstate produces... whether it's a weapon of war or a product of peace!



INTERSTATE AIRCRAFT AND ENGINEERING CORPORATION

LOS ANGELES AND EL SEGUNDO, CALIFORNIA • DE KALB, ILLINOIS



Sunshine period...

Wounded bodies are salvaged by quick action, blood plasma, science, and the finest medical skills in the world. But the minds of these wounded are harder to heal, beset by doubts and difficulties and the problems before them... Doctors will tell you letters from home are better tonics than medicine... So write often to every serviceman overseas, but particularly to those in hospitals! And use V-Mail!

Ordinary mail may take months on ships. But V-Mail flies! Photographed on a film strip, millions of V-Mail letters travel on one plane. Reproduced over there, V-Mail is delivered fast and fresh, when it's worth most. Always use the V-Mail forms, available anywhere. Or we will send a sample packet of six forms, with our compliments. Address below...

PITNEY-BOWES POSTAGE METER CO.
1282 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn.

Originators of Metered Mail, world's largest Manufacturers of Postage Meters, which print postage for business mail... now devoted to war production.



ample scope for a display of his suavely comical talent and puts only a slight strain on Gene Tierney's acting.

Laura (Gene Tierney) is an ambitious beginner in the advertising business when she dares to beard the exquisite columnist-commentator Waldo Lydecker (Webb) in his noontime lair at the Algonquin. Though her nerve earns her some carbo-



WEBB & TIERNEY
On her, only a slight strain.

insults from the great man, it makes her in almost no time his protégée. As such, she soon becomes a high-powered executive and gives a job to polo-playing Shelby Carpenter (Vincent Price), under the very nose of his only visible means of support, Park Avenue's well-heeled Ann Treadwell (Judith Anderson). Both Ann and Waldo are patently annoyed; and when Shelby, who has become engaged to Laura, starts dating one of her models, everyone is mad enough to kill. Someone does.

Whodunit becomes the problem of Mark McPherson (Dana Andrews), a police lieutenant with Racquet Club manners, who for the first time in Hollywood history arrives on the scene minus a stooging sergeant. Bristling with brains and breeding, Mark proceeds to track the murderer and fall for Laura. He catches both just in time to prevent another lovely face from being reduced to hamburger.

CURRENT & CHOICE

To Have and Have Not (Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall; TIME, Oct. 23).

Our Hearts Were Young and Gay (Gail Russell, Diana Lynn; TIME, Oct. 23).

Battle for the Marianas (U.S. Marine Corps; TIME, Oct. 2).

Casanova Brown (Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright, Frank Morgan, Patricia Collinge; TIME, Sept. 18).

Arsenic and Old Lace (Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane; TIME, Sept. 11).



WHAT MAKES A NEWSPAPER GREAT ?



No joke to Minnesota's sports loving legions of service men would be life in a postwar world that contains more duck hunters than ducks.

Minnesotans hold more duck hunting licenses than residents of any other state. Young and old they swarm the marshes and river bottoms each autumn, blast away happily at the flocks when wartime shell rationing permits, and regard a full limit of birds the birthright of every sportsman.

Yet Minnesotans know intimately the vital need for wild fowl conservation. For

too many seasons hunters watched the once sky-darkening flights dwindle to slender V's and cursed the fate that kills 7 out of 10 birds at northern breeding grounds before they begin their great sweep to the south.

One evening last month 9,500 conservation-minded Minnesota sportsmen jammed the Minneapolis Auditorium for the first annual "Hunters' Party" sponsored by the Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune and Ducks Unlimited. Led by cherubic Charlie Johnson, sports editor of the Star-Journal, the hunters engaged in some vigorous post-war planning, emerged with a GI Bill of Duck Hunting Rights that promises trigger-itchy returning heroes a lifetime supply of feathered targets.

To be built from proceeds of this and future Hunters' Parties: "Lake Minnesota", a nesting and breeding Elysium for ducks on western Canadian prairies—the first such sanctuary sponsored by a newspaper. "Lake Minnesota" will eventually add countless

thousands to North America's water fowl population, will help confirm the Upper Mississippi Valley's place as a happy hunting ground.

The Hunters' Party is typical of the public-spirited initiative of the Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune which stage annually a pheasant dinner for war veterans, the Golden Glove boxing tourney to provide sports equipment for underprivileged youths, a Fishermen's Party for crippled child relief, Silver Skate races in which 4,000 youngsters compete each winter.

By such partnership in the work, play and development of the Upper Mississippi Valley, the Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune have earned the regard of their readers (more than 340,000 families every weekday, more than 385,000 families every Sunday) not only as complete, reliable, well-edited newspapers, but as good neighbors, dependable leaders and helpful friends.

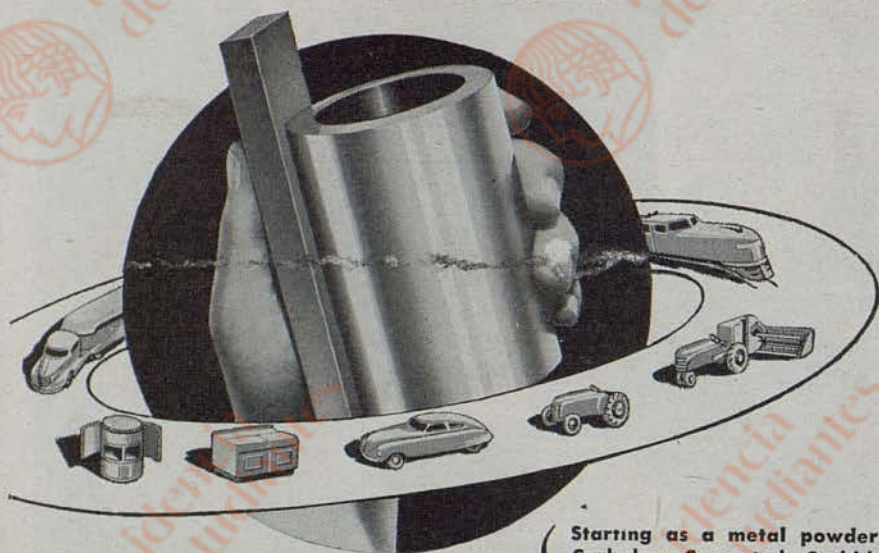
Minneapolis Star-Journal *and* Tribune

JOHN COWLES • President

STAR-JOURNAL (evening) + TRIBUNE (morning) Over 340,000 ★ SUNDAY TRIBUNE Over 385,000

A Million Jobs are Waiting

... for the Hardest Metal Made by Man



STRAIGHT through industry, after the war, there will be jobs that only the "hardest metal made by man" can handle.

Why? Because the cry is for better, longer lasting products and parts. Because closer tolerances will be combined with mass production.

And because industry knows that post-war profits will depend largely on the cost at which goods of top quality can be produced in top volume.

Work No Other Known Metal Can Do

Urgent war production needs brought Carboloy Cemented Carbide into its own. Its *super-hardness* was needed in tools to machine *super-tough* alloys—in dies to draw wire and tubing and to form sheet metal.

Carboloy Cemented Carbide works at speeds once thought impossibly high, to tolerances never before practical in mass production—and it commonly doubles or triples the output of machines and men.

Starting as a metal powder, Carboloy Cemented Carbide is transformed, under heat and pressure, into an endless variety of shapes and forms—tool tips, dies and machine parts with the super-hardness that is vital to high-speed, low-cost industrial production.

It is a matter of war record that the use of this magic metal made possible production of three times the number of aircraft engine crankcases and gears with the same equipment and manpower. And this is only one of many examples.

A "Must" in Tomorrow's Competitive Race

In peacetime production, it is certain that the usefulness of Carboloy Cemented Carbide will be greatly expanded, in widely varied fields—not only for tools and dies but for "wear-proofing" parts that must stand up under modern machine speeds and stresses.

The hardest metal made by man may well write the price tags in tomorrow's "battle of costs." You are invited to take full advantage of Carboloy engineering, facilities and experience in planning products for tomorrow.



CARBOLOY COMPANY, INC., DETROIT 32, MICHIGAN



CARBOLOY

TRADE MARK

CEMENTED CARBIDE
THE HARDEST METAL
MADE BY MAN

RADIO

"Brick Top"

The most widely popular singer of classical songs in the U.S. is grey-haired, beaming, 195-lb. Nelson Eddy. The 43-year-old baritone is one of the three most popular singers, in any league.* Last week he was well away in a new show as master of ceremonies and star of *The Electric Hour* (CBS, Wed., 10:30 p.m. E.W.T.). His job: to make listeners feel happy about the 160 electric-light & power companies which sponsor him. His method: songs and banter.

The devotion of Nelson Eddy's millions of fans is so fanatical that his fan mail (85% from girls and women) is extraordi-



NELSON EDDY
Millions are devoted.

nary even by radio-cinema standards. Eddy's concert tours sell out way in advance, and he averages \$15,000 a week from them. His radio salary is \$5,000 a week, not including guest appearances. Another \$60,000 to \$80,000 a year accrues from his phonograph recordings, at least four of which have sold over a million discs apiece. With his movie income, his total earnings to date are about \$5,000,000.

All this is a tribute to a great natural voice, a handsome face, and the exceedingly boyish Eddy personality. Women have been carried swooning from Nelson Eddy's performances. Lacking anything like the artistry of an Antonio Scotti, Eddy has been content to let nature take its devastating course.

Wrong-Way Eddy. His reasons are quite understandable. He was born into a middle-class family of Providence, R.I. He was the awkward kind of schoolboy with blazing red hair who invariably lost

* Others: Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra.



"Sunday Afternoon on the Farm" painted by Rudolf Wettlau

Home

We turn our hearts towards home—all who've been far from it, whether on fighting fronts or home front—all who've worked at war as never before, and now need peace and leisure. May home be as sweet as ever!

Perhaps you are one of those to whom the fragrance of a good pipe of tobacco, and the time to enjoy it, are as indispensable as home—in fact, part of it.

You'll find the same fine, fragrant flavor that you always liked, in Kaywoodie Pipes—it hasn't changed, and it won't. The world's finest briar to smoke tobacco in, and the knowledge of how to handle it are the reasons for that distinctive "Kaywoodie Flavor."

Many Kaywoodies go direct to our fighting men—please be patient if your dealer temporarily can't supply you. Illustrated here is Meerschaum-Lined Kaywoodie "Square" Shape, No. 11C — \$12.50.

Kaywoodies remain the same—made today of the same fine Mediterranean briar as two years ago, or 10 years ago, or any time since the originators of this business started, in 1851. The pipes are cut, seasoned, and finished with the same indispensable care.

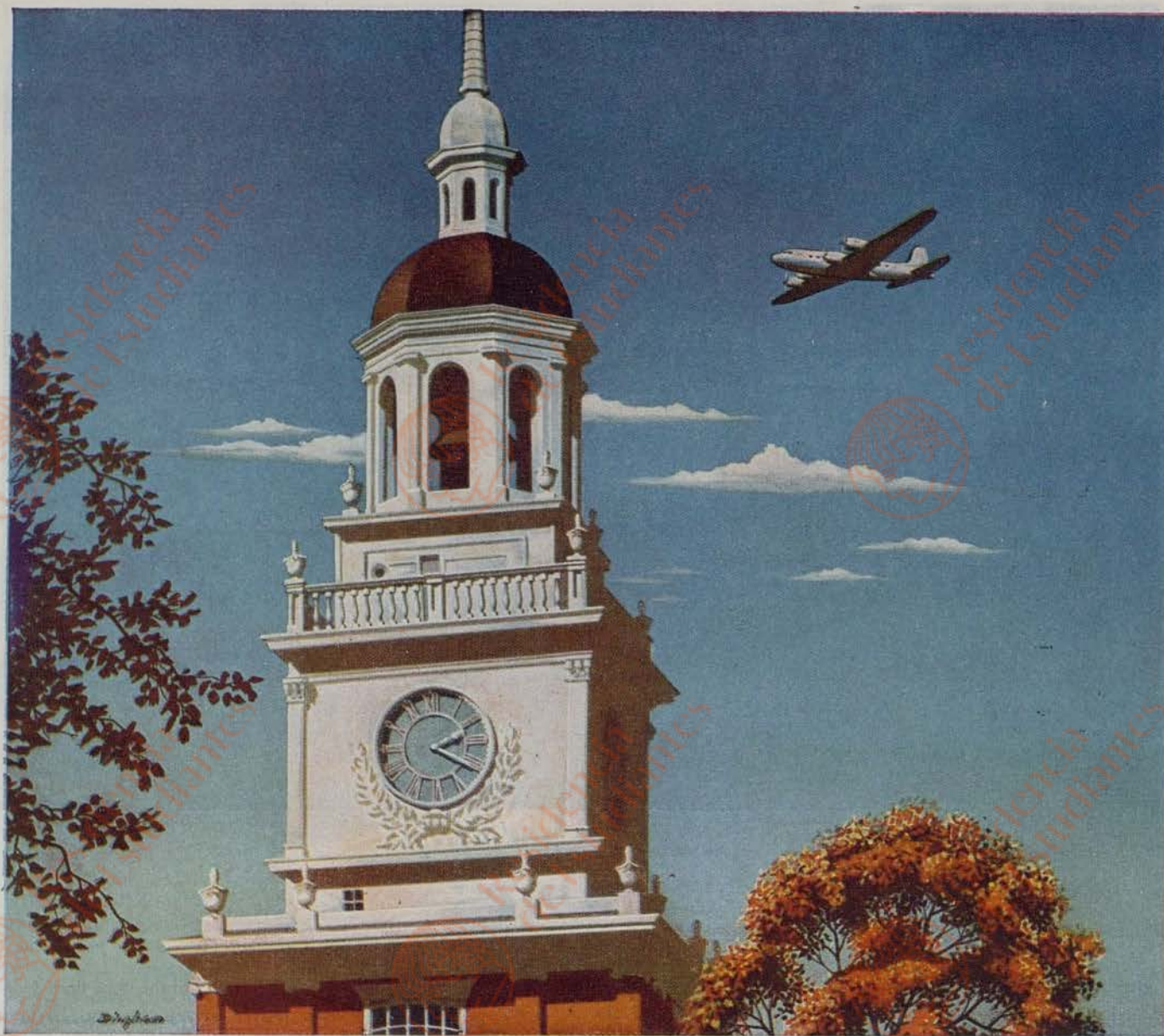
Your Kaywoodie, aged and tempered to handle tobacco, yields the mildest, coolest, most delicious smoke you ever enjoyed. A pipe, like a home, must grow slowly, and well—the briar is a natural product, and it cannot be hurried.

We believe that our Kaywoodie Pipes provide one of the pleasantest, most agreeable and worthwhile experiences in life. That's the way we make 'em—worth having in your home.



**War Bonds
come first**

Kaywoodie Company, New York and London
630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.



America's Sense of Time

IT TOOK a thrifty view of the value of time for America to accomplish nationhood in a couple of hundred years . . . especially a nation new from cellar to dome, whose poorest citizen is rich by world standards.

We have often been frowned upon by our elders for being so much in a hurry. But it gets the results we want. That is why air transportation fits us so exactly. It is the perfect instrumentation of the value we put on getting things done quickly . . . on spending the least possible amount of time at a given task in order to have more time left over . . . for work or leisure, whichever we choose.

The Airlines of the United States have already performed a service for this nation which will leave its mark for centuries. It was their knowledge, equipment and experience that enabled our military to act at top efficiency

in the nation's most critical hour. Today, they continue to perform a vital role in our military air transport service, both at home and abroad.

Tomorrow, suiting perfectly America's sense of time, the Airlines will spearhead the nation's movement back to the work of peace. For the Airlines alone have the means of helping America get its work done at the speed at which America has shown it wants to go!

When you travel by Air *make reservations early; please cancel early if plans change.* When you use Air Express *speed delivery by dispatching shipments as soon as they're ready.* Air Transport Assn., 1515 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington 5, D.C.

Have a big heart . . . give to Your Community War Fund

THE AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES
LEADING THE WORLD IN AIR TRANSPORT

his girls to sharper rivals. All thumbs at baseball, too clumsy for soccer, he met the only great chance of his athletic career (an emergency place on the relay team) by grabbing the baton and running the wrong way around the track.

Gangling "Brick Top" Eddy never went to high school. After his parents' divorce, he went with his mother to Philadelphia, where he was working for an advertising agency when a friend, who had heard him roaring around the house, introduced him to the late baritone, David Bispham. Bispham thought Eddy had "a native voice as great as any baritone that ever lived," trained the 21-year-old for his public debut in a musical play at the Philadelphia Academy of Music.

Very Good Eddy. Eddy's hair was already greying when he put on a Los Angeles concert in 1933. The audience demanded 18 encores, and among the enthusiasts was M.G.M.'s Louis B. Mayer. Three Hollywood studios offered Eddy screen tests. M.G.M. won him, tinted his hair, and put him into *Naughty Marietta* in 1935, with Jeanette MacDonald. At the picture's preview, Director W. S. Van Dyke turned from the raving audience to Eddy and asked: "Well, how does it feel to be a great actor?" "But I'm not an actor," Eddy protested. "I know that," said Van Dyke, "but how does it feel?"

Like many another successful man, Nelson Eddy thinks he was better fitted for another calling. Eddy's conviction, shared by almost no one, is that he is a born comedian. His producers discreetly shelve scripts he painfully prepares for them. He idolizes the comic ease of Bing Crosby. His associates readily forgive Eddy such blatant clowning as hiding from the director under Jeanette MacDonald's hoop skirts. Frugal, suspicious, Eddy is nevertheless as honestly congenial as a puppy dog.

This friendliness carries over into Nelson Eddy's private life. He and pretty Mrs. Eddy (46), ex-wife of Hollywood Producer Sidney Franklin, enjoy their Brentwood home. Eddy works in the garden, cleans the chicken pens, cooks the chickens, shoots rats with an air rifle. Mrs. Eddy has a son, now in the Army, by her first husband; Nelson Eddy is bitterly disappointed that he has no children of his own.

When he built his home, he made a specific request—that the architect install, in a hidden recess in the fireplace (visible by removing a brass plate and turning on a hidden light), the five-cent boy's top he played with as a schoolboy in Rhode Island.

As I Was Saying . . .

Listeners to WOR and the Mutual Network last week heard a marine's-eye view of the fight for Peleliu. The narrator was shy, wry Sergeant Alvin Flanagan, Marine combat correspondent and ex-WOR (Manhattan) announcer. Microphone in hand, FM-walkie-talkie strapped to his back, Flanagan landed on the beach at Peleliu with the 1st Marine Division, describing the scene as he went. His ac-

CENTER OF THE RAIL NETWORK

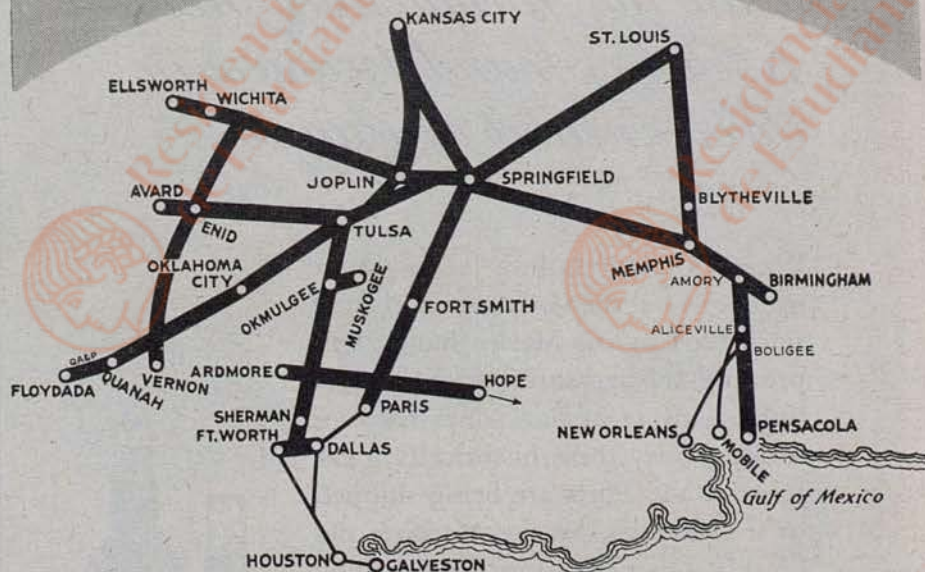
FRISCO LINES

ST. LOUIS - SAN FRANCISCO RY.

A Great Railroad

CONNECTING TRANSCONTINENTAL ROUTES

BORDER - TO - BORDER . . . COAST - TO - COAST



5,000 MILES IN

MISSOURI ARKANSAS
OKLAHOMA TEXAS KANSAS
TENNESSEE MISSISSIPPI
ALABAMA FLORIDA

FRISCO FASTER FREIGHT

Pizarro
sailed
after
Inca gold...



*while the Marques del Merito's
forebears found treasure in
their ancient vineyards*

Pizarro's fabulous Inca loot is but a memory—but the vineyards cultivated since 1264 by the Merito family still produce the treasure which has delighted lovers of fine wines for centuries. Today these historically great Sherries and Ports are being shipped to this country by the Marques del Merito. Their superiority, attested by thirty gold medals, is now recognized the world over. Ask for Merito by name.



MERITO
Imported
SHERRY AND PORT WINES

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

count went to an associate aboard a Marine transport offshore, where it was recorded for last week's broadcast.

Due to the shooting and considerable static, Sergeant Flanagan was not crystal clear, but enough came through to tingle listeners' scalps: from the quiet "All right, men, let's go" of the Marine commander, to Flanagan's terse "Here come the Nips!"

Flanagan moved on shore aboard an amphibious tractor whose motor fouled the walkie-talkie, failed to cross an airfield on foot when mortar fire pinned the marines down. Later, carbine in hand, but walkie-talkie still functioning, he joined a group of marines flushing out a Jap pillbox.



U.S. Marine Corps
SERGEANT FLANAGAN
He paused for station defense.

Suddenly there was a pause, confused noises, the sound of firing.

Flanagan presently went on. The interruption had been caused by a Jap, flushed out of the pillbox, who had rushed Flanagan. The commentator had stopped talking long enough to shoot the Jap.

Fooling Wax

For a week or more before last week's invasion of the Philippines, U.S. warcasters in the Southwest Pacific gave their listeners nothing but recorded programs. Before leaving with U.S. forces for the Leyte landings, the warcasters waxed plenty of broadcasts to be played after they had gone. Reason: to keep Japanese radio monitors from thinking that something was up.

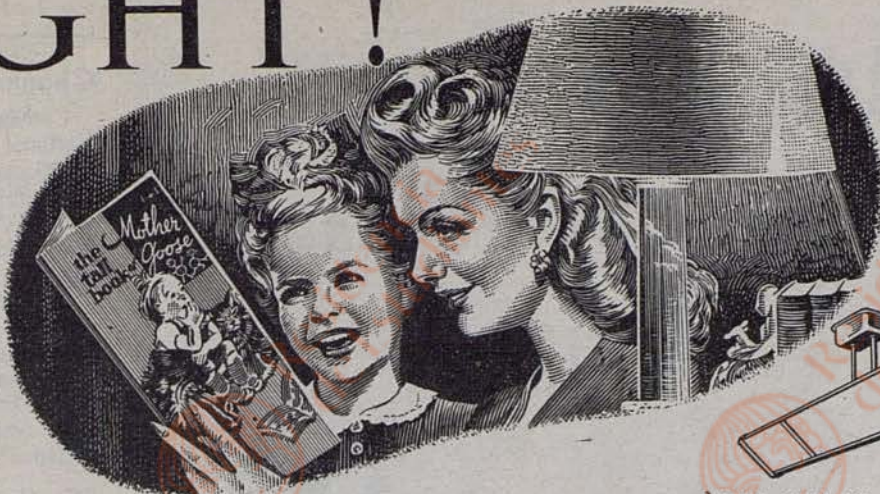
To the Blue

The MARCH OF TIME, TIME's weekly dramatization of the news (10:30 p.m., E.W.T.), will switch on Thursday, Nov. 2, from NBC, where it has been since July 1942, to the Blue Network on 183 stations. No change is planned in the program's style.

SIGHT!



THE BETTER your electric light bulbs, the more light you'll get at lower cost. So Sylvania Incandescent Lamps are made with but one thing in mind—to give you *more and better light at highest economy!*



THERE'S A NEW KIND of light that's helping win the war in thousands of plants. It's Sylvania Fluorescent Lighting—cool, glare-free, bright as a sunny spring day. Soon you'll enjoy it throughout your home!

HERE'S A COMPACT, war-working Sylvania Fluorescent Lamp dressed to travel into tight places. You'll be seeing its after-the-war offspring doing home duty in wall brackets, in closets, in boudoir and bath!



LIGHT MUST BE PLACED *where you need it—without waste!* That's why Sylvania designs fixtures to work with fluorescent lamps and accessories. They form a close-knit, *fully guaranteed* unit giving the most of your money in *usable light!*



SOUND!



THE SYLVANIA BRAND on a radio tube stands for only one quality—the *best*. Right now, Sylvania Radio Tubes have extensive war jobs, on land and sea. If your radio needs new tubes, see your Sylvania Serviceman. He will do his best to help you.



SIGHT NOW JOINS SOUND in Television! Sylvania is a pioneer in the development of the cathode ray tube—today's most practical and economical solution to the receiving of sharp, clear pictures-by-air in your home.

HOUSED IN SUITABLE ELECTRONIC devices, Sylvania Electronic Tubes are used in almost every field of science. They have gone to war in many ways. They will help make the coming Peace freer, easier, more enjoyable!



SYLVANIA!

SYLVANIA  ELECTRIC PRODUCTS INC.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES, 500 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18, NEW YORK
MAKERS OF FLUORESCENT LAMPS, FIXTURES, ACCESSORIES, INCANDESCENT LAMPS, RADIO TUBES, CATHODE RAY TUBES, ELECTRONIC DEVICES

Advisable to Wait for "Post-War" Wheary Luggage?

..NOT AT ALL!

If your travelling equipment has reached the limit of its ability to serve you—if your need for luggage is *urgent*—your journeys essential to your own or the nation's business—you need not wait for "reconversion" to be sure of getting the really fine luggage you prefer travelling with.

True, WHEARY is producing only a limited amount of goods that can be allocated to civilian use.

True, the wide selections in styles and materials of yesterday are not available today.

True, the finer leathers and luxury fittings are not to be had—just now at least.

But the luggage that does go out, bearing the honored WHEARY label, is of the same fine quality; is fabricated by the same careful and painstaking craftsmen, and will give you the same long and faithful service that has so long been associated with the WHEARY name and trademark. WHEARY, INCORPORATED, RACINE, WISCONSIN.

WHEARY

THE NAME TO REMEMBER IN

Luggage



THE PRESS

Channels of Hate

Convening in Chicago last week, the National Editorial Association heard the A.P.'s executive director Kent Cooper continue his longtime crusade for world-wide freedom of the press. They also heard him declare that some of the world's press has been worse than irresponsible in the past. Said he:

"The channels of international communication were long used systematically and usually clandestinely, not to make people know and understand but to make them fear and hate the peoples of other nations."

"Further Stay Useless"

At a recent meeting of the staid Soviet cultural society VOKS, lively protests were loudly uttered by U.S. and British correspondents because, unlike Soviet newsmen, they are not allowed to visit the Russian front (TIME, Oct. 16). The first protesting speech was made by the Philadelphia *Inquirer's* Al Kendrick, himself a native of Stalin's own Georgia and long-time student of Russian history. Only result of the complaints: an embarrassed changing of the subject. Last week, Correspondent Kendrick, fed up with cabling home rehashes of the Moscow papers, suggested that he be recalled. The *Inquirer's* managing editor John J. Fitzpatrick agreed, cabled Al Kendrick: "Further stay useless. . . . Come home as soon as possible."

Knight to Chicago

More than any other city except New York, vigorous, slam-bang Chicago has contributed its newspaper flavor and traditions to U.S. journalism. In the Chicago tradition are bloody circulation wars, rough-shod crime reporters, brawling editorial pages, fierce competition in getting and selling the news. Last week a man with a winning streak stepped into what he called this "hard-ball league." From the estate of the late Frank Knox he bought (for \$2,151,537.88 cash) control of the *Daily News*.

By his purchase of the fourth largest U.S. afternoon paper (circ. 434,938),* trim, balding John Shively Knight became one of the nation's most potent publishers. He was already one of the most prosperous. His Akron *Beacon-Journal*, Miami *Herald* and Detroit *Free Press* are smoothly run, highly profitable.

Success Story. Knight, who is 50 this week, had come up fast in eleven years. Starting as an ad-taker and reporter, with time out for service in World War I as lieutenant and air observer, he had run two small Ohio papers, finally became managing editor of his father's Akron

* The top three: Philadelphia *Bulletin* (circ. 662,634), Hearst's New York *Journal-American* (circ. 641,194), Chicago *Herald-American* (circ. 471,886).



JONESVILLE
RIVER ROAD

JONESVILLE
MIDDLE ROAD

THE RIGHT APPROACH TO A *Pension or Profit-Sharing Plan*



There is more than one road to a pension, profit-sharing, group insurance, or other employee benefit plan. If you are thinking of any such plan, we suggest that you send for our booklet, "A Business Approach to a Business Problem."

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Croton
FOR ALL TIME SINCE 1878

Beacon-Journal. But until his father died in 1933, no one in Akron noticed much about Cornell-trained Jack Knight except that he was a pleasant fellow with a flair for good clothes and winning at golf. His father's death left the *Beacon-Journal* with a load of depression debt. Akron gossiped: "This will be the end of the *Beacon*"; Jack doesn't know how to settle down and work."

Jack Knight heard the gossip and took it to heart. Making good in his home town became the challenge. His program: get out of debt, then pay as you go. The Knight success story is impressive:

¶ In Akron he set up a rich monopoly (estimated yearly earnings above \$700,000) by trading Scripps-Howard out of town in 1938, upped circulation from 72,524 to 125,851.

¶ In Miami he is taking an estimated \$500,000 yearly profit on a \$2,500,000 stake (plus \$1,000,000 that eliminated the late Moe L. Annenberg's *Tribune* from competition); has boosted circulation from 45,557 to 103,858.

¶ In Detroit in four years he paid off more than \$3 million in notes on the once arch-conservative *Free Press*; whipped circulation up from 296,047 to 369,047.

¶ In London, in 1943, he was an able, diplomatic chief liaison officer between the U.S. Office of Censorship and the British censors.

¶ In 1944 he is the aggressive president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, seeking a practical way to do something about world freedom of the press (*TIME*, July 3).

Great Traditions. In Chicago, Knight bought control of several things he did not want: a paper which in recent years had been going downgrade in influence, had been losing circulation to the yeasty *Times*; a 25-story building (with a \$4,933,000 mortgage); a company with a top-heavy financial structure (and a direct debt of \$1,691,000 on the paper itself); a business whose profits had fallen off dangerously.

But the attractions outweighed the handicaps. The *News* still has prestige as a sort of "New York *Times* of the Midwest," largely due to its voluminous, generally excellent foreign coverage. It has a tradition of good writing sprung from such ex-*News*men as Eugene Field, George Ade, Carl Sandburg, Ben Hecht. And it has a tradition of independence that reaches back to its late great founder, Melville E. Stone. A good man could restore its greatness.

The *News* began acquiring some new traditions promptly when Jack Knight took charge. Barrel-shaped, fast-moving Basil L. ("Stuff") Walters, the crack newsman whom Knight had hired away from the Cowles brothers in Minneapolis, rolled into Chicago to take over as executive editor. Carroll Binder (rhymes with kinder), who had run the foreign staff, resigned. Into his job stepped Editor Paul Scott Mowrer. Other able craftsmen remained, among them Lloyd Downs Lewis, managing editor, drama critic and

biographer; sage, literary Howard Vincent O'Brien, editorial page columnist; Cartoonists Vaughn Shoemaker and Cecil Jensen, creator of "Colonel McCosmic."

Chance in the Middle. But the local staff was weak. Page One was dull; the editorial page was stodgy. The first Knight ukase on the bulletin board: "Short leads and short sentences. No lead [opening paragraph] is to be more than three type-written lines, two if possible." Chicago would get frequent samples of Knight's own "personal journalism": punchy editorials in short, snappy sentences. Knight writes a weekly "Publisher's Notebook" for all his papers.*

There was no doubt among Chicago newsmen that Knight had purchased an opportunity: to go down the middle between the New Dealish *Times* and *Sun* and the arch-conservative *Tribune* and Moscow-scared *Herald-American*. Un-



JOHN SHIVELY KNIGHT
He has a habit of winning.

biased news, nonpartisan, liberal editorials were the foundations of Knight success in Akron, Miami, Detroit. There would be plenty of tough competition in Chicago, but Jack Knight has a habit of winning.

"Highly Dictatorial"

If the C.I.O. were to announce that it would admit no reporters to its conventions unless they belonged to its American Newspaper Guild, the U.S. press would unquestionably set up a yell that could be heard in the farthest recesses of the New York *Times* library. The British press was

* First "Notebook" in the *News* was a blast at civilian complacency as illustrated by Elsa Maxwell's Hollywood "Victory Party," pictured in *LIFE*. Excerpts: "Youthful Judy Garland had everyone in tears when she sang *The Last Time I Saw Paris*. Of course, Judy has never actually seen Paris, but after a few cocktails, what the hell. . . . Yes, Elsa, it must have been a wonderful party. I am sure you thought it was just too, too divine. I'm afraid it made me retch."



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What then? Stay home...do nothing? You *know* you won't! Like our fighting men, you've earned the right to choose work you enjoy. And the time to prepare is...now!

A surprising number of war workers are going to learn to type...a skill easy for them to acquire.

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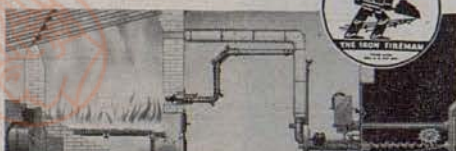
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audible last week, for an equivalent reason. Beginning its 76th convention at Blackpool, Lancashire, the British Trades Union Congress announced that it would admit to its press tables only reporters holding membership in the National Union of Journalists. Object: to high-pressure more newsmen into militant N.U.J. (A smaller, rival union, the Institute of Journalists, has never struck.)

British editorial pages bristled. "Highly dictatorial," muttered the *Times*. "Freedom of the press ceases to have any meaning," barked the *Daily Express*.

"As a matter of principle," boomed the *Daily Mail*, "no newspaper can allow any outside organization to make a choice [of reporters] for it. This dangerous practice involves not only freedom of the press but liberty of subjects. . . ."

Meanwhile, with the exception of the *Daily Herald*, the *Daily Mirror* and the *Yorkshire Post*, Britain's newspapers had to rely on news-agency coverage or ignore the convention altogether. But T.U.C. held firm. Said its shrewd general secretary, Sir Walter Citrine: "It is quite clear that an attempted boycott is in operation. . . . Freedom of the press is interpreted by those newspapers as Freedom to Suppress."

Soon, however, most newspapers were giving a good play to news-agency reports of the convention, and Sir Walter was purring. Snapped the London *Economist* at the newspapers: "Pusillanimous."

"Supercolossal"

Said one correspondent: "It's beginning to look like a publicity junket for the opening of a supercolossal movie." On hand to cover the Philippine invasion (see *WORLD BATTLEFRONTS*), along with assorted writers for OWI, *Yank*, the Red Cross and the British and Australian press, were no less than 45 U.S. newspaper and magazine correspondents—a Pacific war record.* And more were on the way.

Ring's Youngest

In the *New Yorker* last week appeared the first report from the German front by its sports and cinema writer turned war correspondent, tall, young (25), quiet-voiced David Lardner. His story was a factual, homey piece about life in liberated Luxembourg. Two days after publication came news that Lardner, leaving conquered Aachen in a jeep, had run into a minefield. He was the 20th U.S. correspondent killed in World War II.

David was the youngest of the four sons of the late great Ringgold Wilmer (Ring) Lardner. Each had carried on in his father's field. John, the eldest, *Newsweek's* able war correspondent in Africa and Europe, is temporarily writing the *New Yorker's* cinema reviews. Ringgold Jr. is a Hollywood scenarist (*Woman of the Year*). James, the third son, went to Spain during the civil war as a *New York Herald Tribune* reporter, joined the Loyalists' International Brigade, was killed in battle.

* Number of U.S. press correspondents at Normandy by D-day-plus-3: 26.

THE THEATER

New Play in Manhattan

I Remember Mama (adapted by John van Druten from Kathryn Forbes's *Mama's Bank Account*; produced by Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein II) is the first producing enterprise of the great music-&-words team of *Oklahoma!*, the second smash hit within a year for the author of *The Voice of the Turtle*, and Broadway's pleasantest family album since *Life with Father*. Not really a play—it has no plot, no structure, no weightier crisis than an operation on a child or the chloroforming of a cat—*Mama* gets across as theater partly because it never struggles to.

A chronicle of a Norwegian-American family in turn-of-the-century San Fran-



Vandamm

HOMOLKA & CHRISTIANS
A pleasant family album.

cisco, *Mama* is unfolded retrospectively (from a corner of the stage) by daughter Katrin, now a successful writer. The kitchen-for-parlor home life that Katrin looks back on is dominated by firm, frugal, warmhearted Mama (extremely well played by Mady Christians) who, to give her children a feeling of security, pretends that the family has a flourishing bank account. Domestic fireworks are provided by hard-drinking, softhearted Uncle Chris (Oscar Homolka); domestic dissonances by Mama's prying married sisters. The adolescent Katrin composes excruciating short stories about artists who go blind; baby sister Dagmar pines for a menagerie; demure Aunt Trina becomes the tremulous bride of a timid undertaker's assistant.

Closer in tone to *Our Town* than to *Life with Father*, *Mama* is warm, humorous, sentimental, lightly nostalgic, more than slightly idealized.



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(FOREIGN AMATEUR
POLICE)



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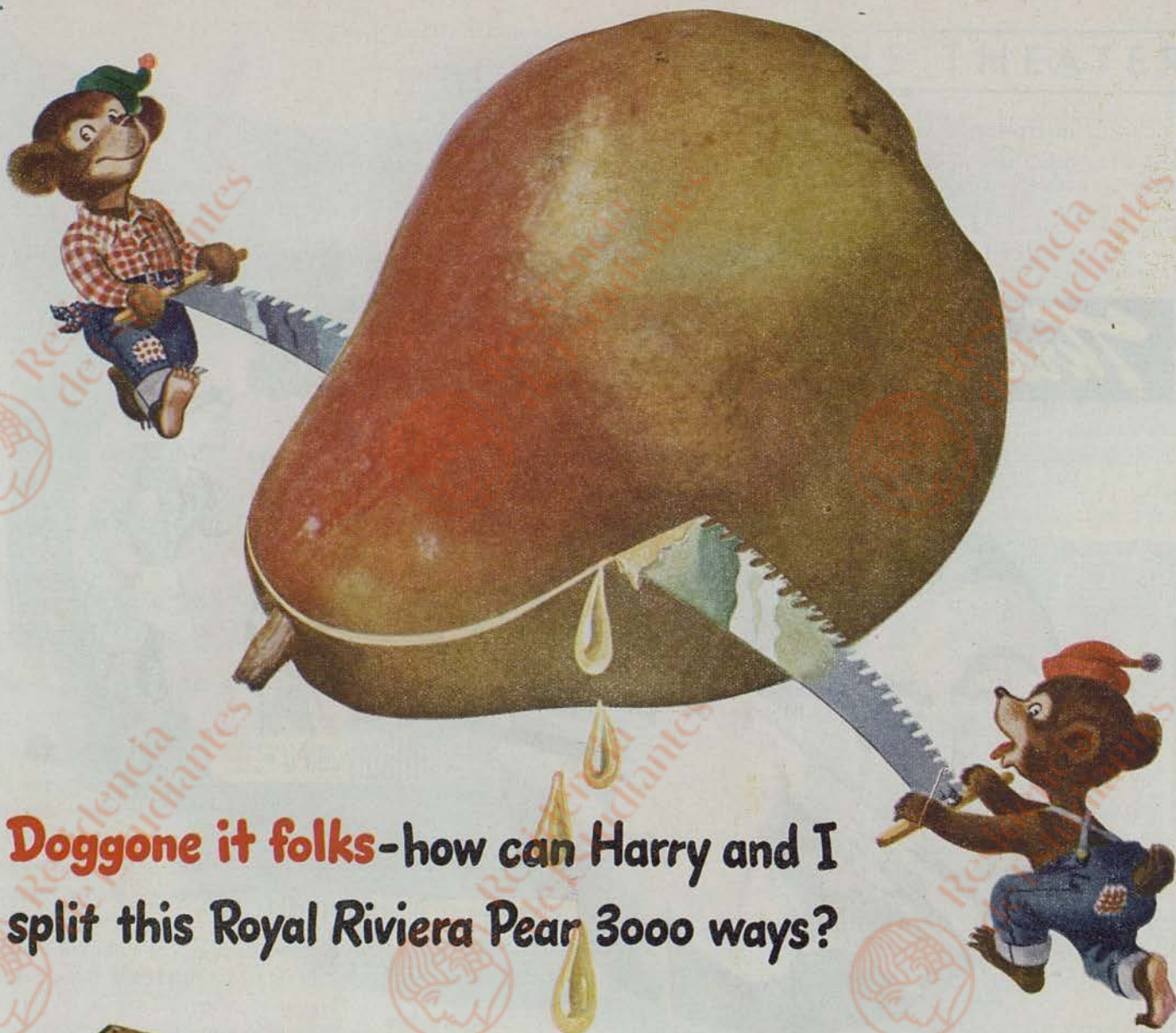
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A

When you get right down to it, Harry and I are in the business of making people happy. So we felt low enough to crawl into a gopher hole last year when we got down to our last Royal Riviera Pear—and still had 3,000 more Christmas orders to fill.

GOSH, WE'RE SORRY

Even when they're as generous and juicy as that blushing beauty up above you can't split a pear 3,000 ways.

So, this year, for Pete's sake, please don't send your Christmas order un-

less the mailman left our literature at your house. We never thought we'd have to say such a thing. But gobs of our neighbors up here in Oregon's beautiful Rogue River Valley who usually come in to help us, have gone to work in war factories. Harry and I just can't begin to pack all the Royal Riviera Pears and baskets people want.

WE'RE ON PINS AND NEEDLES

To you regular customers who get our literature we say: Send your orders in

B



right now! And to the rest of you folks: Well, we've got our fingers crossed. Next year things may be a lot better. Then we hope to invite *all* of you to thrill friends with the world's most welcome Christmas gifts—the kind it takes more thoughtfulness than money to give.



C

Harry and David

AT BEAR CREEK ORCHARDS,
MEDFORD, OREGON

A. is a box of our Royal Riviera Pears—wish we had enough for everyone.

B. is the kind of fruit (and delicacies, too) that members of Harry and David's Fruit-of-the-Month Club get all year 'round.

C. is one of our breath-taking Christmas baskets brimming over with rare fruits and good things.

ARMY & NAVY

PERSONNEL

Report on the G.I.

Few weeks before Invasion Day, the south England village of Chandler's Ford awoke one morning to find it had become a concentration point for U.S. troops. None watched them more appraisingly than a British soldier's wife, Mrs. Joan Hopper, who had previously found that Americans seemed "just like us" (TIME, July 31). After they had left for France she wrote this report:

One night we were disturbed by the din of wheels and tracks for hours, and next morning we saw we were "invaded" by the American Army.

After then, we never knew when the roads would be empty or full. Some [troops] stayed twelve hours, others two weeks, others three days; we just didn't know. The first crowd was a shock. They were untidy, insolent; their "pin-ups," which they plastered all over their lorries and guns, were pretty hot, and the remarks painted underneath, and the names of lorries, gave offense. We thought "So this is the American Army."

The next batch was duly snubbed, poor fellows, and although they were well-behaved we refused to thaw. The third batch was a fine example of military efficiency and good behavior, and they soon won our friendship. Their lorries, equipment, uniforms were spotless; they nailed tins to every post and tree for the rubbish, dug pits to burn it, swept the roads to keep them neat, were courteous and never rowdy or rude.

The Welcome Guests. From then on all the batches who came were decent, and we enjoyed having them around and felt very sorry they couldn't accept the hospitality of our homes, as the majority were ordered to stand by their equipment. The sights we saw as we walked to the shops, bus and work were sometimes funny—and sometimes rather sad.

Sometimes the men had traveled all night, and arrived in our area dead-tired, and once the lorries, jeeps, tanks, etc. were parked in the spaces allotted, they fell asleep, and slept like logs on the tops of lorries, on the pavement, on ammunition. Some slept on the bonnets of lorries, others inside with their feet poking out—sometimes without boots on. Those who stayed a few days made themselves hammocks and slung them between the buffers of vehicles, or erected microscopic tents and crawled inside. If they were parked outside a house with a lawn, they slept on it after dark, as it was a bit softer.

I used to start walking on a pavement, step over and round sleeping men, and then use the road, dodge to avoid a speeding jeep, hop behind a lorry to get away from fast baseball players, be compelled to walk on the road again, only to jump clear of a rash driver, and so on down the

road between a double line of huge lorries, where men played cards sitting on petrol tins, shaved with a mere drop of water, using the small windscreen mirror to see how they were progressing, and washed clothes in about one pint of water to a whole packet of soap powder.

Outdoor Housekeeping. We saw washing on little lines strung up anywhere, on a wire fence, between two bumpers, two branches, across the pavement. During the hot days they wore trunks of the briefest style, looked very healthy and brown, and happy too. They really behaved like boys,

them every available minute and giving them souvenirs.

A Special Word. May I just add a special word of praise in favor of your colored troops. What we had heard of them had not been favorable, but although we had hundreds in the area at odd times, and although I see them every day out here, I have never heard of any unpleasant incidents. They seem to get quite a lot of fun out of life without annoyance to anyone. They're very well-behaved, polite and quiet, in fact, good Americans.

When your men are back home once



YANKS IN ENGLAND
It took Mrs. Hopper a long time.

playing ball, wrestling, and all sorts of queer games, and how they loved harmonicas, banjos and guitars.

My most embarrassing moment, when I was walking along a houseless stretch, was to spot a soldier on the top of a lorry changing trousers (the insides of the lorries were packed full with stores). At the crucial moment, when I was sure I'd have to turn about, he turned, saw me, colored as scarlet as I felt, clutched his trousers, and held them like grim death.

The time I laughed loudly was when a huge colored soldier came tripping along the road, holding the tails of his coat out like wings. Goodness, he was a funny sight.

One afternoon four soldiers crossed the road with the obvious intention of speaking to me. For a second I panicked, wondering what was coming, when one said, "You must excuse us, madam, but we must tell you, your two children are the most beautiful we've seen; they're so lovely." All of us in our area remarked how fond of children the Yanks were. They appeared to be perpetually surrounded by our offspring, playing with

more, I do hope they'll remember us kindly. We're a conventional little island, slow to accept changes, slow to make friends. It's taken us a long time to appreciate and like the Yanks, and it's taken the war to bring about that change.

First Case

Although he felt he had done his best, the Navy mustered him out last May for "shirking." What hurt even more was that the "undesirable discharge"* kept him from getting back his old job. Then 45-year-old Ryland B. Compton, of The Bronx, heard of a provision in the G.I. Bill of Rights covering such grievances, promptly hired a lawyer to plead his case.

Holder of the Purple Heart and Silver Star for service in World War I, Compton had joined the Seabees in September 1942, became a chief electrician's mate. In Bermuda, on his first assignment, he came

* Between strictly honorable and strictly dishonorable cases, the Navy has three other discharge classifications: 1) under honorable conditions; 2) undesirable; 3) for bad conduct. The Army has only one other: without honor.

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under command of an ensign with whom he did not get along. Complained Compton: "He was an overbearing kid of about 26 or 27, and you know it's pretty hard on older men who have been in their trade 15 or 20 years to have a youngster telling them what's what."

Eleven months later, after a row over a one-day pass which the ensign charged was unauthorized, Compton was sent back to the U.S. with his battalion, for leave and reassignment. But on his next detail at Camp Endicott, R.I., he found himself once more bossed by the same young officer, by now a lieutenant, junior grade. The lieutenant promptly began to ride him systematically, said Compton, gave him low marks in attitude and discipline, sent him on 15-mile hikes, imposed unnecessary discipline. When the next quarterly ratings were issued, Compton was found to be "unfit." He was discharged a day later.

Last week Ryland Compton won redress—with the first discharge reclassification under the G.I. Bill of Rights. After hearing his story, the Navy's Board of Review of Discharges and Dismissals upped his classification one degree, listed him as discharged "under honorable conditions."

The possibility of many another such hearing was indicated last week by a Navy announcement of discharges under less than honorable conditions. Since Pearl Harbor: 10,936 undesirable, 15,479 for bad conduct, 2,007 dishonorable.

AIR

Big White Lie

Like many another soldier, Staff Sergeant Robert Raskin did not want to worry the folks back home. So he wrote to his wife in The Bronx that he had a nice safe job: switchboard operator in the Quartermaster Corps.

Last week BBC's New York office notified Mrs. Raskin that her husband was about to participate in a broadcast from England. She listened in, learned more about the "safe" job of Sergeant Raskin: as a gunner in a B-17 he had flown 64 missions over Germany, had shot down three Nazi planes, won the DFC and Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters.

MEDALS

Tarawa's Third

During the 76 hours of violent battle at Tarawa last November the Marines' beach-head commander, 39-year-old Colonel David M. Shoup, of Battle Ground, Indiana, carefully concealed a painful fact: as he waded ashore his leg had been pierced by a shell fragment. For that wound, indestructible, broad-beamed Colonel Shoup received his second Purple Heart (he had been wounded before by a bomb at New Georgia).

Last week, arriving in the U.S. from Saipan, where he was chief of staff of the 2nd Marine Division, Colonel Shoup learned that his "indomitable fighting spirit" at Tarawa had won him another

award: the Congressional Medal of Honor. His citation: "Colonel Shoup fearlessly exposed himself to the terrific, relentless artillery, machine-gun and rifle fire . . . rallying his hesitant troops . . . gallantly led them across the fringing reefs . . . to reinforce our hard-pressed, thinly held lines. Upon arrival at the shore he assumed command of all landed troops and, working without rest under constant, withering enemy fire during the next two days, conducted smashing attacks against unbelievably strong and fanatically defended Japanese positions. . . ."

Shoup's was the 123rd Medal of Honor awarded in World War II (Army 67, Navy 29, Marines 26, Coast Guard 1),



Associated Press

COLONEL SHOUP

He concealed a painful fact.

the third for Tarawa. The others went, posthumously, to two Texans, Lieut. William Deane Hawkins and Staff Sergeant William J. Bordelon.

WOMEN

Negro WAVES

The bar that was first lowered two years ago to allow Negroes into general service in the Navy was finally dropped altogether. Last week the Navy announced that it would accept Negro women in the WAVES.

Notable feature of the new program is that the Negroes will be trained and may even be billeted with whites, will probably be mixed in for assignment.

Recruiting will begin with the immediate commissioning of a small number (probably five to ten) of administrative officers. They will be trained at the WAVES officer-candidate school at Smith College, Northampton, Mass., will then be assigned to assist in general enlistment and training, beginning soon after January 1. The total number of Negro WAVES will depend on the "needs of the

TIME, OCTOBER 30, 1944

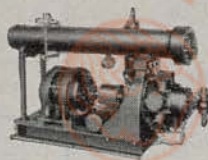
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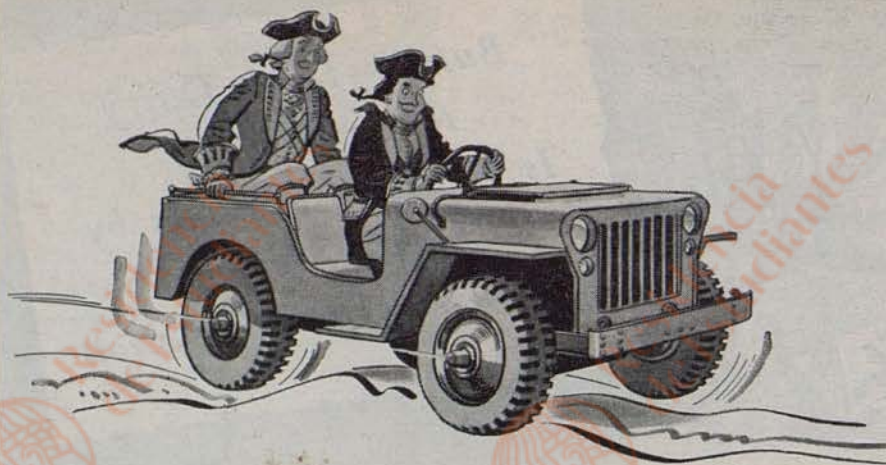
That golden, taste-satisfying, health ingredient—butter, from the dairy to your table, is kept fresh, sweet and wholesome by commercial refrigeration. The science of preserving perishable foods for the Nation and Armed Forces, at home and abroad, is the art of holding specific temperature levels. In cantonments, at battlefronts, in restaurants, hotels, war plants and countless retail stores the famous

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George Washington could have. had a Jeep

(A MESSAGE TO MEN ON COLLEGE AND TRAINING CAMPUSES)

All the raw materials needed to build a jeep were obtainable in George Washington's time.

Only the knowledge of how to obtain them, refine them and fabricate them into such a vehicle was lacking.

At Alcoa, we call this important ingredient "Imagineering". That's our handy word for letting imagination *soar* and then engineering it down to practical use. And this is the kind of a job that has a special appeal for young men interested in the future.

It's exciting and exhilarating work to let your imagination have free reign on the possibilities of light, strong aluminum—then engineer it down to earth. So there is plenty of opportunity in the aluminum industry for young men with imaginations that refuse to be limited by traditions.

There is almost no limit to imagineering with Alcoa Alloys in making things lighter, more attractive, more economical. All this adds up to making Alcoa Aluminum available in a greater number of ways, to a greater number of people at the lowest possible cost.

You can let your imagination soar on the future of Alcoa Aluminum and the part it will play in building a better world. It will be used in places and for things undreamed of now.

And we hope that many young men with vision will build their own future in the aluminum industry or in the many industries which will be using more aluminum than they have ever used before.

A PARENTHETICAL ASIDE: FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

ALCOA ALUMINUM



• This message is printed by Aluminum Company of America to help people to understand *what we do* and *what sort of men* make aluminum grow in usefulness.

service" will probably not be large.

After hearing the Navy's announcement, the Coast Guard, usually the most liberal branch of service with regard to Negroes, promptly followed suit with a similar plan for the SPARs. The Marine Corps said it had all the women marines it needed, except for replacements.

OCCUPATION

At Camp Susupe

The U.S. was only beginning to learn about military occupation of Japanese territory. But by last week a pattern for the future was forming on Saipan, first Jap territory where U.S. forces encountered large numbers of Jap civilians.

On Saipan scrawny, hungry Jap civilians were still coming out of caves where they had hidden since the battle began last June. Upon surrendering they are placed in a two-square-mile compound named "Camp Susupe" (after the nearby shallow lake), which now shelters 18,000—13,000 Japs, the rest Christian Chamorros, Koreans and Kanakas.

Food and Shelter. Life is primitive on Saipan. The shipping shortage and the necessity of supplying battles farther west permit only the barest necessities (even for Saipan's American conquerors, who still eat out of cans). For the captive civilians the only cover is what can be built out of weathered planks, battered sheet tin from the bomb-shattered sugar refinery, and tattered tenting.

Each rickety hut (called a "han") shelters several families totaling 20 to 55 persons. U.S. authorities deal with each group through the "hanchō," or leader. Camp Susupe's residents wear whatever clothing can be salvaged from captured supplies, eat from the Japs' rice, kelp and canned stores, and take what few food essentials the U.S. can spare. Recently families have been released during the daytime to cultivate green vegetables, which grow easily in Saipan's fertile ground.

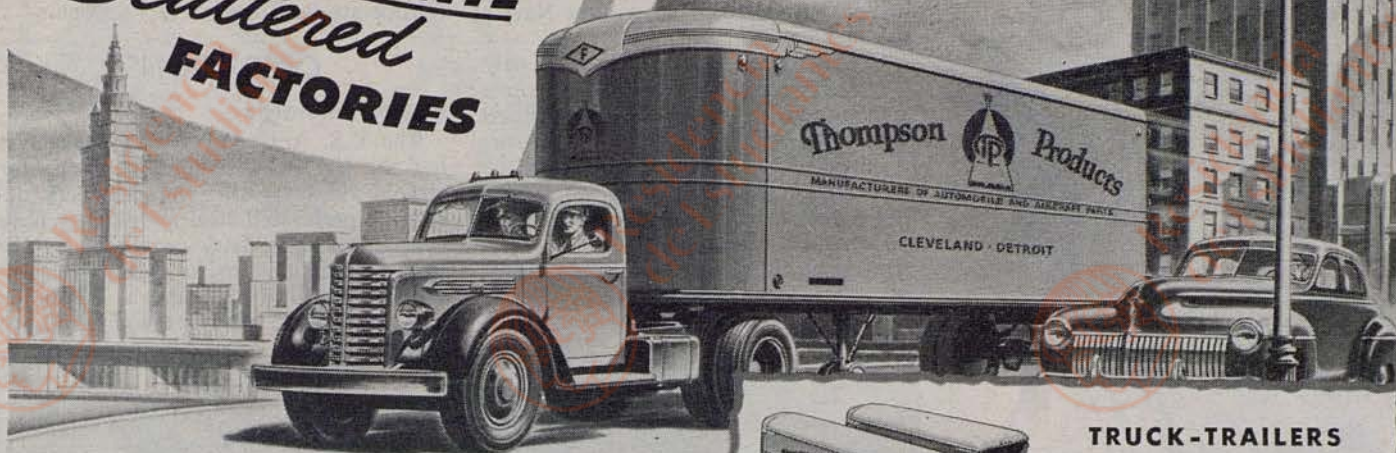
Medical Care. About 100,000 treatments have been given Saipan's civilians by Army and Navy doctors and their assistants since D-plus-five. The "Midtown Pharmacy" still treats about 1,200 cases each day. Chief ailment: malnutrition, for which vitamin B₁ injections are given in severe cases. Other maladies: diarrhea, worms, beriberi.

An Army-staffed hospital which receives the seriously ill and the wounded who have been hiding out is not as busy as it was just after the battle.

Birth & Death. Saipan Japs had one of the highest birth rates on earth: about 300 children were born annually to each 1,000 women aged 15 to 45. Now ten to 15 babies are born each day at Camp Susupe. Authorities have attempted to record births as they occurred. Friendly Chamorros usually comply; Japs do not.

Navy Lieut. Robert Frost ("from Auburn, Maine; I wish to God I was back there") told a reporter: "We were going crazy with babies at first. There were a

HOW TO UNITE Scattered FACTORIES



FRUEHAUF TRAILERS DO IT FOR THOMPSON PRODUCTS

SIX FRUEHAUF TRAILERS . . . working continuously . . . literally form a "conveyor belt" between the plants of Thompson Products, Inc., in Cleveland.

Thompson has six factories scattered over a 5-mile area in the industrial section of the city . . . plus the huge new Thompson Aircraft Products plant on the outskirts. And, with volume exceeding 100 million dollars a year, there's a lot of material to be handled . . . an average of 2½ million pounds a month to be exact.

Maintaining precise schedules, the Trailers keep material flowing smoothly between the plants. In addition, they handle depot distribution of finished parts . . . over 90% of which leave Cleveland by motor freight.

Thompson officials will tell you that without the speed and flexibility of Trailer hauling, they could never have attained the record production which has won them the coveted Army-Navy "E". In their case . . . as in thousands of others in more than 100 different kinds of business . . . Truck-Trailers are doing work 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

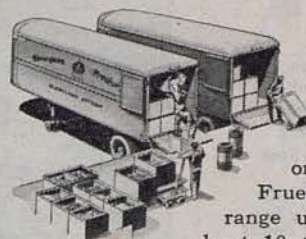
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Engineered Transportation
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

TRUCK-TRAILERS *Carry Big Loads*



Finished parts are stacked on skids and loaded on a Fruehauf Trailer. Load weights range up to 16 tons . . . average about 10 tons . . . yet they're pulled by trucks which are designed to carry only a fraction of that weight. The Truck-Trailer hauls 6 skids . . . trucks alone previously carried only two. The second Trailer is being loaded with processed parts about to go to another plant for finishing operations. The loaded bins weigh up to 1500 pounds each . . . and 22 of them ride in one Trailer.



MANEUVERABILITY *A Big Asset*

To reach certain loading docks in the Thompson plants, the Trailers must squeeze up narrow alleys that couldn't be negotiated by ordinary trucks of considerably less capacity. Hinged-in-the-middle, a Truck-Trailer turns in the same radius as the short-wheelbase truck which pulls it. In fact, at one of the Thompson docks, the vehicles—measuring 30 feet in length—completely turn around within a 25-foot circle. This maneuverability in tight places also means ease of handling in congested city traffic.



"SHUTTLE SYSTEM" *Saves Time and Money*

The truck backs in with an empty Trailer . . . "drops" it . . . then couples on to a loaded Fruehauf . . . and immediately starts off on another trip. During loading and unloading, only the Trailers stand idle. The trucks are on the road pulling other Trailers to their destinations. This means fewer trucks are needed—because each is working constantly. And tie-ups of trucks and drivers, during loading and unloading, are eliminated.

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You'll be agreeably surprised at the "feather-light" feel of the Kirsten pipe. Just "heft" one . . . you'll find it has a certain rightness, lightness and balance found in no other pipe. The lightweight, thin-walled duralumin radiator condenses oils and tars . . . traps moisture . . . cools each puff of smoke.



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Use a Durham Duplex Safety Razor and Strop

YOUR BONDS MEAN DEAD JAPS!

Hotel
Bennox
St. Louis

lot of orphans, and nobody had thought of baby bottles and nipples for them. We used rubber gloves, medicine droppers—anything to get milk into them. They rushed us out some baby bottles from the States and we are in pretty good shape now." Diapers were included in the Navy's last shipment to Saipan.

The camp's orphan asylum has only 60 babies, who are attended by three Japanese nurses. The number of civilians killed by bombing and shelling was surprisingly low on Saipan, and many of the thousands of adult civilians who committed suicide at the battle's end killed their children also.

Deaths at Camp Susupe average twelve a day, regarded as low, considering the poor physical condition of the population.

ians who will be found in Japan proper. Saipan furnishes no perfect example for the future. But Pacific forces have learned a lot about the many problems of occupying enemy territory. And the Orient can learn there that Americans are at their considerate best once victory is won.

OPERATIONS

Paper Airfields

The U.S. Army Air Forces thought it had the last word in quick surfacing for airfield runways when its engineers developed perforated steel mats. They have been installed on battlefronts all over the world, proved serviceable under almost all conditions. But their cost was terrific: a 5,000-by-150-ft. runway required 1,150



ENEMY CIVILIANS ON SAIPAN
Needed: baby bottles and diapers.

The Japs usually carry their dead to Mid-town Pharmacy morgue during the night, leave them where authorities find them in the morning and have them buried.

Besides working in the fields, Saipan's civilians are beginning to return to their old trades: fishing, handicraft, light industry. Common laborers are paid 35¢ daily, skilled workers 50¢. Some women have started making two-for-a-nickel cigars. A curio business is being started to fashion souvenirs for the Americans.

Religion. Camp Susupe's makeshift Buddhist "temple" has a tin roof, no front wall, but its priest has all his trappings. Shinto (Emperor worship) poses more of a problem in religious freedom—thus far, U.S. authorities have made no attempt to stop Shintoism, but no facilities have been set up to encourage it.

Significance. Because Saipan's civilians are mostly ignorant peasants from the comparatively remote Ryukyu Islands, and presumably less fanatical than civil-

airplane (C-47) loads of steel, 6,000 man-hours of labor.

Last week Air Forces engineers were glad to announce that they had a new emergency runway material with the essential advantages of steel mats. Known officially as PBS (Prefabricated Bituminous Surface), it consists of a layer of cloth between two layers of tar-soaked paper. It can be carried in one-tenth the airplane space and laid, by machine, almost twice as fast. Spread over a rolled earth surface, the durable, water-repellent covering sustains the heat and shock of landings with little damage, bogs down only when subsurface moisture is extreme.

Developed by the Royal Canadian Engineers and improved by U.S. engineers, PBS was tried for the first time by the Ninth Air Force last summer, became a vital factor in the remarkable speed of air supply in France. By Sept. 1, it had been used successfully on some 30 forward fighter and transport fields.



That
ain't
hay

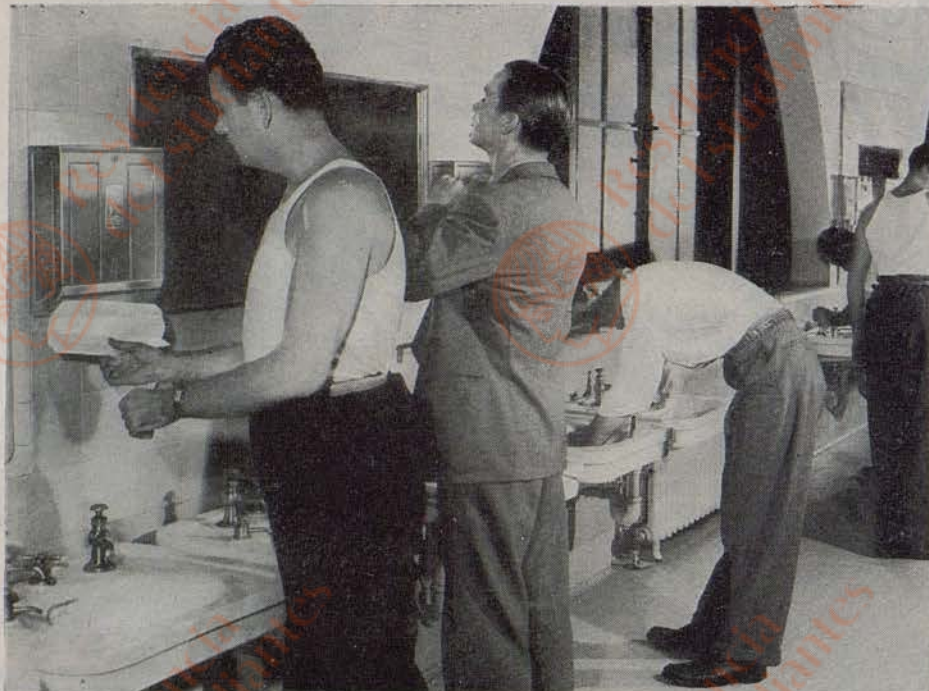
- In the parlance of pollsters and politicians, each stalk of the stuff you see strewn about the opponents above represents a prospective *vote*.
- How many for which man, we don't know. Maybe the "yea" straws for one side are way ahead of the others. Maybe they're just about evenly matched.
- This much we *do* know, however. When Election Day rolls around, actual *figures* . . . not ephemeral straws—will determine the results.
- Americans, in deciding an issue, prefer to conduct their affairs that way. Their regard for sound and impartial figures is reflected in their *business* dealings, too.
- And their desire to have those figures in the least time, at the lowest cost, is reflected in their constant and increasing use of Comptometer adding-calculating machines and modern Comptometer methods.
- The Comptometer, made only by Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Company, 1720 N. Paulina Street, Chicago 22, Ill., is sold exclusively by the Comptometer Company.

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MODERN SANITARY WASHROOMS MEAN SMART MANAGEMENT TODAY! They help increase production in two ways: by reducing the number of absences due to illness and by helping keep morale high. Employees appreciate such washrooms and they show their appreciation in many ways. Today, when it's so important to keep up peak production, more and more plant managers are giving special attention to washrooms to make sure that they're "Health Zones"—not "Germ Exchanges."



**THE MISSING MAN
(OUT BECAUSE OF A COLD)**

He costs about seven days lost production a year! Over a million men and women are absent from work daily. Half these absences are caused by the common cold and its complications—and colds can be spread or checked right in your washrooms. Lots of hot water, soap, and individual tissue towels encourage the thorough washing that cleans away germs of contagion. Why not make a complete check-up on your washroom facilities? The Scott Washroom Advisory Service will be glad to help in any way they can.



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

SCOTTISSUE TOWELS
STAY TOUGH WHEN WET



Trade Marks "ScottTissue," "Soft-Tuff," "Washroom Advisory Service" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ART

Athens, 1944

The Acropolis was unharmed.* So said delayed dispatches from Athens, after the Greek capital fell bloodlessly to the British last fortnight (TIME, Oct. 16).

L'Affaire Picasso

Pablo Picasso's joining of the French Communist Party and the attack on his paintings at the Paris Autumn Salon (TIME, Oct. 16) were discussed last week in a Paris cable from TIME's Correspondent Sherry Mangan. Excerpt:

Until the occupation, Picasso's politics, though pretty vague, were rather revolutionary than Stalinist. Obviously his formal party entry was long planned and delayed till the eve of the opening of the Salon d'Automne in order to make the maximum éclat.

You must realize the tremendous pull of the Communist Party here, which combines the enormous prestige of Red Army victories with a safe, nonrevolutionary, liberal social program. To understand what it is like here, remember New York during the Popular Front period, only it is naturally infinitely more so here. Picasso is only following a mass trend.

By four p.m. Sunday [at the Autumn Salon] a thousand gaping people had passed through the Salle Picasso and some three hundred were in the room, when from one corner arose repeated shouts of "Dérochez!" ("Take 'em down!"), answered by shouts from another corner, "Expliquez!" ("Explain!"), and from a third quarter, "Remboursez!" ("Money back!"). Numerous young men began carefully and nondestructively taking down the pictures from the wall.

There are three theories as to who did it: 1) Beaux Arts students; 2) painters whose works were refused by the Salon; 3) fascist youths. Almost certainly the first is correct, for the following reasons: 1) under the menu posted outside the Restaurant des Beaux Arts there appeared a small blue poster reading: *Tous les anti-Picassistes: Rendezvous à 4 heures aujourd'hui*; 2) all the demonstrators were very young; 3) the careful handling of pictures was much more like art students than like fascist hooligans; 4) a delegation of unidentified students called at the offices of the newspaper *L'Aurore*. They stated they were not collaborators or Nazis, as the Picassophile press was quick to suggest, but resisters-resisting mystification. In sum, the motive seemed to be resentment at the enormous puffing up of Picasso recently, and against his new slipshod, almost contemptuous style.

* That is, by World War II. In 480 B.C. the Persians partially destroyed the Acropolis; in 86 B.C. Romans under Sulla plundered it; in the 17th Century, Acropolis temples were damaged by both Turks and Venetians. In 1801-1816, Lord Elgin carted off a large part of the Parthenon's remaining sculptures, sold them to the British Government for London's British Museum.

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TODAY, TOMORROW
AND ALWAYS***

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The T

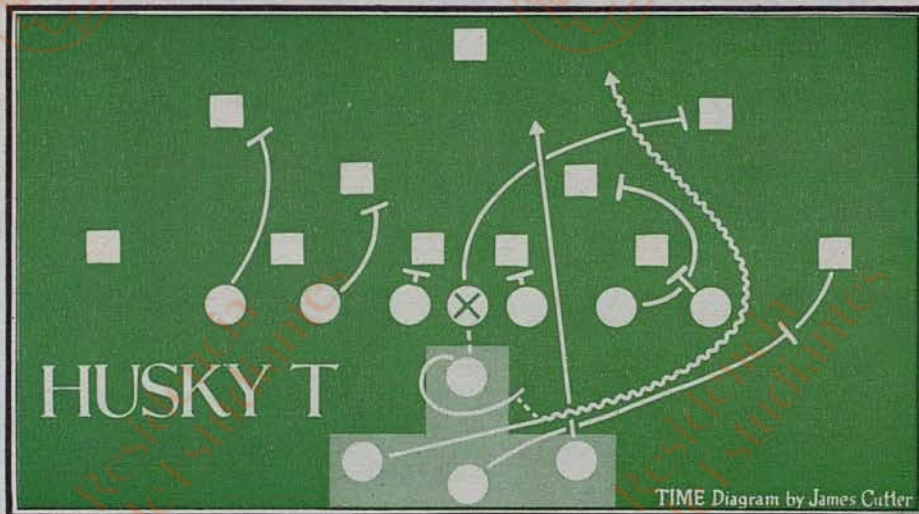
The football professors had been dead wrong, and humanly slow to admit it. Four years ago, coaches labeled the T formation a precarious stratagem suitable only for such star performers as Quarterback Sid Luckman of the Chicago Bears and Fullback Norm Standlee of Stanford. Without such power and polish, said the coaches, the T formation wouldn't work.

Last week, contrary evidence was apparent on almost every college gridiron: pink-cheeked freshmen scurried and whirled out of the T formation to touchdown after touchdown. More than 50% of college

the Middies' plus 221, but the final score was Tech 17, Navy 15. Bo McMillan's Indiana team is the lone Big Ten eleven shunning the T. Last week the Hoosiers upset Northwestern's T, 14-10-7.

Gambling in the Garden

College basketball in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden has become a big business. Teams travel from all over the country to play there before crowds which last season averaged 15,657 a game. Last week a famed coach, University of Kansas' Dr. Forrest C. ("Phog") Allen, charged that it is also becoming a dirty business. Predicting an imminent "scandal that



coaches now start their football alphabet with a capital T. The other half burn midnight oil devising ways & means to stop it. Few have succeeded.

Theme with Variations. Converts to the T have concocted all kinds of pet variations and exclusive trademarks. Columbia's Lou Little has a "split T," Michigan's Fritz Crisler an "unbalanced T," Nebraska, Minnesota and Iowa a "part-time T." The Boston (professional) Yanks call theirs the Q.T. Washington's Coach Ralph ("Pest") Welch, who took on a T with man-in-motion last year, this year dropped the man-in-motion, spread his linemen (see diagram) for a basic off-tackle slice, scrambled this formation with the old Notre Dame box style of offense (a man on each corner). In the quiet of the locker room, he calls this conglomeration the "bastard T."

But in all variations, the ball-handling quarterback forms the stem of the T, the other three backs the top crossbar. By any name, its razzle-dazzle pattern of spinners, flankers, man-in-motion, dive-tackle plays pack a wallop that makes scores and delights the fans.

At the head of the non-T list are Navy and Georgia Tech, whose conventional single-wing formations clashed last week in a weird, fumbling game at Atlanta. Tech's gained yardage was minus 6 against

would stink to high heaven," he declared: "Vadal Peterson, Utah University coach, knocked down a gambler who came to his room in New York last spring and asked how much it would cost to have Utah lose to Dartmouth in the N.C.A.A. finals. . . . * Professional gamblers already have caused two boys to throw basketball games."

Retorted the Garden's acting president, Ned Irish: "If Allen has any proof of dishonesty in basketball games at the Garden, he'd better come through with it." (Allen promptly wired the name of one player who had "sold out," had been expelled from college for it.) President Irish announced that he would have 36 uniformed policemen, almost as many plainclothesmen and private detectives on duty this season with express orders to prevent all known gamblers from entering the Garden.

At Rhode Island's Pascoag track near Providence last week, 40 racehorse owners and trainers issued an ultimatum to State racing officials: unless an immediate end was put to "race-fixing by a gambling ring," they would stop entering their horses at Pascoag.

* Said Coach Peterson last week, denying that he had struck the gambler: "I shut the door in his face, and that closed the incident."

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Multiple V-Belt Drives, invented by Allis-Chalmers, drive 75% of all U.S.A.'s war production machinery—speed a gigantic flow of planes, tanks and guns to U. S. troops!



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TODAY, Allis-Chalmers' great productive capacity is directed toward the winning of the war...

But after Victory, the same knowledge and resourcefulness that have engineered over

1600 different industrial and farm products will be ready to tackle your peacetime problems... to provide gas turbines, electronic devices, many other new types of equipment to meet your specific post-war needs.

VICTORY NEWS

Gas Turbines Take Up To 50% Less Space: Plans for a 5000 HP locomotive powered by 2 complete gas turbines have already been drawn up by Allis-Chalmers. Because of simple, compact construction, these turbines require just half the space needed by conventional engines—deliver their power with unusual economy.

Engineers predict widespread use of these revolutionary new A-C Gas Turbines in ships, planes, locomotives and other machines.

Simplifies Unit Substation Planning: To aid industry in visualizing power distribution needs, A-C field engineers now use accurate scale models of Allis-Chalmers Prefabricated Unit Substation apparatus.



This "Unit Sub Builder" set eliminates guesswork—means far more accurate calculations. No bogging down in charts, diagrams or tables. Call your nearby Allis-Chalmers District Office for full details.

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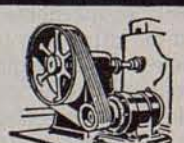
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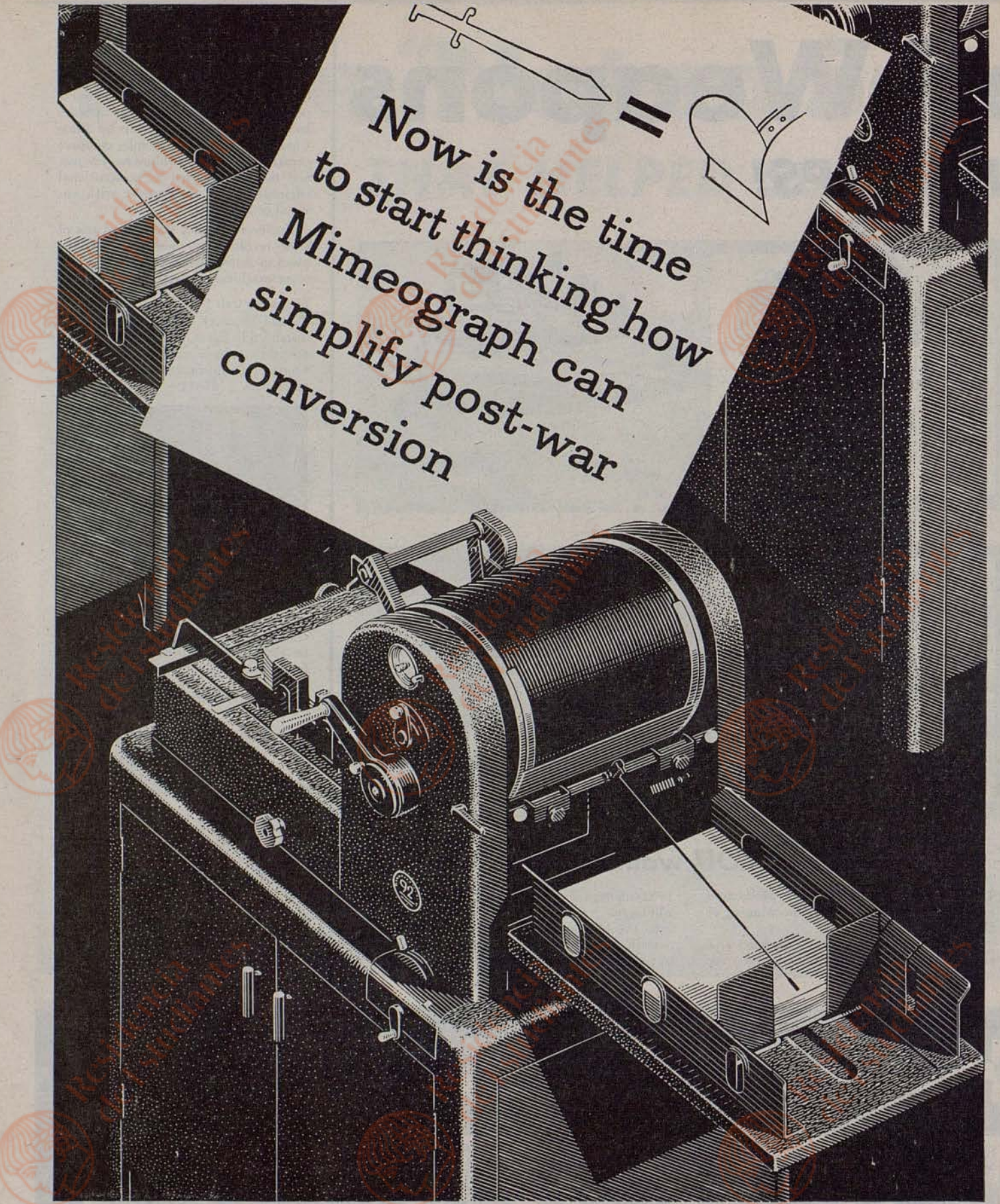
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BUSINESS & FINANCE

FUEL

Back to Oil

The 1,640,150 oil-burning homes on the eastern seaboard will get enough oil this winter. There will be enough oil, in fact, so that the nearly 200,000 citizens who patriotically converted from oil to coal—and then found there was not enough coal, either—will soon be allowed to convert back to oil again.

The expense of reconversion (average cost per unit: \$35) will pay off in comfort. For coal users will not be able to keep warm this winter unless 1) the weather is mild; 2) they spread the thin supply skillfully. The prospects:

Fuel Oil is up because of better transportation distribution (chiefly pipelines). Production has caught up with military needs. If all the former oil users reconvert this winter, oilmen can supply the extra oil which will be needed, but only 30% are expected to reconvert.

Coal, the No. 1 U.S. heating fuel, is getting scarcer every day, although production is up nearly 6% over last year. The reason for the scarcity is increased demand and lack of manpower. Old men are working the mines; when they quit or die, almost no younger men are available. This means that eastern and southern homes will get 10% less coal this year than last. But better distribution may help coal burners to get by.

Wood, used for heat on farms and in scattered rural areas where anyone can get it, is not a general problem, except in thickly populated western Washington, half of which uses wood for fuel. With many lumbermen now working in war plants at higher pay, the area was 200,000 cords short this year. To persuade farmers and amateur woodsmen to make up the difference, the Government offered a subsidy of \$2.50 a cord to anyone who would work in the forests. In eastern cities and suburbs, where householders use fireplaces for supplementary heat, wood was scarce and expensive. And householders whose trees were blown down in last month's hurricane were the victims of a new racket: for a high hourly fee, the snooty racketeers would deign to cut up the trees blocking the driveways. Then, for a bargain price, the victim was allowed to buy back his own wood—green and noninflammable until next winter.

AUTOS

A New Flivver?

Ford Motor Co. called in its regional sales chiefs to Detroit last week to hear news of the company's postwar plans. The news: Ford will build a new, low-priced car which will be 20 to 25% cheaper than the regular Ford line (TIME, Oct. 11, 1943). This is the car which automen have gossiped will be the up-to-date flivver, will

TIME, OCTOBER 30, 1944

sell for \$500. Actually, the company carefully refrained from putting a price on the new car; it still does not know whether its prewar line will be sold at 1941 prices, or higher. But Ford made clear that, while it tools up for the new car, its first postwar cars will be much-improved 1942 models. (Said Henry Ford II: "The cars will be more improved over 1942 than the average yearly changes.") To produce the postwar flivver and reconvert, Ford will spend \$15,000,000.

INVESTMENTS

New Paper for Old

The nation's investment bankers set a number of records last week swapping new pieces of paper for old. In the busiest underwriting week since 1929, bondmen offered \$378 million of corporate and municipal bonds to an easy-money market that gulped the flotations and bid for more.

Two of the largest corporate offerings ever made hiked the week's business to its record-breaking activity: 1) \$180 million worth of Commonwealth Edison Co. and 2) \$130 million of Philadelphia Electric Co. bonds. Like most big issues since 1934—when the easy-money era began—

these two utility issues were for refunding purposes.

But this week investment bankers will have the kind of new issue they like. Morgan, Stanley & Co. are heading a syndicate offering \$100 million of American Tobacco debentures. The company will use most of the new money to build up its depleted tobacco inventory.

The American Tobacco deal will climax two months of day & night work for investment bankers. They timed the bulk of their financing to fall between the Fifth War Loan in July and the Sixth War Loan drive in November. Since the first of the year, bondmen have marketed more than \$2 billion of corporates and municipals—the largest total since 1940.

CONVENTIONS

Why Not Stay Home?

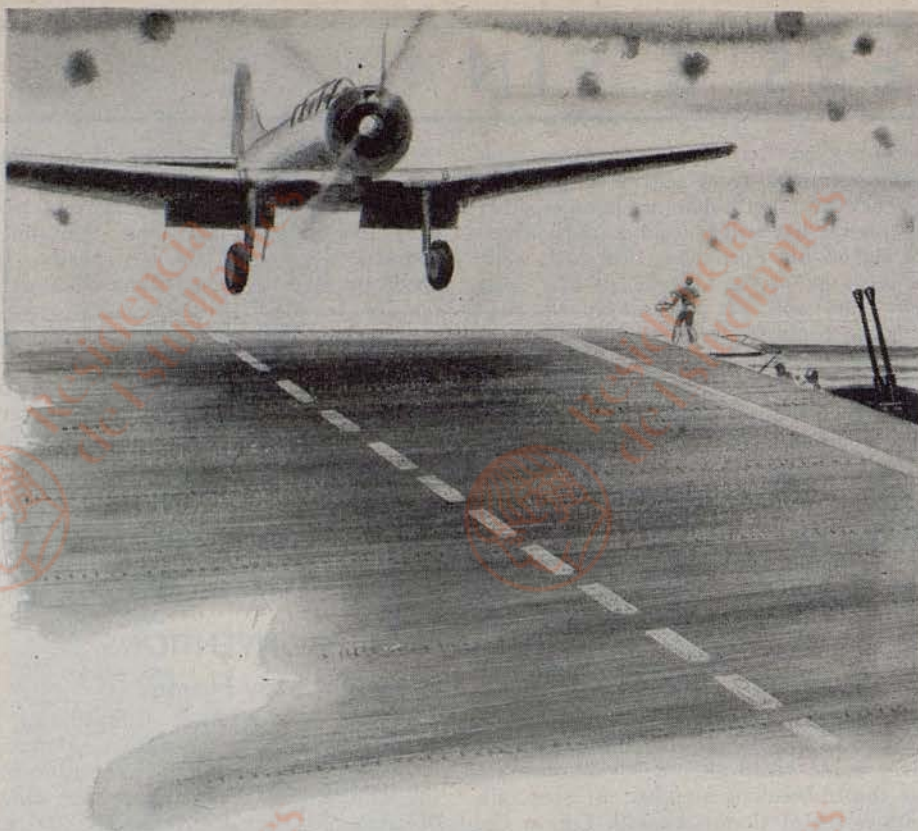
Colonel John Monroe ("Steamboat") Johnson, director of the Office of Defense Transportation, pushed his way through the milling mob jampacking the lobby of Chicago's Hotel Stevens. The farther he had to push, the madder he got; almost everyone he bumped was wearing some convention badge. Near the crowded ele-



Acme

HOT OFF THE LINE

Here are the first electric irons to come off the assembly line of Westinghouse's Mansfield Appliance division, Mansfield, Ohio, since 1942. These irons, which will sell at their prewar price of \$8.75, are part of WPB's stepped-up program for more civilian goods—soon there will be bedsprings, vacuum cleaners, aluminum pots & pans, etc. By last week, some 940 applications to make civilian articles had been approved by WPB under its new spot authorization program. But total production will be small till V-E day. In this year's fourth quarter the value of new goods will amount to only \$45,000,000, a sum the U.S. spends on war production in three days.



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vators, his eye fell on the long list of conventions and meetings on the bulletin board. This was more than ODT's boss could bear. He roared: "There are more damn conventions in Chicago this week than there should be in the entire country!"

In Chicago during October some 85 conventions were scheduled. Samples: Interstate Post Graduate Medical Association of North America (3,000 attendance); Small Brewers' Committee (150); American Dental Association (300); American Train Dispatchers Association (200); American Bakers Association (300); Grand Chapter of the Royal Arch Masons of Illinois (200).

Johnson had traveled the 770 miles to Chicago to attend a two-day meeting of U.S. railroad men. Their agenda: how to handle the increasing load on the railroads.



Harris & Ewing

"STEAMBOAT" JOHNSON
He traveled too.

CREDIT

Bench Warmer

Consumer credit men braced themselves—they were going to have the unprofitable distinction of being the last men tapped for reconversion. From Washington came word that the Federal Reserve Board would keep the screws tight on consumer credit until manufacturers are again pumping out enough peacetime goods to meet demand.

In 1941 the consumer credit industry happily reckoned its alltime peak volume at \$9.5 billion. Of this sum, U.S. citizens were pledged to pay \$5.9 billion on the installment plan for autos, home appliances, furniture and jewelry; charge accounts and personal loans on "easy" terms added up to \$3.6 billion.

In August 1941, the Government announced Regulation W, to help ward off inflation by making borrowing and buying more difficult. These credit restrictions, aided by the shortages of consumer dura-



Under the Sea in Ships

No man puts greater faith in machinery and equipment than the men who go under the sea in submarines.

They are picked men and nothing is too good for them. Their equipment is the finest your War Bond money can buy. Few items in a "sub" are more important than its batteries. So it's not surprising that great numbers of these batteries bear a name

that stands for dependability—Exide.

In surface ships as well as in "subs," up in airplanes and down in mine locomotives, in factory equipment and farm equipment, in railway and telephone systems—wherever *dependability* counts, Exides are serving. And millions of owners of cars, trucks and buses will tell you that "When it's an Exide you start!" is something

more than a slogan. It's a fact!

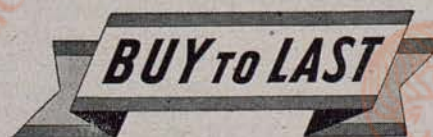
Business executives are invited to make full use of our 56 years of experience in the application of storage batteries for every requirement. Let us show you how to get greater dependability and longer life with Exide!

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
Philadelphia 32

Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto



SERVING OUR ARMED FORCES IN MORE
THAN 100 APPLICATIONS



EXIDE builds batteries to give you
better service for a longer time.



TESTING LABORATORY... from the humorous
Elliott Catalog of 1888

Chuckle and Chortle

Over these 140 Old-time Business Cartoons

Act Now and get your **Free** copy of

The Story of a Father and Son

OR

Unscrewing the Inscrutable

You'll laugh as well as be astonished at the inside story of two famous inventors at work. And you'll pick up a lot of meaty information, too.

Sterling Elliott's first Patent was granted in 1874 when he was twenty-one years old. Harmon Elliott's first Patent was granted in 1911 when he was twenty-four years old. Harmon Elliott's latest Patent was granted in March 1944, so at the present time the Patent files of the Elliott Company contain 211 Patents, with the earliest Patent and the latest Patent seventy years apart: 104 Sterling Elliott Patents and 107 Harmon Elliott Patents.

Though this captivating free book was written to advertise the Elliott Addressing Machines and Typewriteable Address Cards, you'll agree that "The Story of a Father and Son or Unscrewing the Inscrutable" is far more than an ordinary advertising booklet. Fact is, it's today declared a very choice item by many of the nation's leading business men. Illustrative of the reaction of top executives, we quote: "A fascinating story very humanly told."... "First advertising booklet I ever read clear through from beginning to end."... "Best thing I've read for eight years."

Send today for your free copy of this 64-page book by writing on your business letter-head to THE ELLIOTT ADDRESSING MACHINE CO., 147 Albany St., Cambridge 39, Mass.



SAVE PAPER TO HELP WIN

Elliott

ADDRESSING MACHINES

ble goods, cut consumer debt almost in half, to a current \$4.9 billion.

Each time reconversion talk bubbles up, installment finance men get hopeful. Only such small specialty groups as the jewelers have openly agitated for early relaxation of credit controls. Large department stores are pleased with the regulation, claim it has speeded payments, kept accounts in good shape.

But last week credit men who want the regulation eased found a new argument. Wise relaxation of the controls, they said, can allow individuals to hold on to their war bonds and still buy long-wanted goods. Thus, they argue, pressure on the Treasury can gradually be relieved without sacrificing purchasing power.

But the proponents of gradual relaxation had no real hopes; the Federal Reserve Board's position as of last week was to keep consumer credit warming the bench until the board sends it into the game to ward off deflation.

MANPOWER

Streamlined Hijacking

The vital rubber city of Akron last week was beating off a streamlined version of the old labor-pirating racket. Swamped with war orders and short of skilled workers, 20 small, back-alley machine shops had hijacked machinists from bigger war plants. Their system was simple: each would hire someone else's skilled worker away as a "private contractor," let him "bid" on each job he turned out and "rent" the machine he worked on. Technically, this wile put the worker in business for himself. Thus the worker who changed jobs needed no WMC statement of availability, and by "bidding" for jobs, neatly dodged WLB wage ceilings as well.

Biggest loser to the pirates was Goodyear Aircraft Corp., makers of fighting planes. When the loss of 60 men hurt production, Goodyear complained. WMC cracked down hard, ordered all hijacked workers back to their former jobs. Two shops got around the order by taking the hijacked men into partnership.

DRUGS

Storm over Sunshine D

The antitrust division of the Justice Department has eyed the \$200,000,000-a-year vitamin business coldly for months. Trustbuster Wendell Berge has focused his eyes on the scholarly, highly respectable Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation. Through a handful of patents, the foundation exercises a schoolmaster's knuckle-whacking control over the industrial giants who turn out some \$60,000,000 in synthetic vitamin D (the "sunshine vitamin") and related products every year.

High Prices. In Chicago's district court, antitrust intervened in a patent-infringement suit brought by the foundation. Last week antitrust charged that the foundation has conspired with 16 companies, including Standard Brands Inc., E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Pet

Milk Co., Parke, Davis & Co., to suppress competition in the manufacture & sale of vitamin D. They also, said antitrust, limited the potency of vitamin D used in the widely advertised "enriched" bread, milk and other foods, thus preventing such foods from competing with the regular vitamin-D products.

Further, charged antitrust, the foundation has maintained "unreasonable" prices so that those most in need of vitamin D have been unable to afford it. Berge's example: the cost of making vitamin D that sells for from \$3.35 to \$10.80 is 15¢. Berge asked the court to invalidate the foundation's vitamin patents, and open the richly profitable field to all comers, thus bringing prices tumbling down.

High Ethics. Actually the foundation was started to avoid these very evils.



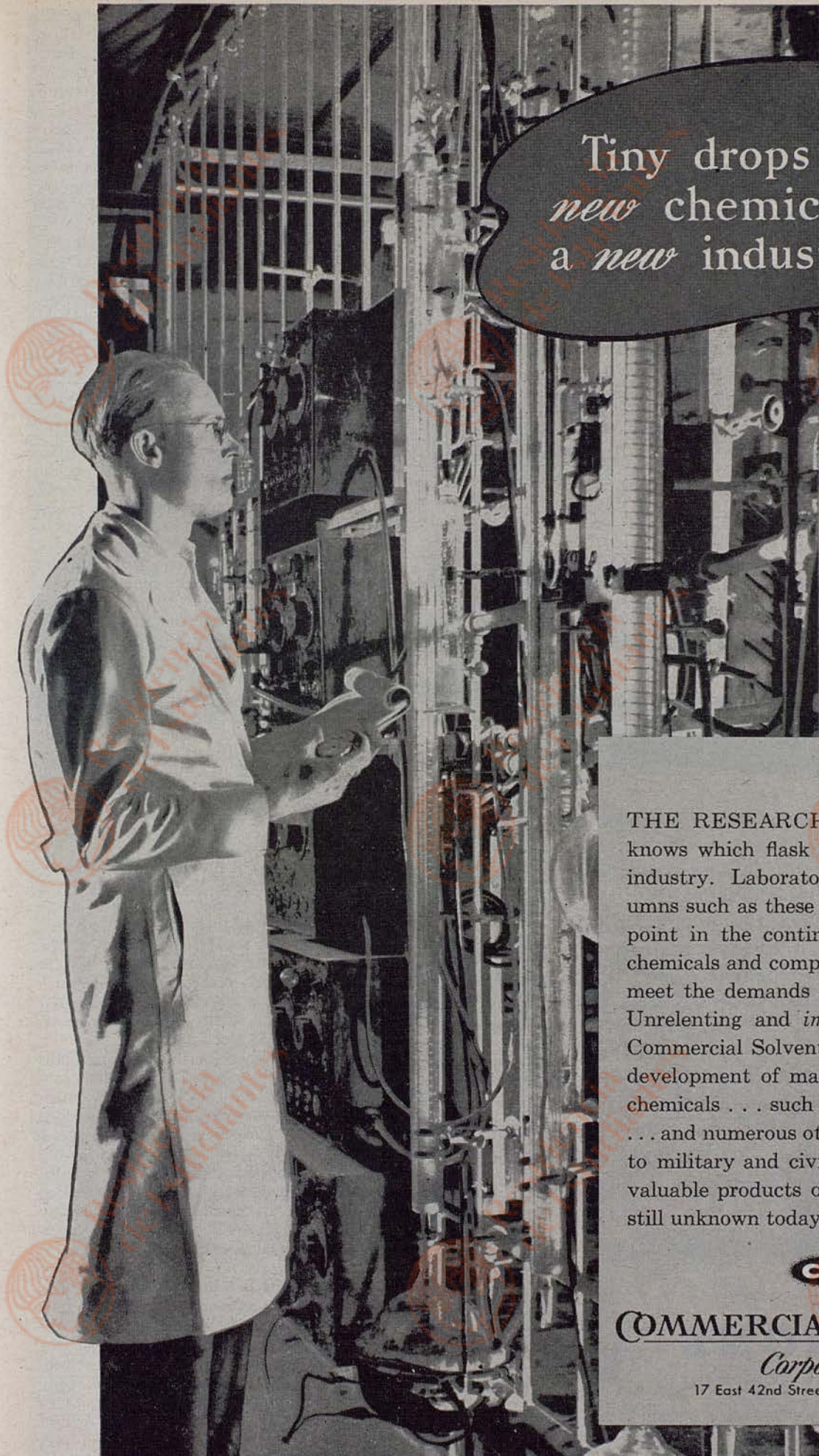
DR. HARRY STEENBOCK
Haight: "We're not crooks."

After University of Wisconsin's famed biochemist, Dr. Harry Steenbock, made his vitamin discovery,* he wanted to avoid "unscrupulous commercialization" of his find. He decided to let the university make the money, use it for research.

Nine alumni started the foundation in 1925, which has no direct connection with the university. Each put in \$100. They picked as president a crack patent lawyer, Chicago's grey-maned, hard-bitten George Haight. Since then, Haight has decided which companies will be licensed to use the Steenbock patents (each pays royalties, averaging 10% and less); how they shall advertise their vitamin pro-

* Dr. Steenbock knew that alfalfa cured in the sun had more of what was later called vitamin D than hay cured out of sunlight. He also knew that certain food products contained "pro-vitamins" which could be "activated" by the sun's ultraviolet rays, thus increasing the amount of ricket-curing vitamin D. His basic patent was based on his idea of activating pro-vitamins by irradiating them with artificial ultraviolet light such as a quartz mercury vapor lamp produces.

TIME, OCTOBER 30, 1944




Tiny drops ... a
new chemical ...
a *new* industry

THE RESEARCH CHEMIST never knows which flask may revolutionize an industry. Laboratory fractionating columns such as these are often the starting point in the continuous search for new chemicals and compounds ... materials to meet the demands of changing industry. Unrelenting and *imaginative* research at Commercial Solvents has resulted in the development of many new and versatile chemicals ... such as the Nitroparaffins ... and numerous other products essential to military and civilian needs. The most valuable products of tomorrow are those still unknown today.

CSC

COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS
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No matter how fast your secretary answers the buzzer, you always have a wait... a short while or long time. All too often when you need her instantly, she's not at her desk.

But don't blame her for it! No, sir... old-fashioned, two-person dictation is the trouble.

Why put up with this antiquated system? There is a better way to get notes, memos and instructions on record quickly and conveniently. It's the Dictaphone Method, and it helps you keep on top of your job.

"Three seconds flat,
Mr. Twitchell!"

Gone are worrisome waits and lost ideas when you use a Dictaphone dictating machine! You just pick up the speaking tube  if you have the Acoustic type, or talk to the desk microphone  or hand microphone  if you have Electronic equipment. With Dictaphone Electronic Dictation, you can also record both ends of 'phone calls and, under proper conditions, over-the-desk conversations. Either type doubles your ability to get things done. Send for free descriptive booklet. DICTAPHONE CORPORATION, 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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ducts; what fields each could take. Example: Standard Brands could irradiate yeast, but nothing else. In all, the foundation has piled up a fund of \$9,000,000, which eventually will go to the university. So far, the university has received \$2,500,000. Estimated income this year: \$1,600,000. Of this, Dr. Steenbock will collect his usual salary of \$12,000, Haight nothing. (None of the foundation's founders, or subsequent members, has ever been paid anything.)

Only once has the foundation's rule over vitamin D come close to being broken. Year ago, California's southern district court held that the Steenbock patents were invalid because ultraviolet radiation was a nonpatentable "process of nature." The foundation demanded a rehearing; two months ago, the court withdrew its earlier opinion. (Recently the foundation slashed its royalty charges.)

Hot Talk. President Haight candidly admits that the foundation does exercise this tight control. His reason: it is the only way the public can be protected against fraud. Said he hotly: "We're not crooks. We could have been crooks without much trouble. . . . Guys came to us who wanted to put vitamin D in pop with our process. One fellow wanted to use it to grow hair. But you can't use it in everything and you can't cure flat feet with vitamin D. If we had been dishonest, we could have made three or four million dollars in a couple of years and told everybody to go to hell. But we licensed only companies we thought were all right. I don't know of a cussed thing we have done that could be criticized under anti-trust or any other laws."

FLOWERS

The Lily Boom

The U.S. has a lily boom, and a brand-new industry. On the West Coast, in Louisiana and Florida, people who never grew anything in their lives are now raising bulbs. The reason: the war cut off the 22 to 25 million lily bulbs which the U.S. imported every year from Japan, which virtually had a world monopoly. By last week the price of lily bulbs had shot up from 10¢ to \$1 and \$1.10.

Typical of those busily sprouting bulbs into a big business is Tony Cefalu (pronounced seff-allo), 50, a roly-poly, Sicilian-born ex-tavernkeeper. Like most of the others, Tony is growing the Croft, a white, sturdy, strong-stemmed Easter lily that multiplies at the rate of 150 bulbs from one bulb a season, will grow 20,000 to the acre. Although now well on his way to becoming the Lily King of the Northwest, Tony almost muffed his chance at the throne.

In 1940 he bought six Croft lily bulbs for 60¢, scoffed when he was told they would make his fortune. Tony was a forgetful windowsill gardener; he put the bulbs in coffee cans, forgot to water them and the plants withered. Disgusted, Tony threw the bulbs across the street into an empty lot. Later he found them revived



*He's keeping motors
on the job today...*

Demand for cars will mean employment

One of these days jeeps and motorized vehicles will jounce along the rough road to final victory. Then the great automotive industry will begin shifting its gears to peacetime production. Thousands of war veterans and workers will hope to find jobs making or servicing cars. Here's why:

Countless Americans want and need new cars and trucks for both pleasure and business...

Accumulated savings in war bonds and banks today will help provide the needed purchasing power tomorrow...

Automotive producers will be ready to start turning out peacetime models within a few months after the termination of war contracts and the reconversion of plants...

Service for automotive vehicles will be required on an expanded scale.

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

*...will they keep him
in a job tomorrow?*

Nickel, too, will be employed...in peace

Just as Nickel joins hands with steel and other metals to give Allied fighting men the finest battle equipment—so Nickel will help produce the peacetime trucks and cars that all the world will want.

Not only in the automotive field but in the other major industries, Nickel will be in great demand because of its ability to add toughness, corrosion resistance and other special qualities to metals.

Nickel and its alloys, including Monel, and Stainless Steel, will again turn to its peacetime purpose of helping to build better cars, homes, trains, tools and tractors—products that serve men and create employment.

Manufacturers with metal problems are invited to consult Nickel's Technical Staff.

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

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



How to win bets and lose friends—



Just wager they don't know whether
"ABACA"...

1. Is a South Pacific island
2. Is a fisherman's hut in Mexico . .
3. Is a fiber from the Philippines . .

ANSWER: Abaca is the rope making fiber commonly known as Manila. A prewar product of the Philippines, it is now unavailable for making PLYMOUTH SHIP BRAND MANILA Rope. Because of this . . .

NEW TECHNIQUES in rope making, using other than Manila had to be developed. Plymouth research has been responsible for finding some amazing ways to produce war-time rope from new materials . . . including such unusual ones as nylon, glass and plastic fibers.

HOW MUCH postwar use there may be for these new kinds of rope is still a question mark. But there can be no doubt of this: Plymouth research is ever at work seeking to improve an American necessity . . . ROPE.

We can't sell you Plymouth Ship Brand Manila Rope just yet, but we would like to talk with you if you have a rope problem . . . Plymouth Cordage Company, North Plymouth, Massachusetts and Welland, Ontario.

PLYMOUTH

THE ROPE YOU CAN TRUST

BINDER TWINE

• TYING TWINE



among the weeds. He poked them into the ground between garlic plants in his garden because "garlic keeps da boogs away." Next season he was rewarded with 41 bulbs and bulblets worth \$4.10. Then Tony heard the cash register ring.

In 1941, he cleared two acres of jack pine and brush, near Grays Harbor, Washington lumber port, re-invested his bulbs. By 1943 he had 10,000, will harvest 50,000 this year. He will sell 10,000 to nurserymen at from 20¢ to \$1 each (eight different grades) and replant 40,000.

No Croft scoffer now, Tony looks with disdain at a "motor villa" he also owns. "Viva Tony," he shouts, "two more years da bulbs, you can have da joint."

How long will the boom last? The Department of Agriculture estimates this year's lily-bulb crop at no more than 3,000,000. At the present rate of expansion it would take about five years, with



Stan Spiegler

LILY MAN CEFALU
His castoffs made good.

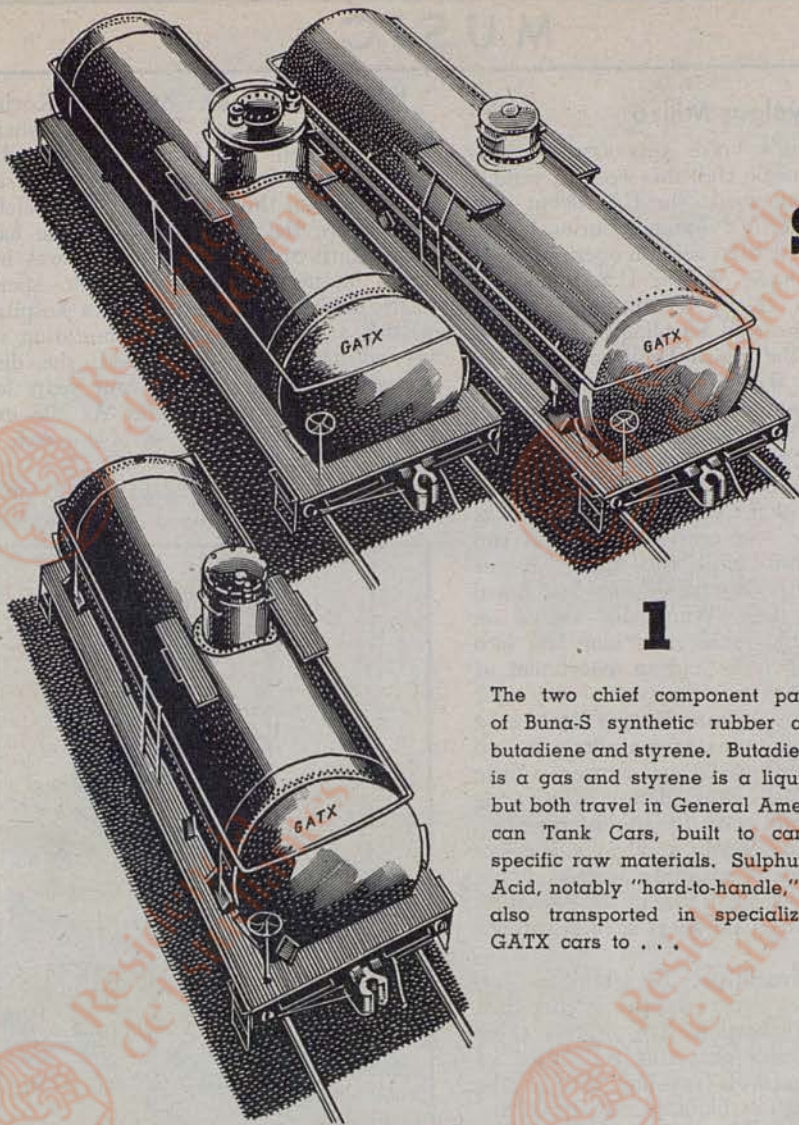
careful cultivation, to meet the demand, and bring prices down. Even then, bulb growers believe that Japan will never regain her monopoly of the U.S. market.

RETAIL TRADE

Consumers Can't Win

The Department of Commerce deflated the four-year-old notion that U.S. shoppers have been on a four-year buying spree. Estimating retail sales for 1944, the Department predicted that the quantity of goods bought this year would be only 15% greater than in 1939, and 5% less than in 1941. But the Department's report confirmed what every housewife knows: sky-high retail prices make purchases of essentials seem like a mad squandering of money. Thus the dollar volume of retail sales this year are guesstimated at an alltime peak of \$67 billion—up 60% over 1939, and 20% over 1941.

How Does Synthetic Rubber Begin?



1

The two chief component parts of Buna-S synthetic rubber are butadiene and styrene. Butadiene is a gas and styrene is a liquid, but both travel in General American Tank Cars, built to carry specific raw materials. Sulphuric Acid, notably "hard-to-handle," is also transported in specialized GATX cars to . . .



2

the synthetic rubber plant. General American Plate and Welding equipment is used here, as well as in the manufacture of synthetic rubber products, such as . . .



GENERAL AMERICAN TRANSPORTATION

CORPORATION

Chicago



Builders and operators of specialized railroad freight cars



Bulk liquid storage terminals



Pressure vessels and other welded equipment



Aerocoach motor coaches



Process equipment of all kinds



Precooling service for fruits and vegetables



3

synthetic rubber tires, which may one day be used on another General American product—streamlined Aerocoach busses.

One of a series of advertisements designed to show General American's contribution to everyday living and our part in the efficiency of American Industry during war and peace.



"What makes you think
he's the Sultan himself?"

"He comes through for his
Guinness every night!"

Discover the brisk, tangy flavour of a cheerful Guinness—delicious either straight or added to beer ("Half-and-Half"). Enjoy it as an appetizer... a nightcap... or when you're tired. Guinness retains active yeasts—its natural goodness. Nothing else like it!

Brewed in Dublin since 1759. Due to export controls and war demands, few dealers now have stocks. Guinness will be here again before long. Sole U. S. Dist., Edward & John Burke, Ltd., Long Island City, N. Y.



GU-337

STOUT

GUINNESS
is Good for You

"The hours
that
book
saves
me!"



...and the errors it prevents!"

BUSINESS men, secretaries, editors, and students rely upon WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE because it defines all the words most commonly used. Based on and abridged from WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, Second Edition—"The Supreme Authority," and edited with the same careful scholarship. 1,300 pages; 110,000 entries; \$4.00 to \$8.75, depending on bindings.

YOU MAY HAVE TO WAIT for your copy of WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE. Paper rationing, plus exceptionally heavy government needs, plus an unprecedented public demand, make it impossible to supply everyone promptly. Your bookseller will do his best to provide your copy with the least delay. Also ask to see:

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WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE
A Merriam-Webster

The Marvelous Miliza

Manhattan's voice connoisseurs gathered in Carnegie Hall this week to witness an important event: the U.S. debut of a famous coloratura soprano. Curiously, the singer had not been near an opera house in almost a decade. To the U.S. public she was known chiefly as the lush blonde whose lighthearted warbling had been the feature of the lavish Hollywood musical *The Great Waltz*. Her name is Miliza Korjus (pronounced Mli'tsa Kor'-yoos).

Among vocal connoisseurs Miliza Korjus' silvery, agile recordings of such challenging arias as the *Bell Song* from *Lakmé* and the *Queen of the Night Aria* from *The Magic Flute* had roused admiration and curiosity. But until this week, almost none of her phonographic fans had heard her in the flesh. When she walked on Carnegie Hall's stage and launched into *Lucia's Mad Scene* and an assortment of Mozart and Verdi fireworks, they lent attentive ears. Soprano Korjus flatted on a couple of high notes, sang a phrase or two off pitch. Her high Ds and Fs were a little strident. But she handled most of her arias with grace and ease. By the intermission, her fans had already reached a verdict: Miliza Korjus is not quite as good as her recordings, but she is one of the best coloraturas U.S. concert-goers have heard in a decade.

In the Tradition. First-rank coloratura sopranos seldom appear oftener than once in a generation. The nearest thing to such a voice that this generation of U.S. operagoers is familiar with is the neat, flute-like warbling of Lily Pons. She is the capable but hardly startling descendant of a great line beginning with Jenny Lind and including Adelina Patti, Nellie Melba, Luisa Tetrazzini, Amelita Galli-Curci. Measuring Korjus against the yardstick of their memories, old-timers placed her somewhere near the Pons mark, admired the warmth, vibrancy and agility of her voice, which reminded them slightly of Melba's.

Miliza Korjus' belated U.S. debut seemed of a piece with the rest of her eccentric career. Daughter of a Swedish diplomat and a Polish woman, she was born in Warsaw. Traveling all over Europe in the course of her father's assignments, she attended some 16 continental conservatories, winding up at Paris. While there, she was spotted by RCA Victor recording scouts, got her first recording contract while she was still a student. Miliza Korjus was married to a Swedish engineer who wanted her to settle down and raise a family. But her records created such a furor that she was catapulted into a career in spite of herself. They attracted Germany's famed Conductor Wilhelm Furtwängler, who auditioned her for the Berlin Opera. She sang there, off & on, for a couple of years, recorded about 50 arias for Victor on the side.

Under the Spell. By 1937 Korjus records had reached Hollywood, where they delighted M.G.M.'s directors, who were looking for a lead for *The Great Waltz*. Korjus thus became a movie celebrity before the U.S. musical public had even heard of her. Then Korjus was injured in an automobile accident, spent nearly a year in a Santa Monica hospital writing a book "on the transmutation of my spiritual life." Recovered, she disappeared into Mexico, for four years let the musical world go hang. As she explained it later: "I fell in love weeth a man."

Divorced from her husband ("I gave heem back to his family"), Miliza Korjus



MILIZA KORJUS
"I didn't fought."

now considers Hollywood her home. She owns the Spanish-style villa Rudolph Valentino built just before his death.

Even today, Miliza Korjus' vocal career is hard pressed by her zest for life. She dislikes singing in opera houses. "Averybody ees perspiring around," she explains, "the preema donnas are screaming, the stagehands are shouting. I am much uncomfortable een opera performances—besides, I do not like to haf to look over the heads of all the tenors" (she stands about 5 ft. 7 in her stocking feet).

Though she is a past master of the whole coloratura repertory, she has probably done less opera singing than any other important singer alive. As she expresses it: "I nevaire got seriously eento eet. To be a success you haf to fought for eet, and I didn't fought." After this week's recital it looked as though Korjus was destined for a U.S. operatic future, whether she fought or not.

King Cotton

GETS TOUGH



Long before the guns spoke at Saipan and Guam, Gulf South cotton farmers first had to plod down their rows and plant the seed of mighty war explosives.

This basic crop from the Gulf South Cradle of Victory serves the Army alone in something like 11,000 ways—from guncotton to handkerchiefs.

When peace comes, cotton and its derivatives will offer the chemist and inventor still newer horizons in this resource-rich Land of Industrial Opportunity.



THE

Gulf South

ITS RESOURCES, ITS MANPOWER
ITS PRODUCTION ARE ALL
DEDICATED TO VICTORY

UNITED GAS PIPE LINE COMPANY: A Natural Gas transmission company dedicated to serve wartime fuel requirements throughout the Gulf South. FOR TEXAS—Mail received at Beaumont, Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston, Longview, San Antonio and Wichita Falls. FOR LOUISIANA—Mail received at Baton Rouge, Lake Charles, Monroe, New Orleans and Shreveport. FOR MISSISSIPPI, ALABAMA and FLORIDA—Mail received at Jackson, Miss.



Any similarity is not purely coincidental!

We'll grant you that they're not the same—a *bombsight* and an *adding machine*. You couldn't hit anything but the ground with the latter.

But both of them *are* essentially *calculating machines*.

It isn't too important that the Norden Bombsight we make for the Army handles factors like plane speed, altitude, wind speed, air temperature, trail, to name a few. It's equally secondary that the Victor Adding Machines we make in peace compute figures representing this many tons of steel, that many dozen eggs, how much someone is to get on payday, or what have you.

The important thing about *both*

is their ability to come up with the *right answers—every time*.

Yes, you can say that because of the Norden Bombsight's complexity, because of the mathematical miracles it performs, it doesn't belong in the same room with *any* adding machine. And you're right! Nothing like getting first things *first*.

But when the war is won, Victor Adding Machines will be built under the *same* roof that housed the Norden Bombsight . . . and by the *same* craftsmen . . . using the *same* precision know-how.

You'll get a lot more for your adding machine dollar. And that won't be *coincidence*, either.

Conserve your adding machines by having them inspected and cleaned at regular intervals by your local Victor dealer or factory branch.

VICTOR ADDING MACHINE CO.
STILL WORKING WITH RIGHT ANSWERS

MILESTONES

Married. British Army Major John Jacob Astor, 26, youngest son of outspoken Tory M.P. Lady Astor (without her approval); and Anna Inez ("Chiquita") Carcano, 23, vivacious daughter of the Argentine Ambassador to Britain; in London.

Killed in Action. Army Captain Alexander M. Patch 3rd, 24, West Point-trained only son of the 7th Army's Commander Lieut. General Alexander Patch; while assaulting an enemy position in France.

Killed in Action. David, Lord Davies, 29, reputedly richest man in the British Army, Major in the Royal Welch Fusiliers, coal, banking, and railroad heir of the late, liberal 1st Baron of Llandinam; in the European theater.

Died. Nell Brinkley, 56, creator of the supercute Brinkley Girl (darling of the Hearst Sunday supplements for 30 years), veteran courtroom sketchmistress; in New Rochelle, N.Y.

Died. Colonel Deney's Reitz, 62, bald, bold, Boer-born High Commissioner for South Africa, autobiographer (*Commando, Trekking On*); in London. Afrikaner Reitz escaped from the British to Madagascar after the Boer War, returned from exile at the invitation of his good friend Jan Smuts, fought with the Royal Scots Fusiliers in World War I, became omnipresent in South African public life.

Died. Richard Bennett, 71, famed actor, father of Barbara, Constance and Joan; after long illness; in Los Angeles. Indiana-born descendant of a line of Methodist preachers, he was brilliant in many hits (Barrie's *What Every Woman Knows*, Howard's *They Knew What They Wanted*, Anderson's *Winterset*). Like his good friend the late John Barrymore, he was a notorious eccentric (his alleged favorite sport: frightening Boy Scouts). He characterized himself as "an honest actor within my limits, counterfeiting as conscientiously as I know how the spurious creatures of the drama."

Died. John Stewart Bryan, 72, scholarly publisher of Richmond's *News Leader* and *Times-Dispatch*, onetime president of the College of William and Mary, Harvard University overseer, Southern Railway director; of pneumonia; in Richmond.

Died. Irving Patrick O'Hay, 74, dashing, Irish-born soldier of fortune and race-horse trainer, self-styled "apostle of discontent"; of a heart attack; in Taos, N. Mex. He once complained that it was hard to feed himself between wars, was presented with the only gold meal ticket ever issued by the New York Society of Restaurateurs.



18,000 DIFFERENT ENEMIES!

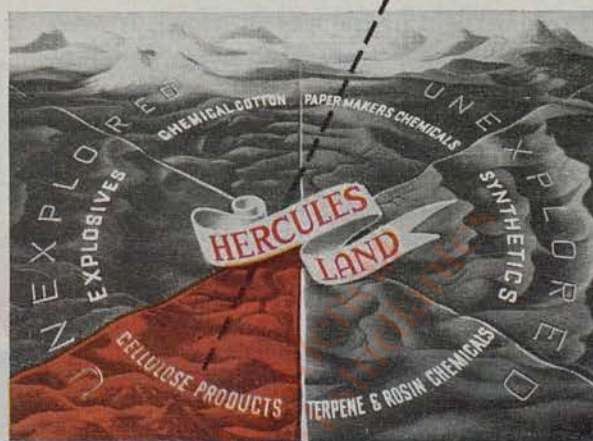


At home in a tropical foxhole are 18,000 different types of fungi. Thriving on drenching downpours,

90 percent humidity and soaring temperatures, these tiny micro-organisms render some vital communication equipment completely useless in as little as six hours!

They cause electrical leakages, destroy insulation, signals become weaker, short circuits occur, complete failure soon results. In some localities, over 50 percent of many types of ground signal equipment failed within 30 days!

The U. S. Signal Corps acted swiftly. At their request manufacturers "Tropicalized" equipment with nitrocellulose lacquers containing fungicide. "Tropicalizing" kits were rushed out for spraying, dipping, or brushing equipment on the spot. Before



long, front line reports dramatically told of equipment lasting 240 times longer.

These nitrocellulose-based fungicidal lacquers air-dry in 15 minutes, form a tough, durable, protective film—water-resistant and fungi-resistant with excellent electrical characteristics.

Hercules is a producer of the highest quality nitrocellulose, from which these lacquers are made. Throughout the Cellulose Sector of Hercules Land, as well as in Terpene and Rosin Chemicals, Synthetics, Chemical Cotton, Explosives, and Paper Makers Chemicals, our research findings have benefited many industries. We may have data or a chemical that might aid in solving your problem. Please address your inquiry to Department T104-A, Hercules Powder Company, Wilmington 99, Delaware.

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... Before this one



ALL BRANCHES of our fighting forces and our Allies must receive "Prestone" anti-freeze in sufficient quantities before the civilian is served.

It takes millions of gallons of "Prestone" anti-freeze to fill these needs. Civilians, as a result, are drawing their supply of "Prestone" anti-freeze this fall from a curtailed supply.

The War Production Board, assisted by the Anti-Freeze Industry Advisory Committee, has worked out a state allocation distribution plan for all types of anti-freeze this year. Under this arrangement, there should be an ample supply of anti-freeze to go around. There may be many localities, however, which can't get all the "Prestone" brand anti-freeze they require.

One shot of "Prestone" anti-freeze lasts all winter. It won't evaporate, boil away, or lose effectiveness through "foaming." Protects against rust and corrosion.

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TRADE-MARK

Anti-Freeze

New Beginning

MY COUNTRY—Russell W. Davenport—Simon and Schuster (\$1.50).

One night last month some 40 people gathered in the large, old-fashioned penthouse apartment of Mrs. Hugh Bullock in Manhattan for the most trying occasion in the literary life—a poetry reading. They were publishers, editors, critics, poets, a few patrons of poetry. They heard the first formal reading of the first poem in many years by Russell Wheeler Davenport, 45, onetime FORTUNE managing editor, best known as the close associate of the late Wendell Willkie in the Presidential campaign of 1940. Davenport began:

*America is not a land of ease.
We have not paused from action to
beget
Heroic simile and song and frieze;
We have no empire of the mind as yet,
Nor have we shed our light within the
grave;
But, as the sons of enterprise and sweat,
Honor the quick, the strong, the free,
the brave—
The mind whose thoughts are cradled in
the hand—
The fierce emancipators of the slave
Exacting destiny of virgin land.
We are the builders of dynamic things,
Successors to the spires of Samarkand—
Boilers and bars, propellers, wheels and
wings
To run and fly and dive at our behest,
Through which the mighty wind of free-
dom sings.*

America is not a land of rest. . . .
Davenport held his audience closely, through the 62 printed pages of *My Country*:

*. . . And if there is some magic in our
land,
As on Darien surmised;
Some distant purpose hidden in the
hand
Some ultimate fulfillment of the free . . .
It is that there incarnates in the beast
A Spirit native to the universe,
Which by our signature we have
released,
Beyond recall, from human custody. . . .
Strong men these are, whose hearts can
never rest;
Forever ending, only to begin;
Forever moving on the trackless quest
Of what forever is, yet cannot be:
Forever turned to face the arduous
West—*

*The dream of progress to infinity—
The eternal destination of the free.*
The third section of the poem was addressed to a dead American soldier:
*Who among us will speak for this man,
Who will say what there is to be said?*
It begins with the arrival of the telegram:
*"When Pop got the telegram he didn't
know what to do. . . ."*

(This passage, like three others in the poem, is written in colloquial prose.)

TIME, OCTOBER 30, 1944

*On the shore where the stiff white
crosses mark a design for eternity,
And the infantry of sleep is forever
enrolled in silence,
And the lives of men are but numbers,
and an alien wind
Comes up to the beaches, caressing
The fallen sons of men of a distant
country:
Here, at last, the meaning and truth of
freedom
Opens, unsealed, before the eyes of the
nations; . . .
Here in the name of freedom all have
been gathered*



RUSSELL DAVENPORT
Another John Brown's Body?

*Into the perfect union of purposes dis-
united—
A brotherhood of men in the arms of
death
Who were never aware, in life, that they
were brothers . . .
Open these graves to discover
The secret of liberty shoveled under the
earth:
Behind the curtain of flesh, as under the
crosses,
There is one Brother of all; and all are
One.*

*Bright, but secret, Brother of mankind,
Whom we imagined in the reckless void;
Here in the broken bodies of our sons
We see at last what was invisible—
The remaining hope that animates the
world,*

The brotherhood of all men, everywhere.
Whatever verdict time and the critics might place on *My Country*, there was no question but that it was immediately effective on its first hearers. It was also full of resonance, and even its more awk-

ward, elocutionary passages had the ring of sincerity. It made its deepest impression as an attempt to bring poetry back to the general understanding of Americans, to make its language that of the commonalty of citizens.

Simon and Schuster printed a first edition of 10,000 copies of *My Country* and gave Author Davenport a \$1,000 advance. The publishers apparently believed, with some reason, that *My Country* was likely to become the *John Brown's Body* of 1944.

The Author. Born in South Bethlehem, Pa., the son of a vice president of Bethlehem Steel Corp., Russell Wheeler ("Mitch") Davenport wrote poetry for ten years before entering journalism, wrote none for 14 years afterwards. He went to Thacher School in California, twice won the *Croix de guerre* in World War I. Back in the U.S. he went to Yale, where he published poems in the *Lit*. He is married to Novelist Marcia Davenport (*The Valley of Decision*), daughter of the late soprano Alma Gluck.

From Shaw—Without Love

EVERYBODY'S POLITICAL WHAT'S WHAT—George Bernard Shaw—Dodd, Mead (\$3).

At 88, George Bernard Shaw's favorite reading is "an American magazine called *Thrilling Detective Stories*." It puts him to sleep. He works in a workshop that revolves to keep him in the sun all day long. He chops wood for relaxation. He is as ruthless with societies of his admirers as Stalin with the opposition, and buys the postage stamps for his enormous correspondence in £5 lots. He orders them from the village postmistress on a three ha'penny postcard. She sells the postcards to his fans for 10s. 6d. apiece. This is typical of the economic contradictions that beset the old socialist, and of which he discourses in his new book.

He is now agitating for a reform of the income tax, wants all earned incomes over £20,000 to be tax-exempt. Says he (after having been enormously overpaid for *Pygmalion*): "I lately received a further windfall of £29,000 on account of my film rights. The financial result was that I had to pay £50,000 to the Chancellor of the Exchequer within two years. And the result of that catastrophe is that I am now using my copyrights not to have my plays filmed and thereby give employment and enjoyment to my fellow citizens, but to forbid and suppress them in order to reduce my income to a point at which it will be possible for me to live on it."

Hopeless Prospect. *Everybody's Political What's What* is not likely to reduce Shaw's income much. A book of 380 pages and 44 chapters, it covers the ponderous questions: *Is Human Nature Incurably Depraved?* ("If it is, reading this book will be a waste of time . . .") and *The Land Question* ("It is so fundamental that if we go wrong on it everything else will go wrong automatically"). The book has more than its share of the humorously wreathed sagacity that Shaw

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has offered British life & letters for the past 70 years:

¶ "There is also the difficulty that the clearest knowledge of what needs to be done does not carry with it the knowledge of how to do it. Dickens describes our ruling classes as perfect masters of the art of How Not To Do It. But then, thinking themselves very well off as they are, they do not want to do it."

¶ "In Russia declared military atheists only are admitted to the Communist Party (the only tolerated party). . . . Its effect was that the Russian Communist Party, aiming at the complete abolition of priesthood, made itself a priesthood. To eliminate orthodoxy, it set up the most intolerant orthodoxy in the world. To get rid of the religious orders, it instituted the League of the Godless, with medals for its emblems . . . you may see them oftener in Russia than scapulars in Ireland."

¶ "When it was proposed that Queen Elizabeth should marry Ivan the Terrible, the case was not prejudiced by difference of income or class. They might have bred excellent children; but either they would have separated pretty promptly or else Ivan would now be known as Ivan the Terrified."

¶ "I am not suggesting that the States of the future will or should tolerate what is called Free Love. They will hardly tolerate Free Anything that they can regulate with advantage to the general welfare."

¶ "Children are not childish all through any more than dotards are dotards all through. I have been a child and am a dotard; and I know."

¶ "An English laborer is an inveterate snob who regards himself as an aristocrat under a cloud, and votes always for the Conservative candidate at elections whilst dukes and marquesses are supporting the Labor Party in the House of Lords."

¶ "The poverty of people who do not know how to live poorly is much more painful than the poverty of a casual laborer who gets as much as he has ever been used to. . . . Even now idle lives are not happy: their victims have to bore and torment each other with a senseless routine of fashion which is not even invented by themselves, but imposed on them by the luxury trades which prey on them. . . ."

Argument. Everybody's Political What's What contains discourses on banking, education, marriage, religion. It contains an attack on Pavlov as merciless as the experiments Pavlov worked on his dogs, and what is probably the most pointed attack on the medical profession in modern literature. The book is a plea for the diluted Marxian Socialism of the British Fabians. Its effectiveness is not increased by Shaw's repeated statement that he probably would disapprove of whoever applied his thought. "Diderot and Rousseau made Robespierre and Napoleon possible. Lassalle and Marx . . . made Hitler and Mussolini possible as well as Lenin, Stalin and Ataturk. Carlyle and Ruskin, Wells and Shaw, Aldous Huxley and Joad, are making pos-



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Soon he'll be home from the wars—triumphantly home . . . to what?

The cold facts are these:

Nearly one-third of our fighting men are returning to "homes" that are without running water . . . 35 per cent of the dwelling units in this country are without sanitary plumbing or bathing facilities of any kind . . . and American slums have bred the highest rate of juvenile crime in our history.

In short, there's still a war to be won here at home!

Our weapons are the mightiest on earth. Our manufacturing productivity is equal to half the world's total capacity . . . our basic economy and our currency

are sound . . . and our faith in the American Ideal is stronger than ever before.

The time to start fighting that war is now. Delay could mean defeat, and the loss of all that our sons have fought and died for. Victory will mean a great new age of peace and prosperity, with jobs and security for all.

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sible the devil knows who in England: probably someone of whom these sages would vehemently disapprove."

To socialize England, Shaw would abolish the party system. All officials would be chosen as municipal officers are now—they are appointed by elected councils—except that examinations and intelligence tests would determine the qualifications of candidates. "The change from our system to the Russian system," he says, "would be no change at all as far as the multiplicity of governing bodies is concerned. . . . What the Russians can do, we can do." He would take over lands just as municipalities now purchase power sites and park sites.

Well-to-do people, he says, would scarcely be conscious of the change taking place. It would bring about a land of plenty in which everyone worked a 20-hour week.



Associated Press

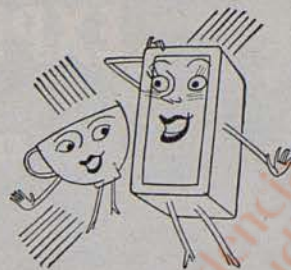
G.B.S.

His life quarrels with his arguments.

Far from producing a nation of robots, it might accentuate individuality so much that it produced a nation of cranks. Classes would be ended, but there would be parties, creeds, trade unions, clubs, sects and cliques, plus the new "panels" of qualified bureaucrats—"possibly on fighting terms, but always on speaking and marrying terms; that is, on equal terms."

Autobiography. What Shaw is proposing is, in effect, a dictatorship of trained and specialized bureaucrats. He intends that it should be intelligent and humane, but his system holds no opening, as does the sprawling, inefficient, but changeable system it would supplant, for a change in case intelligence and humanity went overboard. Even Shaw admits that his new officials chosen from qualified panels might sterilize people they disliked. What gives *Everybody's Political What's What* clinical and ironic interest is the fact that Shaw's autobiography quarrels at so many points with his arguments.

Meet the Porcelain Sisters



the Teacup...

and the Tub!



Life in America today is better—and brighter—thanks to the scientific scrutiny and restless curiosity of ceramists. Through their endless research and experiments, your taken-for-granted bathtub and kitchen sink, like your lovely teacup, have a gleaming, glassy finish that is beautiful and easy to keep clean. Thanks to these ceramists, you also have glowing ceramic finishes on ranges and refrigerators, colorful tile and lighting fixtures, lustrous table glassware and pottery bowls.

Contributing factor in this development has been a versatile material called Eagle Lead Silicate. With it, a lustrous, smooth sheen is given to vitreous enamels, pottery glazes, and glass, while effecting important manufacturing economies that have made possible many improvements in the quality of the finished products.

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Eagle-Picher is one of the world's foremost fabricators and distributors of innumerable products made from lead and zinc, and of mineral wool insulation. With over 100 years of industrial, manufacturing and mining experience to draw upon, we begin our second century with a sound financial structure, modernized plants, intensified research, and diversified marketing facilities.

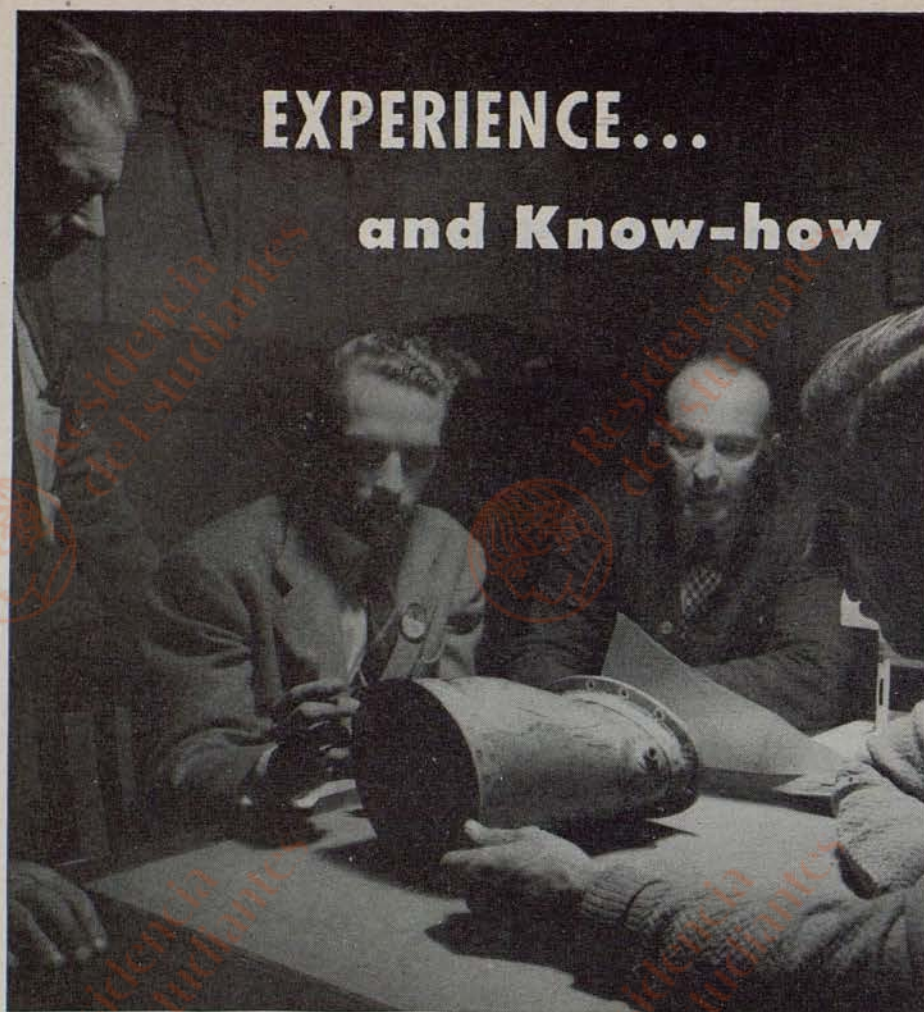
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RECENT & READABLE

Fiction

OF SMILING PEACE—*Stefan Heym—Little, Brown* (\$2.50).

In a super dime novel complete with spies and a beautiful adventuress, refugee-Author Heym (now with the psychological warfare division of the Army) pictures the power-poker played by Axis and Allies in North Africa. The most interesting character is Darlan-like Monaitre, who offers his troops to the highest bidder. Although the elements are similar, the effect is less striking than the author's *Hostages*.

TRAGIC GROUND—*Erskine Caldwell—Duell, Sloan & Pearce* (\$2.50).

With characteristic (*Tobacco Road*) humor, Caldwell spotlights a Southern squatter community, called Poor Boy, and follows the dreamy, hard-drinking career of a onetime highly-paid war worker, called Spence Douthit, who amiably manages to resist every attempted reform—including his own delinquent daughter's. Caldwell's characters, as usual, outrage every decent instinct and stir every other kind.

THE BUILDING OF JALNA—*Mazo de la Roche—Little, Brown* (\$2.50).

This, the ninth of the Whiteoaks novels, goes back to 1850, when Adeline ("Grandma" of *Jalna*) is a bride, an unruly Irish minx whom callous readers will want to smack in earnest as her husband threatens to do in fun. Adeline and Captain Philip build their new home in Ontario, begin raising their now famous family, and otherwise provide one more variation of the story pattern familiar to thousands.

EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN—*Gwethalyn Graham—Lippincott* (\$2.50).

When wellborn Erica Drake said she was going to marry her Jewish boy-friend, Father Drake howled his head off, Mother Drake wept torrents, the best people were appalled. But Erica stuck to her guns. First published as a serial in *Collier's*, 30-year-old Author Graham's study of anti-Semitism in Canada would probably have stirred up more interest if it read more like a novel, less like a studied, romantic essay.

General

RIDIN' THE RAINBOW—*Rosemary Taylor—Whittlesey House* (\$2.50).

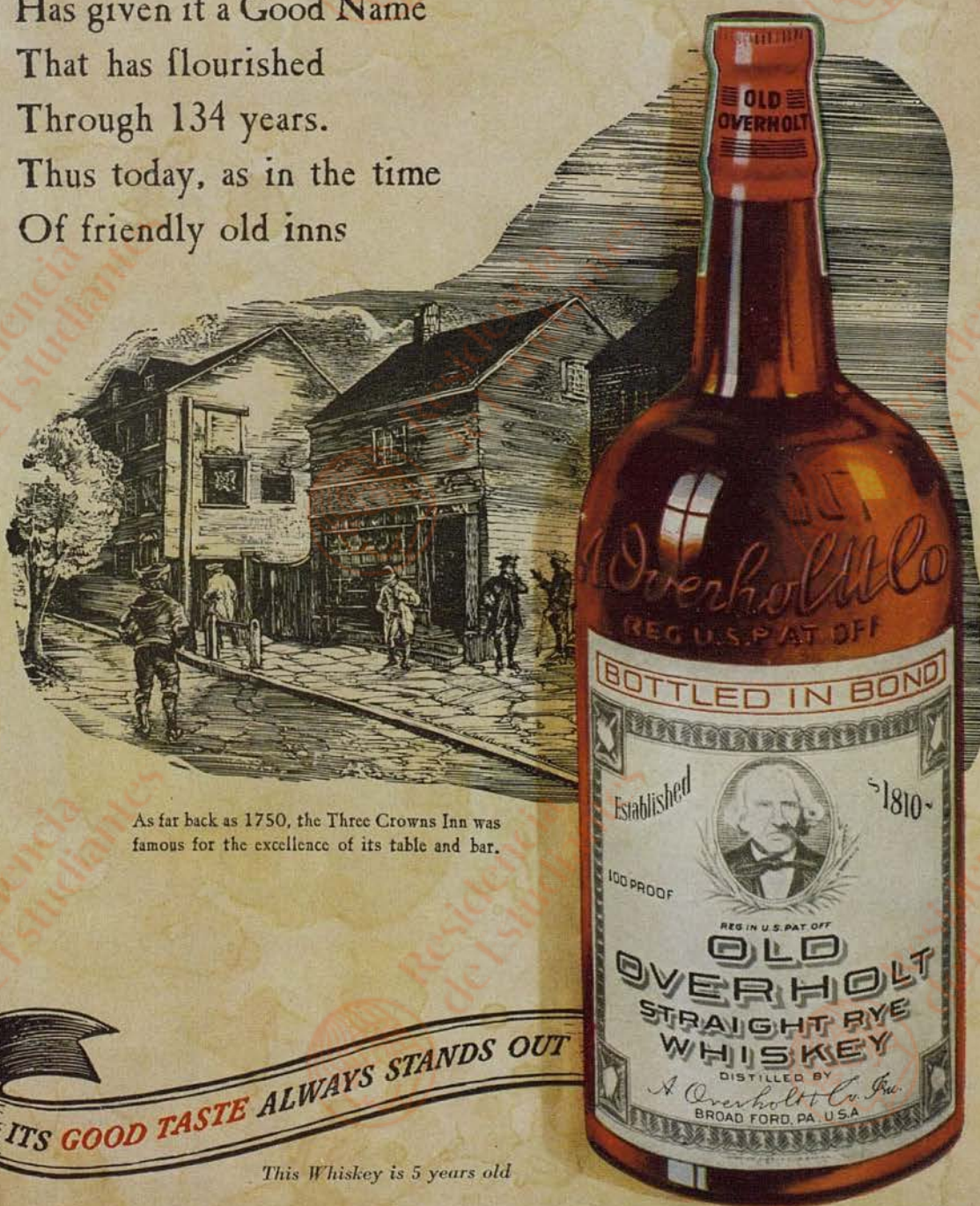
Big, breezy, cocksure Father, known to the thousands who read *Chicken Every Sunday*, has been blown up to book size. Daughter Rosemary admirably reports how Father sought his pot of gold in the laundry business, a trolley-car line, a railroad, a bank, a dozen other get-rich-quick schemes. One of the few genuine high points is the story of the lady who reserved half the cellar when she rented her house, and went back to live in it during hard times.

AIR GUNNER—*Bud Hutton and Andy Rooney—Farrar & Rinehart* (\$2.50).

Two Flying Fortress gunners give a cheerfully tough, somewhat jumbled account of the Eighth Air Force. More detailed books have been written on the same subject, but none more alive.

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Product's most valued virtue.
And, in the case of
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