

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chaliapin

LIEUT. GENERAL PATTON, COMMANDER OF U.S. FORCES IN SICILY

"It makes no difference what part of Europe you kill Germans in."

(*World Battlefronts*)

"ONE FOR THE LAD WHO LIVES AT 221 SOUTH MAIN..."

"This one is yours.

"This is the one you shot down.

"This is the one you marked for your own, months ago, in the attic of the old house back home. There, in the cleared space at the window-end, where your work bench is, you built a model of a Zero. Weeks later, in training school—with the help of the ship you built—I burned into my mind the line, the silhouette, the bank and turn and climb of my enemy.

"Now, up here, meeting him a minute ago, with the sun in my eyes—half-blinded, and caught by surprise, I recognized only the shape of wing. But in the splinter of a second I knew him for no friendly thing, but as my deadly foe. And so, we shot him down.

"This one is yours, lad. And I want you to know that out here we think of you and the other fellows who build models of enemy planes as a kind of "special ground crew" of our flying gang. So, keep on building those planes! Keep on backing us up. Keep on helping us win. And when the long fight for freedom and the right to fly in peaceful skies is won, I'll come home again!

"Home to my town, to the house where I was born.

Dedicated to all those patriotic young Americans who help win the war by building model planes for our air forces under the Model Plane Project.

And there I want to find everything the way it always was. *Everything!* I don't want anyone to take even a pennant from the wall in my old room or move the silver cup I won, or change a single picture from the place where it's always hung!

"We're fighting a tough fight, lad . . . and we've got ideas about what we want when we come back. Most of all, we want an America where we can look forward, as we always have, to better things. The same America we've always known . . . where you and I can plan and work and build our futures . . . where there will always be visibility unlimited, ceiling unlimited on every man's opportunity!

"That's the America we're fighting for!"

Here at Nash-Kelvinator, we're building giant new 2,000 horsepower super-charged engines for U. S. Navy Corsair fighters . . . propellers for United Nations bombers . . . working to hurry the day when our boys will come home again, the day when we'll turn again to peaceful things, to the building of an even finer Kelvinator, an even greater Nash!

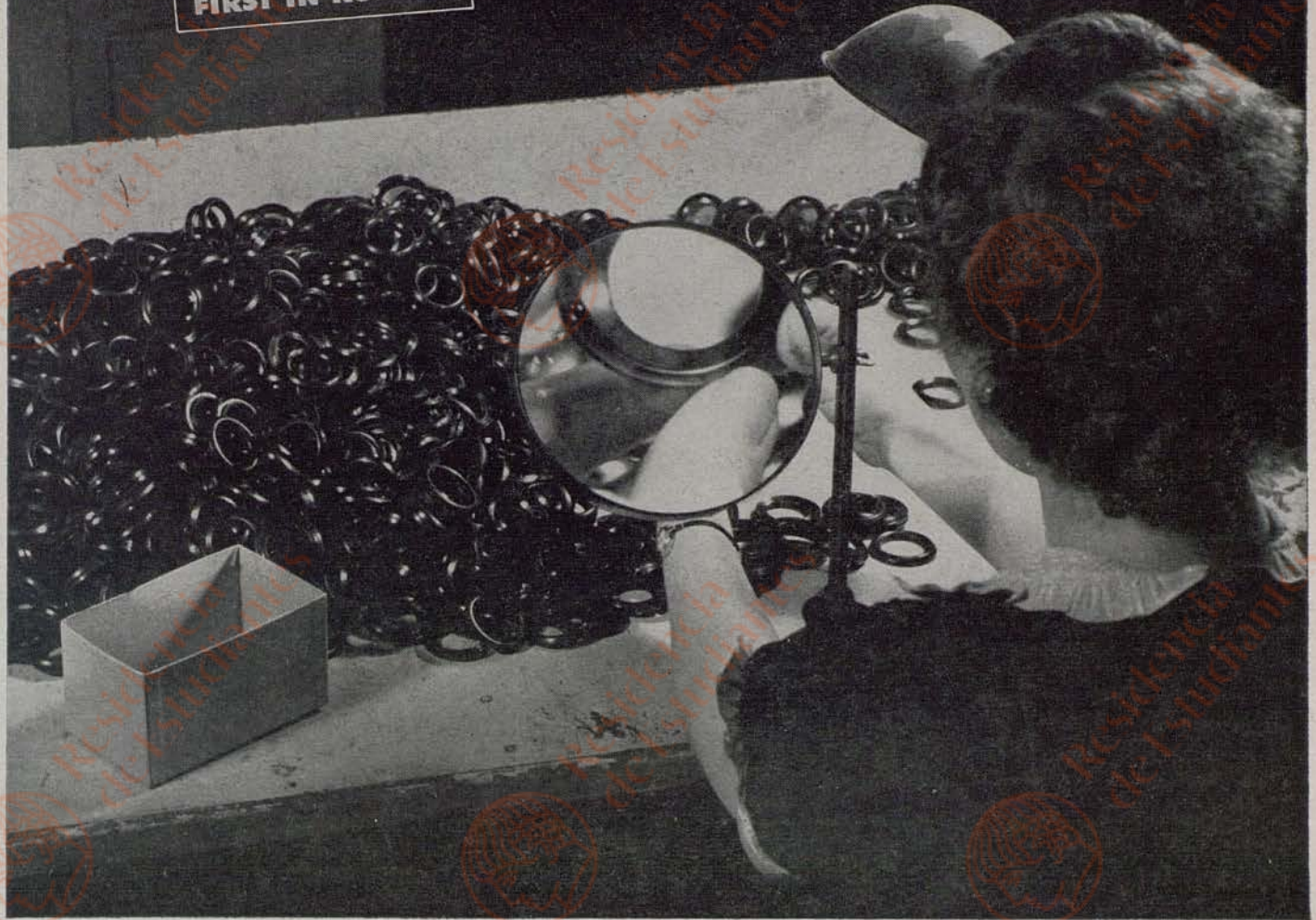
NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT



NASH   **KELVINATOR**

*In War, Builders of Pratt & Whitney Engines and Hamilton Standard Propellers.
In Peace, Nash Automobiles, Kelvinator Refrigerators and Appliances.*

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



Mrs. Sherlock Holmes makes flying safer

Ameripol (synthetic rubber) is a typical B. F. Goodrich development


THOSE little rings of synthetic rubber are as important as anything on an airplane. They seal the pressure in the hydraulic cylinders that open bomb bay doors, lower landing wheels, swing turrets, operate the plane controls themselves. If there's a leak of pressure, the controls are slow or don't work at all — and that could mean death for plane and crew. And with pressures of 1500 to 3000 pounds, the tiniest depression or bump in the sealing ring would mean a pressure leak.

They used to be hard rubber, made that way to withstand the oils used in

hydraulic systems. But the more rigid they were the harder it was to make them fit perfectly. B. F. Goodrich engineers developed a soft ring using Ameripol, the B. F. Goodrich synthetic rubber that resists oil. These rings, under pressure, squeeze into the exact shape of the cylinder wall.

Then they developed compounds of Ameripol that would stay flexible at 40 below or lower, and, to make certain there is not the slightest roughness in the rubber, devised an inspection system by which every inch of every single ring is examined under a

powerful magnifying glass by a trained woman inspector. Those she throws out would seem perfect to most of us, but defects too small to even be seen with the naked eye are found.

To meet war needs like this, B. F. Goodrich has found ways of making rubber parts with a precision never before thought possible, and has developed many other improvements which will benefit industry now or after the war. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Industrial Products Division, Akron, Ohio.* 

B.F. Goodrich
RUBBER and SYNTHETIC products



Our new maps have shadows on them, cast by wings

LOOK at this map. Our children's new geography books call it a North Polar projection of the world. Or, more simply, an air map of the world.

It doesn't matter much what we call it. The important thing is that maps like this show us the world as it really is — a world without fences or protective barriers, a world in which nations once-remote are now clustered together in one global community.

On these maps are shadows cast by long-range American planes. War-planes today. Tomorrow, planes of peace and commerce, linking all the

nations of the world together by "great circle" skyways.

Such maps as this emphasize the fact that the broad Atlantic — formerly a 6-day ocean voyage — has become a millpond. "Breakfast in New York, dinner in London" is no longer the fantastic idea it used to be — not to the Ferry Command pilots who are shuttling back and forth between the U.S. and Britain several times a week. One such pilot actually flew a Liberator across the "pond" in 372 minutes!

Another pilot's flight-log reveals the fact that he recently spanned the South Atlantic 18 times in 20 days, 13

of the trips being on consecutive days!

No matter whether it fits in with our idea of geography or not, this startling truth cannot be brushed aside: *Today, because of the plane, no spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport.*

Well worth pondering, too, is Wendell Willkie's remark, after his 31,000-mile globe-girdling flight in a Liberator: "... the net impression of my trip was not one of distance from other peoples, but of closeness to them."

As a nation, we are finding out that

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT

TIME
July 26, 1943

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Volume XLII
Number 4



The North Polar projection is just one of the many methods of "skinning" the globe — "projecting" its land areas onto a flat-surfaced map in such a way that airline distances from its center can be shown as straight, measurable lines.

to win a global war — and a global peace — we must accept this new concept of the world.

Our new maps, if they are honest maps, will clearly tell us we can no longer cling to the old-fashioned "two-hemisphere" idea of geography. For now we know that was the kind of thinking which lulled us into a sense of security before Pearl Harbor.

We can no longer escape the fact that, in addition to being a potent factor in winning this global war, the new mastery of the air is welding the land masses and peoples of the world into a small, *single* sphere.



Our forces in Australia sent a radiogram for special military equipment. They needed several tons of it — needed it urgently! To ship this material from the U. S. by freighter would have taken almost a month. Loaded into a Liberator Express transport plane, the equipment arrived some 60 hours later!

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

San Diego, Calif. • Vultee Field, Calif.
Fort Worth, Texas • New Orleans, La.
Nashville, Tenn. • Wayne, Mich. • Allentown, Pa.
Tucson, Ariz. • Elizabeth City, N. C.
Louisville, Ky. • Miami, Fla.

Member, Aircraft War Production Council

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

The long-range, 4-engine Liberator bomber, and its teammate, the Liberator Express were designed and perfected by Consolidated Vultee. They were the first multi-ton bombers and transports to be built by volume-production methods on a moving assembly line.



Among the smaller planes built by Consolidated Vultee is the incredible Sentinel, popularly known as the "Flying Jeep." Designed to be the "eyes upstairs" of the Army ground forces, this highly maneuverable liaison plane can climb almost vertically after a short take-off, can operate from cow pastures and highways, and hover at very low speeds.

Ford, Douglas, and North American are also building the Consolidated Vultee Liberator bomber, to hasten the day of Victory. The famed Consolidated Vultee Catalina Navy patrol bomber is likewise being built by the

Naval Aircraft factory at Philadelphia, and in Canada by Canadian Vickers, Ltd., and Boeing.

In addition, some 10,000 suppliers and sub-contractors in cities all over the country have teamed up with Consolidated Vultee, building vital parts and sub-assemblies for the Liberator.

"V.L.R." — The bombers used in the V.L.R. (very long range) operations, mentioned by Prime Minister Churchill in his recent address to Commons, are Consolidated Vultee 4-engine Liberators. Fully loaded with anti-submarine depth charges, the V.L.R. Liberators have a range of at least 2000 miles. One recent Liberator attack occurred 1100 miles out. Operating both from U.S. and British bases, it is not unusual for the Liberators to stay out on patrol for 18 hours at a time.

**NO SPOT ON EARTH IS
MORE THAN 60 HOURS'
FLYING TIME FROM YOUR
LOCAL AIRPORT**



Mighty Liberator bombers and Liberator Express transport planes move down the assembly line at one of the Consolidated Vultee plants.

LIBERATOR (4-engine bomber) — CORONADO (patrol bomber) — CATALINA (patrol bomber) — P4Y (anti-submarine plane) — LIBERATOR EXPRESS (transport) — VALIANT (basic trainer) — VENGEANCE (dive bomber) — SENTINEL ("Flying Jeep") — RELIANT (navigation trainer)

EYESIGHT

Eyes of the Air Force

► Popeyed with excitement at the sight of a cigar-shaped object in the sky, an over-excited aircraft spotter flashed "one submarine, seen, high..."

► No one knows how many hurriedly misidentified birds are entered in spotters' logbooks as "aircraft sighted."



NEEDED . . .
Eyes to say how high, how far

But errors like these, and others, are fewer today than formerly. Spotters have learned to use their eyes, to keep their heads, to avoid such boners.

Eyes need care

But difficulties still remain. Even to normal eyes, giant bombers 5, 6 miles away are pinpoints in the sky. Eyesight sharp enough to spot them and to say how far, how high they are, is rare. For almost half of all Americans over 20 have faulty vision. And many spotters are in their middle years, with eyes changed by age or fooled by outgrown glasses. For them as for Americans of every age, regular eye examination is recommended whether glasses are worn or not.

Eye examination often reveals unsuspected visual defects. One of these, increasingly reported, is sensitivity to glare. Glare-sensitivity, aggravated by the added strains of war work, by longer hours and more intensive use, tends to make eyes tire easily, suffer aches, strain, undue fatigue, especially at close work or under bright illumination.

In many such cases, Soft-Lite Lenses are prescribed. They filter glare, bring comfort to light-sensitive eyes. They are ground to your individual prescription, are slightly flesh-toned, less conspicuous, better looking.

If your eyes are getting more than normal use, feel tired, strained — have them examined now.

AMERICA NEEDS YOUR EYES
HAVE THEM EXAMINED REGULARLY

For Greater Comfort and Better Appearance in Your Glasses

Soft-Lite Lenses

Made by Bausch & Lomb solely for the
Soft-Lite Lens Company, Inc., 745 Fifth Avenue, New York

LETTERS

Presidential Prestige

Sirs:

Your statement: "Franklin Roosevelt had won nothing," in your discussion of the coal strike *unsettlement* [TIME, July 5] may be slightly in error.

"Congress, reassert[ing] . . . its rights and powers as an equal member of the three great branches of the U.S. Government" by demonstrating its belated independent action in overriding, emasculating and nipping in the bud recent Executive efforts, is no ultimate loss to Presidential prestige. . . .

The ill effect of so-called Presidential indecision, regarding strikers and home-front, etc. will be forgotten by the time of the fourth-term decision. The real detriment to the future of the present Administration, a fear for the preservation of an independent legislative branch, has been discredited. . . . The people can again afford to indulge in their favorite personality—Franklin D. Roosevelt, without fear of losing their democratic process. . . .

The situation and developments resulted in a wonderful bit of applied mass psychology. It could not have been better planned.

ROY F. CHALKER

Yeoman 2nd Class, U.S.N.R.

Macon, Ga.

Lesson from Attu

Sirs:

After reading TIME, June 28, "Burial in the Aleutians" by Robert Sherrod, I wish that every man & woman . . . could read these lines. . . . TIME's reporters have brought the war on Attu so realistically to us that I know those who read about it will never kick about rationing points or gasoline, but will give up willingly former comforts and help materially and spiritually to end this war.

MRS. C. J. WADDELL

Peoria

How Talk Began

Sirs:

Under Science you say, "Nobody knows how men began to talk" (TIME, July 12). I thought everyone knew it was by listening to women.

R. G. COLE

Chicago

Original Quick Lunch

Sirs:

Being a pushover for anything out of the past because now my life is almost entirely past, and having had close-up experience with the birth and development of the quick-lunch movement in New York (as a customer) I am bound to offer a correction to one statement in your glance at the history of the Childs' restaurant chain: "When they went into business there was nothing between carrying your own lunch to work or eating at a leisurely expensive 'continental' restaurant." [TIME, June 28].

On the contrary, there was Dennetts. Dennetts originated the dairy lunch with the legend "Surpassing Coffee" in white script on the windows, the marble-topped tables that could be swabbed off with a damp cloth, sweeping the crumbs into the customers' laps. Dennetts also had his quirks and crotchets. He was excessively pious, hung framed Bible texts on the walls of his restaurants and required every employe to attend 15 minutes of morning prayers—on his time, not theirs. It was in Dennetts that those heavy coffee cakes known as "sinkers" were first served. . . . The first of these rapid-transit chow palaces was in Park Row next to where the

A Testimonial
for a Razor Blade
FROM A WOMAN!

My husband never looked shaved. One day I brought him a sample Pal Blade. Now he uses them all the time — gets the best, cleanest shaves he ever had.

Mrs. Lennan Chapman

ROCHESTER, N.Y.



The Secret! HOLLOW GRINDING for
"FEATHER-TOUCH" shaving.

PAL

"hollow-ground"
RAZOR BLADES



4 for 10¢

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Single Edge

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KEEP TEEN-AGE

Sparkle
in YOUR
Smile

BRYTEN UP
with POWDER or PASTE

IODENT tooth powder or paste
will help keep youthful charm
in your smile.

IODENT No. 2, made by a
Dentist, quickly and safely re-
moves ugly smoke-smudge—
returning a natural, lovely lus-
tre to your teeth.

Enjoy using refreshing,
cleansing IODENT twice daily.



IODENT
TOOTH
POWDER
PASTE





A Flag with 46,200 Stars



THE service flag of the Bell System had 46,200 stars on May 1. It has a lot more now. Telephone men and women are serving with the armed forces everywhere.

Those who are right in the middle of the fighting realize especially the importance of the telephone job back home.

"Tell the gang," their letters say, "to keep on plugging."

"We wouldn't have the stuff for fighting if the rest of the Bell System wasn't sticking to the job and pushing through the calls that get things done."

"Takes team-work to win a war — especially a big one like this."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



★ **Your continued help in making only vital calls to war-busy centers is more and more essential every day.**

"HOLIDAY HAIR"

MANY GET IT IN A GARDEN, TOO!



DRY, WILD as a wolf! Is that the kind of hair you get on holidays? When you play tennis, golf or baseball—does sun and wind dry out your hair? When you dive in for a swim—water may rob your hair of natural oils.

"HOLIDAY HAIR"—Many get it in a garden, too. Does your hair get drier and more unruly than ever—as the sun beats down—as you hoe and cultivate your victory vegetables? Then use Kreml on sun-and-water dried hair.



DON'T USE GREASE on "Holiday Hair"—unless you like that shiny, plastered-down look which jitterbugs often prefer when they dress up for a rug-cutting session. Otherwise, try Kreml, to help your hair look its natural best.



"**KREML IS RIGHT**" thousands declare—"for better-groomed hair." Right because it's never drying like use of too much water. Right because it's never sticky or greasy. Kreml gives your scalp a fresher, cleaner feeling, while making hair easier to comb.

KREML HAIR TONIC

Makes hair feel softer, more pliable, easier to comb. Removes ugly dandruff scales and relieves itching of scalp they cause. Kreml also relieves breaking and falling of hair—when excessive exposure to sun, wind or water has made it dry and brittle. Use Kreml daily as directed on the label. Try Kreml today!



Park Row building now stands, but there was a more aristocratic one in Temple Court at the corner of Nassau and Beekman streets, with broad-armed chairs instead of tables, where you helped yourself, and the cashier took your word for the amount of your bill. But when Dennett opened another self-serve unit nearer Wall Street, he installed a gate and checkers who punched a ticket for your trayful.

The Childs brothers were employees of Dennett . . . they learned all the tricks and started their own chain, minus the prayers and texts.

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

Lakeville, Conn.

► To Author Calkins (*They Broke the Prairie*), TIME's thanks for an interesting footnote.—ED.

McArthur's Talents

Sirs:

Permit me to express a few thoughts in reply to "Senator's Dream" (TIME, June 14), with reference to the taste, talent and qualifications of General Douglas MacArthur for the Presidency. . . .

I have known Douglas MacArthur since shortly after he graduated from West Point. Before that I knew his mother and father, and served under the latter in the Philippine Islands. . . . Douglas MacArthur has NOT devoted a lifetime to training for MILITARY leadership. His life has been devoted to training for LEADERSHIP in its widest definition. He has proved his capacity by demonstration, as a soldier, a civil administrator and an executive of civilian affairs.

During many years of close association with Douglas MacArthur, I have never heard him discuss politics or indicate any political ambition. I have not the slightest idea whether or not he has any taste for service to his country other than as a military commander. I do know that he is endowed with and practices the following:

- 1) he is fundamentally honest and absolutely fearless, both personally and officially.
- 2) He is brilliant in intellect and sound and reasonable in his judgments.
- 3) He possesses what is called "common sense" to an uncommon degree.
- 4) He inspires the greatest confidence and respect of all who know him and he has demonstrated that this confidence has never been misplaced.

I know of no greater talents required from any individual for any position.

FREDERICK W. COLEMAN
Major General, U.S.A. (Ret.)

Washington

Prices and The Happy Farmer

Sirs:

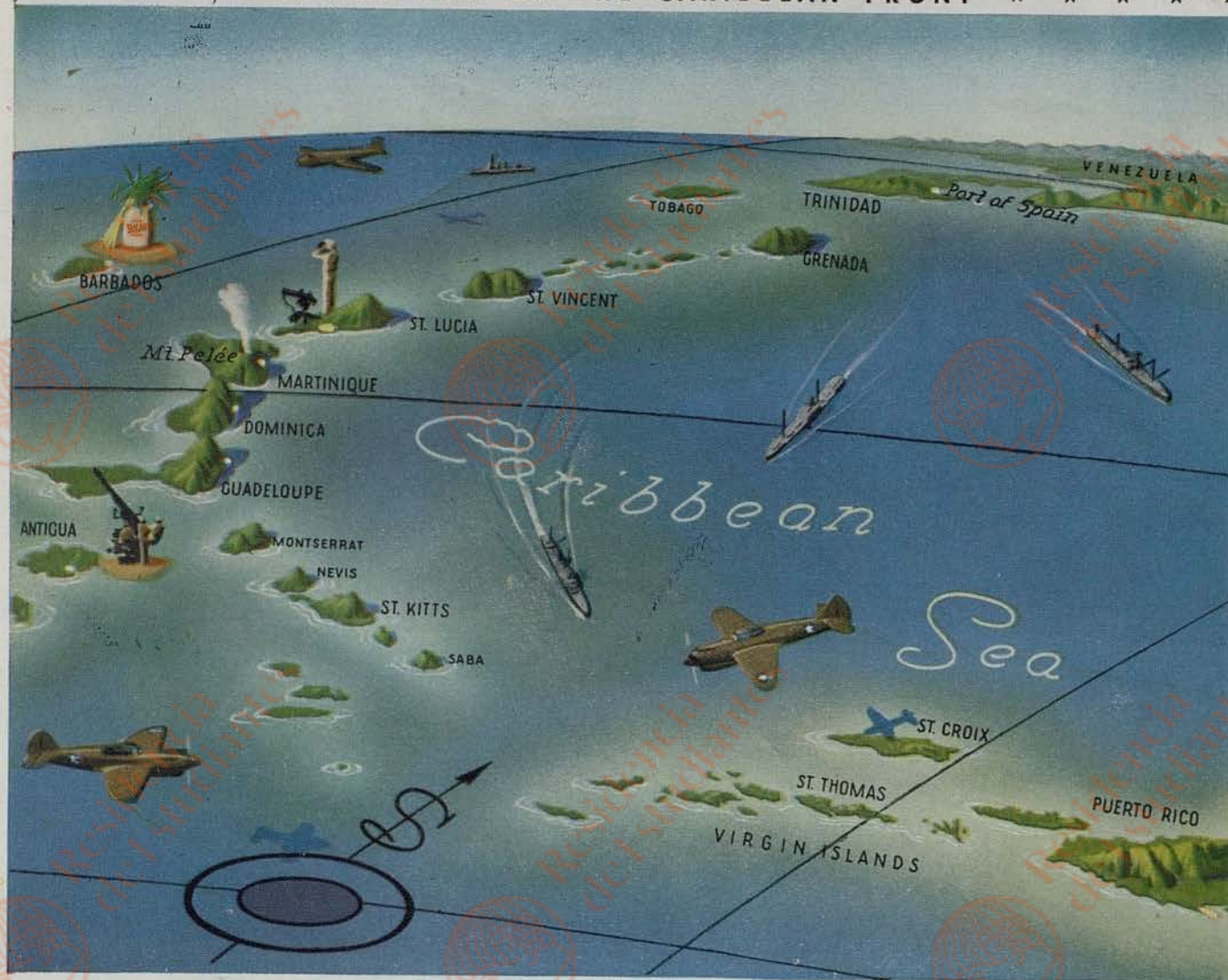
I am just an unlettered housewife. But I can read the price tags. They're going up. . . .

TIME, July 5, indicates that there is a trace of nobility about Congress' recent "revolt," including the thumbs-down on subsidies. Is this nobility untainted by an unwillingness to face the wrath of the Farm Bloc and certain others who fancy they will make a killing out of inflation?

It's time Congress was disillusioned about the farmer. In early youth I learned a piano piece called *The Happy Farmer*. Where the composer picked up such a weird inspiration, I can't imagine. The farmer is hard-working, honest, pays his debts. But he is a congenital pessimist, finds conditions always bad, and blames everything on the Government—including rainfall.

When inflation comes, he'll gripe as loud as the rest of us. Then Congress will look to him in vain for a kindly word.

Would Congress instead consider being a St. George for the humble housewives? We



Pleasure isles . . . on the warpath!

Sweeping in a graceful arc from our own Virgin Islands down through phosphorescent seas to the coast of South America, are the romantic tropical isles of the Caribbean . . . only yesterday a favorite pleasure-ground of the Western World...to-day bustling with the grim, intense business of all-out war.

The entire area bristles with army installations . . . naval craft range the seas . . . patrol planes roam far out over the Atlantic. Behind the islands' protective screen, cargo ships shuttle back and forth with precious war materials . . . bauxite from Suriname, oil from Venezuela, an abundance of indispensable supplies from all over this rich territory.



But without the fine cooperative spirit that runs all through the islands, their strategic value would be seriously impaired. Despite severe hardships, food shortages, disruption of local industry . . . the proud island people are working hand in glove with us to forge an early victory, to build a better tomorrow.

★ ★ ★

Today Alcoa ships are busy in the Caribbean and all over the world working for a United Nations' victory. When this all-important job is done, Alcoa will continue its regular service to our good neighbors of the Caribbean area . . . and their harbors will once again be fascinating ports of call.



Alcoa

ALCOA STEAMSHIP COMPANY, INC.
17 BATTERY PLACE, NEW YORK



MARKED FOR DESTRUCTION

So sorry, please! This time, honorable sneak surprise has become dishonorable Japanese disaster! All unknown to the raiders, they were clearly seen up there in the clouds. An electronic eye followed their progress, warned of their approach, figured the range . . . marked them for destruction.

And now they're getting it! They are feeling the power of Radar in action.

The development and production of this great weapon is a Signal Corps and Navy achievement in which Belmont is proud to have played a part. And Radar is but a stepping-stone to still greater achievements!

When the war is won, Belmont will have many surprising stories to tell—stories of wartime electronic developments that will be put to new and remarkable uses in a post-war world. Belmont Radio Corporation, Chicago, Illinois.



Belmont Radio

TELEVISION ★ FM ★ ELECTRONICS

have a sweet nature and remember our friends.

MRS. D. S. STRONG

Austin, Tex.

The Fate of the Lieutenant Colonel Sirs:

I have just received a letter from my husband, Captain Henry Pollard, who is a dental officer with the 1st Infantry Division in North Africa, enclosing a clipping from the May 10 issue of TIME. . . .

There is an interesting conclusion to the fate of the lieutenant colonel who, according to the writeup, was not heard from again after marching two platoons up the hill.

The letter says: "The lieutenant colonel of our battalion took the hill, but was captured with his men when ammunition ran out and he was cut off. He's a young officer, not over 28 years old, and in El Guettar I pulled out the root of his front tooth that had been hit by a shell fragment, as is reported in TIME. . . .

"It seems the Germans had tried to evacuate the prisoners by boat to Italy, but our planes—and there were hundreds of them over us at all times—bombed them no end till the vessels' seams split and the German crew surrendered to the prisoners. The lieutenant colonel had the crew beach the boat at Tunis and actually he was the first American to be in Tunis as he waited for the British to come in."

ANNABELLE SHUR POLLARD

Portland, Me.

The "Enlightened" U.S.

Sirs:

Congratulations on p. 32, TIME, June 28! Your Algiers correspondent, Jack Belden . . . has written . . . the most scathing condemnation of American complacency and universal ignorance of world affairs that has yet emerged from World War II.

The young Russian Brigadists, interned in a filthy war-prison camp in Delfa for four years, were better informed, better read in world affairs, than American soldiers who had had access to 10,000 newspapers—which they never read.

. . . I was heartily ashamed of my countrymen when I read Jack Belden's condemnation of our ignorance. . . .

BERT HUFFMAN

Newton Station, B.C.

Sirs:

. . . It is with steadily increasing concern that I note the continuance of abysmal ignorance concerning "what the war is all about" among my fellow members of the Army. This lack of understanding may not hinder our winning of the war, but it will most certainly put the skids under our winning of the peace if we don't look out. If, as seems to be the case, 99% of our soldiers have nothing better in mind than to "get the hell home as fast as possible" after the war, and forget the rest of the world forever, we will have a recurrence of the very situation which led to this war. . . .

(CORP.) C. STANLEY OGILVY,
U.S.A.A.F.

Yuma Army Air Field
Yuma, Ariz.

Old Army Game

Sirs:

The following excerpt (from a letter written to my great uncle) may prove of interest as an "echo" from another war:

"Calle del Matamoros,
Toluca, Mexico

May 20, 1848

"Dear Cousin,

. . . I should have written you before but that I have had so much writing to do since
TIME, July 26, 1943

9

Cotton . . . IN BATTLE DRESS



GREEN for the jungle on one side, brown for the desert on the other—this reversible camouflage costume exemplifies the important new properties that VINYLITE Resins impart to textiles. The resins are applied to the reverse sides of the two differently colored layers of cloth which are then bonded together. The laminated cloth is rendered waterproof, and, though light in weight, provides warmth. Thus, VINYLITE Resin serves a dual function, as an adhesive and as a waterproofing agent.

There are many other essential textile applications where VINYLITE Resins are used because of their unique combination of properties. For example, these resins make possible improved raincoats and paulins, that are equally serviceable in Arctic and tropical climates, and that do not deteriorate on exposure to sunlight and water. They are used on cloth to provide oil-, chemical-, and abrasion-resistant floor matting for bombers, thereby releasing rubber for other strategic uses. Upholstery materials made with VINYLITE Resins also are withstanding successfully the hard wear to which aircraft, trucks, and other armed service equipment are subjected.

If these properties suggest a way that VINYLITE Plastics may improve your products, our Development Laboratories and Field Engineers are at your service. Or, if they suggest a place for VINYLITE Plastics in your peacetime plans, our technical literature will help you point the way.

Plastics Division

CARBIDE AND CARBON CHEMICALS
CORPORATION

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RESINS FOR SURFACE COATINGS

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No. 1 of a series featuring Connecticut's many advantages
as a place to live and work and prosper after victory.



ALADDIN'S LAMP for your tomorrow

... Connecticut's aviation industry
can bring you prosperity in
the postwar world

Give wings to your imagination. Envision the World of Tomorrow. Think what a great, important part aviation and its associated industries are certain to play in the brave, new days after victory. Then plan your future so that it, too, will be touched and made prosperous by the Aladdin's lamp of aviation's magic. Plan now to work, live and thrive in forward-looking Connecticut.

Think what this sure-to-grow industry can mean to you as a manufacturer, a worker, a resident of air-minded Connecticut. Add this big advantage to Connecticut's other outstanding assets—nearness to vast markets and raw material sources, unsur-

passed rail and water transportation, superb highways, inviting homes, unexcelled colleges, preparatory and grade schools, vacation land, recreational facilities, no state sales tax, no state personal income tax, a balanced State budget—and you have a formula for happiness and progress that's hard to duplicate. Connecticut invites you. Why not decide to act upon her invitation?

● Write on your business stationery for free descriptive booklet, "Connecticut . . . Center of Aviation." Other valuable informative literature for the asking. Address: Dept. 360, Connecticut Development Commission, State Office Building, Hartford, Connecticut.

Connecticut

"THE STATE OF TOMORROW"

I joined the Army that I am almost ashamed to look upon pen and paper. . . . I have long wondered how so many clerks could be employed in the different departments at Washington, but now the matter is explained—about one half of them are employed in forming troublesome reports to be rendered by the really working part, for we have to render accounts and duplicates of every man in the service in as many different forms as one can possibly imagine.

[signed] Jos. Vogdes, Sergt. Major
Völtigeurs, Mexico City"

AND THAT BEFORE THE DAY OF TYPEWRITERS
AND CARBON PAPERS!

ELIZABETH MAY ROBERTS
Glen Olden, Pa.

Shakespeare on Security

Sirs:

Regarding Prime Minister Churchill's warning to the Allied peoples (TIME, July 12), he might have quoted a fellow countryman as well as St. Paul. Remarked Boss Witch Hecate in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*:

*And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.*

WALLACE E. DACE

Bloomington, Ill.

Singing POWs

Sirs:

You mentioned (TIME, June 21) that the Germans sing a lot; marching to the soccer field, they thunder out *Today we have Germany, tomorrow the world*.

In World War I, 850 officer POWs in the American camp at Richelieu (France) did not sing once during a whole year. But when they marched to the station September 1919, to return to Germany, a minority started a favorite song "*Siegreich wollen wir Frankreich schlagen*" ("Victorious we will beat the French"). . . .

LEOPOLD R. HIRSCH

New Orleans

Correspondent Informed

Sirs:

Just a note of appreciation for your very generous write-up about me in the May 31 issue. Naturally I was pleased. . . .

When we're at the front I suppose we know less of what's going on in the war world—even at points only a few miles away—than anyone else in the warring countries. Getting hold of TIME gives us an informed feeling. Since Tunisia, back at the rear, I manage to snag onto someone's airmail edition quite regularly. . . .

ERNIE PYLE

c/o Postmaster
New York City

Bedlam (?)

Sirs:

Bedlam? Yes, but from causes of an entirely different nature than your publication visualizes (TIME, June 28).

A noncooperative Congress, reeking with politics, comprised of a group of men who are fighting a harder war against a very probable fourth term than they are against the Axis aggressors; a noncooperative industry, labor abusers, who are more at fault for the present labor disorders than labor itself; and, lastly, a malicious press that has consciously falsified every main issue, foreign and domestic, in a personal grudge waged against Franklin Roosevelt and the New Deal. These are your causes for "bedlam."

Thank God for Franklin Roosevelt, and here's one vote for a fourth term of "bedlam" (?)

(SGT.) EDWIN KAPLAN, U.S.M.C.
Camp Elliott
San Diego

10

TIME, July 26, 1943



things don't always turn out as you expect

Not every vegetable in your Victory garden matures as you had hoped. The same is true of other expectations.

• • •

You don't *expect* your house to burn ... nor a windstorm to rip the roof off. You don't *expect* to be injured in an accident ... nor to have your luggage stolen ... nor your dog to bite the postman. Yet such things do happen—which is why prudent people carry insurance. It cushions the blow.

• • •

Just what forms of insurance are most essential to you and what is the most economical way to buy them varies considerably with different individ-

uals. To make expert advice readily available to you, the Aetna Fire Group sells only through reliable local agents and brokers. These representatives can give you valuable assistance both when you buy insurance and in the event of loss.

• • •

Also important is the fact that when your insurance is with a capital stock company such as those comprising the Aetna Fire Group, it is backed by both a paid-in capital and surplus. You are never liable for assessment.

• • •

**Don't Guess About Insurance
—CONSULT YOUR LOCAL
AGENT OR BROKER**

Since 1819 through conflagrations, wars and financial depressions, no policyholder has ever suffered loss because of failure of the Aetna to meet its obligations.

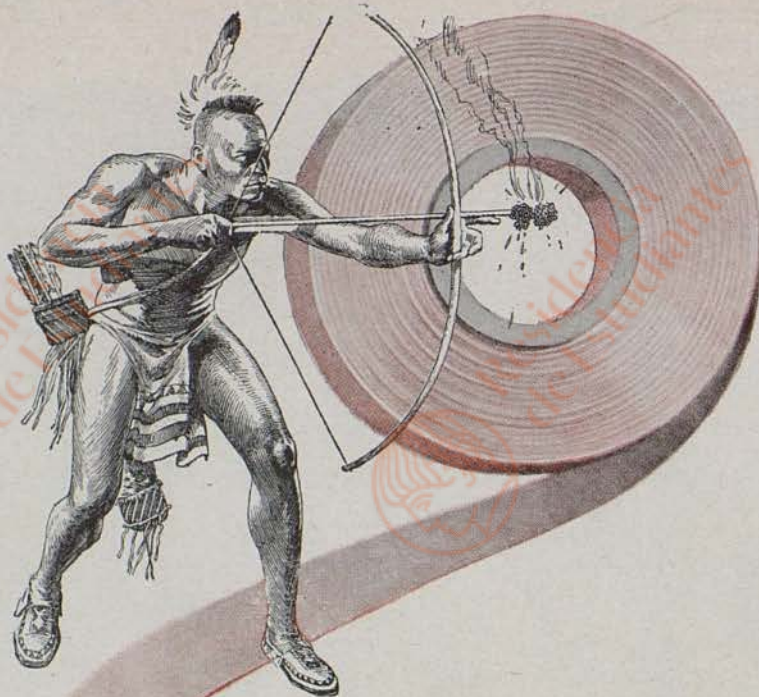
WARS	CONFLAGRATIONS	DEPRESSIONS
1846 Mexican War	1835—New York City	1819
1861 Civil War	1845—New York City	1837
1898 Spanish-American War	1851—San Francisco	1843
1917 World War I	1866—Portland, Me.	1857
1941 World War 2	1871—Chicago	1873
	1872—Boston	1893
	1877—St. John, N. B.	1907
	1889—Seattle; Spokane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



The Aetna Fire Group

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Aetna Insurance Co. • The World Fire & Marine Insurance Co. • The Century Indemnity Co. • Piedmont Fire Insurance Co. • Standard Insurance Co. of N. Y. • Standard Surety & Casualty Co. of N. Y.



The descendant is devastating

Blazing at the head of an arrow, the fire of the primitive Indian was a crude weapon, not always effective. But today, it leaps with devastating effect from an exacting development of science—the incendiary bomb. Yet despite its power, the incendiary is delicate, can be easily damaged by moisture seepage through the small jets in its surface. To prevent this, these openings are sealed with a special moisture-proof Industrial tape, which punctures readily when the bomb charge explodes, permits molten thermite or magnesium to flow freely through the jets.

Many and varied are the wartime jobs being done by this and other tapes-for-industry developed in Industrial's research laboratories. Pressure sensitive, they stick at a touch without heating or moistening, come off clean in a flash.

SERVING AMERICA'S FOREMOST WAR INDUSTRIES
INDUSTRIAL TAPE CORPORATION

Also makers of Tencel Cellophane Tape

NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY • A DIVISION OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON



MISCELLANY

Blazes. In Tacoma, an electrical bed-shaking apparatus rigged up by Emmanuel Schrader to wake him at the right time started shaking at the wrong time, went on shaking till it short-circuited, burned the house down. In Dandridge, Tenn., lightning struck Hugh Hunter's cow barn, set it afire, traveled along a pipe to a water tank on a near-by hill, ripped the tank open, let out a stream of water that ran down the hill and put out the fire.

Within the Law. In Tulsa, a man who was bothered by drunks under his bedroom window got in touch with police, conscientiously inquired about his rights, won official support of his plan, thereupon took a bucket of water to the window and poured it out.

The Insect World. In Cincinnati, George Frank, a gypsy, was charged with trying to evade the draft by buying a wife and three children for \$500. In Ithaca, N.Y., a local draft board sympathetically postponed the induction of a young man who had swallowed a hornet.

Nomenclature. In Tampa, a worker registering with a clerk finally persuaded her that his last name was really First, his first name Last. He worked on ships; his middle name was Gale.

A Coke Is a Coke Is a Coke. In Baltimore, a Boy Scout helping out in an OPA office put a nickel in an automatic coke dispenser. Out popped the cup, down poured the drink. He picked it up. Out popped another cup, down poured a drink. He picked it up. Out popped a cup, down poured a drink. He yelled for help. A line formed. The machine automatically dispensed one hundred and forty-seven drinks.

Tympani. In Denver, burglars who stole 20 phonograph records from Dr. Neal Bishop's car may or may not have been happy about the swag—all were recordings of the peculiar beats of diseased hearts.

Animal Kingdom. In Estes Park, Colo., residents whose food had been gobbled by wandering bears demanded that the State Game & Fish Department get them some new points.

Crime & Combustion. In Newark, N.J., county prisoners finally left all that behind them—the rock pile was abandoned because of a continual lack of gas to run the stone-crusher. In Topeka, the county rationing board granted William Jake Wortham's application for emergency gas coupons—he had to travel to Bisbee, Ariz., to face a murder charge.

Duplicators. In Cleveland, twins were born to the Frank Dittoes.

Report to the Emperor

"Sacred One. Son of Heaven.

*"I report a great change in the temper
of our American enemies.*

*"Our ruthlessness has only made them
more angry—more aroused.*

"Their soldiers fight with redoubled fury.



*"Their people work harder—and
sacrifice more.*

*"Sublime Majesty, we fight a determined foe.
Remind us again that we are unconquerable."*

* * *

Our enemies are realists. Don't think it doesn't bother them to see us buying war bonds; to watch us conserve clothes, food and gasoline. Don't think Tokio doesn't know, and curse, the new thousands pouring into industry—the vast quantities of war material pouring out.

Even now, Tokio, our slogan is *more*. At The Texas Company that means *more* of the powerful 100-octane gasoline for our planes and PT boats . . . *more* toluene for making deadly block-busting TNT and *more* butadiene for synthetic rubber.

America is a determined foe. Determined to be victorious.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF AND SKY CHIEF GASOLINES
HAYOLINE AND TEXACO MOTOR OILS





...may I suggest you buy
more U. S. War Bonds today?

I. W. Harper

Bottled in Bond under the
strict U. S. Government standards.

Our distilleries today
are devoted to the production of
alcohol for war purposes only.

it's always a pleasure

I. W. HARPER

the gold medal whiskey



Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof. Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.
— Tune in Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival Every Wednesday Evening C. B. S.

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TIME, July 26, 1943

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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

Dear Subscriber

When the Allied forces went into Sicily three of our *TIME* men were on hand to get the first hand feel of the invasion for you. One went over with the warships that covered the land-
ing; one went over by plane; one went in with the first ground troops that waded ashore. And perhaps you will find our stories this week still more interesting if I tell you a little about these *TIME* men in uniform.

On duty with the warships off shore is Reg Ingraham, our naval expert:



For the first hour or so (he cab-
led) the great seaborne assault looked like a push-
over—and then terror struck from the starlit sky. From the bridge of the destroyer it

had seemed to me we were just hav-
ing target practice with our five inch
guns, but that feeling of relaxa-
tion did not last long. Suddenly a
brilliant parade of parachute flares
began their slow descent above us,
and we knew that enemy planes
were overhead. . . .

Going in by plane was John Hersey,
veteran of Guadalcanal and of the
sea fight in which the *Wasp* was lost.
His first assignment had been to stick
close to American headquarters in Al-
giers and get the all-over invasion
picture, but:



I went in with the first transport
outfit to reach Si-
cily. . . . After the
briefing some of the younger pilots
had perspiration on their upper lips.
One pulled me
aside and said:

"Here we go again. We move into
the combat zone so damn fast we
feel like fighter pilots. The Jerries
take off, then we land, then our
fighters land and we gas them up.
Why, sometimes we damn near gas
up the Jerries." . . .

With the first landing party was
Jack Belden, veteran of four years'

fighting in China, companion of Gen-
eral Stilwell in the retreat from Bur-
ma, often under fire with the British
Eighth Army as it swept across the
Mareth Line and up through Tunisia.

All of us were
nervously tense
and doubtful. . . .
As we made our
way on deck the
Chaplain pressed
the arm of each
of us and said:
"Good Luck."



Amid confused
shouting we slid one by one down
a rope into the boat and suddenly
the boat was in the water, rocking
sickeningly. . . .

Then a shore searchlight shot
onto us, illuminating us like actors
on a darkened stage. In the glare I
saw the green, pale faces of the sol-
diers and then one of them
growled: "Why don't they shoot
out that goddam searchlight?" . . .

There was a jerky bump and
the boat swerved and came to a
halt. We leaped out into the dark-
ness and with fearful suddenness
sank in water up to our necks.
Close by there was the sharp crack-
le of a machine gun and a whin-
ing and metallic plunking as if
something were striking the side of
our boat.

I pushed toward shore bending
my knees as the water grew shall-
ower, keeping only my helmet-
covered head above the water.
Finding I wasn't hit I realized that
the enemy fire was surprisingly
light and I forgot to be scared any
longer. . . . (see p. 27).

To edit the cables from Ingraham,
Hersey and Belden, to piece together
the torrent of news pouring in over
our AP wires, to supervise the writing
of all our invasion stories—all this is
part of the Battlefronts assignment
of Senior Editor Charles Werten-
baker, whose own first hand feel of
the invasion news comes from three
months at the front with the Ameri-
can troops now fighting in Sicily.

Cordially,

P. I. Prentice



COPYRIGHT 1943—JONES & LAUGHLIN STEEL CORPORATION

FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY ORISON MACPHERSON

NEW PRODUCTION TEAM DELIVERS THE GUNS FOR VICTORY

The new 75mm. gun, descendant of the famous French 75 of World War I, is winning victorious acclaim in this war for and by our armed forces. This powerful weapon is one of the keystones in the teamwork our armed forces are employing on the fighting front to defeat the enemy.

Likewise on the industrial front it is teamwork that is producing these 75mm. gun-barrels at a fighting pace. The steel comes from a leading alloy steel manufacturer in the form of solid rounds eight feet long. At the Jones & Laughlin seamless tube mills, where oil country pipe is normally produced,

these alloy steel rounds are heated and pierced their full length. Next steps are upsetting (forging) the breech end and heat-treating by a famous bearing manufacturer. Final stage is the machining and rifling by a New England machine tool company.

Four steps — four companies — each doing for Victory the thing best suited to its experience, skill and equipment. This is another example of war cooperation taking the place of competition in industry . . . of teamwork on the production fronts that matches the teamwork on the fighting fronts among our armed forces and those of our allies.

Solid rounds of alloy steel for 75mm. gun-barrels are pierced on a pipe mill by J&L skilled workmen

JONES & LAUGHLIN STEEL CORPORATION

ALIQUIPPA WORKS



PITTSBURGH WORKS



PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA
CONTROLLED QUALITY STEEL FOR WAR

Advertisement

BACKGROUND FOR BETTER LIVING

Written from material furnished Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation by companies named.

Better living in peacetime will result from many applications of "know-how" now fast developing under the stimulation of production for War, Chairman A. W. Robertson of Westinghouse believes. "Industry's responsibility after the war," he says "will be to provide the breadth of vision needed to find ways and means to put this know-how to work to make a better civilization."

Post-war motoring and flying will benefit from new products perfected by the petroleum industry under the driving force of war. Cars and planes designed to use new fuels and lubricants to their best advantage will go many more miles per gallon and be easier and better and cheaper to drive. George H. Freyer, Standard Oil of New Jersey engineer, says that "Many will be the other benefits laid at our doors as a result of petroleum being at war. Plants will be producing many new peacetime products in enormous quantities. There will be cheaper chemicals, new synthetic rubbers, new plastics. Just around the corner lie new solvents, new textile fibers, new soaps, new materials of many kinds."

Famous "bubble bath" scene in Clare Boothe's play, *The Women*, was made dramatically possible by a new lather-sustaining detergent (cleaning agent to us) based on alkyl aryl sodium sulfonate, a petroleum derivative, Allied Chemical & Dye Corporation reports. Today the Navy is using this new latherable salt water "soapless soap" in millions of pounds. It is a product of American research to develop a substitute for palm oil, a War casualty, and will have peacetime applications as yet undreamed of, not only as a "soap" but industrially, for example, to clean steel in pickling processes, according to Analine's Lawrence H. Flett in his American Chemical Society medal address.

More economical containers for many post-war foods, and other products will be the result of war-time research looking toward stretching the tin supply, American Can Company reports. "Several thousand tons of tin will be saved during 1943 as a result of the use of electrolytic tinplate and chemically-treated black plates," the company states. "One of the principal reasons why there has been an ample supply of metal cans for essential foods during the war is because great container manufacturers have been able to utilize more readily available supplementary protective coatings, applying them to the tin-less plate or thinly plated metal developed by the steel companies. The continuous improvement in steel manufacture and treatment has been a great help in conserving supplies during the war and in laying the foundation for after-war development."

Today's "Blackout" plants, with air conditioning and refrigeration for precision

manufacture of materials for war are "forerunners of the efficient, healthful plant of the future" predicts Herbert L. Laube, Director, Development Division, Carrier Corporation. "Factories so designed," he says "completely air conditioned, will be employing hundreds of thousands of workers before the war is over, and it is unthinkable that industry in the post-war period will scrap such plants or turn back to outmoded factories." Mr. Laube points out four-fold function of air conditioning to be: control of temperature, movement of air, cleanliness of air, and of humidity.

Oil men, loggers, road builders and others whose operations are in mud, sand or over rough terrain believe that they see a post-war application for one of the types of vehicles being supplied to the United States Army Ordnance Department by the White Motor Company. The wartime Half-Trac can attain high speeds on the highway as well as negotiate the most difficult terrain. It is being used on all the fighting fronts of the world as tank destroyers, scout cars and personnel carriers. The Half-Trac, with its armor plate, employs nearly 6½ tons of steel.

Steel pinions forged (instead of machine cut) is an important contribution of Timken-Detroit Axle Company to saving steel for war that will be reflected in stronger differentials in our autos, trucks, buses in peacetime, especially since complete information on the revolutionary process has been made available to other manufacturers of the same type of equipment. By forging, two high traction differential pinions can be made from approximately the same quantity of steel that made only one pinion by machining, and the product is stronger.

75,000 lbs. of earth (25 cubic yards) is the morsel nipped up with every operation of a Marion Walking Dragline when it is stripping soil off the top of buried coal veins, going deeper than ever before, to meet the present demand for more and more fuel supplies for war factories. Coal stripping operations are increasing materially above the 10% they formerly represented of the nation's coal supply. Equipment such as this which digs deeper and dumps farther at less cost will tend to maintain its revolutionary effect on coal production after the war is over.

Synthetic rubber tires are at work successfully in one of country's large steel mills. The B. F. Goodrich Co. reports, "Four experimental tires, constructed entirely of synthetic rubber were built, two of the 22x16x16 and two 22x12x16. They are of the Press-On type, for use on industrial power trucks and are being operated in the plants of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation at Pittsburgh. Latest reports on the tire performance is that they are holding up as well as tires made of natural rubber previously used."



A Woman never forgets the man who Remembers

COPR. 1943. STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, INC., PHILADELPHIA



Whitman's Sampler brings her an exquisite array of fine candies ... delicious caramels and crunchy nuts and chocolate-coated creams and nuts.

Earn thanks in a great big way
from the first lady of your heart
... Remember her with

Whitman's
CHOCOLATES



EVERY MONTH BUY MORE AND MORE UNITED STATES WAR BONDS

U. S. AT WAR



STARS & STRIPES IN SICILY

Associated Press

At home, the impact of the war was gentler.

THE NATION

A Tough War?

A touring British journalist looked at the U.S., noted the contrast between the America of 1943 and the England of the Blitz. To the *London News Chronicle*, Correspondent Philip Jordan cabled after a thoughtful five-week trip:

"Because the physical impact of the war is so gentle, people here do not find it easy . . . to realize . . . that what they call 'normalcy' has gone forever from the world. . . ."

"Peace is being sold as a commodity just like electricity or fountain pens or perfume. High-pressure salesmanship presents victory as the gateway to new ice-boxes, new automobiles. . . . Peace will be when you can build a new home, cash your war bonds and have nothing further to worry about. . . ."

In a summer of quick and seemingly easy victories, the whole nation seemed to be smiling. The soldiers at the front, 5,000 miles away, might be oppressed by loneliness and fear, might suffer pain and weariness, but few citizens at home could not help being optimistic.

In the first week of the Sicilian invasion, American troops had met with spectacular success: the weapons and men of the

Axis seemed to be no match for the full weight of the vast new Allied military machine. The worried American fathers and mothers took heart; first reports of U.S. casualties sounded wonderfully small. In the first week of the invasion, the Associated Press reported, fewer than 100 men were wounded so badly they had to be flown back to North Africa.

The press covered the invasion with the dash and color it once used on championship prize fights (see p. 56). With the ache and strain filtered out, the war began to look like a movie: brave Americans dashing across the blue Mediterranean and up golden Sicilian beaches to plant the Stars & Stripes amid a grateful populace.

But Correspondent Jordan did not see the homes where the gold stars hung, nor the homes where wives and fathers and mothers waited and said their prayers. He did not see the young men who had already come back wounded, with limbs missing or eyes shot away.

There were thousands of such homes, and hundreds of such young men, and most Americans had seen some. The nation, in the exhilaration of its war boom and its joy in victories, had not yet forgotten the warning that 1943 would be the year of crisis and sacrifice.

THE PRESIDENCY

The Last New Dealer

Said one Washington wag: "They have just buried the last New Dealer."

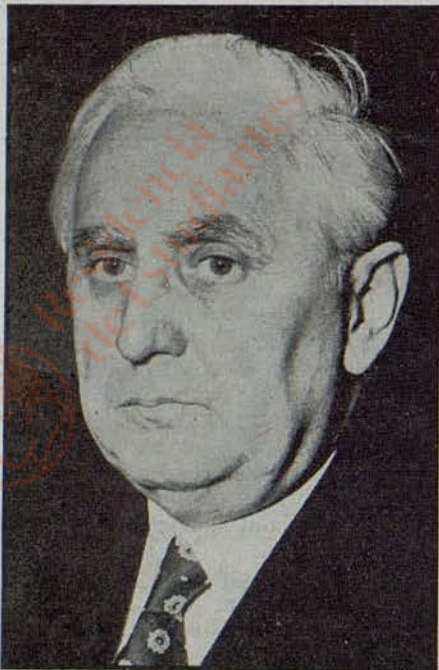
Some of the New Deal's best friends began to wonder last week. Henry Agard Wallace, the man Franklin Roosevelt raised to the Vice-Presidency because he was most nearly the ideal 100% New Dealer—had been dumped by his boss.

Why had he been dumped? Because he had been caught appeasing the conservatives or exchanging winks & nods with capitalism? Or—and this was the possibility that hurt New Dealers most—had Mr. Wallace been publicly whacked by Franklin Roosevelt because he had insisted on being a New Dealer? Ably and well he had fought against the dollars-as-usual policies of the most conservative man in the Administration, Banker Jesse Jones. Henry Wallace had sinned only in one detail, but that one was vastly important: he had felt so keenly about winning the war that he had violated the President's rule that all-talking-must-be-done-under-the-covers.



Associated Press

HENRY WALLACE
He was weeded out.



LEO CROWLEY
Trouble . . .

Conservative Bosses. Is it by accident or design that many of the men bossing the home front now are Southerners, of semi-conservative stripe, while no rarin', tearin' New Dealer has a top job? Where are all the Brain-Trusters now? These were the questions that made many a heretofore 100% Roosevelt-man wince last week. Because, after those rhetorical questions had been asked, there was only one more to ask: Is Franklin Roosevelt still one of us?

Henry Wallace, fired from his job as head of the Board of Economic Warfare, appeared to be through for all time as a political power.

Jesse Jones's RFC had lost a few branches which deal in foreign purchases. Along with the remnants of BEW, these now become the new Office of Economic Warfare, headed by the Administration's oldtime trouble shooter, able Leo T. Crowley. But Jesse Jones will control the purse strings. And Leo Crowley, 53, is a friend who keeps an autographed photo of Jesse Jones behind his desk.

Trouble in the Ranks. New York's violently pro-Administration *PM* reported: "The most ardent New Dealers were openly discussing with one another whether they ought to support President Roosevelt for renomination."

The New York *Post*, also 100% New Deal, editorialized: "The evidence is too strong to be dismissed that the liberal, internationalist Mr. Wallace is being jettisoned in favor of a conservative Democrat with more partisan political appeal in preparation for the 1944 campaign. . . ."

There was ample reason to worry New Dealers, besides the North African "expe-

diency" that had outraged them already. Out with Wallace went his executive director Milo Perkins, an Administration stalwart, inventor of the famed New Deal food-stamp plan. If Perkins' firing had not been a certainty before, it became definite last week when he made a pep talk to 1,700 BEW employes and one uninvited reporter (Virginia Pasley, of the Washington *Times-Herald*). Henry Wallace kept mum and tended the corn in his Washington victory garden. But Milo Perkins told the BEW workers that Mr. Wallace's attack on Jones was what "any red-blooded American" would do when he turned over a rock and saw "slimy things crawling" under it.

It was becoming plain at last that New Dealers were unwelcome in the Administration.



LOU MAXON
Trouble . . .

Base on Balls

Franklin Roosevelt, who dearly loves a baseball metaphor, came up with one of his choicest. In Martinique, pro-Vichy Admiral Georges Robert had given way to anti-Vichy Henri-Etienne Hoppenot (see p. 43). Said the President: We waited it out and we got a base on balls.

But many a pop bottle was still coming Pitcher Roosevelt's way as a result of the Administration refusal to recognize the French Committee of Liberation in Algiers. In a Bastille Day message, the President emphatically, if indirectly, repeated his stand—there is, at the present time, no France. He based this argument against recognition of the French Government on the fact that 95% of the French people are under the German heel, only 5% free. But many an observer at once

pointed out that the U.S. recognizes eight other European Governments in exile, whose people are at least 95% under the German heel (Luxembourg, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, The Netherlands, Norway, Belgium, Greece and Yugoslavia).

Then, at his press conference, the President went on the defensive: the Administration was the victim of vicious propaganda. It sided neither with Giraud nor De Gaulle, it was not trying to interfere in internal French affairs. And there the contest settled into the early-inning doldrums, with no one quite sure what Pitcher Roosevelt had up his sleeve.

The President also:

► Joined with Prime Minister Churchill in delivering a quit-or-die ultimatum to the Italians.

► Served notice on John L. Lewis that he intends to return the coal mines to their owners as soon as normal production is restored, despite the union leader's threat that such action means another strike.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Bowles for Maxon

When Detroit's pink-cheeked Lou Maxon, successful head of a successful advertising agency, took over as deputy OP Administrator last February, he announced he would try to make rationing popular. This was a laudable ambition, roughly comparable in size to the job of draining the oceans. Lou Maxon did not succeed.

In Washington, Maxon tried to make OPA popular even with businessmen. He reasoned: if OPA could only be rid of all its "slide-rule boys" and economic theorists, the agency would function smoothly. He did help force the resignation of



Rudolf H. Hoffmann
CHESTER BOWLES
Trouble.

TIME, July 26, 1943

Princeton Economist J. Kenneth Galbraith as deputy price boss.

Last week, in a statement studded with commuter-train anti-New Deal invective, Lou Maxon announced his resignation. The professors had been too tough for him. But Congress had already brought about one of his suggested reforms by ruling that no OPAster may help fix prices unless he has had five years' business experience.

Next day level-headed Prentiss Brown, untearful at Lou Maxon's departure, announced that from now on every new rationing program would first be submitted to Congress for its approval and funds.

For the new job of OPA general manager, Boss Brown drafted tall, jut-jawed Chester Bowles, 42, head of Manhattan's potent advertising firm of Benton & Bowles, Connecticut manager of OPA. Yaleman Bowles was sailing off Cape Cod when his appointment was announced, had to be hunted down and called ashore by the Coast Guard. His experience with the OPA in Connecticut had taught him just how much the public will stand, he said: he would try to do his best.

How to Become a Public Servant

On which side is the U.S. fighting? An outraged Government official, hiding in anonymity, reported to readers of *The Nation* that the "Washington Gestapo" still does not know. His article criticized the "character investigation" given to all new Government workers in war agencies.

He alleged that FBI and Civil Service investigators, checking up on the "suitability" of John Jones for a Government job, ask his friends and neighbors: "Has Jones ever agitated for labor unions? . . . Does he seem to have too many Jewish friends? . . . Has he ever criticized the Dies Committee? . . . Is it true that he reads *The Nation* and *The New Republic*? . . . Does his face light up when the Red Army is mentioned?"

CIVIL LIBERTIES

Report

U.S. citizens are fighting World War II with much less hysteria, many fewer violations of civil rights than during World War I, concluded the unsparing American Civil Liberties Union in a report on the twelve months ending June 1. The Union's explanation: 1) there is no organized, powerful radical and pacifist opposition to the war; 2) the Administration is self-consciously liberal; 3) opposition to the New Deal acts within the conventional democratic framework; 4) the public interest is concentrated on postwar plans; 5) the Supreme Court has buttressed the Bill of Rights.

The report condemned as "the worst single invasion of citizens' liberties" the confinement "in what are virtually concentration camps of 70,000 American citizens of Japanese ancestry."

TIME, July 26, 1943



ETHEL MERMAN & CHORUS OF "SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS"
Groans rose from all over the U.S.

Karger-Pix

TAXES

Something for Mr. Morgenthau

Many a boss had carefully explained it all: 20% (after exemptions) would be taken out of every worker's pay, come the first week of July. U.S. workers had nodded understandingly, had signed the tax deduction certificates with only routine grumbles. But when pay envelopes actually showed up—lighter by some one-fifth—groans rose all over the U.S.

The chorus of *Something For the Boys*, Broadway musical comedy, stared dumfounded at their tax-shrunk salaries (normally \$45 to \$50 a week). They promptly demanded raises. Turned down, they gave the theater management a huffy two weeks' notice. Said sorrowful Producer Michael Todd: "The kids thought [the tax] was very unfair. I told them I couldn't do anything about it. . . ." But by week's end he had prevailed on them to go on working, even if it did mean working part of the time for Uncle Sam.

IDAHO

Idahos

Boise, Idaho forecast the biggest potato crop in the State's history: 45,355,000 bushels, or 39% more than the 1940 record.

THE RED CROSS

Bill & Bumpy

Wrote Columnist Raymond Clapper from North Africa: "The biggest thing in [the pilots'] lives . . . is an American Red Cross girl under an olive tree serving coffee and doughnuts. Only after the second cup of coffee and the third doughnut do you begin to hear about what happened over Sicily a few minutes ago."

For coffee and doughnuts—and many other things—the soldiers can bless a handsome, energetic couple from Stamford, Conn., Mr. & Mrs. William Edwards Stevenson, known to generals and privates alike as Bill and Bumpy. Bill is Red Cross delegate (manager) to North Africa. When Bill forsook his profitable Manhattan law practice for the Red Cross 15 months ago, his wife Eleanor joined up as a Red Cross worker herself, wangled her way somehow to Algiers.

"The G.I. Girl Friend." Columnist Ernie Pyle discovered the Stevensons a few weeks ago, when he marveled at 25 Red Cross clubs—with lodgings, game rooms, snack bars, movies—which Bill had managed to set up in North Africa. And he wrote of Bumpy: "She is a sort of roving delegate, cheerer-upper, smoother-over and finder-outer for the whole Red Cross of Africa and half the Army, too."

U.S. AT WAR

Everywhere she goes she lends her pretty ear to tales of woe, turns her pretty smile on generals and privates without distinction and gives her strong shoulder to be wept upon by all and sundry. Bill calls her 'the G.I. girl friend.'

Before going to North Africa last November, at General Dwight Eisenhower's request, Bill Stevenson had been Red Cross delegate to England. There, after

Bumpy does not feel too badly about breaking up the family for the duration. Her mother did the same thing in World War I. Her father, Yale Physics Professor Henry Andrews Bumstead, was caught in London at war's outbreak, became scientific attaché to the U.S. Embassy. Her mother went to London to be with him, and Bumpy spent the war with her grandmother.

YOUTH

As Time Goes By

In the pacifist mid-'30s the Veterans of Future Wars was the most biting, satiric anti-war crusade of them all. These were the confident college youths who knew their elders had botched the last war and the peace; they would not fall for the hollow gag of trying to make the world safe for democracy. With tongue in cheek, they demanded their prepaid bonus immediately, for a war into which they would not drag the U.S. The Chicago University chapter offered the slogan: "We'll make the world safe for hypocrisy." In a parade up Broadway, V.F.W.s carried death's-heads, the drum major a crutch.

The campaign landed the V.F.W. on the nation's front pages. The U.S. that had made *Merchants of Death* a best-seller cheered; veterans of World War I jeered. Exploded James E. Van Zandt, national commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars (and now a Congressman from Pennsylvania): "They're too yellow to go to war. . . . They'll never be veterans of a future war."

Last week Princeton Graduate Lewis Jefferson Gorin Jr., founder, first & only commander of the Veterans of Future Wars, was Captain Lewis Jefferson Gorin Jr. in command of an artillery company at Camp Chaffee, Ark. From North Africa, Master Sergeant Thomas Riggs Jr., onetime vice commander of the V.F.W., wrote to his parents after Bizerte:

"A spent shell fragment . . . tore a hole through my pup tent just beside me one noon while I was resting. I keep this, for I have a certain sentimental attachment for it. Had it been an inch longer, my life would have been a lot shorter. . . ."

Of the ten other Princeton undergraduates who helped Gorin and Riggs start the V.F.W., one was crippled in an auto accident and is exempt from military service, one is in an essential industry (steel). The remaining eight are in the Army, Navy or Marines.

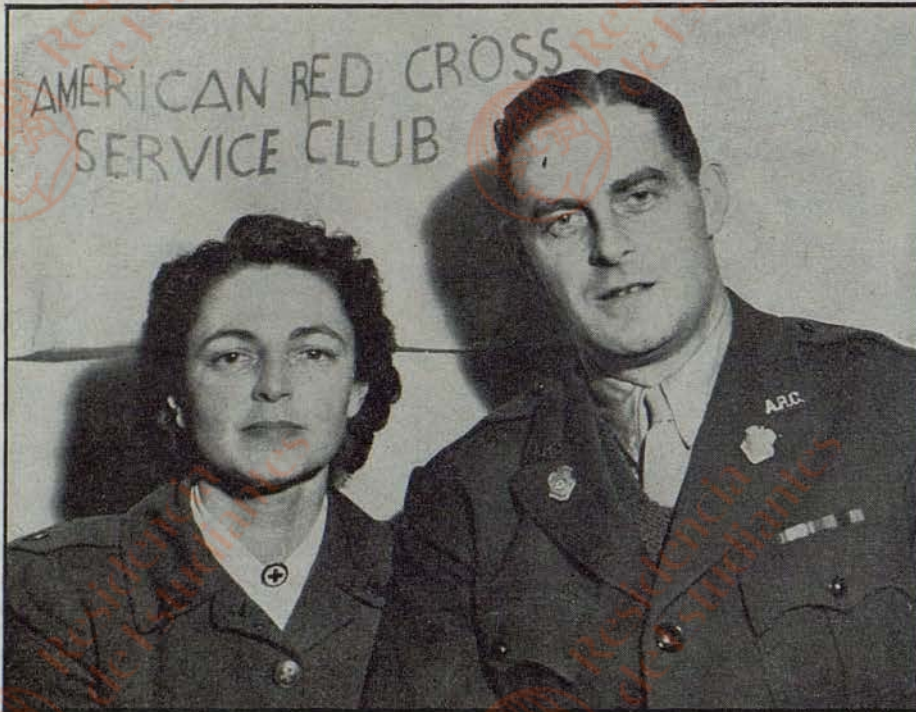
The leader of the Columbia University chapter will enter the Navy this month. Of the four V.F.W. officers at Southern Methodist, two are in military service. The onetime head of the Stanford chapter is in the Army Air Forces; the onetime leader of Chicago University's group is a Marine instructor.

FOOD

Recognition

The Government kept looking the other way, but the black market was still there. Finally, last week, the black market got a cold but official nod. Checking Manhattan poultry sales, the *Market News Service* (backed by the U.S. Agriculture Department and War Food Administration) reported bluntly: "Market extremely firm at prevailing black market prices."

TIME, July 26, 1943



MR. & MRS. WILLIAM E. STEVENSON

American Red Cross

Thanks to them, there are doughnuts and coffee under the olive trees.

endless conferences with Army and civil authorities, pleading for space and equipment, he had dotted the United Kingdom with 75 Red Cross clubs.

Bumpy reached North Africa last Christmas, spent two months in the Atlas Mountains, distributing food and clothing to the Berbers.

Preacher's Son. Tall (6 ft. 1 in.), smooth Bill Stevenson, 42, onetime Princeton track star, is a descendant of Jonathan Edwards, the New England preacher. His grandfather was a minister; his father, the late J. Ross Stevenson, was president of Princeton Theological Seminary. His twin brothers are missionaries; one is a prisoner of the Japs in Manila. Bill was graduated from Princeton in 1922, won a Rhodes Scholarship to Balliol College, Oxford, ran on the U.S. Olympic team which set a mile record in Paris in 1924. He and Bumpy lived with their two daughters in a remodeled farmhouse in Stamford (now rented to Lyricist Dorothy Fields). Their daughters, 15 and 14, used to play tennis and swim with their parents in summer, skate and ski with them in Vermont in the winter. Now they are both working on farms for the summer.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Admission

The first overt act by Germany against the U.S. in World War II was the torpedoing of the freighter *Robin Moor*, six months before Pearl Harbor. The sinking brought a burning rebuke from Franklin Roosevelt, touched off new verbal sky-rockets in the already explosive isolationist-interventionist debate. North Dakota's Senator Nye "guessed" that the British had sunk her—then hastily retracted. For obvious reasons, Germany kept mum.

Last week for no apparent reason, Radio Berlin finally admitted the attack. Settled, once & for all, was the question of who fired the first shot.

OPINION

Pride & Prejudice

The Gallup Poll asked: "Which [country] has done the most toward winning the war?" The U.S. response*: U.S. 55%, Russia 32%, Great Britain 9%, China 4%.

* The identical question was put to Britons seven weeks ago. Result: Russia 50%, Great Britain 42%, China 5%, U.S. 3% (TIME, June 7).



MIDWEST HARVEST

Over the broad Midwest prairies the harvest spilled northward in a bright golden wave. Last week it brought its bounty to this little farm near Lincoln, Neb., where War Veteran Fred A. Liebers, his wife and their husky son grow wheat and oats, tend their dairy cows and chickens, and feed part of the world.

To the U.S. farmer, harvest is a time of rejoicing and backbreaking work. Well before sunup the Liebers were out in the barn, snapping the stanchions on their Holsteins, switching on the 20-year-old milking machine. They paused briefly for a hearty farm breakfast on the cool screened porch. Then the Liebers went out to the oat fields, father on the tractor, 14-year-old Wayne on the binder. They tussled with the Mexican fireweed that had got into the oats, stopped to oil the binder, took a swig from the canvas water jug, worked on.

In the evening came the volunteer "work corps" helpers, mostly agriculture teachers from the University of Nebraska. They tramped through the dusty grain, stacking the oats six bundles to the shock.

At the farmhouse, Mrs. Liebers had been busy every minute. She fed the chickens and did the afternoon milking, picked green apples for applesauce, dug and peeled enough potatoes for supper, shelled peas fresh from the vine. At 9:30, when the last of the twilight faded and the workers came in, she had the fourth meal of the day waiting.

By the time everyone was fed and the dishes washed it was midnight. But there was another day's cutting ahead. Mrs. Liebers resolutely set the alarm clock for 5 a.m.



LABOR

Protest from Brooklyn

Brooklyn, home of Dodgerism, target of radio comedians,* and a maze of Manhattan taxi drivers, is also a city of un-submissive businessmen. In 1935 Brooklyn's four poultry-marketing Schechter brothers defied the National Recovery Administration, and the Supreme Court threw NRA out in the famed "sick chicken" case. Last week a Brooklyn shipbuilder, Bernard A. Moran, became the first U.S. employer to challenge the War Labor Board's powers under the new Connally-Smith-Harness anti-strike act.

C.I.O.'s Marine and Shipbuilding Workers has tried since November 1938 to get a contract with Moran's Atlantic Basin Iron Works. Last month WLB ordered Moran to sign a union security (maintenance-of-membership) contract. Moran refused. Summoned before WLB, Shipbuilder Moran and his attorney argued that WLB could not even force him to compulsory arbitration.

Moran's yard converts and repairs ships for the Army, Navy and Maritime Commission. Moran's attorney contended that the Connally-Smith-Harness Act placed WLB under the Wagner act, that therefore WLB can no longer force an employer to sign any clause to which he objects. He quoted Representative Howard W. Smith, co-author of the legislation, to show that the act prohibits WLB from forcing maintenance-of-membership contracts. Retorted WLB: the House, by a 3-to-1 vote, June 4, specifically rejected such an amendment to the Connally-Smith-Harness bill.

Last week Moran bluntly told WLB he would not comply with its order. If he continues his defiance, WLB can seek to have Shipbuilder Moran stripped of his Government war contracts. Or President Roosevelt could seize the yard.

But Brooklynite Moran's faith is firm. A WLBster, discussing his refusal to arbitrate, asked:

"You believe in umpires, don't you? . . . Suppose we didn't have umpires? . . ."

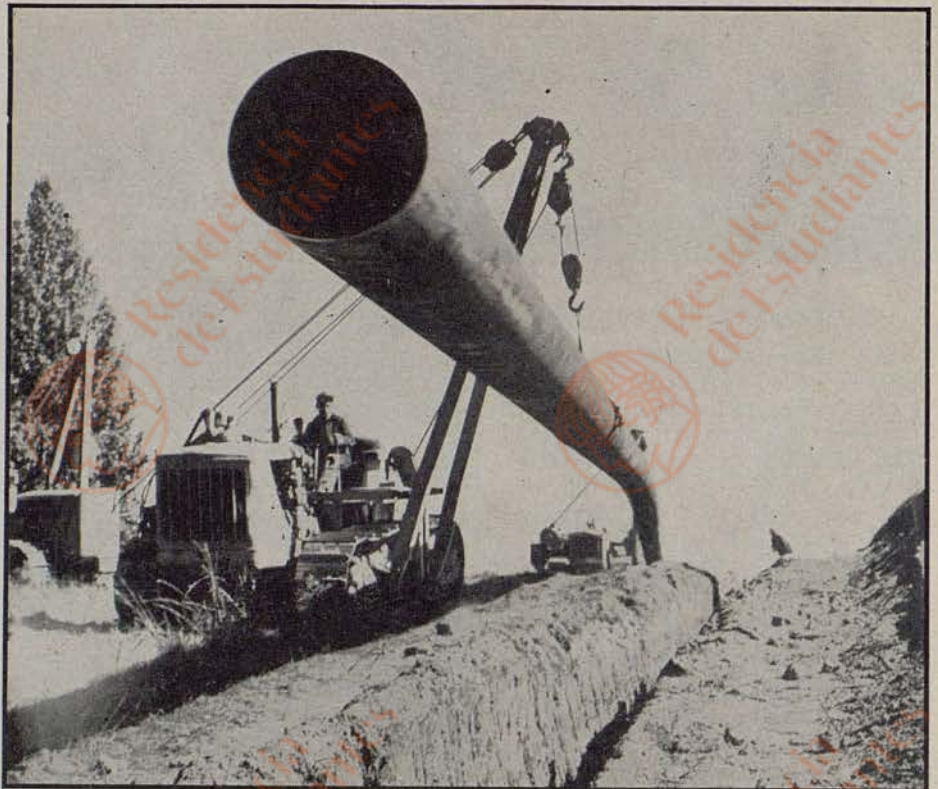
Replied undaunted Shipbuilder Moran: "Brooklyn would always win."

WARTIME LIVING

Rations' End

All the coffee a solid citizen can drink is just around the corner of August. Last week more than three million bags (exclusive of military needs) bulged U.S. coffee storehouses. Last week OPA announced that coffee rationing would end by Aug. 11. Next to come off the ration list: sugar.

* The Society for the Prevention of Disparaging Remarks About Brooklyn last week reported that Brooklyn had been maligned 2,623 times in 1942 on the radio, in newspapers and magazines, a drop from 6,457 times in 1941.



LAST LINK IN THE BIG INCH, PHOENIXVILLE, PA.
Oil oozed eastward, three miles an hour.

Big Inch Comes Through

Powerful cranes swung the two-ton pipe around, dropped it gently into a four-foot, slippery, clay ditch. Two welders banged their helmets down over their faces, descended into the ditch, self-conscious at doing their daily routine before 800 people. Their electric torches flared briefly, shooting a sizzling glare in the bright sunlight. The vital work done, short, rotund Interior Secretary Harold Le Clair Ickes stepped gingerly down into the pit, posed for the photographers. Big Inch was through.

The 12,282 citizens of Phoenixville, Pa. (four miles from Valley Forge) hadn't known such hoopla since the Revolution, when British soldiers pushed as far west as Phoenixville. The town is Big Inch's eastern junction; two pipelines, still uncompleted, will push their separate ways on to Philadelphia, 30 miles away, and Bayway, N.J., 92 miles.

Even as the last weld was made in Big Inch's main line, thick crude oil was oozing along its veins (24 in. in diameter) from Texas, up through Illinois, across Ohio. Built in one year, Big Inch burrows through eight states, tunnels under 20 rivers. Soon it will shoot 300,000 barrels of oil a day to the petroleum-thirsty East.

Less Gas, More Gasoline. The slow pulsing (three miles an hour) of the oil along Big Inch's 1,475-mile journey was the steadiest progress that the East's crucial gas & oil shortage made last week. In Washington, D.C., moves came quicker,

but produced no oil. OPA Administrator Prentiss Brown prematurely announced that the pleasure-driving ban on Eastern motorists would be lifted "as soon as possible." Harold Ickes countered that Big Inch was chiefly a military supply line, would "give no more gasoline for pleasure driving." Representative Fred A. Hartley of New Jersey, chairman of an unofficial Congressional committee to speed oil to the northeast, took his committee into the White House to demand relief for Eastern motorists. Afterwards he cracked: "What we want from Washington is less gas and more gasoline."

At week's end, Ickes' office gave Easterners their first clear oil painting of the future. Fuel-oil users will get "at least" as much oil to heat their homes as last winter, possibly more. Gas-starved Eastern motorists will get relief, too. Now that tank cars can be freed from the Eastern haul, gas & oil supplies can be equalized from the Rockies to the Atlantic. Eastern A-card holders will probably have their gas allowances upped from one and a half to two or three gallons a week, to use as they please; Midwest motorists will probably be cut from four gallons to the same figure, thus sharing the shortage.

Sense in Canada

Canada's home front seems to work with much less fuss than the U.S.'s. Louis M. Lyons, reporter for the Boston Globe, went to Canada to find out why. His findings:

Canadians are horrified at the red-tape complexity of OPA forms. Canadians merely signed their names for ration books, didn't have to account for how many pounds of groceries they owned last November. Canada's fixed price on used tires is simply 40% of what a new tire costs; OPA defines price differences down to one-sixteenth inch of tire thickness.

Canadian motorists get the equivalent of 160 U.S. gallons of gas a year, can save them up or use them when they please. Thus they avoid all bickering over pleasure driving, the employment of armies of snoopers and police, and above all, know how much gas they can count on.

Canadian consumers believe in subsidies. Although farm prices are up 56%, their own living costs have gone up only 17%. A Canadian official told Lyons: "We have only 11½ million people to your 130 million. Our subsidies run to \$130 million a year. Yours have to run into billions. Billions sound bad."

Canadians have their own gripes: the wood-fuel situation is a mess; some believe beer rationing is a temperance plot by the somewhat arid Mackenzie King Government; the much-heralded "cost of

living bonus" to peg wages to prices hasn't satisfied labor; the Canadian farm bloc—as in the U.S.—is on the loose to boost farm prices.

Wrote Lyons: "Canadian officials aren't trying to reform their economic system. They are just keeping prices down." Key industrialists run price control: "The Government always has a businessman to take the rap when his industry howls . . . and the Government is tough to business. Their excess-profits tax is 100%."

Workers told Lyons that 35% of their salaries are drained off by income taxes and almost-mandatory war bond purchases. "You don't have to be told how they draw off purchasing power after you have paid 33¢ for a package of cigarettes that costs 15¢ in Boston."

Canadian officials watch U.S. price controls carefully, know it affects them also. "They recall Leon Henderson as a type of official they admire. They are generally great admirers of Roosevelt too. . . . They make more allowances than Americans do for loose [U.S.] administration. They excuse it by the size of the job. . . ."

"And we never had Prohibition to corrupt our attitude toward law."

POLITICS

Willkie and 1944

Wendell Willkie is gaining popularity for the 1944 Republican Presidential nomination. This was the big sub-surface political news noted last week by observers whose ears are well grounded. The trend may not be immediately apparent on the normal political barometers (the latest Gallup poll still had Willkie a firm second to New York's Thomas E. Dewey), but political wisecracks, taking the pulse of the people, were sure. Travelers who talked politics up & down the Midwest were especially struck by the resurgence of Willkie talk. One such was the New York Times's Turner Catledge, who was surprised to find that Willkie could apparently have Indiana's favorite-son nomination any time he wanted it (TIME, Feb. 22).

A significant corollary was Willkie's new success with the professionals; the man who knew few Republican bigwigs in 1940 is now nearly ready to first-name most G.O.P. ward heelers. For Wendell Willkie—though the fact is not yet realized—is no longer the great amateur of U.S. politics. His correspondence, much of it with "practical" GOPoliticians, is still enormous (2,500 letters a week). In the last six months he has visited 16 States, meeting State and city Republican leaders wherever he went, shaking their hands, inviting them to talk frankly, bluntly. He says to them, in effect: I know you think I'm a so-and-so; get it off your chest and let's argue about it. Then he tells them why he believes the Republican Party must take the lead in proposing a workable world order and a liberal domestic policy.

Zealous Willkie backers assume that Franklin Roosevelt will run for a fourth term. Their argument in favor of Willkie: any Republican can beat Franklin Roosevelt on domestic issues; Willkie is the only one who can successfully challenge the President on foreign policy.

Skirmish. As yet, Wendell Willkie has not formally jumped into the 1944 race. He came closest last week, announcing that he would certainly enter the Illinois Presidential primary if Chicago Tribune Publisher Robert Rutherford McCormick is also a candidate. (Colonel McCormick had been proposed for the nomination by a Chicago isolationist group.)

Next day, Colonel McCormick, wearing hunting boots, an old cap and a rumpled brown suit which he said he had not changed in ten days, flew into Manhattan from a Canadian inspection trip. To newsmen at LaGuardia Airport, he snorted: "Willkie? I don't believe that foreigner can carry Illinois. . . . Why, they think he's nuts out there. . . . He just coupled his name with mine to get it in the papers."

Replied Wendell Willkie: "Just say that Mr. Willkie had a good laugh."



AN AMERICAN FAMILY: \$996 A WEEK

In peacetime, this family picture would languish unseen in a musty album. Every Midwestern town has such families as the Braukmillers, of modest circumstance and ambitious size. Gaunt Grandpa John and his plump wife (center) have 13 children, 16 grandchildren, a pup named Snowball. The names have an authentic Midwestern ring: Henry (known as Heinie), Wilbur, Ray (known as Putts), La Vern, Evelyn (known as Peanuts), Alta, Emma. But the wartime news about the Braukmillers is that 1) they have all moved from Iowa to Portland, where the *Oregon Journal* publicized them last week as "the shipbuilding-est family in America"; 2) the family income, from the 15 male and female Braukmillers who work in Henry Kaiser's shipyards, now averages \$996 a week.

Ballots for Bullitt?

Egg-pated William Christian Bullitt last week tossed his top hat in the political ring. The candidacy: Democratic, for Mayor of Philadelphia, at the election this Nov. 2.

This was hot news to Philadelphians, who have not had a gaudy mayor for four years, not since the late Samuel Davis Wilson, who carried around a little rostrum which he would solemnly place on the speaker's table. When he flicked a switch, neon letters flared: "S. Davis Wilson, Mayor."

What Bill Bullitt would do among Philadelphia political muggs, how he would grapple with the sewer problem, the noisome water—such topics were much mooted by Philadelphians last week. For Bullitt is a patrician and a reformer. His family tree is ornamented by the father of George Washington, the sister of Patrick Henry, Pocahontas herself. His great-grandfather and grandfather are civic statues.*

His wealth and charm made his Parisian

* The statue of the grandfather, John Christian Bullitt (millionaire author of the City Charter) stands outside the drab, over-columned City Hall which Bullitt would occupy as Mayor.

table a favorite of two continents. Bullitt thought nothing of throwing a party for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor (490 bottles of choice champagne), or embellishing his vast Moscow house with cockerels and baby bears borrowed from the zoo. As the first U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union, Bullitt was the darling of Moscow, until the mutual love affair turned to mutual coolness. He made a decorative but somewhat indiscreet U.S. Ambassador to France.

Long shelved by Franklin Roosevelt, he has now been picked up by Pennsylvania's Joseph F. Guffey, worried about Republican-minded Pennsylvania. His chances of election: unpredictable.

POSTWAR

United Nations Must Go

The United Nations must be dissolved immediately after the war's end. So decided 68 church leaders from 14 nations, gathered at Princeton, N.J. last week for a round-table peace conference under the auspices of the Federal Council of Churches. Reason: they want no post-war military line-up of victorious big powers; seek an all-nations world body instead.

Forebodings

There will be no postwar public construction unless plans are made now, warned efficient, spade-calling Major General Philip B. Fleming, Federal Works Administrator in Atlanta this week. Said he, "Precious little planning has been done. . . . There are plenty of ideas floating around, plenty of pretty pictures and idle fancies—you can't build on idle fancies. . . ."

Equally gloomy was Maryland's U.S. Senator Millard E. Tydings, speaking before the Indiana State Bar Association. After the war, Tydings predicted, 20 million defense workers will be laid off overnight, the national debt will approximate \$250 billion (\$7,500 for each family). The Senator's antidote: as soon as possible get the Federal Government out of business and decrease its participation in unemployment relief.

PRODUCTION

The 30-Minute "E"

The lush days of "E" presentations are over. For many months war production had been stopped for as much as five hours while star-spangled speakers droned on, workers sang and danced around mountains of food and drink. The new regulations, agreed upon by Army & Navy: a 30-minute limit for the whole program; a two-minute limit for all orators except the presentation speaker, who may take up to eight; no more than six officers on the platform; no community singing, dancing or drinking. Last week J. A. Maurer, Inc., New York manufacturers of motion-picture equipment, put on the first of the streamlined ceremonies, barely got under the wire; 29½ minutes.

THE CAPITAL

Breathing Spell

Hotel men reported that plenty of rooms are now available in the nation's long-overcrowded capital. One reason: Congress has gone home, freeing thousands of lobbyists for vacations.

Gomorrhah on the Potomac

"Drinking and drunkenness in Washington are fearful. . . . The Capital is head over heels in indulgence and all that goes with it."

Thus, last week, spoke an expert: Dr. Edwin Holt Hughes, 76-year-old, retired senior bishop of the Methodist Church. Longtime resident of Washington (as head of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals), Bishop Hughes knows the city as he knows the doxology. Said he:

" . . . Washington likes to blame it on the visitors . . . but it is strange that those who flock to Washington just happen to be people of extraordinary alcoholic capacity and desire. . . ."



RETURN OF A HERO

When Lieut. Colonel Robert R. Moore hopped off the train at Villisca, Iowa, one day last week to be greeted by his sobbing wife, ecstatic daughter and interested young nephew, an Associated Press photographer took this timeless picture of the returning soldier. Mrs. Moore had not seen her husband for 16 months. Colonel Moore used to clerk in his corner drugstore, went to war with the Iowa National Guardsmen in 1940. At Faid Pass in Tunisia last February, when his company was threatened with encirclement, he led his men back safely through the German lines, won a promotion and the Silver Star.

Associated Press

BATTLE OF SICILY

THE LAND

March on Rome

In Sicily last week flamboyant General Sir Bernard Law Montgomery gave a whirlwind interview. Asked how long the Sicilian campaign would last, he said:

"Oh, I can't say. It may take a month, but then it may take six months or two weeks. . . . We have really hit them for six."* Then, waving his black beret, Monty rushed off, saying: "I must go now. Things to do."

The old cricketer and his reorganized Eighth Army looked as if they really had hit the Germans and Italians for six. They landed at Cape Passero, moved on to Syracuse, took it (with the help of naval and air bombardment), moved on to Augusta, took that, lost it, recaptured it, moved on again, past a difficult stretch of broken escarpment and many a toughly defended hill and mountain pass, to stand on the plain before Catania. By then half the eastern coast of Sicily was in their hands.

Montgomery's was almost an invisible operation, so fast did he move, so meagerly was the Eighth's progress reported. Most of the vivid news from Sicily came from the southwest, where the U.S. Sev-

* A cricket term, analogous to a home run in baseball.

On all the world's major battlefronts, the Allies moved forward this week. The Russian line crackled along its 1,500 miles and the Red Army's counterattack brought it almost to the gates of Orel. In the Pacific the Americans and Australians, crept nearer Munda, nearer Salamaua. Over German Europe, U.S. and British bombers continued their destructive missions. TIME will report these actions fully next week.

But this week U.S. interest was centered on Sicily. The historic invasion of that historic island was more thoroughly reported, by correspondents with the invaders, than any military operation of World War II. To do full justice to it, TIME this week devotes all its World Battlefronts pages to the Battle of Sicily.

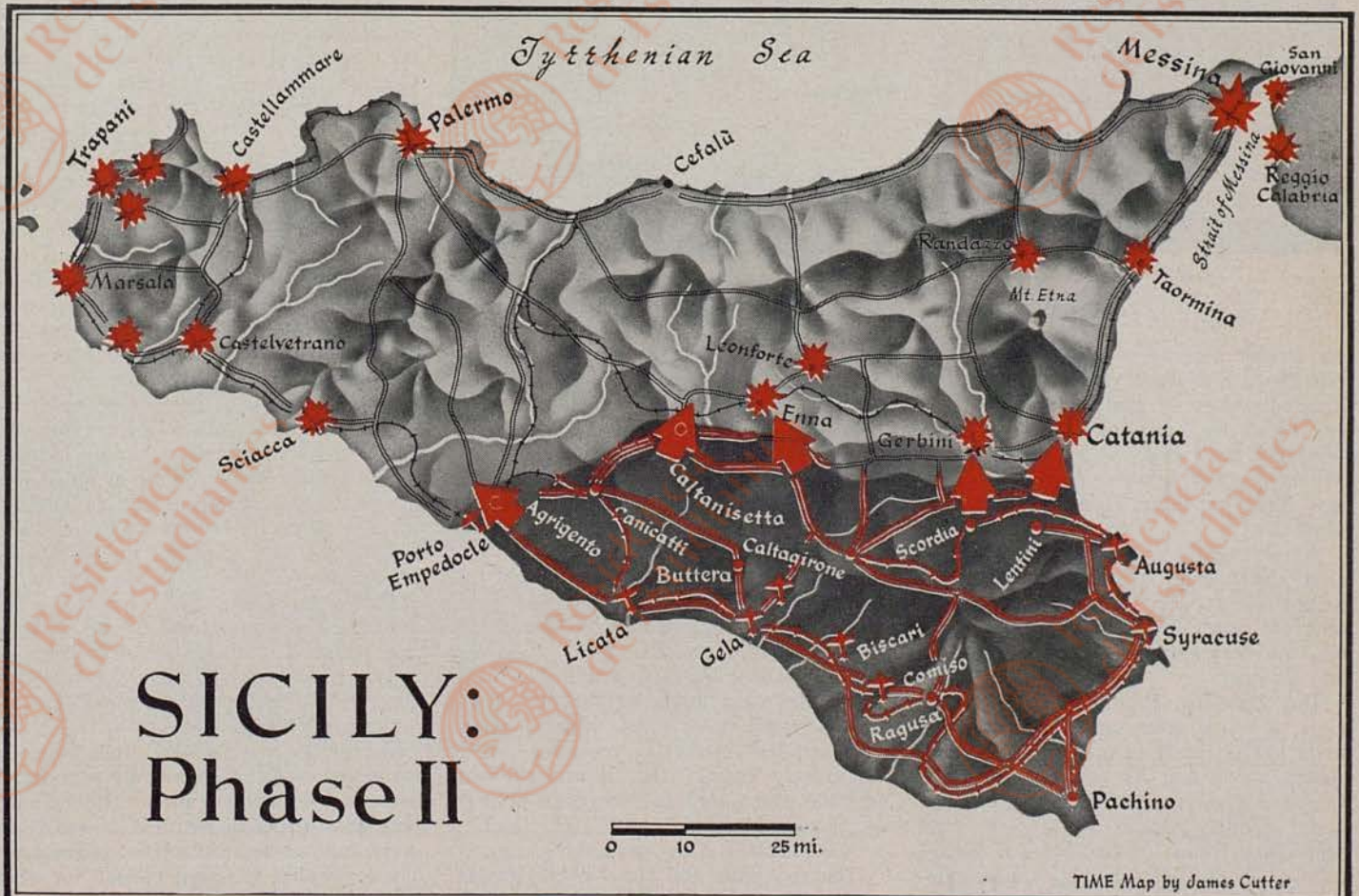
enth Army had landed (see p. 33). Only the Eighth's Canadians, advancing at the center of the entire invasion front, were thoroughly reported in the first eleven days, and they fumed because they had so little fighting to do.

The Plan. But the bare references in the communiqués revealed the plan of

the Fifteenth Army Group.* The essence of the plan was simply that if you take the coasts of an island, you have the island. The air attacks on Sicily's center and its northerly ports of entry (see p. 34), even the ground marches toward railway and other inland centers, supported the battles for the coasts. The U.S. Seventh Army, seizing the southwestern coast, conducted a great back-stopping operation, holding down and drawing off sizable enemy forces from the decisive eastern sector. To that canny soldier and conqueror, General Montgomery, fell the task of taking the eastern coast.

The Objective. The decisive objective in the east was the port and railway center of Catania (see map). As Montgomery's troops stood at the threshold of Catania, a British battleship came up to shell the port. Planes bombed it. The Italians confessed that its fall was near. General Montgomery's eyes must have glinted as he remembered the interview he had given. Once Catania was his, the battle for Sicily could be little more than a battle for more coastland, then for Messina, if the Hermann Görings survived in enough strength to fight for that port. In Messina, Monty could look across three miles of water into Italy itself.

* 8th + 7th = 15th. In the Battle of Tunisia it was: 1st + 8th = 18th.



BATTLE OF SICILY

March From the Beaches

(See Cover)

Aboard a transport, one of a thousand ships bearing the U.S. Seventh Army to Sicily, a colonel climbed atop a gun mount and read out an Order of the Day from Lieut. General George Smith Patton Jr.:

We are teamed with the justly famous Eighth Army, which attacks on our right, and we have for the Army Group commander that veteran and distinguished soldier, General Sir Harold Alexander.

When we land we will meet German and Italian soldiers whom it is our honor and privilege to attack and destroy.

Many of you have in your veins German and Italian blood, but remember that these ancestors of yours so loved freedom that they gave up home and country to cross the ocean in search of liberty. . . .

liam O. Darby, who was to do brave things, and Major General Terry de la Mesa Allen's tried-&-proved 1st Division.

One of several correspondents in the landing craft was TIME Correspondent Jack Belden, who reported the landing and the battles which followed. (Because of transmission delays, no eyewitness accounts of the landing reached the U.S. until last week.)

Many of the men in the boats had been sea-sick on the packed ships. Now, on the way to the flaming shore, they were sicker than ever. They held their heads in their hands. They moaned. They vomited. A shore light picked out one of the boats. The faces in the light were pale and green. One of the men growled: "Why don't they shoot out that goddam searchlight?"

Red balls flew toward, over and among the boats. The Italians on the shore had

They ran toward the trees, the sand humps, anything beyond the water which offered cover. Once there, they realized that in most places the enemy fire had been rather light. A soldier said: "I've been wounded. But there is so much blood, I can't tell exactly where." In the darkness, along a 45-mile stretch of the island shore, it was pretty much the same: confusion in the first moments, the slow adhesion of well-commanded troops, the first meetings with the enemy on the land.

At one such meeting, a strange, fierce shout rang in the darkness. The invaders who heard the shout dropped to the ground, saw a pillbox on the skyline. The voice called again; it was no longer fierce, but high-pitched, panic-stricken.

"He wants to surrender," a U.S. soldier guessed. "Surrender! Surrender!" the soldiers shouted. The owner of the voice in the pillbox did not appear.

"Shoot the bastard, we can't wait here all day," a soldier growled.

"No," said someone, "don't shoot him. Maybe these people don't want to fight."

Finally an Italian-American soldier shouted: "*Veni qui.*" A figure then crept from the pillbox on all fours, ran down the hill, screaming and sobbing. He was seized, searched, left behind. That particular unit had met its first Italian in Sicily.

Introduction to Gela. Daylight came. Up & down the beaches officers had marshaled their men, found lost companies, established contacts with other units on their flanks. With daylight came the first German planes—20 of them in one attack, veering from the beaches toward the ships.

Ashore the job was to take Gela. On the hills enemy artillery opened up. One U.S. unit found three wooden guns on a hill, but there were real guns, too. Warships answered, and the men on and near the beaches lay between the fire, under the whirring shells. Enemy machine gunners on a hill held up an advancing unit east of Gela. Enemy artillery fire raked the hillside.

But, everywhere along the shore, the troops advanced. They took prisoners. They found enemy dead on the hilltops, beside ruined Roman relics of older conquests. Within seven hours of landing, Lieut. Colonel Darby and his Rangers had fought their way, ahead of the main body of the 1st Division, into Gela.

Battle for Gela. The enemy was not through. The Rangers and the 1st Division had ahead of them 50 sleepless hours of bombing, tank and artillery attacks, the hardest fight in the experience of that experienced division.

During the first full day ashore, the 1st landed all of its regiments. By morning it had some 40 artillery pieces and 15 anti-tank guns in position to fire. It had three tanks, but one had lost a tread in the sand. These weapons were not enough for what was to come. Only the bravery of the men



Associated Press

LANDING CRAFT OFF SICILY

The passengers moaned, vomited, cursed, attacked.

Remember that we as attackers have the initiative. We must retain this tremendous advantage by always attacking rapidly, ruthlessly, viciously, without rest. However tired and hungry you may be, the enemy will be more tired, more hungry. Keep punching. God is with us. We shall win.

A correspondent aboard the command ship saw a lone figure, leaning on the bridge rail. It was General Patton, gazing over the water toward the Sicilian shore, where history and the enemy awaited him and his men.

The Landing. Patton's ship stood off Gela, a soiled town on a blue bay, the main initial objective of the U.S. troops. Against Gela and its environs had been thrown a great weight of naval shells and aerial bombs. Against Gela, now, were sent crack troops of the Seventh Army: first a shock battalion of Commando-trained Rangers under Lieut. Colonel Wil-

depressed their ack-ack guns. A soldier, crouching, head down, said: "Shooting at the boats. Jeezus!"

Gunboats with blue lights, standing in toward the shore as guides for the landing craft, began to hail the first comers: "Straight ahead. Go straight ahead. You'll see the light on your right. Land there. Look out for mines. Good luck."

The naval ensigns commanding the boats cut their underwater exhausts, gave their engines the gun, roared toward the nearing shore. Toward some of the boats the red balls converged in multiple lines. For some, other things went wrong. They struck sandbars or reefs. Ramps stuck. Men jumped too late or too soon. Some, on orders, leaped with their equipment into the water, sank to their chins or lower. Some drowned.

"Get inland! Keep moving!"

The red balls and the officers' shouts tore at the minds and feet of the men.

BATTLE OF SICILY

and the fire of the warships offshore saved Gela and the landing.

At 8 a.m. of the second morning (July 11), Lieut. Colonel James Curtis was just finishing his breakfast of K rations when the telephone rang in divisional headquarters. The message said that 30 to 40 German tanks had attacked the 2nd Battalion of the division's 16th infantry regiment. That battalion held the division's right flank on a hill between Gela and the inland town of Niscemi.

Most of the battalion's anti-tank guns had not come up. Under the first shock, it had to retreat from hill to hill, toward the sea. The battalion commander, trying to pull his companies together at the height of the German attack, was wounded. His executive officer, a young captain, had to take over. Upon him, for a tense while, the fate of the U.S. invasion rested.

With 45 enlisted men and six other officers, the captain held a position called Hill 41.* Tanks repeatedly overran the hill. Every man fought for himself. The unit on the hill had only one anti-tank gun. Officers sometimes fired the gun. They manhandled it on a wall, firing first at tanks to the right, then at tanks to the left. A captain seized a bazooka (the army's famed anti-tank rocket weapon), knocked out a tank 25 yards away. A lieutenant colonel of paratroopers, who had stumbled on the battalion and stayed with it, knocked out another tank with a bazooka, then was killed. Officers and men battled the waves of tanks with grenades, rifles, machine guns. In the desperation of that battle, the men no longer sought cover. They fought standing up, running, all over the hill.

A mobile tank destroyer (a truck-mounted 75) arrived. The young captain

* In military usage, hills are designated by their height in meters.



Associated Press

U.S. TANKS ATTACKING

When they came, the 1st remembered an order.

in command of the battalion jumped into the destroyer, charged to the top of the hill, toward the tanks. His men did not expect him to return. He drove off the remaining tanks, and he came back. His battalion regrouped, advanced, eventually seized Niscemi. Soft-spoken, black-haired, tired, unconsciously heroic, the captain met Correspondent Belden. Belden said: "I hear you got some tanks yourself."

"I was in it," the captain said. "Everyone was in it. Just a family affair."

The right flank was saved. But the left was also under attack. Darby of the Rangers, on that flank, watched 300 Italians march toward his position. When they were well within range, his mortars fired. Only 50 Italians survived to retreat.

At the center of the divisional line, two

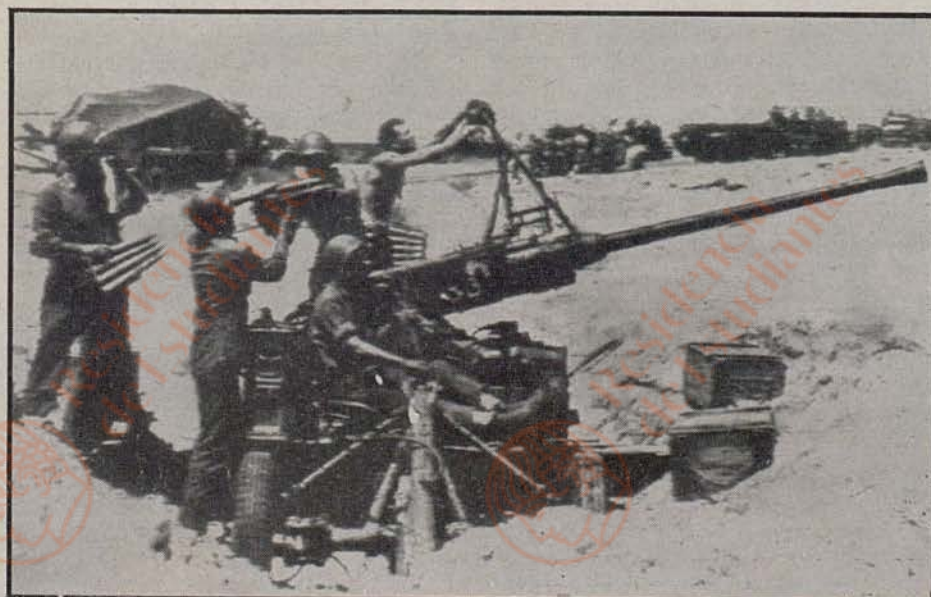
groups of tanks came out of the hills, reached and crossed the Gela-Vittoria road, shot up some amphibious trucks, lobbed shells over divisional headquarters toward the shore 800 yards from the tanks. The defending units had no infantry, no anti-tank guns to stop the tanks. There was only artillery—105-mm. howitzers, designed for other work—and Bofors anti-aircraft guns.

Toward the beaches, aswam with incoming men and weapons, the tanks steadily advanced. A brigadier general of artillery, watching them, said to his companions: "I won't go back into the sea." Terry Allen said: "Hell, we haven't started to fight. Our artillery hasn't been overrun yet."

The snouts of the 105s spat down toward the tanks. The Bofors gunners forgot the sky, at that stage often alive with German planes, and turned on the tanks. Warships offshore got the range, their fire guided with marvelous precision by naval control parties on the beach. Correspondents with the Army were convinced that the Army guns did most of the work that followed; those with the Navy, that the Naval guns did it.

Guns and men did it. The men behind one anti-tank gun were killed. Their company commander then fired the gun until he was killed. The battalion commander fired it until he was wounded. German Mark IIIs, IVs, and two of the giant Tiger VIs crumbled under the combined fire. The assault broke. The remaining tanks scuttled.

That afternoon General Patton came ashore. Men on the ships heard that he could no longer bear the stillness of command offshore, jumped into a landing boat, then plunged into the surf. When the men in Gela saw him, he was in an armored command car, flying his three-starred flag,



Associated Press

ACK-ACK ON THE BEACH

When enemy tanks came, gunners forgot the sky.

BATTLE OF SICILY

beautiful and battle-fevered in boots and whipcords. Just as he arrived, German bombers attacked Gela, killed 70 civilians and littered the street with bodies.

An Italian assault group approached from the northwest. Colonel Darby called for Naval assistance. Shells from a cruiser found the Italians, who were marching in column as though they were on parade. That attack melted.

At 6 in the evening, eight more tanks sneaked through the U.S. positions, infiltrated toward the beach. Engineers at work on the beach grabbed guns. A captain and a lieutenant spotted an advancing unit of Italians. The captain killed six. The rest retreated. The tanks were routed.

"We Attack." Worn by constant attack, sleepless, the men of Gela were near

entire 1st Division got up from its slit trenches and attacked.

The objective was a spot of high ground overlooking the airfield of Ponte Olivo, eight miles inland from Gela. Terry Allen had said: "Be there before dawn." Before dawn a regimental commander sat on the high ground. Before that day was done, the airfield fell.

The Wide Advance. Such was the fighting for Gela and its beaches, the fighting which made the rest of the U.S. invasion possible. On the 1st Division's left flank, 48-year-old, Texas-born Major General Lucian K. Truscott's 3rd Infantry Division seized Licata and its neighboring airfields, then expanded its position westward and inland to take Canicatti and seize the old walled port of Agrigento and

communiqués. One such engagement was the battle for the town of Butera, eight miles inland from Gela. Butera was taken by Rangers on the march toward the inland communications center of Enna, which Canadian and U.S. troops approached this week.

General officers had thought that Butera, perched on a hill behind deep and well-gunned passes, might require a month of siege. It fell in a matter of hours to a Ranger detachment of 50 officers and men. After a tense, hard march in the night, Privates John C. See and John Constantine crept within earshot of the garrison, lolling and chatting beside their guns and trucks at the top of a high pass. Constantine, one of the many Italian-speaking soldiers in the Seventh Army, called upon them to surrender. The few German officers with them tried to make the Italians fight. After a few halfhearted shots the Italians refused. The Germans escaped, and the town with its half-starved, emaciated residents fell to the Rangers.

The Sword. At week's end, General Patton returned briefly to North Africa. Ahead of him came stories befitting the Patton legend. According to one story, a visiting major general accosted Patton at Gela. Patton promptly ordered him to the top of the hill, "so that you can get shot at a bit." Patton went with the major general. After a suitable number of missiles had fallen suitably near, Patton said: "All right, you can go down now."

Patton's colleagues smiled at such stories, believed some of them. But in the early months of the Tunisian fighting, in the later months when he was shaping the Seventh Army, a more balanced impression of General Patton had got about. "Gorgeous George," "Old Blood & Guts," who had once cultivated the spectacular impression, was also a patient and careful and studious man, a field officer with a good staff mind.

His mind and his experience told him that the foes to be beaten in Europe were the Germans, that the way to defeat the Germans was to confront them with overwhelming force. He likes to say: "It makes no difference what part of Europe you kill Germans in." Sicily, for him, is a way station on the road to the battlefields where Germans can be killed in quantities. On the way he will see to it that, as in Sicily, he meets them when he has the superior forces necessary to kill and defeat them.

Last week, during his interlude in North Africa, Patton's eyes and stars were bright. Seated in a British command car, he slapped his leather-bound swagger stick into the palm of his hand and invited a correspondent to return to the action with him.

"You had better come now," he said, "or my men will have killed all the bastards." Then he was gone, back to the places where the fighting was.



ONE-STAR ROOSEVELT, TWO-STAR ALLEN, THREE-STAR PATTON*
"We Attack."

International

collapse. It seemed to many an officer that one more enemy attack would finish them. At that point, Terry Allen called a conference. He said: "We attack."

The troops of the 1st had learned that the 45th Division fighting near by—fighting as valiantly, but apparently unaccompanied by correspondents—had held its part of the beach. This news was cheering to the 1st. So was Terry Allen's order. But the enemy attacked first.

German tanks were on three sides of one regiment. Its guns had only nine rounds of ammunition left. Someone told the regimental artillery officer: "Here comes a load of ammunition up the road." The officer turned to the regiment's colonel and said: "Shall I let 'em have both barrels?"

"Sure," said the colonel. Off went the guns.

For a taut time, the guns were silent.

"Why?" said the colonel.

"Shot up all the ammunition," said the artillery officer. The tanks were coming on.

Ammunition arrived from the busy beaches. U.S. tanks rolled ashore. The

its innumerable, well-placed gun positions.

On the right, Major General Troy H. Middleton's 45th Infantry Division moved in from the beaches toward and through Vittorio and a juncture with Canadians of the Eighth Army. Some of the fighting was hard, the deeds of these divisions were valiant, but the detailed accounts were delayed. Inland, early in the advance, Major General Matthew B. Ridgway's 82nd Air-Borne Division preceded the other divisions to Sicily (see p. 34). Unannounced in the first eleven days of the fighting were the positions and accomplishments of the 2nd Armored Division, commanded by 47-year-old Major General Hugh J. Gaffey, who had been General Patton's Chief of Staff in Tunisia, but an Italian communiqué said that heavy tank battles occurred in the 3rd Division's area.

There were many local battles for towns and airdromes, of great moment to the men in the battles, dismissed with a sentence or no mention whatever in the

* In Tunisia, where Teddy Roosevelt was the 1st's second-in-command.

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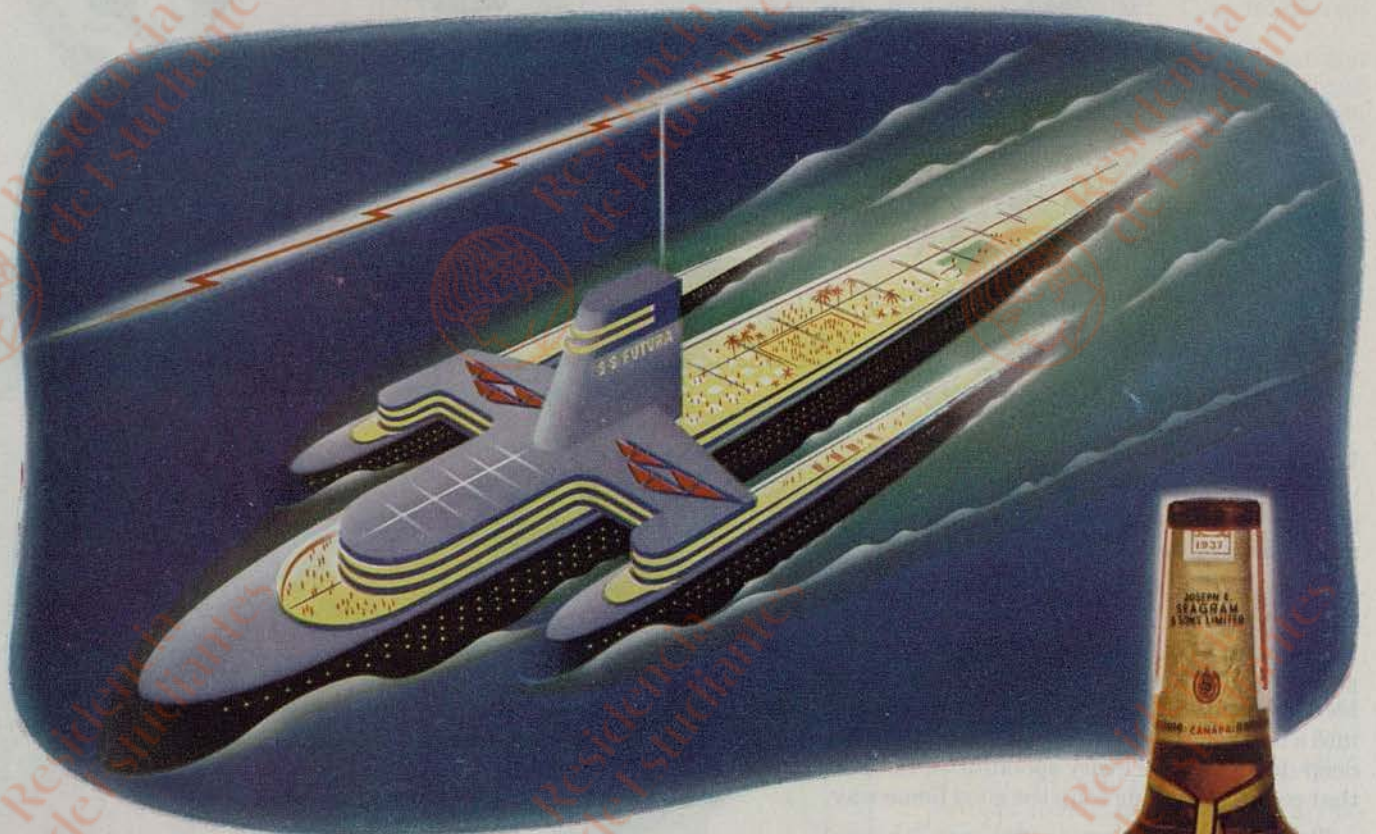
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★ ★ ★

REMEMBER WHEN "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" first delighted movie-goers? When the Russian airmen made history's longest non-stop flight over the Pole to California? When the Yankees won the World's Series from the Giants in New York? That was the year when the rare whiskies in Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN were carefully blended for exquisite flavor and stored away to mellow. Ever since then these distinguished whiskies have been treasured for *Tomorrow*—so the V.O. of today will always be preferred FOR THE WORLD'S LIGHTEST HIGHBALL.

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BATTLE OF SICILY

THE SEA

The Amphibians

Never in the 6,000-year history of war had there been an operation to compare with the amphibious one which took the Allies to Sicily. In the American western task force alone there were 1,000 ships, and the British, off to the east, had as many. Those 2,000 ships had set out from different ports, at different speeds, on different courses; each had its appointed station for H-hour. As if the natural difficulties of such an operation were not enough, on the night of invasion a 40-knot westerly gale sprang up.

On the highest open platform on the bridge of one of the biggest transports stood Vice Admiral Henry Kent Hewitt, commander of the American ships, planner of the American half of the sea-borne invasion and the man who had organized American amphibious warfare.

Admiral Hewitt had worried about plenty of things, but not about the weather. He had worried about the difficulty of accurate landfalls on a strange coast at night; about the virtual impossibility of anything but tactical surprise; about the deviation of compasses when the soldiers with their metal rifles got aboard the assault boats. But by 7 o'clock on the eve of the invasion, the storm was so bad that the Admiral was having to consider ordering the landing craft to stay offshore.

Then the storm abated. The armada crept under the lee of Sicily's shore. Just before the hour, all the ships were at the "transport area." Every single ship of the thousand had been accounted for. At a signal, the invasion began.

Cigar Box Fleet. First in were the little LCVs (Landing Craft Vehicles, Personnel). The second type in were LCMs (Landing Craft, Motorized), which put ashore small tanks and bigger vehicles. Next came LCTs (Landing Craft, Tanks), smallest of the ships which reached Sicily's shores under their own power. LCIs (Landing Craft, Infantry) came next, carrying nearly 200 men apiece. And finally came huge LSTs (Landing Ships, Tanks), which can carry a tremendous cargo. They were hauled forward to the beach by "ducks"—two-and-a-half-ton amphibious trucks.

Job Without End. On his way back to his African headquarters on a destroyer, Hewitt wrote a congratulatory message to all his thousand ships. To his congratulations he added: "It is now our duty to support, maintain and build up the forces which have been landed. Carry on."

Carrying on would perhaps be less hazardous, but it would be even more complicated than the landings. There could be no fixed plan. The ground units would ask for things in a hurry, and shipping would have to be found to send them in.

All this called for mathematical precision, and Admiral Hewitt brought to his task one of the most brilliant mathematical

minds the Navy ever had. To his natural bent he had added some formidable experience. Last July he was given the job of planning the Moroccan landings. He had to design armored force landings, organize transport divisions and train 3,000 amphibious boat crews. He had to send his



INVASION'S HEWITT
Never worried by weather.

huge force across the Atlantic and still have it rendezvous at the exact time for the landings. His success brought him this, the biggest job of his life.

THE AIR

The Arsenal City

The summer sun, climbing toward warm noon, had started the heat waves dancing from the brown Tiber, from the seven ancient hills, from the great stone piazza before St. Peter's, from the dusty brick and weathered marble of the Colosseum and the Forum. Now out of that sun came the sound and the sight Rome had long been spared: the drone of a hostile air fleet, the wings of hostile bombers.

Perhaps three million stunned people, jam-packed in a city that normally houses about 1,000,000, scanned the sky or scurried to the shelters they had hoped never to use. Now the drone grew mighty, the wings trailed shadows over the rooftops. But no bombs yet, for a brief space. Only the glint and flutter of leaflets falling, with this message:

"To the citizens of Rome: You have already been warned that military objectives in the vicinity of Rome are liable to be bombed by the Allied air force. When this occurs the Fascist Government . . . will pretend that we are trying to destroy those cultural monuments which are the glory

not only of Rome but the civilized world. It is possible, moreover . . . that the Fascist Government or their German associates will themselves arrange that bombs will be dropped on the center of Rome or even on Vatican City.

"We leave it to your intelligence to decide whether it is likely that we should waste our efforts on targets whose destruction is useless for our purpose. . . . We repeat that we shall be aiming at military objectives. . . ."

Bombs Away. At 11:13 a.m. the first bomb bay opened. Chief target was the immense railroad marshaling yard about four miles from St. Peter's, two miles from the Forum, one and a half miles from the Fascist Government offices. The Allied communiqué understated: "The marshaling yard . . . is of greatest importance to the Axis war effort, and in particular for the movement of German troops." The smashing of Rome's central rail terminal would mean the smashing of Italy's main north-south communications, would go a long way toward paralyzing reinforcement of southern Italy and Sicily.

Before the U.S. mediums and heavies, striking from North African bases 350 miles away, and the mediums, probably striking from newly won fields on Sicily turned south again, they gave side attention to another railway yard, several airdromes. Among other targets available for later raids: power plants built close to religious and cultural shrines; army barracks along the Tiber; aircraft, chemical and rayon factories on the city's outskirts.

Words Away. Before the last bomb had fallen in the first raid on the Eternal City, the Allies broadcast the news. Thereby they scored first in a violent battle of propaganda that was certain to develop. The world—particularly the Catholic world inside and outside the Axis fortress—was told how Allied airmen carefully trained for this mission, how they studied huge maps, absorbed repeated instructions, took unusual risks in daylight, all to avoid as far as possible the damaging of religious and cultural buildings. Many of the airmen—as many as possible—were Catholics and aboard their planes were seven U.S. and British correspondents to vouch for the meticulous care with which the bombs were aimed. Said TIME Correspondent, John Hersey, who watched bomb bursts from a B-26 at less than 1,000 feet: "The raid was terribly efficient, terribly big. We followed the heavy bombers and could see what they had done. What I saw convinced me that the raid could offend no one but the Italian Army."

For three years the Allies had forbore. In those three years Mussolini had clamored for and received the privilege of bombing London. Axis planes had not forbore, because of religious and esthetic sensibilities, assaults on Rotterdam and Cairo. In those three years the Fascists had made Rome one of the greatest of

BATTLE OF SICILY

Italy's military centers. Now they could no longer hide their capital behind the skirts of the Papacy or civilization's reverence for a grander Rome.

Wings Needed

In Carthago, sprawled among the olive groves that stretched along the bay shore to Tunes and beyond, there was consternation. Bomilcar, with 130 quinqueremes, quadriremes and triremes, had reached the promontory of Pachynus at the southeast corner of Sicily, only to turn back at sight of 100 Roman galleys standing out from Syracusae (TIME, Ides of Maius, 211 B.C.). Bomilcar said the wind had been against him. His fellow Carthaginians knew the coward had lost the last chance to break the flow of Roman strength where Scylla & Charybdis guard the narrow straits between Messana and Rhegium on the mainland.

The invasion of Sicily was not going too well. Himilco with his 25,000 men and twelve armored elephants still held Agrigentum, "the most beautiful city of mortals." But the Romans had taken Panormus (Palermo) and the legions had occupied Tauromenium (Taormina) in the shadow of Mt. Aetna, beneath whose massive weight Zeus had imprisoned the rebellious giants.

Then came couriers with shattering news: Syracusae had fallen to the Romans, and in the sack a maddened legionary had run his sword through Archimedes, greatest of mathematicians,* as he did geometry in the sand.

* It was Archimedes who rigged reflectors to focus the sun's rays on enemy ships in the harbor, causing them to burst into flames.

In the market place and in the great hall before the belching statue of Ba'al Hammon, whose appetite was for little babies, the reclining couch strategists of Carthago reasoned that the root of the failure lay in the refusal of the Hasdrubals, Hamilcars, Hannos and Himilcos to profit by the example of Daedalus. Imprisoned by Minos in the labyrinth in Crete, Daedalus had fixed wings to his shoulders with wax and flown to Sicily. Had the great Hannibal been home, instead of wandering about Italy hunting for legions to defeat, they assured one another, he would have known how to adapt the solo flight to military needs. He would have flown an army in. It was clearly the only way. Wiseacres added that a day would come.

Burning Isle

A U.S. airman, back again from Sicily with his medium bomber, relaxed at a dusty North African airdrome and sought words for the things he had seen.

"You get the impression," he said, "that the whole of Sicily is slowly burning up."

American, British, Canadian and South African airmen in Fortresses, Liberators, Wellingtons, Marauders, Mustangs, Spitfires and Warhawks created that impression. From North Africa, from Pantelleria, from Malta, Egypt and Libya, they flew over Sicily and Mother Italy, revealing to the enemy and to the world a perfected pattern of the new warfare.

In this warfare, bombs from planes, shells from ships and shells from artillery batteries often found the same targets. In this warfare, air power was one element in the larger, total power of air forces, navies

and armies. Yet, in this warfare, air power was free—free to be used as airmen willed and designed it. First in Spain, then in the early campaigns of World War II, the Germans had made an imperfect start in this warfare. Now, over Sicily and Italy, it was waged from the air with a might, diversity and cohesion which the Germans never approached.

The Far Targets. The system was developed in the African desert, and perfected in Libya and Tunisia, by the men who now directed its first use against Axis Europe.

These commanders and forces had only one duty: to strike where their blows would forward the invasion.

Naples, the Italian port and arms center 190 miles north of Sicily, was such a target, because from Naples flowed much Axis traffic to Sicily. Last week Fortresses and Wellingtons from Doolittle's command laid a belt of flame across Naples' docks, torpedo factory, arsenal and railway yards. In one series of attacks the Wellingtons struck by night, the Fortresses by day. In another and greater raid, ripped the heart of Naples.

From the separate but coordinated Middle East Air Command, Liberators crossed the Mediterranean and struck Naples, the airdromes of Foggia and the ferry terminal at Reggio Calabria, where supplies are shunted across the Strait of Messina to Sicily. To give the Italians more trouble, the Liberators set a forest ablaze with incendiary bombs. Middle Eastern Liberators also attacked the island itself, joining Fortresses and medium bombers from western Africa in a 24-hour raid on Messina, the Sicilian terminus of the ferry run. Night-bombing Wellingtons, and heavy, medium and fighter-bombers by day, kindled and rekindled the fires of Palermo, also an important port of entry for Axis supplies and reinforcements.

The twin-engined Beaufighters of Hugh Lloyd's coastal force hunted over the Tyrrhenian Sea between Sicily and Sardinia. In 24 hours they destroyed 20,000 tons of small shipping with torpedoes and bombs.

The Near Targets. In the flexible Allied air command, the Doolittle and Coningham forces often meshed for common operations. Thus a target of both was the railway system which threads Sicily's mountains and connects its ports, enabling the Axis to shift its reserve forces quickly.

The bombs on Messina and Palermo crippled that system. Coningham's medium bombers, light bombers and fighter-bombers struck its inner vitals—at Enna, Leonforte and Caltagirone, at the tunnels which pierce the Sicilian hills and offer rare opportunities to block the rail lines. By week's end the R.A.F. reported that the main line along the east coast from Messina to Catania had been blocked, the north Coastal railway from Palermo to Messina cut in one place, the winding

TIME, July 26, 1943



ARCHIMEDES' END
His were the first incendiaries.

BATTLE OF SICILY

line from Palermo across Sicily to Syracuse "destroyed."

Pilots in low-flying A-36 fighter-bombers, Lightnings, Warhawks and Spitfires sweated in the Mediterranean heat, ranging the dusty roads for troop convoys, tanks and artillery. Soon it seemed to them that they could find only the ruins of earlier attacks. ("Targets are becoming scarcer by the hour.") But there would be "targets of opportunity" until the last Axis force had surrendered.

The Air Line. As Allied troops seized Sicilian airdromes, Allied fighters moved in to be nearer the enemy. Bombers would follow later. The fighters had to have gasoline, ammunition and repairs as soon as they began to fly from the captured fields; at first the materials and men to keep the fighters flying had to be brought in by air. One of the most dangerous, most important and least noticed phases of combined warfare was this job of air supply. Said one of the younger pilots who did the job: "Here we go again. We move into the combat zone so damn fast that we feel like fighter pilots. The Jerries take off, then we land, then our fighters land and we gas them up. Why, sometimes we damn near gas the Jerries up."

The Enemy. The skies of Sicily and the Mediterranean belonged to the Allies, but this fact did not mean that the enemy was absent or impotent. In the first days German fighters and bombers repeatedly attacked the ships offshore and the beach-heads jammed with men and supplies (see p. 28). In the air Allied losses were low, and so was the bag of enemy planes: the Axis fighters avoided combat with Allied fighters when they could. But enemy ack-ack on Sicily was often concentrated and dangerous. Allied air supremacy was won and maintained by a gallantry all the more impressive because it was routine.

Two examples:

► The B-26 (Marauder) called *Hell's Belle* was on the run to its target when a burst of flak struck the plane. The bombardier was hit. A staff sergeant, serving both as radio operator and waist gunner, had his right leg nearly severed. The pilot shouted to the bombardier to forget the bombs, but he leaned over, dripping blood on his bombsight, and let them go. An Me-109 approached. The wounded sergeant dragged himself to his gun, shot down the Messerschmitt, then picked up a camera and photographed the crash. Two other gunners gave him a shot of morphine, put a tourniquet on his leg, nursed him safely back to base.

► Flak caught another B-26 over the same target, killed the pilot. His body fell forward and threw the ship out of control. The co-pilot, Flight Officer Stanley B. Farley Jr., lifted the pilot off the controls and pulled the plane out of a spin. The gunners were all wounded, but they crawled forward and dragged the



U.S. CONQUERORS & CONQUERED
Grandmothers abounded.

Associated Press

pilot's body out of Farley's way. He had never landed a B-26, a plane so "hot" on landing that many experienced pilots do not like to fly it. But Farley brought his B-26 in gently, drifting it in just fast enough to keep it from stalling. Afterward he said: "We all walked away, all that could walk after that flak. I guess that's all we could ask."

THE ENEMY

Friendly Isle

A U.S. mechanic stepped from a transport plane at a captured Sicilian airdrome, shouted to the others in his unit: "If you see any natives, just say 'Come state?' and they'll say 'Bene, Bene.'" His name was Italian, his parents, in America, were Italian, and he added: "I've got a grandmother somewhere around here."

An Italian soldier led three others into a U.S. army camp. In the exchange of names, the leader of the Italians recognized the Italian name of one of the American unit—until he was yanked from his new friends and imprisoned.

Correspondents found many stories of this sort. Whether by design or by the normal composition of many U.S. divisions, especially the 1st, there were enough Italian-Americans in the U.S. units to speed the *rapprochement* of invaders and invaded.

No Conquerors. Beside a captured airfield were two patches of tomatoes; the Italian owner proffered a bushel to the sweating engineers and airmen. Almost all the Italians encountered near this field

waved to the British and Americans, called "Good morning" in English. Some of the men saluted—not the Fascist salute, palm out, but the old-style salute, edge of hand against the forehead. But in some towns the old, wrinkled women in the doorways and the men and the young girls were sullen. Their towns had been bombed before the ground forces arrived.

To a British correspondent with the U.S. forces it seemed that "these people do not regard the Americans as conquerors at all. They regard them as authorities who have simply taken over from the Italians. They are at least not afraid."

AMGOT. Amid this human scene, in the fraction of Sicily first conquered, the British and U.S. Armies last week set up AMGOT—"The Allied Military Government of Occupied Territory." Here, presumably, was the pattern of military government to be applied elsewhere as Axis territory is taken. From the U.S. Army's School of Military Government at Charlottesville, Va., and from the older civil affairs service of the British Army, scores of officers had come to rule as long as Sicily was a military theater.

Titular head of AMGOT, more for prestige than for actual administration, was the Commander of the invading Fifteenth Army Group, British General Sir Harold R.L.G. Alexander. Functioning chief was an experienced British military administrator, Major General Lord Rennell of Rodd, who established the military government of Madagascar last year. His chief deputy was U.S. Brigadier General Frank J.

BATTLE OF SICILY

McSherry, an engineer who has been in the Army since 1917 and has been an executive in various war agencies since 1938. Also in Sicily was New York's ex-Governor, Lieut. Colonel Charles Poletti. A notable absentee: Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia.

Some of the first rules, as promulgated to the Sicilians:

► When found necessary, medical supplies and food for the destitute will be provided.

► Freedom of religious worship will be upheld and the position of the Catholic Church and all religious institutions will be respected.

► All laws which discriminate on the basis of race, color or creed will be annulled.

► Physical symbols of the culture of true Italy, buildings, libraries, monuments, archives and works of art will be protected from damage.

► Within military necessity, free press and free speech will be promulgated.

► Those accused of crimes against the Allies will be tried by Allied military courts under AMGOT.

► Exercise of the power of the crown of Italy shall be suspended during the period of military occupation.

► The Fascist Party will be dissolved. No negotiations will be carried on with "active" Fascists.

As it was first put into practice, the prohibitions against Fascist Party members had certain qualifications. Many municipal authorities, all of whom had to be at least nominal members of the Fascist Party, had promptly resigned from the Party when the invasion began. An AMGOT officer privately explained that many of these officials would keep their jobs. AMGOT had to have stable contacts with the local populations, he explained. In many towns Catholic priests dealt with AMGOT, in effect served as local officials. The treatment and recognition, if any, accorded to known anti-Fascists was not reported in last week's dispatches. In general, it was already clear that minor Fascists in Italy could take heart, that they would not necessarily be dispossessed or punished when the mainland is invaded.

The Time Has Come. Some Sicilians warned their visitors that *Fascismo* on the mainland was in much tighter control than it was on the island. If so, *Fascismo* in Italy was certainly worried. Fascist Editor Roberto Farinacci cried out against nincompoop generals and flabby dignitaries in the Mussolini hierarchy. The people were told that Germany could not spare planes or men for Italy from the Russian front. Mussolini extended the zone of military rule to the two southern provinces opposite Sicily.

At this mainland scene, shaken by bombings from the south and from Britain (see p. 33), President Roosevelt and

Prime Minister Churchill aimed a message:

"At this moment the combined armed forces . . . are carrying the war deep into the territory of your country. This is the direct consequence of the shameful leadership to which you have been subjected by Mussolini and his Fascist regime. . . . Mussolini plunged you into this war, which he thought Hitler had already won. The forces now opposed to you are pledged to destroy the power of Nazi Germany. . . . The sole hope for Italy's survival lies in honorable capitulation to the overwhelming power of the military forces of the United Nations. If you con-



Black Star

KESSELING
He risked just so many.

tinue to tolerate the Fascist regime, which serves the evil power of the Nazis, you must suffer the consequences of your own choice.

"We take no satisfaction in invading Italian soil. . . . But we are determined to destroy the false leaders and their doctrines, which have brought Italy to her present position. . . . The time has now come for you, the Italian people, to consult your own self-respect and your own interest and your own desire for a restoration of national dignity, security and peace. The time has come for you to decide whether Italians shall die for Mussolini and Hitler—or live for Italy and for civilization."

Or Never More. The Fascist Party's Secretary General Carlo Scorza promptly rejected this message. But he could not count on its rejection by the Italian people, he had to exhort them to spurn it. He tried to rally them, not to the bound sticks of Fascist heraldry, but to "the symbols of their millenary and everlasting

glory . . . the Catholic faith and the monarchy of Savoy." He tried to rouse them with a prediction—which was an admission of impending defeat in Sicily: "On the sacred soil of our adored fatherland," cried he, "we shall find more favorable conditions to gain victory. . . . Italians! It is today or never more."

Kesselring's Troubles

Somewhere in Italy last week a German did the best he could. The German was *Luftwaffe* Field Marshal & General Albert Kesselring, 58, a handsome Bavarian who once was jolly and charming, a soldier and airman who once was counted among the victors of history. He had directed the air actions against Poland, Holland and Belgium, commanded one of the fleets which bombed London. He was now commander of all Axis land, sea and air forces in the Mediterranean theater.

The chief thing that he did was negative. He, or his superiors in Berlin, refused to let Sicily be a second front. In Sicily the Germans risked just so many planes, so many tanks, so many German troops—probably no more than 10,000. Their total force was not enough to hold Sicily; it was enough only to harass and delay the invaders. But it was used with economy and considerable effect.

Allied air headquarters in North Africa reported that famed Baron Field Marshal Wolfram von Richthofen, a remote cousin of the World War I hero, had been sent to the Mediterranean to command Kesselring's air forces. The Allied statement said that Kesselring and Richthofen had quarreled before, suggested that they may be quarreling now.

Kesselring had more vital matters to concern him. He could not depend upon the Italians at home or those in the field under General Alfredo Guzzoni, commander in Sicily. On occasion the Italians fought fiercely, gave up only when further combat was hopeless. But when they surrendered, they surrendered in crowds. As in North Africa, Italian soldiers and officers hated the Germans. Soldiers complained that the Germans took all the food; Italian airmen, that the Germans took the good planes and hangars.

The Germans showed the same contempt for the Italians that they had displayed in Africa. But the Germans captured in Sicily were also angrily certain that their superiors had been caught without an adequate plan of defense. They complained that many of their unit commanders were no good. The German soldiers fought well, and their divisions as a whole put up a performance which Allied commanders will remember when they assess the German Army's ability to defend the continent. But in captivity the Germans had the sound of men who knew that they were condemned to sacrificial defense, in an area which their superiors had expected to lose.

TIME, July 26, 1943

How many FOOD RATION POINTS does Hotel Pennsylvania get?



MANY PEOPLE SEEM SURPRISED to learn that hotels, just like their own households, also come under point rationing.

As a matter of fact the Hotel Pennsylvania chef is allotted no more per person of the rationed foods for his thousands of hungry

guests than a housewife receives for her family.

The Hotel Pennsylvania chef and the housewife have a common problem—making the most of the foods available.

But we are not complaining!

Far from it—for we realize only too well that rationing is simply sharing. When you dine in one of the Hotel Pennsylvania dining rooms, you may not find just the dish you had hoped for. You *will* find a mighty appetizing assortment of delicious dishes prepared by chefs who consider food rationing a challenge to their skill and ingenuity.

One thing you won't find at Hotel Pennsylvania—and that is black-market food...

When top-quality provisions are not available in the legitimate markets, we will adopt the simple expedient of omitting them from the menu. We are sure our guests will go along with us in this matter.

The Statler Hotel in New York

Hotel PENNSYLVANIA

JAMES H. McCABE, General Manager

Opposite Pennsylvania Station

ROOMS AS LOW AS \$3.85

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

Holdout

Five little Governments in Exile—Belgium, Luxembourg, Czecho-Slovakia, The Netherlands and Yugoslavia—have recognized the French Committee of National Liberation as representing France. Last week there was evidence that Russia was prepared to follow their example, that Great Britain and China were considering recognition. Only the U.S. held out. Said President Roosevelt in a Bastille Day message to the French: "In the freedom of tomorrow the French people . . . will regain their liberties in setting up a government of their own choice."

FRANCE

Gaullism and Realism

In the absence of General Henri Giraud, who was returning to North Africa via Canada and Britain, the Committee of Liberation in Algiers operated with notable unity. It cleaned house in the French military and naval hierarchy. This reform had been agreed upon by General Giraud and General Charles de Gaulle, but the tempo and tone of the reform were Gaullist, not Giraudist. The Committee:

► Ousted General Jean Marie Joseph Bergeret, who had been attached to the air force in West Africa. General Bergeret had been a negotiator of the Compiègne Armistice, Vichy Minister of Air, and Commander of the North African Air Force under General Giraud. He ranked after Marcel Peyrouton, Auguste Noguès and Pierre Boisson on the Gaullist black list of ex-collaborators.

► Removed from power General René Jacques Adolphe Prioux and Vice Admiral Frix Michelier, who had formerly been General Giraud's Army and Navy Chiefs of Staff. They, too, had been ardent supporters of the Pétain regime.

► Drew up a list of "150 generals and 30 admirals" and decided on "immediate steps to withdraw their commands." This was a blow at the phalanx of officers who scurried from Occupied France to North Africa to save their privileges and pensions in Giraud's shadow.

An Answer. One week after the U.S. President had said "There is no France," De Gaulle spoke up. On the first Bastille Day celebrated in Algiers since 1939, the man who symbolizes French resistance declared:

"Certain great minds abroad have thought that the military actions of our forces could be separated from the feelings and determination of our people. . . . These 'realists' know nothing about realities. . . .

"Our country is united for war. But it is united also for its renovation. . . . France is not a 'Sleeping Beauty' to be softly awakened by the Prince Charming of lib-

eration. France is a captive who has once and for all gauged the causes of her misfortunes under the blows inflicted on her in the solitude of her cell. . . .

"Frenchmen wish their affairs to be arranged properly and they do not mean to emerge from the war only to plunge again into civil struggles. . . . When it comes to a fight between the people and the Bastille, it is always the Bastille that ends by being in the wrong."

More Unity

In Chungking, where Fighting France and Vichy France maintained separate diplomatic posts, the Vichy French last week proclaimed their allegiance to the Committee of Liberation at Algiers, turned over the French fleet in China waters (one gunboat) to the Fighting French.

JAPAN

"On to Delhi!"

The pattern grew plainer. Japan was directing every facet of psychological warfare toward the detachment of India from the United Nations' camp. Since March the Jap has been dangling pseudo-independence before one unit after another in her Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. Nanking was first. Burma and the Philippines heard about their good luck in June. This month Thailand received chunks of territory transferred from the Malay States as an earnest of better things to come (TIME, July 12). With every move, Tokyo Radio beamed long accounts, in English, at India.

Back in Tokyo from a fortnight's flight through Greater East Asia, Premier Hideki Tojo last week announced that the entire Co-Prosperity Sphere "understands Nippon's true intentions and is concentrating full efforts to destroy the Anglo-American powers."

Best sample of "understanding" came from Singapore, where the renegade Indian nationalist, Subhas Chandra Bose, addressed the nucleus of what he hopes will become an Indian "army of liberation." Said the ubiquitous Bose: "When France declared war on Germany, the cry on every German soldier's lips was 'On to Paris!' When the brave soldiers of Nippon set out in December 1941, the cry was: 'On to Singapore!' Comrades, let your cry be 'On to Delhi!'" Noting that India lacks an army of her own, Bose added: "George Washington had an army when he won freedom. Garibaldi had an army when he liberated Italy. Follow me, in darkness and in sunshine, in sorrow and in joy. . . . I shall lead you to victory and freedom."

GREAT BRITAIN

My Eye and Betty Martin

Colonial Secretary Oliver Stanley reached out a cautious leg in the House of Commons last week to foot a ball President Roosevelt had booted his way nine months before. Britain, he said, had decided to convert her colonial empire into a cooperative empire—but it will be an empire still. Oliver Stanley's words were a quieter echo of Churchill's growl



FRENCH POSTER

Last year a Vichy French film on sheep migration drew full houses everywhere. Too late, Vichy discovered why: a thoughtful employe had selected this scene to advertise the film. Many another thoughtful Frenchman saw allegory in the asses leading the sheep where the master directs.



Some heartening facts about Cancer

ALL OVER the country, medical science is waging an intensive battle against cancer.

What progress is being made? Are more lives now being saved?

The answer is "Yes!" The proof is to be found in the growing thousands of patients who have been cured of cancer and who literally have new leases on life.

Although it is now generally recognized that cancer is curable, medical men would like to impress the public with one important point:

The chances of cure depend directly upon how early the disease is recognized and treatment begun. Cancer, in the beginning, is a local disease, confined to a small area. If not treated, it spreads until cure is very difficult, if not impossible.

Doctors know that people often delay examination of a suspicious symptom through a tendency to "wait and see." If you are one of these, or if there is such a person among your family or friends, your own peace of mind calls for an immediate examination. Encouragingly enough, authorities tell us that only a

comparatively small percentage of such symptoms prove to be cancers upon examination. This is borne out by the following report of a leading cancer clinic...

Of several hundred women who applied for examination because they had suspicious symptoms and suspected cancer, only 11½%, or slightly more than one in ten, actually had the disease. Imagine the relief of the other 88½% who learned that they did not have cancer!

Thus, the symptoms which rightly cause people to think that they may have cancer do not *always* mean that cancer is present. However, they usually do indicate that something is wrong which needs medical attention. The difference can be determined only by a careful examination. It is always best to play safe. The presence of any of the following symptoms warrants an immediate visit to the doctor...

- 1. Any unusual lump or thickening, especially in the breast.**
- 2. Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.**

3. Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.

4. Persistent indigestion, often accompanied by loss of weight.

5. Noticeable changes in the form, size, or color of a mole or wart.

6. Any persistent change from the normal action of elimination.

The tremendous strides which medical science has made in treating cancer will become even greater as each of us *fights cancer with knowledge*. Metropolitan will send you upon request a free booklet, 83-Q, "A Message of Hope about Cancer."

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75th ANNIVERSARY—1868-1943

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last Armistice Day: "I did not become the King's First Minister in order to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire." Changes in the Empire, it was clear, would have to be gradual.

Proposal. President Roosevelt had casually mentioned at a press conference last October his belief that the time had come to weld the islands of the Caribbean into an economic team. He added quickly that sovereignty would remain unchanged, suggested instead an international trusteeship for which the new Anglo-American Caribbean Commission might serve as a model, implied that if the experiment was a success the pattern might replace the battered mandate system throughout the colonial world. He spoke of studies going on to extend the franchise, overhaul the social and educational system, lift the economic level, encourage self-sufficiency.

Disposal. There were signs during the following months that the signal had been heard, but not until last week did H.M.'s Secretary for Colonies signal his readiness to play. Stanley announced that international commissions, on the model of the Caribbean Commission, would be estab-

lished, comprising states with major strategic or economic interests in the region, "to provide effective and permanent machinery for consultation and collaboration [and] to promote the well-being of the colonial territories . . . though each state would remain responsible for the administration of its own territory."

The twin pillars of a sound colonial policy, Colonel Stanley observed weightily, are "educational advance and economic development." To strengthen the first pillar, he proposed to set up 30 annual two-year scholarships for promising colonials. To stiffen the second, he recommended fostering "secondary industries [for] processing native products [and] simple manufacturing, not requiring the import of large quantities of raw materials . . . to make the colonies self-supporting." However, Britain would still draw semi-finished goods from the colonies for her specialized industries.

If the new policy had little to do with colonial freedom, it at least kicked the ball toward a limited form of native self-sufficiency in place of time-honored absentee exploitation. How soon the ball might stop rolling was reflected in the

criticism of Sir Richard Acland, leader of the Common Wealth Party. Said he: "Until we end [the hold of vested interests in the colonies] it is all my eye and Betty Martin to talk about developments in the interest of the colonial natives."

Doubts and Fears

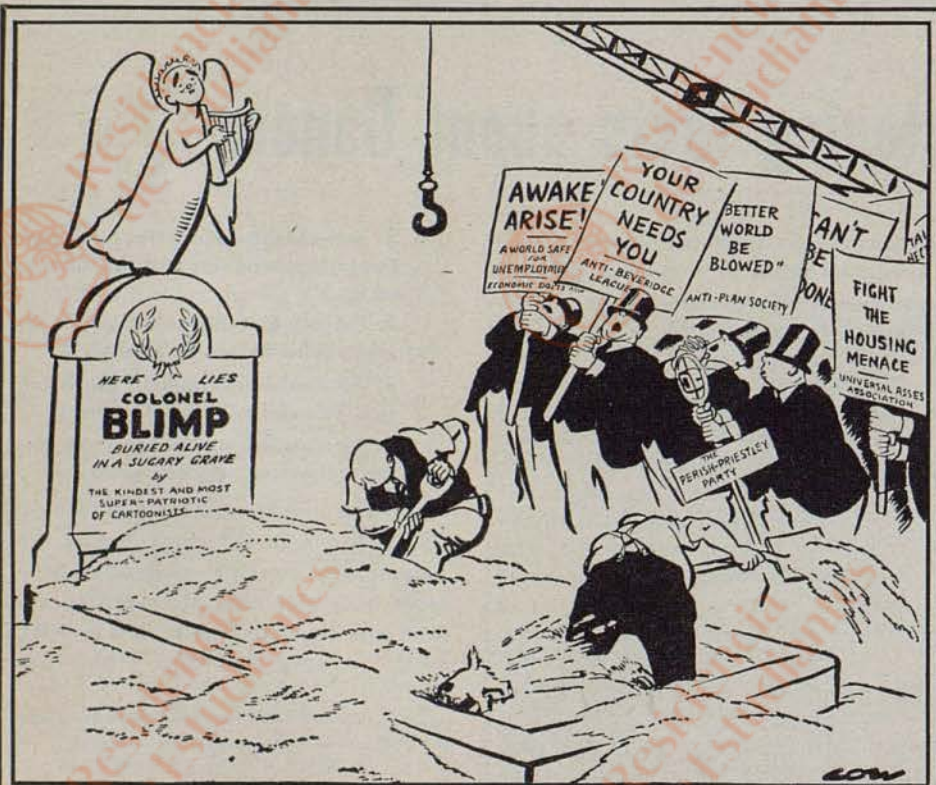
In the House of Commons last week a new subject came up for Anglo-U.S. debate: postwar merchant shipping. Laborite Emanuel Shinwell began it by announcing that Britain started the war with 20 million tons of shipping, would end it with no more than 9 million. He believed that the U.S. would probably begin peacetime shipping competition with between 15 and 30 million tons. To "Manny" Shinwell things to come were clear:

"We shall be supreme no longer at the close of the war. The ball has passed to the United States. . . . I am all in favor of international cooperation, but we are not speaking in terms of idealism. We must be realistic. . . . Is it suggested that there will be international shipping control at the close of the war? . . . Is it suggested that there will be Anglo-American shipping control? . . . There is no evidence that there is any desire on the part of those associated either with the American Maritime Commission or American industry for anything of that sort."

Emanuel Shinwell then voiced the concern of many a Briton: "We are not speaking of the America of President Roosevelt or the America of Mr. Henry Wallace. . . . We are dealing with the America of big business, the America of Wall Street, of those who believe that they can use the huge reserves of the United States to adopt an investment policy all over the world and to enable their shipping facilities to respond to that policy."

Up spoke Sir Arthur Salter, Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of War Transport: "There have been two periods in this war when the shipping situation was so serious as to threaten the whole issue of the war. Twice the balance was restored, and, to use a transatlantic phrase, twice we have got out from the red by the efforts of the United States of America."

If there was to be shipping competition between the U.S. and Britain in the peace, Sir Arthur was not afraid. "The share of the world's shipping business will not depend solely upon the amount of tonnage that happens to be under the flag of the different countries at the time when peace comes. It will depend on the competitive cost of building and the competitive cost of operations as well as on the policy of the different governments with regard to support and subsidy, and the general framework of international trade and agreement in other spheres. That being so, we shall take advantage of lower cost of production and lower cost of operation. . . ."



Low-London Evening Standard

BLIMP REDIVIVUS

When Britain's longest, costliest film, *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp* (TIME, June 21), deftly converted Cartoonist David Low's pompous, potbellied muddler into a kindly, lovable, even witty old gentleman, and then disposed of him, Low fans in Britain and abroad wondered how long their idol would let Blimp r.i.p. Answer: a fortnight. Reason for the *Resurrection*: British officialdom viewed the film, decreed it unfit for export on the grounds that to show an enterprising young officer cheating by starting a war six hours ahead of schedule might lead the world to think H.M. Government countenanced what the Japs did at Pearl Harbor. Gad, Sir, we can't have that.



SPIES' MEETING PLACE... To get evidence that will convict, investigators may conceal a Ciné-Kodak in an adjacent room, make thousands of feet of movies of such "business conferences" as that shown here.

How the Ciné-Kodak is sound-proofed and arranged to "see" through an innocent-looking wall... and other photographic details necessary for satisfactory results... can't be told now.



A CASUAL LETTER loses its "innocence" when a Kodak film, with the aid of ultraviolet rays, discloses the real message—in invisible ink.



BURNING an incriminating document no longer safeguards an enemy agent—Kodak Infrared Film makes fragments of charred paper readable.

"*SECRET AGENTS*" not so Secret to Kodak's special-purpose films

"MUGGING" the criminal—taking his picture "full figure, full face, and profile"—is the widest use of photography by the police. That's useful—after he's caught.

But first, catch him... be sure he's the wanted man... get evidence no jury can question... these are counter-espionage activities which photography has made an exact science.

A jury will believe what it sees with its own eyes. Photography makes this possible. Cameras are often on the alert near the meeting places of suspected enemy agents—even their "casual" meetings on the street.

Kodak special-purpose films find unseen fingerprints on surfaces

dusted with a fluorescent powder... unseen chemical erasures, or bloodstains on cloth, when illuminated by infrared or ultraviolet rays... tell-tale differences in ink, or ink strokes, on a document which has been tampered with... can even photograph a man in absolute darkness, with the aid of invisible infrared "light."

And photography isn't finished with the enemy agent when he's trapped. Through Kodak's *Recordak System*, the "records"... photographs, fingerprints, and police history... of 3,000 criminals can be condensed on one small roll of 16-mm. film—for future reference... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Serving human progress through Photography



What whiskey is so
supremely fine that it has
come to be associated with
Nature's loveliest flower...
the Gardenia?



ANSWER:

PM DE LUXE

Always remember that PM means in
whiskies what the gardenia means
in flowers... perfection!



RYE OR
BOURBON

CANADA

Mackenzie King Complains

In Canada's House of Commons last week Prime Minister William Lyon King aired a grievance against the U.S. and Britain. Diplomatically but to the point, he found fault with London and Washington "security precautions" which: 1) prohibited him from making announcements occasionally on the progress of the war; 2) failed to single out and credit Canadian forces when credit was due. Canada and smaller countries, he suggested, might get a news break now & then.

The Prime Minister's complaint was one of long standing. It went back to the British War Office's old prejudice against identifying military units smaller than armies or corps. The immediate cause of the Mackenzie King discontent was the procedure in announcing the invasion of Sicily. Told of the action the day it started, Canada's Prime Minister was requested to withhold any personal announcement about Canadian participation until midnight of the second day.

Irrked, he called the Canadian Legation in Washington, asked Minister Counselor Leslie Bowles Pearson to appeal to President Roosevelt. President Roosevelt saw his point. Washington's first communiqué was revised from "Anglo-American" forces to mention "Canadian, British and U.S." forces. Canadian troops, said Mackenzie King, "are entitled to equality in all statements . . . made in reference to military service." The House of Commons cheered. Canadian troops are now mentioned in communiqués from Sicily.

POLAND

New Cabinet, Old Talk

A new Polish Government in Exile was announced in London last week by President Wladyslaw Raczkiewicz. It was somewhat to the left of the government of General Wladyslaw Sikorski. The new Premier: Peasant Leader Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, no surprise. New Foreign Minister: Tadeusz Romer, quite a surprise.

Tadeusz Romer is a career diplomat who knows how to get on with any government. As Polish Ambassador to Japan until Pearl Harbor, he got on so well with the Japanese that he was able to get clothes, money and passage for Polish refugees stranded in Japan. As Ambassador to Russia, until the Russians broke relations with the Polish Government in Exile, he earned the trust and respect of Soviet leaders.

To the Soviet Union, Prime Minister Mikolajczyk tossed this bid for a reconciliation: "The sincere wish of the new Polish Government [is] that relations with Russia be re-established." But in his first official interview he let drop a remark which must have ruffled Russia anew. Instead of ignoring a correspondent's ques-

tion asking whether Poland favored the restoration of the Baltic States, Mikolajczyk replied: "I can say that no Pole could remain indifferent to the aspirations of any country seeking independence."

In Russia last week the Polish Kosciuszko Division was displayed to foreign correspondents. Some of its officers & men were Poles who refused to leave the Soviet Union with General Wladyslaw Anders' Polish armies last year. Its equip-



TADEUSZ ROMER
Quite a surprise.

ment was brand-new—all-Russian except for a few jeeps and U.S. trucks. Many companies were armed entirely with automatic weapons. The division's estimated fire power: seven times that of the Polish division of 1939.

Cabled New York Times Correspondent Alexander Werth: "The unity of interests of Russia and Poland was emphasized in everything."

ARGENTINA

Toward a Total State

President Pedro Ramirez' tight little military oligarchy disbanded 13 civilian organizations last week. One was a United Nations bandage-wrapping society, another a German culture club, still another a youth movement that hated both Nazis and Communists but loved the British.

The people of Argentina were getting the idea. As civilians they were to do nothing to show favor toward either side in the war—not even talk. And with the idea came a growing realization that Ramirez and his clique of generals and admirals*

* One admiral Vice President Sabá Hector Sueyro, lifelong friend of Ramirez, died of stomach ulcers last week.

were remodeling Argentina along well-tested totalitarian lines. In six weeks the Government had:

- ▶ Dissolved Congress;
- ▶ Called off the September Presidential election;
- ▶ Banned political meetings;
- ▶ Cut the word "provisional" from the term "provisional government";
- ▶ Appointed new governors to all states;
- ▶ Taken control of radio broadcasting, transportation services, financial and commercial associations, food distribution organizations, civil aviation and some textile mills.

Now it was unlawful for the women of the *Junta de la Victoria* to meet and knit sweaters. The General Confederation of Labor (150,000 members), Argentine equivalent of the A.F. of L., was disbanded. Charge: "Communist infiltration."

Although Ramirez said, upon assuming control, that he would give the government back to the politicians when it was cleaned up, that day seemed more remote than it had a month ago. To offset discontent over restrictions on freedom of speech, assembly and press, the Government rolled back rents, set certain price ceilings and exposed some graft in the deposed Castillo regime.

As for neutrality, the Ramirez government sat tight.

MARTINIQUE

After Three Years

On Bastille Day the little bastille in the Caribbean fell. All next day and into the night the *Martiniquais*, white & black, celebrated. They skipped and danced along the moonlit, mountain-girt water front of Fort-de-France. In shrill Martinique accents they sang the *Marseillaise*, cheered the new High Commissioner sent by the French Committee of Liberation, Henriette Hoppenot, and cursed the departing ruler, Vichyite Admiral Georges Robert. Offshore U.S. freighters, the first in eight months, waited to unload food for the hungry islanders, fuel for autos running on 8% gasoline, 92% rum.

A revolt of Martinique's tiny army garrison, capping the U.S. blockade, forced Admiral Robert to capitulate, swung the island into the United Nations camp. For three stubborn years goateed Georges Robert had ruled as a sybaritic despot. He had screamed at his underlings, plucked roses in his garden, aired his Anglophobia, played the island's strategic position, idle warships and hoarded gold against U.S. pressure. Now he refused utterly to deal with the Committee of Liberation. Said Henri Hoppenot: the Admiral was in a "tragic frame of mind . . . suffering from a Messianic complex and retaining a fanatic loyalty to Pétain." From Martinique Georges Robert went into exile in U.S. Puerto Rico, under the protection of the U.S. Navy.



TAKE A "STAY PUT" VACATION IN MINNESOTA

QUESTION: Is it patriotic to take a vacation this summer?

ANSWER: *Certainly it is! In fact Government officials recommend taking the right kind of a vacation.*

QUESTION: What is the right kind of vacation?

ANSWER: *One that minimizes the use of critical materials and vital transportation in reaching vacation spots . . . and the kind of vacation that will build you up and renew your energy for war work.*

QUESTION: What type of transportation shall I use?

ANSWER: *When the distance is not too great, travel by motor car, if your A Card ration permits . . . and use B and C cards only as authorized. Use trains or busses sparingly on week ends. Cooperate with the efforts of your Government to maintain war transportation schedules.*

Of course, you can take a vacation. You probably need one more than you ever did in your life. Select a cabin in the woods. *Stay put!* Fish, canoe, sail and swim in the sky-blue waters of a Minnesota lake. This way you are not using critical war transportation, but you are getting that much-needed change and rest. Let us help you pick that ideal vacation spot in the Land of 10,000 Lakes.

Write now for the free illustrated booklet, *Minnesota Official Resort Guide*, Address Dept. T-8, Minnesota Tourist Bureau State Capitol, St. Paul, Minnesota.

MINNESOTA

LAND OF 10,000 LAKES

Crapologist

Crapshooting was under solemn investigation last week by Psychologist Joseph Banks Rhine of Duke University. Dr. Rhine's theory that man has Extra-Sensory Perception, and his game of naming hidden cards, became a prewar fad (TIME, June 13, 1938). It seemed possible that Rhine's work with craps might add to that sport's already numerous fascinations.

For the last nine years Rhine has kept a small group of followers shooting craps to prove "the dominance of mind over matter." Convinced that mind can at least dominate dice, he has given his theory a scientific name, PK (psychokinesis),

scored 77 hits above chance in 3,600 tries.

The result which put the biggest crimp in Rhine's theory (and which he makes no attempt to explain) is that, though his crapshooters did not try to throw sevens, sevens also came up more often than could be accounted for by chance.

Down With the Plow

One of the most revolutionary ideas in agricultural history last week had the general approval of U.S. Department of Agriculture officials. The idea: that the plow is a great enemy of man.

Chief exponent of this theory is an Ohio experimental farmer named Edward H. Faulkner. He believes that plowing is



A. A. Wilkinson

RHINE ON THE WATCH

He believes that dice are dominated at Duke.

and published his evidence in the *Journal of Parapsychology*, a Rhine house organ for E.S.P.

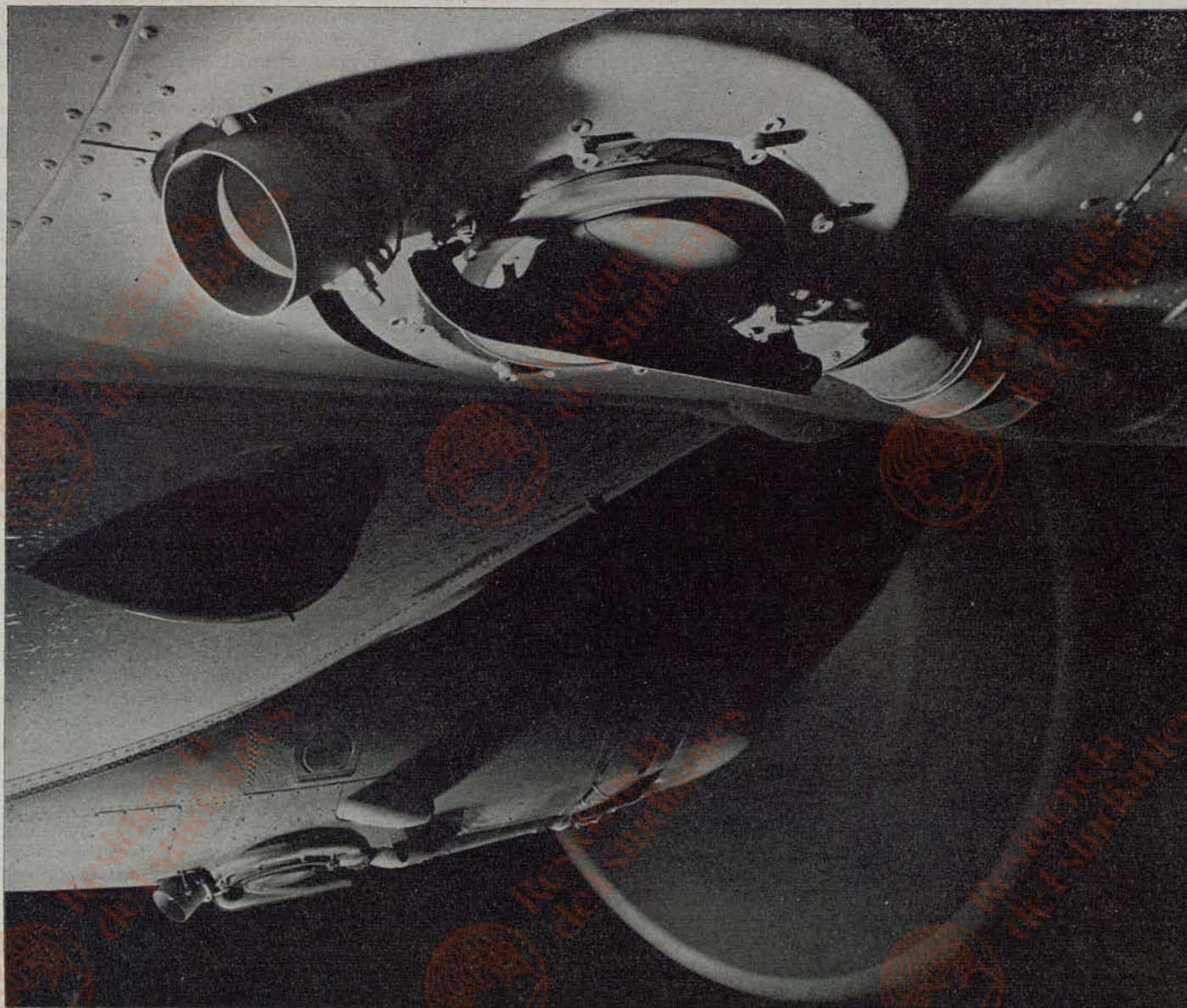
Rhine's experiments attempted to discover whether a crapshooter's "Come seven, come eleven!" and other cabalistic cries really have any effect. Rhine's assistants eagerly concentrated on trying to throw high numbers (eight or above) or low numbers (six or below) at will. Results were recorded in "runs" of twelve throws each; the object was to get better than five hits (par according to chance) in a run.

Bewildering Bones. The results, reports Rhine, "were strange and startling." One group of 25 crapshooters, in 562 runs (6,744 throws), got 3,110 hits, or 300 better than par; according to Rhine, the odds against such a result happening by chance are trillions to one. In another test, a woman threw nearly a thousand runs, wound up with 382 hits above par. In still another, a woman performing under the supervision of her husband

responsible for erosion and most other ills of the U.S. soil. He tested his theory by using a cultivation method of his own: instead of plowing he disk-harrowed the soil and planted his crops in the chopped-up surface stubble, weeds and debris. His harvest was astonishing. Many a farmer who reads his newly published report (*Plowman's Folly*; University of Oklahoma Press; \$2) may be tempted never to plow again.

A Kentucky farmer's son, longtime county agent and agricultural teacher, Faulkner for 25 years has badgered farmers to tell him why they plow, claims that he never got an answer that made scientific sense. Most farmers plow, he concludes, mainly because they like to. Why is it, Faulkner asks, that when crops in a plowed field become parched and yellow, the weeds in unplowed adjoining fence-rows still grow lush and green? Why do plants in meadows and forests grow prodigiously without cultivation? Because, answers Faulkner, they are fed

TIME, July 26, 1943



Buy War Bonds and Stamps

Key to high heavens

No one knows yet how high a Boeing Flying Fortress* can go. Its ceiling has never been attained . . . though this great battleship of the skies has penetrated far into the blue, mysterious reaches of the stratosphere.

But what is known is that the Fortress performs in some respects even better 7 miles up than it does at sea-level!

And this is not only an outstanding aeronautical achievement, but a deadly blow to Axis nations whose military installations can be precision-bombed by airplanes so high they're not even visible from the earth below.

One key to the Fortress' stratosphere performance is the turbo-supercharger you see above. Working with General Electric, its originator, Boeing developed the first practical multi-engine installation for this remarkable instrument.

Numerous problems had to be solved. To cite just one: In supercharging, you compress and force into the engines vast quantities of air. This compressing generates great heat—up to 250 degrees. Thus, even though stratosphere temperatures range downward from 67 below zero, one of Boeing's major problems was to develop a method of cooling the air

for the engines . . . 26,000 cubic feet of it a minute, or just about the cubic content of an average-size home.

Without supercharging, an engine loses three-fourths of its power at 35,000 feet. Flying Fortress performance—near 100% at that altitude—is striking testimony to the engineering ability which solves such problems!

Boeing engineering embraces more than 25 distinct fields, so diverse as refrigeration, aerodynamics and metallurgy. Tomorrow you can look to Boeing to bring you interesting new products of unusual merit . . . and can be sure that anything "Built by Boeing" is bound to be good.

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and protected by decaying plants on the surface of the soil. Plowing buries this organic material beyond the reach of most roots. Besides depriving the new crop of food, the buried vegetation forms a blotter that soaks up moisture from above and below, draws it away from the surface, where it is needed.

The result, Faulkner points out, is to render the bare soil a ready prey to drought or erosion by rain. Appalled at the damage done by the moldboard plow during its 200-year history, Faulkner observes that with all their machinery U.S. farmers get less yield per acre than Chinese peasants.

Fruitful Trash. Faulkner rented a farm and conducted a serious test. He grew a thick cover crop of rye, harrowed it in, planted in a surface that looked more like a trash pile than soil. He used no commercial fertilizer, no insecticides. He shocked neighboring farmers by his unorthodox method of planting tomatoes: he simply laid each plant on top of the packed soil and threw a little dirt on its roots. Within 24 hours every plant stood up straight. The source of this idea was an old textbook picture of a seedbed. Faulkner noticed that while the seedbed was dry, a heelprint in it looked moist; from this he developed his theory that the soil's capillarity (its ability to draw moisture from below) is improved if it is packed rather than loose.

Faulkner's neighbors were still more amazed when they saw the fruit of these monkeyshines. Faulkner's tomatoes, heavier than average, brought premium prices; he grew sweet potatoes in two months instead of the normal four; he harvested five pickings of beans instead of the usual one or two.

Bearded Soil. Farmer Faulkner is sure, on the basis of these results, that abandonment of the moldboard plow would result in immensely richer crops—without artificial fertilizer, lime, insecticides or even cultivating. His method, says he, would ultimately conquer insects (because bugs would find the crops less tasty) and weeds (because they would be killed off as they came up; weed seeds would not be buried and stored for future trouble, as they are by the plow). To the anticipated objection by most farmers that Faulkner's "bearded" soil would be harder to handle than clean plowed land, Faulkner replies: let machinery makers develop new devices to do the job.

Last week the top U.S. soil expert, Soil Conservation Director Hugh Hammond Bennett, saluted Faulkner. Bennett pointed out that some pioneering farmers (notably United Fruit Co. and some Cuban sugar-cane growers) have long used a system of cultivation like Faulkner's, called "stubble mulch." The moldboard plow, agreed Bennett, is doomed, except for some special crops and uses.

In its stead, the Department of Agriculture urges farmers to practice "subsurface tillage"—a method using new machinery that cuts off weeds below the surface, leaves the soil with a fertile beard.

Congressional Medal of—HONOR?

Tonight mothers are holding the horrible telegrams saying their sons have died for their country, in ghastly pain, in far-off, lonely places.

Tonight the newspapers tell of strife and strikes, of political "deals", of ranting demagogues and false leaders, of crowded night clubs, black markets, *greed*.

It is easy to ask ten million American boys to show the ultimate in physical courage. The best that those of us left at home can do is to show *moral* courage—the courage to forget all private gain and selfish power for the victory of America.

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AMERICAN WINE CO • ST. LOUIS

CINEMA

New Picture

Hi Diddle Diddle (United Artists). Cinemaddicts who may have gambled away \$50,000 at cards will learn from this rampagous farce that the way to make good their losses is to fix a roulette wheel and break the bank for \$228,000. Luckless loser in *Hi Diddle Diddle* is birdbrained Mrs. Prescott (Billie Burke) who claims she has disposed of the family fortune just as her daughter Janie (Martha Scott) is about to marry a sailor, Sonny Phylfe (Dennis O'Keefe). Father Phylfe (Adolphe Menjou) is the raffish Samaritan deputed to recoup Mrs. Prescott's family fortune by breaking the bank at a gambling casino.



were painted red. "My God," cried Menjou, who had never seen such a thing before, "you're bleeding!" Pola believes she also introduced another fashion to Hollywood: the white face.

\$55 Panties. Last time Pola looked anemic was in 1941, when she left behind her 18 lb., all her money, in then-Unoccupied France, promptly fled to the U.S. She was met by a seven-year-old bill from Manhattan's de luxe Hotel Ambassador. The bill (\$2,500) represented the unpaid balance of \$8,500 which Pola had run up for cash advances (upwards of \$4,500), flowers, beauty-parlor charges, drugs, telegrams, phone calls, etc. But hotel bills were not all. She was also being dunned



Culver
NEGRI & MENJOU (1924); MENJOU & NEGRI (1943)
Her toenails first attracted his attention.

His torch-singing accomplice is Gypsy Rose Lee's little sister, June Havoc. The comedy is also complicated by Cinemactor Menjou's love life and the fact that each new crisis keeps postponing Sailor Phylfe's shore leave until all that is left for his honeymoon is a matter of minutes.

All this is good fast farce, well cast, well acted. But highlight of *Hi Diddle Diddle* is the return to the U.S. movies, in a comedy role, of Pola Negri, fabulous vamp of the Rudolph Valentino era. Cinemactress Negri plays a Wagnerian diva (the soprano voice is dubbed in) married to Adolphe Menjou. Clothed in sumptuous black & white, Pola is as vivacious and comely in comedy as she was as a glamor girl. Slapstick permits her to be as violent as ever. When her accompanist in the picture accuses her of "bellowing like a cow," the temperamental tigress fetches him a slap in the puss. When somebody urges her not to become violent over Cinemactor Menjou's alleged infidelities, she cries: "Violent! I'll show you how to be violent"—and launches into an aria from *Tannhäuser*.

When Pola Negri and Adolphe Menjou met 20 years ago on a California set, he was attracted by her toenails. They

for \$1,705.30 by Couturière Hattie Carnegie, Inc. for purchases which included \$10 handkerchiefs, \$425 white satin dresses, a two-piece chiffon lace chemise and panties costing \$55. To her creditors Pola simply explained that she had no cash, no jewels, no furniture, and that the last movie she had made was in Berlin in 1938. Since then she had not earned "one cent."

Pola Negri, née Apollonia Chalupec,* is reported to have been born in 1) Bromberg; 2) Yanowa; 3) Lipno. She was almost certainly born in Poland. Less certain is her birth year—which is variously given anywhere from 1897 to 1899. According to Pola it is 1903. Her father, George Chalupec, is reported to have been a gypsy, a Polish fabric merchant, a wealthy Hungarian farmer who died in 1905, was shipped to Siberia for taking part in the Russian Revolution of 1905, was abandoned by his Polish wife and daughter, killed by Cossacks.

Slave of the Senses. Pola's first starring role was in *Love and Passion* (or *Slave of the Senses*), which she wrote, directed, and produced herself with a secondhand movie camera in her own Warsaw apart-
* Pola called herself Negri after Italian Poetess Ada Negri, a girlhood idol.

Horsepower Wins Wars



Chrysler marine engines—sturdy, powerful, reliable—are making good where victory and men's lives are the stake.

RAPID movement of men, munitions, weapons and supplies is essential to victory in a mechanized war. This is a struggle for horsepower and manpower.



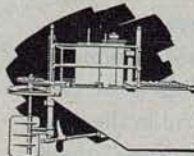
Chrysler Fire Pumper

One of the biggest items in the Chrysler Division's great war production program is horsepower—engines, engines and more engines. Chrysler marine engines in a large variety of war-time uses are enhancing the reputation that they made in civilian service. They are driving commando barges, landing barges, personnel boats, patrol boats, picket boats and many

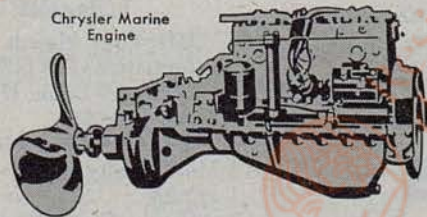
other types of small boats used in Naval or Military operations.

Regardless of the type of work demanded of them, Chrysler marine engines are proving their worth—the natural result of Chrysler's unequalled engineering genius in design and high precision in manufacture. They are taking all

kinds of punishment on the seven seas. Their Superfinished bearing surfaces insure long life, smooth performance and the fuel economy that is such an important factor when operating in foreign waters far from the



Chrysler Marine Tractor



Chrysler Marine Engine

sources of supply. In a war in which transportation efficiency is a larger and more important factor than ever before in history, they are making good even beyond the Government's exacting requirements.

Not only with the marine type but with industrial, automobile and tank engines as well, the Chrysler Division is bringing its tremendous productive capacity to bear on the victory effort.



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"SICK BAY" — that's what they call the hospital aboard a U. S. battleship. There a sailor receives modern medical care in sickness — has his honorable wounds treated with the most scientific skill.

A lot of Kendall products serve in the sick bay. Things like Kendall's absorbent cotton, surgical gauze, and bandages. Even the fabric that backs the crisp naval insignia on the sleeve of the pharmacist's mate is made by Kendall.

Kendall's many mills are supplying hundreds of vital essentials that are quietly doing a job on every fighting front — as well as on the home

front. Of this huge flow of goods, many are "all" Kendall, others are "part" Kendall. They cover an astonishing range: from powder puffs to curtains . . . corsets to uniforms . . . headnets to diapers.

Kendall has long laid exceptional stress on research. This is of great assistance in wartime and in the practical planning of peacetime operations. . . . If you use textiles in your business as an item of manufacture or supply, perhaps Kendall can assist you in developing the right fabric or finish. . . . KENDALL MILLS, Division of The Kendall Company, Walpole, Massachusetts.

KENDALL MILLS

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

ment. Pola claims that the picture so interested Max Reinhardt that he brought her to Germany in 1917. She achieved stardom overnight in *Carmen* and *Passion* (with Emil Jannings).

When *Passion*, the story of Madame Du Barry, broke box-office records in Manhattan in 1922, Pola crossed the Atlantic, was met at the boat by Adolph Zukor with a police escort, bands, flowers, photographers. Zukor ordered a dinner for 300, liquor for \$5,200. In Hollywood, Pola's fame as a vamp grew with *Forbidden Paradise*, in which she played with Adolphe Menjou (see cut). In six years Pola played in 21 pictures, rose to \$300,000 for a single picture.

Hitler Wept. Pola has married only twice.* She wraps her romances in mystery by carefully concealing her fiancés' names, carefully dropping hints as to their nationalities, professions, wealth, renown. Rich and renowned men to whom Pola has been rumored engaged: Chicago Millionaire Harold F. McCormick, British Millionaire Lieut. Commander Glen Kidston, Cinema idols Rudolph Valentino, Charlie Chaplin. Most renowned man with whom Pola's name has been linked is Adolf Hitler (TIME, April 26, 1937). This most sensational of rumors about Pola hit the headlines over half of Europe, is said to have made the Führer weep. Goebbels thought she was Jewish. Hitler had Pola's ancestry investigated, proved her "Polish and therefore Aryan." Pola claims she has never even seen Hitler.

Pola claims the advent of talkies had nothing to do with her leaving Hollywood in 1928. In Europe, she played in one British film, *Street of Abandoned Children*, in one French film, *Fanaticisme*, but was soon back again in the U.S., starring in RKO's million-dollar *A Woman Commands* (TIME, Feb. 8, 1932). During its shooting, Pola collapsed from what she calls a "chronical appendicitis," nearly died. The early '30s were lean years for her. She had been reduced to making a personal appearance tour, playing four shows a day; was twice prevented from leaving the U.S. to visit her mother on the French Riviera, because she owed the U.S. Government \$80,000; was banned from acting in Germany.

Last week in a single room at a French-Hollywood apartment house, Pola was studying astrology. Said she: "I just couldn't get along without it. I would not know how to make deceesions."

CURRENT & CHOICE

Lift Your Heads (British Ministry of Information, OWI; TIME, July 12).

Spitfire (Leslie Howard, David Niven; TIME, June 28).

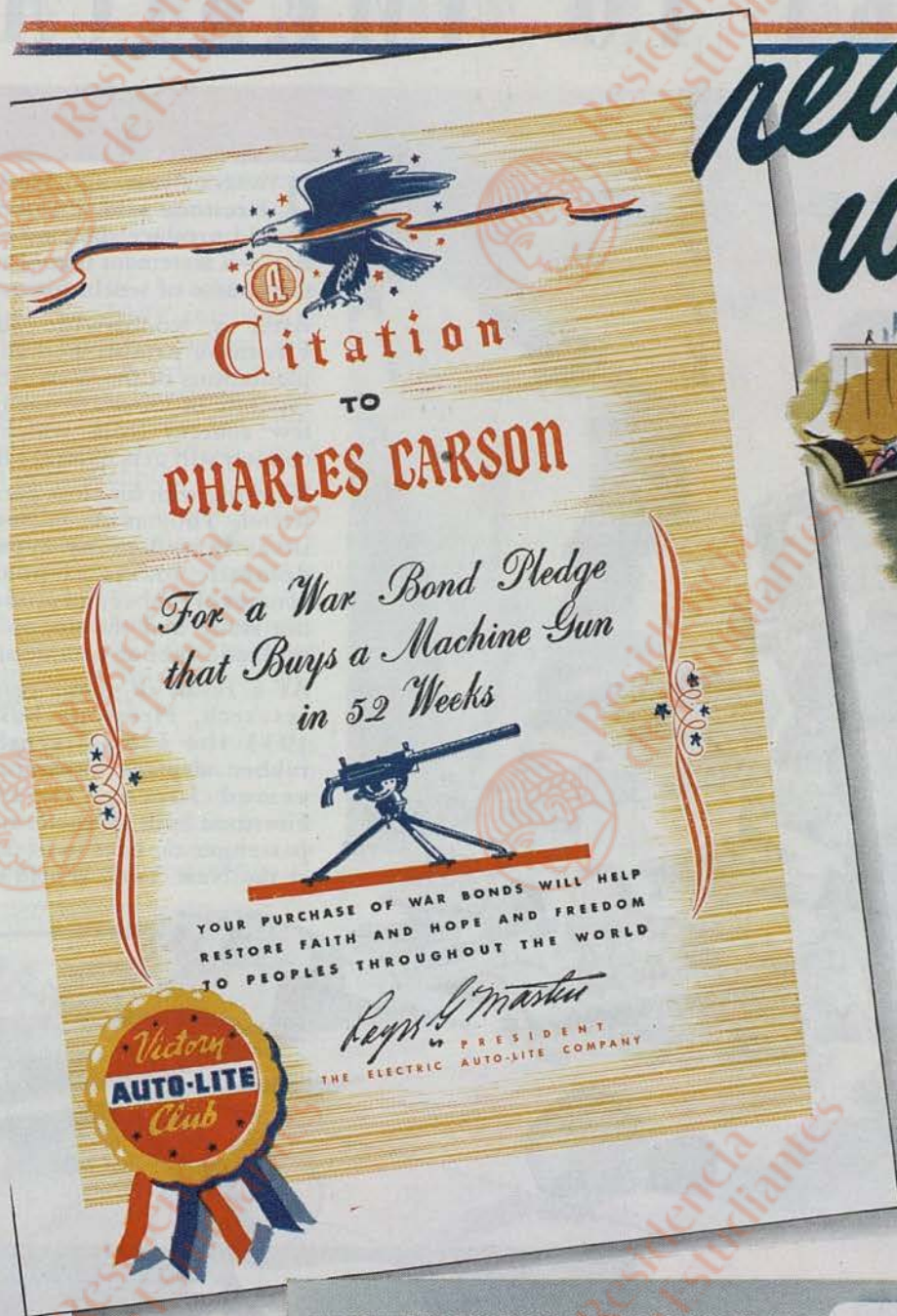
Coney Island (Betty Grable, George Montgomery, Cesar Romero; TIME, June 21).

Stage Door Canteen (Show-business people galore; TIME, June 14).

* In 1919, to Polish Count Eugene Donski, now a Major in the Polish Army in London; in 1927, to Russian Prince Serge Mdivani, killed in a Florida polo game in 1936.

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This advertisement is published with the thought that other business concerns may wish to adopt the idea for stimulating War Bond Sales to their employees. Copies of these citations and full details of the plan's operation will be mailed upon request.

REPORT TO AMERICA ON SYNTHETIC RUBBER



TWENTY years ago, Harvey S. Firestone said, "Americans should produce their own rubber"—a statement that changed the course of world history.

After a world-wide survey Firestone established rubber plantations in the West African republic of Liberia—one of the few sources from which our country still gets natural rubber.

Working with his close personal friend, Thomas A. Edison, he investigated many types of domestic plants as possible sources of rubber and pioneered the study and development of synthetic rubber products.

As a result of these years of research, Firestone built in 1933 the FIRST synthetic rubber airplane tires for our armed forces. In 1940, Firestone built synthetic rubber passenger car tires in its factory at the New York World's Fair

and began the production of its own synthetic rubber, called Butaprene, the same type that was later adopted by the Government. In 1942, Firestone became the FIRST company to produce synthetic rubber in a Government-owned plant and this same plant later became the FIRST to produce synthetic rubber using Butadiene made from grain alcohol.

Naturally, with this record of experience, Firestone has been a pioneer in developing new methods for processing synthetic rubber. These have been made available without royalty to the Government and rubber industry.

Today, Firestone is making many wartime products with Butaprene. And indications are that thousands of other new products will soon be made with FIRESTONE BUTAPRENE.



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Tires, Tubes, Repair Materials and Camelback for All Types of Military and Essential Civilian Vehicles and Aircraft.
Barrage Balloons.
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Mechanical Rubber Goods for All Types of Military and Essential Civilian Vehicles and Aircraft, including Motor Mountings, Bumpers, Fan Belts, Hose, Gaskets and Many Other Automotive, Aircraft and Industrial Products.

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Firestone

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FIRESTONE SYNTHETIC RUBBER PRODUCTS FOR PEACETIME

Tires, Tubes, Repair Materials and Camelback for All Types of Passenger Cars, Trucks, Buses, Tractors, Aircraft, Motorcycles.
Winger Rolls.
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Inflatable Boats, Rafts, Pontons, Life Belts, Life Vests, and Other Flotation Products.

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Fine 18"x13" enlargement of this painting will be sent on request while supply lasts. Write to our New York address for Lithograph B, enclosing 10c to cover postage and handling.



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Everyone admires a PT man!

Young men who are accepted for PT duty have good reason to be proud. Never has so new a service won such great respect. All America hails its performance as of the highest and most heroic in the Navy. The fitness, alertness and enterprise of today's PT officers and crews make them outstanding among the members of our country's armed forces.

BUY WAR BONDS

CHARGING full tilt into combat, often against tremendous odds, the men who ride the Elco PTs are modern versions of the fearless knights of old.

Their daring and initiative, teamed with the terrific speed and offensive power of their Elco-bred "steeds," have wrought vast destruction against the enemy in the Philippines . . . at Midway . . . in the English Channel . . . in the Solomons . . . in the Mediterranean. Never in naval history have craft so midget in size proved so fabulously mighty in deed. Never have officers and crews

more richly deserved the praises of a grateful nation.

New Elco PTs are being speeded to completion daily. They afford heroic opportunities to hundreds more young men whose courage and resourcefulness qualify them for thrilling, mile-a-minute PT duty.

The latest PTs, built through your purchase of War Bonds, are harder hitting, faster, more seaworthy, more comfortable than ever . . . thanks to further improvements suggested by the Navy Department and veterans of the PT service.

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Pleasing Paul

... Most of us believe that these beautiful ladies lived in a world of sweetness and leisure. On the contrary, their nerves were strained by 52 weeks of routs, jours, fashionable events of all sorts and by problems of a private nature. Their moods, which hinged on the more or less tolerable torment of the tightly laced corset ... were feverish, stormy, or even worse.

Thus last week was introduced a benefit art show of some of the glamor girls of the turn of the century. Given by Manhattan's Coordinating Council of French Relief Societies, the show featured the work of the most blandishing portrayers of women in recent history: the late John Singer Sargent and his less famous French friend, the late Paul Helleu (pronounced Ell-uh). Both had undoubtedly, as the catalogue stated, felt the sorcery of young girls and of the ladies in whom the fascination of youth had been replaced by the art of studied sophistication. Both had been surrounded by wows and had made them look even more wowing than they were.

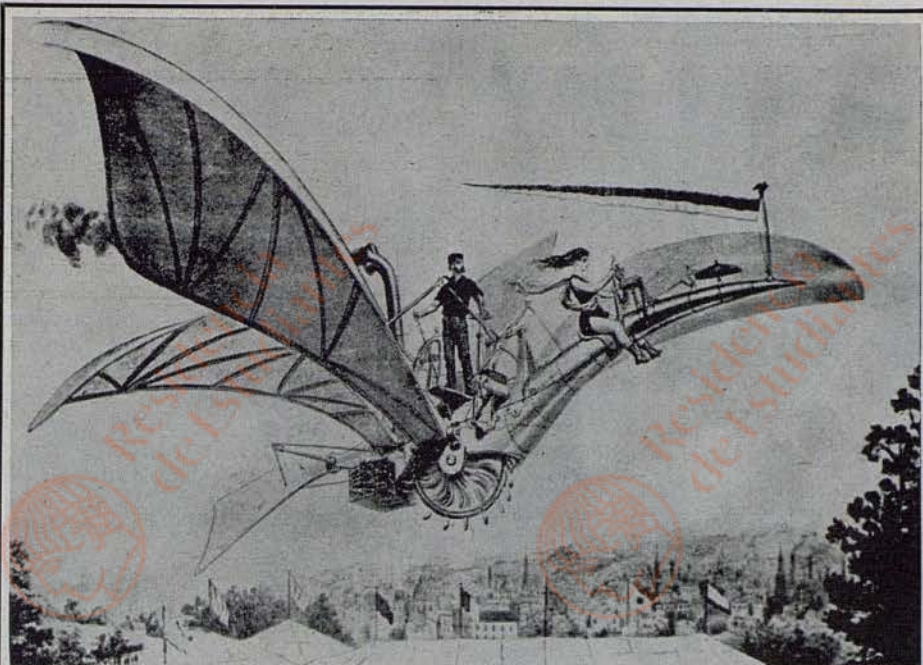
Spectators already familiar with Sargent were apt to turn to the swank, super-Gibsonesque dry-point portraits made by Helleu during the first two decades of the century. He is said to have done only four portraits of men—and the reason seemed obvious. Among his swan-necked beauties were the actress Liane de Pougy, Madame Helleu, Michael Strange, Mme. Louis Jacques Balsan (the former Duchess of Marlborough—see cut).

Some of Helleu's oldtime clientele appeared at last week's opening ceremonies.



MADAME BALSAN
Sophisticated ladies ...

TIME, July 26, 1943



Museum of Modern Art

"PROFESSOR HARRIMAN'S FLYING MACHINE"

This picture hangs in a brilliant educational exhibit now showing at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art. Called "Airways to Peace," designed by Austrian-born Herbert Bayer, the show is a visual gloss on sweeping texts by Wendell Willkie—"There are no distant places any longer. . . . The American people must grasp . . . new realities." Visitors are routed past a series of panels, photomurals, models, globes, and over a ramp for air views. At the end, they may test the show's effect on their factual knowledge by manipulating an electric question-&-answer machine. The museum has absolutely no information, however, about Professor Harriman's Flying Machine.

The event, on Bastille Day, was one of the most worldly of Manhattan's wartime week and produced some deft social comment. Reported the *New York Journal-American's* Cholly Knickerbocker: " . . . the former Duchess of Marlborough wasn't there. . . . The always impeccably clad Mrs. Harrison Williams arrived at the showing via her dainty 'tootsies.' . . . Almost everyone had an amusing tale of adventures encountered on busses, taxis and even subways."

When Paul-César Helleu was young, in the '70s, he ran away from a comfortable Paris home, studied at the Beaux Arts, made friends with Sargent. He painted cathedral interiors and scenes of Versailles in autumn, reached his greatest renown as an etcher of pretty women in all seasons. He led a pleasant, quasi-boulevardier life, was happy with his wife in a satiny apartment near the Bois de Boulogne.

His great friends were the deft caricaturist Sem, and Jean Giovanni Boldini, "The King of Swish," whose portraits of women seemed like the ravishing end toward which Helleu's casual etchings were moving.

In his middle years, Helleu maintained a small yacht, aboard which he used to receive the neurasthenic Marcel Proust, transported at night from Paris to the sea in a favorite taxicab. Helleu is said to have been, in part, the inspiration for the paint-

er Elstir in Proust's great *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*. Helleu often visited the U.S., saw much of the Francophile architect Whitney Warren. Warren got Helleu to design the starry blue heavens which can still be seen, faded and streaked, on the main ceiling of Manhattan's Grand Central Terminal.



MADAME HELLEU
... were feverish but fascinating.

* Pseudonym of the late social reporter Maury H. B. Paul, now used by his successor, Eve Brown.

THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING!



INFRA-RED BAKING slashes time . . . breaks the finishing bottleneck

Another production bottleneck broken—because painted, lacquered and enameled finishes can now be dried in *minutes* instead of hours! That's the big story of modern *infra-red* baking . . . a process that uses groups of electric lamps, whose radiant heat waves start instant baking *from the inside out*. Surface film is thus prevented and drying time cut as much as 95%.

But infra-red does much more. It softens fibre board and plastic sheets for easy bending or punching; expands pistons to simplify insertion of piston pins; permits shrink-fitting of motor parts. And because it also lowers finishing costs, Delco Appliance engineers envision scores of parts, hitherto left unfinished, made corrosion-resistant for longer life.

For the duration, "*Victory Is Our Business*". But when peace comes, the new processes that now aid war production will help Delco Appliance build the new and finer equipment your home deserves.

Delco Appliances include Automatic Delco-Heat (oil-coal-gas), Delco Water Systems, Delco-Light Power Plants and Delco-Light Batteries.

DELCO APPLIANCE

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

During War or Peace DELCO APPLIANCES

Do the Job Better

THE PRESS

Politicians and Love

In prewar Russia it was not healthy to be seen talking to foreigners. The doctors of the Cheka prescribed a Siberian rest cure for comrades who mingled too freely. With Siberia in mind, Moscow maidens are standoffish.

Correspondent X faced this problem squarely. He loved a Russian girl. Russian bureaucracy ordered her to Siberia to keep her away from Correspondent X. The order was rescinded, but she was removed from Moscow. The correspondent returned to the U.S. After brooding a bit, he took his problem to Wendell Willkie, with whom the Russians had not been standoffish.

World Traveler Willkie cabled to his good friend Joe Stalin, closing: ". . . Anything you can do to facilitate this union I will personally appreciate, for I have absolute confidence and I am willing to vouch for [X] completely."

To his good friend Wendell Willkie, five days later, Joe Stalin cabled: "I am glad to inform you that your request regarding [X] will be fulfilled. The decision was made as a special exception on your recommendation and vouching."

Correspondent X was more than grateful. Wrote he to Wendell Willkie: "You have actually saved a life, and probably two." Until he returns soon to Russia and claims his bride, Correspondent X prefers to remain nameless.* And he can undoubtedly count on Politicians Stalin and Willkie to keep his secret.

Jabberwocky

If your vocabulary is strictly stock, and the teen-agers tell you it's off the cob, you may as well stop bumping your gums. But you, too, can get on the grooby side. A jive-talk glossary that is strictly Dracula has been put out by Parents' Institute, publishers of *Calling All Girls* (and *Parents' Magazine*). Some excerpts:

Saloon: Good-by.

Like chicken? Grab a wing: Let's dance.

Bag with a sag: A girl with a bad figure.

F.H.A.: A loan.

Stop bumping your gums: Keep quiet.

Gruesome twosome: A couple going steady.

Worming: Studying.

Rat race: A dance.

Ameche: The telephone.

Witch: Male synonym for favorite girl (e.g., "She's my witch").

Fag hag: A girl who smokes.

Mothball: One who never dates.

Dracula: In a class by itself (e.g., "This party is positively Dracula").

* U.S. correspondents in Moscow last summer who have since visited the U.S. are: James Brown, *I.N.S.*; Henry Cassidy, *A.P.*; William Chaplin, *I.N.S.*; Eddy Gilmore, *A.P.*; Walter Graebner, *TIME & LIFE*; Walter Kerr, *New York Herald Tribune*; Larry Lesueur, *CBS*; Leland Stowe, *Chicago Daily News* and *New York Post*.

Parole: Diploma.

Grooby: "Smooth."

Strictly stock: On the dull side.

Grub gabble: A female assemblage.

Watch works: Brain.

Jelly's sister: A jam.

They're a thing: They're in love.

Off the cob: Corny.

Johnny's out of jail: Your slip is showing.

C.O.D.: Come over, dear.

Five by five: Overweight.

A.W.O.L.: A wolf on the loose.

Listens O.K.: Looks beautiful.



Associated Press

CORRESPONDENT THOMPSON
He landed in Sicily, hard.

"The Magoo"

To all appearances, it was a routine press conference at Allied headquarters in North Africa. General Eisenhower spoke casually of the overall military picture. He was in good form, smiling, crinkling his forehead, moving his eyes swiftly from face to face. It was the middle of June. Then the General said quietly: Overseas operations will begin within a month. Objective: Sicily.

This was it. The correspondents felt themselves tighten up. The General was not smiling now; his icy blue eyes moved from one to another of the reporters. None of them had expected the top Allied commander to take them so intimately, so significantly into his confidence. The General warned them that they must not talk.

They Fly Through the Air. For days thereafter the 100-odd American and British correspondents in North Africa went about with the guilty demeanor of men bursting with a secret. When they had

TIME, July 26, 1943

DESTROYED!

-BY AERIAL FIRE-POWER



THIS ILLUSTRATION BASED ON AN ACTUAL COMBAT OFFICIALLY REPORTED FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC

EVEN DESTROYERS CRACK UNDER THE HIGH-VOLTAGE ATTACK OF CANNON FROM THE SKIES!


CRISSCROSSING the blue Pacific with the white zigzag of her wake . . . a mortally wounded Jap destroyer takes violent "evasive action." Twist . . . turn . . . swerve . . . it's no use, though. She founders helplessly. Lists ominously. "Abandon ship," comes the order at last...

What was it that turned this once proud warship into a punctured derelict? Bombs? Torpedoes? Heavy guns of a Man o' War? No . . . it was the Fire-

Power of *one* automatic cannon, mounted in the nose of *one* American fighter plane, fired by the steady hand of *one* daring American pilot. He had already helped to blast thirteen Zeros from the skies over Poporang Island, when he roared down on this scouting Jap destroyer, seared its superstructure, raked it fore and aft with the blazing fire of his aerial cannon . . .

This action was reported recently from

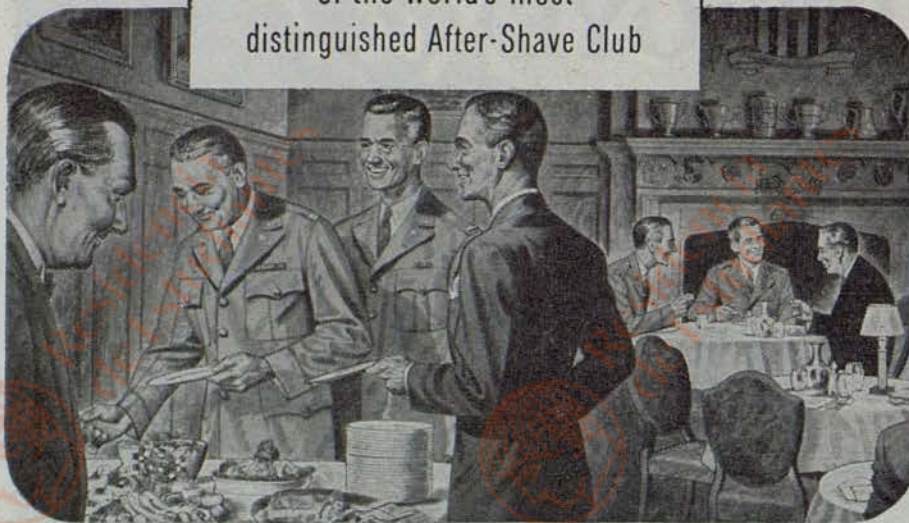
the South Pacific. You can imagine what good reading it made for the workers at Oldsmobile who build the type of cannon this flier used. You can imagine what grim satisfaction they get from this and other descriptions of their products in action . . . not only automatic aircraft cannon, but also high-explosive and armor-piercing shell, cannon for tanks, cannon for tank-destroyers . . . many types of Fire-Power to blast the Axis, by land, by sea and by air!

You Can Help Blast the Axis, Too—
Buy United States War Bonds and Stamps 

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

★ FIRE POWER IS OUR BUSINESS ★

MEMO TO MEMBERS
of the world's most
distinguished After-Shave Club



THE URGENT needs of war production have curtailed the supply of Aqua Velva. To meet an increasing demand from the armed services as well as civilians, there is now less Aqua Velva to go around.

Avoid waste. Please use Aqua Velva sparingly. Refreshing as an ocean plunge, it takes only a few drops to leave your face feeling smoother and softer after shaving. Clean, pleasant scent. It's the world's most popular after-shave lotion.



Make these delicious drinks with
don Q RUM
PUERTO RICAN

WHITE LABEL (86 PROOF) for cocktails
GOLD LABEL (86 PROOF) for tall drinks



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to refer to it, they called it "the magoo," "that thing," or just "it." This was what they had trained for. Some veterans had been almost four years around the front lines. Others had studied invasions at service schools in Britain. One and all, they kept the secret.

Empty chairs began to show in the press room. No one asked where his colleagues had gone. When "D Day" came, fewer than a dozen reporters went into Sicily with the first wave. They had a rocky time.

Big, bold, bearded (35) John Thompson of the Chicago *Tribune* floated down from the night sky with a flight of tough U.S. paratroops. It was his second invasion jump (the first: near Tabessa, Algeria, last November). He crashed through an olive tree before he hit the ground, cracking a rib, wrenching a knee, skinning his knuckles. His tired old second-hand portable typewriter got to earth in a parachute bundle. Thompson found it, hid it behind a stone wall. But by the time the paratroops had taken Vittoria, someone had stolen his portable.

Bataan to Vittoria. I.N.S.'s ace, steady Clark Lee, who covered Bataan and the Solomons for A.P., went in with an amphibian task force. When the beachhead was made, he joined seven U.S. soldiers in two jeeps and entered Vittoria. They were somewhat premature. Two German armored cars surprised the Americans in a garage. Lee led his party out the back way. The armored cars caught up with them and killed a sergeant, but Lee and the rest finally made the U.S. lines.

Burly, silent, broody Jack Belden (*TIME & LIFE*) boiled on to the beaches near Gela with an amphibian force and, when the front line had been moved far enough inland, sat down at a headquarters shack to bat out some copy. German tanks were lobbing shells overhead against landing craft on the beach. An officer hurried in: "Tanks are two miles from headquarters! What's the use of writing a story when you may be captured in a few minutes?"

All for One. Lean, quiet Ross Munro (Canadian Press), one of the best of all war reporters, went in with the Canadians and scooped the world. His copy, filed via Malta and London, was the first eyewitness story out of Sicily. It beat every U.S. correspondent by hours. Canadians, recalling how the Hearst press misplayed the Dieppe raid (which Munro covered) as an American adventure, felt compensated.

For once, Americans had all they could read about an Allied move. The copy was slow getting under way, but within 24 hours after the troops were on the beaches it was spinning through OWI's Washington headquarters—from Sicily, from the invasion fleet, from Allied headquarters in North Africa. General Eisenhower insisted that all stories be pooled and distributed by the news associations. That meant that every correspondent's copy was available to all U.S., British and Canadian papers. The result was the best war coverage Americans had yet had (see p. 27).

Here's one thing that *does not* cause higher prices

FOR many reasons, the prices of most things you buy are higher today.

But railroad freight rates are not one of the causes.

The fact is, railroad freight rates generally are not higher today than before the war. Many are actually lower, and the average amount received by the railroads for each ton they haul is the lowest in the past quarter-century.

At these low rates, the railroads are called upon to meet the increased operating costs due to higher wages and higher prices for what they buy. They are also, of course, paying increased taxes.

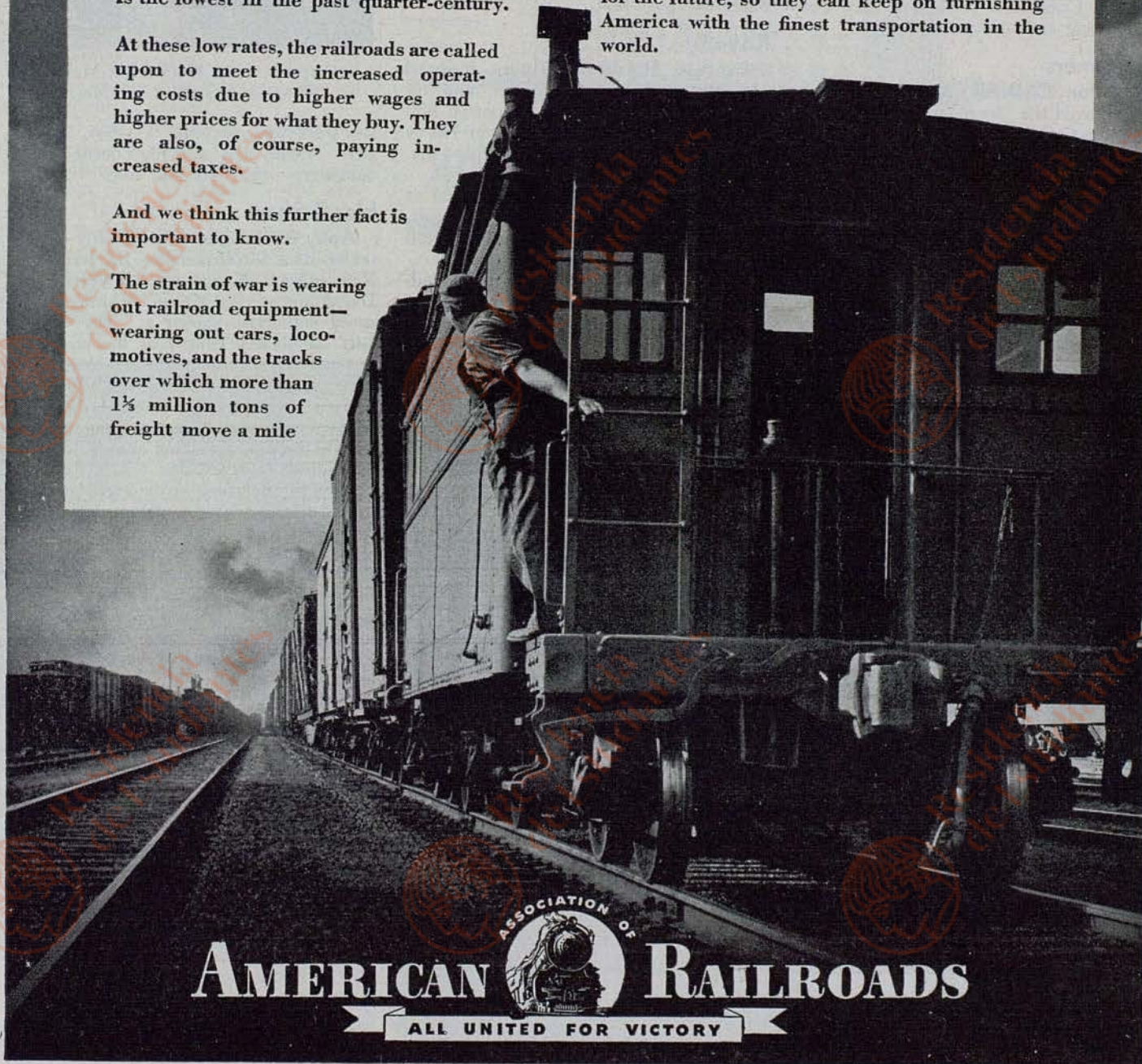
And we think this further fact is important to know.

The strain of war is wearing out railroad equipment—wearing out cars, locomotives, and the tracks over which more than 1½ million tons of freight move a mile

every minute of the day and night.

Some day, all this will need the sort of replacement which is not possible in these days of war shortages. It will take billions of dollars to do that job—just as it took billions to bring the railroads to their present high efficiency.

To do this with railroad money, the railroads must therefore have a chance now to provide for the future, so they can keep on furnishing America with the finest transportation in the world.



AMERICAN  RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

Epistolarians

Chief Magistrate Henry H. Curran of Manhattan, who writes in his spare time, encountered that horrid word again in a probation officer's report, promptly dashed off one of his publishable letters. In the lingo of social workers, practically all brothers and sisters who are not twins are *siblings*. "To me," wrote the Judge to all probation officers, "it has a very doubtful sound, dubious, dismal, desperate. . . . How would you like to be called . . . a coystrel* or a curmudgeon. . . . Exit sibling."

Harold Ross, picket-toothed editor of *The New Yorker*, read in Exquisite Lucius Beebe's rococo column that he was shy a front tooth. Ross wrote in reply that he had all his front teeth, had a whopping gap between two of them, had refused his dentist's suggestion that it be filled in. Cried Ross to Beebe: ". . . You are making an eccentric out of me."

Performers

Winston Churchill, having ceremonially received the "freedom of the city" at London's Guildhall, saluted a crowd with his familiar topper-twirling gesture, was caught by the camera (*see cut*) in close resemblance to William Claude Dukinfield (W. C. Fields).

Eleanor Roosevelt, who had lately christened a barge at Port Angeles, Wash., got a phone call after she arrived in Seattle: a diver had gone to the bottom of the harbor, brought up the handbag she had

* A jug with ears.

dropped (with her plane ticket, money and eyeglasses).

Jimmy Savo, master of pantomime, finally replaced one of his trade-marks—the amorphous suit of clothes in which he has been clowning for 25 years. For a faithfully ill-fitting duplicate, he paid a Park Avenue tailor \$200.

Marlene Dietrich & Jean Gabin, dining together in Manhattan's El Morocco club, gave themselves over wholly to Marlene's expert schmaltz (*see cut*).

Roger Touhy, of Illinois Stateville Prison, was not allowed a peek when a movie called *Roger Touhy—Gangster* was previewed at the prison. Neither were any of the other prisoners admitted to the show. It was to start at 8:30. It was 10 before it did start. By that time the sound equipment had been repaired and the air sweetened. Somebody had cut an electric cable. Somebody had turned on the steam pipes.

Royalty

Princess Elizabeth's future husband has already "been picked for her" and will "be unveiled after the war," reported Bob Considine, best-selling co-author of *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo* (TIME, July 19). He also declared that:

King George VI slips out of bed at 6:30 these mornings, shaves himself, breakfasts on coffee, cereal and powdered eggs, has a hard time getting cigars.

Princess Sibylle of Sweden, handsome wife of 37-year-old Prince Gustaf Adolf, was about to give the Royal Navy cause to fire a salute. The Navy was ready



British Combine
CHURCHILL & DAUGHTER MARY
Winston resembled William.

last week with 84 shots if a boy, 42 if a girl. Sibylle has already borne three daughters—eight, six and five.

Hes & Shes

Abby Rockefeller Milton, only daughter of John D. Rockefeller Jr., arrived in Reno to get a divorce, after 18 years, from David Meriwether Milton. A blithe young speed enthusiast known as "The Golden Girl" to society editors of the mid '20s, she had stayed out of the news since her marriage. Milton is a lawyer whose accomplishments include borrowing \$1,000,000 from his father-in-law. The divorce will be the first involving one of John D. Sr.'s direct descendants.

Madge Bellamy, wide-eyed star of the silents, sued for a divorce of a sort from Lumberman Albert Stanwood Murphy, whom she scared with some wild shenanigans last January for allegedly jilting her (TIME, Feb. 1). Murphy had been honeymooning with his new bride at that time. Alleged Madge Bellamy last week: under Nevada law she and Murphy have really been married since 1941, though without any ceremony, since Nevada considers it already a marriage when two people make up their minds.

Henry Fonda, now a quartermaster in the Navy, was the latest Hollywood celebrity to come down with girl trouble. Barbara Jean Thompson, a 24-year-old divorced mother of four, charged that he was the father of her fourth. Said Fonda's confident wife Frances: "It isn't true. . . . This girl will have to settle with me." The girl demanded: \$10,000 for lawyer's fees, \$2,500 for court costs, \$5,000 for hospital bills, \$2,000 a month for the baby.

Jack Dempsey won custody of his daughters Joan and Barbara, eight and



JEAN GABIN & MARLENE DIETRICH
They gave themselves over.

Wide World

six. "I don't care what any judge says," declared ex-wife Hannah. "He is not going to get the children. . . . I'm going to appeal to the highest court in the land. . . ."

Dr. Robert K. Speer, stocky head of New York University's elementary education department, charged his wife, two of her friends and three private detectives with disorderly conduct. He protested that they had all piled into his hotel room crying "Where's the woman?" while he was bare as a babe. There was no woman, he said, and besides they had carried off a house dress he happened to have around. "You people ought to be ashamed of yourselves," snapped the judge. "Get out of here; get into the war effort. . . ."

Fighters

James Stewart, Hollywood star with the Army Air Forces, was promoted to a captaincy at Idaho's Gowen Field.

Charles Dickens' great-grandson, British Naval Lieut. Peter Gerald Charles, got the D.S.O. for skillful and daring attacks "in enemy coastal waters."

Lieut. Peter Markham Scott, Britain's No. 1 bird painter, son of the late great Antarctic Explorer Robert Scott, commanded light naval forces which left an armed enemy trawler ablaze after an encounter off Le Havre.

Rudolf von Ribbentrop, 22-year-old, London-educated son of the German Foreign Minister, got the Knight's Insignia of the Iron Cross for service on the Russian front. He commands a tank company.

Tony Galento, the boxer who walks like a beer barrel, was fined \$60 in Orange, N.J., for pushing his right at a cop. The heavyweight saloonkeeper had refused to drop a nickel in a parking meter (and refused to stop shadow-boxing in court).



Associated Press

ABBY MILTON
A Rockefeller reached Reno.

TIME, July 26, 1943



NOW A HILTON HOTEL

. . . though "east is east and west is west" . . . the twain meet in gratifying fashion in the joining of The Roosevelt in New York with the Hilton group of hotels.

Hilton Hotels are proud of The Roosevelt; proud of its 1100 beautiful guest rooms — proud of the graciousness of its dining room, and proud of Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. The staff of The Roosevelt, we believe, will take pride in their association with Hilton Hotels, too; for whether on the plains of Texas or in the heart of New York, good

hotel management is founded on unfailing courtesy, service, and friendliness. We invite you to visit The Roosevelt under Hilton management.

C. N. HILTON, President

• The Roosevelt has direct underground connection with Grand Central Terminal. •



OTHER HILTON HOTELS *from Coast to Coast*

In Texas: Abilene, El Paso, Longview, Lubbock, Plainview

In New Mexico: Albuquerque

In California: Long Beach, and The Town House in Los Angeles

In Old Mexico: The Palacio Hilton in Chihuahua



**"Each Night He Puts Himself To Sleep
By Counting Bonds Instead of Sheep!"**

And, when you count up all the money you'll have if you invest 15% in War Bonds every pay day, it's enough to make your dreams sweet too! Besides, every dollar you loan Uncle Sam is helping win the war! Think that over ...and then start buying MORE WAR BONDS today!

A suggestion by the makers of

Calvert Reserve

"The finest whiskey you can drink or serve"

Calvert Distillers Corp., N.Y.C. Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.



They'll both have to last you "for the duration," and remember—your KIRSTEN will respond beautifully to care.

We made it carefully... you can do your part by keeping it clean. Just run a piece of tissue through the radiator and a pipe cleaner through the bit. A simple twist or two with your KIRSTEN reamer cleans and evens the bowl—and it's "good as new," you'll say—ready for a perfect smoke.

KIRSTEN PIPE COMPANY
Seattle, Washington



**In New York's
Temperate Zone**

1000 rooms with
bath and radio
from \$4.40

Personal Direction
S. Gregory Taylor

840 acres of Central Park across the street
make the St. Moritz a cool summer haven!

**ST. MORITZ
ON-THE-PARK**

50 Central Park South
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**BISMARCK
HOTEL**

CHICAGO'S
DISTINCTIVE HOTEL.
CONVENIENT LOCATION.
GOOD FOOD AS ALWAYS.
SILENTAIRE ROOMS.
OTTO K. EITEL
Managing Director

CHICAGO

EDUCATION

Found Horizon

A new simplified presentation of a jaw-breaking language was available last week at the Oxford University Press, Bombay branch. *Tibetan Word Book* is also one of the weightiest contributions to the Western study of Tibetan or *Bod-skad* (pronounced Bho-ka) since Hungary's Alexander Csoma de Körös, originally hoping to discover the Hungarians' remote ancestry, did his arduous philological pioneering in a Tibetan monastery more than a century ago. Authors of the new work are two British civil servants who have worked in Tibet and India, Sir Basil John Gould and Hugh Edward Richardson.

Between Tibetan and other languages—except related Burmese, Chinese, Tai—there is a great and scholar-swallowing gulf. The grammar is exotic plus, the spelling has only the loosest association with the pronunciation (*brgyad* means eight, is pronounced *jay*), the literature is virtually unrelated to the contemporary idiom. Through the centuries the Tibetans under their Lamas* have adapted their language very slowly, although they have taken over some words like airplane (the Germans attempted the first test flight across the country) and electric light (Lhasa has a small power plant).

The Gould-Richardson simplification approaches Tibetan along a new trail familiar to children who have played with codes. It breaks down the study of the language into syllables and corresponding numbers. Using both, the student can put together words (*lam* means road, *lam-chak* means railroad, *lam-yik* means passport) and can link up written forms with phonetic values. Handy Tibetan phrases: ▶ *Ma sarparang mindu* (The butter is not quite fresh).

▶ *Bu thon-ki-du-ke* (Have you worms)? †
▶ *Te be be shok* (Put it here).
▶ *Goopala trapa katsho yoware* (How many monks are there in the monastery)?
▶ *Kho kechsa nge thane hakokimindu* (I do not understand his talk at all).

Companion volumes by the same authors list Tibetan syllables according to phonetic values (English alphabetical order), Tibetan verbs, commonplace chatter for travelers. But Gould & Richardson hope that their students will not be unmoved by Tibetan's poetic quality, claim that the language challenges Chinese in its imagery. The name, for example, of one of the most glorious Himalayan pinnacles, Kanchenjanga, third highest in the world, means "The Five Storehouses of the Great Snow."

* These priests (about one-seventh of the population) rule Tibet, appease its gods and devils, perpetuate poverty, polyandry, polygamy. The country uses wheels for prayers, almost none for transport. The estimated venereal disease incidence is 99%.

† Tibetans eat a local "grass-worm" as a pick-me-up.

WE HAVE THIS TO SAY ABOUT PLASTICS



Nothing that an aluminum man can have to say about plastics can add to their virtues or subtract from their very genuine possibilities.

Actually, Alcoa welcomes the strides being made, technically and commercially, by this great and ingenious industry.

This is not mumbo-jumbo. It is a distinctly pious thought.

The more folks who get the big idea that the bright hope of industry, postwar, is to do new things new ways, the more designers who really get down to cases, the better for all of us. Imaginering is a nationwide must.

Plastics do many things better than any other material.

Alcoa Aluminum does many things better than any other material.

The two can team up to do a better job for you in certain situations than either could do alone.

As for Alcoa Aluminum, busy seven days a week on war production, we can only remind you that when our strong alloys are again available, you are going to have to throw your old measuring sticks into the scrap heap. New costs, new strengths, new technology, new finishes.

Of such things will postwar jobs be made. On such things must our "eighth-day" thinking be concentrated. ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA, 2104 Gulf Building, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.



Alcoa Aluminum



...and we have *THIS* to say about *METALS*

This advertisement by a leading light metals producer talks good, common sense. Obviously, plastics are not going to put metals out of business—as some Sunday feature writers would have you believe. Both groups of materials are cast for leading postwar roles in what we all hope will be a bright new world. Both have their own, unique advantages.

Plastics, for example, are marked by high resistance to chemical and atmospheric attack. They are light. They have excellent electrical insulating values and many desirable thermal properties. They offer a range of integral colors practically as wide as the spectrum, and many forms are transparent, translucent or opaque as the customer specifies. They can be molded into intricate shapes that require little, if any, finishing. They are warm and friendly materials to touch.

On the other hand, no molded plastics have yet been developed that equal metals for surface hardness, heat resistance, rigidity or structural strength per unit of area. Conventional molding methods require expensive molds and high heat and pressure limiting them to production of relatively small objects in relatively large quantities.

In short, there will be many a postwar job where metals will be a clear and obvious first choice.

There will be many other postwar jobs which logically call for plastics.

There will also be many occasions when plastics and metals will work together on the same job.

And there will be other times when a materials engineer will be hard put to make a choice.

Frankly, as one of the nation's largest producers of plastics, Monsanto would rather lose some of those close decisions than win a job which plastics could not handle. In the long run, one such misapplication can lose more business for plastics than losing a dozen close decisions.

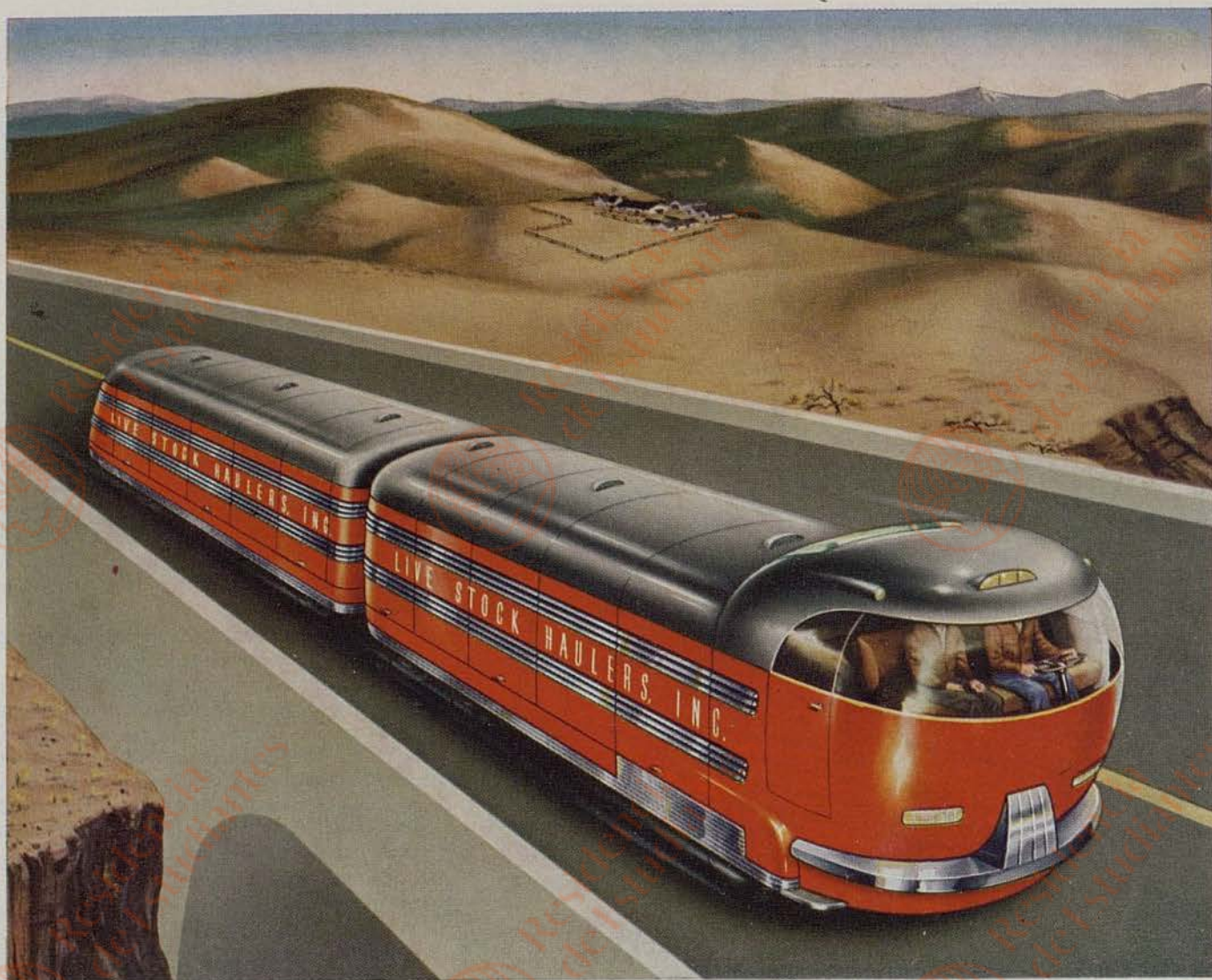
MONSANTO CHEMICAL COMPANY, Plastics Division, Springfield, Massachusetts.

MONSANTO PLASTICS



"E" FOR EXCELLENCE—The Army-Navy "E" burgee with two stars, "representing recognition by the Army and the Navy of especially meritorious production of war materials" over a two-year period, flies over Monsanto.

SERVING INDUSTRY... WHICH SERVES MANKIND



Fourth of a series of advertisements by The Timken-Detroit Axle Company, featuring Transport of the Future.

Super-Transport on Super-Highways



This cross-country cattle hauler, by Lurelle Guild, noted industrial designer, would minimize "shrinkage," speed delivery and cut costs in America's great post-war livestock industry.



The livestock industry ranks among America's leaders in tonnage and dollar volume. During the past 5 years, 61% of all meat animals received at the market have been transported by truck.

Last year alone more than 48,000,000 meat animals—cattle, calves, sheep and hogs—went to market by motor truck. After Victory, super-vehicles on super-highways will whisk an even greater share of America's meat from range to packer.

Far-sighted manufacturers already are planning far-reaching improvements in trucks and trailers. New fuels, new power plants, greater capacity, better load distribution, easier loading and unloading, faster road schedules, all are part of the post-war motor transportation plan.

Regardless of the size, shape or design of trucks of tomorrow, axles must carry the load, move the load and stop the load. And Timken Axle, with its experience, skill and immense engineering and manufacturing resources, will be ready with improved axles and brakes equal to the task.

Today, let Timken help you keep your trucks, trailers and buses operating for Victory. Make arrangements for your entire organization to see Timken's new full-color sound film, "Teamwork." Write now for a free showing. Also let us furnish your key men with a complete set of printed aids for axle and vehicle maintenance.



TIMKEN AXLES

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO., DETROIT, MICHIGAN
WISCONSIN AXLE DIVISION, OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN

SEA

The Welcome Escorts

About a week out, the convoy steamed smoothly along the broad Atlantic seaway. Lookouts were on the alert. The ships were out of range of the landbased PBVs and Liberators which gave them anti-submarine protection on the first stage of their journey. Now they were on their own.

Late in the morning a plane came boring in from the horizon—single-engined, stubby-winged, deep-bellied where the depth bombs lay: a U.S. TBF Avenger.

This was something new to convoy crews, a single-engined land plane so far out to sea. It could mean only that a carrier was in the vicinity. But carrier escort, too, was unusual for an ordinary convoy. Hours later the crew spotted the answer: up over the horizon came a "baby flat-top," a carrier converted from a merchantman, escorted by several old four-stacker destroyers. By blinker light the little carrier reported:

"My operations for the last 24 hours: I have attacked Uncle-boats [U-boats] at following positions. . . . What have you been doing?"

"Hell," said the navigator on one of the convoy vessels, "you can't help knowing you're going to win the war when a thing like that comes up from nowhere and is on your side!"

Little Ships. Escort carriers, converted or built from merchant hulls, do not carry many planes—a few fighters, and torpedo bombers which carry depth charges—but with those planes they can provide extensive cover for convoys beyond the range of land-based patrol planes. When the Allies announced the formation of an "air umbrella" which would provide air protection for convoys from continent to continent (TIME, May 10), escort carriers took over in that loneliest spot of the convoy lanes where the land-based planes turn back and leave the ships on their own.

Since their entry into the ocean battles they have been doing jobs far out of proportion to their size. Last week the Navy released the story of one of them, "Escort Carrier B."

Big Deeds. "Escort Carrier B," in four sustained engagements, attacked eleven U-boats, scored two sure kills, four "very probables" and four "probables." Her planes allowed no enemy submarine to get closer than 18 miles to the convoy. Her casualties: one TBF damaged by 20-mm. ack-ack from a U-boat, its radio operator wounded.

The carrier's first attack was made at dusk, when a TBF attacked a U-boat many miles off the convoy's starboard bow. Depth bombs straddled the fully-surfaced submarine, but it sank with no trace of a definite kill. At dawn next day the planes took off again. Another sub was



U. S. Navy

ASHCANS* & UNCLE-BOAT

The baby flat-top blinked: "I have attacked . . ."

spotted and attacked. But there was no certain evidence of a kill.

Attacks 3 & 4 came in quick succession, but the first definite kill did not come until sunset after the sixth attack. A TBF placed all its bombs right under the U-boat's stern. It went down at once, then popped up, hopelessly out of control. Once more it sank at a steep angle, then resurfaced. The crew poured out of the crippled vessel; 24 were taken prisoner. The next engagement of the carrier lasted 14 hours, from dusk to daylight. Twice again the escort carrier's planes struck. In the last attack four TBFs and two Wildcat fighters swooped in on the U-boat. The last of their depth bombs were direct hits on the deck; only 17 crew members survived.

They Tip the Scales. The great value of the escort carriers lies in their ability to break up wolf pack attacks before the U-boats get within firing range. Hitting swiftly, the TBFs and fighters can disrupt the careful coordination, the intricate patterns of attack on which the success of the submarines depends. Small though they are, the escorts are tipping the scales in the fight to get the convoys through.

* One depth bomb is glancing off the U-boat's side to the right of the conning tower; the other is hitting close by

AIR

Conversation Piece

Over a British airfield, Lieut. Ralph Johnson found he could get only one landing wheel of his P-47 down; a machine-gun bullet from a German fighter had jammed the other. He went back upstairs to think it over, and Lieut. Colonel Hubert Zemke flew up beside him to see what the trouble was. Their radio conversation, recorded in the field control room:

Zemke: Have you tried to shake it down?

Johnson: Yes.

Zemke: Get way up and try again. If you can't shake it down, you'll have to jump. Be careful. Put your landing gear handle in down position, do a bank on the left wing and snap it over to the right. Let me get a little ahead.

Johnson: Okay.

Zemke: That hasn't done it. Do some violent weaving back & forth.

Johnson: Sir, my landing gear handle is stuck.

Zemke: Is it stuck down?

Johnson: Yes, sir.

Zemke: Let's go upstairs. Follow me. . . . Do you want to try one wheel?

Johnson: I certainly do, sir.



SHADOW of the DOUBT

• The haunting spectre of 1918 — apprehension — uncertainty — fear — these are the nocturnal and daylight ghosts transported ever increasingly on wings of death and destruction to the far corners of the Axis. The pulse of their engines throbs the monotonous compelling chant, "You can't win—you can't win—you can't win." Yet, Victory is not an easy, assured thing. We must still pay for it with blood, sweat, and tears. *If you are not yet in some phase of the War Effort — stop wasting America's time!*

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Zemke: Let me take a good look at you. . . . You don't have any flaps and you'll need plenty of field.

Johnson: Whatever you say, sir.

Zemke: Better bail out. How much gas have you got?

Johnson: About 30 gallons. . . . That fellow didn't do a very good job of gunning on me.

Zemke: I'm afraid of a landing.

Johnson: You aren't half as scared as I am, sir.

Zemke: It's not so bad. [To station]: His plane is in bad shape. I'm going to have him bail out northeast of -----.

[To Johnson]: We'll go up to 10,000 feet. Be sure you hold your legs together when

es over France and the Low Countries. Their records have led Major General Ira Eaker, commander of the Eighth Air Force, to boast that the Army now has an airplane which can outfight the Focke-Wulf 190, top German high-altitude fighter.

Slow Starter. The Thunderbolt was a long time getting there. Production bogged in sloughs of tail flutters, engine imperfections, radio quirks, troubles with the turbosupercharger that, with 62 ft. of aluminum air ducts, crams the belly of the ship. The plane now creeping into R.A.F.-Eighth Air Force communiqés is the fourth model. It looks something like a huge,* streamlined milk bottle. It is



Wide World

THUNDERBOLTS OVER BRITAIN

Sometimes students forget that six seconds means a mile.

you go over, and count ten. Try shaking it once more.

Johnson: Yes, sir.

Zemke: You don't have to sir me up here. Head her out to sea.

Johnson: Yes, sir. Is it okay now?

Zemke: Open up the canopy.

Johnson: It is open, sir. It's been open for a long time.

Zemke: Okay, mighty fine. The crate is heading out to sea.

Johnson turned his plane over, flipped out, parachuted safely to the ground. The P-47 dived harmlessly, disappeared in a great splash of sea water.

Supercharged Milk Bottle

There is no "world's best fighter plane." A mediocre low-altitude pursuit ship can give short shrift to a crack medium fighter caught hedge-hopping. But for nailing enemy bombers and escorting friendly ones at really high altitudes (25,000 to 40,000 ft.), it looks as if the U.S. can now claim the title. So say the pilots who fly the Thunderbolt (P-47).

Thunderbolts have been in action only three months. But in that time they have made 5,238 operational sorties, in fighter sweeps and escorting high-flying Fortress-

half as heavy as a loaded 21-passenger transport, is armed with eight .50-calibre machine guns, is heavily armor-plated, is powered with a 2,000-h.p. Ford-built Pratt & Whitney engine.

Training Thunderbolt pilots is tricky business—one reason why the plane was delayed in reaching combat. There is no room for an instructor in the cockpit. The pilot is on his own in mastering speeds of 420-plus m.p.h., learning how to pull out of 680-m.p.h. power dives that can hurtle the P-47 to safety when its ammunition is exhausted. In early days, many a student pilot forgot that a Thunderbolt can dive a mile in six screeching seconds, needs thousands of feet for the simplest maneuvers.

More to Come. Although the P-47 is now being turned out in quantity, the plane still has a long way to fly before the Army will be wholly satisfied. That is one reason why other theaters have yet to report the Thunderbolt in action. It is not as good at dog-fighting as the Spitfire IX, its range is limited, its rate of climb is

* Complained an R.A.F. squadron leader after staring expectantly at a Thunderbolt: "They told me she was flying fully loaded. I've seen the pilot get out—but where are the troops?"



Said the Destroyer to the Invasion Barges:
**"Mine field destroyed
 —channel clear!"**

They work together better ...
 because they can talk together



On the "production" front—a
 Federal Telephone and Radio technician "aims" her modern crystal-cutting saw.

As the sea and air barrage
 Shatters the early dawn
 Out plow the mine sweepers
 Their night's hairtrigger work done ...

Across their bows
 Sweeps the destroyer leader
 Throwing water and "making smoke" ...

Lurking in the man-made fog
 The invasion barges
 Await the signal to move in
 Ears glued to their radios
 Like villagers' ears
 To a party line ...

Suddenly it comes
 The flash that says
 The coast is clear
 And the whole armada
 Starts moving in as one ...

What unseen "switchboard"
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 And as carefully mounted
 To form a unit that synchronizes every radio
 And feeds the message through
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GENUINE

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RUMS

Because of rigid centralized control—as long ago as 1661 Jamaica's Parliament passed the first law about it—you're sure of matchless quality in Jamaica rums, regardless of brand or colour. And because Jamaica itself is unique in all the world, you can be sure that the Island's lavish gifts of golden sun, lush tropic cane, fertile soil and crystal-clear water from mile-high mountain streams are reflected in a mellow richness that's unique among all Rums. So, if it's quality you're after, if it's a distinctive flavour you're after, if it's Rum you're after, insist on genuine Jamaica Rum.



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Try such tall, cool smoothies as

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An old friend with a new taste
zest! 1/3 jigger lemon or lime
juice, 2/3 jigger sugar or syrup,
1 jigger Jamaica Rum. Add
plenty of cracked ice, fill with
soda, stir briskly. Best through
a straw.

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
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slow. But engineers are already eying the huge air-cooled motor for an added 300-400 h.p., to get both faster climb and top speeds not far below 500 m.p.h. If that happens, says one British expert on both planes and understatement, the result will be "quite startling."

COMMAND

Surface Victory

Naval airmen won a hollow triumph last week. A new, high-sounding job was created: Deputy Chief of Naval Operations for Air. Its occupant: Vice Admiral (upped from Rear Admiral) John Sidney McCain, 58, for ten months Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, for seven years a naval aviator, for all his career a "battle-ship admiral" at heart.

The new job carries responsibility for plans, policy, personnel and logistics of



U.S. Navy-International
VICE ADMIRAL MCCAIN

He was a 51-year-old fledgling.

naval aviation. It means official, though belated and only partial, acknowledgment of the airplane's role in sea warfare. It still leaves the air arm's influence in the Navy far less than that of the Air Forces' in the Army.

Likable, leathery "Slutsie" McCain is a good officer; in the Bureau of Aeronautics he has done a good job of supervising pilot training and the design and delivery of planes. He has listened to the argument of younger officers that unfettered air attack can blast the Jap out of the sea. Sometimes he has taken their advice. But airmen point out that McCain was 51 and 30 years a Navy man before he won his wings, and that he has held air commands only since 1936. Not even the appointment as new Chief of BuAer of Rear Admiral DeWitt C. ("Duke") Ramsey, an oldtime pilot now commanding a task force in the South Pacific, eased the disappointment of the Navy's air zealots.

68

TIME, July 26, 1943



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New Boss in ETO

The Army last week announced a new commanding general for field forces in the European Theater of Operations (which does not include Mediterranean operations). His name: Major General Leonard T. Gerow (pronounced ja-roe).

Pentagon pundits offered explanations: 1) his predecessor, Major General Russell P. ("Scrappy") Hartle (new assignment unannounced), was due for relief from 18 months of duty overseas; 2) Townsend Gerow holds the confidence of Chief of Staff George Marshall, whom he followed by ten years at Virginia Military Institute.* Best guess was that Gerow's reputation earned him a job that may take him to the bridgeheads on Western Europe. He is one of the Army's top infantry tacticians.

HEROES

Sergeant Snuffy

You would never think, to look at him, that solemn-faced Staff Sergeant Maynard H. Smith is a dashing soldier, an intrepid airman. He is a calm, unimpressive man who stands five feet four. In civilian life he worked variously as an income-tax field agent and an assistant receiver for the Michigan State Banking Commission.

In the Air Forces his diminutive stature made him a natural for gunner in the cramped ball turret suspended from the belly of a B-17 Flying Fortress. His nickname was "Snuffy."

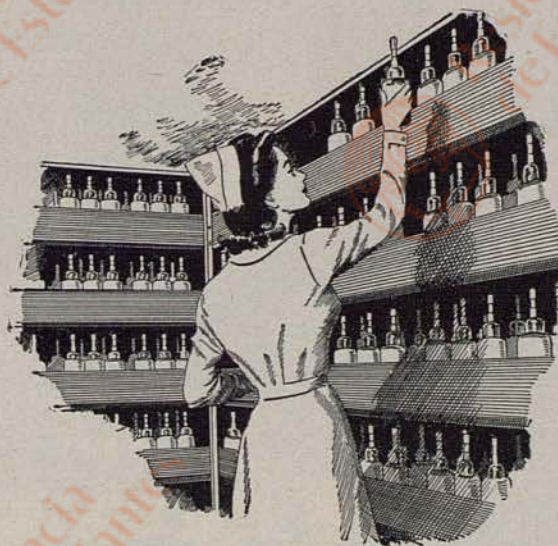
On May 1, during a raid on the Nazi U-boat pens at St.-Nazaire, his bomber, Fortress 649, was badly hit and burst into flame. The fire sweeping the fuselage drove the radio operator and both waist gunners to bail out. Emerging from his turret, Snuffy cast aside his own parachute, tackled the fire with extinguishers and water bottles. When he had used them up, he beat out the last flames with his hands. Meantime, he had contrived to man both waist guns in turn, helped to beat off harrying Focke-Wulfs and given first aid to the wounded tail gunner.

Last week Sergeant Snuffy carefully peeled the last potato of a stretch on K.P. (a familiar penalty for his habit of overstaying leave), then climbed into his best uniform, went out to the windswept air-drome, stood at deadpan attention while War Secretary Henry L. Stimson read the citation and pinned around his neck the blue ribbon and golden star of the Congressional Medal of Honor. Sergeant Snuffy was the second soldier in the European Theater of Operations to receive the nation's highest award,† the first live man to wear it.

* Other V.M.I. alumni: Lieut. General George H. Brett, head of the Caribbean Defense Command; Major General Thomas T. Handy, Chief of the General Staff's Operations Division; Major General William P. Upshur, Commanding General of the Marines' Department of the Pacific; four more major generals; 18 brigadiers. Lieut. General Patton started at V.M.I., finished at West Point.

† The first, a flyer, has not been announced.
TIME, July 26, 1943

Safe deposit vaults for blood banks



WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR BLOOD between the time you donate it at a receiving station and when it's delivered as powdered plasma to save a soldier's life?

First thing, the blood is chilled to about 40°F. and forwarded in refrigerated containers to a processing laboratory. Here, still chilled, the blood is put in a high-speed centrifuge that works like a cream separator—separating the red and white cells from the clear liquid plasma.

Then this liquid plasma is frozen to about 4°F. below zero, stored for awhile, and is presently put in a high vacuum which draws out the water. What's left is soft, straw-colored, powdered plasma—which is sealed and shipped wherever it may be needed.

Notice what a big part refrigeration plays—all the way from donor to powdered plasma. All the way along, refrigeration is a constant safeguard.

Making blood plasma is only one of many wartime jobs in which refrigera-

tion is essential and in which safe "Freon" refrigerants are used—the same safe "Freon" refrigerants that chill your refrigerator and help air conditioning keep you cool in summer.

Today, "Freon" refrigerants are doing their most important work in war plants, in hospitals, and with the armed forces. When the war is won, they will take up where they left off—bringing you the benefits and protection of refrigeration and air conditioning at their best. *Kinetic Chemicals, Inc., Wilmington, Delaware.*

GIVE SOME BLOOD AND SAVE A LIFE!



FREON

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

safe refrigerants

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No time to lose!



Blackie: "Hey, Whitey—that alarm clock is set a half hour too early!"

Whitey: "We can't be too early for Victory, Blackie—let's go!"

Keep faith with those whose *lives* depend on how well you attend to *your job*. Get to work every day—on time. Remember—when you take time off—you're helping Hitler. Keep fit—live sanely—eat the right foods—get enough rest. Get on the job—on time!



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MILESTONES

Born. To U.S. Army Lieut. Jean Bekessy (Author "Hans Habe" of *A Thousand Shall Fall*), 32, and Eleanor Close Sturges Gautier Rand Bekessy, 32, Post Toasties heiress, daughter of Mrs. Joseph E. (Mission to Moscow) Davies; a son, Antal Miklos; in Manhattan. Weight: 7 lb. 11 oz.

Married. Dorothy McGuire, 25, heart-faced stage & screen actress (*Claudia*); and John Swope, 35, vice president of Southwest Airways, son of General Electric director Gerard Swope; each for the first time; in Hollywood.

Died. Julius ("Jules") Bledsoe, 44, famed Negro baritone who introduced *Ol' Man River*; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Hollywood. Born in Texas, he studied singing in the U.S. and abroad, left Columbia University in 1924 for the concert stage, in 1927 clicked in the first edition of *Show Boat*.

Died. John Hargis Anderson, 46, president of the New York Drama Critics Circle, critic of Hearst's *Journal-American*; of meningitis following a sinus operation; in Manhattan.

Died. Dmitri Ilitch Ulyanov, 69, physician, onetime revolutionary, youngest brother of the late Nikolai Lenin; in Gorky, Russia. He was twice jailed before the Communist Revolution made him Vice Commissar of the Crimean Soviet Republic.

Died. Sir Patrick Duncan, 72, Governor General of the Union of South Africa since 1937; of cancer; in Pretoria. A grey-thatched, firm-lipped Scot, Duncan studied at Oxford's Balliol College, became a barrister of the Inner Temple, entered colonial service in 1894. He rose to be Minister of the Interior, Public Health and Education (1921-24), was the first South African citizen to become Governor General.

Died. Ellen Graham Bassel Davis, 74, wife of John W. Davis, Manhattan lawyer and onetime (1924) Democratic Presidential candidate; after long illness; in Locust Valley, L.I. In London during her husband's Ambassadorship after World War I, she was judged the handsomest embassy hostess in 50 years.

Died. Grenville Kane, 89, last surviving founder of tony Tuxedo Park; in Tuxedo Park, N.Y. A Manhattan lawyer (later director of many railroads), he helped Tobacconist Pierre Lorillard III plan the 400's baronial super-suburb in 1881. Descended from early American landlords (the Irish O'Kanes), Kane was the oldest living alumnus of St. Paul's School, oldest member of New York's arch-Republican Union League Club.

SPORT

Spice for the Brownies

"I was their best pitcher. I won nine games for them, three more than their next best. And now they trade me down the river for a couple of left-handed bums who've won one game between them. . . ."

Bobo Newsom was right. He was the Dodgers' best pitcher. But the Old Showboat's arrogance got Manager Leo ("Lippy") Durocher's goat. When it came to a showdown last week—after Bobo's suspension for insubordination had caused a brief "sympathy strike" among his teammates—Dodger Boss Branch Rickey upheld Durocher. Newsom, only three years ago reputed to be baseball's highest-paid



Associated Press

NEWSOM OF THE BROWNS
The Army helped out.

pitcher, was waived out of the National League, traded to the St. Louis Browns.

Many a baseball fan agreed that Newsom had been a sacrificial goat. But those who took a second look at last week's baseball standings were likely to view old Bobo's exile as a kick, not down the river, but upstairs. While the mutinous Dodgers apparently weakened their chances of dethroning the World Champion Cardinals in the National League pennant race, the Browns were one of four American League clubs still jockeying for position behind the pace-setting Yankees.

The Browns, nicknamed the Little Brownies because they are the only major-league club that has never won a pennant, have been a source of disappointment to two generations of St. Louis fans. Last week they looked more promising than they had at any time since the days of sizzling George Sisler (1915-22). Within



There Are No "Graduation Days" For Good Railroad Men

IT may seem strange to a little child just starting in school to see DAD bringing home books, too.

But it's an everyday sight in the homes of Erie men because constant training in better railroading methods is a regular part of the Erie program.


After all, it isn't alone the number of years of service that count. It's the knowledge gained both by experience and study that makes a railroad modern and progressive.


All along the Erie lines you will find regular conferences attended by experienced men as well as youngsters. They are studying better ways of doing their jobs in order to make good service better. Good railroad men cannot be trained in a few weeks. It takes years of training to be ready for the responsibilities of moving and safeguarding human lives and valuable freight.

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at LOUISVILLE in KENTUCKY



Bernard Hoffman

GREYHOUNDS IN WONDERLAND

In Massachusetts, they are of aid to the aged.

the past fortnight the Army had rejected three of the Brownies' best players: slugging Shortstop Vernon Stephens, fancy-fielding First Baseman George McQuinn and first-string Catcher Frank Hayes.

Stephens, the Sisler of this year's outfit, was leading the American League last week with a batting average of .336 and a total of 13 home runs. Close behind was another power-hitting Brownie, Outfielder Chester Laabs (eleven homers). Assured of this one-two punch for the remainder of the season, the Little Brownies can fight it out with the Tigers, Senators, White Sox—and even the Yankees.

To the Dogs

Like cod into a seine, some 20,000 panting citizens swarm every evening into a converted cyclodrome at Boston's Revere Beach. They are not bothered by the OPA ban on pleasure driving: Revere can be reached by Boston's elevated system, streetcar lines and a dozen bus routes from North Shore towns. Nor are they bothered by the knowledge that they may go home \$10 or \$20 poorer. They are hungry dog fans. And the old cyclodrome, now named Wonderland, is a greyhound track.

Wonderland is the Saratoga of U.S. dog tracks. Compared to London's famed White City track, where crowds of 90,000 are not uncommon, it is only a pup. But of America's 40-odd legalized courses, Wonderland is by far the biggest and most profitable. Its pari-mutuel handle for one night often exceeds the totals of Florida's nine tracks. Last summer, in 100 race nights, nearly \$20,000,000 was bet at Wonderland.

Most U.S. dog tracks have a bad smell. Wonderland was no exception. Originally backed by Al Capone interests who knew how to get along with politicians, the track started out as a wonderful racket. Today, with respectable Boston names on its board of directors and a totalizator to compute and publicly quote the odds, there is no tampering with greyhounds, no back-room rigging of the payoff.

But Bay State politicians, sitting on what non-dog fans sometimes call Beagle Hill, permit the owners of dog tracks to take 15% of their customers' betting

handle (horse parks get only 10%).* That means that 15% of every dollar wagered is skimmed off the top before the winners get their share.

Wonderland's customers seem not to care. The admission price is cheap (25¢), the atmosphere breezy, the races honest. Moreover, when a Bostonian "goes to the dogs," he knows he is salting away something for somebody's (if not his own) old age. The State of Massachusetts uses its dog-track "take" for its Old Age Pension Fund.

With good purses (\$200 to \$5,000) Wonderland attracts the fastest U.S. racing dogs. Fastest is Never Roll, a four-year-old owned by H. B. Diamond of St. Petersburg, Fla. Last summer at Wonderland, Never Roll won 17 of 24 races, broke four world's records at distances from 330 to 770 yards. Boston's dog fans expect even greater things of Never Roll this year. A few weeks ago, during a schooling race, he ran 100 yards in 5.275 seconds. World's record for man is 9.4.

Manpower's Muscle

Can you:

- ▶ Sprint 100 yards in 14.5 seconds?
- ▶ Run a mile in 7 minutes?
- ▶ Walk a mile in 10 minutes?
- ▶ Throw a baseball 150 feet?
- ▶ Broad-jump 13 feet?
- ▶ High-jump 3 feet, 6 inches?
- ▶ Put the 12-lb. shot 32 feet?
- ▶ Take five low hurdles in 19 seconds?

If you are over 35 and cannot do six out of eight, you are physically unfit. So says National Physical Fitness Director John B. Kelly. If you are under 35, you should be able to do better.

"Nearly 40% of our draftees," Kelly declares, "were rejected as unfit for military service, and a majority of those accepted . . . did not possess skills necessary for self-protection. It is estimated that 50% of our armed forces, when inducted, cannot swim well enough to save their lives, and lack the strength, agility and endurance to jump ditches, scale walls, throw missiles and stand up under forced marches."

* Neither may keep the whole amount. A minimum of 3½% of the handle is turned over to the State.



THIS MINE WILL COMMIT NO MURDER

IT'S SOWN in shallow coastal shipping lanes by Axis airplanes or submarines. It lurks on the ocean bottom, waiting for Allied ships. No need to strike it to explode it. The magnetic mass of a steel ship passing nearby will release its horror by "remote control."

Pretty little killer, isn't it? A magnetic mine. But now its fangs have been drawn. This mine will commit no murder... because of an Allied invention called the "degaussing cable."

Each Allied ship is fitted with one. It carries an electric charge. Neutralizes the ship's magnetic

field. Prevents the magnetic mine from exploding!

A lump of coal helps to muzzle this marine murderer. Coal tar acids are important ingredients in the compounds which form a protective covering for the degaussing girdle. A covering which guards the cable against the corrosive action of salt water and air... keeps it fit and functioning.

Koppers is a leading supplier of these coal tar acids and other coal chemicals to many manufacturers

of chemical products. The skill of Koppers engineers and chemists has also been called upon to make anti-aircraft gun carriages, airplane catapults, crash boats, propellers for Victory Ships, piston rings for submarines and airplanes, chemical ingredients for explosives and plastics.

The things Koppers has learned during these critical times will benefit your business when the war is won. Koppers Company and Affiliates, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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With horsepower below and firepower above, Half-Tracks by Autocar lunge and plunge in war's fiery cauldron... piercing enemy positions on the ground... pounding planes from the sky. They are powerful as bull elephants, yet nimble as polo ponies. For they are still Autocars... a preview of the power and performance you may expect in Autocar Trucks when this

global mess is cleaned up. In the meantime, let Autocar's Factory Branches help you keep your pledge to the U. S. Truck Conservation Corps.



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RELIGION

Parable Proved

Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. John 12:24.

When Perry Hayden, Quaker and Tecumseh, Mich., miller, heard a sermon on this text (that life evolves out of death), he wanted to prove it literally. So he planted 360 kernels of high-yielding Bald Rock wheat. Then Quaker Hayden had another idea: he would dramatize the Biblical injunction of tithing (giving a tenth of one's income to God), so he pledged a tenth of his harvest to his meeting.

Fortnight ago, when Hayden reaped his third harvest (26 bushels), he had notable visitors: Henry Ford and Charles Figg, Michigan's Commissioner of Agriculture. Ford, who owns the acre of land used for the project, brought along a 90-year-old self-raking reaper for use in the harvesting. Figg came to inspect the wheat which

in its first harvesting had multiplied 50-fold, almost twice Michigan's average. So rapidly did the wheat grains grow that Hayden calls them "dynamic kernels." Next year, Hayden expects to harvest from 15 to 20 acres.

Shortage in Rome

Non-Catholics sometimes forget that His Holiness the Pope, Vicar of Jesus Christ, Successor of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church, Patriarch of the West, Primate of Italy, Sovereign of Vatican City, and Servant of the Servants of God, is also the Bishop of Rome. Last week the Bishop of Rome had a local problem on his hands: a "serious shortage" of priests in the Eternal City. Reason: twelve of Rome's some 600 priests died last year, only six new ones were ordained. Sadly the Bishop of Rome ordered several of the city's 400 churches to close their doors, hoped that this drastic act would relieve the shortage.



COLOGNE CATHEDRAL STILL STANDS

British Combine

This R.A.F. photograph of Cologne Cathedral (taken after the last devastating raid on the Rhine city) gives the lie to Nazi Propaganda Minister Goebbels, who has been telling the world that the famed fane has been ruined. The picture shows that the near-by railway station and building were wrecked, but that only the north transept of the Cathedral suffered damage. Tourists have been taught to consider Cologne Cathedral a medieval masterpiece. It is not. The east end was begun in the 13th Century. But most of the Cathedral was raised between 1824 and 1880, in a period often called "the Architectural Dark Ages."

Late famed Gothicist Ralph Adams Cram wrote that the Cathedral had "a cast-iron quality," that "if . . . it should be subjected to the hail of shell and shrapnel . . . apart from the windows (some of them) and pictures and tombs, nothing would be lost that could not be replaced and after a better fashion. . . ."

What is the job of a



"FLIGHT CONTRACTOR?"

Army Air Forces pilots learn to fly at Primary Training Schools operated by civilian Flight Contractors. Georgia Air Service, Inc. has the honor of being a "Flight Contractor".

Our highly specialized staff must know how to impart a thorough knowledge of aviation. This includes, in addition to the actual flying, aerodynamics, meteorology, navigation and other related subjects. We also maintain the scores of Army aircraft used at our schools. This requires adequate shops, hangars, and complete equipment, as well as a large organization of mechanics, linesmen and other aircraft specialists.

The backlog of experience which Georgia Air Service, Inc. is accumulating in this vital war work will be of tremendous value to both commercial aviation and private flyers after the war. Now dedicated faithfully to war work, our organization's peace time aim is for outstanding service to the aviation industry!

All taxpayers will be pleased to know that this program of Primary Training under civilian contract has effected a savings of many millions of dollars to the U. S. Government.



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MUSIC

Let the Trumpets Sound

It all started last summer when Conductor Eugene Goossens of the Cincinnati Symphony gazed into the blue vacation waters off the Maine coast. What could he do in the war effort? What music would forward the spirit of the times? At length Conductor Goossens wrote to 26 modern composers asking for instrumental flourishes of the sort known as fanfares. Nineteen responded. Six Goossens fanfares are now being played by the NBC Orchestra in six weekly broadcasts of *Music at War*.^{*} They are Morton Gould's *Fanfare for Freedom*; Henry Cowell's *Fanfare for the Forces of Our Latin-American Allies*; Paul Creston's *Fanfare for Paratroopers*; Felix Borowski's *Fanfare for American Soldiers*; Leo Sowerby's *Fanfare for Air-men*; Goossens' *Fanfare for the Merchant Marine*.

Sennets and Tuckets. Technically, a fanfare is a brief passage (from two to 25 seconds) for brasses, employed as an attention-getter for what follows. The Goossens fanfares, however, are more elaborate compositions, some scored for full orchestra, running as long as three minutes. Most of them explore themes suggested by their titles—Cowell's, for example, uses a Mexican air. Fanfare, a French word of possible Moorish derivation, is allied to the Elizabethan stage directions sennet (also senet, sennate, cynet, signet, signate) and tucket, both indicating musical flourishes. There are no musical samples extant of sennets and tuckets. Sennet may have derived from "seven," perhaps meant a seven-note trumpet call. Tucket most probably stems from the Italian *toccato* (meaning a touch), and in all likelihood originally signified a drum sound.

Great composers have not neglected the fanfare. Johann Sebastian Bach wrote one for four trumpets in the *Christmas Cantata*. Beethoven followed the traditional military style of trumpets in unison in *Fidelio*. Other flourishes are found in Handel, Schumann, Mendelssohn.

No Kitten on the Keys

If you shut your eyes you would bet she was a man. But last week's audiences at Manhattan's Downtown Café Society had their eyes open. They heard a sinewy young Negro woman play the solid, unpretentious, flesh-&-bone kind of jazz piano that is expected from such vigorous Negro masters as James P. Johnson. Serene, reticent, sloe-eyed Mary Lou Williams was not selling a pretty face, or a low *décolletage*, or tricky swinging of Bach or Chopin. She was playing blues, stomps and boogie-woogie in the native Afro-American way—an art in which, at 33, she is already a veteran. Yet Mary Lou Williams felt nervous: for the first time in 16 years she was going it alone.

^{*} NBC's New York studio, July 8-Aug. 12, 11:30-12 p.m.

Says Mary Lou: "I don't feel right all by myself. I need the band there to back me up." For no less than twelve years she had one of the best Negro bands back of her: Andy Kirk's Clouds of Joy. She was Kirk's pianist from New York's Famous Door and Cotton Club to Chicago's Grand Terrace, Kansas City's Lone Star and Los Angeles' Paramount theater. And while the band backed up Mary Lou, she backed up the band. She wrote most of its arrangements, and many of them (*Roll 'em, Froggy Bottom*, etc.) are classics among jazz players. One week she got



Eileen Dorby-Graphic House
MARY LOU WILLIAMS
She plays musicians' music.

down 15 scores and, all told, she provided the Clouds of Joy with 200. With them she has made dozens of Decca records.

Lou for Louis. Mary Lou, born in Pittsburgh, was one of eleven children. She started playing and composing at six. At 14 she was taken on the Orpheum Circuit. The following year she played with Duke Ellington and his early small band, the Washingtonians. Today she is one of Ellington's arrangers. But her mind keeps turning to oldtime sessions with the Kansas City greats: Benny Moten, Pete Johnson, Joe Turner, Count Basie. Mary Lou's special contribution was an unearthly swinging dirge which the boys called "zombie." It was musicians' music. Asked if she would try it on her Café Society audiences, she said: "They'd all go home."

One high and learned salute to her talent came when she was only 15. One morning at 3 she was jamming with McKinney's Cotton Pickers at Harlem's Rhythm Club. The great Louis Armstrong entered the room and paused to listen to her. Mary Lou shyly tells what presently happened: "Louis picked me up and kissed me."

TIME, July 26, 1943



In Philadelphia — nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

Our knowledge of the preoccupations of humans in general is, you might say, vague. But it so happens we're able (likewise willing) to shed a little statistical light as pertains Philadelphians. Some time during each week-day evening, 4 out of 5 Philadelphia families are preoccupied with *The Evening Bulletin*.^{*} And we have it on good authority the average daily reader preoccupation with *The Bulletin* is 53 minutes.

^{*}Circulation over 600,000—largest evening newspaper in America.

Rough seas don't stop PCE's



Official U. S.
Navy Photograph

Uncle Sam's new ocean-going terriers hunt underwater rats in any weather!

Remember the SC's, those doughty little sub-chasers that knocked out 40 per cent of all the German U-Boats we sunk in World War I?

For *this* war your Uncle Sam has something even deadlier! It's the PCE—a Patrol Craft Escort. Able to take the toughest pounding that angry seas can offer, faster, more maneuverable and better armed than their predecessors, the Navy's new PCE boats will soon be proving their worth in convoy and patrol duty—in sighting subs and *sinking* same!

To see that we get enough of these craft

—*in time*, The Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing Company became a ship-builder. And Pullman-Standard, like most veteran shipbuilders, depends on modern DeVilbiss Spray Painting Equipment—not only to "speed 'em through," but to give each boat the hard, tight finish needed to withstand the paint-destroying rigors of salty, sea-going service.

Whatever war materiel you are making—be it bullets or battleships—if you want painting or coating operations in your plant to move with the greatest possible speed and efficiency... call a DeVilbiss engineer.

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Spray painting the superstructure of a PCE at Pullman-Standard.



PROUD to have won the coveted Army-Navy "E" for excellence in war production, the men and women of DeVilbiss pledge to continue giving their all-out best—for Victory.

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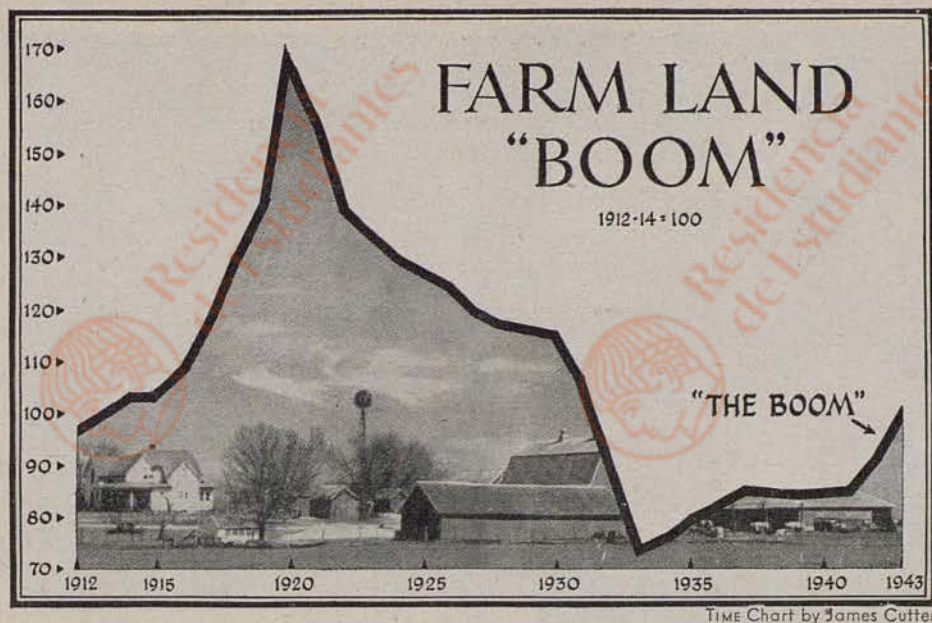
16 v. Pan Am

The stage was set last week for the hottest political fight U.S. airlines have ever tangled in. The prize: postwar international air transport. Last week, 16 (out of 19) airlines plunked \$250,000 into a brand-new committee to fight for "free" worldwide competition. Their aim: to blast out of its top-dog spot Pan American Airways, which monopolized prewar international air travel.

This was no cat-&-dog wrangle. Behind the potent new committee (The Airlines Committee on International Routes) was the tremendous prestige—and smart flyer's brains—of the Army Air Forces' chief, General H. H. ("Hap") Arnold. Ten days ago, General Arnold hastily called a hush-hush meeting in Washington of the U.S. airlines which operate routes for the Army's world-straddling Air Transport Command. (Pan American was included.) General Arnold advised them to take steps.

What these steps should be came out at the second—and widely publicized—meeting of 16 U.S. airlines last week. This time Pan Am did not attend. Neither did American Export Airlines (which now operates to Ireland), nor United Air Lines. The reason was soon plain.

The Harpoon. The conferees adopted a five-point program: 1) free and open worldwide air competition, subject to reasonable Federal regulation; 2) private ownership and management; 3) Federal encouragement of a worldwide air transport system; 4) worldwide freedom of transit in peaceful flight; 5) acquisition by the U.S. of the civil and commercial



TIME Chart by James Cutter

outlets required in the public interest.

The harpoon for Pan Am came in a statement of policy: "There can be no rational basis for permitting" air transport outside the U.S. to be "left to the withering influence of monopoly." To implement the new "free" policy, the 16 airlines served notice on CAB that they will promptly file petitions for permission to operate worldwide air routes.

Weapon to Swing. In the face of this all-out attack, Pan Am's suave President Juan T. Trippe was mum, but not idle. United Air Lines, second largest U.S. domestic line and operator of many an ATC route, had been reported in favor of the new committee. United did not appear at the second session. Then news came that United now favored a policy in which one company "or at the most two or three in different territories" should operate the U.S. share of international airlines.

No secret is General Arnold's dislike of Pan Am's peacetime monopoly. When ATC was set up, he gave domestic U.S. airlines (with little international experience) the lion's share. Thus General Arnold has already built up the weapon to smash Pan Am's grip on world routes.

A Fire under CAB. Why is General Arnold suddenly so interested in postwar air competition? One likely reason: the Army has decided that the more U.S. companies operate air routes to foreign countries, the better the Army will be equipped to handle postwar emergencies.

But postwar U.S. air policy is part of any postwar peace, must square with what Britain and the other United Nations do, with what Congress decides. Pan Am's diplomatic Trippe is an old expert with Congress. But never has Juan Trippe been confronted by such a solid phalanx of airlines, such a potent battler as the U.S. Army. Pan Am is in for the knock-down, drag-out battle of its tumultuous career.

REAL ESTATE

The Farmer's Memory

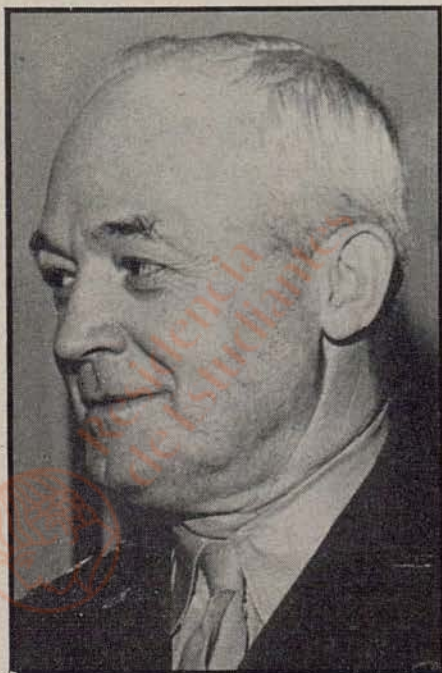
Farm-land values have risen more sharply within the past year than for more than 20 years past. Most of the increase has occurred since last November. OWI, reporting this, said that things are not yet out of hand: despite the past year's overall jump of 9%, per-acre values are still just below the 1912-14 average. But the steepness of the rise is cause for alarm.

The last time the farm-land value line took a perpendicular upward direction it finally went through the roof (see chart). Many a farmer is still in hock because he forgot then that what goes up, etc. On the awful 1921-35 toboggan the average value of a U.S. farm nosedived from \$10,284 to \$4,825; some 85,000 farmers hit bottom and went through the wringer in the '30s. But this time there are indications that the U.S. farmer does not yet need to be reminded of those doleful years. Most hopeful contrasts between now & then:

► Last year U.S. farmers reduced their total mortgage debt by \$360,000,000, three times the average net reduction of the three preceding years. Total farm debt is down some 10% from the beginning of 1939, whereas farm mortgages almost doubled in value between 1915 and 1920.

► Most farmers are also cagily plunking down more & more hard cash for the land they buy, even though interest rates are temptingly low. In the last quarter of 1942 only half the parcels of land bought in the North Central states involved any mortgage at all, and of those, 35% of the purchase prices was paid for in cash. In the Northern Plains only 18% of all the recorded transfers involved a mortgage.

► A substantial fraction of the present rise in farm values is due to city-slicker dollars in search of a hedge against infla-



Associated Press

ARMY AIR'S GENERAL ARNOLD
Pan Am is in for a battle.

TIME, July 26, 1943

The glass "yardstick" that can't tell a lie!

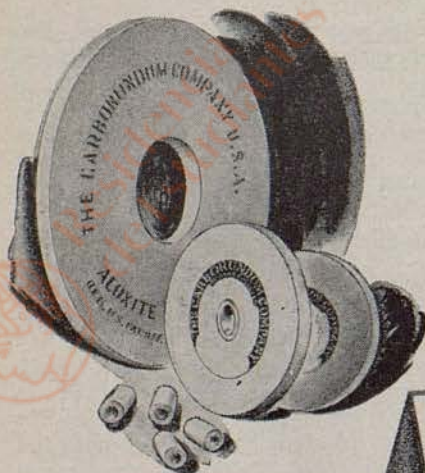


Now they're making precision gages, on which mass output of planes and other weapons depends, out of glass. Why glass? It saves strategic material. Can't rust or corrode. Is less affected by heat. Surface scratches or knicked edges don't impair its accuracy. Costs less. Lasts longer. And it can't tell a lie. If a glass gage is dropped, either it breaks or is as good as new; there is no unsuspected distortion.

To turn molded glass into a precision instrument requires careful, accurate grinding. Carborundum makes grinding wheels with which plug, ring and snap gages of glass are quickly ground to the required accuracy and finish. This latest use of grinding is another example of the increasing importance of abrasives in war production.



We ask you to remember that every abrasive tool is a "Weapon for Production" - use it wisely. The Carborundum Company, Niagara Falls, New York.



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CARBORUNDUM
ABRASIVE PRODUCTS

tion. "Chicago money" has poured into Illinois farm land in recent months; an Iowa farm broker last week reported that one eastern moneybags had just banked \$400,000 in Des Moines and was looking for land to spend it on.

Farm equipment and manpower shortages, gas rationing and a host of other wartime worries have put some brakes on the farm-land boom market up to now. The real danger in the 1943 boomlet is that too many farmers might decide to take a flyer in land for speculation's sake and not for the land's produce. Against that psychology, if & when it arrives, the U.S. farmer's best weapon will be a long memory.

OIL

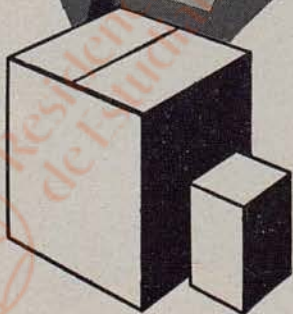
Sicilian Sidelight

When Lieut. General George S. Patton Jr.'s U.S. Seventh Army splashed up the beaches of Sicily, the innards of much of its motor equipment were protected from the sea with a thick, gummy substance that was the result of a near-miracle of production back home. Last week Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey) proudly let the miracle out of the bag.

Late one Friday, Army Ordnance telephoned Jersey Standard in Manhattan. Said Ordnance: General Dwight D. Eisenhower had just cabled, asking for immediate delivery of 45,000 lb. of a special water-repellent compound never before made in the U.S. Eisenhower had just heard of the new compound from the British, who had used it with great success. The goo was sketchily described. By Monday enough machinery had been thrown together to fill the order; materials had been rushed by police-escorted Army trucks to Standard's Baltimore grease plant.

Then the fun began. First off, a sample of the real goo (flown in from North Africa) turned out to be different from the Army's original description, and more hard-to-get materials had to be commandeered. The goo was so unusual and heavy that Standard's grease equipment had to be jacked up with Rube Goldbergian extra belts, pulleys and paddles. But by the following Sunday the order was done, four hours before the promised delivery time. By that time the plant was half-wrecked, as equipment collapsed under the strain. Then the Army asked for another 200,000 lb. by the following weekend. At that point Standard threw in its big Pittsburgh grease plant, while more Army trucks dashed all over western Pennsylvania gathering up extra drums and materials.

The Pittsburgh plant, as well as the limping Baltimore factory, worked night & day, while their supervisory staffs took cat naps on the floor. Army bombers took the last 22,000 lb. of production to the seaboard. By 11:45 a.m. on Friday, June 11, just two weeks after the first Army phone call and only seven hours after it left Standard's Pittsburgh plant, the final vat was stowed away and North Africa-bound. The whole thing happened



PAPERBOARD RIDES THE ROAD TO WAR

Logistics—paperboard packages speed the flow of matériel to every land and sea front.

CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA



THE HAND IS QUICKER WITH TICONDEROGA

Often wish your pencil could keep up with your ideas? Well, it will if you use a Ticonderoga pencil! Thoughts become words with rapidity under the stimulus of this effortless, smoothly swift writing tool!

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A fine American Pencil
with a fine American name

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Joseph Dixon Crucible Co. Dept. 6-J7, Jersey City, N. J.

so fast that no one even thought to talk about contracts and cost. But by last week, with the new invasion an amphibious success, the cost of Standard's Sicilian sidelight seemed academic.

TEXTILES

Rayon v. Cotton

Cotton-State Senators chortled. Headed by old (79) "Cotton Ed" Smith of South Carolina, they had fought a bitter minor battle. The War Department had plumped for the use of rayon cord in synthetic tires in place of cotton. The politicians, ever-sensitive in their cotton fibers, worried about the South's loss of a good chunk of its domestic cotton market. Then, last week, the Senate's Truman Committee mightily boosted the cause of cotton cord.

Rough-&-tumble Rubber Czar Jeffers thought he had settled the question last October. At the War Department's request he has bulled through most of his program to expand U.S. rayon cord capacity 100,000,000 lb. annually (to a total of 200,000,000 lb.). He was all set to use rayon cord in all medium and heavy synthetic tires for the Army. To the outraged protests of cotton Senators (who called Jeffers before the Senate's Agricultural Committee) Jeffers gave a flat answer: the Army wanted rayon; the Army was going to get it. Army tests, he said, had proved rayon had higher tensile strength than cotton, greater resistance to heat.

The Truman Committee turned its heat on those "Army tests." Said the Committee: the War Department had decided on rayon "without the benefit of any adequate tests. . . ."

Slipshod tests had been conducted, the Committee reported, under the auspices of military men drafted from the Big Four rubber companies. But even these tests had proved "cotton cord the equal of rayon in most sizes of synthetic rubber tires in the latest tests. Rayon has displayed no superiority over cotton to warrant the great investment in critical materials now being made to produce facilities for rayon cord."

With a long political look ahead, the Committee gloomed: "The effect of the War Department predilection for rayon . . . will be a disaster to . . . the South."

Bull Bill Jeffers snorted: "So what? . . . Experts of the Army, the industry and my office disagree. I'll trail along with them. . . ."

WALL STREET

Standard: One for Four

Stocky, down-to-earth James S. Adams, 45-year-old President of Standard Brands Inc. (Fleischmann's Yeast, Royal Baking Powder, etc.) last week announced that he would ask his 115,000 common stockholders to convert every four shares they now hold into one share of new stock. Brokers raised interested eyebrows: reverse splitting had hardly been heard of on Wall Street since the dog days after the 1929 crash, when some companies used



Wide World
"COTTON ED" SMITH
Sensitive fibers were soothed.

it to give their collapsing shares some semblance of dollar value.

Jim Adams' move was different: his stock is selling near its high for the year, his sales running 20% above last year. And his motivation was right in line with his executive background, first as a key man in the smart, slick advertising firm of Benton & Bowles and then as executive vice president of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.

When Jim Adams left the soap business for the food business 18 months ago, lumbering Standard Brands' sales were running only 33% above their level in 1930, the company's first full year of business.



STANDARD BRANDS' ADAMS
He wants to expand by contraction.

TIME, July 26, 1943

"...our employee absences decreased 37½%"



A practical solution to absenteeism found in sound conditioning

ABSENTEEISM is a great national problem today. Investigation has shown that its causes may be many and varied. One large Eastern company, however, achieved a reduction of 37½% in employee absences, and stated that one important factor in this reduction was Sound Conditioning with Acousti-Celotex—the world's most widely used material for the scientific abatement of needless noise.

This is not as surprising as it may seem. Repeated experiments have shown that noise distracts and disturbs workers, causes fatigue and delay. Noise-frayed nerves contribute to carelessness and errors, throw judgment off balance, render dispositions irritable. All over America, Sound Conditioning with Acousti-

Celotex is increasing human efficiency by hushing needless noise in offices and factories, schools and hospitals.

If you have an absentee problem—if you suspect needless noise of causing fatigue or carelessness, impaired efficiency or lowered morale in your business, let your nearby Acousti-Celotex distributor consider the case with you. He is a member of the world's most experienced acoustical group, and his recommendations are yours without obligation. A note to us will bring him to your desk.

FREE: Write for your copy of the informative new booklet, "25 Answers to Questions on Sound Conditioning." You can read it in 8 minutes! Address The Celotex Corporation, Chicago.



WHO'S WHO

A few recent additions to the hundreds of organizations who have increased efficiency through Sound Conditioning with Acousti-Celotex:

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- NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC.
Dallas, Texas
- PRATT & LAMBERT, INC.
Buffalo, New York
- PRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT
East Longmeadow, Massachusetts
- THE NATIONAL SCREW
& MANUFACTURING CO.
Cleveland, Ohio
- PET MILK COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri
- PHILCO CORPORATION
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
- THE GLENN L. MARTIN-NEBRASKA
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1 I go where the Navy goes...right into the battles. I'm filled with hot coffee and handed to the men at their battle stations on deck.



2 I'm full of a swell chocolate soda for a soldier at a Post Exchange soda fountain, and I won't pass along any germs to him...for he's the first and only one who will use me.

3 I'm the familiar little Dixie you'll most always find where there's drinking water. No passing colds on to folks when I'm around.



4 I'm going into a war worker's lunch box filled with a tasty, nutritious salad. I'm a real help to women who put up a lunch a man can work on.

5 I'm the Dixie Cup that goes aboard our Army's big bombers and transport planes. For even fighters in the air must eat and drink.



6 ALL the soldiers and sailors love me. I am filled with ice cream and bring them nourishing refreshment, whether on duty or on leave.



7 I'm a kinda squat Dixie for desserts. I'm always filled with something good to eat and you'll find me, and a lot of other members of the Dixie family, in war plants where they must feed workers quickly.



Most of us Dixie Cups are working for Uncle Sam—so if you don't always see us on our familiar peace-time jobs, it means we're taking care of him first. We know you'd want us to.



Dixie Cups, Vortex Cups, Pac-Kups—products of the Dixie Cup Company

DIXIE CUPS

ONE OF THE VITAL HEALTH DEFENSES OF AMERICA-AT-WAR

Its toughest competitor, big General Foods, with about the same 1930 sales, had almost doubled its business. During all this time General Foods had some 5,000,000 shares of common outstanding (and 6,000,000 authorized) v. 12,600,000 (and 20,000,000) for smaller Standard Brands. Result: in the past few years General's stock has sold up & down in the respectable \$25-45 area, while Standard's has dogged around at the \$3-10 level. To publicity-conscious Jim Adams (and to all his directors) this was bad business: 1) it gave the stock an unwarranted black eye as against the higher-priced stocks of comparable companies; 2) it made the stock less attractive as collateral.

But the biggest reason why Jim Adams wants to get his stock out of the cat-&-dog area is because he figures that it will thereby become a more useful vehicle for expansion. Low-priced stocks usually attract small-time speculators who figure they get more when they buy 100 shares at \$5 than 10 shares at \$50; when a businessman sells out his company for another company's stock, he looks for blue-chip prestige. Thus when Standard bought the Loudon Packing Co. (V-8 Vegetable Juice) last March, the Loudons insisted on cash, but when General Foods bought out Snider Packing at about the same time, only common stock changed hands. Expansionist Adams, whose stock phrase is "some day we've got to grow some," figures that his fiscal contraction should enable Standard Brands to expand.

BANKING

A. P.'s Team

"I'm retired, dammit," says leonine old Amadeo Peter Giannini, chairman of the board of California's huge Bank of America, whenever reporters note that he still bosses his 478-branch colossus.* But 73-year-old A. P. still goes to work in his walnut-paneled San Francisco office every day; he has been "retiring" ever since he was 31, when he decided that he had earned enough in his stepfather's fruit and vegetable business to take life easy. Actually no one believes his beloved bank will be run by anyone else so long as A. P. can draw breath.

Two Comers. Nonetheless Banker Giannini has for years been stocking the executive floor of his bank with likely younger men who may one day succeed him. His taciturn lawyer son Lawrence Mario (48), who has been Bank of America president since 1936, has always been frail, lately has spent long periods away from his desk. Last year, when A.P. bought California's Pacific Finance Co., he made its go-getting, 50-year-old president Francis Baer vice chairman of the bank's board, and West Coast financiers buzzed that A. P. bought the company to get the man and groom him for president.

* Last month Bank of America, long the No. 4 U.S. bank, nosed out New York's Guaranty Trust Co. for the No. 3 spot. Its total resources: \$3,127,638,000, almost \$1 billion more than a year ago.



Over There
it's on every
soldier's tongue...

**Industry is helping win the war...
industry must help build a peacetime world**

After the war is decisively won... what kind of world is essential for a just and durable peace?

This question is being asked today everywhere in the world. No expert is needed to tell you the answer. It must be a world as peaceful and neighborly as your own town; a world in which decent people can bring up their children decently. It must be a busy world where factories and farms are working and where there are jobs for all.

How can such a world be brought into being? The surest way is to think and talk about it. Full and complete discussions on the porches of this country, over its fences, in churches, schools, clubs, and always at meals—that is how the terms of A JUST AND DURABLE PEACE can be formulated.

In your discussions keep in mind this fact; your terms of peace must be such that the people of other lands can agree with them. There must be provision in your plans for sustained production and for consumption of that production.

Only a world peace that squares with the conscience of men of good will can be just. Only a just peace can endure.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
Subsidiary of The International Nickel Company of Canada, Limited
New York, N. Y.



Over Here
it's the topic
of the day

Herbert
Bohnert



"I'm going home to Father—he uses Mum!"

IT MAY NOT be grounds for divorce, but it's certainly grounds for plenty of annoyance—when a husband (or any man) is guilty of underarm odor.

That's why so many adult-minded married men, single men, business men use Mum. They realize

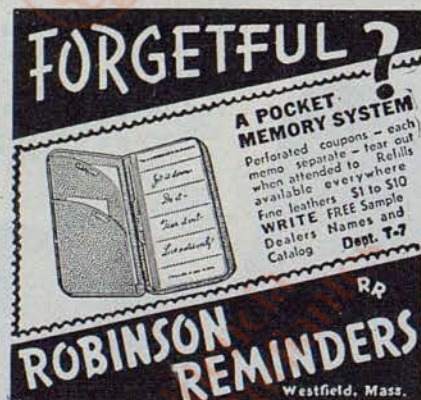
a shower removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum guards against risk of *future* underarm odor.

Mum protects all day or all evening. Easy to apply—takes only 30 seconds for a touch under each arm. Won't harm your skin or your shirts. Get Mum today!

Product of Bristol-Myers



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



BEGINNING AUGUST 2

"Time Views the News"

Will be broadcast as a Sustaining Program by the

BLUE NETWORK

Mondays through Fridays at 4:30 p.m. E. W. T.

Hear the editors of TIME give their own appraisals of the day's news—based on the reports of TIME's correspondents all over the world.

A. P. says Francis Baer is "a comer [who will] cut a big figure in this business." But last week he turned his spotlight upon another of his executives: big, dark, 54-year-old Carl F. Wenthe, who stepped into a newly created job as senior vice president of Bank of America.

Carl Wenthe has moved steadily up through the Giannini empire for the past



Eisenstaedt-Pix

BANK OF AMERICA'S WENTE
His boss "retired" 42 years ago.

25 years, is a man after old A. P.'s heart. He went to work after two years of high school, hates "golfing bankers." When someone asks him how much bigger the Bank of America can become, his uneven beetle brows twitch and he snaps back "How high is up?"

Two Answers. Whoever inherits the empire, Baer and Wenthe make a logical team to work in harness under the brilliant, ailing Mario and his indestructible father. Baer, the consumer finance expert, is the perfect answer to A. P.'s booming small-loan business (the bank had 3,000,000 borrowers averaging loans of \$300 apiece between 1935 and 1941). Wenthe has worked in a score of the small country and city banks that are now cashing in for A. P., knows farm, livestock and small business problems. As his boss puts it, "he knows a lot more about banking than any city banker." From A. P., who hates Wall Street and hoity-toity big business almost more than he hates the New Deal, there can be no higher praise.

RAILROADS

Coach Reservations

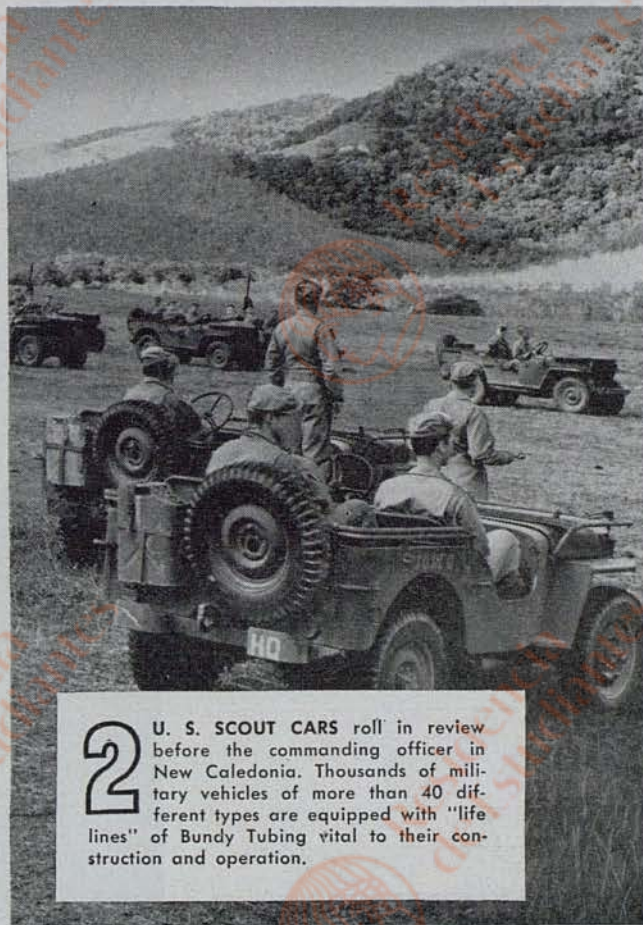
For months U.S. railroads have begged civilians not to travel. Last week the Southern Pacific quit begging, got tough. Henceforth, even for coaches S.P. will require reservations, which must be made in person, in advance. (Trains on the San Francisco peninsula and between the San

FAMOUS LIFE LINES



1 LONELY ATTU, most westerly American outpost in the northern Pacific, points a dagger at Japan. Here's the Village of Attu (population 38 natives)—nestling amid snow-clad mountains, recently the scene of bitter and victorious fighting.

Official U. S. Navy Photograph



2 U. S. SCOUT CARS roll in review before the commanding officer in New Caledonia. Thousands of military vehicles of more than 40 different types are equipped with "life lines" of Bundy Tubing vital to their construction and operation.

Official Signal Corps Photograph

JUST as the life of an army overseas depends on its lines of supply—so the fighting life of a plane, a tank or a ship depends on slender lines of metal tubing.

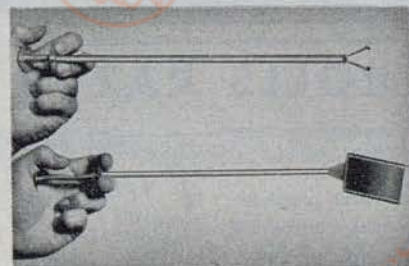
Gas, oil, brake and pressure lines for every type of vehicle. Fuel lines for marine engines. Structural and mechanical tubing for radios, aircraft, gliders and tanks. Refrigeration lines for the powder rooms of war vessels.

Bundy makes them all, and many more—tubing used for more than

5,000 different parts in the vehicles and equipment of our fighting forces.

These life lines *must not fail*. They must stand up under the toughest kind of punishment on faraway fronts. So Bundy builds the best tubing it can build—in the largest quantity possible in greatly expanded plants.

We'll keep on doing just that until Victory—when we shall turn again to the service of peacetime industry. Bundy Tubing Company, Detroit, Michigan.



SPECIALIZED TOOLS, made with Bundy Tubing, are helping the aircraft and other industries more quickly to install and inspect small parts. Bundy Tubing was selected because of its light weight and sturdy strength.

BUNDY TUBING



ENGINEERED TO

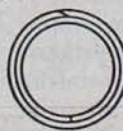
YOUR EXPECTATIONS



BUNDYWELD double-walled steel tubing, hydrogen-brazed, copper-coated inside and outside. From Capillary sizes up to and including $\frac{1}{4}$ " O. D. This double-walled type is also available in steel, tin-coated on the outside, and in Monel.



BUNDY ELECTRICWELD steel tubing. Single-walled—butt welded—annealed. Available in sizes up to and including 2" O. D. Can be furnished tin-coated outside in smaller sizes.



BUNDY "TRIPLE-PURPOSE" tubing. Double-walled, rolled, from two strips, joints opposite, welded into a solid wall. Available in all Monel; all steel; Monel inside—steel outside; Monel outside—steel inside. Sizes up to and including $\frac{3}{4}$ " O. D.

Buy U. S. War Bonds
Get in Your Scrap



Hey! Where's my meat?

A guy gets a lot less for his tail-wagging in wartime. Family too busy to play. Boss off in uniform. And now—no meat!

Meat rationing is hard on dogs. Make up for it by giving your pet more eggs and milk and protein vegetables. Give him the meat vitamins—and all the different vitamins he needs—with Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules (Vitapets). Their vitamins A, B₁, D, B₂ and Niacin help protect him from Rickets, Black Tongue, Eczema and certain Fits.

Don't let rationing harm your dog's health, disposition or appearance. Start him on Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules. At drug and pet stores. Ask for free new Sergeant's Dog Book, too—or use this coupon.

FREE SERGEANT'S, Dept. 70-G, Richmond, Va.
Please mail FREE, NEW, 1943, illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

ROLLS RAZOR



Compact, complete
Where'er you are,
The shaving choice
Of men at war.

Choice of civilians, too; but for the duration Rolls Safety Razor is available only at U. S. Post Exchanges and Ships' Service Stores. If your Rolls Safety Razor needs adjustment, send us the complete instrument and we'll service it like new at a nominal charge.

ROLLS RAZOR, Inc.

Sales and Service
342 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

**DID
YOU
KNOW**

THAT this issue of TIME, will be read by 22 heads of governments—7 presidents, 2 prime ministers, 1 Viceroy, 1 governor-general, 8 colonial governors, 1 maharajah, 1 maharas, 1 daiwan.

Francisco Bay region and Sacramento were excepted.) Tickets must be purchased before reservations can be made. Servicemen will be given preference. As a result the number of passengers will be limited on each train; many a citizen will have to stay home.

AMUSEMENTS

Glamor, Inc.

By Hollywood standards, the famed Brown Derby's 20th anniversary was a quiet celebration. Rita Hayworth and Paul Whiteman posed for pictures (*see cut*). Charlie Chaplin and his fourth bride arrived. Hollywood adolescents gawked, clutching their autograph books, watching at the door of the onetime hamburger stand which has now become four restau-

milk, near beer. This week's daily menus, 20 years later, include nine hot entrees chosen from a list of 2,700 dishes, all à la carte. Most expensive: New York cut steak, \$3.25. Least expensive: hamburger, 35¢. Most exotic (at \$2.50): *Le Coq Avin* (boneless capon sautéed in butter, cognac; cooked in burgundy; served with chicken livers, truffles, mushrooms).

Spongecake & Catsup. The Brown Derby's solvency is due to dapper Robert Howard Cobb, 43, who is often mistaken for Actor William Powell ("I don't think Powell's quite as good an actor as I am"). Bob Cobb has managed the Brown Derby since its opening, is now president and biggest stockholder (co-founders Somborn and Mizner died ten years ago).

Sometimes the Derby has been almost bashed in. Once Cobb found himself



BROWN DERBY'S COBB & CUSTOMERS*
Hamburgers are 35¢, now.

Marion L. Strohl

rants doing a gross business of \$2 million a year.

Most of California's boom-built, improbable, concrete roadside stands of 1923, shaped like coffeepots, lemons, pumpkins, setting hens, hot dogs, were fly-by-night curiosities. But the Brown Derby somehow became the rendezvous of glamor.

Hamburger and Capon. Founder of the Brown Derby was the late Herbert K. Somborn, movie producer, second of Gloria Swanson's four husbands. A coffee-bibber, Somborn wanted 20 cups a day. And he often sighed for his mother's home cooking. A restaurant seemed the only answer. He outlined the idea to his friend, legendary Wit Wilson Mizner. Cracked Mizner: "A restaurant like that would succeed—even if you called it the Brown Derby."*

Menu on opening day, July 19, 1923: hamburger, hot dog, melted cheese sandwich, chili, tamales, hot cakes, coffee, tea.
* In 1919, Gambler Mizner was convicted of operating a gambling house in Mineola, N.Y., was pardoned by Governor Al Smith.

\$196,000 in the red with \$2,400 on hand. He haggled all one night with creditors, got 17 moratorium agreements. Now he says his credit rating is AAA, unlimited.

Cobb has the knack of keeping one eye on a temperamental diner, one on the ledger. As a showman, he is beyond surprise. To one eccentric but steady patron, Bob Cobb's waiters always served, without blinking, a dish of spongecake, smothered in catsup. Says President Cobb, reminiscently: "You can do nearly anything you want with the public."

FOOD

Corn Curse

To castigate farmers who hoard their grain for higher prices, the *Kansas City Grain Market Review* last week turned to the Bible, dug up a dire admonition: "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it." (*Proverbs 11:26*).

* Rita Hayworth, Paul Whiteman.

TIME, July 26, 1943



They Are Expendable

IN the language of the Navy a ship is expendable if it can be sacrificed to protect a larger and more valuable force.

On the production front railroad cars and coaches and engines are expendable—for, to those charged with winning the victory, they are less valuable these days than the materials of war they carry.

Ask any traveler or any shipper about the war job being done by these tireless servants of steel and wood.

All previous records have been broken. Despite the fact that thousands of old cars and locomotives have been brought back from retirement and pressed into service, the freight now carried per car and per engine is the highest in history.

But the situation is not without its cost—to the country as well as to the roads. For rails and engines and cars wear out with use rather than with age. And during the war emergency they are being "consumed" at an enormous rate.

It is not to be expected, in the midst of total war, that such equipment can receive normal maintenance and repair. The men and materials this would take are needed for ships and tanks and guns.

But if our railroads could put away in a tax-free reserve the earnings that would now be spent on such repairs (were it possible to make them), it would help to solve the problem. After the war, when the work can be done, the roads could put themselves back in good order.

If the railroads could make the repairs now, the cost, of course, could be charged to their normal expense of doing business. But because they cannot, the money is subject to tax as "profits."

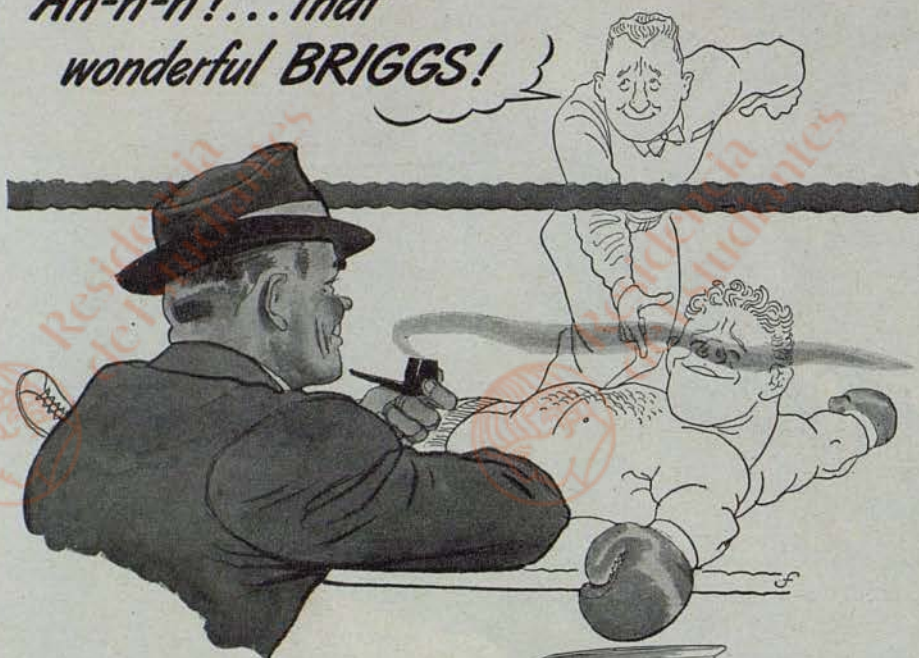
No thinking American wants us to face our post-war reconstruction with impoverished and depleted railroads. And one of the best ways to guard against it is to allow the railroads to set aside now tax-free reserves for deferred maintenance.

The iron horse is expendable in wartime. But he is also indispensable to our American future.

NICKEL PLATE ROAD

Cleveland, Ohio

Ah-h-h!... that
wonderful **BRIGGS!**



If you stop one happy-looking pipe-smoker after another, and ask what's the tobacco that gives them such bliss, chances are they'll all say: "Briggs." Good reason, too! For Briggs is cask-mellowed for years—longer than many costly blends—and every slow month adds to its rich, tender flavor. But don't just sniff that heavenly aroma enviously—treat yourself to Briggs today!



PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY



with ENDERS SPEED SHAVER

With an Enders Speed Shaver—you don't have to worry about blade scarcity. You can buy the new Enders Strop outfit and make every double-thick Enders blade do the work of a dozen ordinary blades. Here is your chance to really save steel and get "new blade" smoothness every shave. Get an Enders Speed Shaver at your drugstore.

Send \$1 for Enders Special Strop—can be used only on Enders Speed Blades. No C.O.D.'s.

ENDERS SPEED SHAVER

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

Says **PAUL G. HOFFMAN**

President of the Studebaker Corporation and Chairman of the Automobile Industry's Committee for Economic Development:

"EVERY ADULT AMERICAN SHOULD READ TIME..."

IN THE Atlantic IN St. Louis

the more war bonds you buy... the safer will be our supply lines to fighting fronts... so buy more!

the better you rest at night... the more efficient you'll be next day... so stop at



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MEDICINE

Influenza Through the Nose

A couple of Russians named Smorodintsev and Nachaev recently figured out a way of preventing and treating influenza. Since influenza is contracted by breathing infective material, they reasoned, why not inhale serum from the blood of horses which have been immunized? In an article soon to appear in the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences*, Commander Albert P. Krueger of the University of California says that the Russians are right.

In his Naval Unit's experiments, mice inhaled a fine spray of specially treated horse serum and then received large doses of mouse-influenza organisms in their noses. The mice proved immune to influenza and stayed that way about six days. The doctors think that the Russian method is successful because it puts influenza antibodies (blood elements which fight the disease) where they are needed.

As present anti-influenza vaccines are not much good, the doctors want to try nasal immunization and treatment on humans.

Let Boggs Do It

A knowledge of symptoms, scalpels and pills is not enough to make a doctor successful. Ernest L. Boggs has discovered that fact, to his profit. Since 1925, short, dark, stocky, persuasive ex-Salesman Boggs (advertising, automobiles, insurance, candy) has been teaching his Detroit doctor clients how to earn a living. He charges retaining fees of \$75 a month to \$5,000 a year, depending on the doctor's earning power and the success of the treatment. He fails in one case out of twelve.

Average income increase under Boggs's care is 20%; a few doctors have doubled their incomes. This is done partly by increasing the number of patients, chiefly by improving collections of fees without lawsuits (Boggs does not believe in suing patients). Some Boggs ideas:

▶ A doctor should keep systematic records and send bills out on the first of every month. Fees should depend not only on a patient's economic status, but on length of illness, success of treatment (billing is often held up until a doctor is sure), age of patient (since an 80-year-old has not so long to live as a 40-year-old, he should not be charged so much).

▶ The doctor's clothes should be good (Boggs sometimes prescribes suits at \$150 apiece), and pressed, his linen white, his shoes shined. The office should be bright but not too bright, stocked with fresh magazines and flowers. Sometimes all a lagging practice needs is an interior-decorating job.

▶ A doctor should always let his office know where to find him. His office girl should not be snippy. In talking to patients, he should not use technical language nor discuss his personal and financial affairs. At the end of every consultation

Dow Announces a Revolutionary Advance in Packaging Materials . . .

Herbert Bayer



TODAY

TOMORROW

SARAN FILM

Keeps Moisture in its place!

Guns—spare parts for aircraft, tanks and jeeps—these and other essential supplies can now be shipped to our far-flung battle fronts adequately protected from their common enemy—moisture. By developing Saran Film, Dow has made a revolutionary advance in packaging materials.

Saran Film provides a degree of protection hitherto impossible to obtain. It is three times more impervious to moisture than any other comparable material.

Its high resistance to chemicals is important in packaging food and chemical products. Extreme flexibility at low temperatures increases its serviceability. As for moisture, it keeps it in its place—in or out, as the case may be.

Distinguished by these remarkable advantages, an infinite variety of uses—the packaging of fruits, vegetables and many other products—await Saran Film on the home front when Victory is won.

Saran film

DOW PLASTICS

ETHOCEL • STYRON

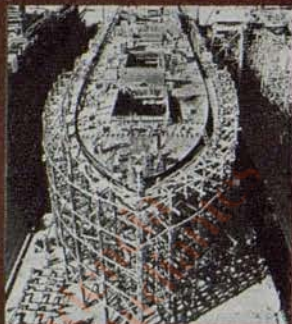


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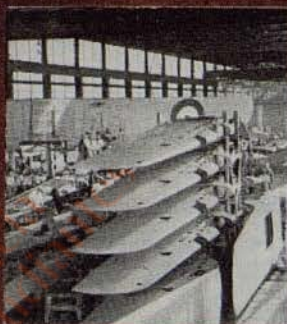
CHEMICALS INDISPENSABLE
TO INDUSTRY AND VICTORY



WOOD PLAYS A VITAL PART in building "Liberty" ships, about 350,000 board feet per ship are needed. Much is re-used.



UNCLE SAM'S HARD-HITTING PT BOATS are made of light, wood construction for high speed, strength and maneuverability.



WOOD-WINGED AIRCRAFT are exceptionally strong, resist fire, and do not "flower" when struck by enemy bullet.



IN CONCENTRATED WAR PRODUCTION AREAS, thousands of prefabricated homes like these are solving housing problems.

MOVING FOREST GIANTS UP TO THE FRONT

AMERICA'S vast timber resources are beating the drums of war. Mighty forest giants are on the move from logging camp to mill for processing into strategic war materials: shipyard scaffolding . . . PT boats . . . airplanes and airplane hangars . . . war worker homes . . . crates for shipping . . . explosives . . . assault boats . . . and scores of other vital uses.

In the movement of these forest giants, REO trucks are in the thick of the "fight." With traditional REO superiority, they master the heaviest loads, conquer the roughest roads, and in every way measure up to their reputation as "America's Toughest Truck."

REO MOTORS, INC. - LANSING, MICH.

To Reo's many years of experience in building commercial transportation equipment is being added the technical "know-how" gained in meeting the challenge of a world at war. That experience will later be profitably used in building for a world at peace. Meantime, Reo will continue full speed on war production.



AMERICA'S TOUGHEST TRUCK

he should make sure that all his patient's questions are answered.

► Every doctor needs a month's vacation every year.

► A doctor should not get too busy or patients will think they are getting a brush-off. Sometimes a crowded practice can be remedied by adding treatment rooms. One doctor who put in more treatment rooms at Boggs's suggestion began to think he had fewer patients than before. Actually he was handling 20% more patients.

► Nothing should interfere with attendance at medical meetings and luncheon clubs (e.g., Lions, Rotary), where doctors make profitable social contacts.

► A doctor should limit his work to medicine. A well-conducted practice, Boggs believes, will bring in more than a practice and investment business carried on simultaneously and should enable a doctor



P. E. Dion

CONSULTANT BOGGS

Doctors should have their pants pressed.

to retire or begin tapering off at 55.

► Typical Boggs client is a doctor whose collections averaged around 50% of what was owed him and whose income, never over \$5,000, had dropped to \$3,600. Boggs found that the man did not even know the full names of many of his patients, nor what they owed him. He needed a rest, but did not dare take a two-week vacation for fear of losing income and patients. Boggs made him go away for a month, sent out handsome engraved announcements saying why the doctor had gone and when he would be back. On his return, the doctor found more patients in his waiting room than ever before. One day an office patient asked the doctor what he owed. Instead of answering "\$3," the doctor looked in his neat files (straightened by Boggs), saw that the man's overdue bill was \$65 and said, "Well, altogether you owe me \$68." The patient took out a roll of bills and paid in full—a great

TIME, July 26, 1943

93



Just for "DUCKS!"

MAYBE this idea isn't *practical*—but don't say it isn't *possible*! Shooting ducks with an automatically aimed and fired shot gun ought to be simple when you consider what the armed forces are doing today!

We don't know that duck hunters will ever have such a sure fire gadget. But we do know that when the fighting is over there will be countless new applications of electronic devices to do the world's work and to make living pleasanter.

Whatever form these electrical applications take, they will need connectors—similar to those Cannon now makes by the thousands, for use where vital electrical circuits must be connected quickly and easily.

The Cannon Type "K" Connector was designed for use in aircraft, radio, instruments and other electrical circuits. Besides their many wartime uses, Cannon Connectors are standard in a score of industries...in fact, you'll find Cannon Plugs used wherever electrical circuits must be connected or disconnected with 100% dependability.



CANNON ELECTRIC

Cannon Electric Development Co., Los Angeles 31, Calif.

Canadian Factory and Engineering Office: Cannon Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto

REPRESENTATIVES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES — CONSULT YOUR LOCAL TELEPHONE BOOK



The *American* answer to our fighters' pleas— *"More aircraft...sooner!"*

"More aircraft sooner!" This appeal is being answered. And American Seating Company is filling a vital role in America's tremendous airplane-producing program.

Fifty-year-old skills, fortified by modern techniques in wood and metal working, are devoted to production of complete airplane wings, fuselage structures, tail surfaces, and pilot seats.

Besides aircraft structures,

American Seating Company is delivering in volume, seats for tanks, equipment for Quartermasters and Ordnance departments, marine mess tables and chairs, and seating of specialized types and design for all branches of the armed service.

Wartime assignments completed swiftly, surely, competently—that's our job now. That is American Seating Company's answer to our nation's call.



American Seating Company

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

WORLD'S LEADER IN PUBLIC SEATING

Manufacturers of Theatre, Auditorium, School, Church, Transportation and Stadium Seating
Branch Offices and Distributors in Principal Cities

day for Boggs. That year the doctor's business brought in \$11,000.

There was a time when Boggs worked for 32 doctors' offices at once, but an analysis of his own business showed he was wearing himself out and spreading himself thin for little extra profit. Last week, at 48, he was coasting along easily on twelve practices. He does not worry about his ideas getting abroad and spoiling business. Often a doctor, after months of coaching in Boggs ideas, thinks he can run his own practice, fires Boggs only to come back later with a new problem. Some doctors have rehired him as many as three times.

Health in the Army

White-haired, hale & healthy Major General Norman T. Kirk, since June head of the Army's huge (90,000 officers, 450,000 enlisted men) Medical Corps, last fortnight told Manhattan newspapermen that the U.S. Army is haler & healthier than any army has ever been in any war. Some of his specific points on Medical Corps problems, solved and unsolved:

► Malaria is still the No. 1 worry. Though quinine is low, there is plenty of the synthetic substitute, atabrine. But if a man is bitten by the wrong kind of mosquito he will probably get chills and fever when he stops taking drugs, even if he is safely out of the malaria region. Therefore the best way to prevent malaria is to prevent disease-carrying mosquitoes from breeding and biting. In jungle fighting, where mosquitoes are harder to keep at bay than the Japs, the malaria rate is high: e.g., in the Southwest Pacific, two malaria casualties were flown to the rear for every wound casualty. The men were temporarily disabled for fighting, but only 16 died. Italy, the General pointed out, is heavily infected with malaria.

► One of the worst bugbears of World War I was gas bacillus infection, which often meant an amputation, if not death. In North Africa the Army had only twelve cases and one death. Reasons: 1) the African soil is not as heavily manured as France's, hence is freer from bacteria; 2) the wounded now get excellent surgery to remove the dead flesh in which the gas bacillus grows, and get it quickly.

► The Army's yellow fever inoculations are now satisfactory. Cause of the mysterious jaundice which followed many of last year's inoculations against yellow fever (TIME, Aug. 3) has never been discovered; but there has been no more jaundice since laboratories stopped making vaccine from human serum.

► When sanitation is not ideal and flies are thick, e.g., when troops move into a new area, soldiers may get bacillary dysentery, a violent intestinal infection and a quick killer. The Army now treats the disease with sulfaguanidine, cures the boys in four or five days.

► Scrub typhus is the Army's name for a new disease which occurs both in Africa and the Southwest Pacific area. Army laboratories are working on it. So far the Medical Corps knows only that 1) the scrub typhus organism is carried by mites from rodents

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to humans; 2) it produces a severe toxin which acts chiefly on the heart muscles; 3) mortality is lower than from true typhus. ► An unspecified number of U.S. war casualties* are psychiatric. In General Kirk's own experience as head of Percy Jones Hospital in Battle Creek, Mich., about 85% of the psychiatric casualties had a history of instability in civil life. The Army, he said, would be spared much trouble and expense if draft boards would get a man's full record before shipping him off to an induction center. Said he: "The idea that the Army is making the boys crazy is not so. It's just finding out those that are." (The War Department last week announced that WACS would soon be assigned to local boards to take down case histories as an aid to induction-center weeding out.) ► In World War I evacuation hospitals (portable hospitals behind the lines where



MAJOR GENERAL KIRK
War was never healthier.

a wounded man is first operated on) mortality of wound cases was about 15%. In U.S. North African evacuation hospitals, the rate was only 2½ to 3½%, because of blood plasma transfusions, excellent surgery and sulfa drugs to prevent infection.

► A new type of wound is causing many amputations: land mines damage legs and feet of men afoot or riding in trucks or jeeps. The Navy has many similar wounds among men standing on deck just above a torpedo burst—the effect of the deck concussion is the same as though a man landed on his feet from a 40-ft. fall.

► In the last fiscal year the Army bought \$270,000,000 worth of medical supplies, some of them for Lend-Lease. Worst problem: surgical instruments. The U.S. used to import 90% of its scalpels, retractors, needles, surgical shears and saws, now makes them at home. But priority trouble sometimes causes a six-month lag between an order for instruments and delivery.

* Army's released figure: 30%.



THE DETROIT FREE PRESS — 5

Pound Saved in Plane Is Worth \$2,000

The light metal-wise aviation industry is making practical application of the maxim about a penny saved, and has even paraphrased it to read: "A pound saved is \$2,000 additional earned."

A pound reduction in weight in a plane like the DC-3 increases revenue during its operating life approximately by \$2,000. This lesson in flying thrift was given by L. T. Miller, of the Glenn L. Martin Co., Baltimore, at the SAE National Aeronautic meeting in New York Thursday.

Mr. Miller, in his speech reported in the above news item, pointed out the value of weight saved in a commercial plane. "When military operation is considered," said Mr. Miller, "the result can be even more staggering."

BOOTS AIRCRAFT NUTS, fabricated from sheet metal and having all the tensile strength of machine nuts, weigh appreciably less than competitive nuts. In many instances, they have only $\frac{1}{3}$ the weight. In actual use they save up to 65 pounds per airplane.

LIGHTNESS Keeps 'Em Firing Longer

Thanks to the lightness of Boots all-metal, self-locking nuts, which protect a Flying Fortress, it can carry 200 extra rounds of .50 caliber bullets. This extra ammunition weighs about sixty pounds—the weight saved by using Boots Nuts, in place of other nuts, on a heavy bomber.

Boots Nuts are not only lighter than other nuts—they're tougher, too. No amount of plane vibration can loosen them. They withstand the corrosive action of chemicals, salt water and weather. And they can be re-used again and again. They literally "outlast the plane."

Boots all-metal, self-locking nuts, used on every type of U.S. aircraft, meet the specifications of all government agencies.

"They Fly With Their Boots On—Lighter"

BOOTS

Self-Locking Nuts For Application In All Industries

NEVER BEFORE IN ANY WAR...

THE MODERN BOMBER

nor the modern

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THAT HELPS IT PERFORM

Yes, this is a new and different war. It's a long stride from the frail crates which crept across the troubled skies of 1918 to the modern bombers—today's fabulous flying artillery.

New, also, are the steel sinews of these great planes, made for the first time of Preformed Wire Rope. They convert split-second human reflexes into annihilating action. They race the decisions of alert, fighting brains to rudder, ailerons and elevators; to engines and guns; to turrets and bomb releases.

Preformed's peacetime record won this coveted war assignment. For nearly 20 years Preformed has protected and multiplied manpower. It has reduced delays from accidents and change-overs. It has cut costs. Total this—it means top-speed production, which today is imperative.

Ask your own wire rope manufacturer or supplier



Bazaine and Pétain

THE TWO MARSHALS—Philip Guedalla—Reynal & Hitchcock (\$3).

It is a suggestive fact that the French people's national epic, *Chanson de Roland*, glorifies its defeat in war. For France, almost since its emergence as a nation, has been not only Europe's cultural capital, but its favorite battlefield and biggest graveyard. Living men have twice seen France smashed as a nation—in 1870 and in 1940. The French defeat of 1870 has long been associated with the name of Marshal Bazaine. Marshal Pétain has become almost a synonym for the collapse of 1940.

In *The Two Marshals* Historian Philip Guedalla (*The Second Empire, The Hundred Days*) reports the overlapping lives and military theories of these two unhappy warriors. He points out that the debacle of 1940 was merely a continuation of the debacle of 1870, that the same disintegrating social causes, politics, and even people, were at work in both periods.

As history, *The Two Marshals* is solemn. But Historian Guedalla is not. He has long picked his way gleefully among history's corpses. But even readers who dislike Guedalla's rather mincing urbanity will value *The Two Marshals* as a timely study of an important but neglected period of history.

Forgotten Man. Most Americans have forgotten Marshal Bazaine, but he was once almost as dangerous to the U.S. as Marshal Pétain. It was Bazaine who conquered Mexico for Emperors Napoleon III of France and Maximilian of Mexico while the U.S. was busy in the Civil War.

The French conquistador's beginnings were humble. He was born into a bourgeois family the year before Napoleon invaded Russia. Later young Bazaine flunked his exams for Paris' *Ecole Polytechnique* and, after an unsuccessful career as a grocer's boy, enlisted as a private. In a little more than a year he was a sergeant and transferred eagerly to the newly formed Foreign Legion.



FRANÇOIS ACHILLE BAZAINE
His faith defeated France twice.

It was not the Legion of Hollywood and *Beau Geste*. The French conquest of North Africa had barely begun. It was Bazaine and his fellows who were to change the lonely Legionnaires from cattle rustlers and vegetable gardeners in uncomfortable coastal posts to the legendary, kepi-ed figures firing through the loopholes of a desert fort.

One day Moroccan Chief Abd-el-Kader indicated his disrespect for French authority by regaling his followers with nine camel-loads of human heads. Next he taught them how to fight in the desert by ambushing a French army, practically annihilating it. Nobody learned the lesson better than Sublieutenant Bazaine, who was wounded, promoted to lieutenant. Later Bazaine learned to assume his famous poker face as head of France's *Bureau arabe* (military intelligence) at Tlemcen, Algeria.

Cannibal War. In 1835 Don Carlos led a Spanish revolt, and Europe's powers were soon eager to take a hand. Under

"the sacred principle" of nonintervention, the French soon intervened. (Nonintervention, said Talleyrand, is "a metaphysical and political term meaning about the same as intervention.") Chief of staff to the commander of France's international brigade was Legionnaire Bazaine. In campaigns which the British minister called "this cannibal war, these two-and-a-half years of *lèse humanité*," Bazaine helped defeat reactionary Don Carlos and save Spain for Queen Isabella. When he led the French to the conquest of Mexico, he became a marshal.

"He was the first Marshal who had started as a *légionnaire*. . . . He had risen from the ranks, like the great Marshals of the First Empire." His enemies whispered that he aimed to depose Maximilian and get the throne of Mexico for himself. But when Lee surrendered at Appomattox and the danger of a U.S. threat from the north began to haunt Napoleon III, Bazaine's days in Mexico were over. The French sailed home.

Back to 1600. The shadows of the Mexican misadventure and the menacing shadow of Prussia were meeting over France. Bazaine's home-coming took place in that gloom. He was almost unnoticed. Nevertheless, he had absorbed certain lessons that were to become a vital part of French military thought. From the story of Waterloo he had learned that a line of resolute men on the defensive could again & again break an enemy attack. From Mexico he had watched Lee's dashing Confederates lose a war despite their commander's brilliance in attack. He had also learned that dramatic sorties were invaluable in North Africa but were risky against European armies. Finally, Bazaine saw with misgivings the Prussian invention of the needle gun, with its immense superiority of fire power. His conclusion: for France defensive war is better than offensive war. "It is better," he said, "to conduct operations systematically [*i.e.*, defensively], as in the Seventeenth Century." "That delusion," says Author Guedalla, "was to cost France the loss of a second war in 1940."

When Bazaine rode out to command the vital border fortress of Metz in 1870 (and, a month later, to become Commander in



BAZAINE SURRENDERING AT METZ
The Marshal admired the military operations of the 17th Century.

Culver



How to water a VICTORY GARDEN

Uncle Sam's most important Victory Garden—the industrial plants—is yielding bumper crops. And like your own Victory Garden, it needs plenty of water. 100,000 gallons are used to make one large tank, 50,000 gallons to fabricate a plane, two billion gallons for every battleship!

To do a job that big, water must be good. Impurities in natural water supplies would slow down production and damage war materials. So industry conditions its water with Permutit* equipment. For instance, any hardness in water used at power plants would leave a deposit of scale in boilers, cutting the output of badly needed power. Oxygen and carbon

dioxide would corrode equipment difficult to replace. Permutit removes these impurities. In synthetic rubber and many other industries, water impurities would disturb chemical processes or leave flaws in finished products. Permutit refines the water.

Permutit is helping to maintain output at war plants, shipbuilding and Navy yards, process industries and arsenals. It's providing Army camps and Naval bases with soft, clear water for community use.

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*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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WATER CONDITIONING HEADQUARTERS

Chief of France's Army of the Rhine), he was heard to mutter: "*Nous marchons à un désastre.*" (We're marching to a disaster.)" Napoleon III, unable to sit a horse (because of bladder trouble), his face rouged (to conceal his deathly pallor from his troops), followed close behind General MacMahon's doomed army. When MacMahon blundered into a German trap at Sedan, the Emperor mounted a horse despite his pain, rode along the firing line for hours seeking death. It never found him. At last, "muttering that they must stop the guns, that they must cease firing, that there must be no more bloodshed," Napoleon III surrendered with 80,000 men. Two months later Marshal Bazaine, whose faith in a defensive war led him to hole up in the fortress at Metz, surrendered his 180,000 men to the besieging Prussians.

Back to Spain. After the war Bazaine returned to Paris to become the national scapegoat, to be charged with treason for surrendering. He was court-martialed, condemned to death as a traitor. Later his sentence was commuted to 20 years' imprisonment in an island jail off the French Riviera. One dark night the 63-year-old Marshal knotted his baggage straps into a rope, attached one end to his body and tied the other end to a gargoyle, slid down, escaped. In 1888 he died in Spain.

Back to Bazaine. Twenty-five years passed before Bazaine's military views reappeared in France. The debacle of 1870 led the disgusted French to put their faith in those who, like Foch, were fanatical believers in the "offensive at all costs." But Bazaine's faith in the defensive, says Author Guedalla, became the faith of Marshal Henri Philippe Pétain—the old man through whom "the abject philosophy of salvation by surrender . . . prevailed" in 1940, who "consummated a surrender far beyond the basest imputations of Bazaine's accusers."

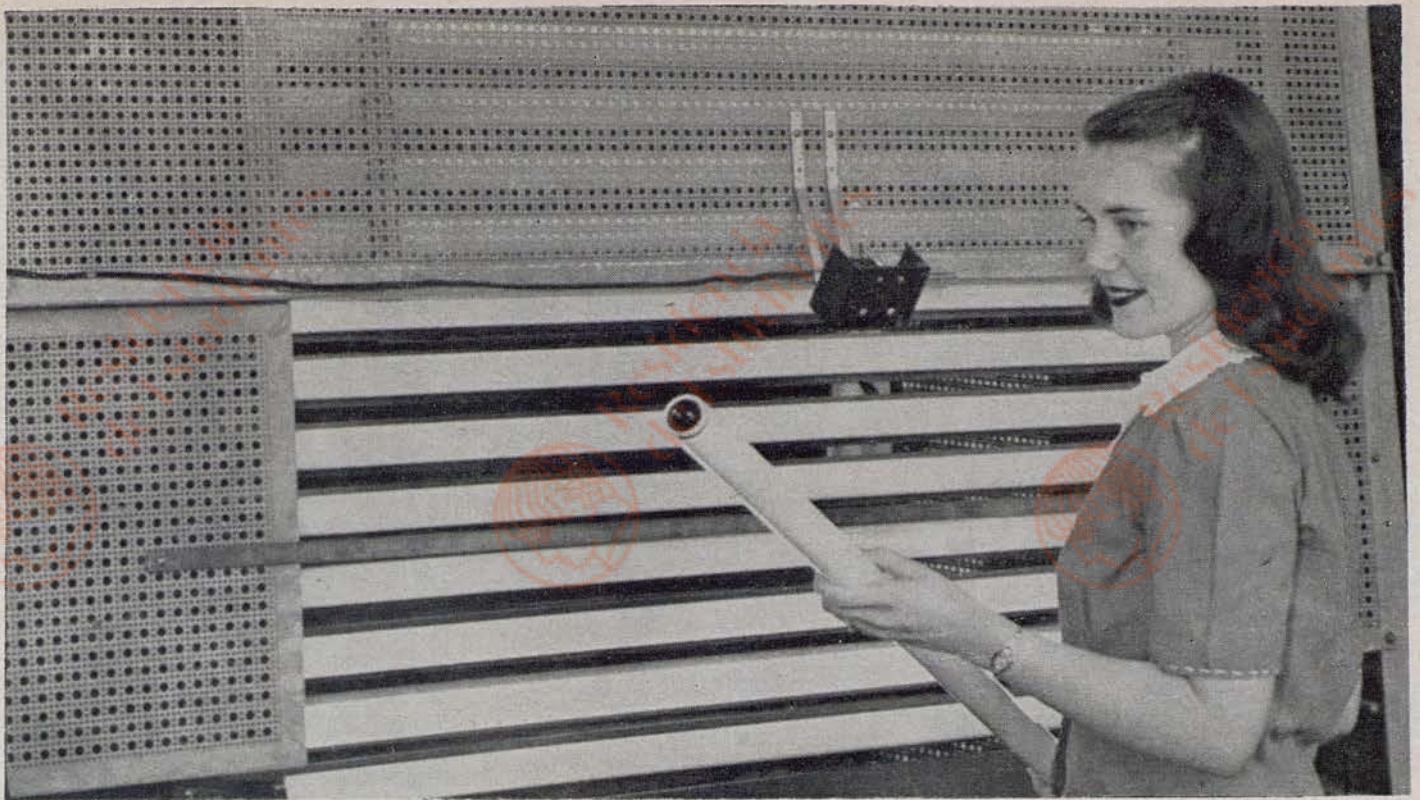
Vivid Violence

TORPEDO 8—Ira Wolfert—Houghton Mifflin (\$2).

Torpedo 8, fruit of NANA Correspondent Ira Wolfert's three-month stay in the South Pacific, is a report of U.S. air fighting in the Solomons. Terse and nerve-tingling, the book communicates the stab-&-run violence of aerial battle with a verbal violence as calculated and vivid as an explosion.

"In about the time it takes to stamp out a pile of ants," Number 8 of the Navy's torpedoplane squadrons was utterly smashed by ack-ack and Zeros at the Battle of Midway. "The squadron was like a raw egg thrown into an electric fan, and only three men came out of the action alive." Re-formed, Torpedo 8 was flung straight into the Battle for the Solomons under the leadership of ardent, pains-taking "Swede" Larsen. Armed with stubby Grumman Avengers, Torpedo 8 changed its old slogan from "Attack" to "Attack—and Vengeance."

Dispensers of Death. Revenge, and how they got it, is Author Wolfert's story. Not that the men of Torpedo 8



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At Sylvania there is a special "age before duty" machine that lights and re-lights fluorescent lamps for carefully regulated time intervals. This mellowing process prepares all the elements that make up a lamp for a life of uni-

form light output. It is also a final precaution taken to weed out an occasional substandard lamp which may have filtered through dozens of painstaking inspections.

That is why a Sylvania Fluorescent Lamp can be counted on for consistent light output every minute of its life.

"Aging" is one of many Sylvania methods of safeguarding fluorescent quality. Lamp efficiency is perfected and main-

tained at its highest peak through continual research by Sylvania engineers who have years of specialized experience with incandescent lamps, radio tubes, ultra-violet lamps and other electronic devices.

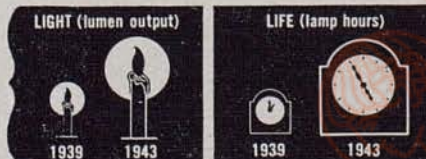
Today Sylvania's research is providing the best and most economical lighting known for war industry. When victory is won, the same independent research will bring the advantages of fluorescent lighting to postwar homes.

For more light output, longer life and uniform color, specify Sylvania Fluorescent Lamps in new installations and replacements.

FAR MORE LIGHT AND LIFE FOR YOUR MONEY

Compared with 1939, a dollar invested today in Sylvania Fluorescent Lamps buys more than four times the lumen output and approximately five times the lamp life.

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FLUORESCENT
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BUYS:



(Based on decreasing price and increasing efficiency and durability of Sylvania 40-Watt White Fluorescent Lamp)

Even on existing circuits, a change-over to fluorescent—Sylvania Lamps, Fixtures and Accessories—will probably more than double the light you get for the same wattage.



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RADIO TUBES, CATHODE RAY TUBES,
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THE BULLDOZERS, steam shovels, and graders, are busy today completing the longest road ever built—the Pan American Highway. Busy trucks and trailers on this great highway will soon bring the vital minerals and raw materials of our allies from the South to the production lines of America's war plants. They will return to our South and Central American Allies the war weapons and food they need.

When today's emergency is past, this great Pan American Highway will play an important part in the closely integrated transportation system that post-war progress will demand. It will be ready—and so will the new, more efficient Trailmobiles be ready to do their part.

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What's your job? Traffic superintendent, driver, maintenance men, executive? Whatever it is, you'll want to see just how you fit into today's rapidly expanding transportation picture, and how wartime developments are effecting your peacetime future. You'll find some of the answers in "Logistics—the Science of Moving Armies and supplies." Your free copy is waiting for you. Send coupon below . . . today!



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were romantically vengeful: they were "astonishingly practical, very realistic and hardheaded." When asked to volunteer for near-suicide missions, they and their fellow airmen would withdraw to ponder upon the matter. They volunteered "only when, independently of their officers, they decide [d] the possible gain [was] worth the probable loss." They knew that launching torpedoes from the bellies of their fat little craft meant "going in fast and low and drawing their planes across the mouths of the enemy guns, as if their planes were handkerchiefs wiping off those foaming, frantically chattering mouths." But since they had "been men a much longer time



CORRESPONDENT WOLFERT

His chrysanthemums have steel petals.

than they had been soldiers," their calm masked "veritable paroxysms of nerves."

Hardheaded Suicides. Torpedo 8 was one of the first American squadrons "to use Guadalcanal for the purpose for which it was taken—as an unsinkable aircraft carrier anchored in the throat of Japan's South Pacific conquests." They learned to know "the groove"—a long strait down which the Jap Navy escorted its transports to the beach and on whose blue waters lay "a great glitter of sunlight . . . making ships as difficult to spot as pins in a tray of diamonds." On Aug. 24, in the Second Battle for the Solomons, Torpedo 8 went out to revenge Midway.

They found their target in the evening. "Four heavy cruisers steamed abeam in the center of the force. Three . . . light cruisers were aft of them and three forward. . . . Six destroyers champed and pawed around them in a rough, diamond-shaped formation, so that whichever way a plane came in there would be hoofs in its face."

"Get the nearest big one," said Swede Larsen over the radio, and these "were the only words uttered by anybody during the whole attack." Northwest of the target



"ALL OUR PLANES RETURNED SAFELY"

— thanks to better guns . . . better gunners



When the news of a raid on submarine bases . . . Germany . . . Burma . . . the islands of the Pacific . . . comes over the air and the announcer says — *all our planes returned safely* — a prayer of thanksgiving rises from the hearts of mothers, fathers, wives, with men in the air services . . . from the lips of us all to whom life is precious.

Behind that laconic statement is an untold story of duelling in the sky . . . of Fortresses . . . Liberators . . . Halifaxes . . . Lancasters . . . fighting their way home . . . of aerial gunners taking their toll . . . of pilots holding to tight defensive formations.

To the guns falls the honor of this action, for on the guns and the gunners depends the safety of planes and crews.

Making guns for arming American and Allied planes is our proud part in this war. Since its very beginning we have been so engaged — devoting to this enterprise all of our skill . . . resources . . . energy . . . and the experience of our gunsmiths . . . many of them veterans of this craft and makers of machine guns in the last war.

So we shall carry on until the war is won. Then we shall turn our skill in machine production . . . our ability to hold to 1/1000th of an inch tolerance . . . to the making of those products of peace that will further channel the rich resources of this country into new fields of pleasure and profit.



**BUY
WAR BONDS
AND
STAMPS**

HIGH STANDARD

THE HIGH STANDARD MANUFACTURING CO., INC., NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT



Aerial gunner firing a flexibly mounted 50 calibre machine gun

100% FOR VICTORY... COPPER

Salvage: Man and Materiel

Riddled by enemy gunfire, the wing of an American bomber collapses. The crew bail out . . . as the proud ship crashes in a tangled mass of wreckage.

Then begins a two-way salvage job. The injured members of the crew are rushed to a base hospital, where the



TOTAL WASHOUT?
Part will fly again.

world's finest surgeons and medical equipment are waiting to restore them to health.

Likewise, skilled mechanics go to work on the wrecked plane. Usable parts are removed to a replacement stockpile. Parts damaged beyond repair, including those made of copper or brass, are salvaged and sent back to the nearest processing point. Hundreds of pounds of copper and brass from a washed-out fighter will "live" to fight again.

New metal. A tremendous amount of virgin copper direct from refineries, largely those of Anaconda, is being converted into various alloys for war use by the 13 U.S.A. and Canadian plants operated by The American Brass Company. Annual output since 1939, a busy year, has trebled.

Machining Manual

Conversion to war production brought many a problem to factory superintendents and artisans unaccustomed to machining bronze, nickel silver, and other special copper alloys. Although most of these metals are easily worked, cutting tools and feeds had to be adjusted to obtain maximum output.

Hence the reception accorded the first comprehensive manual on the subject, recently published by The American Brass Company. Primary purpose of the book: to help save time and metal, to help produce finer finishes

and closer tolerances, to help to get top production from existing machine shop equipment. From eager metal workers, requests to date have established a surprisingly large circulation for a manual of this kind.

Nuisance Eliminator

Victory or defeat may depend on the efficient operation of radio apparatus carried by planes, tanks and other motorized equipment on the battle front.

To this end, sheet copper is being used to completely line the walls, floors and ceilings of radio suppression laboratories which are used for the careful tests given such radio equipment. The copper lining provides an electro-



RADIO AT WAR
It must not fail.

static shield which prevents inside and outside static interference with the testing procedures.

We'll Keep 'em Flying

Employees cheered as a bit of red and blue bunting unfurled on June 16, above two Kenosha, Wis. plants—one a long-time branch of The American Brass Company, the other a plant operated by the company for the U. S. Government.

This award of the Army-Navy "E" pennant carried more than local significance. It was the last of a series of similar awards for excellence in production—on that date every one of the ten U.S.A. plants operated by the company was flying the cherished flag.

Employees have this added incentive for all-out effort: 1943 output of the company is ear-marked 100% for war production, and over 4400 former fellow employees are serving in the armed forces.

hung a purple curl of cloud. Torpedo-planes sheltering in it would have a vital 20 seconds' protection from the Jap gunners before emerging on the very nose of the target.

Swede made for the cloud. The squadron followed him in attack formation. On the ships below little orange lights flickered at him like fireflies. He watched them become "strange black chrysanthemum-shaped puffs of smoke [which] began to walk toward him, each flower-like puff with large hurtling chunks of steel for petals."

Arithmetic of Destruction. The Jap ships were dead ahead of them. Zeros were flashing from near-by clouds, scud streaming off their wings. Torpedo 8's plummeting craft were so low "a man could hang his hat on them." Twenty thousand eyes, thought Swede, must be watching from the decks below, ten thousand minds trying to estimate what he and his mates would do.

"And there the torpedo pilot sits, throwing his plane around with both hands and both feet, his eyes flitting from enemy plane to enemy ships to target to waves to altimeter to speedometer, his brain racing through the arithmetic of destruction and the arithmetic of conservation . . . and with all his reflexes working at once, thrusting past, around, and through each other, like the notes of some terrible symphony . . . that he must conduct . . . with utter flawlessness, knowing well that one flaw will kill him."

Square in the Belly. Now he had reached the tremendous climax. Suddenly "the whole setup swam sluggishly into focus" and through the water, "like a pencil stripe," ran the torpedo's wake and Swede was away, whipping, ducking, sashaying out of range of the angry guns.

With a start Swede heard a voice in his earphones say: "Nice work, Swede. You got him square in the belly."

"In three months and one week," concludes Author Wolfert, "[Torpedo 8] carried out 39 attack missions. . . . They were credited with two carriers. They also hit a battleship, five heavy cruisers, four light cruisers, one destroyer, and one transport. . . . When there were no Jap ships to torpedo, they glide-bombed Japs on the ground." After one such bombing, the Marines found 407 enemy dead.

The Author. Ever since his hasty birth in a bathtub (Manhattan, 1908), talented Author Wolfert has been in a hurry. In the last 19 months he breathlessly:

- Scooped the world (for NANA) on the Free French seizure of the isles of St. Pierre and Miquelon (TIME, Jan. 5, 1942).
- Won a Pulitzer Prize for his reporting of the Fifth Battle for the Solomons (TIME, Nov. 23).

- Achieved a Literary Guild selection with his best-selling *Battle for the Solomons*.
- Published his first novel (*Tucker's People*, a study of Harlem's policy racket and concomitant gangsterism), dubbed "the most thoughtful and talented novel" of the year by Manhattan's finicky *Nation*.

Published in the interest of a better informed war effort by

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Airplane Spotter IN BAGDAD?

No, sir—it's Bryce Canyon, U. S. A.!

1 "Those bulbous towers you see in the background aren't the mysterious minarets of Bagdad," writes the globe-trotting American who sends us the photographs herewith. "Far from being the work of ancient man, they're the work of even more ancient Nature. And they're not located in far-off Arabia, but right here in Bryce Canyon in our own Utah!"



2 "I list a few unique thrills in my life (among them, my first taste of Canadian Club). As we rode into this forest of spires, I added still another thrill.

3 "You can still see a rushing mountain stream, cutting the limestone into these fantastic shapes. I was told that it took ten years for the water to cut six inches!

4 "I saw spires resembling faces we all know. Then I saw one that looked like an old friend of mine—a towering rock resembling a great Canadian Club bottle.



5 "Back at the inn, we agreed that everyone ought to know America's wonders—including the distinctive flavor of Canadian Club."

The distillery is now making war alcohol instead of whisky; so the available supply of Canadian Club is on quota for the duration.

Also, railways must give war materials and food the right of way and you may sometimes find your dealer temporarily out of stock.

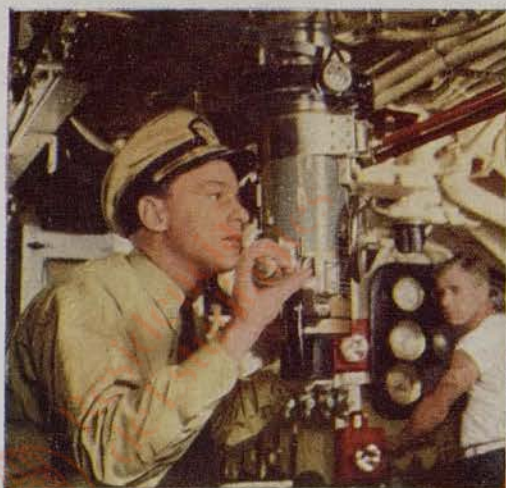
Many Canadian Club fans are voluntarily "rationing themselves"—by making two bottles go the length of three.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Distilled and bottled at Walkerville, Canada. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof





They've Got What it Takes

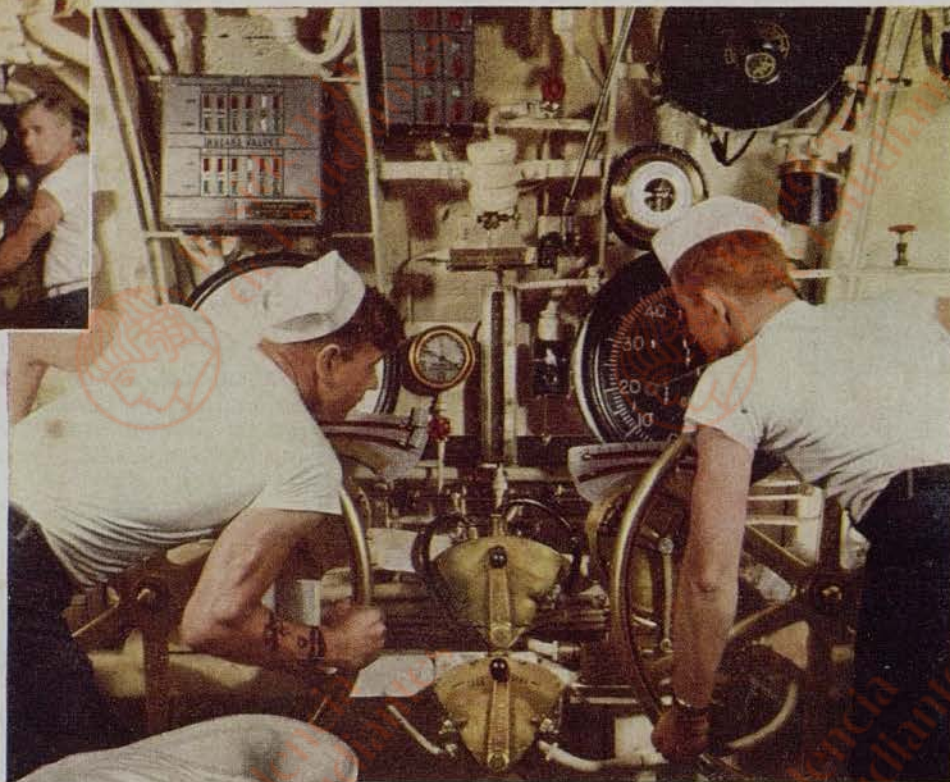
"UP PERISCOPE!" ↑

And, as the skipper's eye scans the horizon, every man of his crew is tensed for the words, "Target sighted!"

"TAKE 'ER DOWN!" ➡

...the men at the right lean into the bow and stern plane wheels... the ballast tanks are flooded—and the ocean swiftly closes over them.

● They live in close, cramped quarters...even the enjoyment of a smoke must be denied at times. But when it is permissible, you can write it down that the preferred cigarette with men in the Navy is Camel!



**"WHEN THE
SMOKING LAMP
IS LIT*
IT'S CAMELS
FOR ME!
THEIR FLAVOR
AND
MILDNESS SUIT
ME TO A 'T'"**

* Smoking lamp is lit—sailor slang for "smoking permitted."



FIRST IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Navy, Coast Guard, Army, and Marines, the favorite cigarette is Camel.

(Based on actual sales records in Canteens and Post Exchanges.)

ON the home front, too, your own job...factory, farm, or office...may not be so exciting as that of the men in the "Underseas Navy"—but it can be just as important, just as demanding in its way. That's why the smoking experiences of men in the service, and their preference for Camels, is worth your looking into. Light up a Camel yourself...try them on your own taste and throat—your own "T-Zone."

THE "T-ZONE"

—where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!



Camels

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