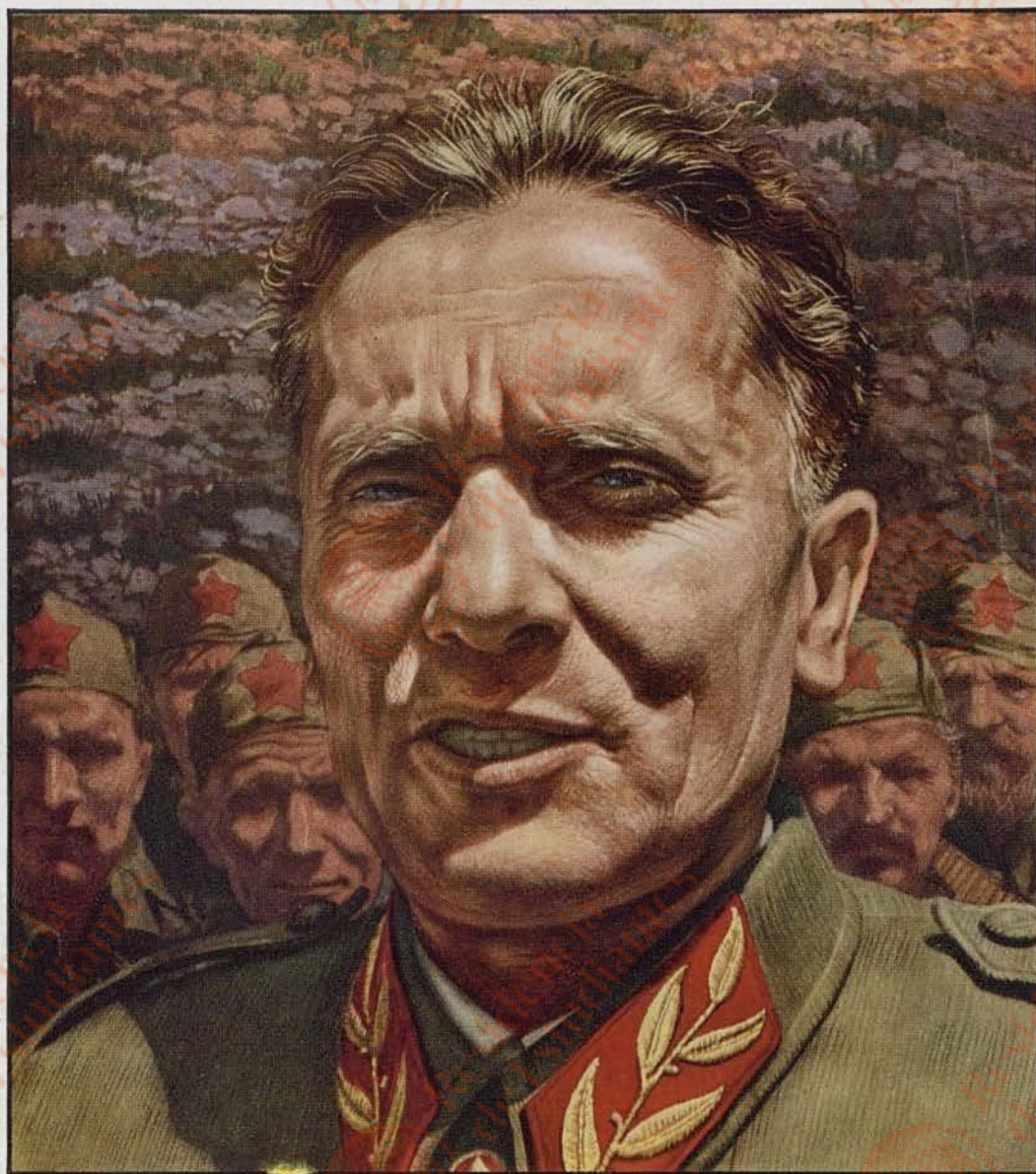


FIFTEEN CENTS

OCTOBER 9, 1944

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chaliapin

MARSHAL TITO

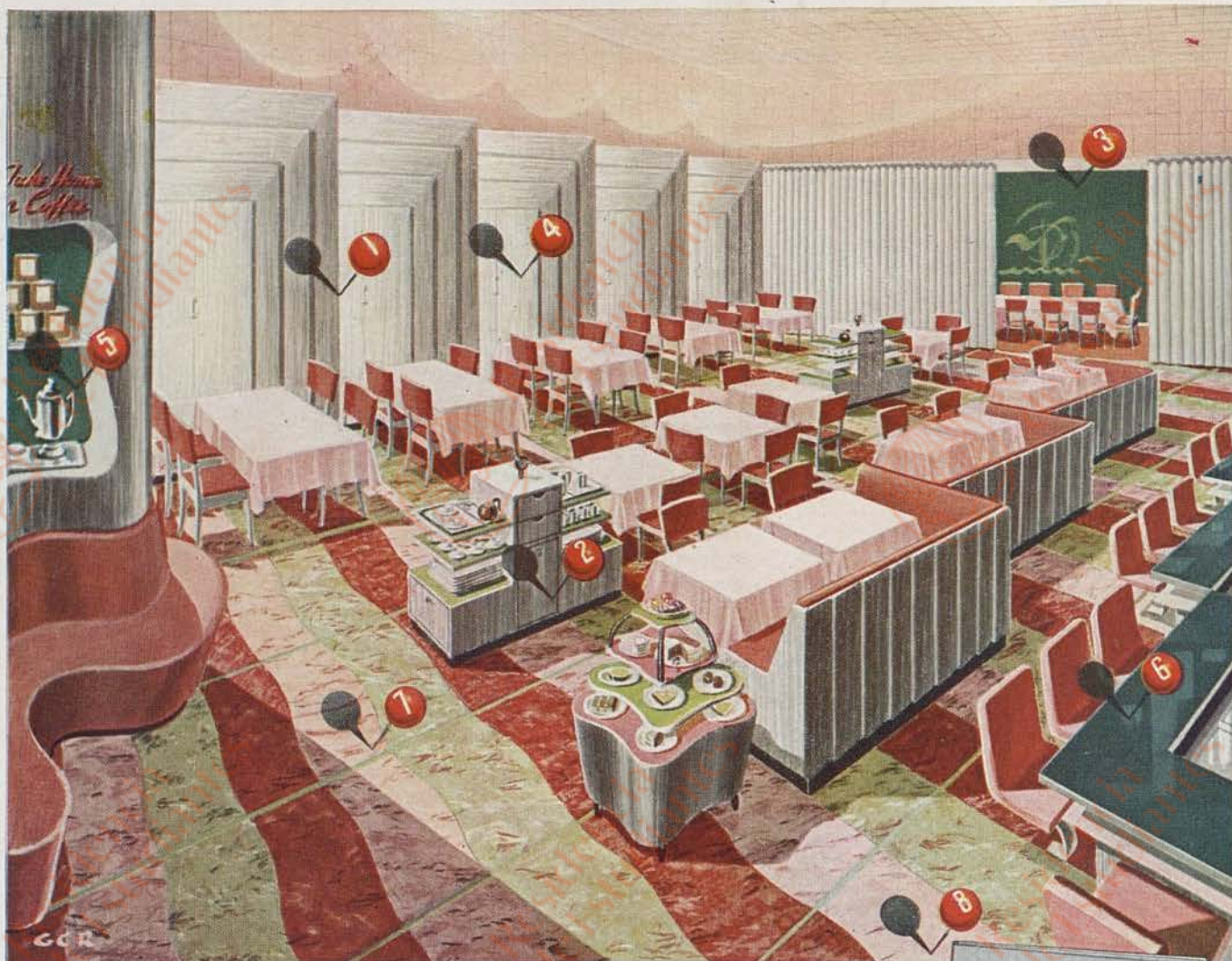
He stands at the crossroads of two empires.

(Foreign News)

VOLUME XLIV

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

MISS ELIZABETH BARNES
F D I-BOX 36
BUNSWICK MAINE
10-10-ZMH-75-678 NOV 45



PLAN YOUR MODEL RESTAURANT NOW WITH THESE PRACTICAL NEW...



Hats and coats are hung behind panels set at angle with wall. Panels screen lights which provide soft illumination reflected from the sound-absorbing ceiling.

Serving unit includes microphone for placing orders directly to kitchen. Has space for coffee service, bin for soiled linen. Saves steps, and helps to speed service.

Private dining room at rear becomes part of main restaurant by opening accordion-fold partition.

Linen compartments are concealed behind sliding door set in wall panels above cantilever tables.

Merchandise specialties sold at retail are attractively displayed in built-in niche above comfortable waiting lounge.

Quick-service counter built with modern "step-back" arrangement makes better use of space, is more pleasing to customers.

Custom-styled floor. Armstrong's Linoleum is laid "on the bias" to conform to unusual design of restaurant. Furnishes key to entire color scheme. Cuts cleaning costs.

IF YOU ARE looking for ways to make your restaurant more attractive, more efficient, you will be interested in this model restaurant plan with its many stimulating ideas.

These ideas reflect the thinking and experience of leading restaurant men, architects, equipment designers, and food merchandisers. The ideas can be used separately or together—in small restaurants or large ones. Ideas like the compact new serving units or the special design of the Armstrong Floor are easily adaptable to any interior.

We hope this model restaurant will prove valuable for its ideas and will also help you formulate business-building plans of your own.

Your linoleum merchant will be glad to assist you. He will help you plan a design that will put more customer appeal in the floor of your restaurant. He will show you, too, how a long-wearing, easy-to-clean Armstrong Floor will quickly end maintenance worries.

Free... Complete Portfolio. The model restaurant contains many other interesting features in addition to those highlighted on this page. You'll find them all—including a complete floor plan described in detail and illustrated—in a new portfolio, "IDEAS for Restaurants," designed to help you make your restaurant a model in your community. For a copy of the portfolio, write Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 4410 Lancaster Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Created as a service to the Restaurant Industry in collaboration with the
National Restaurant Association, by the maker of

ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM FLOORS

Custom Laid or  Standard Design



1940—TO ALASKA—Exhaustive Arctic survey flights—the first conducted by any U. S. airline—made possible this service.



1937—TO CHINA—Pan American established the first regular, scheduled air service over any of the earth's major oceans.



1939—TO EUROPE—Regularly scheduled air service was established across the Atlantic to Southampton and the Continent.



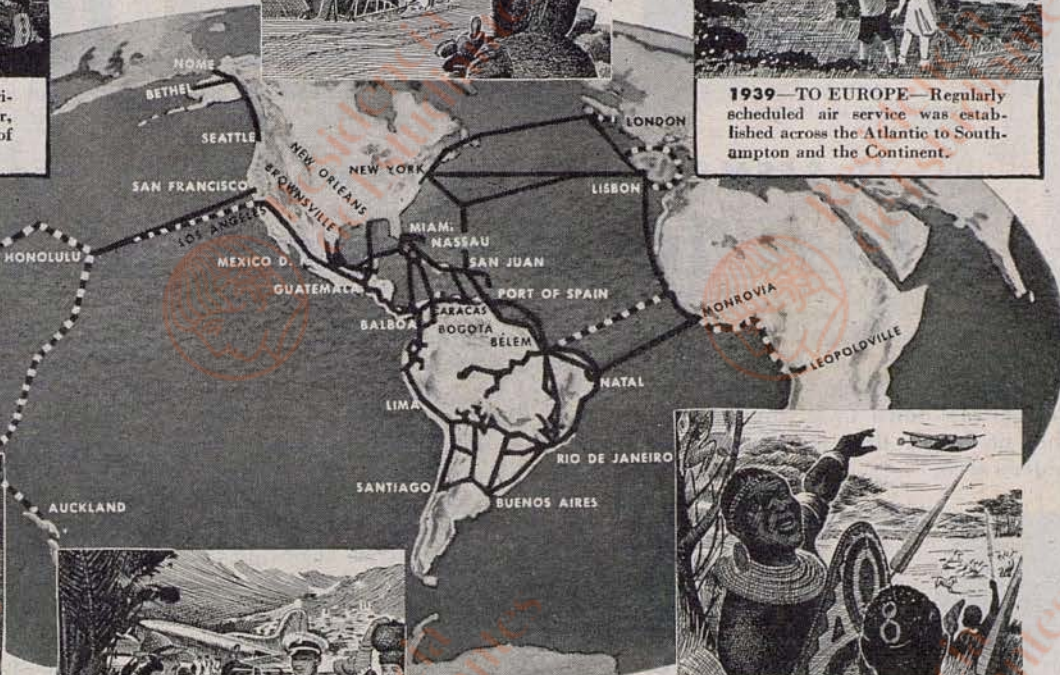
1940—TO AUSTRALASIA—Pan American turned Southward from Hawaii . . . English-speaking friends were brought closer by weeks.



1927—TO LATIN AMERICA—The beginning of fast, reliable air service to both coasts of S. America.



1941—TO AFRICA—By pioneering a South Atlantic, trans-Africa route, the groundwork was laid for the vital war traffic that followed later.



Vital to Victory

These World Air-Transport Routes—
which are hastening Victory—were pioneered by Pan American
before Pearl Harbor . . . Many are now available to civilians

THE MAP ABOVE tells a preparedness story of great importance to the American people.

Pioneered by Pan American in peacetime, to carry civilian passengers and U. S. Mail to five continents, most of the trans-ocean routes shown above have been in continuous operation ever since. War only *emphasized* the strategic importance to this country of overseas airports, radio stations and flying equipment put into operation by Pan American before the war started.

Back in "Civilian Clothes."—Recently, the Navy released for civilian air transport, Pan American's Alaska routes . . . Civilians can now fly aboard

Trans-Atlantic Clippers as far as Newfoundland . . . Some seats are also available to civilians on Pan American routes throughout Latin America.

Please study the solid lines in the map (dotted-line routes temporarily unavailable). If you have need *today* to fly to any of the cities on the solid-line routes, consult your own travel agent, or the Pan American office in: New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Washington, D. C., San Francisco, New Orleans, Seattle, Miami, Houston or Brownsville, Texas, for rates, reservations, and other up-to-date information. For International Air Express shipments, telephone Railway Express Agency, Inc.

Buy War Bonds for your
post-war pleasure trip by Clipper

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

The System of the Clippers

By pioneering air service to 68 foreign lands, Pan American has given the U. S. A. the world's greatest air transport system.





Glass fibers . . . some so fine you need a microscope to see them . . .



. . . or on up to coarse fibers about the size of broom straws . . .



. . . and unaffected by heat, moisture, most acids . . . because they are glass.

IT SEEMS THERE'S NO END TO THE USES FOR Glass in the form of Fibers

Remember the taffy pull? When you had stretched it out to the limit, you had many thicknesses of taffy, all the way down to a tiny, flexible fiber no larger than a filament in a spider's web.



Penicillin fermentation flasks are stoppered with fine, fluffy Fiberglas fibers to permit gases to escape, prevent entrance of ruinous airborne bacteria. Fiberglas withstands repeated sterilization by steam.

Now imagine that, instead of taffy, this were *glass*—and you have some idea of what Fiberglas* is. Fiberglas basic fibers are produced in a number of controlled sizes ranging from coarse fibers of glass to a filament so fine that it can be seen only with the aid of an electron microscope.

Scores of industries are using these fibers in hundreds of ways. Process engineers, chemists, product designers in many fields have used them to provide new, and hitherto unknown, values to their processes, equipment and products. In every case, the application was made possible because of the combination of inherent properties and characteristics to be found only in glass fibers.

Being glass, Fiberglas fibers are incombustible. They are noncellular, therefore, do not absorb moisture, will

not swell or shrink. They cannot rot or disintegrate; are chemically stable. And, surprisingly enough, glass fibers have tremendous tensile strength.

On this page are illustrated only a few of the ways in which Fiberglas fibers are being used, in basic form or combined with other materials to form a product of specific utility. Other promising developments, in the experimental stage, are going forward in many industries. This basic material and its unique properties challenge the imagination, often set off the creative spark that leads to something new and better.

For further information and a folder containing samples of "Fiberglas Basic Fibers", write *Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation, 1801 Nicholas Building, Toledo 1, Ohio. In Canada, Fiberglas Canada Ltd., Oshawa, Ont.*

FIBERGLAS

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

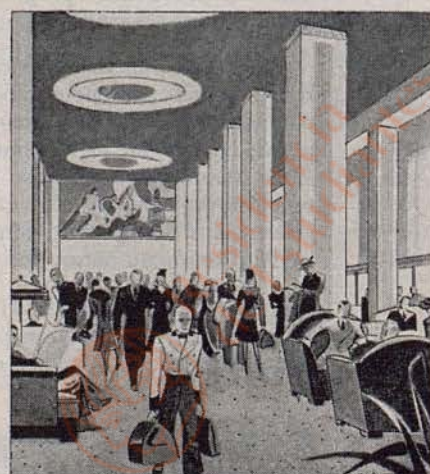
A BASIC MATERIAL



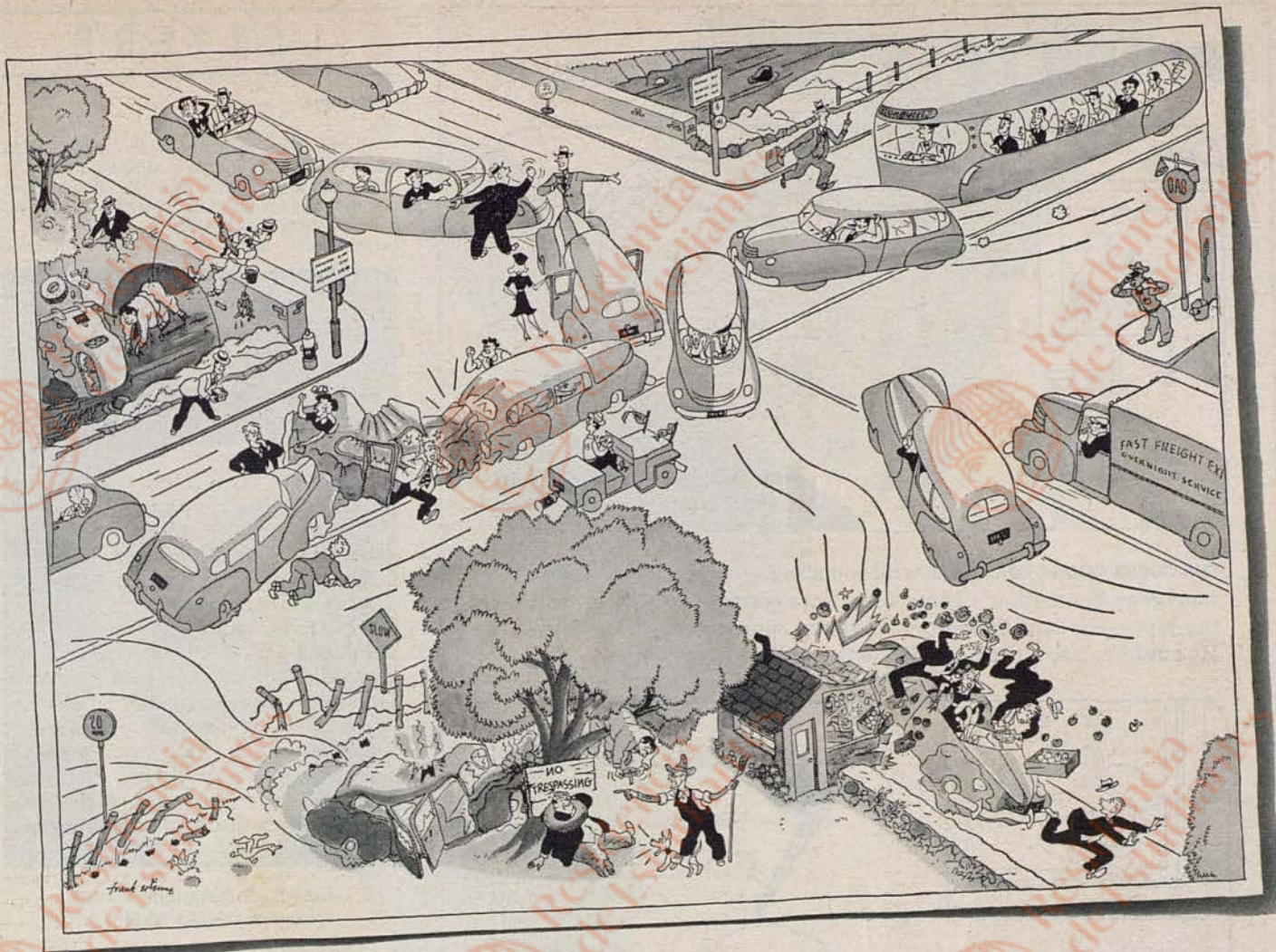
Alcohol for synthetic rubbers, processing of 100-octane gasoline for fighter planes, urgently needed products of distillation—produced faster, in greater quantity with the aid of Fiberglas fibers in the form of Tower Packing.



Clean air is circulated throughout homes heated by forced-warm-air furnaces equipped with "Dust-Stop" Air Filters—a Fiberglas product. Coarse fibers, coated with a special adhesive, capture dust, lint—protect home furnishings.



Humidity control, an important comfort factor in air conditioning, is made more effective by units equipped with aeration packs made of Fiberglas fibers. Glass is odorless, unaffected by water spray used in dehumidification.



WILL POSTWAR HIGHWAYS LOOK LIKE THIS?

This cartoon wasn't drawn to be funny. There's a grim, disturbing thought behind it.

Today, people are driving fewer miles and more slowly to save tires and gasoline. So you might expect a few accidents.

But it hasn't turned out that way!

Last year, 23,400 Americans were killed on our highways, and 800,000 more were injured. This year, the increase in the number of casualties is alarming. These are *people*—not statistics. Once they were living, breathing, happy people like *you*.

Is this only the beginning? What's going to happen when gasoline rationing is relaxed . . . when old cars with worn tires are driven long distances at high speeds again? Will our highways

then be turned into even more gruesome Avenues of Death? Will you—or someone near and dear to you—be one of the victims?

Don't let it happen! Continue the fight against carelessness—America's 7th Column—into the postwar years.

And for your own protection, take

these two steps now:

1. Drive defensively. Assume every other driver is a menace.
2. Don't let an accident deprive you of your home and savings. Awards in damage suits are increasing. Insure your car with a company that can protect you against crushing money loss.

If you should have an accident, Liberty Mutual will act as "Your Friend on the Highway," paying fair claims against you promptly and courteously . . . protecting you from fraudulent or exaggerated claims . . . looking out for your interests wherever and whenever you need help.

If you want to know how you can protect yourself at low cost, write today to Liberty Mutual, 175 Berkeley Street, Boston 17.

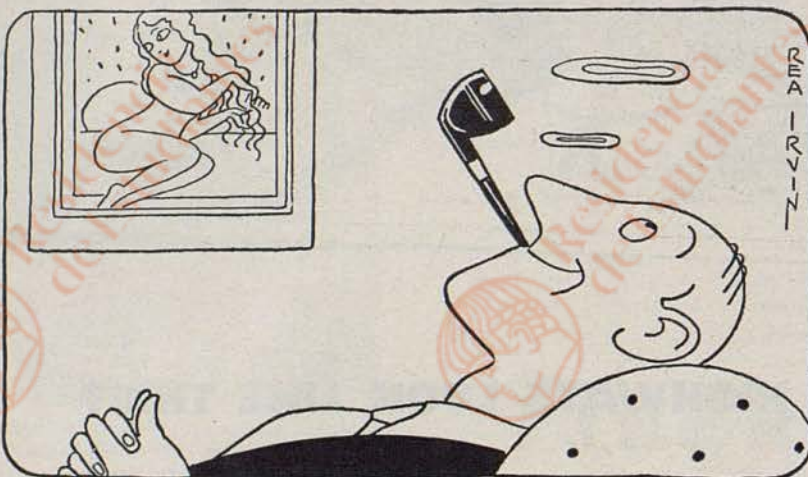


★ By "Smashing the 7th COLUMN" you help speed victory . . . you avoid fear and pain and loss . . . you help reduce the cost of automobile, liability, and fire insurance . . . you gain security for yourself and your family. ★

PIPE TYPES by REA IRVIN



THE CURIO COLLECTOR. Runs wild rounding up peculiar pipes. Would mortgage his mother's home for a rare specimen. So busy collecting pipes—he sometimes forgets you're supposed to *smoke* them... He ought to know the *best* pipe is one packed with Briggs!



THE PERFECT PUFFER. Dates his pipe-smoking happiness from his first puff of Briggs. There's a reason: Briggs is mellowed in casks of oak for YEARS—*extra-aged for extra flavor*. Harshness is softened . . . smooth, rich flavor is sealed in! Try Briggs—*yourself!*

BRIGGS
15¢



PRODUCT OF
P. LORILLARD
CO.



CASK-MELLOWED EXTRA LONG FOR EXTRA FLAVOR

LETTERS

"Phooey!"

Sirs:

All this blah-blah about those nine WAC officers (TIME, Sept 11). Phooey!

We got a gal in the WAVES, Lieut. Commander Tova Louisiana Petersen Wiley. She is in Washington running the whole show by herself. And she's better-looking than all



Acme

LIEUT. COMMANDER WILEY
A break for the WAVES.

those WACs put together. Why don't you give the WAVES (and the public) a break and run her picture?

We got her out of a big department store

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A WELCOME HAND TO BELL SYSTEM WAR VETERANS

Some day we shall have the pleasure of welcoming back to the Bell System the men and women who are now in the armed forces. They number more than 55,000. Some 3500 released from service are already back with us. We shall

have a warm welcome for the rest as they join us again. Not only shall we be glad to see them personally but we shall be glad of their skill and energy for the big tasks which face the Bell System in the future.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Here's how your car feels...



...after **MARFAK** chassis lubrication!

You feel like you're floating when you drive a car limbered up with MARFAK chassis lubrication... so quiet, so smooth, so easy to handle! MARFAK is Texaco's tough chassis lubricant that is

always applied by chart, never by chance! And MARFAK sticks to its job. Ask your Texaco Dealer to give your car that "MARFAK feeling"—tomorrow!

THE TEXAS COMPANY



here in San Francisco, and she sure runs our outfit like a pants factory.
[WAVE YEOMAN'S NAME WITHHELD]
San Francisco

Boost

Sirs:

After our years of effort at morale building to boost production in our plants, TIME [Sept. 11] tops them all with its story on the Grumman Co. and the planes it builds. I'm sure that all of the 22,000 people in our organization have read this story, and that their pride in their organization has been given a real boost. Each one will work just a little harder to see that the Navy continues to get the planes they need—when they need them.

Please accept the thanks of all of us.

L. R. GRUMMAN
President

Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corp.
Bethpage, L.I.

Furlough News

Sirs:

From Mayor Earl Riley, of Portland, Ore., we recently received the following communication: "This office has been advised by the Ninth Service Command that your son... is expected home on furlough sometime this month. If at any time during his leave I can be of help to him or to you in making his visit pleasant, please let me know."

Is the Army notifying the mayors of the U.S. of the return of soldiers from combat areas? Why not write the parents direct? We have no interest in building up a political organization... Having two sons, one in France now, and one just returned, it seems best not to sign this.

[NAME WITHHELD]

Portland, Ore.

¶ When he reaches the U.S., the homing serviceman is given a card. If he chooses to fill it out, it is sent to his home-town newspapers and public officials as an announcement of his return. In no case is anyone supposed to be notified while the returning soldier is on his way to the U.S.—Ed.

What to Do with Japan

Sirs:

... Lest we have to fight two or three wars with Japan, why not take a leaf out of Cato's book and finish the job up now? We cannot sack Japan, destroy it, plow it up and sow its site with salt as the Romans did—so effectively that now after 2,000 years our boys fought over the site of ancient Carthage without knowing it had ever been there. But there is one thing we can do. We can take away from the Japanese every mechanical device of which they are possessed....

Left to their rice paddies, their silkworms, and the abounding waters of their sacred islands, we can feel some confidence that they will not trouble us again, at least for another hundred years....

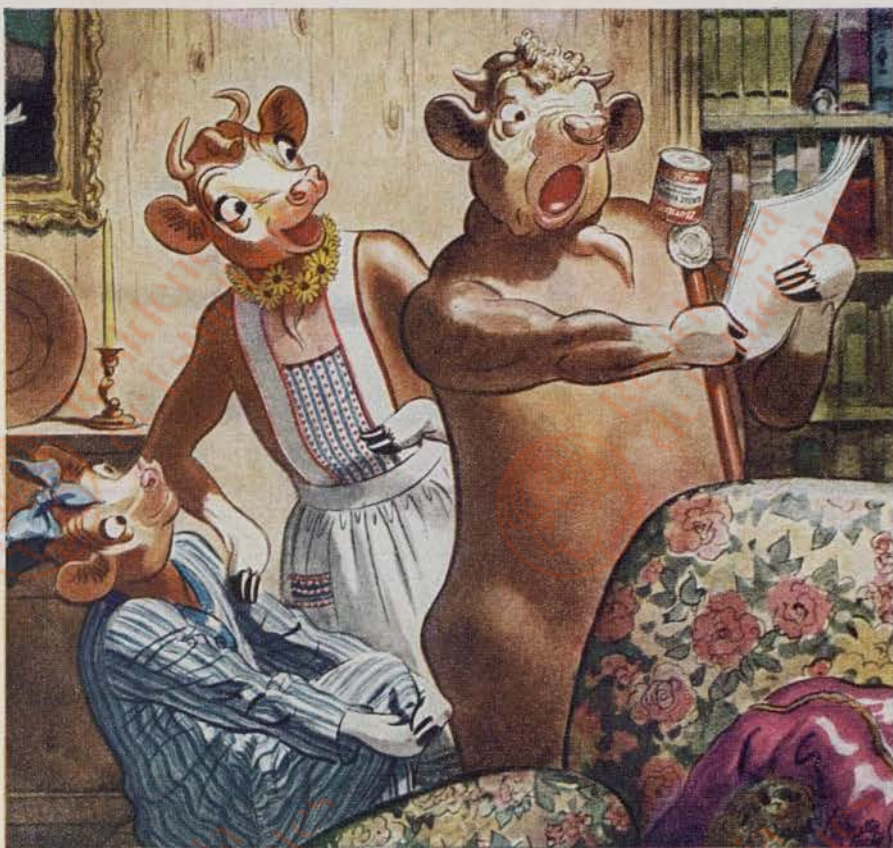
E. WALLACE CHADWICK

Chester, Pa.

Minor Leaguer?

Sirs:

We whose men are winning this war in the Pacific want none of your suggestion that Eisenhower might be a candidate for supreme command in the Pacific (TIME, Sept. 11). He may be all right for the sand-lot teams in Europe, now that the Russians have taken on and defeated the best of the German Army, but his record shows beyond question that



"One-two-three woof— what in the world?" gasped Elsie

"QUIET!" yelled Elmer, the bull. "I'm testing my voice. One-two-three, woof. One-two-thr—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Elsie, the Borden Cow. "You're hardly the type for a swoon crooner. What on earth are—"

"I," boomed Elmer importantly, "am going to make a speech. Ah, I can hear me now: 'Fellow citizens, we of the food industry ask no credit for the remarkable job we are doing. We merely call your attention to the fact that our fighting men are the best-fed fighting men in the world. And—'"

"It's the truth, all right, but you sound a little boastful," objected Elsie. "And, while you're on the subject, don't forget to mention that the food industry is doing a wonderful job keeping the home front well-fed,



too. Take Borden's Homogenized Milk. It's my own personal milk improved by Borden scientists so there's cream all through it—not just on top. And Vitamin D is added."

"Don't make me pause for commercials," bellowed Elmer. "Get this next part: Quote: And when I say well-fed, I know what I'm talking about. My wife tells me that 25% of all our food goes to our Armed Forces

and to our allies. And..."

"Unquote," chuckled Elsie. "I can guess what you're going to say next. You'll remind your audience that while our Armed Forces are enjoying good foods like ice cream in



great plenty (and do stress the fact that Borden's Ice Cream and Milk Sherbets are nutritious dairy foods, not just tasty treats) that Americans at home are still the best-fed of all warring peoples."

"Hold on," roared Elmer, "this is my speech."

"I love every word of it," soothed Elsie. "It's a thrilling story and a real tribute to the food industry... how our farmers have grown more food with less help and very little new machinery... how food companies have performed shipping and production miracles... how grocers have done a great job with green clerks and fewer clerks. I'm so glad you're speaking for the whole food industry, not just Borden."

"Hmpf!" snorted Elmer. "It seems to me that you've managed to get Borden into every other line of my speech."

"Why, Elmer, how you talk," protested Elsie. "I've hardly asked you to mention

Borden. Of course, you *could* work in a word about Borden's Hemo—the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em."



"You may call it a word, I call it a sales talk," mumbled Elmer. "Besides, it wouldn't fit into my speech."

"Nonsense," chuckled Elsie. "You can



mention it easily—just before you say that Borden's Fine Cheeses are marvelous 'buys' for one's points and pennies."

"I get it," groaned Elmer, "hardly mention Borden at all."

"That's the idea," enthused Elsie. "Of course, you might drop a hint that scads of doctors approve Borden's Evaporated Milk



for feeding tiny babies on account of it's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D."

"Never mind," sighed Elmer. "Here, you test your voice. If it's going to be your speech, you may as well speak it."

"Well, if you insist," beamed Elsie, "I'll be glad to. Now, let me practice the most important part, a statement of fact that everyone in the audience will agree with: One-two-three, woof woof—If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!"



Hear ED WYNN in
"HAPPY ISLAND"—FRI. EVENINGS
Local paper for time and station



U. S. Army Air Transport Plane on African desert. Photo by Ivan Dmitri.

AIR IS EVERYWHERE, IMPARTIALLY

"No problem has greater bearing upon us as individuals and as a nation than that of the postwar use of universal air."

* * *

The founders of our nation came here to get away from Europe.

Due largely to pre-air geography, our national history has been one with emphasis upon self-determination, self-sufficiency and isolation . . . resulting in the greatest nation on earth with the highest standard of living.

The descendants of our founders, however, invented a machine—the airplane—that makes us more accessible to, and brings us infinitely closer to all of the earth's inhabitants than ever before. Daily the world becomes effectively smaller.

About 88 years ago our government introduced camels into Texas, New Mexico

and Arizona to carry the mail. The experiment proved unsuccessful. Camel caravans, traveling at about 2½ miles per hour, are still a common sight in many parts of the world. Contrast that speed with the 300 miles an hour of our modern transport planes!

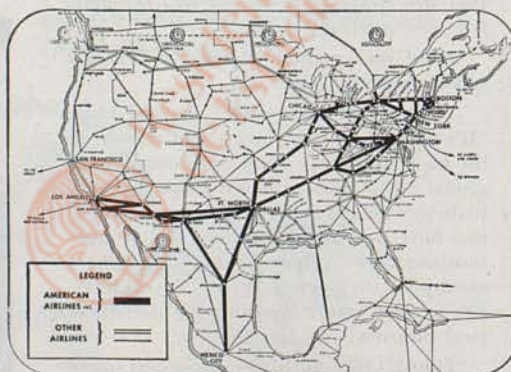
The increasing use of the air realm for

national and international vehicular traffic rapidly is changing the relationship of all nations and of all peoples. This trend will increase, not diminish, after the war. It presents national and personal problems and opportunities.

The U. S. has the world's best Airlines; therefore we believe the way to adjust to this world change is for us first to become an airfaring nation at home—domestically and hemispherically.

After the war our aviation impetus should be accelerated, not retarded.

We need surface transportation, but in addition, we must travel *above* the earth in order to have security *upon* the earth.



A. N. Kemp
A. N. KEMP
President

THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL **AMERICAN AIRLINES Inc.** ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

he can't qualify for the big league in the Pacific. . . .

IVEAGH GARRIGUS

Reno, Nev.

¶ That so?—Ed.

Singing Tom?

Sirs:

After reading about Governor Jimmie Davis of Louisiana riding into office on the wave of his hillbilly songs, it occurred to me that Governor Dewey might well use the same tactics. We all know that he has a well-trained baritone voice, but few have heard it. Not that his speeches aren't good. They are over the heads of the average American voter. . . . The great American public does not want thought-provoking logic. It wants entertainment. . . .

So, I suggest that Governor Dewey open a meeting with *God Bless America*, resounding in true Tibbett style. Then he could follow with a few trenchant remarks. Next, *Shortenin' Bread*. After ten minutes more of speaking in his resonant voice, he could end with *Home on the Range*, our President's favorite. A three-ring circus? I wager he would have them standing in the aisles. . . .

LYDIA L. BREUNIG

Indianapolis

Lend-Lease Cigarets

Sirs:

There is a rumor snowballing up on this coast that the reason the market has been exhausted of popular-brand cigarettes is because they are being shipped to civilian populaces of European countries. Is it true?

DIANA DUNNING

Culver City, Calif.

¶ Who threw that snowball? In the last twelve months Lend-Lease exported six million pounds of cigarettes. Typical prewar-year (1934) exports: eight million pounds. Prime reason for the home shortage: increased smoking by both U.S. servicemen and civilians.—Ed.

"No Harm in Sleeping"

Sirs:

Your articles on bed rest (*TIME*, April 24; Sept. 11) will unnecessarily embarrass late or substantial sleepers like Robert Benchley, and also physicians whose patients rebel at badly needed restriction of activity. . . .

Many surgeons have been cutting out complete rest for operative and child-bed patients, and the medical men may eventually catch up in learning that a few minutes' activity four or five times a day can be a great comfort—and a life saver.

No harm in sleeping, or even just lying abed, 23 hours a day!

WILLIAM DOCK, M.D.

Professor of Medicine

Long Island College of Medicine
Brooklyn, N.Y.

United States Hotel Architect

Sirs:

In *TIME* (Sept. 4) you stated that the architect of the United States Hotel in Saratoga Springs was not known. You even surmised that the building had never been planned systematically.

About four years ago, the late William H. Vaughan, a well known architect of Saratoga Springs, showed me the original plans of the United States Hotel. These were drawn by the firm of Vaughan & Stevens, the Vaughan of Vaughan & Stevens being William H. Vaughan's grandfather.

JOSEPH LEBOWICH, M.D.

Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

¶ His name was Frelin G. Vaughan. Of
TIME, OCTOBER 9, 1944

9

LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries



"Let's blow reveille and run like blazes!"

"Keep your eye on the Infantry—the dough-boy does it." His is the hard way—with bullets and bayonets. Yours is the easy way—with War Bonds!

"EVEREADY" flashlight batteries are aiding our Armed Forces all over the globe. Our production has had to go "all out" to meet the tremendous need for the dependable, long-life batteries. So you can readily understand why there is such a limited supply for civilians.

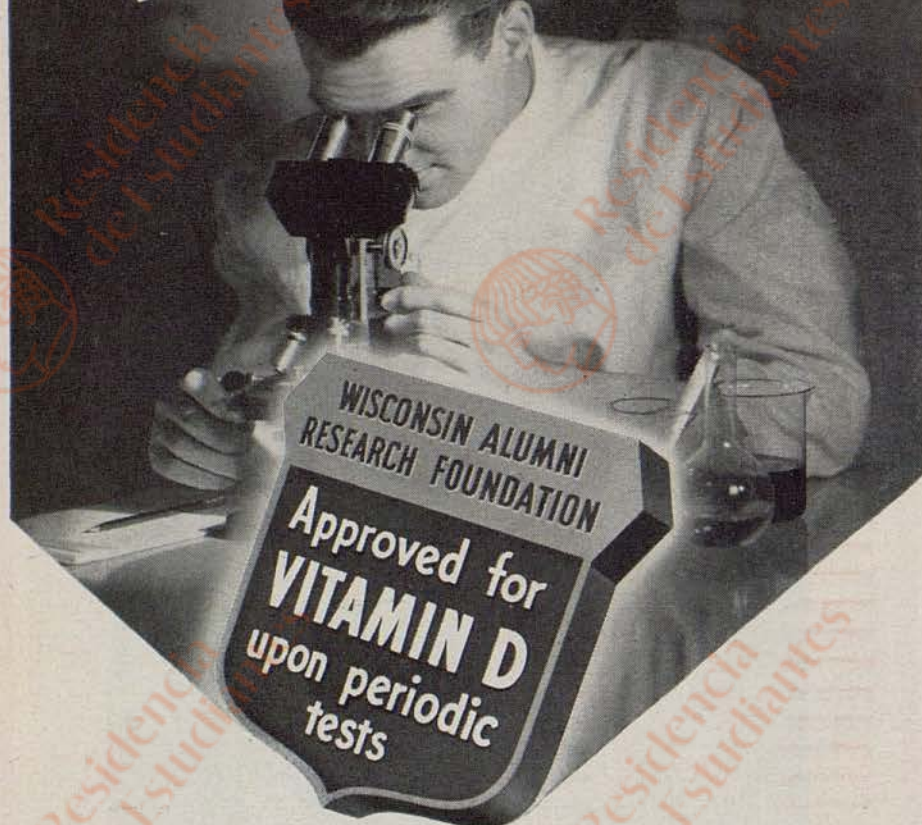
FRESH BATTERIES LAST
LONGER... Look for
the date line →



EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK

The registered trade-mark "Eveready" distinguishes products of National Carbon Co., Inc.

PERIODIC TESTS



...in back of this seal

Every food and drug product bearing this Seal is rigorously tested in the Foundation laboratories at regular intervals. These check-ups make certain that the products have full potency to help bring health and well-being to you and your family.

For twenty years this Foundation has carried on this program of research and testing. It licenses only products of definite value. That is why the Foundation seal has won the complete confidence of the Medical profession and the public. Look to it for your added guarantee.



Send coupon for this free booklet to help you bring your family full nourishment.

WISCONSIN ALUMNI Research FOUNDATION
MADISON 6, WISCONSIN

Please send me FREE your booklet "Can We Eat Well Under Point Rationing?"

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

T-1044

him and his gingerbread museum piece the Sandy Hill (now Hudson Falls) *Herald* wrote: "Mr. Vaughan, one of the architects, is a Sandy Hill boy, and we feel a legitimate pride in his handiwork. Himself and partner have designed a building which must add much to their reputation, as it is a work few men are capable of accomplishing."—Ed.

Help for the Dodgers

Sirs:

By way of appreciation and to show that the U.S. has not a monopoly on things wondrous to behold, I relate the following:

In Portaferry, County Down, two boys were crossing a field when a hedgehopping plane swept towards them. One of them picked up a stone, threw it at the plane and forced it to land, the net result being one smashed propeller and two frightened boys. Haled to court, they were fined \$8. The R.A.F. pilot is still being chaffed about it.

Seems like some of the youngsters over here would be a great help to the Dodgers.

THOS. WATSON

Belfast, Ireland

Time Taxed

Sirs:

With thousands & thousands of G.I.s going to Fayetteville, N.C. from Bragg every Saturday it is only natural that the neighborly and patriotic merchants await them with open arms and "solid" prices.

But why charge 1¢ sales tax when purchasing *TIME*? Isn't taxing a news publication contrary to some principle of the freedom of the press? Why should it cost more to buy *TIME* in North Carolina than it does elsewhere?

A/C J. HENRI ST. LAURENT

Fort Bragg, N.C.

¶ North Carolina's sales tax applies to the *Weekly Newsmagazine* and clothes as well as to luxuries.—Ed.

Voters' Reasons

Sirs:

Mr. O'Malley is voting for Dewey because he thinks it is time we had an admiral for President [*TIME*, Sept. 18]. Well, his reason is not as absurd as some of the others I have heard. For example:

A Polish fellow worker: "I am voting for Dewey because Roosevelt did not stop Stalin at the Polish border during the westward advance of the Reds."

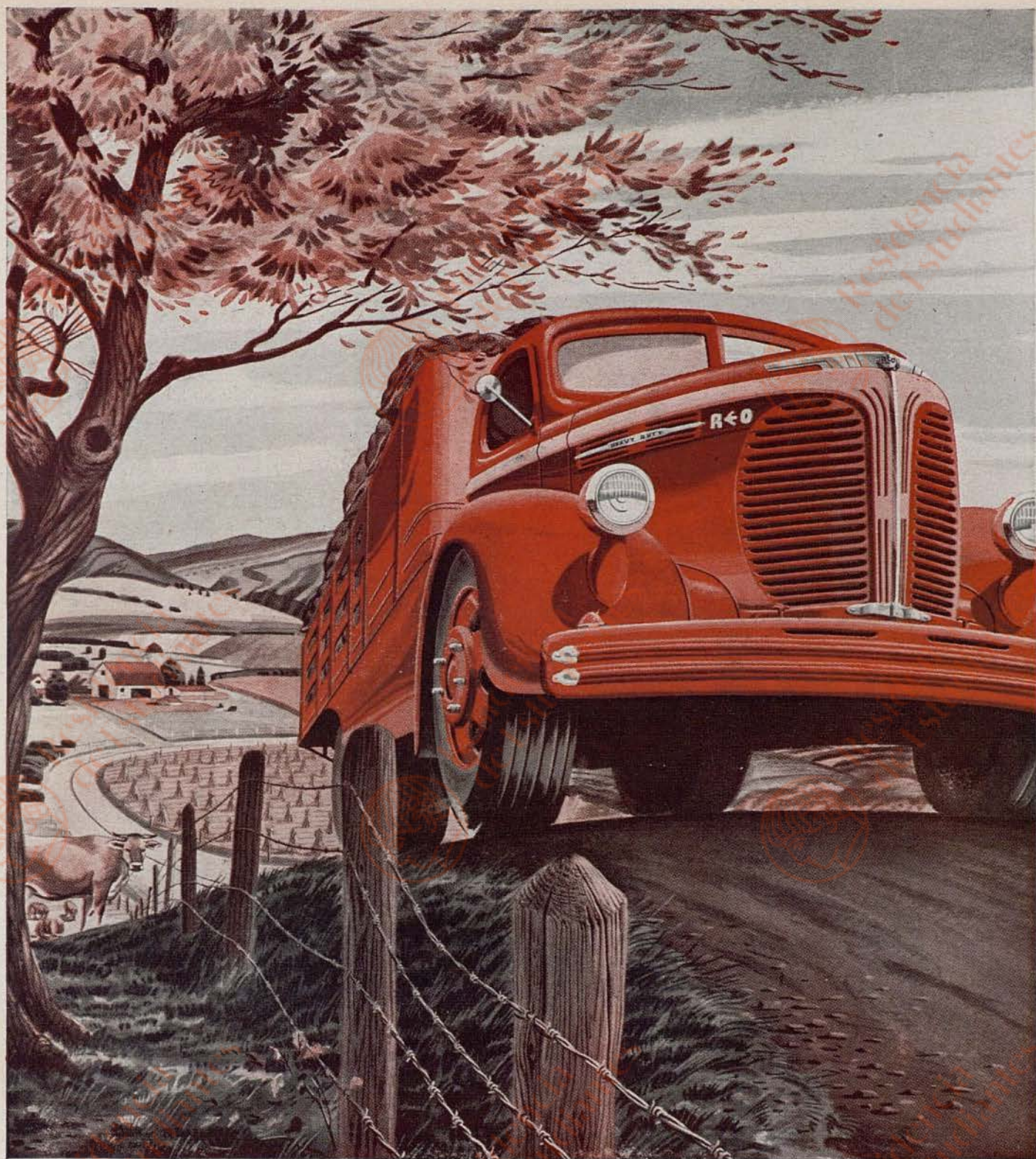
My next-door neighbor: "If Dewey is elected, I can get \$75 for my upper flat."

The colored laundress: "Roosevelt is too friendly with the Pope."

BEN TURICK

Detroit

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



BUY MORE WAR BONDS

40 Years of Growing With America

Since 1904, Reo has woven a bright pattern of service into the warp and woof of American farm life. Particularly vivid in rural memory is the trail of the Reo Speedwagon, leaving its mark on soil and soul alike . . . giving complete dependability and economy in field work and crop marketing, bringing Saturday night movies and Sunday meetings many miles closer to farm homes. After 40 years of growing with America, Reo is serving on the farm front and on world battlefronts and is preparing for new records after the war. Ask your Reo dealer about the government release of a limited quota of new Reo trucks for civilian use.

REO MOTORS, INC., LANSING 20, MICHIGAN

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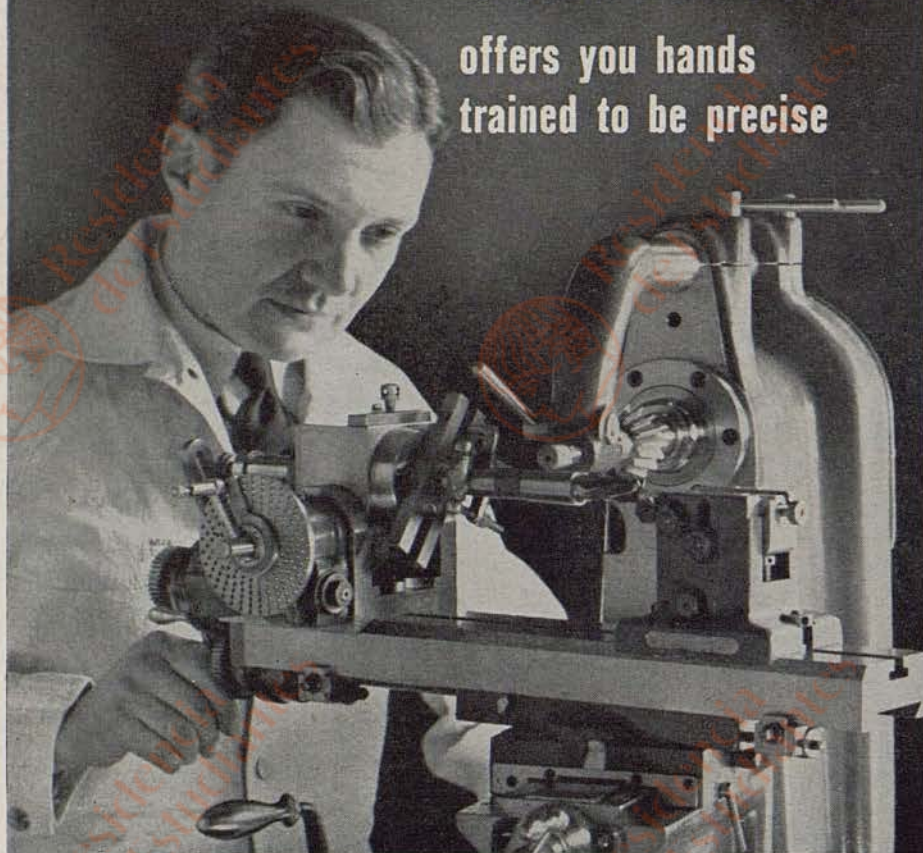


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MISCELLANY

Comeuppance. Near Swift Current, Sask., Bachelor-Farmer Alfred Bessant lived alone in his cellar through 16 profitless, bad crop years, grew a \$2,500 crop this year, came out of the hole.

Pastoral. In The Bronx, William Sherman, who identified himself as a nature lover and salesman of physical-culture books, was found guilty of the charge of shaving in a public-park drinking fountain.

Gold Standard. In Chicago, an anonymous cinemagnate, laid down \$200 in a shoe store, walked out in a pair of calfskin shoes with a gold slug in each heel, gold eyelets, gold-tipped laces.

Small Change. In Montreal, a father claimed his two-months-old baby at a hospital, decided on the way home that the child was not his, left it with two small girls, hurried back to the hospital for another baby.

Patriot. In Portland, Ore., a woman motorist gave four A coupons for 12 gallons of gas, sighed when the tank took only 11.9, cheerfully raced her motor until there was room for the rest.

Admiral's Flag. In The Bronx, Anthony Dentini suspected his wife of having a male visitor, complained that Mrs. Dentini always signaled her admirer by hanging her husband's pants on the clothes-line right side up when he was at home, bottom side up when he was away.

New Freedom. In York, Pa., the City Council decided that smoking is no longer a waste of "good eating tobacco" and violin-fiddling no longer "debauched the morals of the young," planned to legalize both.

Frontier Justice. In Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, a magistrate and two miners, drunk and disorderly, were locked up for the night, later met in a nearby court where the magistrate (who had just paid a \$5.50 fine himself) lectured his jailmates on temperance, fined them \$13 apiece.

Gracious Living. In Washington, William Garstang applied for a patent on a machine to make monogrammed waffles.

Bedbugs. In Manhattan, Nature Photographer Lilo Hess leashed five praying mantises with thread and safety pins to the foot of her bed to catch flies and mosquitoes.

Out of Water. In Bournemouth, England, Mrs. Dorothy Banner cleaned her chimney, found wriggling in the soot a live, 10-in. golden carp.



Doing nicely now . . . thanks to a dangerous fungus!

ANXIOUS MOMENTS ticked by during Johnny's birth.

Finally, Doctor decided to call upon a powerful, wonderful substance to check mother's hemorrhage.

A powerful, wonderful substance, indeed. It is made from a black, evil-smelling fungus that attacks the grain of rye. It is so powerful that one one-hundredth of an ounce would be more than five hundred times too much for a human body to stand!

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tem that brings from all parts of the world the 60,000 to 100,000 items used by Americans to prevent and treat disease.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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TIME, OCTOBER 9, 1944

15

Dear Subscriber
Every day, as this presidential election gets hotter, it becomes more important for Americans to open their minds to the pronouncements and writings of people who disagree with them.
And so this week TIME is publishing in more than 40 news-
papers from coast to coast the seventh advertisement in its Mindpower series—to remind the electorate that no group wear the devil's clothes—that every group is saying something worth listening to. I hope you feel this message makes its point clearly and fairly.

Cordially,

P. I. Prentice



What kind of clothes does the devil wear?

Listen for five minutes in almost any train, bar, living room or barber-shop, when there's a political discussion going on.

You'll be bound to hear somebody doing a job on business or labor, on politicians or professors... painting them blacker than Beelzebub himself. You can fairly smell the brimstone.

And maybe you'll notice this odd fact, too: the less the speaker knows about the people he or she is criticizing, the more furious and blistering the comment is apt to be.

Nobody hates business as much as people who have never worked in business.

Folks who don't bother to vote are the ones who are most contemptuous of politicians.

Businessmen who never read what the professors are really saying are surest that nothing they say makes sense.

And it's usually ladies and gents who never had a labor problem bigger than a cook who see hooves and forked tails sticking out of factory workers' overalls.

If you know a lot of people of all kinds, you aren't likely to hand down these easy black-and-white judgments.

You see (as all of us do when we think about it) that most Americans—businessmen, politicians, farmers, factory workers, professors—are decent, honest citizens, that they have their share of self-interest, but all of them have contributed mightily to the growth and strength and prosperity of America.

In short, no group wears the devil's clothes.

But the danger is we may think some particular group does—and insulate ourselves from all the writings, pronouncements, opinions of any individual attached to that group.

And thus Americans may deny themselves the help of many sincere, intelligent, experienced people at a time when our country needs all the mindpower it can muster.

Problems like today's don't need heat—they need light.

They need light from more than one source... more than one newspaper, more than one magazine, more than one book. They need the pleasant mellow lamp-light of the fellow who agrees with you... and the disagreeable blue search-light of the fellow who doesn't.

Most of all, they need the daylight

that shines through the clear windows of fact. They need the facts about our present economic situation in the light of our own past experiences and that of other nations. The facts about the great experiments that have worked and the ones that have failed. The facts about labor and business—about political theory and political practice.

Are you getting these facts? Are you being stimulated by the sparks that jump from opposite poles of thinking?

Is your mind a source of light to your friends and your country... or of heat?

For instance:

Have you read Eric Johnston's "Warning to Labor and Management?" You can get it in bulletin form from the U. S. Chamber of Commerce.

Is Frederick Hayek's "Road to Serfdom," (Chicago University Press, 1944), a part of your information on economics?

Have you looked into Teller and Waring's "The Small Farmer Looks Ahead," published by Harper's?

Or that comprehensive book on labor and its problem "The Dynamics of Industrial Democracy" by Clinton S. Golden and Harold J. Ruttenberg (Harpers, 1942)?

Shielding the ELECTRON MICROSCOPE From Vibration

With the Electron Microscope, scientists are enabled to peer into new worlds, at magnifications up to 100,000 times. *Vibration, however, magnifies at the same rate.* Even though so infinitesimal it can't be felt, it must be eliminated if a perfect image is to be secured.

This baffling difficulty was overcome by U.S. Rubber technicians. They developed a set of rubber mountings engineered to a remarkable point of precision and efficiency. Observations revealed that these mountings completely eliminated all traces of vibration.

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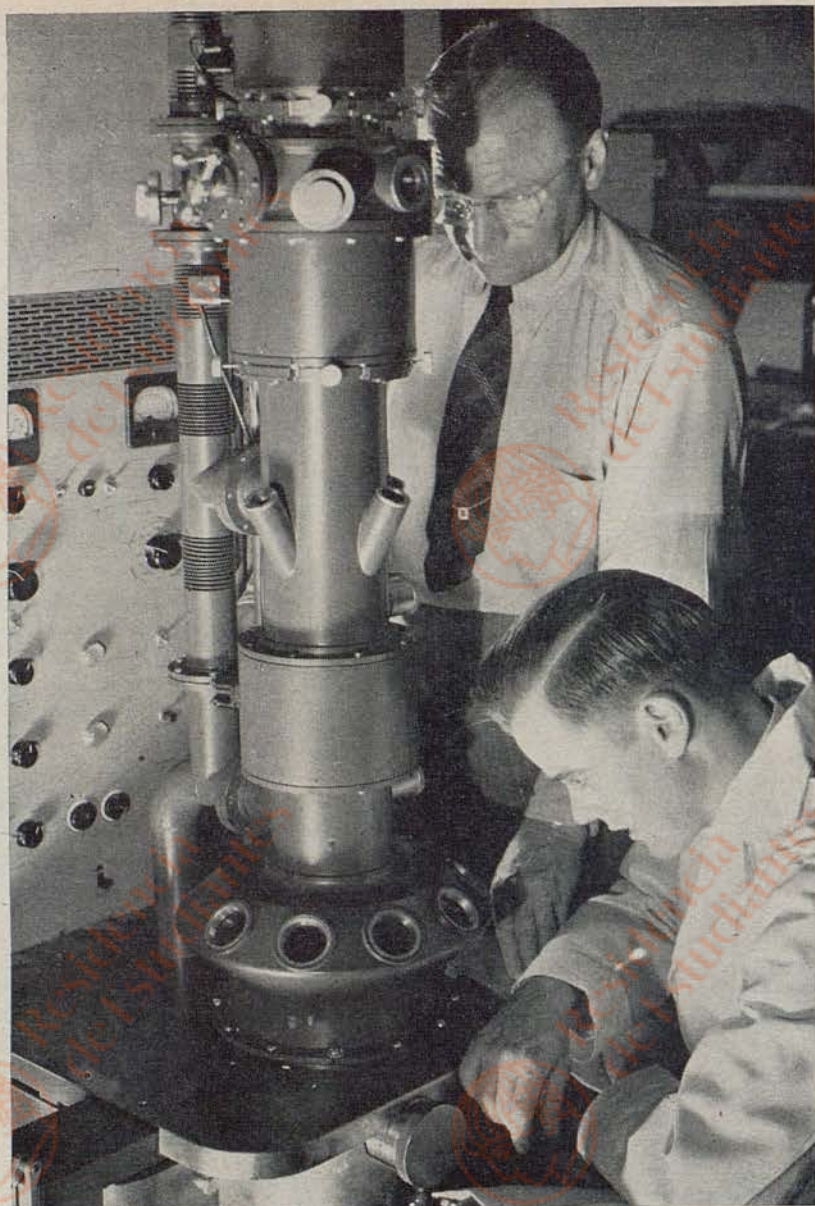
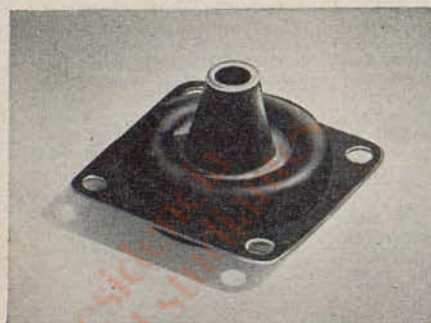


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to postwar conversion and expansion. A limited number is now available. Engineers and architects can obtain copies by writing on company stationery to "Mechanical Goods Division," Room 1406. There is no obligation.

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U.S. AT WAR

THE PRESIDENCY

The President's Week

At his Friday press conference, Franklin Roosevelt did not chain-smoke, as usual; in fact, he did not smoke at all. His voice had a hoarse, stopped-up quality, indicating a head cold. Well knowing the acute national interest in Mr. Roosevelt's health, the White House promptly announced that the President's ailment was no more than



FDR's HOPKINS
He was still a mystery.

a slight aggravation of his sinus trouble. The President's physician, Vice Admiral Ross T. McIntire, said: "He was hit by the flu, and hard hit when he was sick recently, but he's right back in shape."

Last week the President took things easy. Main news was his acceptance of the resignation of Donald Nelson as WPB boss, moved Acting Chairman Julius A. ("Cap") Krug into the top post. Don Nelson, just back from China (TIME, Oct. 2), will stay in the official family in an as-yet-undefined job as the President's roving ambassador on postwar foreign trade. (In Chungking, Chinese smiled, talked of renaming their guest mansion "The House of Exile.") The last three U.S. bigwig visitors have made a political fadeout: Wendell Willkie, Henry Wallace, and now Nelson.)

Return

Harry Hopkins, still gaunt from long illness, was finally back on his old six-day work week at the White House. Each day last week his familiar slouched figure could be seen entering the East Wing at 9 a.m. Shut off, even from telephone calls and intimate friends, he worked until 7 p.m., and sometimes far into the evening. His work baskets were usually filled with details of his current specialty: relations between the U.S., Russia and Britain. (He did much of the skull-work for Franklin Roosevelt's meeting with Churchill at Quebec.)

He was still a mystery man to the U.S. Only a few understood that the deep bond between the Squire of Hyde Park and the Iowa harnessmaker's son was based on Hopkins' absolute personal loyalty to the man he idolizes. After eleven years of the kaleidoscopic changes of the New Deal, Harry Hopkins was still the man Franklin Roosevelt most trusts.

The Battle for Peace Terms

Henry Morgenthau's devastating plan for Germany (TIME, Oct. 2) was dead—or was it? Franklin Roosevelt took a side-swipe at the U.S. press for even reporting it.

At his press conference, the President announced that he had written a letter to Foreign Economic Administrator Leo Crowley. The letter was a full set of instructions for FEA policies when the war in Europe is over, including a section on "Control of the War-Making Power of Germany."

As if there had been no Cabinet battle over the Morgenthau plan, almost as if there had been no previous New Deal plans for Germany at all, the President urged FEA to accelerate its plans for the economic control of postwar Germany. FEA should see to it, the President said, "that Germany does not become a menace again."

Asked a newsman: Did this mean that the Cabinet split was healed?

That was all a newspaper story, replied F.D.R.

"No foundation to the stories at all?"

Every story that came out, said the President with some asperity, was essentially untrue in its basic facts.

The newsmen, recognizing an old Rooseveltian device, let the matter drop. Once again, the President had used the press as a whipping boy; once again he had

thrown the ball to a new Governmental agency after three others had quarreled. To bottle up further leaks, the President ordered Secretaries Morgenthau and Stimson not to talk, and both called off scheduled press conferences.

But the highest sources in Washington insisted that the Morgenthau plan was not only still alive, but would yet turn out to be the final plan, though modified. According to these sources, his plan had



Harris & Ewing

FEA's CROWLEY
He was handed a mystery.

been "bought" by Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill at Quebec, despite heavy objections from Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden. After the hubbub has died down, Henry Morgenthau's proposals supposedly will then reappear as the official U.S. proposal.

The Pros Speak. Also last week the presidents of the five largest U.S. engineering societies,* representing 70,000 professional engineers, put forth their own plan to strip Germany of its war-making powers but yet keep sound its civilian

* Malcolm Pirnie, American Society of Civil Engineers; Chester A. Fulton, American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers; Robert M. Gates, American Society of Mechanical Engineers; Charles A. Powel, American Institute of Electrical Engineers; George G. Brown, American Institute of Chemical Engineers.

economy, so important to Middle Europe. Their four points called for the elimination of Germany's synthetic oil and synthetic nitrogen plants, the stripping-down of steel production by 50%, the destruction of the Nazi aircraft industry.

These four points, said the engineers, could be enforced by an uncomplicated set of nonpolitical controls and "would afford ample insurance against war."

Butch to Italy?

The old rumors swirled up again, as heady as the smell of garlic to New York's duck-bottomed little Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia. But he would have none of them. Had he not been deceived 17 months ago? Then he had gone confidently to a Manhattan haberdasher and bought a resplendent gabardine uniform, suitable for one silver star, had waited for orders to fly to North Africa, perhaps dreaming of marching into Rome at the head of U.S. columns. But a Congressional hubbub over "political generals" had stopped the appointment cold; Franklin Roosevelt sent to Italy two other New York Democrats, lameduck Charles Poletti, ex-lieutenant governor, and William O'Dwyer, Brooklyn's D.A.-on-leave.

But this time it looked as if Butch LaGuardia might get his trip to Italy, notwithstanding objections from Congress or from War Secretary Henry L. Stimson, who fears that LaGuardia would be too hot to handle in Italy. Still Butch would not talk.

Columnist Drew Pearson reported that "The Hat" was once again in line for the job of Allied High Commissioner in Rome. Cracked LaGuardia: "I understand Pearson is to be named a Lithuanian count." Later he snapped at newsmen: "Don't ask silly questions." And even after President Roosevelt hinted that there might soon be a new assignment for him, the little mayor kept mum. He sent Manhattan newsmen a curt note: "I have an assignment with my dentist." Leaving City Hall that night, he rudely barked: "I'm going to clean up the streets tonight; I'm good at that."

THE CAPITAL

Battle of the Statler

After Franklin Roosevelt's crashing speech to the Teamsters' union fortnight ago, happy Teamsters streamed out of the Statler Hotel's Presidential Room, full of good food and high enthusiasm. On the hotel's mezzanine, some of the Teamsters met two naval officers, bound for a Navy dance.

What happened then was suppressed for a week. This week Cissy Patterson's *Times-Herald*, which likes neither Franklin Roosevelt nor unions, disclosed that the result had been a first-class brawl.

First reports of the fracas definitely identified only one participant. He was Lieut. Randolph Dickins Jr., of Bradenton, Fla., 6 ft. 2 in., a hero of the Battle of

Midway, who had been a combat-fatigue patient at the Navy's Bethesda for ten weeks, after 42 months' service. After the story had broken, Navy superiors permitted Lieut. Dickins to tell his side:

"While we were on the mezzanine lounge a group of men accosted us, telling us that they were members of the Teamsters' union and that the President had just made a fine speech. They then asked my friend and I what political party we belonged to and who we would like to see get elected in November.

"We retorted that it was none of their business; that it wasn't their affair. They then seemed to get rather angry at the fact that we didn't come out and state we were for our Commander in Chief. . . . We were surrounded by an increasing



LIEUT. RANDOLPH DICKINS JR.
He resented a leading question.

number of men who kept firing questions at us as to what the men in the Navy felt about their Commander in Chief. We reiterated we didn't know and it was still none of their business. . . . Several of them accused us of being disloyal. . . . My friend and I attempted to leave. . . ."

But before they could leave, Lieut. Dickins said, a fight had begun. His friend was pinioned in a chair and slugged by a bystander. Going to his friend's help, he himself was hit, and he hit back. Lieut. Dickins, onetime footballer at the University of Miami, said he "knocked down four or five." Then a flying wedge of bell-hops stopped the fight.

Lieut. Dickins continued: "A man shouldered his way in. He apparently was the hotel manager. He then proceeded to tell my friend and I that he couldn't expect much more than this from the Navy and that this was a typical gesture of

gratitude by the armed services. He then threatened to call the shore patrol. . . ."

The shore patrol came, and escorted the two officers out. One of the attackers stopped him, Lieut. Dickins said, told him he had "beaten up a personal friend of the President," said that "severe punishment" would follow.

The *Times-Herald* account said "it was believed" that the Teamsters' greying, pink-cheeked president, "Uncle Dan" Tobin himself, had been one of the participants in the fight. It said further that Uncle Dan had promptly called Presidential Secretary Steve Early and demanded that the news of the brawl be suppressed.

Steve Early hotly denied having had a call from Dan Tobin, said he knew nothing of the brawl until called by newsmen. Lieut. Dickins, shown a picture of Dan Tobin, was unable to identify him as one of the brawlers.

In New York, Dan Tobin called the whole thing "a criminal falsehood." Cried he: "This is a dastardly attempt to turn the services' vote against Mr. Roosevelt."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Decline of the Good Neighbor

At least three main facts about U.S. diplomacy became clear last week. First, the U.S. is no longer sure of its policy, if it had one, towards Argentina, and as a result is handling it badly. Second, if the continued ill-treatment of Argentina is the present shape of the Good Neighbor policy, it is no longer supported with enthusiasm by other American republics. Third, the policy, or whatever it is, is getting nowhere.

After two years of fist-shaking and name-calling in lieu of clarity of purpose, Secretary of State Cordell Hull last week left off shuffling papers and got around to applying the second* faltering economic sanction against Argentina: he barred U.S.-flag ships from calling at Argentine ports for northbound cargo.

Lone Game. Actually this sanction was a puny punitive step that shocked Argentina's pride more than it hurt the Argentine pocketbook. A point not made in the State Department bugle-call statement about its action was that only eight, or fewer, U.S. ships a month had been calling at Argentine ports. Most Argentine exports to the U.S. have been carried in Argentine bottoms, which are still free to enter U.S. ports. Latin American and British ships continue their brisk trade with Argentina.

Two days after the shipping embargo, President Roosevelt came to the support of Hull's action. Said the President: "This situation presents the extraordinary paradox of the growth of Nazi-Fascist influence and the increasing application of Nazi-Fascist methods in a country . . . at

* The first economic sanction, Aug. 16: freezing Argentine gold stocks in the U.S.

the very time that those forces of aggression are drawing ever closer to final defeat and judgment in Europe and elsewhere in the world. . . . The Argentine Government has repudiated solemn inter-American obligations. . . ."

Public reaction in Argentina was a deepening of dislike for the U.S. Franklin Roosevelt had hopefully said that "the vast majority of the people of Argentina have remained steadfast in their faith in their own free, democratic traditions." But a Buenos Aires audience rose to boo and catcall insults when Hull appeared in a newsreel shot of the Dumbarton Oaks conference.*

There was clear evidence of deteriorating relations between the other American republics and the State Department. The firm hand and general know-how on Latin America seemed to have disappeared with the resignation of Diplomats Sumner Welles and Lawrence Duggan. Recently seven Latin American ambassadors met with Hull to discuss the participation of their nations in the development of a world security organization. At the close of the meeting the proud ambassadors told reporters that they had been lectured, had been allowed to say nothing, and treated like schoolchildren. Further, the Latin American leaders now want to call a meeting of the Hemisphere's foreign ministers, to discuss postwar economic conditions. Hull has given this meeting no encouragement. Until two years ago, that would have killed the idea. Now the ministers are pressing it anyway.

Trade Is Trade. But what irks the Latin Americans most is what they regard as the unrealistic economic philosophy of the State Department. The Latin Americans are hardheaded traders. They want higher prices for their sugar (*see LATIN AMERICA*) and higher prices for their coffee. They do not understand the U.S. policy that permits one Government agency to shake the "big stick" at a neighbor republic while other Government agencies in Washington continue to play footie with that neighbor's merchants, placing large orders for Argentine corn, frozen turkeys, linseed, meat, quebracho bark and hides.

Equally realistic are the British. From the Argentine Britain gets 500,000 tons of beef a year, and in Argentina Britain has \$1,375,000,000 of investments, a huge stake in postwar trade. Official circles in London greeted President Roosevelt's blast at Argentina with a studied silence. But the *Manchester Guardian* probably echoed the sentiments of most Britons. Said the *Guardian*, editorially, "The U.S. is going rather far in its measure of coercion . . . no doubt it would like us to follow suit. We like the Argentine brand of fascism as little as does Mr. Cordell Hull, but we also prefer Argentine beef to American pork."

* For Argentine press reaction, see *PRESS*.

TIME, OCTOBER 9, 1944



CORDELL HULL & FRIENDS* AT DUMBARTON OAKS
Two stumbling blocks remained.

Enter the Chinese

After six weeks of secret discussions, the first phase of the Dumbarton Oaks conference ended; the Russians went home, the Chinese moved in. The Chinese had everyone's sympathy. They, like everyone else, knew that they were there largely to put their own thoughts on record, and then to give approval to what had already been agreed to by the U.S., Great Britain and Russia. At the public opening session China's spokesman, Dr. Wellington Koo, got applause even from the supposedly callous correspondents.

The first phase had ended with the Big Three in approximately 90% agreement, mostly on organizational details of a new world security league. This was progress of a kind. But two big stumbling blocks remained:

¶ The powers of the U.S. delegate—which cannot be settled by any international conference but by the U.S. Senate.

¶ The voting powers of the Big Four, in the event that one of them is accused of aggression. Said the skeptics *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* (Who will keep an eye on the caretaker?) The question

caused a deep division, unresolved by days of discussion. It could be settled, if at all, only by a new meeting of the heads of the Big Four.

Dumbarton Oaks had turned out to be exactly as advertised: a technical meeting by non-policymaking officials (*TIME*, Aug. 28).

These difficulties, and the sudden realization that the war in Europe might run until next spring, caused a drop in public interest. It now appeared probable that a full-dress international conference of all nations, big & small, to form a new league would not be held until next year.

THE CAMPAIGN

The Last Rounds

Tom Dewey, dressed in sweater and grey flannels, played golf last week† to relax from the first round of his campaign, and studied ring technique to prepare for his next. The question he faced: should

* China's Finance Minister H. H. ("Daddy") Kung, Under Secretary Edward R. Stettinius Jr., Ambassador Wei Tao-ming.

† His score for 18 holes: 101. Usual average: in the 90s. He was unruffled, as always, and lost no golf balls.

he try to outbox Franklin Roosevelt, or to out-slug him?

On his 8,545-mile cross-country trip, he had been content to jab steadily, pushing the champ off balance, until Franklin Roosevelt came out with his old haymaking right hook (TIME, Oct. 2). Even then, Tom Dewey labeled his own slugging back at Oklahoma City a "digression." But that toe-to-toe digression had brought Republican cheers. Republican ringsiders, who had sat on their hands while Tom Dewey endorsed New Deal measures, clapped, shouted and sent telegrams, demanding more of the same. Next night, on his homeward journey to Albany, Dewey abandoned his previous objections to barnstorming, was still happily "digressing," making back-platform speeches, even at midnight, in Springfield, Mo. (At Springfield, a small boy threw the first rotten apple of the campaign, missing Dewey by ten feet, but conking a photographer.) At each stop Dewey continued in his Oklahoma City style, swinging freely—at bureaucracy, at the "Roosevelt" depression, at Hillman, Madam Perkins and Earl Browder.

Ahead of him now lay the last month's crucial rounds, with speeches in Charleston, W.Va. (48 hours after Franklin Roosevelt), New York, Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis, and perhaps St. Louis.

He well knew, from their cheers, that more slugging would please his old Republican fans—but he had their votes already. And although the odds were still on the champ, good news, with few exceptions, poured in so steadily to the Dewey headquarters that one problem was to avoid over-optimism.

Serenade for Harry

Democratic Vice-Presidential Nominee Harry Truman was serenaded at a Kansas City political dinner:

*We sing our praise of Vice President Truman, parley-vous,
The man who's loved all over the world by me and you.
Vice President by acclamation,
An American credit to our nation—hinkey dinkey parley-vous!*

Harry Truman, who rose to the U.S. Senate under the sponsorship of Kansas City's old Pendergast machine, responded with a bit of his political philosophy. "I'm a Jackson County organization Democrat and I'm proud of it," he said. "That's the way I got to be a county judge, a senator and candidate for vice president." Then he added:

"A statesman is only a dead politician. I never want to be a statesman."

The Big Barrage

The political guns, big & little, were now zeroed on the plain U.S. citizen, the man who "doesn't know" in the polls, or is "leaning." There he stood, without benefit of foxhole, raked in a withering



YOUR TICKET ONLY GOES TO ALBANY
Dorothy Thompson was preoccupied.

crossfire that would last on into November, until the blessed peace of the polling booth descended on him.

Over no man's land circled the observers, calmly calculating how went the battle. Their guesses stood as the betting odds, which generally stood about 3-to-1 on Franklin Roosevelt. Actually a citizen who wanted to bet on Dewey got 12-to-5 odds; a Roosevelt bettor had to put up \$14 to \$5.

On the battlefield, both parties sent out patrols to bring the voter back. The landscape was filled with glittering people, celebrities eager to serve as volunteer stretcher-bearers.

Call the Celebrities. Hollywood fought glamor with glamor. The Hollywood-for-

Dewey Committee had nice legs, a pretty wit and good lungs: Ginger Rogers, Hedda Hopper, Rosalind Russell, Cecil B. de Mille, Anne Baxter, Leo Carrillo and Adolphe Menjou. So did the Hollywood Committee of New Dealers: Rita Hayworth, Olivia de Havilland, Katharine Hepburn, Orson Welles, Harpo Marx, Lana Turner, Walter Huston, Fanny Brice.

Art, music and literature were strung over the battleground. Sculptor Jo Davidson, engineering a Term IV musical show in Madison Square Garden, had to choose from a wealth of volunteers: Lily Pons, Duke Ellington, Yehudi Menuhin, Marian Anderson, Dinah Shore, Grace Moore, Gene Krupa. Anti-New Deal writers Rupert Hughes, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Kenneth Roberts, Louis Bromfield, Channing Pollock and Booth Tarkington plotted a Republican victory, and Dorothy Parker, in a big new pirate's hat, furiously attended Term IV luncheons.

Still frankly wrestling with himself, Ben Hecht declined to join a Dewey committee on the grounds that he was a "slightly confused follower of Mr. Roosevelt. My confusion arises out of wonder as to whether I admire Mr. Roosevelt or dislike his enemies."

Recruit All the Reds. At a mass meeting in Madison Square Garden, Earl Browder laid down the Communist line. Speaking from the same platform where, on Nov. 3, 1940, he denounced Franklin Roosevelt for trying to involve the U.S. in an "imperialist war," he now said: "The election of Thomas E. Dewey would be an American invitation to Europe to plunge immediately or soon into the most devastating civil war." Other consequences Comrade Browder foresaw, if Dewey were elected: the Soviet would be warned that the U.S. was determined to stop cooperating with it as soon as possible; no postwar world security organization would be possible; John L. Lewis would seize control of the U.S. labor movement; the G.O.P. would start a "witch-hunt" through the U.S. for hidden Communists; a series of strike waves would ensue; and finally, "all hope of orderly and peaceful progress, national and international, will disappear."

Socialist Norman Thomas, announcing that this would be his final campaign, went on making by far the best denunciations of both the New Deal and the G.O.P. John Bricker and Harry Truman carried on their second-string campaigns, giving many local arrangements committees a chance to serve hot chicken patties.

Henry Wallace clumped ahead with his peculiar personal campaign, wherein he travels from town to town ringing citizens' doorbells, tells them "I'm Henry Wallace," and then sits down for a little parlor discussion. (This unheralded approach made some housewives nervous; they never knew but what the next buzz on the doorbell might be the Vice President. What to serve him? Not Scotch, of course. Tomato



"THE BUILDUP"
Rosalind Russell awaited a call.

juice?) In Manhattan's Harlem 4,000 Negroes attended a big political rally at which the VP had been advertised as the main speaker, only to find that his speech was to be played off a record. At a rally in Wall Street a lunch-hour crowd ignored the New Deal speakers (ex-OP Administrator Leon Henderson, ex-Ambassador to Norway Mrs. J. Borden Harriman) to gape at a 1944 campaign hat designed by Sally Victor, the topical milliner. The hat, "The Commander in Chief," is a light blue beret with a red-white-&-blue cockade and ribbon, to sell for "about \$9."

Cartoonists, to Arms!—Some of the columnists who were embroiled deeply in



Harris & Ewing

JUSTICE BLACK
Had the packed court...

the Term III campaign were oddly aloof. Walter Lippmann and Dorothy Thompson seemed preoccupied with the larger world. But Walter Winchell campaigned indefatigably, rallying café society to the Term IV cause with a rapid-fire retelling of anti-Dewey stories.

Newspaper cartoonists dipped their pens in what they hoped was acid (*see cuts*). Manhattan's *PM*, of all the New Deal admirers, showed the greatest skill at caricaturing Tom Dewey; and the *Chicago Tribune*, day by day, pictured Franklin Roosevelt with an older, tireder, more quarrelsome face.

Some notables in both parties showed reluctance to campaign for their own sides. Wendell Willkie, still abed in a Manhattan hospital for a physical checkup, discussed for *Collier's* the "inadequate"

Negro planks in both party platforms. Minnesota's G.O.P. Senator Joseph H. Ball reported his fear that Tom Dewey was not internationalist-minded enough. Said Senator Ball: "I would violate my own deepest conviction if I were at this time... to campaign for Governor Dewey." And at a newsmen's luncheon in Manhattan, ex-Mayor Jimmy Walker cracked: "Like Farley, I'm still a Democrat—and just as still."

JUDICIARY

The Dissenting Court

This week the nine justices of the Supreme Court donned their black silk robes and marched in through the crimson-draped entrances behind the mahogany bench. The Court's 154th year began.

Chief Justice Harlan Fiske Stone, 71, had spent the summer in a shingle house in Bethel, Me. There he leafed through legal briefs, examined a stack of art books, but mainly just puttered. Justice Owen Roberts, 69, weeded and hoed on his 700-acre farm in Pennsylvania.

Some of the younger justices were more active. Hugo La Fayette Black, 58, met his sons (Lieut. Sterling and Corporal Hugo L. Jr.) at Miami Beach, sharpened up his tennis in matches with Donald Budge's brother Lloyd. William Orville Douglas, 45, went, as usual, to his hide-away Lostine River ranch in northeast Washington, climbed mountains and hooked trout. Stanley Reed, 59, whacked repainted golf balls for exercise; Wiley Rutledge, 50, camped out in the White River country of western Colorado. Bob Jackson, 52, rode horseback at his McLean, Va. estate; Frank Murphy, 54, lolled on a Michigan beach; Felix Frankfurter, 61, visited in Connecticut.

Thus refreshed, the justices faced the biggest docket since 1941. There were 513 cases pending—322 ready for the conference room, where the justices argue and debate, agree and disagree, are finally assigned to grind out the decisions.

Area of Disagreement. Although eight justices owed their present position to one man,* it was the most divided Court in U.S. history—and for that reason, one with little prestige.

Totting up his annual score, University of Chicago's Professor C. Herman Pritchett found that in the 1943-44 term at least one justice had dissented in 58% of the cases—a new record. (Previous high: 44% in 1942-43; in most of the Court's history up to 1937 the dissents never averaged higher than 20%.)

The dissents worked out into a pattern. Justices Black and Douglas teamed up 15 times. They were joined often enough by Justices Murphy and Rutledge so that these four formed a bloc, usually ideologically to the left. The bloc on the right

* Of 264 lower court Federal justices, Franklin Roosevelt has appointed 162 (61%).

had Justices Roberts and Frankfurter as leaders, often joined by Chief Justice Stone and Reed. Justice Jackson was now the "swing man"—as Chief Justice Hughes used to be among the Nine Old Men—joining the right more often than the left.

But this cleavage was by no means absolute. The 1943-44 Court had agreed on most major matters: upholding the NLRB, picketing and price control; sustaining new and higher taxes, protecting civil liberties. The differences were over minor matters, often legalistic, and generally representing differences in legal approach. Broadly speaking, the Black school would usually uphold Congress, as representing the new will of the people; while the



Arthur Griffin

JUSTICE FRANKFURTER
... been well-packed?

Frankfurter school would hold fast to previous law and hoary precedent. Not since May 1936 had the Supreme Court overturned a law of Congress.

The Court, if it had been packed, had not been well-packed. It was so divided that two of its members (Roberts and Frankfurter) had warned that, if its present tendencies continue, "the administration of justice will fall in disrepute."

DISASTERS

Hurricane Casualties

To the 43 civilians killed by the hurricane which struck the Atlantic coast in September the Navy last week added a list of 344 men dead or missing at sea, all casualties from five naval vessels sunk during the great storm.

CANADA AT WAR

QUEBEC

Emissary?

One night during the Quebec Conference, Jean Marie Rodrigue, Cardinal Villeneuve, Archbishop of Quebec, had dined with President Franklin Roosevelt and Prime Minister Winston Churchill. Thereupon he canceled a projected trip to Mexico. A big Lancaster bomber flew him from Montreal to Britain (it was the first plane trip of his 60 years and he loved it). In London he stayed in a darkly elegant house behind Westminster Cathedral as the guest of Archbishop Bernard Griffin, called briefly on Canadian High Commissioner Vincent Massey and other officials. He had an audience with King George VI.

He visited Canadian servicemen in camps and hospitals. He praised 1,200 Canadian troops in Westminster Cathedral for their "heroic courage." Of Britain, which he had not seen since war began, the Cardinal said: "One has to see with one's own eyes to believe and to measure the dreadful effects of war and also to appreciate the . . . incomparable endurance [of Britons]."

Then he was off, by plane again, to Italy. In Rome last week, he lived at the *maison mère* of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate (he is a member of the Order) near the Colosseum. The purpose of his trip, he said, was merely to visit Canadian troops, report to the Pope, as every bishop is required to do periodically.

Many thought the Cardinal's trip had a larger, undisclosed purpose. Was Cardinal Villeneuve carrying a message to Pius XII from Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill? Cried the Vatican: "Fantastic!" But observers noted that when Cardinal Villeneuve went in for his hour's talk with the Pope, he carried a bulky envelope sealed with five wax seals. He came out without it.

THE DOMINION

Jobs for All?

In Toronto last week canny Finance Minister James Lorimer Ilesley did what he has seldom done—went out on a limb. He told Canadians there would be jobs for all after the war in Europe ends.

Minister Ilesley had a good reason for reassuring 1,300,000 workers now employed, directly or indirectly, in war industry. Starting Oct. 23, he must borrow another \$1,300,000,000 from Canadians in the Dominion's seventh war loan. Because 60 to 70% of Canadian war production is for the British account many war workers have been expecting cutbacks. Minister Ilesley did not want them to hoard their cash. He counted on the Pacific war needs plus reviving civilian industry, to make his job prediction come true. But he added a cautious qualification: "In many cases men & women will

have to look for new jobs, but they will be there. . . ."

As a starter the Dominion's Labor Department has begun to recruit 60,000 loggers. High wages in munitions factories have stripped of workers such basic Canadian industries as logging, pulpwood cutting and mining.

Last week Canadians got an authoritative estimate of what full employment



GEOLOGIST BROWN
He prospected from a plane.
(See Column 3)

means. The Wartime Information Board reported that 5,000,000 Canadians were now employed, including 750,000 in the armed forces. It estimated that full employment after the war would mean 4,700,000 jobs, including 200,000 in the services. This amounted to a million more jobs than existed in the peak prewar year, 1929.

Canada's Loss?

The Ottawa *Journal*, listening to the political whoop-de-do across the U.S. border, commented:

"American elections differ from our own; [Americans] have more of the gift for the snappy phrase. . . . Thus we have John L. Lewis describing Sidney Hillman . . . as 'a Russian pants-maker who is trying to take over the rule of the nation.' Who can think of a single good quip by Sir Robert Borden or Mr. Bennett or Mr. King? . . . Who can equal Mr. Ickes' phrase about the youthful Mr. Dewey 'throwing his diapers into the ring,' or his description of Wendell Willkie as 'the barefoot boy from Wall Street?'"

"It is, in a way, our loss."

ALBERTA

Royal Wildcatter

The latest wartime wildcatter is H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor. Last week on his E.P. (stands for *Edvardus Princeps*) ranch, 65 miles southwest of Calgary, a rotary drill was gouging the earth. The Duke had joined the search for the elusive oil pool under Alberta.

To supervise the job the Duke had called in aging Dr. Barnum Brown, a world-famed paleontologist and curator of fossil reptiles at the American Museum of Natural History, whose avocation is oil geology.

He crisscrossed the Duke's 4,000-acre ranch by plane, pointed out a likely spot for drilling. Three weeks ago the drillers dug in. Last week the well was logged at 1,300 feet and "up to expectations."

Dr. Brown had set up a laboratory in the royal dining room at the ranch house. Drillers eyes bugged at the size of the Duke's refrigerator. Said one: "It's big enough to hold all the beer that all of us could buy with all our liquor permits."

THE SERVICES

McNaughton Talks

Last December Lieut. General Andrew G. L. McNaughton resigned as commander of Canada's overseas armies and came home. Last week at 57, after 34 years of soldiering, he asked to be retired from the Army. The National Defense Ministry was almost effusive: "Canada will be forever grateful." Then it upped Andy McNaughton to the rank of full General,* gave him an estimated \$12,000 yearly retirement pay.

No one had yet told, out loud, the real reason why General McNaughton had resigned his overseas command. But last week in his small Ottawa apartment, Andy McNaughton talked. He had resigned his command, he said, because he had wanted to keep his Army, stationed in Britain, intact. The National Defense Ministry, yielding to complaints from impatient Canadians, decided to divide the Army, send a corps to Italy to fight.

"I still think I was right," said McNaughton. "It was a terrible mistake to break up the Army. That was a political decision. They thought they couldn't hold the patience of the country. I know Canadians and I know we could have held their patience and the Army's as long as necessary."

But the General was not even yet telling all. Said he: "In two minutes I could start a controversy the like of which you have never seen, but I'm not going to do it. . . . I have given every report, every memorandum and every scrap of paper to the historians. Let them write about it 25 years from now."

* The third in Canada's history. The others: Sir Arthur William Currie, Sir William Dillon Otter, both of World War I.

WORLD BATTLEFRONTS

BATTLE OF GERMANY (West)

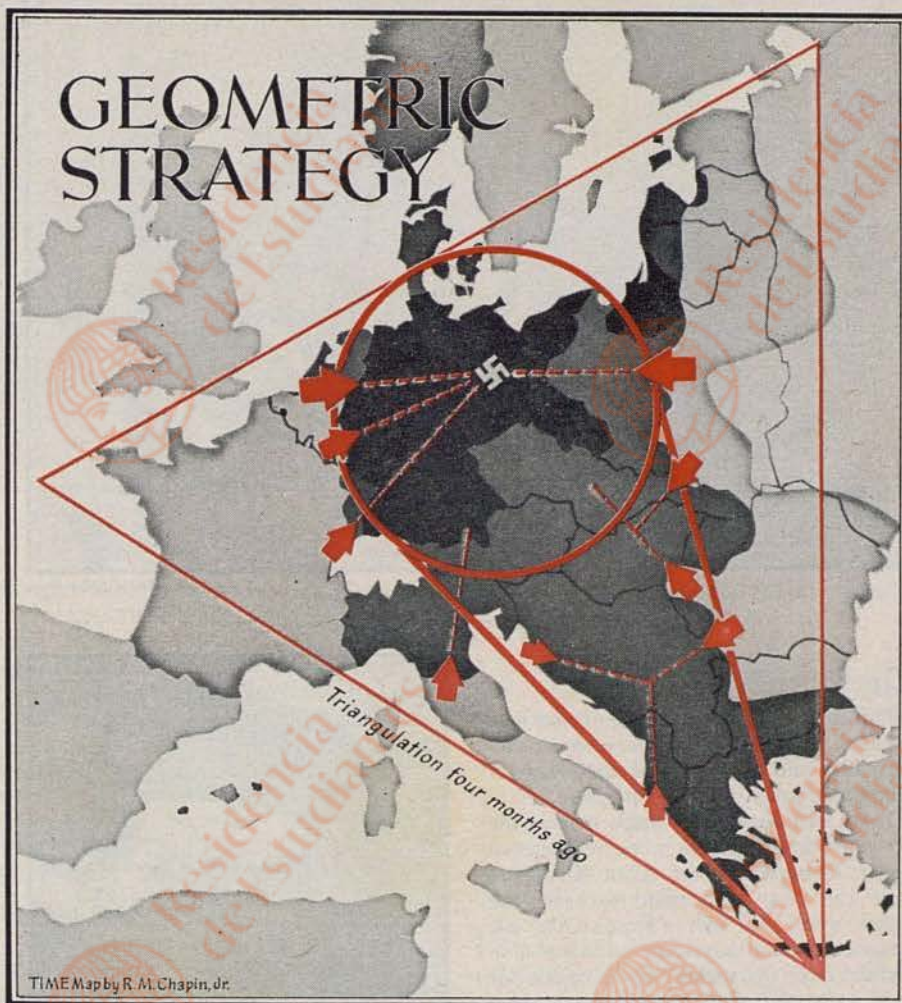
Again the Offensive

The Germans did their best along the western front. Everything considered, their best was good—and the weather helped them out by being thoroughly bad. The Germans struck smartly, swiftly, skillfully, sometimes recklessly to buy a little more time, stalemate the front until winter comes.

For two weeks the Germans had achieved stalemate—of a kind. Pressed back by the contracting geometry of strategy to a greatly narrowed area of action (*see map*), they could and did mass some of the largest concentrations of guns yet seen in the west. Behind their West Wall they had also recovered some measure of freedom to maneuver their forces (but those forces were still a hodgepodge of first-raters and recapped seconds).

If Only— The Germans knew of the great weight of Allied power gathering in front of them, all along the 460-mile front. But they could not know its full weight as it grew by the hour, despite the best the Germans could do, despite the worst of weather and supply troubles. The Germans sought to throw the weight out of balance. If only they could prevent the gathering of force at the most dangerous spots. If only they could pierce through the wedge north of Aachen that threatened their most vulnerable point—where a narrow thrust had been driven toward the end of the West Wall above Nijmegen.

The Germans tried to hold back the weight of Lieut. General Courtney Hicks Hodges' U.S. First Army in the Aachen sector. They threw in flame-spouting tanks



U.S. Army Signal Corps
GENERAL HODGES

His was the first thunderbolt.

TIME, OCTOBER 9, 1944

in three fierce attacks. But the Americans stood.

The Germans tried to stall the widening northward advance of the British Second Army. The British held.

This week the pent-up bolt of Allied power struck. A thunderous preparation by 1,000 bombing planes shook the earth for miles around a new sector northeast of Aachen. Behind the bombardment—and a rolling barrage by 10-inch guns—the battle-seasoned U.S. First hurled a small river, moved forward toward Cologne. The Germans backed stubbornly, foot by foot, before them.

Only the First. The first blow of the gathering Allied offensive was struck. The enemy might absorb it, stop it. But the fortnight of stalemate had clearly demonstrated this fact: the air-powerless Germans could do little to forestall similar blows wherever, whenever the Allies might choose to unleash them.

The enemy knew that more blows like it were soon to be unleashed. They warned themselves of "grand-scale attacks" on Lieut. General George S. Patton Jr.'s front. There the enemy had been given a foretaste: the hillside forts above Metz have been given preliminary dive bombings. 300 U.S. planes had given heavy

tactical support. In the Nancy sector Patton's Third Army in four days had added more than 130 tanks (the equipment of a *Panzer* division) to its bag of 200 the week before.

The Germans trumpeted their anxiety over a sudden thrust in the Belfort Gap front by Lieut. General Alexander M. Patch's Americans and French. There the action was wilderness fighting, at times from tree to tree, and the chilled Americans* (who got their issue of overcoats last week) probed through for weak spots, finally found one. By this week they stood only nine miles from Belfort city, controlled roads the Germans had mightily contested. But the going ahead would be hard—the Germans had mined the way from there to Strasbourg.

In the coastal north the Canadians ended the long siege of Calais. Now the Canadians were free to hit in greater strength and from better positions for a greater port prize: the enemy-lined Scheldt estuary needed to open Antwerp for supplies to the north.

The storm was rolling up to full fury.

* The Seventh Army's medical men noted harbingers of winter warfare: trench feet, exhaustion, respiratory ailments. They could also note that Germans are not immune.



BRITAIN'S RED DEVILS NEAR ARNHEM
Nine days & nights of screeching hell.

Associated Press

"Operation Berlin"

The British Army, whose tradition lists gallantry in defeat alongside glory in victory, had one more gallant fight against insuperable odds to add to its lists.

There had been about 8,000 men in the First Airborne Division when red-bereted Major General Robert Eliot Urquhart made the drop with them to seize the bridge over the Lek (TIME, Oct. 2). Last week, when they came out after nine terrible days & nights, about 2,000 of them were left—exhausted, nerve-shattered men, many burned and many wounded. They had been through probably more concentrated hell than any Allied soldiers had yet faced in the West. They were beaten men, too, but they were not beaten in spirit.

In those nine days they had fought for the bridge in the streets and houses of Arnhem—and the Germans had bashed down the houses, one by one. There had been day-long, night-long battles for a patch of open field, where the British had pitted their parachuted Piats* and even lighter weapons against the Germans' tanks—and had made the tanks turn tail.

In One Packed Patch. There had been hours upon seemingly endless hours of battling in a woods to which the airborne finally had to fall back. Here their hell was not quite a mile long, little more than a half a mile wide—a packed patch of screeching shells, of fire-spouting tanks that broiled men alive, of strafing planes, of sleepless nights, foodless days. Bespectacled Major Royston Oliver, 30-year-old Airborne press officer (now in an English hospital to save his wounded hand) told about it in a diffident, British way:

* P.I.A.T.—Projector, Infantry, Antitank, a mortar-type weapon often erroneously likened to the U.S. rocket-firing bazooka.



GENERAL URQUHART
He was cool and clear.

Associated Press

Barricaded in a Dutch hotel, Oliver's group found the shelling increased steadily—88s and Moaning Minnies (*Nebelwerfers*), "the kind that scream at you and then curse voluble German on the way down." Amid the shells, the men nipped out in the open to get supplies dropped from the air.

"Thursday morning 'hate' [shelling period] was very heavy and deplorably few duds. I counted 110 shells in 35 minutes. . . . It seemed every time we'd try to get some food the shelling would start again. You'd duck in a trench to get a cup of tea, then spill it diving back into your own trench. . . . Our trenches would cave in too unless we could reinforce them with boards. . . .

"Friday we had the last hot food. . . . The hotel basement was jammed with the wounded and the stench was terrible. Sunday was the worst day. By that time shells seemed to be coming from all directions and we were getting rather numb. . . . There were dead lying all about. At first we had managed to bury them. Later we could only cover them with blankets, dashing out between shells to do it. Snipers were so close one of the prisoners we had put into the garden was semaphoring them with his hands."

However Tired. The Red Devils' commander was a character for an epic: tall, thickset, a cheery Scot, at 42 one of the British Army's youngest generals. General "Roy" Urquhart had been in hard spots before, as two awards of the Distinguished Service Order showed. His citation in Sicily had read: "Coolness under fire . . . clear brain however tired."

General Urquhart, among the first in, had gone up with the advance against the bridge. His jeep had been found later—a dead man at its wheel. The General had gone on with two officers to reconnoiter the bridge, had been cornered in a house commanded by a German big gun, 100 yds. away. A rescue force had found them,



BRITISH PARATROOPS, CAPTURED
They did their best as long as possible.

Acme



GERMANS CAUGHT IN THE BRITISH WEDGE IN HOLLAND
They knew the might of Allied power.

International

had got them out to fight their way back to the beech woods, and field headquarters in a onetime hotel.

John Bull. When word came at last that the British Second Army had worked up to the south bank of the Lek across from Arnhem, and that rescue (but not relief) was a possibility, Urquhart radioed: "All will be ordered to break out rather than surrender. We have attempted our best and we will continue to do our best as long as possible."

The story of escape was told by Alan Wood, correspondent of the London *Daily Express*, who had dropped with the First Airborne:

"We split up into little groups of ten to 20, setting out [at night] along different routes through the German lines. . . . We tore up blankets and wrapped them around our boots to muffle the sound of our feet, and chose the password, 'John Bull.' . . . Everyone held to the smock of the man in front of him. . . . Cheeky patrols went out ahead of us, tying bits of white parachute tape to the trees to mark our way. . . . We all got through [to the river]."

There was a long wait on the river bank in a drizzling rain, lighted now & then by mortars and shellfire. Finally, the little rubber boats came. Continued Alan Wood: "The men whose turn for a place in the boats had come . . . insisted on staying under fire a little longer so that the wounded could go first. And so this epic ended as it had been fought—with honor, with high courage, with selfless sacrifice. What of the spirit of these men? . . . You can best judge it by the name they chose for the breakout. It had the same objective they always have had. . . . They called it 'Operation Berlin.'"

"All Is Well." But many who reached the river did not cross it: at dawn the enemy spotted the men along the sloping bank, turned their weapons against them again. One who did not cross was General Urquhart. Wounded, he fought with his bare fists until captured. Later that day

he somehow escaped from the Germans.

To him Field Marshal Sir Bernard Law Montgomery signaled: "There can be few episodes more glorious." The Red Devils, taking it until flesh & blood could stand no more, had been defeated, but their long gamble for a short cut to the war's end had not been without gains. Their stand had helped immeasurably in the victory at the Nijmegen bridge by preventing the reinforcement of the German forces there.

At the Bridge

At Calais, the thunder of bombardment died and white flags fluttered in a short truce. Beside a demolished bridge eight miles from the town's center the British general commanding the Canadian besiegers waited to confer with the Calais commander, a Colonel Schroeder.

The German colonel, apparently assigned just before the siege to hold Calais as long as possible, soon turned up with his staff. They were smartly uniformed, but one officer had a wooden leg, another only one arm. Colonel Schroeder stiffly saluted his adversary. Said he, referring to the anomaly of a truce: "This is like something out of Alice in Wonderland."

"I wish you to know," he went on, "that I have received orders from my Führer to fight to the last man and that is what I intend to do. The sole reason for suggesting this truce is to find a way of evacuating the civilian population."

The truce was agreed upon. Thousands of civilians streamed from the town into the Canadian lines. As the meeting at the bridge ended, the British general said: "Well, Colonel, I hope you will enjoy tomorrow's bombardment."

Schroeder shrugged his shoulders and smiled. Said he: "*C'est la guerre.*"

Perhaps jaunty Colonel Schroeder could take it, but his 4,000 men could not. Two hours after the bombardment had been resumed, the white flag went up again. This time it was for keeps.

BATTLE OF GERMANY (East) On to Riga

Winter was coming in the Baltic; the Red armies moved swiftly. Driving down the eastern shore of the Gulf of Riga, they crossed the Latvian border, freed the whole mainland of Estonia. In Tallinn, an ice-free port most of the year, work crews began repairs on the harbor installations, the power plant generators spun again, the government of a Soviet Socialist Republic reassembled.

In ten days, Marshal Govorov's army group had killed 30,000 Germans, captured 15,000 more. When Govorov seized Ainazi, on the Latvian coast, the Germans lost their only rail-served port north of Riga. For two months they had stubbornly clung to an escape corridor at the bottom of the gulf—yet, when the Russians captured the inland rail town of Cesis, they found it had been reinforced by Elite Guard and aviation cadet units from Germany.

Clearly, the Nazis were more interested in delay than in evacuation. They knew that when Joseph Stalin's forces had finished their Baltic campaign, four whole army groups could bear down on East Prussia from the north. Though they admitted extensive "disengaging" movements, they showed some signs of preparing to fight for Riga like another Sevastopol or Brest. The forests and marshes around the city were strewn with mines, bristled with machine-gun nests.

The Germans still held four Estonian islands blocking the mouth of the Gulf of Riga—the large islands of Dagö and Oesel, the smaller inshore islands of Vormsi and Muhu. Last week the Russians seized Vormsi and Muhu by amphibious assault, landed marines and tanks. Berlin claimed that German warships had tangled with the Red Fleet, now freely ranging the eastern Baltic, and had sunk many landing barges—but there was no claim of dislodging the Reds from their island foot-

holds. Heavier naval action in the Baltic seemed likely soon.

Meanwhile, at week's end, the drive on Riga languished. Winter was coming on, but not even winter could hurry Stalin's hand.

BATTLE OF GERMANY (South) Mystery

At first it appeared that the British and Americans had finally made the grand invasion of the Balkans. Allied headquarters in Rome permitted correspondents to go all out, announce that a new organization known as the Land Forces of the Adriatic had landed in Albania and the Yugoslav islands.

From the few details released it appeared that the operation had begun eleven days earlier. U.S. newspapers shrilled "gigantic," "large-scale," the "first big penetration of the Balkans by the Western Allies." Then headquarters shut up. Adjectives began to sag. Correspondents began talking of a "mystery army."

By week's end it looked not only like a mystery army but a mystery invasion. The operation, it now appeared, was vest-pocket in size. The attack units were apparently only a Commando force—mostly British and quite small indeed. Its purpose seemed to be to join up with Yugoslav and Albanian guerrillas to help cut German escape routes to the north.

The Vest-Pocket Force. The Land Forces of the Adriatic are actually a small unit of British Commando troops, paratroops and special service forces under command of a British Army officer. It was organized formally about four months ago and placed under the Allied Balkan Air Force. It is based in Italy and works closely with the navy and air force in order to move back & forth across the Adriatic. Its first major mission was July 29, an attack on the Albanian coast, and it now operates—necessarily thinly—over a front about 750 miles long.

The Russians moved into Marshal Tito's domain after an agreement with the Partisans. Moscow announced that it was a temporary military expedient, was part of the Russian attack on Hungary.

The Russians were already into Hungary farther west, would shortly be able to extend that front against the last major Axis satellite. The Russians also announced that their troops had penetrated Czechoslovakia, were moving down through the Lupkow Pass to take Hungary from the north.

So certain was Hungary's eventual fate that both General Eisenhower and the Moscow radio deemed it time to serve notice on Austria. Said a broadcast to Austria from east and west: prepare for the arrival of the Allies. How the Allies would arrive was not explained, but the Russians already had a long start.

The Greek Government in Exile and Allied Headquarters in Rome announced that Greek guerrilla factions had agreed to act together under Allied command in the fight against the Germans. Lieut. General Ronald MacKenzie Scobie, former British commander at Tobruk and Malta, was named head man for Allied operations in Greece. This week British Commandos were reported on three Greek islands.

Anticlimax

Fifth Army headquarters in Italy had confidently announced that the Gothic Line was pierced in the center. But somehow the Germans were not running. Somehow there seemed to be more mountains just ahead. Somehow the Fifth was just inching along.

Part of the explanation was filthy weather—cold, autumn rain that fouled up artillery observation, left tanks struggling soggily with the mud, kept planes dripping idly on the ground, made cursing doughboys fight and sleep in the cold and wet. Even the mules, the only transport to front lines in the crags, were more than usually reluctant. But that was only part of the story. The other part was that Lieut. General Mark W. Clark's press headquarters had been guilty of wishful thinking.

New York *Herald Tribune* Correspondent John Chabot Smith made the serious charge that on two successive days official announcements of Fifth Army progress failed to jibe with the operational maps. Headquarters lamely explained that patrols had reached forward points, then came back. Even the Army newspaper *Stars and Stripes* dared to raise the question with the headline: "Is or Isn't the Gothic Line Cracked?" Wrote Correspondent Sergeant Jack Foisie:

"Why has the Fifth Army advance been slowed down to the same grudging advance of hill to hill—when a breakthrough of the Gothic Line has definitely been claimed? That is the question being heard from armchair strategists and also from front-line fighters who could not help but be amazed when they read: Fifth Army Cracks Gothic Line Defenses."

Rivers & Rain. While the controversy stirred the rear, G.I.s in the front struggled patiently with the tenacious Germans. The Americans fell back before a counterattack, riposted to regain lost ground and more. By week's end, Raticosa Pass was captured, the Fifth was over the crest of the mountains, could at last look down at Bologna 20 miles away.

Eastward on the Adriatic, the British Eighth Army, which had actually been the first to break the Gothic Line (by capturing Rimini), was making slow progress across a lacework of canals and rivers. Home-front strategists who had talked of "debouching into the plain" with tanks had failed to consider these obstacles, failed to consider the skill and



ROBOMB BURROW

Associated Press

By the time this factory got going its Nazi proprietors got the bitter news: "Too late." Set up in an iron mine near Metz, the plant was turning out tail assemblies for robot bombs; its capacity was estimated at a fearsome 700 a day. Production was on the rise when the Channel coast robomb sites were overrun.

determination of Field Marshal Albert Kesselring's armies. German tanks were still able to counterattack. They contrived to drive the Eighth from a small bridgehead across the Fiumicino River swollen into a deep, swift torrent by steady rains.

Facing the Winter. The truth was that with the arrival of the autumnal equinox no more prolonged periods of good fighting weather could be expected. In Italy there was less talk of "annihilating" the German Army, a sober realization that no magic carpet would take the Allies to the Po River. Now it was a battle of roads. The prospect of at least part of a second winter in Italy was gradually becoming a reality.

MEN AT WAR

Close to Bloodshed

A group of British parachutists, taken prisoner by the Germans, lost no time getting into a brisk argument with their captors—not about the ideology of the war, or about peace aims, but about who started the bombing of cities. Was it the *Luftwaffe*, by bombing Coventry and London, or the R.A.F., by bombing German cities?

A 22-year-old Briton escaped and reported: "We all got pretty worked up about it and there would've been a general fist fight if some German officers hadn't come along and ordered us taken away."

Unselfish Death

On the southern slope of a hill on furnace-hot Peleliu, two hospital corpsmen came upon a badly wounded marine, a young Southerner. They lifted him on a stretcher and started toward the beach through the machine-gun fire that corpsmen often brave to rescue fallen comrades.

One of the corpsmen dropped. He had been shot between the eyes. The other corpsman, Chief Pharmacist's Mate Reeder Parker of Lexington, Ala., told the rest of the story to New York Timesman George Horne:

The wounded marine . . . was heartbroken: "I'm sorry he got it trying to get me back. It's no use taking me because I'm dying anyhow."

The wounded man and the young corpsman could go no farther without help. Parker sat down beside the marine, whose life was ebbing. The marine prayed for the man who had died for him, and for Parker.

"Take off my watch," he told Reeder Parker. "I want you to give it to a friend of mine, a marine, too." He painfully printed on a white cigaret package the name of a 7th Regiment private first class. Then he gave Parker his plastic cigaret case, on which had been scratched some girls' names and addresses—"really good ones," he said. Then he died.

"He was the bravest man I ever saw," said Corpsman Parker. "He prayed for someone else when he was dying."



GENERAL MARK CLARK
His P.R.O. was wishful.

BATTLE OF ASIA

Disaster Unalloyed

Hiding by day, riding by night, the Japanese last week ground out new and ominous gains in their China offensive—the greatest land campaign ever fought by the men from the little island empire. Although the nearest battlefield was almost 350 miles from Chungking, the atmosphere in the capital was heavy with disaster. The Jap drive was a new and terrible threat to the very heart of Free China, the stronghold area lying in a quadrilateral between Chengtu, Chungking, Kweiyang and Kunming.

The enemy was not attempting a Blitzkrieg. Rather his strangling assault was a slow, ponderous, Montgomeryesque offensive which wound up laboriously, smashed ahead for carefully calculated distances with irresistible force, then paused to crank up again for the next lunge.

The enemy moved little over main roads; these were still being ripped by "the few" of Major General Chennault's air force. Instead, he wormed ahead on footpaths between the yellow-stubbed rice fields, on mule trails through the hills, and—most of all—on the rivers, by sampans which could hide in daylight along banks overhung by trees.

Even in the main corridor, from Yochow and Hankow, through Changsha and Hengyang, down which the enemy was funneling his attack groups and supplies, he was subject to harassment by Chinese guerrilla bands. But these attacks were pinpricks against the flank of an armored monster.

Scorched Airfields. In skillfully coordinated pincers drives, the Japanese sent

a powerful column from Canton up the West River. With their garrison divisions leavened by 20,000 freshly landed reinforcements, the Japs made good time, taking Wuchow and pressing on to Tanchuk, most important of the Fourteenth Air Force bases southeast of the Hengyang-Nanning line. Like the great U.S. base at Kweilin, built by the hand labor of thousands of Chinese, Tanchuk was scorched by Chennault's airmen before they left it.

Meanwhile, the northern arm of the pincers thrust out three fingers to grasp Kweilin itself. To the Chinese its loss seemed inevitable. Far more disturbing now was a new threat to another of the Fourteenth's bases; the Japs seemed headed for Liuchow, 100 miles southwest of Kweilin.

But gravest of all was the threat of the western finger, resting on Paoching and pointing across the Kweichow plateau to the Fourteenth's great central bases at Kweiyang and Kunming.

Even if the Japanese should push westward only to Kweiyang, 300 miles from Paoching, they would sever the main highways by which the Chinese and their allies had hoped to move war supplies into China from the new Ledo-Burma Road, through Kunming to Chungking. Across the plateau to the highways wove countless secondary roads and paths, along which the Japs had learned to route their advance.

The Great Trek Resumed. On all these roads and paths last week, millions of China's sorely beset coolies, tradespeople and artisans poured westward, seeking the safety which for so many years has eluded them like a mirage. China's exhausted, tattered soldiers fingered their last handfuls of cartridges, momentarily expecting attack by enemy patrols. Red-eyed, grimy American ground crewmen worked around the clock to keep Chennault's planes flying.

The Japanese cancer was gnawing at China's vitals. China's suffering meant more suffering for all of China's allies. Yet for all their strength and their growing awareness of the crisis, none of these allies could offer quick surgery to cut out the malignant growth, nor even a palliative to ease the pain.

Perfect Score

To supply its Kwantung Army in Manchuria and its growing legions in China, Japan has begun to lean more heavily upon its steel industry in Manchuria. Blast furnaces there are closer to the source of coking coal, and the finished products can be shipped overland to the armies, easing the burden on the Japs' overtaxed, dwindling ship tonnage. Greatest of the steel works in Manchuria is at Anshan.

Last week, more than 100 B-29 Superfortresses roared out to attack Anshan.



U.S. Navy-Associated Press

TORPEDO BOMBERS OVER MANILA BAY *Land-based air power can be smothered.*

with smaller diversionary blows at Dairen, on the Kwantung Peninsula, and at Loyang and Kaifeng, in occupied China. Every plane that left the ground returned safely—adding to the evidence that the last bugs are being driven out of the giant bombers. Radioed happy General (“Hap”) Arnold to the 20th Bombardment Group: “I reserve a special pat on the back for your ground crews and all maintenance and supply crews.”

BATTLE OF THE PACIFIC

Pause for Estimates

Both the U.S. and Japan took stock of the war in the Orient.

Facing certain defeat, the Japs could only take steps to ward off the final assault as long as possible. Example: the Japs decided that their aluminum industry must be re-gearred to the use of low-grade ore found in their own islands and in Korea, Manchuria and north China; fine bauxite from Malaya and the islands would soon be cut off by the Allied recapture of the southern islands.

The U.S., confident of ultimate victory, saw its progress seriously retarded by defeats in China. Everywhere, the key question was asked: how long will it take to defeat Japan after V-E day? After picking the best brains in the State, War & Navy Departments and the Federal Economic Administration, the OWI came up with an answer: “One and a half to two years . . . is considered an absolute minimum.” Other U.S. authorities recalled Vice Admiral Frederick J. Horne’s warning of a year ago: the U.S. must prepare to fight the war in the Orient until 1949 if need be.

Discounting Future Gains. Why should the U.S. look at the same set of facts as the enemy and also find cause for concern? Basically, it was because the U.S. had always counted on receiving substantial help from General “Vinegar Joe” Stilwell’s Chinese legions and Major General Claire L. Chennault’s Fourteenth Air Force in reaching the China coast from the east. Now the China coast, and U.S. air bases within 400 miles of it, were being lost, perhaps for the duration. Many a U.S. strategist had taken for granted that soon after General MacArthur fulfilled his promise to return to the Philippines, an entry could be forced into China through

a port or ports opposite Luzon (such as Hong Kong or Swatow).

Thus the U.S. was concerned over short-term prospects; Japan was concerned over the long-term outlook. MacArthur’s return to the Philippines had still not been jeopardized. But advances beyond that had been made immeasurably more difficult by Japan’s powerhouse campaign to cut China through the middle.

With no friendly army or air force to give assault forces an assist on the China beaches, it may well be necessary for the U.S. to stage the China coastal operation from Formosa—and Formosa, 225 miles long, mountainous, fortified by the Japs since 1895, can be captured only by a bloody major campaign.

Hirohito’s Hosts. Japan’s Army today is at least as strong as it was on Dec. 7, 1941—perhaps stronger. Its 4,000,000 soldiers are organized in 70 combat divisions of about 20,000 men each, plus almost twice as many reserves and service troops. The 70 divisions are distributed: eight in the home islands; ten in Burma, Thailand, Indo-China and Malaya; 20 in the Philippines, the Netherlands Indies and Pacific islands; 32 in China and Manchuria. In southeast Asia the Japs also have 70,000 quisling troops—Burmese, Malays, Thais and a few Indians. Militarily these are an unknown quantity.

But back of its first-line outfits, the Jap Army has 2,000,000 men fit for military service who have not yet been called; it has also 1,500,000 aged 17 to 20 who are not yet subject to the draft (as contrasted with the U.S., already calling up 18-year-olds). And its population increase supplies a new class of 200,000 to 250,000 spring-legged fanatical recruits each year—more than enough to cancel combat losses on the 1941-44 scale.

Contrary to popular legend, there is no reason to believe that the Japanese troops who will defend the Philippines, Formosa, China or even Japan proper will be better fighting men than those encountered on the Pacific islands: the latter have been largely Imperial marines, rated as good as the best of the Jap Army.

But another vital factor will make the going tougher: as Allied forces reach Japan’s inner fortress, they will come up against Jap armies which will be in a position to throw in reserves. On isolated Pa-

cific islands, U.S. naval power cut off all hope of reinforcement. On big islands like Luzon, and in China and Japan, the enemy will be able to make good his initial losses and greatly prolong the fight.

Ships of the Line. The Jap Navy is stronger in battleships but weaker in other categories than at the time of Pearl Harbor. Some authorities credit it with three new battleships mounting nine 16-inch guns; *Jane’s Fighting Ships* (new edition) credits it with six. That means a Jap battle line of eleven to 14 units. (The OWI struck a compromise, listing ten to 13.) The U.S. has 23 battleships in commission; Britain has at least 15; France has one modern ship of the line, the *Richelieu*, and one veteran; co-belligerent Italy (*see FOREIGN NEWS*) has two new ships and four modernized oldtimers.

In aircraft carriers, it matters not whether Japan has ten or a dozen, plus a dozen or a score of escort carriers; the U.S. alone has such vast superiority in seaborne air power that the chief problem is how to come to grips with the Japs. In cruisers and destroyers Japan is similarly outclassed.

Of land-based aircraft, Japan may have 5,000 or more first-line planes, and a factory output of as much as 1,500 planes a month—many of which, the Japs admit, are defective when delivered. But only about half the 1,500 are combat types, and U.S. air fleets have destroyed enemy aircraft recently at a rate of better than 750 a month. Japan must hoard air power for defense of its heartland.

Hot Steel. Japan’s war lords know that their upstart industry and slave labor cannot hope to match Allied production. But the war lords are pinning their forlorn hopes on other factors to save them, for years to come: 1) Russian neutrality; 2) geography, which lengthens Allied supply lines as it shortens Japan’s; 3) stockpiles of vital raw materials, high enough to last up to two years; 4) Allied war weariness, and revulsion against casualties heavier than in Europe.

None of these, nor any combination of these, will serve the enemy for more than a limited time. But to compress the limits on that time will require the expenditure of American and Allied effort out of all proportion to the book strength of the enemy.

To Save Men's Lives

September was the worst month of the war for Japanese aviation. U.S. flyers destroyed more than 1,300 planes—close to the maximum monthly output credited to Jap factories by the most conservative U.S. authorities.

About 200 planes were credited to pilots from the Mountbatten, MacArthur and Chennault commands, but carrier-based navymen of Vice-Admiral Marc A. Mitscher's task force, from Halsey's Third Fleet, went on a more destructive rampage. In seven carrier raids from Aug. 30 to Sept. 25 (four of them over the Philippines) 1,101 Jap planes were destroyed. Significantly, Halsey's fourth raid, announced last week, was met by only seven Jap planes in the central Philippines. Left on the ground for Marc Mitscher's pilots to destroy were only 29 others.

There was a good explanation for the carrier men's stealing the show: Jap planes nowadays stay out of range of land-based aircraft; only far-ranging carriers can reach Jap flyers, who have all but abandoned offensive air operations.

Ships Too. As Japan is pushed into her inner defense citadel, her supply lines become shorter, Navy Under-Secretary Ralph Bard said last fortnight that Japan may even have a shipping surplus now to transport the leavings of her once-great Empire traffic. But not even the shortest supply lines can withstand the loss of about 600 small and large ships which the Empire suffered in September. Most of Japan's losses occurred in the Philippines, where Mitscher's flyers sank 205 vessels of all sizes, damaged over 200 more.

In these devastating attacks against planes and ships Mitscher's force lost 61 planes to enemy action. Once again it was clear that the U.S.'s vast carrier-borne air power was capable of smothering land-based air defenses.

At Palau. On the ground, where Japs dig in and wait to be rooted out with grenade and bayonet, no such overwhelming combat superiority is possible. Yet more than 10,000 Japs had been killed on Peleliu and Angaur in the southern Palaus. (By last weekend seven other nearby small islands had been occupied, including Ngesebus and Kongauru.) Resistance simmered down to one small pocket on Angaur and "Bloody Nose" Ridge on Peleliu.

Last week the haggard 1st Marine Division got some help from fresh units of the 81st Army Division, which landed, pushed through 4,000 yds., then encircled Bloody Nose. Peleliu's collapse was only a matter of time, might come in the typical banzai charge wherein all Japs are killed or kill themselves.

But even before last week's casualties had been counted, Peleliu's hillside caves and mangrove swamps had not come cheap. The marines killed more than 8,000 Japs

but lost 981 in killed and missing (against Tarawa's 984), had 3,639 wounded (against Tarawa's 2,072). Percentagewise, the 81st Infantry Division's losses on Angaur were higher. In killing 1,075 Japs, the soldiers had 880 casualties: 106 dead, five missing, 769 wounded.

Palau's Significance. Plainly, meeting entrenched Japs was an operation expensive in human lives, which are highly regarded in the U.S. if not in Japan. Wherever possible, U.S. strategy has been to by-pass Jap defenses. From air bases on Angaur, Peleliu and Ngesebus, the U.S. can now neutralize not only the 25,000 Japs on Babelthup, Koror and the other northern Palaus, but also an estimated 100,000 others on once-mighty

Truk, Ponape and other Caroline islands.

Without invading Babelthup and the other northern Palaus, the U.S. could not immediately use the vast Palau fleet basin. But airfields in the southern Palaus would serve: 1) for bombing the Philippines—if MacArthur invaded the central Philippines instead of Mindanao, Peleliu would be closer to the invasion coast than Morotai; 2) for air patrols which could clamp the northern Palaus in a neutralizing vise. Last week marine flyers based on Peleliu were already strafing and bombing Babelthup.

Having attained air superiority over the Japs, the U.S. would use planes wherever possible to save the heavy casualties which are the lot of the man with the rifle.



FOREIGN NEWS



MARSHAL STALIN & FRIEND
Would the U.S. give up Texas?

U. S. Army Air Forces-International

INTERNATIONAL

Why

As the Russian delegates moved out of Dumbarton Oaks last week, and the Chinese delegates moved in, a crucial fact was highlighted again: no factor is more important to the world's future peace and security than the mind and the mood of Russia. Few could doubt that Russia passionately desires postwar peace and security. And that desire is no mere emotional urge. After World War II, none of the Allies except the U.S. would be capable of sustaining a major war for at least a generation. Russia must have peace and security.

And yet Russia, at the Dumbarton Oaks Conference, had insisted that, in the proposed security league, any one of the Big Four (the U.S., Britain, Russia, China) must have the right to veto any attempt by the league to discipline an aggressor—even if the vetoing power was itself the aggressor. Clearly, Russia's mind was wary, her mood was suspicious. Why?

Ticklish Topic. The N.Y. *Times's* James B. Reston offered an explanation. What Russia feels, he pointed out, is that Estonia,* Latvia, Lithuania and Poland east of the Curzon Line are her legitimate business, not to be meddled with by outsiders. She fears that at some future time the Baltic States or Poland might appeal to the security league, charge Russia with aggression against them. The U.S. and Britain might be inclined to listen.

Russia does not consider her occupation of those lands to be aggression. She

* Last week, at Russia's demand, the Finnish Government began to round up several thousand Estonians who had fled from the Russians to Finland. They would be sent to Russia.

considers them rightfully hers in the first place, and vital to her security. Joseph Stalin has tenaciously held to this position in his talks with President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Winston Churchill.

Plainly, Russia's hesitations, her wary mind and mood of suspicion were the realistic Russians' way of saying to their Allies: Face the facts. Stop talking about the Baltic States and the Polish question. If you want world security, you can have it, but you must first recognize our right to national security.

Timesman Reston put the Russian attitude in a nutshell: "Her attitude is that we should not ask her to give up the Baltic States any more than she should ask us to give Texas land back to Mexico."

Britain Acts

With the war almost won, Britain acted swiftly and powerfully in domestic and foreign affairs last week. A momentous social security plan (*see below*) laid a firm floor under British internal policy. Three days later the Conservative Government turned to foreign affairs. In two important speeches, on successive days, Prime Minister Churchill and Foreign Minister Anthony Eden laid the basis for future British policy in Europe. With Parliament as a world rostrum, Anthony Eden announced in effect that Britain had returned to her traditional policy of balance of power in a Europe from which Germany would be eliminated. To the countries of Europe's Atlantic community—France, the Low Countries, Norway—he proposed in effect a West European bloc.

The Prime Minister

Prime Minister Churchill's speech cleared the ground for Foreign Minister Eden's. Churchill's was a day-long speech, broken by a noon recess. The first part covered the war which Churchill said might not end until next year. The second part was devoted to foreign policy. It was less a typical Churchill speech than a series of important political statements addressed to a number of foreign powers and peoples:

To Russia and the Poles. "It would be an affectation to pretend that the attitude of the British Government, and I believe of the United States Government, toward Poland is identical with that of the Soviet Union. . . .

"Marshal Stalin has repeatedly declared himself in favor of a strong and friendly Poland, sovereign and independent, and in this our great Eastern Ally is in the fullest accord with His Majesty's Government



EDEN & CHURCHILL (AT THE FUNERAL OF POLISH GENERAL SIKORSKI)
In internal policy, a new floor; in foreign policy, a new balance.

Pictures Inc.

Have a "Coke" = Ahoy, mates



...or keeping up the good work

Faster and faster the ships go down the ways in the wartime shipbuilding program. From sunny California to the coast of Maine, workers have learned that *the pause that refreshes* helps everybody do *more work and better work*. Have a "Coke" says a hard-working shipbuilder to his mates. It's a little minute long enough for a big rest. Whether in a shipyard or in your own living room, Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes*,—has become a symbol of friendly relaxation.

* * *

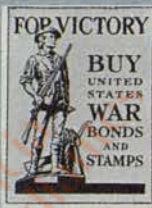
Our fighting men meet up with Coca-Cola many places overseas, where it's bottled on the spot. Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter "since way back when".



"Coke" = Coca-Cola

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION



"Yes, sir, ***that's fine tobacco-***"

LUCKY STRIKE
means fine tobacco

Yes, sir! L.S./M.F.T.



and also, judging from public statements, with that of the United States. . . .

"Territorial changes in the frontiers of Poland there will have to be. Russia has the right to our support in this matter, because it is the Russian Armies that can alone deliver Poland from the German talons and because, as I said before, after all the Russian people have suffered at the hands of Germany, they are entitled to safe frontiers and to have friendly neighbors on their western flank.

"All the more do I trust that the Soviet Government will make it possible for us to act unitedly with them in this solution of the Polish problem and that we shall not witness the unhappy spectacle of rival governments in Poland, one recognized by the Soviet Union and the other firmly adhered to by the Western powers."

To Russia and the Satellites. "Armistice terms agreed upon with Finland and Rumania bear naturally the impress of Soviet will and here I must draw attention to the restraint which characterized the Soviet terms to these two countries. . . . Bulgarian armistice terms have not yet been signed. Soviet intervention in this theater was at once startling and effective. The sudden declaration of war by Russia was sufficient to induce Bulgaria to turn her caitiff arms against the German intruders. . . .

"[Bulgarians] want to be treated as a co-belligerent, but so far as Great Britain is concerned they must work their passage for a long time and in no uncertain fashion before we can accord them a special status, in view of the injuries our Allies in Greece and Yugoslavia sustained at their hands. Meanwhile, let them march and destroy all the Germans they can find in enemy lands. We do not want them in the lands of the Allies."

To Italy. "During my visit to Italy I had the opportunity of seeing the leaders of all the parties, from the extreme right to the extreme Communist. . . .

"I had conversations with Prime Minister Signor Bonomi, and also talked with him and Marshal Badoglio together—they are friends. The Marshal faithfully observed the conditions imposed at the armistice a year ago. He has done his best to send all possible Italian forces, particularly naval forces, into the struggle with Germany and he has worked steadily for improving relations between Italy and Britain and between Italy and the Allies."

To France. "In my last statement to the House, I spoke of the importance of including representatives of France in all discussions affecting the Rhine frontiers and the general settlement of Germany. . . .

"It would now seem possible to put into force the decree of the Algiers Committee whereby at the interim stage the [Consultative] Assembly would be transformed into an elected body reinforced by the addition of new elements drawn from inside France.

"It would render possible that recognition of the Provisional Government of France and the consequences thereof which we all desire to bring about at the earliest moment. I close no doors upon the situation, which is in constant flux and development."

To Russia and the U.S. "The future of the whole world and the general future of Europe, perhaps for several generations, depends upon the cordial, trustful and comprehending associations of the British Empire, the United States and Soviet Russia, and no pains must be spared and no patience grudged which is necessary to bring this supreme hope to fruition."

To British and U.S. Voters. "There is another warning I would venture to give to the House, and that is not to be startled or carried away by sensational reports and stories which emanate from the other side of the Atlantic. There is an election on, and very vivid accounts of all kinds of matters are given by people who cannot possibly have any knowledge of what has taken place at secret conferences. . . .

"The President and I both have pursued the policy of making no changes other than those forced by death. . . . in the Chiefs of Staff charged with the conduct of the war. . . . In consequence that there have been no changes, the men who met at Quebec knew each other well, and they were united in the bonds of compre-

hension and friendship and had the whole picture and sequence of the war ingrained in their minds, in their very beings; for when you have lived through these things you do not have to turn up musty files to see what happened on particular occasions."

The Foreign Minister

The punch in Foreign Minister Eden's speech came at the end. He said:

"In several speeches members have referred to the need for our close collaboration with our neighbors in western Europe and with the small powers, particularly in western Europe. I agree with everything that has been said on that subject and I think we can be sure that the friendships that have been made with the representatives of those countries while they have been here in the war years will be of great value when they return to their own lands.

"We have had already between governments certain informal discussions about our future relations, and these will be pursued further in due course. We could, I think, be wise to use these conversations—to use our close friendship with these countries—as a buttress to the strengthened general world structure. . . .

"It is as an element in the general international system and, as I think Aneurin Bevan [the Government's most violent leftist Labor Party critic] has rightly said,



LIBERATION

These are the women & children of "Hell's Corner" (Dover) as they emerged last week from the caves which sheltered them for four years from German shells. In the streets the townsfolk danced, cheered, thronged churches in thanksgiving. Canadian troops had finally captured the long-range German guns at Cap Griz Nez across the Strait of Dover. Because the one-minute passage of the shells across the Strait allowed no time for alerts, thousands of Dover's citizens turned troglodyte in the roomy, comfortable caverns cut into the chalk cliffs more than a century ago to hold French prisoners. In four years 2,226 shells, mostly 16-inch had killed & injured only 528 people—a death rate of one man per 16 shells.

it gives us perhaps more authority with the other great powers if we speak for the Commonwealth and for our near neighbors in western Europe. That seems to me the right conception . . . and it is the task on which we are now, in fact, engaged.

"It would be an important element in unifying the nations against any potential future aggressor."

Harold!

Wendell Willkie, Hanson W. Baldwin, William C. Bullitt and others who have been slapped down by the Russian press were joined by unexpected company last week. Soundly slapped down by *Izvestia* were British ex-Pacifist philosopher Cyril Edwin Mitchinson Joad (*The Adventures of a Young Soldier in Search of the Better World*) and Harold Laski, British leftist economist, friend of Russia and sometime White House guest. Said *Izvestia*: "Meddling advisers." Their offense: signing a British National Peace Council petition urging a "strategy of mercy" toward Germany.

GREAT BRITAIN

Inevitability of Gradualness

Nothing that the war had done to England was so important. Last week, with no more warning than a gliding buzz-bomb, the Conservative Government launched its "prosperity and happiness program," Lord Woolton's plan for cradle-to-grave social security. Famed Sir William Beveridge, stepfather of the plan, gave it his blessing, even thought it an improvement on his own. To most people it looked like "socialism in our time."

The plan had come with that inevitability of gradualness which is woven into British history. It had taken five years of war to speed up an unhurried trend toward socialism. (Characteristically, it was the Tories who achieved it.) Once more Britain had quietly evolved a major change in its national life because enough Britons wanted it.

This time there was an added incentive: the Empire wanted it too. Already two Dominions—New Zealand and South Africa—were tackling social-security problems. In London a conference of Dominion Labor Parties resolved: "The conference looks forward to a revival . . . of a Socialist [Second] International."

War on Poverty. Amiable, efficient Lord Woolton, Britain's Conservative Reconstruction Minister, called the plan "a declaration of war against poverty." Based on the Beveridge Plan, but costing slightly less (approximately \$2,600,000,000 for the first year against the Beveridge Plan's \$2,788,000,000, it is the product of several ministries, many minds. It is all-embracing (it provides for every man, woman & child), and cooperative (it is financed by compulsory contributions from all who are able to pay). Its benefits begin at birth

with a maternity allowance, end at death with a grant. General benefits cover sickness, invalidism, unemployment, retirement, widows' pensions, orphans' allowances, industrial injuries, family allowances, maternity and death grants.

Sample benefits: maternity grants, £4 (\$16) plus benefits of £1 16s (\$7.20) weekly; unemployment and sickness pay, £2 (\$8) weekly for a married couple, £1 4s (\$4.80) for a single person; family allowances, 5s (\$1) plus "things in kind"—school meals, milk—for each child after the first; widows' pensions, £1 16s (\$7.20) weekly for the first 13 weeks; orphans' allowances, 12s (\$2.40) weekly.

To pay for all this, the average worker will have to contribute about 4s (80¢) a



Pictures Inc.

SECURITY PLANNER WOOLTON
He rocked the cradle of capitalism.

week, his employer slightly less. Taxation will make up the balance. Not until 1975 will the plan become self-supporting.

The plan will mean much more government in Britain. Before it becomes law—probably not before next summer, perhaps not before a general election—a Ministry of Social Insurance will have to be created.

Wonderful, Epoch-Making. Britons were delighted. The press greeted the plan with a roar of approval, pushed the war off the front pages to make room for it. The *Times* hailed it as "an epoch-making document," the *Daily Express* as "a wonderful scheme." Only sour note came from the 5,700 approved benefit societies and from the industrial-insurance companies whose activities will be curtailed, if not abolished, by the plan. Said a spokesman: "We shall fight it to the end."

Britain, the Cradle of Capitalism, was peacefully, but irreversibly, trending toward state socialism.

FRANCE

First Step

Was it a tocsin? Last week the French government, prodded and pushed on by the Resistance, took control of one of France's biggest industrial enterprises—the Renault automobile plant (peacetime employes: 34,000). Next it nationalized the coal mines of the Pas-de-Calais and Nord departments. Soon, it announced, some 50 major plants would be controlled by the Government.

This, explained Minister of Information Henri Teitgen, was not confiscation; it was merely a step to get French industry back into production. Later a commission would examine the books, confiscate war profits, bring charges. . . .

Cried the Resistance newspapers: "Not enough." They called for further confiscation, nationalization of heavy industry, more vigorous motion against collaborationists. Louis Renault, 67-year-old founder of the confiscated auto plant, was in jail as a collaborationist (*TIME*, Oct. 2). What would be done with industrialists like André Citroën, France's No. 2 auto magnate? He had stood firmly with the Resistance, had bought farms to provide his workers with food, and had sent many of his best workers out as farm laborers so that the Germans would lack skilled mechanics.

In Valence, meanwhile, Resistance leaders from eleven departments, calling themselves the "Congress of Disillusioned Maquis Fighters," met and voted a resolution: "Let the Government remember . . . we represent the people and we will defend the interests of the people with ferocious tenacity!" Another meeting, scheduled for the "Popes' Palace" at Avignon this week, entitled itself the *Etats Généraux*—the name of the body whose meeting began the French Revolution. Was it a tocsin?

Charles de Gaulle seemed to think it was. On the Place de la République at Lille, in the heart of a coal-mining district, he cried: ". . . The collective people—that is the state—must take over the direction of the great sources of common wealth. . . ." Roared the crowd: "That's what we want."

ITALY

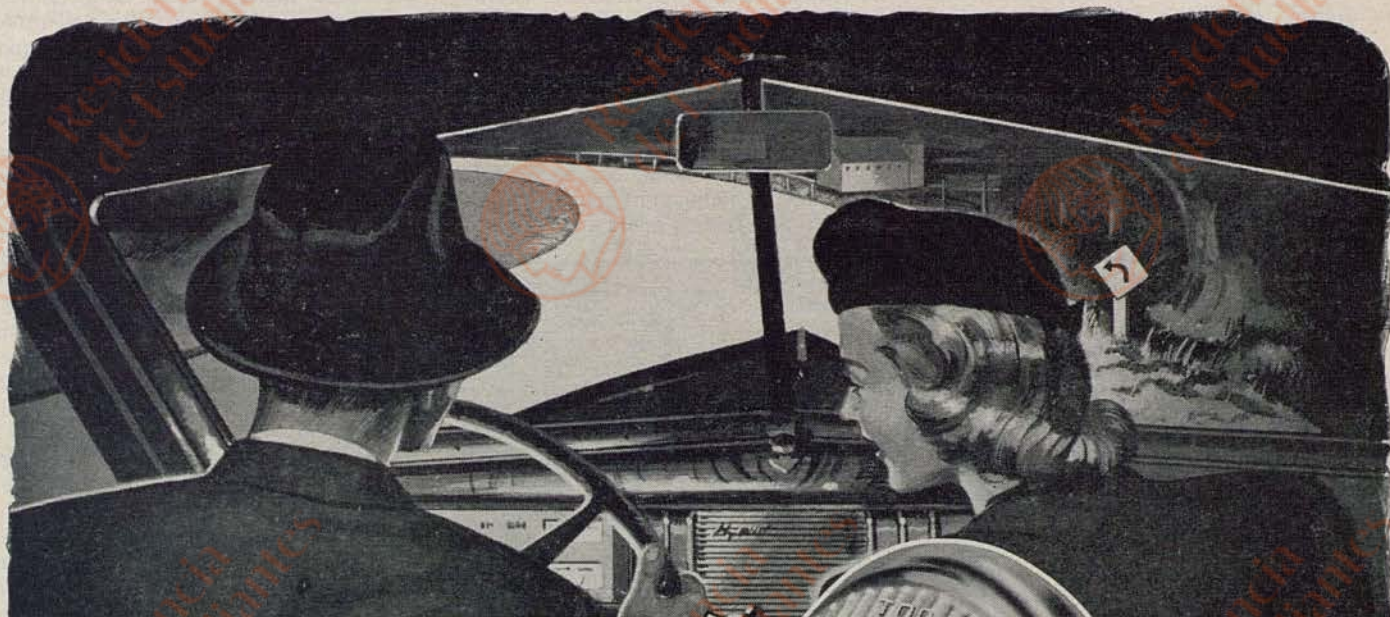
Waiting to See

Italy declared herself in the war on Japan last week. The announcement was made by aging Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs Giovanni Visconti-Venosta. The declaration meant little in a military way. But it did mean that to resurrect their standing in the world, Italians would do anything—even commit themselves to a war which they are not prepared to wage, militarily, financially or humanly.

The Roosevelt-Churchill declaration re-admitting Italy to international high so-

TIME, OCTOBER 9, 1944

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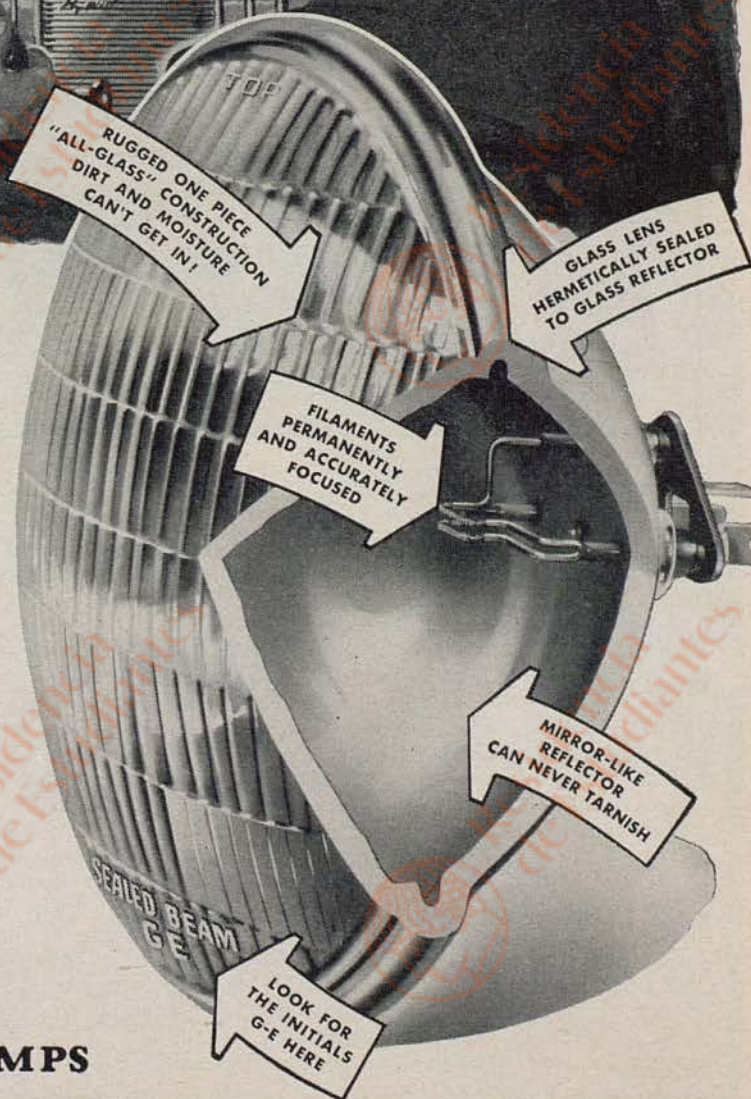
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ciety had given Italians new hope. News of it flashed through Government offices, streets and homes. The declaration salved Italian pride. It also offset the effect of the Russian armistice terms to Rumania, which were much more liberal than the Allied terms to Italy. Even the lowest Italian laborer or peasant knew about the Rumanian-armistice terms. The prestige of the U.S. and Britain went down. The prestige of the Italian Communists and the Socialists, with whom they currently enjoy a united front, went up.

Later Italians had second thoughts about the Churchill-Roosevelt declaration. And they were cool, too, to the news that Gen-

ski), leader of the underground uprising in Warsaw.

To perform General Bor's duties in London, the Government in Exile appointed General Stanislaw Kopanski, lean, quiet, one-eyed engineer, who commanded the Polish forces at the defense of Tobruk. General Kopanski was said to be a "progressive," said to believe in "social reform."

No sooner was this concession made than Lublin touched off its verbal mortars. The top members of the Lublin government had been meeting in the Kremlin with Marshal Stalin and Foreign Commissar Molotov. Just 24 hours after this con-



Associated Press

ITALIAN PARTISANS

Every peasant knew about the Rumanian armistice terms.

eral Giovanni di Raimondo had been invited to London for transportation talks, Banker Enrico Scaretti to Washington for Red Cross consultations. A common remark was: "Yes, that's very nice. Now let's wait and see what really happens."

This week the Italian Government tried to make something happen. If reports were true, they had taken the Churchill-Roosevelt declaration as a cue to ask officially for participation in the European peace conference as a full-fledged United Nation.

POLAND

Fruits of Appeasement

Reluctantly, last week, the Polish Government in Exile made its most drastic gesture of appeasement to Moscow. It ousted anti-Soviet General Kazimierz Sosnkowski, commander in chief of the Polish Army, replaced him with General Bor (Lieut. General Tadeusz Komorow-

ference, the National Liberation Committee's Chairman Edward Osobka-Morawski talked to foreign correspondents in Moscow's old Polish Embassy. He denounced General Bor as a "criminal against the Polish people," declared that, when Warsaw was liberated by the Red Army, General Bor would be arrested and tried for ordering the "premature uprising" against the Germans. General Rola-Zymierski, whom the Lublin government recognizes as the only commander in chief of the Polish Army, declared that General Bor had never been in Warsaw during the uprising, was now 20 miles away. Said the London Poles: General Bor had almost been killed in an attack on his Warsaw headquarters; Marshal Stalin had agreed unconditionally to help the Warsaw uprising.

For the Polish Government in Exile it looked uncommonly like heads I win, tails you lose.

RUSSIA

Get Thee Behind Me, Satan!

The Soviet Government has been very reluctant to let its citizens travel outside Russia. Since the Revolution, few Russians have been exposed to the seductions of capitalism. But last week, with Red armies overrunning Rumania, Bulgaria and entering Hungary, more Russians than ever before were face to face with the blandishments of the other world.

In *Pravda* and *Red Fleet*, famed Soviet Author Leonid Sobolev tackled the *Get thee behind me, Satan* problem with humor. He warned Red Army men who had seldom seen luxury goods in Russian shop-windows, that "a lot of outward tinsel will dazzle your eyes." He warned them "not to believe in the deceitful phantoms of a false civilization." Some of Sobolev's "deceitful phantoms": sleek automobiles, bright advertisements, well-to-do homes with shutters mysteriously drawn to hide "cheap luxuries," fat businessmen with gold watch chains looped across their well-fed midriffs.

Other foreign perils were short, knee-length skirts, stockingless legs, and "wonderful shoes with the full bare heels showing." Said one of Sobolev's characters, a Red Army man, drawing on his experience: "Probably not enough material to finish the shoes." Said his witty comrade: "No, the Rumanians have a tradition of showing their heels in war."

"The women," Sobolev conceded, "are handsome in a standardized way, with carefully made-up faces smoothly pale in spite of the burning sun, with hair-dos which are a little too artful and with striking dark red pouting lips—the fashion seems to dictate 'sinful mouths.'"

"They look fine," confessed one of Sobolev's soldiers, sliding his eyes from rouged cheeks to open-toed shoes.

But his comrade was not to be caught. "Put them under a faucet and then you'll see. No, brother, our Ryazan girls are better. They use no trickery."

But more Russians were yet to be tempted. Sighed Sobolev: "We shall have to go through more foreign countries."

INDIA

Adjournment

The door of Mohamed Ali Jinnah's Bombay bungalow swung open. Out stepped Mohandas K. Gandhi. Eighteen days after they began, the Moslem-Hindu unity talks between the leaders of the Moslem League and the All-India Nationalist Party had ended. Result: stalemate.

Said Jinnah: "I regret to say that I have failed in the task of converting Mr. Gandhi. . . ."

Said Gandhi: "The failure is only so-called. It is an adjournment *sine die*."

Said Chakravarti Rajagopalachariar, who arranged the meeting: "I'll begin to

TIME, OCTOBER 9, 1944

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dig in the river again when it's dry." Said Viceroy Lord Wavell: "I believe if the Hindus and Moslems would work together in India's economic reconstruction and in getting on with the war they could settle their differences and achieve self-government in the near future."

NORWAY

Lysistrata in Oslo

Out of a soldiers' bordello in the heart of Oslo's streamlined business section slipped four Paris trulls. Well-bribed German sentries let them pass. Members of the underground guided them on their four-night walk to Sweden. In Stockholm last week, over their first good meal in nearly a year, chunky, raucous Suzette and waspish, salty Marianne told the four girls' story.

"None of us were amateurs, of course," Suzette explained. "We had all worked at the Bal Tabarin since before the war. But we never collaborated. A year ago the Germans were gathering a complement to send to the Maison Oslo and they did not have quite enough volunteers. So they grabbed us. They told our troop of 42 that it was for six months.

"We worked hard; 50 to 60 *coups par jour*. From three to ten at night. And three flights of stairs every time. My feet were gone before dark. Soldiers and sailors came from all over Norway, and officers in civilian clothes. We knew what ships were in port, what units were passing through, but there was no one to tell."

Marianne took up the tale. "The food was terrible. Potatoes and fish. If we asked for seconds, we were *gourmandes*. And after the way we were working! We lived in the rooms where we worked and we could not leave the house. Sentries stopped us at the door. We made three kroner *par coup* (nominally \$1.40), which added up. But when we sent our money home, the filthy *Boche* stole it."

"Most of our clients thought we had plenty of time," Suzette resumed. "Idiots. With a queue halfway round the block.

"After six months they told us we had to stay two months more. We howled but it did no good. After eight months they told us we still could not leave. We struck. There's a good deal of solidarity in our corporation, if I may be permitted the word, and our strike was solid. Twenty-one days we kept it up. They put double sentries around the house. To retaliate, we put on a strip tease near the windows until the streets were filled with gawking soldiers. Then the *Wehrmacht* Recreation Officer came with an ultimatum: back to work or out to a fish factory."

"And that," said Marianne, "was serious, you know. Some of the girls, mostly those who had worked in France, were for giving in. So we four decided to run. After all, we're patriots—and, besides, with the Americans in Paris. . . ."

THE BALKANS

Area of Decision

(See Cover)

Russia's Red Army lunged last week across the Danube into Yugoslavia. British forces landed on the coasts of Albania, on the islands of Dalmatia, inched into Greece. From two sides of the Balkan *massif*, Europe's two greatest powers were approaching a junction in the Balkans. Waiting at this mountainous meeting place of empires was a man who had newly risen into political history after a cryptic lifetime in the political underground: Yugo-

Russians packed him off to Omsk, in Siberia.

Two years later, Russia's war front collapsed like a dynamited wall. Most Russian soldiers were peasants and they had heard that inland the peasants were dividing the land. They surged homewards. In Petrograd and Moscow, the Bolsheviks were preparing to seize power. The greatest revolution in history had begun.

In Omsk Josip Broz saw the mass execution of 1,600 striking railroad workers by Tsarist Admiral Kolchak. When the Red Army reached Omsk, Josip Broz joined up. The young Croat who didn't



Pictures Inc.

MARSHAL TITO & OFFICERS

In the darkest days he was seldom despondent.

slavia's Marshal Josip Broz Tito. Tossed up suddenly in the slipstream of military and political movements, he was as little familiar to most of the western world as the lands he defended. But his two years of constant guerrilla warfare with the Germans had made one fact clear: in an area of decision, he was a man of decision.

The Man. The details of Tito's life history were obscure, but the results were plowed deep in Tito's gullied face. But before the plowing began, before he was even Tito, he was plain Josip Broz. His father was a Croat blacksmith in the village of Klanjec, near Zagreb. He had scarcely begun to learn his father's trade when the shot with which the Serbian nationalist, Govirilo Princip, killed the Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo, shot young Josip Broz into the Austrian Army.

He was sent to the Eastern Front. Then, like Bela Kun, the future head of Soviet Hungary, and Tibor Szamuely, the future head of Hungary's Red Terror, Josip Broz was captured by the Russians, or deserted to them. It was 1915. He was 19. The

want to fight for the Habsburgs fought through the hard, bitter years of Russia's civil wars.

When they were over, Broz entered a school in Moscow. It was probably the West School, where foreign Communists were trained for ticklish work in foreign countries. For in Moscow the blacksmith's son from Klanjec had acquired a philosophy of life and action (Marxism), a party (the Communists) for which to work, conspire,* live and if necessary die, a Russian wife and son Zharko, who was decorated last year by Marshal Stalin for heroic service in the Red Army. Like most Russian-trained Communists, Broz soon acquired a dangerous mission also.

Mission from Moscow. Just a decade after he marched away from the smithy, Josip Broz returned to Croatia, but not to blacksmithing. His job was to organize a metal-trades union. He had left Austria. He returned to the crazy-quilt kingdom of

* In his *Condition of the Working Classes in England*, Communist Founding Father Friedrich Engels lamented that the English workers were so backward that they had never learned to conspire.



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the South Slavs whose Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Montenegrins and Macedonians would presently be held together in uneasy union by a tight little dictatorship headed by King Alexander II. Under the dictatorship only the Serbs supported the dynasty. Only tractable parties were legal. Trade unions were outlawed. As a Croat, a Communist and a trade-union organizer, Josip Broz soon found himself in jail. He stayed there five years. He was tortured. But to Communists, jail is a commonplace, torture an annealing experience.

Marx had written: the philosophers have explained the world; it is necessary to change the world. What busy Comrade Broz was doing to change the world between his release from jail circa 1930 and his sudden emergence in Yugoslavia in 1941 is mostly his secret.

Tito emerged from underground obscurity for a brief moment during Spain's Civil War. One fall day in 1936 a group of German International Brigaders drove a band of Moors through the village of Palacete near Madrid. In the village was a unit of Yugoslavs, nearly dead from exhaustion. For days they had been hold-

ing a gorge in rain, mud, under enemy fire. But when they were ordered to retire for rest, one protested bitterly. That one was Josip Broz. Soon afterward, he was among a hand-picked group of Communists withdrawn by the Red Army's Military Intelligence to join some anti-Franco guerrilleros behind Franco's lines. He was next heard of in France, working in the section of the underground whose function was to dispatch men from all over Europe and the U.S. to fight in Spain. He did not reappear again until the fascism he had fought in Franco Spain had overrun Yugoslavia in the form of Naziism.

The Marshal. Yugoslavia got into the war on the Allied side with no premeditation and almost no preparation. The pro-Axis Regency of Prince Paul had been tolerated until March 1941. When it knuckled under to Hitler's demands that Yugoslavia become a German satellite, the Yugoslavs rebelled. In a bloodless *coup d'état* they tossed out Regent Paul, installed King Peter II, 17. It took the *Wehrmacht* ten days to overrun the unprepared country. The British, who are believed to have inspired the coup against

him, hauled Prince Paul away to South Africa, where they are still paying his Johannesburg nightclub chits. King Peter fled first to Athens, then London. But a Yugoslav colonel, Draja Mihailovich, retired to the hills with a handful of soldiers and kept on fighting. He may or may not have heard about the hard-faced Croat named Tito, who, a month before the German armies invaded Russia, had reappeared in Zagreb and Belgrade.

Tito paid a round of quiet visits to Yugoslav leaders, asked them to forget their political differences and unite against the Germans.

For a time Tito, the Croat, and Colonel Mihailovich, the Serb, worked together. Then the followers of Draja Mihailovich clashed with Tito's Partisans. Tito accused Mihailovich of collaboration with the Germans. What had caused the rift? Was it traditional Yugoslav nationalist differences, subtly played on by the Germans? Had Moscow decided to crowd out the Communists' only important competitor for control of the Yugoslav resistance? Whatever the cause, though *Chetniks* and Partisans both continued to fight the Germans, they also began to fight each other.

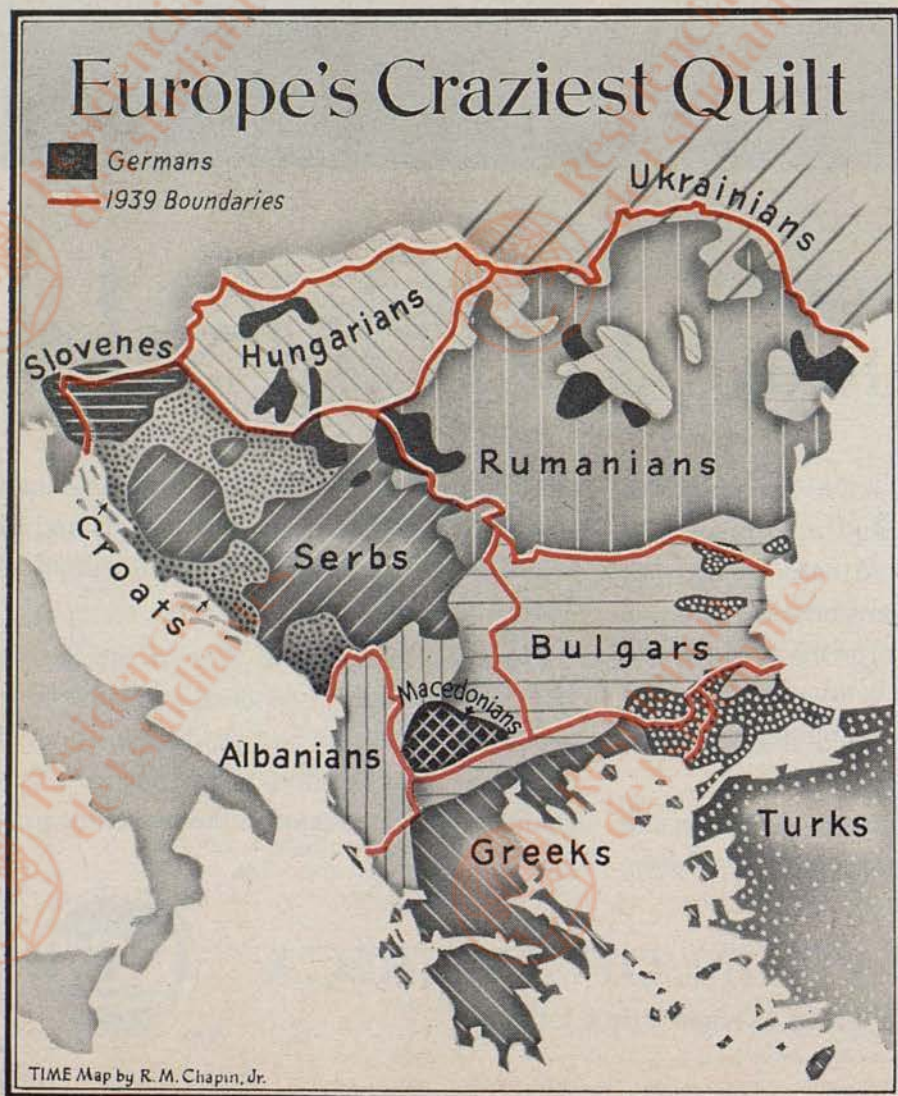
Tito's movement attracted the most followers. He struck the Germans at every chance, captured their supplies and arms. His Partisans, dispersed through the hills, ate when they could, which was not often, fought when they could, which was often enough. The Partisan emblem was a red, five-pointed star. For a time a yellow hammer & sickle was used by one brigade, soon was discreetly dropped. Word spread through the hills, towns, and cities: a remarkable Croat named Tito was fighting the Germans. Yugoslavs from all classes and political parties joined him, including, last week, a son of Mihailovich. Young, strong women like Stana Tomashevich marched and fought like men. Their favorite weapon was the German *Schmeisser* machine pistol. Their favorite song was a haunting old air sung to these words:

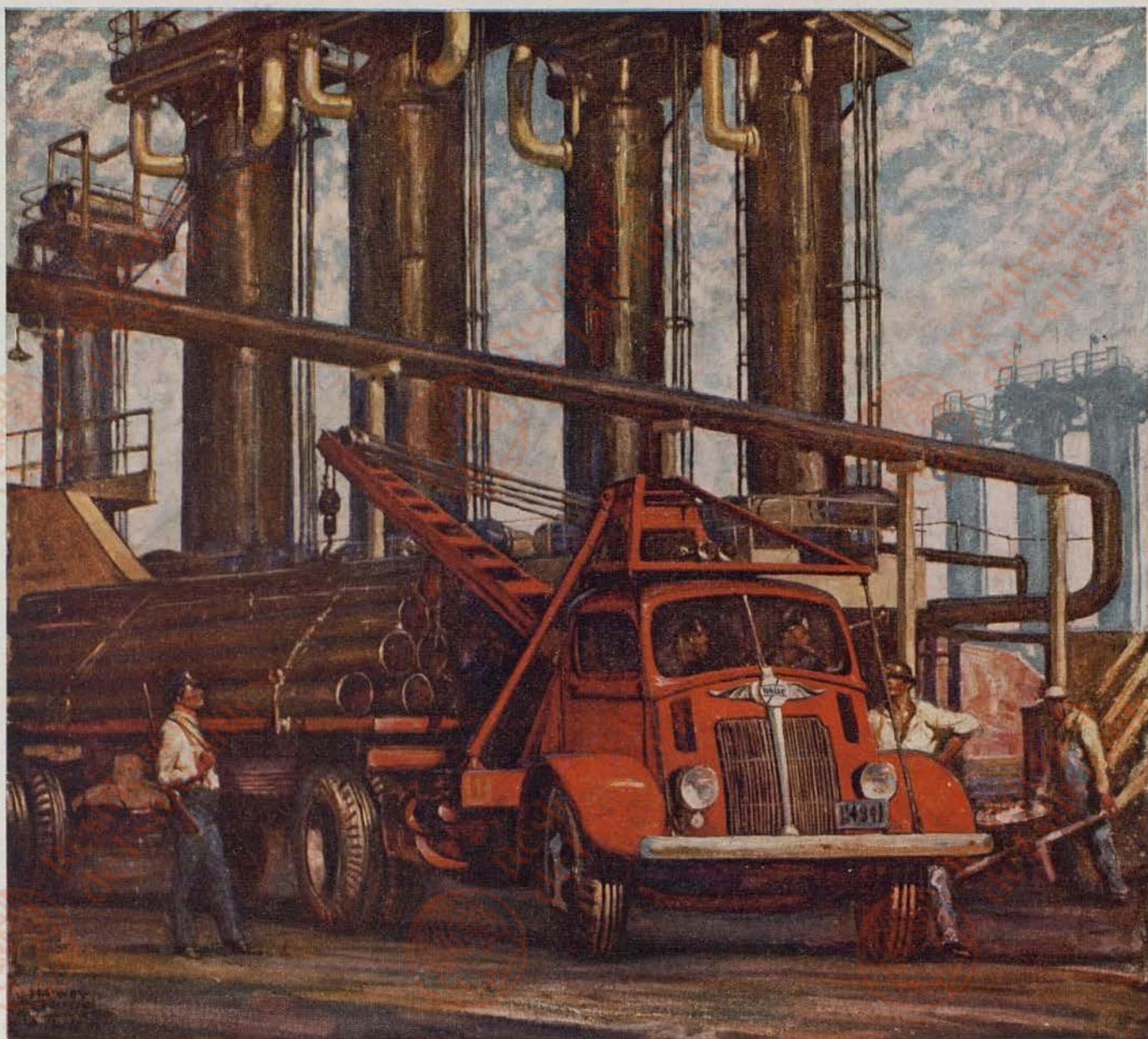
Hey, Slavs, in vain the depths of hell threaten,

O Slavs, you still are free.

The blacksmith's boy from Klanjec had become leader of a resistance movement that at one time or another pinned down as many as 18 German divisions in fruitless, fraying warfare in the wild Croatian and Bosnian mountains. But even in the darkest days, when it seemed as if the outside world would never hear the thunder of war reverberating among the beleaguered hills, Tito seldom grew irritable or despondent.

Mission from Britain. At first the outside world heard chiefly the reverberations of the Tito-Mihailovich clashes. In London and Washington the facts of the Yugoslav resistance were obscured in a game of propaganda hide-and-seek. King Peter's men, through ignorance or fear, or





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both, would not acknowledge the existence of the Communist leader of the Partisans. They controlled the channels of news coming out of Yugoslavia to the Allied side. For two years the Allied public did not even hear of Tito.

Often the deeds of Tito were ascribed to Mihailovich, whose loyalty to King Peter was unquestioned.

Then Russia took a hand. In Tiflis (Stalin's old home town), a Free Yugoslavia radio station was set up. From it the news about Tito's Partisans was broadcast to the world. But Tiflis was three weeks by courier from Yugoslavia. News from Tito was always late.

Inside Yugoslavia, the growing Partisan movement more & more took matters into its own hands. If King Peter was not interested in the Partisans, for their part they saw little reason to be interested in their absentee monarch. This feeling increased when the king made Mihailovich a General and Minister of War. Slowly but surely the Partisan movement became also a resistance movement against the old Government.

There was another factor. For several months a British Brigadier, Fitzroy Hew Royle Maclean, had lived with the Partisans as head of an Allied military mission. Brigadier Maclean understood the relationship of politics and warfare. He put down what he had observed about Tito in a report that landed, fat, thick, crammed with a story that even yet waits to be published, on the desk of Prime Minister Winston Churchill. That report, and Britain's need for any fighting ally, convinced Downing Street that its warm smile for Peter's exiled Government, and its cold shoulder toward Tito, would have to be reversed.

Churchill acted. A shake-up occurred in the Yugoslav Government in Exile. The new Premier was Dr. Ivan Subasich, a Croat, who was in Manhattan when the summons came. In Bari, on the Italian coast, he sat down with Tito, roughed out a working agreement. The exiled Government recognized Tito as head of his provisional administration inside Yugoslavia. Tito agreed that at war's end Yugoslavs would get a chance to vote for whatever kind of government they wanted. Meanwhile, the King might continue to call himself King.

Federated Yugoslavia. But he was King of a new Yugoslavia he had never known. Its shadow government, which had never known him, flitted from town to town to avoid the Germans. But while it ran, it also ran a big part of Yugoslavia. And the Allies were doing business with it. It was dominated by a Communist, but it was no Communist government.

It had been brought into existence in 1943 at Jajce, with a program that provided for: 1) the creation of a federated Yugoslavia composed of the six states of Croatia, Slovenia, Serbia, Bosnia and Her-



British Combine

STANA TOMASHEVICH

"Hey, Slavs, in vain the depths of hell threaten."

zegovina, Montenegro and Macedonia; 2) establishment of "truly democratic" rights and liberties; 3) inviolability of private property; 4) no revolutionary, economic, or social changes.

This was a program that could rally most Yugoslavs. The federated states, six small countries with equal rights within one country, could remove the traditional frictions that had divided the Yugoslavs. It was the solution a generation of Yugoslavs had dreamed of. It promised 7 million members of the Greek Orthodox Church, 5 million Roman Catholics, 1,500,000 Mohammedans more, rather than less, freedom. It held out to foreign capital, which Yugoslavia would sorely need when reconstruction came, the promise that Yugoslavia would be one place in the world where a man could turn a profit. This year the blacksmith's boy of Klanjec became Marshal and Provisional President of Yugoslavia.

The new Government, called the National Committee of Liberation, was scarcely more Communist than its program. Out of 17 Cabinet officers, five were Communists. Among the non-Communists: Foreign Minister Josip Smoljaka, friend of Czechoslovakia's late, great Thomas Masaryk, onetime Yugoslav Minister to the Vatican; the Rev. Vlado Zecevic, Minister of the Interior (and hence in charge of the police). Minister Zecevic was an Orthodox priest who commanded a detachment of *Chetniks* until late 1941, when he switched from Mihailovich to Tito.

Federated Balkans. Beyond the hope of a federated Yugoslavia loomed the larger hope of a federated Balkans. If Yugoslavia had been a crazy quilt of related national

stocks in precarious cohesion, the Balkans were Europe's craziest quilt of all. Seas and islands of nationalities as different as Serbs, Rumanians, Germans, Greeks and Turks washed around each other in a confusion that defied the drawing of political frontiers. Through the centuries bigger nations, practicing the policy of divide and rule, had kept the Balkans divided and conquered. But a new spirit was abroad. At last federation seemed feasible. Russia was reported to favor the idea—for it promised peace and security in one of Europe's most troubled areas.

But what would Britain say? Britain had supported Tito as an expediency of Empire politics. But Tito's loyalty was to Moscow, not to London. It was sound policy for the Russians to refrain from setting up Communist governments in the Balkan states now occupied by the Red Army. In fact, the Russians were acting with ostentatious correctness. They had even asked Marshal Tito's permission before sending the Red Army across the Danube. But Britons would be less than empire builders if they were not aware that, in the cold-blooded language of politics, the Balkans had become a Russian sphere of influence. As such, it undid the work of a hundred years of British statecraft, and made Russia a Mediterranean power—poised massively above the artery of Empire at Suez. The area of decision for the eastern Mediterranean had been snatched from the British lion by the blacksmith's boy from Klanjec.

Britain could not fail to be aware of this development, but she showed no undue concern. Nor was she likely to, so long as she kept her imperial health and Russia kept her political head.

LATIN AMERICA

BRAZIL

Pif-Paf

Brazil was in the throes of a domestic crisis last week.

In war-prosperous Rio de Janeiro well-to-do wives had caught the gin rummy fever. They called it "Pif-Paf" (pronounced peef-paff). They began their games at teatime, played for high stakes. At dawn they went to bed white with exhaustion, slept with the aid of sedatives. Next teatime they began all over again. The local press reported that they were running into debt, pawning their jewels, neglecting their husbands and children.

Cried Rio's *Diario Carioca*: "Pif-Paf is enslaving, fascinating, completely dominating hundreds and hundreds. . . ."

CUBA

Fermenting Sugar

After four weeks of stormy haggling, the Cubans had gone home empty-handed. The mission of sugar-growers and mill-owners had come to Washington in August to negotiate a new U.S. contract for their five-million-ton 1945 sugar crop. Their objective: to get the U.S. to jack up its offer $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ a lb. higher than the wartime sugar price established in 1941—2.65¢ a lb. Cubans say their production costs have soared 100% or more since war began; they can no longer afford to sell virtually their entire crop to the U.S. at the old price. But the Commodity Credit Corp., which does all U.S. sugar buying, refused to go higher than 2.75¢.

In both countries the sugar issue was mixed with political dynamite. The Cuban delegation appointed by Batista had been firmly instructed by the politically potent sugar interests to accept nothing less than 3.25¢ a lb. But the CCC, with the powerful U.S. sugar lobby leering over its shoulder, could not offer the Cubans a higher price unless they gave domestic U.S. sugar growers a price increase. Further, the action might set a precedent: Brazil would want more for its coffee, and other nations, chafing under U.S. ceiling prices on their products, might balk at contracting ahead.

The breakdown in negotiations meant that Cuba's President-elect, Dr. Ramón Grau San Martín, must choose between sending back Batista's hagglers or appointing a new mission instructed to accept the U.S. offer. Then he would face the angry sugar growers.

But by the next meeting the Cuban sugar-growers may be even less interested in the U.S. price, for the growers' bargaining powers in both Cuba and the U.S. will become greater as the war runs down. World stocks of sugar are low: demand exceeds supply. In the U.S. last week, distributors' stocks of sugar were down to 680,706 tons v. 1.2 million a year ago. Grocers in the Midwest were hanging out "no sugar" signs. Soon European buyers

may re-enter the market, flood Havana with huge orders in competition with the U.S., and bid sugar prices far higher than the CCC offer.

MEXICO

Big Wind

A cyclone struck Mexico's west coast. Another roared up the rainy Gulf, obliterating tropical Tuxtepec, near Vera Cruz. Thousands of refugees took refuge in tree-tops. Over hundreds of bodies flocks of buzzards wheeled. Banana and corn crops were destroyed.

In Mexico City, it was announced that the storm had broken the oil pipeline from Tampico in four places. That meant further gasoline restriction. As people queued up to use Mexico City's crippled bus service (there were already block-long queues for kerosene, charcoal, corn), nervous politicians held their breath, wondered if the storm had dealt the country's groggy economic system a knockout punch.

Mexicans are a durable people. But their living costs have risen 150% in four years. They blamed their rulers. When the government persuaded them to cook with kerosene instead of charcoal, they quipped: "If we cooked with electricity they would find a way of having us queue up for current." In recent weeks there had been riots.

Hinting at one root of the trouble, Senator Vidal Díaz Muñoz last week shouted to the Mexican Senate: "Speculators must be given the death penalty!"

COSTA RICA

To the Barricades

In Costa Rica, a handful of the 40,000-odd Nicaraguan fugitives from the dictatorship of General Anastasio Somoza decided to go home to make a revolution. Led by General Alfredo Noguera Gómez, they set out for Nicaragua in a 30-passenger bus.

Costa Rica's President Teodoro Picado sent a party of soldiers and police in pursuit, in a beach wagon. Shortly after midnight they were stopped beyond the village of Naranjo by a road block. They got out and reconnoitered. The revolutionists opened fire. Score: one pursuer killed, three wounded.

President Picado sent out reinforcements. In the village of Zarcero the revolutionists fired at random. In the town of Quesada they fired at the constabulary. As they approached the pier on the San Carlos River, the local constabulary opened fire. Score: two revolutionists wounded.

When last seen, the insurgents were still headed toward the Nicaraguan border, in frantic flight. General Noguera had jettisoned his hat, his sword, and his valise, which contained a bugle, a swatch of silk underwear, a bottle of perfume.



RAYMOND MASSEY, distinguished star of stage and screen, has this to say about shaving cream: "Removing make-up leaves my face very tender. That's why I always use Williams. It never stings or irritates."

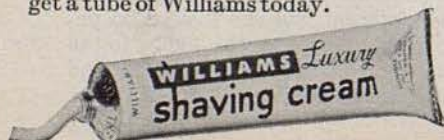
ACTORS' FACES are extra sensitive

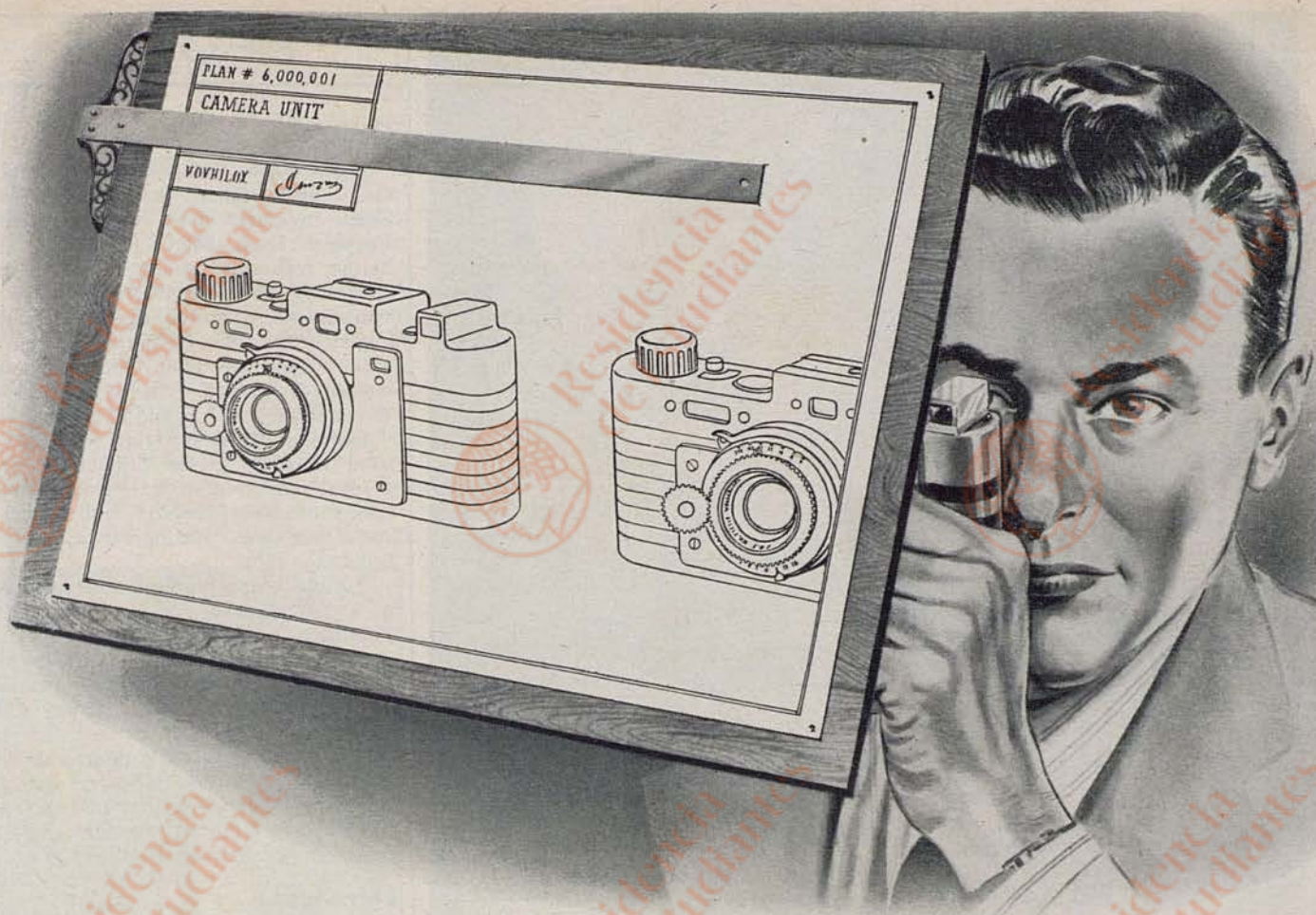
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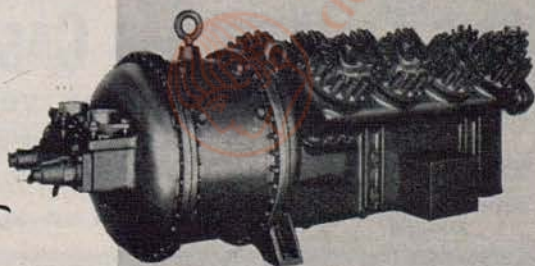
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PEOPLE

Cues

Bette Davis, vacationing in Columbus, Ga., spiked rumors that she had come South to marry her "very old friend," Corporal Louis Riley, peacetime Manhattan real-estate dealer, now stationed at nearby Fort Benning. The once divorced, once widowed cinemactress gave a party for the Corporal, invited his entire company, later said: "I am a woman of 36 and I have sense enough to announce it if I intend to get married."

Elena of Italy, towering wife of pint-sized Ex-King Victor Emmanuel, made a royal request of a U.S. friend: "some spools of white thread" with which to spend her time "making clothes and embroidering bibs."

Lieut. Colonel Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., 42, who resigned his Senate seat last February to do some real fighting overseas, captured a four-man Nazi patrol singlehanded. The grandson of famed post-War I Isolationist Senator Henry Cabot Lodge let his jeep-driver tell the tale: "Colonel Lodge . . . had spotted the Germans a long way off. When we got close to them, Colonel Lodge pulled out a pistol, leaped out of the jeep, and the prisoners threw their hands in the air."

Entrances

The Earl of Halifax, accepting membership in the Hobo Fellowship of America, told Manhattan's *Hobo News* that "the life of a hobo . . . develops . . . self-reliance, initiative and a certain tolerance of other people's views. If a hobo is . . . someone who roves about and lives away from home, certainly I'm a hobo."

Frank Sinatra, teatiming at the White House at the invitation of Democratic Chairman Robert Hannegan (who also brought along Manhattan Restaurateur Toots Shor, an ex-bouncer, and Funnyman "Rags" Ragland, an ex-burlesque comic), was kidded by the President about "the art of how to make girls faint," and came away determined to buy radio time of his own to campaign for Term IV. Observed The Voice: "My fans are not all teen-agers. . . . Besides, even the 15-year-olds can influence people."

Franklin Pierce Adams, diarist-columnist (F.P.A.) turned nostalgia expert (of *Information Please*), was nominated as Democratic candidate for Connecticut's Senate, from a rock-ribbed Republican district. His campaign strategy: mostly "to keep my trap shut."

Exits

Ethel Merman, bouncy, bugle-voiced musicomedienne, cast in the title role of *Sadie Thompson*, a musical version of Broadway's 1922 smash hit *Rain*, left the show three weeks before its Philadelphia opening because she did not like the lyrics, was replaced by bright and brassy Musicomedienne June Havoc.

Carole Landis, blonde cinemarmful, who started off a U.S.O. tour last year by marrying Army Air Forces Major Thomas Wallace, returned from another U.S.O. tour to announce that the marriage was a bust. She blamed Hollywood's portrayal of her first tour and marriage in *Four Jills in A Jeep*. Said she: "I liked him as he was. Our trouble started when he tried to be like the man in the picture. . . ."

Gerald Lyman Kenneth Smith, self-styled "rabble-rouser of the Right," held a Manhattan press conference, as the presidential candidate of the America First Party. He had hardly begun a tirade on "agents provocateurs like John Roy Carlson" (author of *Under Cover*, best-selling exposé of U.S. fascists) when he was interrupted: "Mr. Smith, do you know who I am? . . . I'm Carlson, and what you're saying is a pack of lies." Big, beefy Gerald



Associated Press

THE VOICE & FRIENDS*
He was kidded by an expert.

L.K. rushed across the room, seized pint-sized Carlson by the neck, hustled him out the door. "I brand you as an agent provocateur and a racketeer," he bellowed. "Get out and stay out." Carlson thumbed his nose, shouted back before the door slammed shut: "You're a faker, Gerald L. K. Smith. You're a phony."

Bing Crosby, who is used to roaring welcomes and full houses, got the accustomed welcome when he appeared before a U.S. regiment on the Alsace-Lorraine front, but was left singing to an empty house when word came that the Nazis had attacked.

Sir Thomas Beecham, newly returned to London from the U.S., full of beans and bounce as usual, whipped into a London Philharmonic rehearsal of Sibelius' *Sixth Symphony*, promptly broke his baton in half, seized another so firmly that it cracked, imbedding a splinter in the palm of his hand. He taxied to a hospital, had the splinter removed, resumed rehearsal, kept the splinter for a souvenir.

* Toots Shor, "Rags" Ragland.

TIME, OCTOBER 9, 1944

47

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ART



WOMAN IN VEIL



DANCER IN BLUE DRESS

Matisse is in top form.

From Paris

For four years the art circles of three continents have wondered what was happening to the artists in occupied Paris. What had become of the famed Paris School of modern painting branded "decadent" by the Nazis? Was there a new, underground art movement? Were there many new paintings by such modern masters as Pablo Picasso and Henri Matisse?

Last week the curtain was beginning to lift. French-made color reproductions of new work by Matisse, Picasso, Bonard and some younger men had been flown across the Atlantic. The portfolios (called Editions du Chêne) established two points: 1) the older artists had done considerable work, had not changed markedly in style; 2) the younger painters had followed modern traditions.

Matisse had been painting tanned, voluptuous young girls, such as his *Dancer in Blue Dress* (see cut). His *Woman in Veil* (see cut) was top-form and more familiar in subject: bold, exuberant painting in sensuous flesh pink decorated with gay scrolls and dots.

Picasso still experimented with his own brand of cubism, and distorted figure painting. *Woman in Blue Waist* (see cut) showed a seated figure against soft green. *Woman in Armchair* (see cut) added to Picasso's cubism a pinwheel-and-tinsel fantasy.

Producer of the portfolios is 25-year-old Maurice Girodias, son of an Englishman who published advance-guard writers in between-wars Paris. Girodias got most of his paper from the black market, foiled German authorities by simply leaving town when his work appeared.



WOMAN IN BLUE WAIST



WOMAN IN ARMCHAIR

Picasso is still experimenting.

When you cross this border



get this booklet

ARE you one of the million and a half men who have already crossed the border between military and civilian life—or, if still in the service, do you want to know what you're entitled to when you hang up your uniform?

We have a free 24-page booklet that was carefully prepared by our War Service Bureau just to help you. Called "Information for Demobilized Veterans," it explains the rights and privileges that you have earned by serving in the armed forces of your country.

Besides the *G. I. Bill of Rights* and other information listed in the right-hand column, the booklet has some tips to guide you in getting yourself reestablished, and a suggestion or two about a post-war career.

For more than 100 years, we have been helping folks like you to attain

financial security. Our advice to you and the thousands more who are now being honorably discharged each month is—hold on to your *National Service Life Insurance*. This booklet tells you what to do to keep that protection and how to make the most of it.

Send for your copy of "Information for Demobilized Veterans" today. It is offered as our contribution to help you get your feet on the ground in what probably seems a very different world after military service. A penny postal will bring it to you free of charge, along with a handsome, rugged envelope to keep your discharge certificate and service papers fresh and clean.

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Highlights of the G. I. Bill of Rights—

How to continue your education, guarantee of loans, unemployment benefits, etc.

When you go home—

Mustering-out pay, where to go for information on employment, hospitalization, vocational training, etc.

Your pension privileges and how to apply.

Your National Service Life Insurance—

How to keep it in force, how to convert with premium rates and illustrations.

Where do you go from here?

Some ideas on your post-war career.



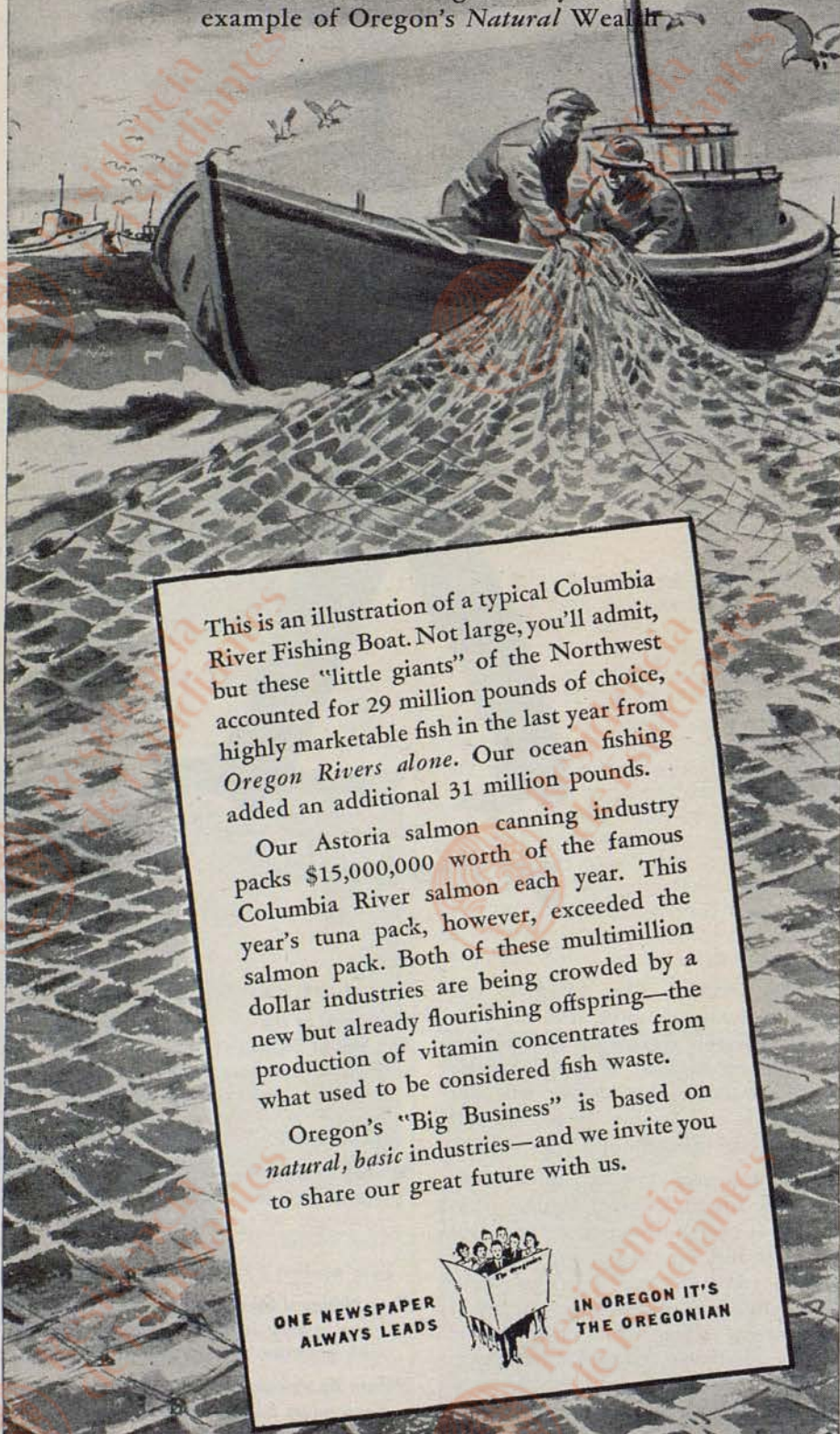
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Columbia River Fishing Industry another example of Oregon's *Natural Wealth*



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Our Astoria salmon canning industry packs \$15,000,000 worth of the famous Columbia River salmon each year. This year's tuna pack, however, exceeded the salmon pack. Both of these multimillion dollar industries are being crowded by a new but already flourishing offspring—the production of vitamin concentrates from what used to be considered fish waste.

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The Oregonian

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MUSIC

Opera at the Golden Gate

In its handsome, classic auditorium, the San Francisco Opera last week opened its 22nd season with *Aida*. A capacity house was pardonably proud, from the cheering galleries to the McNears, Ehrmans and Fleishhackers in their beige and gilt boxes. A roster of the finest stars (many from the Metropolitan), a superb orchestra (the San Francisco Symphony) and a well trained municipal chorus would present four weeks of repertory as elegant as any city could boast. Then the company would move down to Los Angeles, where it would give a Hollywood-studded audience the only really grand opera Los Angeles ever hears. In population, San Francisco is the twelfth city in the U.S. In opera, it is second. New York City exceeds it, but only in quantity.

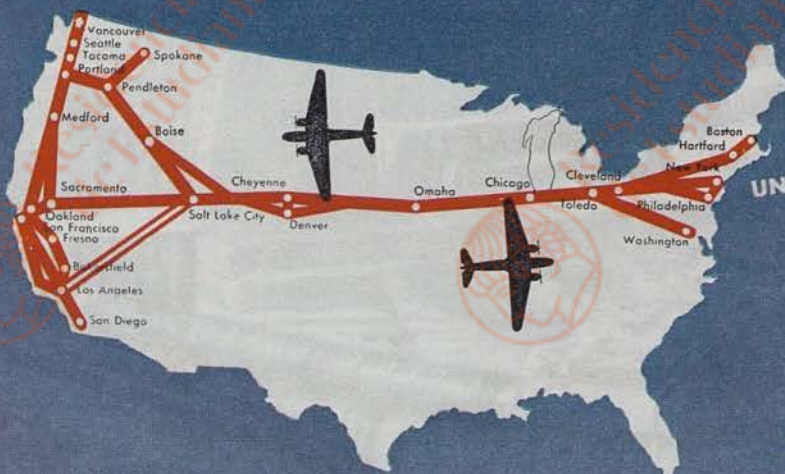
The San Francisco Opera is, among other things, one of the few in the world that breaks a little better than even, financially. This season it has a new support. California's big Safeway Stores chain will sponsor broadcasts of the last acts of 14 performances.

Mr. Merola. The man who more than anyone has kept the San Francisco Opera on an even artistic and financial keel is Gaetano Merola, a 63-year-old Neapolitan with a vegetable-wagon accent. Merola arrived in San Francisco in 1921 as one of the batoneers of the barnstorming San Carlo Opera. He promptly lost his shirt and lightened several other people's pockets producing an outdoor opera season at the Stanford University Stadium.

The fiasco failed to dim either Merola's enthusiasm or his dark-eyed powers of persuasion. In 1923, backed by a \$35,000 advance sale and \$25,000 from the members of Nob Hill's rich Pacific Union Club, Merola launched his first regular season. San Francisco society women sewed costumes, donated furniture for props, decorated San Francisco's Civic Auditorium with tree prunings from Golden Gate Park. Merola ended the season with a nervous breakdown.

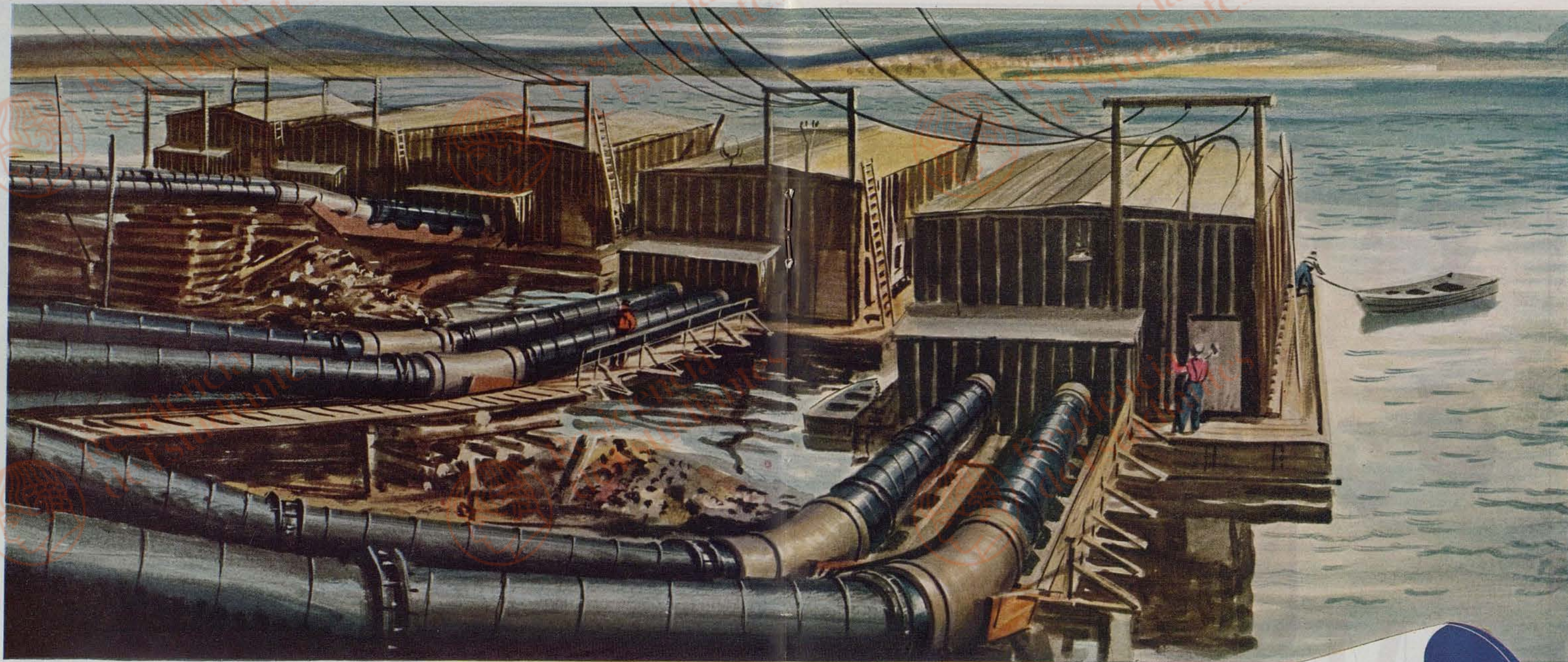
Nine years later San Franciscans rewarded him with one of the most beautiful and best equipped opera houses in the world. Since then, despite war and economics, the San Francisco Opera has not missed a season. And Merola has assumed the manner of the great impresarios.

A restless traveler between seasons, he is known and feared in the kitchens of Italian restaurants from Manhattan's Del Pezzo's to San Francisco's Fior-d'Italia. On a recent trip to Los Angeles he was met by the proprietor at the door of Victor Hugo's, his favorite local eating place. "Look," said the proprietor, gesturing desperately, "this morning the pipes in the kitchen went out. Fifteen minutes ago the cook quit. Now you want to come in here. Go away. Take this \$10 and go somewhere else. Go away."



UNITING WEST AND EAST... THE MAIN LINE AIRWAY

Big things are happening in the Pacific Northwest. A great industrial empire has been born. Population has increased. United Mainliners bring this thriving region, "gateway to Alaska and the Orient," within hours of the Midwest and Atlantic Coast. United's straight, strategic Main Line Airway, the nation's oldest coast-to-coast route, goes where business is.



The "Siphon" that Uncovered a Submarine Iron Mine

DEEP beneath the waters of Steep Rock Lake, in the wilds of Northern Ontario, lie many million tons of rich iron ore. Engineers had estimated it would take four years' hard work to gain access to the lode, but when war's demand for metal became urgent, the order went out: "Get mining operations under way in eighteen months!"

First, a large river flowing through the lake had to be diverted and re-channelled, a job that involved moving some two million cubic yards of rock and dirt. Then, more than 120 billion gallons of water had to be

pumped from the lake to lay bare the ore — and to meet the schedule, it had to be drawn off at the rate of 500,000,000 gallons per day, enough water to fill the combined daily needs of Canada's fourteen largest cities.

This called for fourteen huge pumps mounted on floating barges, each discharging to shore through giant pipe lines, in which a flexibility of 15 degrees is essential — a requirement that necessitates rubber hose connections strong enough to hold the pressure of a steadily increasing head of water.

But — no rubber is available for such mammoth joints. How about synthetic rubber? That brings in the G.T.M. — Goodyear Technical Man. Yes, he says, can do. The G.T.M. specified a specially-designed Diversi-pipe type of heavy-duty hose, with a multiple-ply carcass, reinforced with spirals of heavy round steel wire to give strength with flexibility. Each section is 11½ feet long by 24 inches in diameter and weighs 1,900 pounds.

Today Steep Rock Lake has been practically emptied by this huge Goodyear-jointed line. The mine is

already in production and its iron is flowing from the forges of the United Nations into the tools of victory. A tremendous exploit, to which Goodyear's skill and experience in fabricating synthetic rubber contributed an important share.

The ability to compound synthetic rubber to meet almost any industrial need is a product of twenty years of Goodyear research in synthetics, and the practical "savvy" of the G.T.M. To consult this friendly expert on your rubber problem, write Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio or Los Angeles 54, California.

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Streetcar Series

Whatever happened in the World Series would be an anticlimax. For the first time since 1908 the American League pennant race had gone smack down to the wire; on the last day of the season, after 153 games, the Detroit Tigers and St. Louis Browns were even Stephen, with 88 wins and 65 losses apiece.

Threatened with rain, the Tigers started their game against the last-place Washington Senators an hour early. The opposing pitcher, 34-year-old Knuckle-baller Dutch Leonard hadn't beaten the Tigers in three years. By the time the Browns went to work against the third-place New York Yankees—before an alltime record home crowd of 37,815—the scoreboard showed Detroit trailing by three runs. By the time Chet Laabs had pumped the first Brownie homer of the day (he hit another the next inning) into Sportsman's Park's left-field bleachers, Detroit had lost, 4-to-1. A better team than the Browns might have wilted right then & there, but Luke Sewell & Co. were not even breathing hard; they breezed to a 5-to-2 victory and the Browns' first pennant in American League history.

The final four-game series with the Yankees was a perfect example of how the amazing Browns had done it. They turned 22 hits into twelve runs for four straight wins, while the New Yorkers produced only three runs on 25 hits. Sewell's boys might be seventh in league batting, but they were in a class by themselves when it came to clutch hitting.

With Nelson Potter (19-10-7) heading a rejuvenated pitching staff, the Browns had won eleven of their last twelve games. They might well prove to be tougher than the Tigers as World Series opponents of the perennial champion St. Louis Cardinals. For offsetting Detroit's Hal Newhouser and his fabulous 29-10-9 pitching record was the decline of Dizzy Trout (27-14), who had lost twice in the crucial last week and seemed to be overworked. Even the Tiger slugging combination of Rudy York and Dick Wakefield might have been less effective than Luke Sewell's magically managed horseshoes. The Cards, despite their 2-to-1 bulge in the betting odds, were none too confident about their first streetcar World Series.

Fast Molasses

Gentle, happy-go-lucky Pavot is in different to almost everything but food. He eats like a farm horse, but races like a champion. He is solid brown and in a race looks like fast-pouring molasses. He seems to be on springs when he jogs, hugs the ground when he runs. If he were less rangy, he would be a ringer for famed War Admiral.

At Belmont Park last week, never-beaten Pavot (rhymes with Jimmy Savo) toyed with 14 rival two-year-olds. Despite

an injured hoof, he added the Futurity Stakes (winner's share \$52,200) to his seven previous victories, for a first-season total earnings of \$180,350. So doing, he placed himself squarely behind a traditional eight ball: in 54 years, not one Futurity winner (Man o' War and Top Flight included) has won the Kentucky Derby the following spring.

Owner Walter Jeffords of Glen Riddle, Pa., who turned down an offer of \$150,000 for his prize property, thinks the difference between the Futurity's 6½ furlongs and the Derby's mile-and-a-quarter might not be too long a reach for a horse with Pavot's appetite and disposition. (The only time Pavot ever showed any sign of temper was in the Hopeful Stakes at Belmont last month, when Jockey George Woolf, intent on running a front race all the way, twice tapped him between the ears with the whip, both times got a turn-around dirty look from his mount.)

This month Pavot will retire to the same 1,650-acre farm on Maryland's Eastern Shore where War Admiral prepped for his 1937 Derby victory. He should add 150 lbs. to his big frame while being winter-trained on mild workouts and gallops. Meanwhile bespectacled Oscar White, his trainer, isn't worried about the Futurity-Derby bugaboo and doesn't think Pavot is.

Pro Prospects

A new coast-to-coast professional-football league is a dead certainty for 1945—if everyone doesn't get killed in the rush.

Born of surplus wartime dollars and a seductive box-office boom, various plans for postwar leagues had been growing

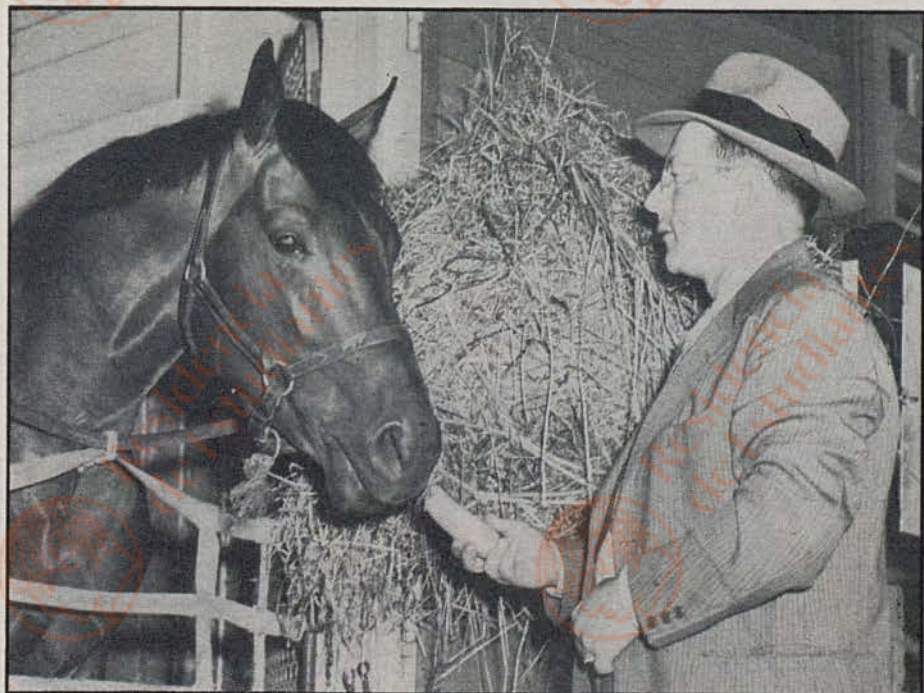
quietly since last winter. By last week three rival groups, each padded with big names and bankrolls, had announced intentions to sponsor such a league, and already had begun battling for stadium rights, coaches and players. The line-up (in order of appearance): All-America Football Conference—organized by Arch Ward, Chicago *Tribune* sports editor; Trans-America Football League—John Francis ("Chick") Meehan, ex-N.Y.U. coach; U.S. Professional Football League—Roland D. Payne, Pittsburgh industrialist.

The \$64 Question was who gets the playing fields in the key cities?

In New York the Yankee Stadium and its 70,000 seats was the issue. Mrs. Lou Gehrig and Oilman Ray Ryan of the Ward group had put in their bid for the Stadium, would consider Randalls Island, threatened to play pro football in the Plaza Hotel ballroom if all else failed. The Meehan faction, boasting a family tie-in with the Ruppert heirs, professed to have the inside track, would bow out quietly if their bid for the Stadium failed. The Payne group was just hoping.

In Baltimore, Mayor Theodore Roosevelt McKeldin juggled a hot potato. He had all but committed the Municipal Stadium (capacity 60,000) to Gene Tunney of Arch Ward & Co. The Meehan interests, headed by big, bluff James Lacy (Lacy Iron & Foundry Works), bellowed that the bowl should go to his group of Baltimoreans, rather than to an out-of-town ex-heavyweight champ. Here, too, the Payne boys seemed to be whistling in the dark.

In Los Angeles, city, county and state officials were squabbling over who would do the renting of the huge 105,000-seat Coliseum. Waiting for a break in the clouds were Payne's movietown money-



PAVOT & TRAINER
Only two dirty looks in two years.

Associated Press



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flavour"*



86 PROOF

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men, Frank Sinatra and Harry James; Meehan's onetime Syracuse classmate, Cinema Producer Harry Joe Brown; and Ward's watchers, Christy Walsh and Don Ameche.

The Pay-Off. There was more of the same in Philadelphia, San Francisco and Chicago, with nobody seemingly set for sure. The one sure thing was that the battle of the stadiums would eliminate at least one and probably two of the blue-printed leagues, leaving the victor to compete next season with the 23-year-old National Football League. And the fruits of victory, judged by National League balance sheets, might have a low sugar content: only four of the ten teams—the New York Giants, Washington Redskins, Chicago Bears, Green Bay Packers—had made money over the long pull. But the dollar-heavy newcomers ignored past performances, swore by the future.

The Current Crop. All but drowned in the postwar hubbub was the West Coast's brand-new American Football League, which was finding college box-office competition a hard nut to crack. Last week, a 4,000 handful turned out to see the Los Angeles Mustangs meet the Los Angeles Wildcats in a league tussle, whereas 60,000 fans had braved 105° temperatures the day before to watch the University of Southern California play U.C.L.A. This month, further complicating the customer quest, the four-year-old Pacific Coast Football League swings into action.

The National League, on the other hand, was playing to the largest crowds in its history. But while the dollars clinked in, coaches bemoaned a shortage of seasoned performers to put over the show. Best in the league on performance were the Green Bay Packers, who had beaten Brooklyn (14-to-7), Chicago (42-to-28), and Detroit (27-to-6).

SCIENCE

Super X Ray

A new X-ray tube which can shoot more concentrated radiation through twelve inches of steel than could all past commercial tubes combined plus all the radium ever mined, was announced last week at the Radiological Society of North America. It is the first commercial tube to operate at two million volts.

In any X-ray tube a stream of electrons from the cathode crashes into the target, impelled by the electrical voltage. Their speed goes up with the voltage—and the higher their speed, the more penetrating are the X rays produced when they collide with the metallic target. Low-voltage or "soft" X rays are sufficient to reveal cavities in teeth or the bones of the hand, because bone absorbs them and thus throws a "shadow" on the photograph. But to reveal gas bubbles or minute flaws in steel armor plate, very "hard" rays are needed, hence a very high voltage in the tube.

The new two-million-volt tube shows



MACHLETT & TUBE
It hits a little bull's-eye hard.

up a flaw only .01 inch thick as a clear shadow, even through 16 inches of steel. In penetrating thick steel, the tube is more effective in one hour's exposure than a one-million-volt tube would be in a week, or a half-million-volt tube in an exposure of 500 years.

There is another reason for this X-ray tube's phenomenal performance: it uses a "magnetic lens," similar to that in the electron microscope (TIME, Dec. 14, 1942), to focus the electron beam in the tube on a bull's-eye only .01 inch in diameter, instead of the usual quarter-inch focal spot. Thus the X rays emerge in a sharp beam and produce well-defined shadows even after passage through thick steel.

Present use of the tube is limited to Army ordnance and is secret. But its future uses in the metal industries and in medicine are legion. The design includes some 180 sections, to provide constant accelerating steps of 12,000 volts each. The tube is completely sealed-off, like an ordinary radio tube, needs no pumping to maintain the high vacuum. It is compact, portable so that it can be used to inspect the insides of machinery installed anywhere. In therapeutic use its advantage is that of radium over ordinary X rays: its rays are so penetrating that they can destroy internal cancers without harmful effect on the skin and fleshy tissues.

The man responsible for developing the new tube is keen, soft-spoken Raymond R. Machlett, Cornell-trained president of Machlett Laboratories of Springdale, Conn., largest manufacturers of X-ray tubes in the U.S. The firm was founded by Raymond's father, Robert, in 1897, just two years after the discovery of X rays. Robert Machlett died in 1926 of prolonged and repeated X-ray burns, acquired in the pioneering period.

TIME, OCTOBER 9, 1944



Enlarged reproduction free on request

The Spirit of Over-Optimism

Allied victories are becoming more impressive and there are those who feel it's time for celebration—that we can coast from here on.

But, think again. The tragedy and horror of war is still with us—all of us.

There is still plenty of fighting ahead—still need for those in war industries to stay on the job—still need to save fats, scrap and paper; to

give blood and to buy bonds—to do everything possible to hasten the day when all of us will really have something to celebrate—the day of ultimate and final victory.

We of Wickwire Spencer are working for the day when our wire and wire products will be helping to rebuild a war-torn world. But until then we will continue to help provide the steel sinews for weapons of war.

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Greeting

Reported New York Times Correspondent Anne O'Hare McCormick from Rome last week: "A story is going the rounds of a lanky, soft-voiced Texan in a large group of soldiers received by the Pope in a recent audience. First in line, he didn't quite know what to do when the Holy Father offered his ring to be kissed. So he shook the Pontiff's outstretched hand and said politely, as nice boys do in Texas, 'Hi yah, Mister Pope.'"

Youngest Archbishop

To be the late, famed William Cardinal O'Connell's successor as Archbishop of Boston, Pope Pius last week named Boston's Bishop Richard J. Cushing, who thus became the youngest Archbishop in the U.S. For the 1,133,075 Roman Catholics of the nation's second largest See, the Holy Father's choice could not have been happier.

Son of Irish immigrants (his father was a Boston Elevated blacksmith), tall, rugged, liberal Archbishop Cushing has spent all of his 49 years in Boston. Unlike Cardinal O'Connell, who was aloof and often absent from Boston, the new Archbishop has always kept his latchstring out, always stuck close to his job. That job, since 1929, has been the direction of Boston's Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and Cushing is a name known & loved in the farthest Catholic missions.

"The Story of My Life"

In an Oakland, Calif., hotel room one morning last week Aimee Semple McPherson, the most spectacular U.S. evangelist since Billy Sunday, died gasping in the arms of her son Rolf—a bottle of sleeping pills on the bed table beside her. Though tired and ill, she had come up from Los Angeles to conduct a series of four revival meetings and dedicate a new church of her Foursquare Gospel (which now has 400 branches and 195 missions). On the evening of the day she died, she was to have preached on "The Story of My Life."

Dedication in Ontario. That story began in the village of Salford, Ontario, in 1890 when Minnie Pearce Kennedy, a Salvation Army girl turned farmer's wife, prayed for a child to carry on her missionary work. On October 9 her prayer was granted. Six weeks later she took the baby girl to prayer meeting and formally dedicated her to the work of the Lord.

At four little Aimee could name all the Books of the Bible. When other children were playing with dolls and hoops, she was teaching her dog Jip to pray, and preaching to the animals in her father's barnyard. Her faith began to waver as she grew older, and she was almost lost in agnosticism when in 1908 she attended a prayer meeting conducted by a handsome young Pentecostalist preacher named Robert Semple. She married him a few

months later. Together they traveled to India and to China, Robert preaching and Aimee playing the piano. In Hong Kong, Robert Semple died of fever. One month later his daughter Roberta was born.

Groceries v. Evangelism. Aimee and her child returned to the U.S., where she soon married again. But Harold McPherson, her new husband, had small taste for evangelism. Soon after the birth of their son Rolf he decided to go back to his grocery business, and the marriage ended in divorce.

With her two children Aimee then began a long pilgrimage through the U.S.



THE LATE AIMEE MCPHERSON
Somehow the money rolled in.

to preach her own brand of fundamentalist salvation, which she called the Foursquare Gospel. On street corners and under canvas she preached, from Maine to Florida and from coast to coast. Tired of wandering at last, in 1918 she loaded her mother and her children into a broken-down jalopy and headed for Los Angeles.

California was fertile land for the Foursquare Gospel. Aimee was soon renting the largest auditorium in Los Angeles and finding it too small. What she needed was a church of her own. "Somehow," she once said, "money has always come to me when I have needed it," and somehow it came to her now. In 1922, with \$1,250,000 donated by her followers, she built the huge (5,300 seats) Angelus Temple, provided it with crystal doors, a silver band, a \$25,000 radio station. In the Temple her talents found full scope. Clad in white flowing robes, her hair burnished gold in the glare of the arc lights, a Bible under one arm and a bunch of red roses in the

TIME, OCTOBER 9, 1944



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Choice of two textures—safety guaranteed—Made by a Dentist, Bears Good Housekeeping Seal. Gently cleans away even tobacco smudges. Restores natural enamel lustre. Delightful, refreshing flavor. Use Iodent and you'll smile with confidence.

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Your Feet Have Been Waiting for "U-TURN" Flexibility

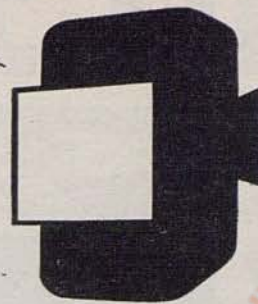
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DEALERS: The "Shoe of Tomorrow" may suit your plans for tomorrow. Write today!



The shape of things to come



You want something new, something different, something you can't get today—and there are 129,999,999 other persons with the same idea.

Very well, you're going to get it. Maybe sooner than you expect. Partial conversion and diversion to peacetime pursuits is already in progress. If it's an aluminum stew kettle you want, for instance, you'll probably get it some time before the last shot is heard round the world. However—

It is expedient to temper desire and enthusiasm with fact. When the time comes to shift from making war-time materials to peacetime goods,

industry that day faces a tremendous task. Every machine, every die that has been shaping a part for the war machine has to be changed. The simpler items, the ones easiest to make, will be the first on the market. The more complicated will follow, one by one. It will be a process of evolution, rather than revolution.

Industry will keep you informed of these matters and tell you what it some day will have to offer—through its advertising. In Philadelphia, for instance, it finds the job of telling the public comparatively easy. For nearly 4 out of 5 families in our third largest city are reached by *one newspaper*.

That newspaper is The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. It is a newspaper that *goes home* in this City of Homes. It has with notable success maintained and broadened its reader interest in these days of wartime handicap. It has a daily circulation of over 600,000—the largest evening circulation in America.



**IN PHILADELPHIA
NEARLY EVERYBODY
READS THE BULLETIN**

Buy more War Stamps from your newspaper boy



Some Suggestions About Your Future Career

(A MESSAGE TO MEN ON COLLEGE AND TRAINING CAMPUSES)

Every young man with a job to do now—whether it is training for the services, or actually serving, as millions of you are—looks forward to the day when he can begin his career.

There are going to be many exciting things to do.

From what we see ahead for aluminum, may we venture a few suggestions?

You can learn a lot about the progressiveness of a future employer by finding out what he is doing about using aluminum in his business. For instance...

If you see a lot of aluminum on a new product, that's a good line for you to sell.

If you see a lot of aluminum used in the shop to make things light and easy to handle, that's a good company to be with.

If you see a chance to make anything, or sell anything, or work with anything made of aluminum, you're going to be way out in front.

This is how we see it at Alcoa... the first name in Aluminum.

A PARENTHETICAL ASIDE: FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

ALCOA ALUMINUM



This message is printed by Aluminum Company of America to help people to understand *what we do* and *what sort of men* make aluminum grow in usefulness.

other, she exhorted the Angelenos to come and be saved.

Satan at the Seminary. They came in droves. And when Sister Aimee asked them to give in the name of the Lord, they gave generously in silver, gold, jewelry and bridgework. Once a month, Aimee later admitted, she took up a collection for herself. In the Temple's heyday it averaged \$7,000. From the Lord's share she was soon able to build the \$3,000,000 Lighthouse of International Foursquare Evangelism. From this seminary each year 200 or more evangelists-to-be were graduated—girl in shining armor and brandishing swords against a capering Satan.

Like most missionaries', Sister Aimee's path was strewn with thorns. But in Aimee's case the thorns made excellent newspaper copy.

In 1926, after returning from a trip to Palestine, she went for a swim in the surf at Ocean Park near Los Angeles. No one saw her come out. For over a month the nation's front pages were frenzied. The Angelus Temple's faithful paraded the beaches mourning loud & long. A girl committed suicide and a diver was drowned. Then, 36 days later, Aimee reappeared in Agua Prieta, Mexico, just across the border from Douglas, Ariz. She had, she said, been kidnapped, but how or by whom nobody could find out. There were suggestions that Sister Aimee was the veiled woman who had been seen at Carmel, Calif. with one Kenneth Ormiston, the radio operator at Angelus Temple. The case was brought to court but dismissed for lack of evidence.

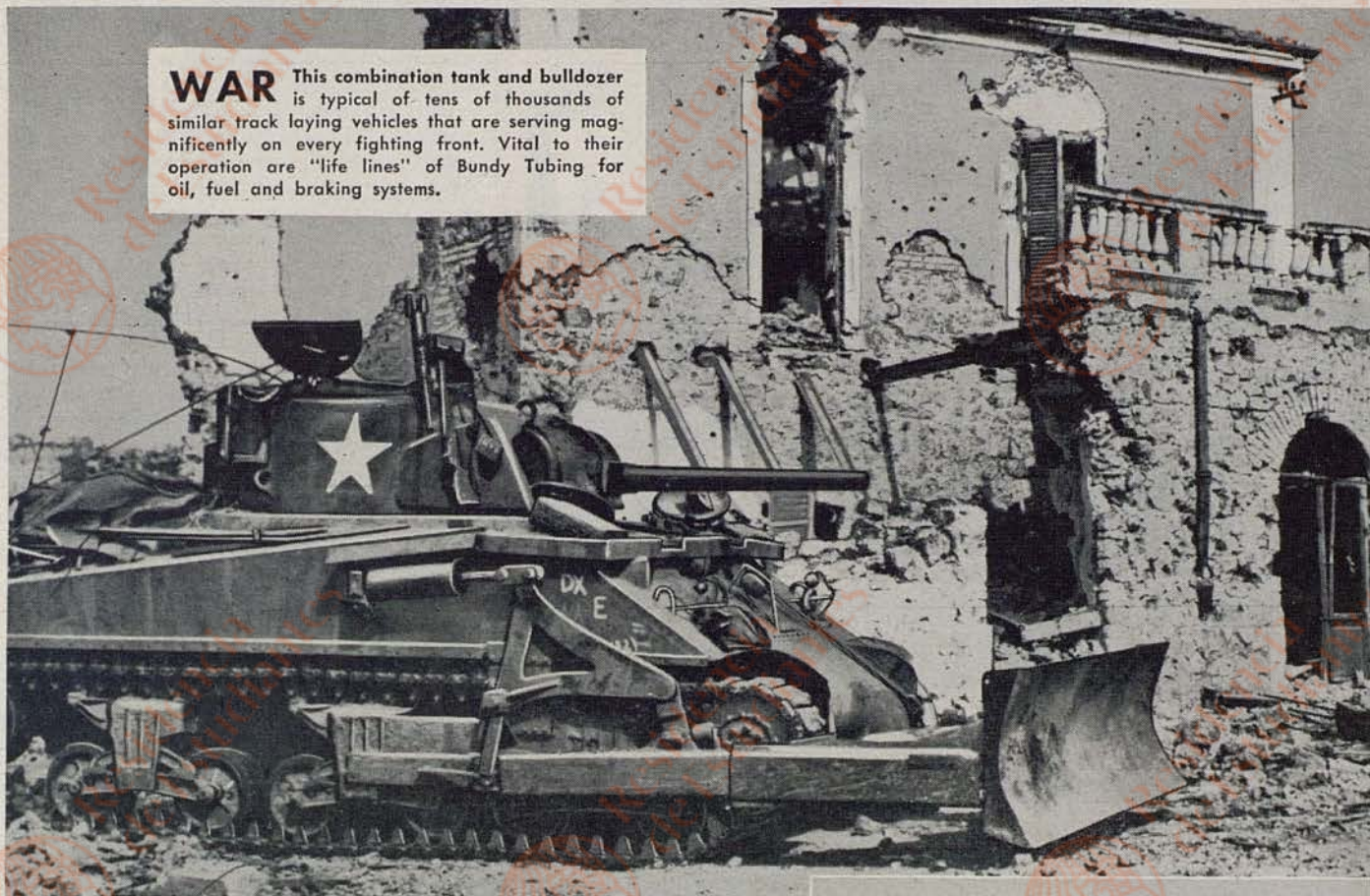
Sunless Days. From that time on Aimee spent much time in the courts and in the papers. There was a series of well-publicized battles between her and her mother over the management of the Temple, during one of which the ex-Salvation Army lass claimed that her reverend daughter had punched her in the nose. There were as many well-publicized reconciliations, and in 1930 the two went abroad together, where Aimee preached beside the Sea of Galilee, visited the nightclubs of Paris, and together they had their faces lifted. There was Aimee's third marriage in 1931 to portly David Hutton, one of her choristers, and their divorce three years later. There was a suit for slander brought by daughter Roberta which cost Aimee \$2,000, and another for \$1,080,000 brought by Rheba Crawford Splivalo, Aimee's colleague at the Temple, which was settled out of court. But through all her trials Aimee kept her head high. Said she, "I only remember the hours when the sun shines, sister."

Make It Not True. Even in death Sister Aimee was unable to stay clear of the courts. Last week, after performing an autopsy, three surgeons were unable to agree on the cause of death. Her heart was strong and there was no evidence that she had taken an overdose of the sleeping pills. The coroner scheduled an inquest.

Meanwhile, heedless of the mystery, her devoted followers at the Temple mourned: "Bring her back, Lord. Make it not true."

FAMOUS LIFE LINES

WAR This combination tank and bulldozer is typical of tens of thousands of similar track laying vehicles that are serving magnificently on every fighting front. Vital to their operation are "life lines" of Bundy Tubing for oil, fuel and braking systems.



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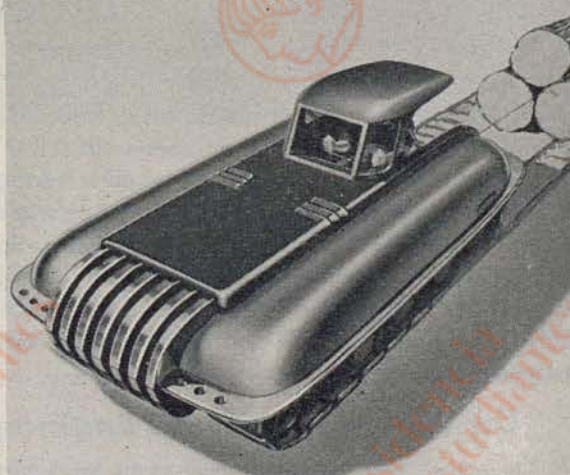
TRACK-PROPELLED VEHICLES have carried a mighty load in war. They will face even more colossal peacetime jobs — in agriculture, in industry, in vast public works programs.

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A 13% increase in production, even during normal times, is a source of satisfaction. But when that much increase can be translated into direct blows at a vicious enemy, it's something to shout about. That is why the experience of a certain munitions plant makes good reading. Here's the story:

Production in this munitions plant was lagging. The cause was traced to an obsolete and overloaded electrical distribution system. Fuses were blowing constantly. Fuse clips were burning out. Switches had to be replaced frequently. Overheating was dissipating efficiency.

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



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LOS ANGELES

EDUCATION

Psychology I

"So amazing a performance demands an explanation, and the key perhaps is to be found in the fact that in civil life Lieut. Magill was a student of psychology. . . ."

So spoke the august London *Times* last week of the feat of U.S. Army Lieut. Samuel ("Sammy") Wallace Magill, who, with only 30 men, captured 20,000 Germans and their general in France (*TIME*, Sept. 25). Continued the *Times*: "The pity is that the exact psychological method . . . remains for the moment uncertain."

Investigation last week disclosed that 24-year-old Lieut. Magill is genuinely interested in psychology. After the war he hopes to major in it. But all the psychology he knew when he bluffed the Nazi general and his 20,000 into surrendering was what he had learned in a freshman course at Cleveland's Fenn College.

International Insults

Non-Greeks, to Greek ears, sounded like stammerers. From a root of this meaning they derived "*barbaros*," "barbarian."

¶ The Carthaginians, in the Roman view, were treacherous fellows. "*Punica fides*" ("Punic faith") became Latin for double-dealing.

¶ The Swedes, to Danes, were models of drunkenness. "*Full som Svensker*," "Drunk as a Swede," is the Danish phrase.

¶ The Irish, in Manx estimation, were scapegoats pure: "Hit him again; he's Irish."

When Dr. Johnson, in his English dictionary, defined oats as "a grain, which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people," he was insulting his neighbors to the north as seriously—and as jokingly—as a coffee-house wit could. In the 370 pages of his just-published *Dictionary of International Slurs* (Sci-Art; \$6.25), Cambridge's Dr. Abraham Aron Roback, since 1926 lecturer in Massachusetts' University Extension Division, sees such insults as no joking matter. His dictionary is an earnest contribution to education in internationalism, aimed to expose the way in which men of different nations have mistrusted and misjudged each other through the ages.

"Why confine oneself to slurs and not include also the complimentary allusions?" asks Author Roback, assailing such "wrongheadedness." The answer, according to Dr. Roback, is simple: such complimentary allusions are virtually nonexistent.

M.O.T. for Schools

U.S. schools and colleges now own some 15,000 sound-film projectors. Last week the MARCH OF TIME was distributing to them the first issues of its new Forum Edition. Early subjects: Brazil, Texas, Future Airways. Adapted from regular M.O.T. productions, the eight monthly issues of the Forum Edition rent for \$20 a year.



Out of the Golden Gate— Products that are currently of great value to our war effort flow in a ceaseless stream through the gateway of the West Coast. Dow's Great Western Division in San Francisco is a center of these activities. From nearby plants of Dow come Caustic Soda, Ammonia, Insecticides, Ferric Chloride . . . Xanthates for the flotation process that recovers strategic metals from non-ferrous ores . . . scores of chemicals essential to paper mills, petroleum refineries, fruit growers . . . in fact, for every type of industry that operates west of the Rockies. History, legend, climate, the beauty of mountain and grove, color this fascinating section of our country where enterprise and the will to achievement have transmuted the gold of yesterday into a great industrial empire.

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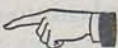
CHEMICALS INDISPENSABLE
TO INDUSTRY AND VICTORY



How to handle two jobs...from an easy chair



This one: Be a stay-at-home week-end—*that's* one really worthwhile job you can handle from an easy chair. Our railroads are heavily burdened, overworked—help a soldier get a seat by taking no unnecessary train trips.



And this one: To make the pleasant task of resting even pleasanter we suggest a zestful IMPERIAL Manhattan. You will find that IMPERIAL has a mellowness, a genial flavor that is really enjoyable. For this famed blend is actually "velvety"—which gives it a distinguished smoothness, an extra goodness. A goodness that has made IMPERIAL one of America's most-wanted whiskies.



IMPERIAL

...velvety for extra smoothness

Blended whiskey. 86 proof. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

THE PRESS

Cartoon of the Week

The New York *Daily News* combination of Publisher Joseph Patterson, Editorial-Writer Reuben Maury and Cartoonist C. D. Batchelor is probably the tightest, smoothest, fastest editorial-page infield in the U.S. Last week it completed another triple play (see cut).

Choosing Up

This week is celebrated by the press as National Newspaper Week. Candidates Roosevelt and Dewey vied with each other in tributes to the U.S. press—to its "courage, loyalty and integrity" (Roosevelt), to "the freest, most interesting and most informative press in the world" (Dewey).

Despite the Presidential overture, a considerable majority of the U.S. press continued, as usual in recent years, to favor the Republican candidate. As usual, New Dealers cited this fact as evidence that the "power of the press" is vastly overrated. What they failed, as usual, to take into account was that in most U.S. newspapers political partisanship is largely confined to the editorial page, while in the relatively impartial—and much better-read—news columns the President maintains a consistent advantage, through his power to blanket unfavorable news by making favorable or exciting news at will. (An outstanding instance: President Roosevelt's sensational "quarantine the aggressors" speech at Chicago in 1937, while the furor over Mr. Justice Black's former Klan membership was at its height.)

By last week most of the press had already chosen up sides in the 1944 Presidential election.* Some "independent" choices of the past fortnight:

¶ Of 139 labor newspapers surveyed by the Federated Press, 117 were for Roosevelt, 19 were neutral; only one, the independent *Central Labor Journal* of Salina, Kans., was actively for Dewey. But the Pittsburgh *Courier*, largest U.S. Negro newspaper, came out for Dewey. Of the Negro press's two other "big three," the Baltimore *Afro-American* appeared to be leaning toward Dewey, while the Chicago *Defender* was still ardently pro-Roosevelt.

¶ The *Saturday Evening Post*, for Landon and Willkie in 1936 and 1940, startled nobody by declaring for Dewey in 1944. The Chicago *Daily News* Dewey declaration was little more surprising. But ears perked when the potent New York *Times*, pro-Willkie in 1940, scornfully observed: "With his speech . . . at San Francisco it seems to us that Mr. Dewey just about completed the process of running for the Presidency on the domestic platform of the New Deal." Of foreign policy the

* *Editor & Publisher*, in a nationwide survey of daily newspaper preferences, discovered: 57.9% for Dewey; 20.6% for Roosevelt; 21.5% undecided. In 1940, U.S. dailies were 66.3% for Willkie; 20.1% for Roosevelt, 13.5% neutral.

TIME, OCTOBER 9, 1944



Batchelor-N.Y. *Daily News*
"DEMOCRATIC TICKET"
Patterson to Maury to Batchelor.

Times last week observed: "Independent voters . . . have looked to Governor Dewey for something more . . . than he has given them thus far. They still look for something more. There is still time for something more. But the time is growing short."

¶ The Portland *Oregon Journal*, pro-Willkie in 1940, switched to Term IV because "war is the compelling issue." Frail, spunky Mrs. Maria Clopton Jackson, owner of the *Journal's* controlling stock, refused to interfere with her editors' decision, but insisted on voicing her dissent. Said she



Associated Press
REPORTER SPARGO
Other newshens cackled.

to reporters: "When someone is in power too long . . . he gets to feeling as if he is the owner, not just the administrator of a trust. . . . My opinion of Mr. Truman is so severe that I would rather not say it."

"Argentinity"

Slapping back at U.S. critics of Argentina's nationalism, Buenos Aires' rabidly nationalist *Cabildo* last week proclaimed itself and its readers possessed of "an Argentine conception of Argentinity," proceeded to furnish an example:

"Do we love our country above everything else in the world? Then we are Nazis. Are we ready to defend the sovereignty of our republic at all costs? Then we are Nazis. Does Cordell Hull make us laugh? Then we are Nazis."

Gloat

John O'Donnell, Washington columnist for the New York *Daily News*, who hates the New Deal and loves to gloat, found something to gloat about last week. Having just read a supplement to the ardently internationalist *New Republic* taxing Thomas E. Dewey with onetime isolationist leanings and general inconsistency in foreign policy, Columnist O'Donnell had dug out of the files a 1935 statement by the same weekly. After noting current proposals for new U.S. armaments, it said:

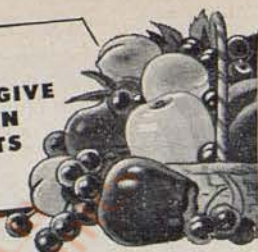
"No thoughtful citizen can read these items without a sinking of the heart. Our militarists who largely control our government are exactly like those of every other country. They are pushing us steadily and inexorably toward a war that nobody wants, a war that would do nobody any good, not even, in the long run, the munition makers and foreign traders and investors in whose interests our present policies are supposedly pursued."

Wolf! Wolf!

The Washington *Post* last week printed a sensational report that started a great cackling among Washington newshens. According to the report, there is a secret list which Capitol Hill's 135 female reporters are supposed to keep of U.S. Senators and Representatives "to stay on the other side of the desk from." Appended to prominent names on the list were such descriptive names as "Garter Snapper"; "Revolving Door Romeo" ("He gets into the same compartment of a revolving door [and] . . . pinches"); "Elevator Lothario"; "Goosier Gander"; and "Desk Athlete" ("He jumps. See him only with your gang").

Almost to a woman, the Washington women's press corps uprose in indignation. They declared they had never seen or heard of such a list, swore that few Congressmen are less than perfect gentlemen, said that the articles had made their work harder by making Congressmen afraid to be alone with them. They were even more curious than indignant when the author of the unsigned stories turned out to be plump, bespectacled *Post* Reporter Mary Spargo (see cut), onetime investigator for the Dies Committee.

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ARMY & NAVY

POSTWAR

The Last-Minutemen

The Army has definite ideas for postwar national defense. And this week Washington was discreetly talking about them. The Army wants: 1) universal military training; 2) a continuation of the present Army setup into postwar. But in the first murmurs of discussion the Army's chance of getting all it wanted did not look bright.

Such a setup would result in the abolition of state militias (National Guard), which have their roots in the nation's tradition of minutemen. After the last war General John J. Pershing spoke out for a strong National Guard as a means of maintaining peacetime strength without keeping a large professional army. Now, many officers think, the militia idea is clearly outmoded; in a future war the minutemen would be too late. The Guard's drawbacks:

¶ Division commanders are picked by state governors. General George Marshall, after a trial of the Guard divisions in training, had to remove all but a few of them for lack of experience or plain incompetence. As events turned out, there was just barely time between mobilization in the fall of 1940 and Pearl Harbor a year later to shake up officers and men, remodel divisions into competent combat outfits.

¶ The Guard is rigidly organized into infantry, cavalry, mechanized divisions, etc. A chief of staff might suddenly discover in an emergency that these are not the types of units he immediately needs.

¶ Guard divisions are recruited without

regard to age, family obligations, or usefulness in an essential industry. In peacetime this is all right; in wartime it dislocates the war machine.

¶ Guard divisions are made up of men from the same area. A single military action may deal a community a stunning blow.

Compulsory military training would make it unnecessary to have a National Guard as part of the federal military establishment. One year's training for eligible 18-year-olds, with post-training R.O.T.C. and O.C.S. for men who want to be reserve officers, would create a great national pool of able men. The Army would also keep on hand a standing professional force of 1,000,000.

Why did the Army's chance of success look none too good? The National Guard Association has indicated that if the Guard is not returned to prewar status it will fight universal military training. Federalization of anything is viewed by the U.S. public with distrust. Congress is fighting shy of the whole subject now, and after the war there is apt to be the same revulsion against all things military that there was after World War I. The pacifists killed compulsory military training then. Pacifists and National Guard politicians could kill it this time.

MARINES

Man of War

In front of Bloody Nose ridge on Peleliu, a Marine colonel fretted in his command post—a piece of tin under a poncho which shaded him from the sun. He worried the



Harris & Ewing

PERSHING
One of his ideas is outmoded.



U.S. Marine Corps

PULLER
Some marines are good, and some...

TIME, OCTOBER 9, 1944

Dear Sis:-

surprise
he arriv

I was surr
to hear that
home and



Sure could go for one of
Mom's bean suppers



Men of the U. S. Navy say
letters keep up morale . . .
write that V-Mail letter
today!

"Sure could go for one of Mom's
bean suppers!" . . . "Has dad had the
old car painted yet?" . . . "Don't forget
to prune the roses . . ."

Sure, he's fighting a war for bigger
things. But, it's the little things that
he writes about. For to him, as to all
of us, they add up to home.

It happens that to many of us these
important little things include the right
to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer.

Wholesome and satisfying, how good
it is . . . as a beverage of moderation
after a hard day's work . . . in the com-
pany of good friends . . . with a home-
cooked meal.

A glass of beer or ale—not of crucial
importance, surely . . . yet it is little
things like this that help mean home to
all of us, that do so much to build morale
—ours and his.

Morale is a lot of little things



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end of a frazzled cigaret, surveyed the field before him with hard, bloodshot eyes. For many days his regiment had been fighting it out in this sector against Jap troops dug into the limestone face of the ridge.

The field telephone buzzed. The colonel listened and growled into it: "We're still going but some of my companies are damned small." A Jap mortar opened up and the men around the colonel flattened out. The C.O. himself did not change his position. He stuck out his chest and spat: "The bastards."

The C.O.'s name was Lewis Burwell Puller, and leathernecks around the world have a special patent of excellence for him. "Chesty" Puller, one of the Corps' most famed field officers, is more than a good marine—he is known as a great marine.

God and Puller. Chesty is Virginia-born. (In Saluda, Va., his wife and four-year-old daughter are waiting out the war.) He was a youngster of 19 when he shipped as a private in 1917. During World War I he chafed aboard ship, a bored, seagoing marine. He saw more action after the war. In Haiti he won the Haitian Military Medal. In Nicaragua he twice won the Navy Cross. He served with the Horse Marines at Peking, with the famed Fourth at Shanghai.

Leathery, compact, of medium height, with a belligerent jaw and a mouth like a trap, Chesty Puller became the model of a professional fighting man.

In 1942 he was a battalion commander when the 1st Division landed on Guadalcanal. Marines will always remember the day when Puller and his outfit, standing one man to every five yards, held a line 2,500 yards long in the jungles of Lunga sector, mowing down charging Japs for four frenzied hours. Puller was everywhere. All through the rain-drenched night Puller coolly kept his thin line intact. A machine gunner said afterward: "I gave thanks to God and Puller."

For his conduct that night: a third Navy Cross.

Fourth Cross. A month later he got in the way of a bursting shell. Seven fragments landed in the indignant Puller's body. The surgeon wanted to tag him as a casualty and evacuate him. "Take that tag and label a bottle with it," Puller roared, "I'll stay here." Later, he ruefully noted in his combat journal: "I found myself unable to keep up with my battalion," and he had to go back to the hospital compound. But he did not stay long.

In December 1943, he landed on Cape Gloucester. He was put in command of a hard-luck battalion which had never been able to work well together. His inspired men paced the attack.

For his heroism and conduct there, Chesty Puller got his fourth Navy Cross—a record in the Corps.

Wooden Crosses. It is not Puller's belligerence and cold nerve alone which make him a great field officer. Chesty says: "It takes a lifetime to become a good officer." Devoted to his men, he watches



... Great Day

Why do we look back to childhood with so much pleasure? . . .

Because first impressions and fresh impressions register more strongly.

But fresh impressions need not be first impressions! Good advertising can keep impression green . . . and gravure can help! The most versatile of all mass reproduction forms has one of the most potent mass vehicles . . . in the Sunday gravure picture sections, first of the picture magazines, with a regular 90% readership among millions of families, at home, every Sunday! And Metropolitan Group has harnessed the vehicles into a major national medium—including 25 major Sunday newspaper circulations, totalling 12,000,000, reaching whole families in half the better homes in the whole country! . . . Make a list that matches your markets; any ten papers get lower Group rates! . . . Get the details . . .

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 New York News • Philadelphia Inquirer • Pittsburgh Press • Providence Journal • St. Louis Globe-Democrat • St. Louis Post-Dispatch
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SOLE U. S. AGENTS

SELLERS COMPANY, LTD. • CHICAGO 5, ILLINOIS

over them like an old hen. Said a sergeant: "You're afraid to talk about the old man because likely as not he'll be right behind you whether you're in a foxhole, on the line during an attack, or standing in line for chow."

He regularly visits the wounded at hospitals, talking to them in his Virginia drawl with a pipe clenched between his teeth, which produces such Pullerisms as "bizouack" for bivouack, "Nitmitz" for Nimitz. Before an attack he spends days with his men encouraging them and carefully inspecting their weapons. They will follow him to hell.

It was hell on Palau for his 1st Regiment—as hot a hell as Chesty has ever stepped into. Some 60% of his unit were casualties.

Weary and unkempt, 46-year-old Chesty watched from under his awning as his men dug the Japs out of their limestone caves. "How do we get them out?" he said somberly. "By blood, sweat, and hand grenades."

Duck or Drake?



Lieut. Colonel Presley H. Rixey

Duck Siwash, the Marine mascot which arrived home last week after starring in beachhead landings at Tarawa, Saipan and Tinian (TIME, Sept. 25), left the Marianas under a cloud, according to reports reaching the U.S. ahead of him. Reason: "He" had laid an egg.

OCCUPATION

First Trial

McMaria Wrobel, small, fiftyish, wore a stylish black hat and real silk stockings. Friedel Souvignier, who is in her middle 40s, sported a blue turban. Blond, 18-year-old Marianne Souvignier's plump legs were bare. Pretty Inger Schoneneberg, 20, wore a black hat on her black hair and a plaid sports skirt. The four trooped nervously into a restaurant on Kornelimünster's town square.

The four were defendants last week in the first military court held by the U.S. Army in Germany. Against all of them was the same charge: re-entering their homes, which had been declared out-of-

70

TIME, OCTOBER 9, 1944

PRECISION PARTS



HAVE AN ACE UP YOUR SLEEVE FOR POST-WAR

How about that post-war product you have been rolling around in your mind? Let Ace help you plan its construction and production. Ace has a complete service offering many real advantages to anyone considering products that involve small parts and assemblies requiring stamping, machining, heat-treating, or grinding.

Here under one roof are the ingenuity and modern equipment to help you design that product of yours... make the necessary tools and dies... and put it into production. Furthermore, on certain products, we have a complete sales and merchandising staff to put it on the market, if you so desire.

As a veteran of World War II on the production-front and three-time winner of the Army-Navy "E" Award, Ace has acquired the knack of machining delicate parts to incredible accuracies—and doing it fast, on a mass-production basis. In terms of peace-time production, this speed-with-accuracy offers important competitive advantages. Have an Ace up your sleeve. Plan with Ace now.



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for Precision Parts



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bounds because they were close to military installations.

An American officer, explaining the difference between the U.S. Army's policy toward civilians in Belgium and Germany, had said: "In Belgium we ask them; in Germany we tell them." Now Vienna-born Captain Kurt Walitschek, of the U.S. Army, presiding at the summary military court trial of the four women, was prepared to demonstrate that policy.

Witnesses—two MPs—gave their evidence. The women's nattily dressed civilian counsel made no plea, though the women themselves excitedly explained that they had just gone back to their houses to get some clothes. Captain Walitschek listened, found all four guilty, fined them each 2,000 marks (\$200) with the alternative of six months in jail. Friedel Souvignier wept, the others protested. The captain was polite but unmoved. He explained to newsmen that he wanted to set an example of severity. This is the way all U.S. Army courts will deal with those Germans who flout its military laws.

Two other Germans were led before Walitschek: 62-year-old Wilhelm Siemens and his nephew, both accused of stealing \$2 worth of coal which the U.S. Army had seized. According to the law laid down by General Dwight Eisenhower, the penalty for such a crime may be death. Captain Walitschek referred the case to a higher court.

SUPPLY

Persistent Poles

Someone in the Army Service Forces, which thinks of everything, thought that U.S. invasion troops would need a lot of telephone poles. Two years ago troops had scarcely landed on North Africa when ships and trucks arrived laden with poles from the U.S., poles from Argentina, native poles—8,000 in assorted sizes from 20 to 40 feet.

Signal Corps Lieut. John Johnson, of Atlanta, Ga., and others took a baffled look at what A.S.F. had sent, and hurried on. Combat units merely unroll their telephone wires along the ground or string them through handy trees. They have no time to put up poles.

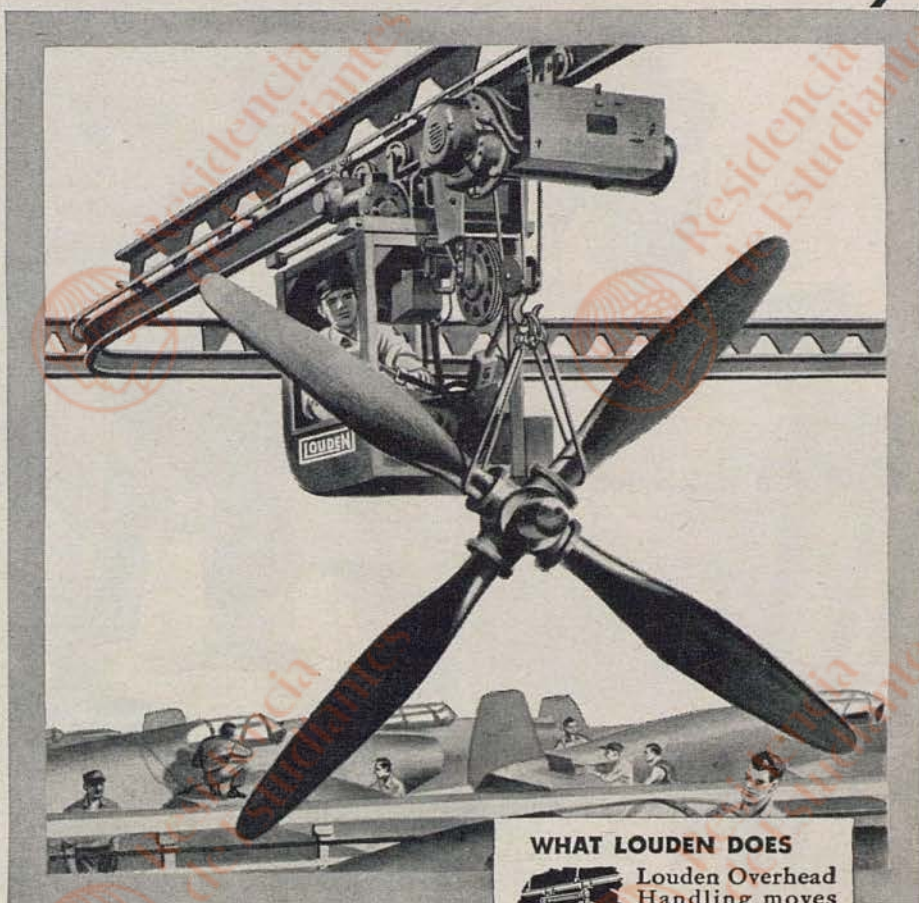
But Service Forces officers had their orders and they carried them out in the old Army way. As the invasion moved across Algeria, they moved the poles. Trucks carried the supply (which included crossarms, insulators, copper wiring) some 400 miles over the mountains to Constantine, on to Mateur, on to Bizerte.

That winter was cold, and soldiers finally found a use for the poles. By the time the Army began jumping into Sicily and up through Italy, some 5,000 poles had disappeared into G.I. bonfires and cookstoves. But last week Lieut. Johnson groaned again. Onto his beach in southern France a ship was unloading the remaining 2,800 poles. "I'm afraid when the war is over and I am back with my family," Johnson declared, "someone is going to deliver those things to my backyard."

TIME, OCTOBER 9, 1944

FOR TODAY'S NEEDS AND TOMORROW'S CHANGES

Louden Overhead Handling



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Louden Overhead Handling moves the transportation of materials, parts and assemblies out of the way of men and equipment, to the unused factory ceiling, saves floor areas for production. It can reach machines, bins, tables, ovens, etc., otherwise inaccessible... can travel from machine to machine, department to department, building to building... from the receiving door through the entire plant to the shipping platform. It can consist of simple, manually-operated hoists, cranes, and carriers; floor-operated power units; cab-operated types; or the amazing new dial-operated Louden Automatic Dispatch System. A wide range of track sizes permits proper engineering of each Louden installation to load requirements. Many of America's most modern factories are completely Louden equipped and the full list of Louden users reads like a roll call of the world's leading industrials.



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LOUDEN OVERHEAD MATERIAL HANDLING SYSTEMS

Untangle Men, Machines, Manufacturing and Material Handling

IN THIS "SPOT" - I'M GLAD THEY'RE TUNG-SOL

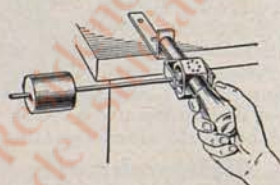


The blistering heat and humidity of the tropics is but one of the many conditions that must be provided for in the manufacture of Electronic Tubes. The cement used to secure the bases to the glass must not loosen under high temperatures and humidity. This is why the Army and Navy insist on a rigid "torsion-test" of all bases and top caps.

A tough test . . . sure it's tough . . . The importance of the resistance of the cement, to heat and humidity, has always been recognized by Tung-Sol quality control engineers. *Before the war, Tung-Sol Tubes were giving satisfactory service in all parts of the world.*

Many new types of tubes for sending, receiving and amplifying have been developed that will be available to civilians. War has proved the dependability and efficiency of TUNG-SOL Electronic Tubes. While present facilities are now devoted entirely to war work, our engineers are interested in your plans for post-war products that will use Electronic Tubes.

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The tube is subjected to tropic-like heat and humidity for 18 hours, then room temperature for one hour. It is then inserted in a swivel base with a weighted arm. The tube must withstand this terrific twisting strain without the base becoming loose from the glass.

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ELECTRONIC TUBES

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ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF MINIATURE INCANDESCENT LAMPS,
ALL-GLASS SEALED BEAM HEADLIGHT LAMPS AND CURRENT INTERMITTORS

MILESTONES

Married. Private Mickey Rooney, 23, pint-sized cinemadolescent; and Betty Jane Rase, 18, blond, 5 ft. 7 in., Miss Birmingham of 1944, fifth placer in the 1944 Miss America competition; he for the second time; in Birmingham, Ala. Private Rooney wooed & won his beauty in a week, married her on a three-day pass, expected to ship overseas soon.

Divorced. Artie Shaw, 34, mercurial bandleader; by his fourth wife, Elizabeth Kern Shaw, 25, daughter of Composer Jerome Kern; after 2½ years of marriage; in Los Angeles.

Died. Josef Bürckel, 49, veteran Nazi Gauleiter in the Saar, Austria and Lorraine; of pneumonia; in Germany. One of Hitler's earliest henchmen, liquor-swilling Bürckel developed from a dissatisfied elementary schoolteacher into Hitler's top plebiscite fixer.

Died. Frederic Ely Williamson, 68, onetime clerk who rose to be President of the N.Y. Central Railroad (from 1932 until his retirement last September), director of more than 50 U.S. railroads, 1936 winner of the Montclair Yale Club's silver bowl to the Yaleman "who has made his 'Y' in life"; after long illness; in Manhattan.

Died. Thomas Bucklin Wells, 69, expatriate former editor of *Harper's Magazine*; after long illness; in Paris. The fourth of *Harper's* able editors (1919 to 1931),* Yaleman Wells reorganized Harper & Bros.' finances, wiped out a \$1,000,000 debt, retired to Paris in 1931. He was too ill to be moved during the occupation, died several days before the city's liberation.

Died. Sir Leo George Chiozza Money, 74, short, swart, startling British economist, onetime M.P. and *Encyclopedia Britannica* editor; in Bramley, Surrey. Born in Italy as plain Leo Chiozza, he attained a British title, originated Allied shipping strategy against U-boats in World War I. Sir Leo, in letters-to-the-editors, defended Fascist Italy, Nazi Germany and Japan as "frustrated and deprived nations."

Died. Sir William Mulock, 101, eldest of Canada's elder statesmen; in Toronto. In 1906, he dissuaded a young Harvard graduate from a teaching career, thus introduced William Lyon Mackenzie King to Canadian politics. Sir William spent 23 years in politics, 31 years on the Ontario bench, 20 years as Chancellor of the University of Toronto.

* The others: Henry Raymond, founder of the *N.Y. Times*; Alfred Guernsey; Henry Mills Alden, sponsor of Mark Twain and Henry James. Present editor: Historian Frederick Lewis Allen (*Only Yesterday*).

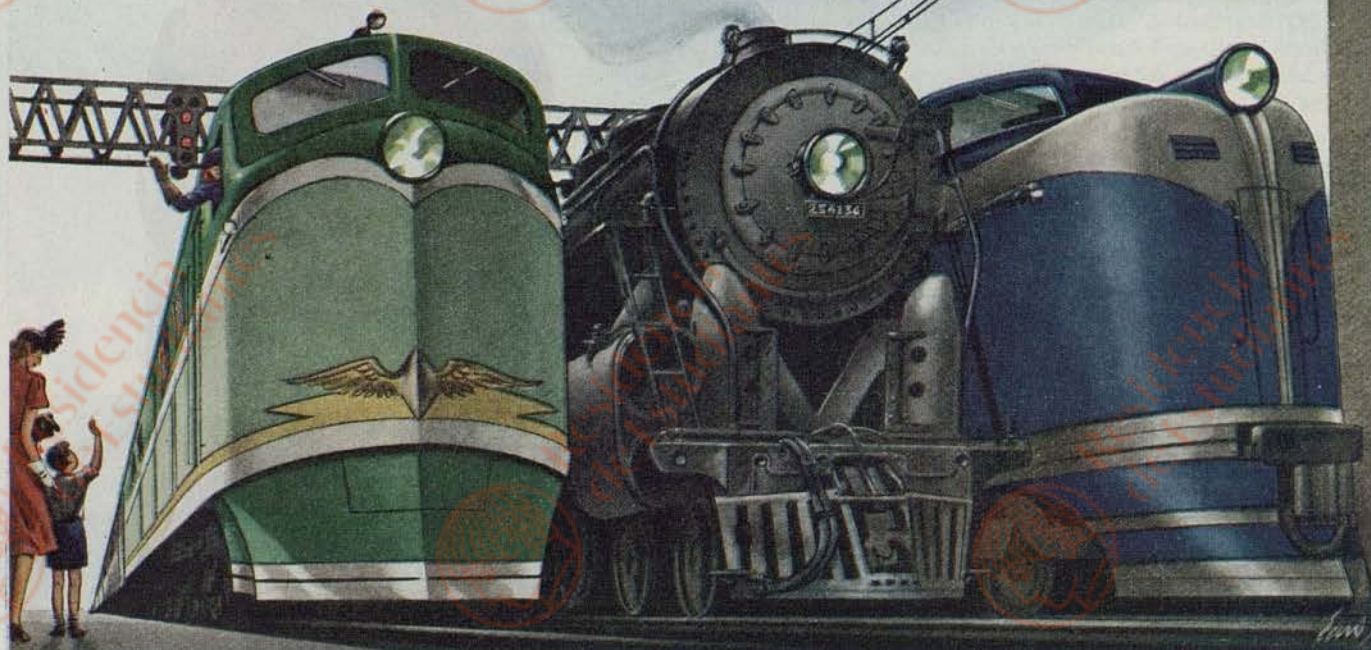
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In the electric locomotive, the pantograph picks up current from the overhead system of copper and bronze. Copper bus bars convey the current within the locomotive. Copper-wound transforming equipment adapts the current to the traction motors. Copper commutator segments and miles of copper wire in the coils give these monsters life.

In the modern diesel locomotive,

copper tubes supply fuel to the mighty internal combustion engines. Copper alloy heat exchanger tubes provide the radiation to dissipate engine heat. Numerous valve parts and a multiplicity of bearings depend on copper alloys. And where diesels employ electric drive, copper again is a major material in generators and motors.

In the traditional steamer, still the wheel horse of railroading, copper and copper alloys are also vital... in rod bearings, valves, injectors, feed-water heater tubes, in flexible metal tubing to dampen vibration and connect moving parts, in pumps and generators.

And in each of these locomotive types, copper and brass are indis-

pensable materials in lubrication and control systems, and in the automatic electronic signal devices that help to make America's railroads the safest in the world.

In combining the properties of strength, ready workability, resistance to corrosion and high thermal and electrical conductivity, copper and its alloys are vital to modern railroading, essential to mechanized war... and a basic need of all industry.

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RADIO

Congress on the Air?

The idea of putting Congress on the air might appeal to many a U.S. citizen, but to most Congressmen the idea is nightmarish. Last week the nightmare threatened them: Senator Claude Pepper of Florida had introduced a joint resolution calling for Congressional debate on the national networks.

Congress can be expected to keep Senator Pepper's proposal a bad dream for some time to come, but the Senator has great hopes for the future. Manhattan Station WMCA is with him, has already offered its facilities.

Congress has never been on the air, but the House once had a short-lived loud-speaker system. Speaker John Nance Garner of Texas, before whom the microphone was placed, abolished it the second day it was in operation. Wishing a short snort after a rugged session, "Cactus Jack" heard that a member was about to deliver a "special order" speech. Said Speaker Gar-

years (1938-1940). They were such a farcical success that the Councilmen eventually voted themselves off the air.

Senator Pepper is one Congressman not afraid to be wired for sound. He also advocates television (perhaps envisioning the toe-&-fan dance which Representative Dewey Short of Missouri performed on the House floor in the process of defeating a bill to establish a Bureau of Fine Arts). Says Senator Pepper in support of his bill:

"I think it would do wonders to raise the standard of debate in Congress. I think, too, that . . . it would raise the level of Congress. It would improve the process of making Democracy work.

"If the people could listen daily to Congress and they got tired of too much dullness, they'd either change the membership or register their will in some fashion. If we don't broadcast the proceedings some time and keep step with the advance of radio, the people are going to begin asking whether we are afraid to let them hear what we are saying. It's their business we are transacting. . . ."

According to Huth

For years to come the world is likely to depend on the U.S. as the supplier of radio sets and tubes.

This cheerful hint to the U.S. radio industry was offered last week as a serious opinion by a man entitled to have one—Arno Huth, encyclopedic international radio investigator of Switzerland's Geneva Research Center (TIME, Dec. 14, 1942).

Huth calculated that immediately after the war the U.S. would want eight to ten million receiving sets; Europe, five million; Latin America, two to three million; Asia, two million ("but Asia's demand may skyrocket within a few years to 20 million sets"). "The European industry," he continued, "will be unable to cover this demand. English factories will be busy filling home orders; the German industry will be badly wrecked by air raids; and the biggest European exporters, Holland's Philips' works in Eindhoven, must be rebuilt. France and Italy [will be out of] international competition for some time to come. Hungary's production capacity is a maximum of 50,000 sets annually. Switzerland and Sweden are both producing good-quality sets and might export to world markets. . . ."

Further observations from Author Huth's book, *Radio Today and Tomorrow*, being published in Zurich:

¶ After the war London will have a "Radio City" like Manhattan's.

¶ A development "likely to be imitated" is a new French station called *Information Permanente* which broadcasts nothing but information, including news (15 times a day), programs of the French radio, Paris opera, theater, cinema and vaudeville, stock-exchange prices, commercial news.

¶ "There will be little immediate change in the average [postwar] radio set."



SENATOR PEPPER

"It would do wonders . . ."

ner, forgetting that his lightest word could be heard all over the chamber: "Now what is that son of a bitch going to talk about?" After adjournment, Speaker Garner told House electricians: "Get that damned thing off of there! I don't need it, and I won't have it!"

New Zealand Does It. Senator Pepper's Joint Resolution No. 145, now locked up in the Senate Committee on Rules, has its precedents. For the last eight years New Zealand has broadcast its Parliamentary debate—with apparent benefits to all concerned (TIME, Nov. 1, 1943). Manhattan's station WNYC broadcast the proceedings of the New York City Council for two

TIME, OCTOBER 9, 1944

NEW ideas for your postwar home! Hobby rooms designed by nationally known architects. See them in the October issue of *Better Homes & Gardens*.



THANKS!



*"We're finally discovering what our postwar home can be like, in a believable, practical way—thanks to *Better Homes & Gardens*."*

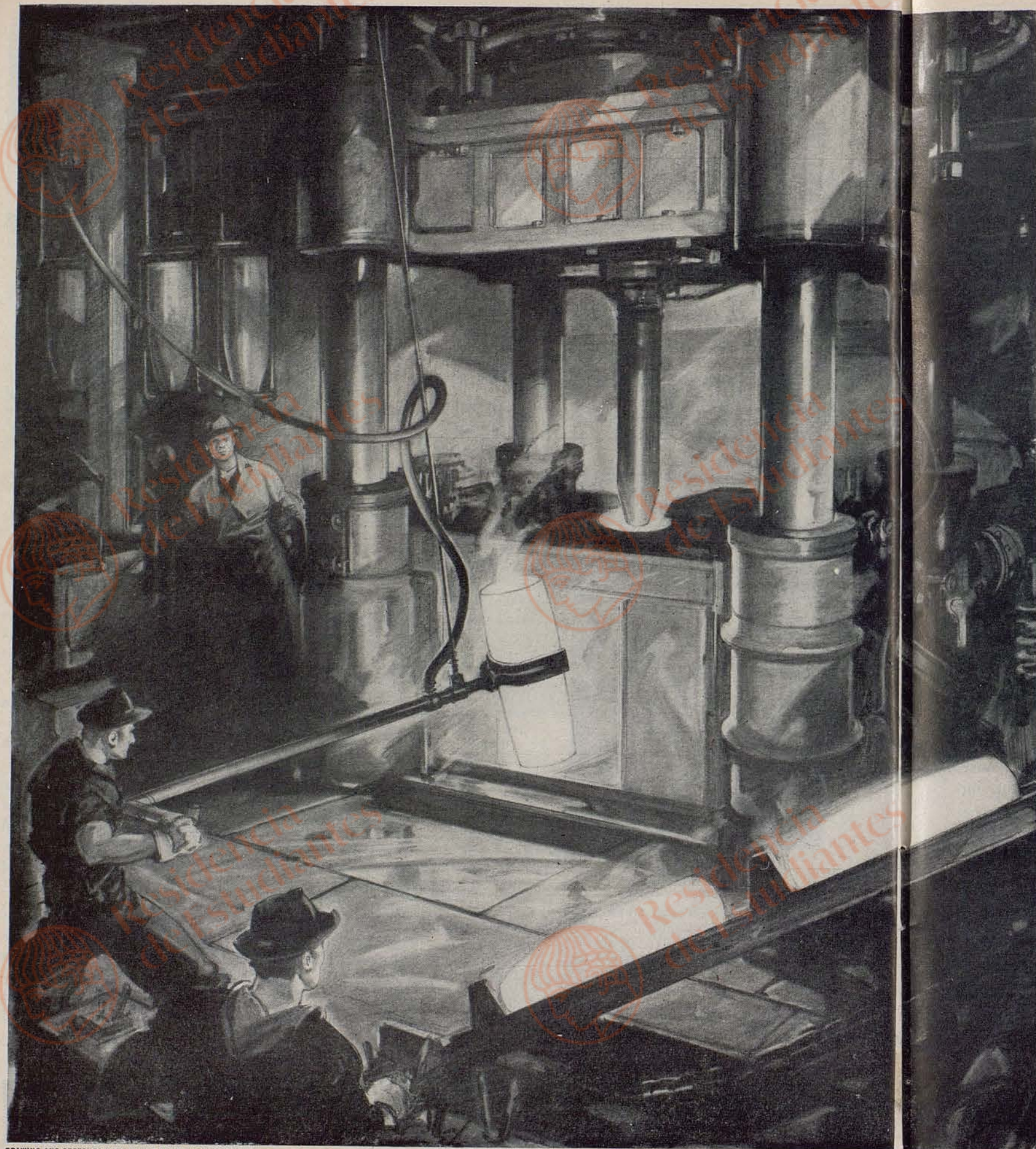
In its October issue, *Better Homes & Gardens* continues a series of articles devoted to home design, which emphasize the importance of planning tomorrow's homes from the inside out. Full-scale, four-color models picture the new comfort and convenience obtainable thru new materials and new ways with old materials.

Some of the ideas are breathtaking but all are possible and attainable. They are but one reason for *Better Homes & Gardens* acceptance by families living everywhere as the practical guide to present and future family living.

Better Homes & Gardens

America's Family-Service Home Magazine

MEREDITH PUBLISHING COMPANY, DES MOINES 3, IOWA



DRAWING AND SKETCHES MADE AT THE J&L MCKEESPORT WORKS BY ORISON MACPHERSON

Machining an
8-inch shell



STEEL SERVES THE GUNS WITH MILLIONS OF SHELLS

Steel moves along shell production lines in a smooth, continuous flow. Each operation brings it nearer the size and shape used to drench the enemy with destruction—at lowest cost in American lives.

Converting steel into many different types of shells by the millions calls for adaptability of resources and equipment, for ability of management to solve new production problems quickly, and for resourcefulness of men and women workers in mastering new skills and methods.

The American *will to do*—at J&L and throughout the steel and allied industries—is such that the shell program keeps pace with the changing needs of the armed forces and supplies the guns as the gunners serve them—swiftly, accurately, with devastating effectiveness.

JONES & LAUGHLIN STEEL CORPORATION



PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

CONTROLLED QUALITY STEEL FOR WAR

Inspecting 105 mm shells



Pressing rotating bands on shell



BIG SHELLS SAVE LIVES

"Black Panther," invasion pin-up gun, is an Army Ordnance 8-inch 23-ton mobile weapon that fires 256 pounds of steel and high explosive a distance of 20 miles so accurately it will drop its big shells "right on the courthouse steps." This gun out-ranges Germans' best gun by 2 miles, fires shell 100 lbs. heavier. Half the total production of steel shells is being made in Pittsburgh Ordnance District for the "Black Panther" and the 14-ton, 8-in. howitzer on wheels, maximum range 10 miles.

Cannon derives from "kanna," Greek for tube, literally a hollow reed, like bamboo.

Drenching the enemy with big shells to save American lives was theme of a demonstration-conference Army Ordnance Chiefs recently held with other shell manufacturers at McKeesport (Pa.) Works of Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation. Led by Maj. Gen. Levin H. Campbell, Chief of Ordnance, and Brig. Gen. R. E. Hardy, Chief, Ammunition Branch, the party inspected plant where bomb line was converted to artillery 8-in. shell line (see illustration) in record time.

Propaganda shot to enemy in howitzer shells is working to break Axis morale, the army reports. 105mm shells, (over 3 million produced in J&L McKeesport Works), are timed to burst over enemy territory, scattering printed leaflets telling truth about war. They are well received, prisoners report.

Gun barrel got its name from 14th century Flemish weapons made of iron strips fashioned into long tubes and bound by hoops, like wine casks or barrels.

First gun using powder was built in Flanders about 1314. Called "fire pot," it was shaped like a vase, shot heavy, 4-sided, iron-headed arrows, was fired by wary gunner with lighted taper, who touched priming powder—and ran.

Gunpowder not Chinese invention, in opinion of many historians. Some give credit now to Roger Bacon, English author and alchemist (1214-1292).

First shell forgings for this war made on an upsetter were produced by J&L Aliquippa Works in 1940 for British 6-inch shell. Using peace-time machinery without conversion, these forgings effected a substantial saving of steel. Aliquippa and Pittsburgh Works of J&L, as well as McKeesport Works, are furnishing great quantities of bomb casings, shell blanks and fragmentation bombs.

"He shall flee from the iron weapon and the bow of steel shall strike him through" (Job, 20, Oxford Bible) is one of few references in Scriptures to these metals applied to weapons of war. This prediction of startling timeliness foretells that: "The triumphing of the wicked is short. Though his height mount up to the heavens and his head reach into the clouds, yet he shall perish forever. And the earth shall rise up against him."

POWDER OF LIFE



This is a handful of penicillin.

Yesterday it was amber drops of liquid excreted by *penicillium notatum* or common mold.

Today it is a powder ready to be shipped to some battlefield.

Tomorrow it may save a life.

In a great measure the triumph of penicillin is a triumph for air conditioning and refrigeration.

At Cheplin, Hayden, Lederle, Pfizer and Reichel—mass producers of penicillin—York-built air conditioning systems keep the nurturing tanks at just the right temperature for proper growth.

After the golden drops are extracted from the parent mold, York refrigeration takes over.

The liquid penicillin is frozen enabling evaporation to take place in a high vacuum at temperatures low enough to keep alive the bacteria-killing properties of the drug. The result is the stable powder that you see above.

Although penicillin has been put on a mass production basis, research still goes on. Scientific medicine will certainly discover new types of disease-killing molds and develop new and better methods of production.

Just as certainly the science of cooling will match their efforts with the necessary equipment to perform the tasks they require.

York Corporation, York, Penna.



YORK REFRIGERATION AND AIR CONDITIONING

HEADQUARTERS FOR MECHANICAL COOLING SINCE 1885

BUSINESS & FINANCE

SHORTAGES

The First 2,000,000

Russia tried to buy 2,000,000 artificial legs on the American market last week.

The small U.S. factories, already far behind on domestic orders, could not help out—none of them produces more than 5,000 artificial limbs a year. The Soviets, who must step up their own small output, are already studying American methods. For 2,000,000 false legs was only a starting estimate; after three and a half years of continuous fighting, the number of war cripples in Russia is unknown.

AUTOS

Nine Months or Two

Detroit's automakers last week sat down on one side of a long table in Detroit's New Center Building. Their faces were grave. On the other side of the table sat some 30 newsmen from New York, Washington, Chicago and Cleveland. They had been invited to Detroit so that they could hear and tell the U.S. the sad story of the automakers. The story: optimistic talk of overnight conversion of the auto industry to car production, come an early V-E day, is stuff & nonsense.

Solemnly, with due regard for the ears of competitors at the same table, the automakers sketched in the dark picture. C. E. Wilson, white-thatched General Motors president, estimated that by Jan. 1 G.M. would have only 17% of the machine tools needed to turn out 50% of its pre-war car production (the quota tentatively set by WPB). The rest of the tools are not even promised until next June 1. K. T. Keller, the chunky, soft-voiced boss of Chrysler Corp., deftly added some dark shading. "Before Chrysler can build its first car, it must clear 17,000,000 square feet of floor space . . . install 1,000 miles of conveyors, and set up at least 24,000 machine tools."

Low Gear for Autos. The gloom was slightly relieved by George Christopher, president of Packard. He predicted little reconversion unemployment for Detroit because 1) plants will be busy on Japanese war work, 2) workers will be needed for the reconversion job itself.

Then the automakers said they want:

¶ A new Governmental policy which will give them a free hand in moving U.S.-owned tools and materials from their plants, i.e., let them do it as fast as they moved out their own in converting to war.

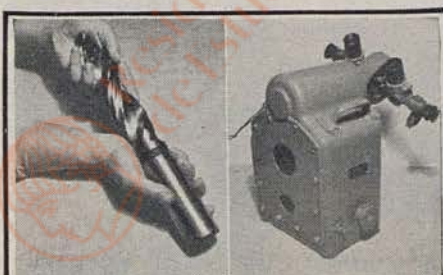
¶ Overriding priorities for the auto industry which will permit it, and other industries wholly converted to war, to get machine tools ahead of all other civilian industries. (Two days later WPB boss Krug turned down this suggestion.)

Without these clearances, the bigwigs gloomily predicted that the first cars may not roll out till as late as nine months after V-E day. Added G.M.'s Wilson:

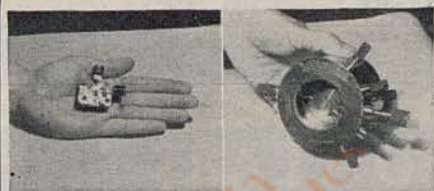
TIME, OCTOBER 9, 1944

Home Front Tsar Jimmy Byrnes must have "misunderstood" the problem when he blithely predicted cars within three months after Germany quits.

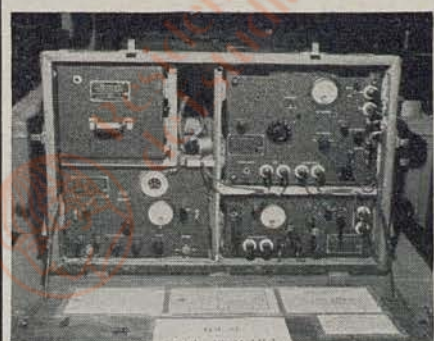
High Gear for Ford. Next day the newsmen traveled to Willow Run, sat down with Ford executives for lunch.



DRILL **HEIGHT FINDER**
Cost \$75: worth 10¢ Cost \$8,000: worth 0¢



FIRING-PIN GAUGE **FUSE GAUGE**
Cost \$600: worth 1¢ Cost \$800: worth 25¢



PORTABLE RADIO SENDING SET
Cost \$660: worth 0¢

HIGH-PRICED JUNK

The pictures above illustrate a prime problem of surplus U.S. property. Thousands of items no longer needed in the war are piling up in inventories. Come war's end, the U.S. may own some \$100,000,000,000 in property. Much of it will be worthless in peace, either because there is no civilian market or because the War Department has no merchandising facilities for individual buyers. Furthermore, the cost of salvaging usable materials from some items like the special-purpose radio set is more than the value of the materials obtainable. Consequently, the War Department has set a sensible policy: junk such surpluses promptly. Last week, one brass hat summed up: "Hoarding such property just because prices obtainable seem ridiculous costs much more in the end."

There they got a shock. Ray Rausch, the plump, candid production boss of the Rouge plant, calmly predicted that the Ford company would turn out its first cars two months after V-E day.

"But," butted one astounded newsmen, "that contradicts all we were told."

Rausch stuck to his prediction. He knows that the Ford company can do what most others cannot—it can make its own machine tools in the integrated Rouge plant. But he also knew something which had been carefully soft-pedaled before the newsmen. Come V-E day, the hyper-competitive automaten will clear their plants of Government-owned equipment and materials in their own way, argue with the Government later on how it should have been done. Thus the two days of foofaraw simply boiled down to the fact that the automaten sensibly wanted to scrap now the tangle of red tape which may hold up reconversion. But they have no intention of letting it stand in the way of 1) making jobs, 2) producing cars. As Rausch summed up: "When we start turning out cars the rest of the boys will be right with us, or not far behind. They've got to be."

Autos by Fisher?

A break came last week in the fog of rumor which has swirled about the Fisher Brothers since they quit General Motors (TIME, Aug. 14). The Brothers filed incorporation papers in Lansing, Mich. for two new companies, Fisher Brothers, Inc. and Fisher Motor Car Co. (They had previously incorporated in Delaware.) The companies, each of which has 1,000 shares of no par common stock, declared their purpose to design, manufacture, sell, repair and deal in airplanes, automobiles and "any & all automotive products." As usual, the Fishers kept their actual plans to themselves. Detroit's guess: the Fisher plans are still nebulous, and formation of the companies at this time is merely to protect the Fisher name. But it was the first move of the Fishers to back up their promise to jump into the auto industry in a big way.

Down to the Minimum

The U.S. is down to the last thin line of motorcars essential to the maintenance of its civilian economy. At the rate of 4,000 a day, the nation's much-enduring cars (average age 6.3 years) are rolling off the roads into the junk piles. By year's end, the Office of Defense Transportation predicts, only 23,750,000 privately owned passenger cars will be operating v. 29,507,000 in 1941.

In reserve are only some 650,000 used cars held by dealers or in storage, and less than 20,000 new 1942 models not yet released. The margin of safety in the U.S. car supply is as thin as the tires on many of the cars still rolling.

Passenger tire production for this year will be between 15,000,000 and 18,000,000—far short of the scheduled 22,000,000



INSTALLED 280 YEARS AGO



STILL IN SERVICE

In the year 1664, the King of France ordered the installation of a cast iron water main to supply the town and parks of Versailles. Unless recently bombed out, this water main, a section of which has been photographed as shown

above, is still in service. The long life of cast iron pipe, its low maintenance cost and its salvage or re-use value, are reasons why more than 95% of the water mains in the United States are cast iron mains. They serve for centuries.

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**CAST IRON PIPE
SERVES FOR CENTURIES**

estimated minimum tire requirements for civilian cars. Mechanics available to keep cars in repair have fallen some 44,000 short of the needed 250,000.

Gloomiest note: even with the best of luck, next year the attrition rate will rise to 2,000,000 cars.

COMMODITIES

The Cotton Grab

Last June Alabama's desk-farmer, Senator John H. Bankhead, headed the Congressional bloc that shoved through a law forcing the Government to make every effort to buy cotton, wheat and other farm products at 100% of parity.* Cotton prices had soared over 100% since 1939, but John Bankhead wanted more: specifically, he wanted cotton prices to rise nearly 1¢ more a pound. Because cotton and wheat production have been consistently greater than domestic consumption, the law of supply & demand had long worked against Bankhead's dream of top prices for these commodities. Futures prices in the open markets were constantly sagging under pressure of grain elevators stuffed with surplus wheat, and the Government warehouses stood glutted with the six million bales of surplus cotton which the Commodity Credit Corp. had taken off the farmers' hands.

Economics by Law. After his law was signed by President Roosevelt, John Bankhead waited & waited, three long months, for War Food Administrator Marvin Jones to get busy and buy cotton. Marvin Jones showed no enthusiasm—he was having trouble enough buying the avalanche of wheat pouring into midwest markets.

Last week Bankhead could wait no longer. It was Congressional vacation time, and his Southern voters were waiting for some proof of the \$50 million gift from the taxpayers. Bankhead turned on the heat; Marvin Jones hastily ordered the Commodity Credit Corp. to start buying cotton at parity, beginning Oct. 2. This was believed to be a temporary policy of expediency, to apply to the 1944 crop only—but the consternation in the trade was the commodity news of the week.

When the Jones announcement was flashed to the commodity exchanges, promptly the textile mills sharply curtailed selling cotton goods for future deliveries. They remembered an almost

* Parity is an abstraction (which TIME regularly explains in a footnote) that the Department of Agriculture computes every month on the basis of information it gets from 20,000 reporters: 1) the current prices for every major farm crop; 2) the costs of 174 things the farmer buys—food, clothing, furnishings, seed, feed, machinery, fertilizer. The figures are averaged by states, then nationally, then compared with figures that show what farmers got for their produce and paid out for necessities between Aug. 1, 1909 and July 31, 1914, a period of lush agricultural prosperity. The object of parity: to give farmers the same purchasing power now that they had in that period. The reason: when the New Deal started in 1933 to try to get prices for farmers, a yardstick of "fairness" was needed and lobbyists picked a favorable yardstick.



SLEEVE TYPE BEARINGS *for* Every Type of Industry

For the New Product

One sure way to make a sales leader out of your new product is to build real performance into it. The best way of securing performance is to select the *correct* bearing for each application. The easiest way to select the right bearing is to consult with Johnson Bronze.

We are particularly well fitted to assist you. As we manufacture all types of sleeve bearings . . . cast bronze . . . babbitt lined . . . sheet metal . . . powdered bronze, we hold no prejudice for any one kind. All of our experience, our facilities and our research for more than thirty-five years have been devoted to producing better bearings.

Why not call in a Johnson Engineer now? Permit him to review your applications . . . to make recommendations based on your operating requirements. There is one located near you. There is no obligation.

For Maintenance

The operating schedules of practically all machines during the past five years have been terrific . . . without parallel in our industrial history. Yet most manufacturers believe that the schedules for the postwar period will be even greater. How is your equipment going to meet this demand?

The first thing to check is the bearings. No doubt a good many will have to be replaced. When replacement is necessary—specify Johnson Bronze. We offer you the most complete line on the market . . . over 350 sizes of UNIVERSAL Bronze Bars . . . over 800 sizes of plain cast bronze bearings . . . 250 types of Electric Motor Bearings . . . babbitt and Ledaloyl, self-lubricating bearings. Every item in the line is the highest quality possible.

Call your local Johnson Bronze Distributor or write for Catalogue No. 410.

Victory
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*All our present
production is
for Armament*

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WALL STREET

For Investors:
Timely Income Tax Help

With the year-end coming on apace, wise investors are beginning to consider their portfolios in relation to current income tax legislation. To make the work a little easier, to provide the wherefores with which to approach this thorny task intelligently, the nationwide investment firm of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane has just issued the 1944 edition of its Investor's Tax Kit.

Taxpayers can take comfort in the knowledge that taxes are helping to buy a share of victories. Comfort, too, is awaiting them in the simplified tax provisions. However, the provisions are new, require study to be put into use. Thus many a

MERRILL LYNCH TAX KIT
It lightens investor's tax tasks

last-minute headache can be avoided by use of the 1944 Investor's Tax Kit. Reason: It contains a survey of the new tax laws (as they affect the individual)—compiled with particular reference to securities for M L, P, F & B by the Research Institute of America; interprets them in language easy to understand and apply; provides a check list of deductible items. Also included: work sheets for computing Capital Gains and Losses. Here, too, will be found a handy chart which gives a graphic presentation of the treatment of Capital Gains and Losses by individuals, and an unusually interesting four-page folder, entitled "Post-War Tax Plans," giving details and comparisons of the four most widely discussed proposals.

Two sound reasons for sending promptly for a copy of the 1944 Investor's Tax Kit*: 1. It will aid in adjusting portfolios now in order to take full advantage of tax provisions. 2. It will enable investors to begin to assemble necessary figures at once, eliminating last-minute annoyances. Though the Tax Kit is not designed to obviate the need for expert tax counsel, it will provide investors with tools which will help them solve their tax problems more easily.

* The 1944 Investor's Tax Kit will be sent without cost or obligation. Address requests to Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane headquarters, 70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

forgotten joker, a 1938 law which prohibits the CCC from selling more than 300,000 bales of cotton a month in the domestic market. While that law remains on the books, the cotton mills cannot hope to get much more than one-third of their monthly cotton needs from the CCC.

There was another joker. If the mills offer to pay the farmers full parity prices for their cotton, there is no assurance the farmers will sell. The farmers can take out CCC loans up to 95% of parity and hold their cotton off the market. Thus they will take the very good gamble that the parity price a year from now may be moved up even higher, or that the mills will be so desperate for cotton that they will bid prices sky-high.

Bankhead's efforts to squeeze the last penny of profit out of wartime cotton prices actually means nothing less than socialization of the cotton growers. For the Government may well become the sole buyer of their crops, the arbiter of price, and the dictator of production. Even the



Walter Sanders-Black Star
MARSHALL FIELD III
He invaded...

hardest-boiled cotton grabber would admit that under this act and its accompanying policy, free markets and free trading have gone a-glimmering—for as long as the policy lasts.

PUBLISHING

Mr. Field & the Word Business

Walking through Manhattan's Grand Central Station several months ago, platinum-haired Publisher Marshall Field paused in a drugstore, rifled through a 25¢ paper-bound book. It was love at first sight. The book's format, price and easy proximity to masses of people pleased Publisher Field, just as it had pleased millions of other Americans. Enamored as he now is of the word business (the Chicago *Sun*, New York City's *PM*, Cin-

cinnati's radio station WSAI), Publisher Field decided to invade book publishing.

Last week that business was a bedlam of deals, counterdeals and rumors. Over all the excitement hung the invasion threat of Marshall Field's department-store millions. He had stumbled on what book men have pondered for a decade: that by publishing's relatively modest standard there is big money in cheap, mass-distributed books.

Boom in Books. The U.S. book business is booming as never before. In spite of paper rationing, 250 million books were produced last year. Homebound civilians have thumbed books up toward the entertainment class of movies, radio and magazines. The Army & Navy are stimulating a book-reading habit by distributing 3½ million pocket-size books* a month to the armed services.

Grosset & Dunlap, Inc., oldest U.S. reprint firm (1898), has quietly piled up profits for years with 50¢ to \$1.08 reprint editions. In 1938 Doubleday, Doran & Co.'s



Wide World
PUBLISHER BENNETT CERF
...but he won the beachhead.

various reprint subsidiaries (Star Dollar, Blue Ribbon, Triangle, etc.), not content with slow distribution through the nation's 1,000-odd wholesale booksellers, branched out through Woolworth and other chain stores, aiming at some 7,500 distributors. Pocket Books Inc. (25¢) with 70,000 outlets through news dealers, last week sold its 100,000,000th Pocket Book, while paying out its first \$1,000,000 in royalties. Simon & Schuster Inc. made publishing history one year ago by printing, simultaneously, two versions of Wendell Willkie's *One World*. The \$1 "cigar store" version (1,000,000) outsold the \$2 version 4-to-1. This year the \$1 edition

* Overseas and in U.S. hospitals. In addition, the Navy maintains over 5,000 libraries on ships and shore bases, and the Army 1,500 libraries stocked with 15,000,000 volumes.



PATENT APPLIED FOR

RELAXATION AND FREEDOM FROM TRAVEL FATIGUE are the gifts of new design in this magnificent coach. Reaching new standards of luxury and restfulness in low-priced accommodations, this long-distance coach of tomorrow will allow complete relaxation by day and sound sleep at night.

THE NEW *Day-Nite* COACH

CHAISE LOUNGE COMFORT ON WHEELS

Pullman-Standard's latest travel innovation

This new dimension in coach comfort is achieved by superb seating facilities designed with low-angle reclining adjustments that support the whole body while you relax at full length. For added privacy, movable curtains will screen your space from the lights and sounds of the rest of the car, while permitting you to read under a *focalized* light without disturbing your neighbor.

Individual dressing rooms—spacious, modern, and well equipped—will eliminate congestion. Unneeded baggage will be checked into a new, out-of-the-way storage compartment to relieve overcrowded baggage racks and cluttered aisles.

Care for passenger comfort has also included many unseen engineering features . . . smoother riding at high speeds, improved braking and coupling, healthful air-conditioning, cleanliness en route, and sound-deadening. They all add up to a high expression of travel pleasure in safe equipment marked with the prestige of Pullman-Standard design.

★ ★ ★

Soundly engineered and designed, plans for this and many other types of advanced postwar railroad equipment are being shown in Pullman-Standard's Engineering and Research exhibit. They demonstrate how amply we are prepared to meet transportation's requirements as soon as construction of cars is again permitted. This is one of Pullman-Standard's contributions to the problem of postwar reemployment.



The adjustable screens give you added privacy, and restful sleep is made possible because these newly-designed reclining chairs support the whole body and eliminate leg fatigue.



Illustrated above is one of the private dressing rooms; all models of scientific planning, equipped with broad mirrors, ample lights and complete comfort facilities.

Pullman-Standard

CAR MANUFACTURING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

World's largest builders of modern streamlined railroad cars

Offices in seven cities . . . Manufacturing plants in six cities



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"Quality Tells"

In Character and Taste

Scotch Whisky

at its Best!

VAT 69

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF

of Bob Hope's *I Never Left Home* outsold the \$2 book 6-to-1.

Pocket-size books save on paper, composition, binding (many are glued, or "perfect bound" like telephone books, rather than stitched). But the big difference comes in spreading out the production cost. A \$2.50 book (normal printing: 10,000) may cost 40¢ to produce, a 25¢ book (normal printing: 100,000) 10¢.

The Battle Begins. As a preliminary move, Marshall Field hired bookwise Freeman Lewis away from Doubleday, Doran as a "consultant." After long, secret conferences with Pocket Books and with Simon & Schuster (whose officials own 49% of Pocket Books), Publisher Field turned a covetous eye toward Grosset & Dunlap. He was just too late.

Last week Random House's bouncy President Bennett Cerf, editor of the Modern Library, suddenly announced that Grosset & Dunlap had been acquired by a three-firm combination: Random House, Book-of-the-Month Club (575,000 membership) and staid old Harper & Bros. The reprint house, purred Mr. Cerf, with no bow to Mr. Field, would remain in experienced book-publishing hands, would therefore retain its "high standards and traditions." Smart Publisher Cerf looked frankly pleased at having beaten Mr. Field to a buy, chatted happily about "enormous postwar markets," predicted that books would soon be "a flounder business rather than a caviar market."

The trade continued to buzz; lines were forming for a battle of the Titans. Huge, sales-minded Doubleday, Doran, with its stable of reprint subsidiaries, appeared unruffled by all the excitement; Bennett Cerf's new combine watched Publisher Field narrowly. Mr. Field, admitting that "it will be entirely new to me [but] very interesting," continued to confer determinedly with an attentive Simon & Schuster. By week's end Wall Street money, betting on a first-class postwar fight, was busily calling on all the parties concerned, hoping to invest in a winner.

EXCHANGE

The Banks and Bretton Woods

Rising from his labors at Bretton Woods last July, England's Lord Keynes challenged the critics of the Keynes-White plan (for an international Fund and Bank—TIME, July 31). Said he, in sum, the critics must do more than criticize; they must show a better program. Last week W. Randolph Burgess, vice chairman of the National City Bank of New York, accepting the presidency of the American Bankers Association, accepted the challenge. Banker Burgess may have been disturbed by U.S. bankers' criticisms of the Bretton Woods plan—which in general have not offered a constructive substitute. Admittedly most of the criticisms had come from conservative elements, which are most vocal. But Banker Burgess wanted to be constructive. Forthwith he set an A.B.A. committee to the task of restudying and possibly drafting simplified or

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that smokes one cigarette thru another.

removes major part nicotine and tars.

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FILTER CIGARETTE AFTER 20 SMOKES

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YOUR BONDS MEAN DEAD JAPS!

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Lennox
St. Louis

Investors Mutual, Inc.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

The Board of Directors of Investors Mutual, Inc. has declared a dividend of twenty cents per share payable on October 16, 1944 to shareholders on record as of September 30, 1944.

E. E. CRABB, President

Who's an S. B.?*

S. B.'s aren't popular...are you, one of the many who suffer a "Sleepy Brain" in mid-morning, afternoon, evening? One NoDoz Awakener tablet helps give quick mental alertness. Effective two to three hours. Safe.

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HARMLESS AS A CUP OF COFFEE

If you want us to change the address to which TIME is being mailed, please try to let us know four weeks ahead, so you will not miss even one issue during these news-crowded weeks. Thank you.

TIME • 330 E. 22 St., Chicago

alternative ideas to the Bretton Woods proposals.

To the currency stabilization fund blueprint at Bretton Woods, the U.S. banker-critics who have thus far spoken have raised four major objections.

First Objection. The Bretton Woods proposals, they admit, might work in a stable, orderly world. But the postwar world will be neither stable nor orderly. Some countries will be heavily in debt, while others enjoy vast spendable resources. What they term the "delicate" Keynes-White mechanism is not designed to bridge the gap between these two extremes. As an alternative, the bankers advance the "key country approach." Most of the world's trade, they argue, is carried on in pounds and dollars. Therefore, the dollar-pound rate should first be stabilized,



Wide World

BANKER BURGESS

He wanted a simple alternative.

providing a nucleus to which other currencies could anchor at proper levels.

Second Objection. Step No. 1, say the bankers, is for each country to get its budget under control, stabilize its own price level, and roughly balance its external payments and receipts. The Bretton Woods effort to fix exchange rates, even flexibly, they say, is only a third step which must be preceded by political and economic stability, nation by nation.

The fixing of exchange rates was attacked savagely by hard-money Economist Dr. Benjamin M. Anderson, of the University of California at Los Angeles. Wrote Professor Anderson: "Fixed rates in the foreign exchanges are eminently desirable. A temperature of 98.6 in the human body is eminently desirable, but a rigging of the thermometer so that it will always record 98.6 regardless of the fluctuations in the temperature of a sick patient is a rather futile performance."

Third Objection. The banker-critics see at Bretton Woods a credit institution
TIME, OCTOBER 9, 1944

Your Washrooms are the "HEALTH ZONES" of your Plant



MODERN SANITARY WASHROOMS HELP KEEP PRODUCTION UP. Both from the standpoint of efficiency and morale, they're certainly a sound investment. Good washrooms help reduce the number of absences due to illness and women workers especially appreciate them. Today, more and more plant managers are making sure that their washrooms are "Health Zones"—not "Germ Exchanges."



THE MISSING WOMAN (OUT BECAUSE OF A COLD)

Illness absences cost an average of about seven days lost production each year! Every day over a million men and women are absent from their jobs. The common cold and its complications cause about half these illness absences—and the common cold can be spread or checked right in your washrooms. Plenty of hot water, soap and individual tissue towels encourage the thorough washing that cleans away the germs of contagion. For a complete check-up on your washrooms, call on the Scott Washroom Advisory Service to suggest improvements and economies.



THE SCOTT WASHROOM ADVISORY SERVICE* shows how to make ScottTissue Towels go farther. That's now of utmost importance. For instance, our educational material shows how to make ScottTissue Towels go farther. It reminds workers that one "Soft-Tuff" ScottTissue Towel will absorb twice the water left on hands. And it has ten times the previous rub strength, though soft as ever. Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

SCOTTISSUE TOWELS
STAY TOUGH WHEN WET



*Trade Marks "ScottTissue," "Soft-Tuff," "Washroom Advisory Service" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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controlled by borrowers rather than by creditors. They cite U.S. banking history as evidence that would-be borrowers should not pass on loan applications. They also think that too great latitude is allowed on exchange rates. Under the Keynes-White provisions, a nation may devalue its currency 10%, and then return to present its case for another cut to countries that might want a favorable vote on devaluation for themselves. The banker-critics, further, interpret the Keynes-White provisions to mean that devaluation will be the usual recourse of hard-pressed countries, rather than the last resort.

Fourth Objection. Finally, say the bankers, the purpose of the Fund and Bank is to help re-establish international trade on a sound basis. But the machinery to attain this goal already exists in the central banks of the world, acting through the Bank for International Settlements, which, they hold, can do the job better. Some changes in the B.I.S. would be needed, but it would be easier to make such changes than to set up a new organization.

Through all the U.S. arguments runs the thread of gold. At Bretton Woods, the currencies of the world were not hitched firmly enough to gold to suit conventional U.S. finance.

British Objection. English public opinion also balks at the Keynes-White position on gold. But the English balk for just the opposite reasons: to them Bretton Woods is just the old gold standard in new kid gloves—and the British emphatically don't want the old gold standard.

So emotional is the word gold that even Keynes, caught in the U.S.-British cross-fire, was forced into double-talk. In England he termed the plan "the opposite of the gold standard," while at Bretton Woods he recognized gold as "the constitutional monarch."

Last week the debate over Bretton Woods waxed in England. British opinion fears being tied too closely to an inflexible standard of any kind, arguing that England must export. When she finds she is not selling enough abroad, she can cheapen the pound and thus cheapen her goods to her customers. Deprived of devaluation as a sales weapon, she could cheapen her exports only by cutting wages and prices at home.

Another general British fear, as expressed by a London financial editor, is: "We don't mind tying ourselves to America when you're going sky-high, but we can't afford your economic hangovers. The less closely we are tied to an excitable, emotional economy like yours the better."

Like the London *Economist*, the London *Times* is chary of the Bretton Woods plan. The Thunderer advocates bilateral trade agreements, based on the British Empire as a unit.

But Bretton Woods has friends in England. Last week Chancellor of the Exchequer Sir John Anderson rose in the House of Commons, stated that, while the plan advocates gold as a standard of value, "that fact does not in any way

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... and making it better!



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HEWITT Folded Edge Transmission Belting—a belt with 32-ounce high quality, long staple duck plies and high quality insulating compounds.



HEWITT Factory-Built Endless Transmission Belts have a special drum splice which eliminates any break, lapped or cemented joint.

CARRYING loads that vary from as little as a quarter of a horsepower to as much as 1000, rubber transmission belts are the means of putting a huge part of America's horsepower to useful work. The average belt harnesses between 100 and 150 horsepower. To handle this efficiently requires an extraordinary combination of strength, grip and wear-resistance.

That is why so regularly where the going is toughest you will find HEWITT

transmission belts—like those shown here—helping turn out more goods faster. For every HEWITT transmission belt is backed by the experience of an organization that for almost a hundred years has specialized in the production of industrial rubber products.

In fact, HEWITT technicians have pioneered many of the most important developments in industrial rubber products—transmission belts, conveyor belts, packing and hose of all kinds. For in-

stance, their introduction years ago of the use of synthetic rubber for oil and gasoline hose. Or their more recent development of the mass production methods that make HEWITT the largest producer of the famous self-sealing gasoline tanks for pursuit planes.

Right now HEWITT engineers are busy planning still finer postwar industrial rubber products. They will be ready for you soon—and your HEWITT distributor will be waiting to supply your needs.

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RUBBER

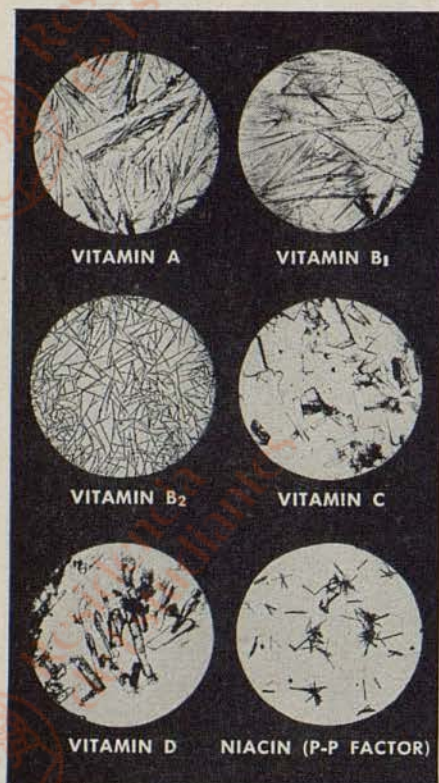
CORPORATION, Buffalo 5, N. Y.

VITAMINS

Deceptive Meals

Sitting down to a "square meal" of fruit cup, roast ham, mashed potatoes, cabbage, salad and milk, few Americans would realize that this filling menu might be sadly lacking in vitamins; most would indignantly pooh-pooh any such intimation.

Yet those familiar with recent vitamin



VITAMINS MICROPHOTOED

... now they're there, now they aren't

research would readily agree that this could easily be the case. Let's examine this meal vitamin-wise.

What Cooks?

¶ The fruit cup: From the instant fruit is cut with a kitchen knife it loses vitamins through contact with air. Tests showed that only when chopped, not sliced, with a plastic chopper and then served immediately did fruits maintain their highest vitamin potency; even then some vitamins were lost.

¶ The ham: Tests showed that ham may lose up to 58% of its Vitamin B₁ by the time it is stored, cured and roasted ready for you to eat it. Generally, vitamin losses in meat average from 4 to 30%, after cooking, for Vitamins B₁, B₂ and Niacin.

¶ The potatoes: Under ideal conditions they are a good source of Vitamin C (ascorbic acid). But tests showed that mashed potatoes lost 39% of their ascorbic acid during steaming, and up to 95% after being cooked and left standing on the table.

Down the Drain

¶ Cabbage: Vitamins B₁, B₂, and C often "wash out" of vegetables before you eat

them. While cabbage will retain 85% of its Vitamin C when steamed slightly, when boiled and left standing it loses as much as 95% of its original Vitamin C content.

¶ Salad: A mere two-day wait in the store and salad vegetables suffer. Two days at 70 degrees and spinach will lose 70% of its Vitamin C value, green beans will lose 25% and swiss chard 65%.

¶ Milk: This is a similarly amazing story. Only during four months of the year does milk possess such Vitamin A potency that one quart would furnish half the recommended daily allowance. In mid-winter it was found one quart furnished only about one-seventh the daily allowance. What's more, sunlight on a milk bottle as it stands on the door-step can steal in an hour 40% of the Vitamin B₂—and in three hours 72%.

In short, soil, growing conditions, transportation, storage, preparation and cooking, all conspire to rob food of vitamins.

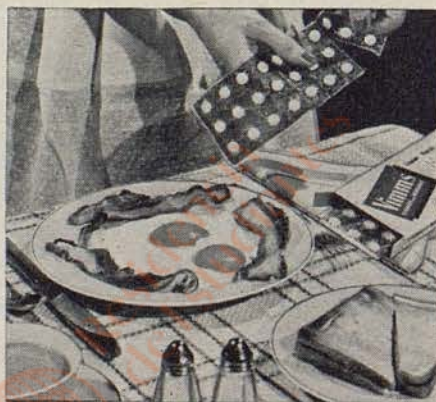
U. S. Government surveys—others too—showed that 3 out of 4 persons didn't get enough vitamins and minerals from their meals. Thus, especially with winter ahead, a good vitamin-mineral supplement such as Vimms is recommended to make up for what is not obtained in the diet.

Iron—Other Minerals Too

Vimms are specially designed to supply all the vitamins that Doctors and Government experts agree are essential in the diet, along with commonly lacking minerals: Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus.

Highly important is the fact that Vimms contain vitamins and minerals both, for certain vitamins play their full role only when working in conjunction with certain minerals and vice versa.

Scientists found that no one tablet or capsule could contain all the vitamins and minerals in the Vimms formula and still be easily swallowed. So Vimms come in



THREE, NOT ONE
... minerals too are essential

3 easily swallowed (and pleasant-tasting) tablets per day.

Available at any drug store, Vimms, when taken daily, will raise the average diet up to or above the Recommended Daily Allowances for vitamins and minerals as adopted by the National Research Council.

justify the assertion that acceptance of the plan would involve a return in this country to the gold standard." Generally, the liberal and middle-ground economists are less suspicious of the plan than economists of either the extreme right or left wings.

Banker Burgess' committee, aware of all this—and of the fundamental necessity for a workable international fiscal arrangement—would have its hands full for many weeks to come. But, as Banker Burgess well knew, the very appointment of this committee should serve to make the critics patient for a time.

INSURANCE

The Women

Rosie the riveter is buying more insurance. The Life Insurance Sales Research Bureau, an insurance fact-finding agency, last week found that women will buy 35% of all life-insurance policies this year v. 25% in 1942. The average policy bought by a woman, they found, is \$1,544, v. \$3,894 for the average male policy. So, women will buy only 18% of 1944's total output, in dollar volume. But housewives, who bought 31% of feminine insurance in 1942, bought only 21% of the feminine market in 1944.

MANPOWER

Racket on the Alleys

A new black market burgeoned in Chicago. The commodity: bowling-alley pin boys, who are the key cog in the industry, and are at a premium because of the manpower shortage. To beat this bottleneck, some alley proprietors are hijacking the "pin boys" (usually older men) working for other alleys.

Hijackers lure experienced pin boys away from alleys by offering them 9¢ or 10¢ a score-card line instead of the ceiling wage of 8¢. The teen-agers still available can be bought by the mere offer of a hamburger or a hot dog, and will then work in a new alley for the ceiling wage. But proprietors are reluctant even to waste a hamburger on the young boys, because they are undependable. One desperate proprietor offered a group of high-school boys 15¢ a line so he could hold a tournament—then had to call the tournament off when they all walked out at the last minute.

CORPORATIONS

Autopsy

For the second time in 60 years Procter & Gamble, makers of Ivory Soap ("It Floats"), faced the embarrassing situation. A customer had sent in a bar that would not float (TIME, Oct. 2). Last week the baffled research staff performed a thorough autopsy on the sullen bar, came up from its powdered remains still baffled but with a lathery explanation: "Floating soap floats because it has been whipped about like a cake batter. In storage, this particular bar might have been compressed and its tiny air pockets crushed."

Interesting facts about another Industry through
which Bemis Bags serve every American family



PORTRAIT OF A GREAT AMERICAN TREASURE

Yes, it's a bean.

Multiply it, of course, by the 2¼ billion pounds produced by the American dried bean industry last year . . . and you have one of our country's truly great treasures.

Because so much food is crammed into that little oval package, our government is sending half of our bean crop overseas—for our armed forces, relief and rehabilitation, and Lend-Lease.

Meanwhile, our appetite and need for beans has been as keen as ever here at home . . . and American growers and

shippers have done a great job in keeping us supplied. Last year they produced about 2¼ billion pounds . . . one-third more than the average for the previous ten years. That was partly because acreage was increased 20 per cent, partly because better seed and cultivation increased yield-per-acre about 15 per cent.

When we're being thankful that America has avoided a "short diet" in these difficult times, let us keep in mind this great national treasure—the tasty, nutritious bean.

Most beans are originally shipped in 100-lb. bags and the industry uses millions of them annually. Bemis has, for scores of years, been a major supplier to bean growers and shippers.

Bemis makes shipping bags of almost limitless types and sizes for literally hundreds of uses . . . and new uses are developing constantly. Almost everything you eat, wear or use may make at least part of its trip to you in a Bemis Bag.

DO YOU KNOW BEANS?



Beans were cultivated in Europe in Prehistoric days. The Swiss grew them in the Bronze Age. The "Iliad" mentions them as "sentil" and they have been found in Trojan ruins.



Beans rank high among all foods in content of protein, calcium, iron, calories and vitamin B. Dollar-for-dollar or pound-for-pound, they are among our most nutritious foods.



Expert hand pickers and electric-eye pickers, magically efficient, sort out discolored and imperfect beans to assure you top quality and best eating.



Leading bean-producing States are widely distributed. They are Michigan, California, Colorado, Idaho, Wyoming, New York and New Mexico.

YOUR WISEST INVESTMENT . . . WAR BONDS!

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GENERAL OFFICES: ST. LOUIS



Burlap, Cotton and Paper Bags

23 PLANTS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY



An important message to previous Tucson visitors

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For information and free booklet, write our 23-year, non-profit Tucson Sunbline Climate Club, 4410-A Rialto, Tucson, Arizona.

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P.S. War hasn't changed Tucson's famous climate. Skies are still blue, air is warm, dry, invigorating!

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MEDICINE

What about Cancer?

The influence of heredity on cancer was a topic for 40 experts in Bar Harbor, Me. last week. They concluded that they knew very little about it. The meeting was called by Dr. (of Science) Clarence Cook Little, head of the Roscoe B. Jackson Memorial Laboratory where, since its founding in 1929, the devious ways of mouse cancer have been studied. Some things the experts did not know:

¶ How to define the word cancer (they finally agreed that, for the present, a cancer is whatever a qualified pathologist thinks it is).

¶ Why some mice develop cancers when suckled by mice of a cancerous strain.

¶ Whether identical twins are more likely to get identical cancers than ordinary brothers & sisters.

¶ Whether susceptibility to cancer depends chiefly on inherited factors, body chemicals or external environment.

Though the experts emphasized their own ignorance, the meeting brought hope to many cancer researchers: it passed a 14-point resolution outlining a program for coordinated cancer research—the first time in the U.S. that a concerted attack on the disease has been organized.

Daughters for Harvard

Resolved: That no woman of true delicacy would be willing in the presence of men to listen to the discussion of the subjects that necessarily come under the consideration of the student of medicine.

Resolved: That we are not opposed to allowing woman her rights, but do protest against her appearing in places where her presence is calculated to destroy our respect for the modesty and delicacy of her sex.

That was what Boston medical men thought about women medical students in 1850. The faculty of Harvard decided nevertheless to admit a woman, but in the face of the doctors' resolutions she withdrew her application.

Last week the faculty, with the approval of the Harvard Board of Overseers and the more arcane Harvard Corporation, renewed its invitation to women, added no frowning resolutions. In 1945, the medical school will break the traditions of 163 years.

Women Unwanted. The question of admitting women was first discussed at Harvard in 1847, when Elizabeth Blackwell, later the first U.S. woman doctor, was knocking at medical-school doors. (She never applied at Harvard, because Geneva Medical College took her.) The question arose again in 1872, when Dr. Marie Elizabeth Zakrzewska, a former associate of Elizabeth Blackwell and her sister Emily at their New York Infirmary for Women & Children, proposed that the Boston Female Medical School, where she had taught, merge with Harvard. On

Harvard's refusal, her school joined Boston University School of Medicine.

U.S. prejudice against women in medicine is still evident. The percentage of women doctors in the U.S. is 5%, as against 17% in Britain. A Senate committee heard last week that 1) only 6% of the students at U.S. medical schools are women, compared with 21% in Britain and 85% in Russia, 2) there are only 75 women doctors in the U.S. armed services, 3) enrollment of women in medical schools (which had been expected to relieve the manpower shortage) is disappointing, partly because women students are not sub-



© Elliott & Fry Ltd.
DR. ELIZABETH BLACKWELL (CIRCA 1900)
In spite of Harvard, first.

sidized by the Government, as men currently are.

Women Wanted. Next year, unless girls fill the gaps, U.S. medical schools will suffer a 23% reduction in enrollment because of the curtailed medical programs of the Army & Navy.

But for those who still agree with Boston's 1850 medical men, there are still four all-male medical strongholds: Georgetown, St. Louis, Dartmouth, Jefferson.

Typhus Time

Typhus is at present no menace to the U.S. But it might conceivably become the dreaded scourge it is in Europe.

The heavy U.S. typhus season was just beginning last week, and the best guess was that 1944 would break all records. The mild U.S. variety of the disease (fever, rash, aches, prostration) was increasing in Texas, Alabama, Georgia, Florida and North and South Carolina, the total of 3,091 cases being 600 ahead of the same period last year. Last year's total: 4,533. (Some experts thought the real

TIME, OCTOBER 9, 1944

The can that thaws out a ski-trooper...
will keep
your car from freezing!



● Imagine for a moment, please, that you're a ski-trooper. You're caught in a blizzard, cold and hungry. There's no dry wood about. How do you make a fire?

You just reach in your pack and take out a portable stove and a tin can. The can carries precious fuel which you pour into the stove through a special spout. In a few minutes you're cooking a hot meal.

Easy, isn't it? The can makes it so. And, like all cans, it's not only convenient, but strong and safe. It *completely* protects the ski-trooper's personal "anti-freeze."

This can is only one reason why you seldom get anti-freeze in cans for

your car today. But after the war you'll again get all the brands and types you want in sealed, tamper-proof cans . . . *completely* protected. We've a hunch you'll get even better anti-freeze, too.

To do our war job, we've developed new ideas and new skills. That's why, as we look ahead, we see *new and better things in Continental cans.*

NOTE TO MANUFACTURERS—We'll be glad to discuss present and future uses or improvements of your product or package. Write Dept. A., 100 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., or Continental Can Company of Canada, Limited, Sun Life Bldg., Montreal.

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NEW AND BETTER THINGS IN CONTINENTAL CANS



SAVE TIN CANS—HELP CAN THE AXIS

Awarded to Plant 78,
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Then There Will Be No Excuse for a Nut Shaking Loose

EXPECTING miracles in your post-war car? Many of those miracles you've heard about will take time. Chances are, your first post-war automobile will look much like the sturdy models of today—but with a remarkable "hidden" difference—one that requires no design changes at all.

You'll actually be able to drive the roughest roads or sail along the smoothest highways, without the danger of a single vital nut shaking loose. Imagine never having to tighten a nut on a wheel, a generator mounting, a spring U-bolt, anywhere!

That's the advantage of the Boots

Nut—all metal, self locking.

With a Boots-equipped car you need never worry about repair bills that loose nuts cause so often today.

Boots lock in place—automatically. They hold with a grip of steel.

Yet a Boots Nut can be removed easily, with an ordinary wrench, and used time and time again.

Today, all Boots Nuts are going on America's military planes. But tomorrow, your family car and plane, all your office and factory machines, your household appliances will be Boots-equipped for longer life and greater safety. Until then, have your present car checked regularly.

The ALL-METAL LOCK is Built in Here



Truckers have "kept 'em rolling" these war times . . . stepped up their mileage . . . stepped up their loads. And they have learned a lot about maintenance and repair under trying conditions.

Operators of more than 100,000 motor vehicles indicated in a recent survey that one of their greatest needs is a vibration-proof nut like the one illustrated above.

No design changes are needed to equip cars with BOOTS self-locking nuts. So you can expect them on the first post-war models.

BOOTS SELF-LOCKING NUTS

"There's No Excuse for a Nut Shaking Loose"

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figure would be nearer 45,000 if doctors did not often diagnose the disease as measles, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, pneumonia.)

In Birmingham, which has had over 50 cases so far this year compared with a pre-war annual average of five, Health Officer Dr. George Ames Denison said that the typhus-infested rats which spread the disease are flourishing on wartime neglect in food shops, restaurants and garbage. Most Birmingham cases are workers in a five-block food and grain market section. Part of the trouble is the shortage of garbage cans and lids. Dr. Denison is especially worried by the fact that the rats are daily carrying germs in & out of town on trucks and railroad cars.

The Danger. The U.S. endemic (localized) typhus kills only about 1% of its victims, mostly old people. But the same bacterium-like organism can cause the terrible European epidemic typhus, which is spread by human lice and kills from 5 to 70% of its victims, depending on the virulence of the organism. Apparently, living with a louse makes the germ vicious.

The U.S. has been saved thus far from a typhus epidemic by being relatively louse-free, especially in the South, where clothing is light. To date, moreover, the disease has been confined to the South. But if it traveled north it might enter its dangerous phase among warmly clad slum dwellers who get lousy in winter. And such northward travel might well happen in a wartime year when there is great opportunity for travel and little time for rat killing.

Wonder of Nature

The 17-year-old Arab girl had no business to be still alive: when Captain W. W. Wilson of the Royal Army Medical Corps first saw her, she had been shot in the abdomen eight days before and the wide wound, leaking intestinal contents, was untended except for a packing of tow, a dressing of mud and torn clothing. Ordinarily, such an untreated wound means peritonitis (infection of the abdominal lining) and almost inevitable death. Yet the girl had not even a fever.

In last week's *Lancet*, Captain Wilson explained her amazing survival: on opening the wound—it ran from her left side a little above the waist to a spot near her navel—he found that the shilling-sized hole nicked out of her intestine had become fixed against the corresponding hole in her abdominal wall, so that no contaminating material could touch the vulnerable abdominal lining. Such material trickled out through the wound, where it could do comparatively little harm. Wrote the Captain admiringly: "In her successful management of this case, Nature endorses the principles at present advocated for the immediate surgical treatment of such an injury."

All that remained to be done was to separate gut and abdominal wall, stitch up the gut, clean and dress the wound. In three weeks, the patient went home and, six months later, was perfectly healthy.

TIME, OCTOBER 9, 1944

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CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY

...delicious with soda



THEY also serve...
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Her beautiful face has graced the covers of 8 nationally known magazines within the past 6 months.

Her loveliness is the refreshing kind that inspires an artist—and brings out the photogenius of beauty-accustomed cameramen.

Her name is Barbara Britton—and your heart is her objective in

"Till we meet again"

the Paramount Picture that will put these four words on every sweetheart's lips.

In it—Barbara is a Woman of Peace—who finds the courage to leave her cloistered walls to help an American Captain on a dangerous mission.



The American Captain is Ray Milland—a handsome fellow who is no novice to daring roles.

The hunted, harried nights of suspenseful adventure... the touching moments... these two

share behind the German lines in flaming France... bring you the great human drama behind the headlines of today!

The feeling behind the whispered words "Till We Meet Again" will etch itself upon your heart and in your memories.

You'll never forget "Till We Meet Again," an unusually beautiful story—beautifully told... and the inspired direction of Frank Borzage.

Paramount Pictures
P.S. The Frenchman's Coming!

CINEMA

New Picture

Frenchman's Creek (Paramount) is a minor masterpiece of mush. A color-drenched \$4,000,000 cinemadaptation of Daphne du Maurier's best-seller laid in 17th-Century England (TIME, Feb. 2, 1942), it offers male cinemaddicts little for their money except innumerable coyly brazen veilings and half-unveilings of Joan Fontaine's Restoration bosom, and a startling scene in which Miss Fontaine, alone in a dress-parade nightgown, frisks and flops about on her marshmallowy bed like a titillated tarpon. But to judge by the gasps, oofs, titters and low moans of the audience which stuffed Manhat-

to their country estate on the Cornish coast.

In Cornwall, the miracle happens. Her new butler William (Cecil Kellaway) has a friend and master hiding in the vicinity who has been using her bed and building fancies about her portrait. This vagabond lover (Arturo de Cordova) is a Frenchman with a taste for Ronsard, *tabac* and sketching seabirds. He is also wonderfully handsome and soft-spoken, and he thrills her with his talk of being free, free, a law unto himself. He manages this by piracy, robbing the rich and giving generously to the poor. Stimulated by this philosophic man of action, Lady St. Columb begins to act like a heifer with a



FONTAINE & DE CORDOVA
A minor masterpiece of mush.

tan's Rivoli Theater on the opening day, the picture may well hurdle a lukewarm press to become the woman's wow of the year.

If it does, there will be two good reasons: 1) Paramount, under the supervision of Designer Raoul Pène du Bois, has turned Miss du Maurier's novel into one of the most eye-dragging jobs of costuming and color on record; 2) the story disguises an essentially drab little suburban flirtation as high romance, retaining the most sure-fire features of both.

Dona St. Columb, though of the 17th-Century English noblesse, has a soul the simplest of women will understand. Love's tide has ebbed, leaving her stranded high & dry with two children and a dim fibbertigibbet of a husband (Ralph Forbes) who seems almost to encourage his wolfish crony Lord Rockingham (Basil Rathbone) to lick his chops at her. Dona is sick of London's mad social whirl, sick, sick, as she tells her husband, of "the stupid futile life we lead here." Finally, one dawn, she packs up and flounces off with her children

burr under her tail. At last she sails off with him for a quick dabble in piracy and gentler pastimes.

The affair is terminated by the sudden arrival of her husband and Lord Rockingham (who gets his just reward) and, more crucially, by Dona's reawakened sense of duty toward her children. The Lady and the Pirate agree that whereas "women will play at adventure... for a day and a night..." sooner or later "they will make their nest." In a line which appeased the Hays Office and should interest the Legion of Decency, the skipper assures his sweetheart that if she returns to domesticity, "nothing has happened which will make your life a pretense."

Miss Fontaine, more animated than ever before in a glorious scarlet wig, stirs into her own mannerisms discreet doses of Greer Garson, Irene Dunne and Jean Arthur. If Señor de Cordova is not, as Executive Producer Buddy de Sylva insists, "the hottest discovery since Valentino," he seems a comely and pleasant young man, a trifle embarrassed by his

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FACTS...ABOUT TRUCKING

State registrations showed 4,480,000 trucks in civilian operation in the year of 1943—390,000 less than there were in 1941.

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More than half of America's food supply goes to market in trucks.

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Trucks account for over 50 billion ton-miles of transportation annually.

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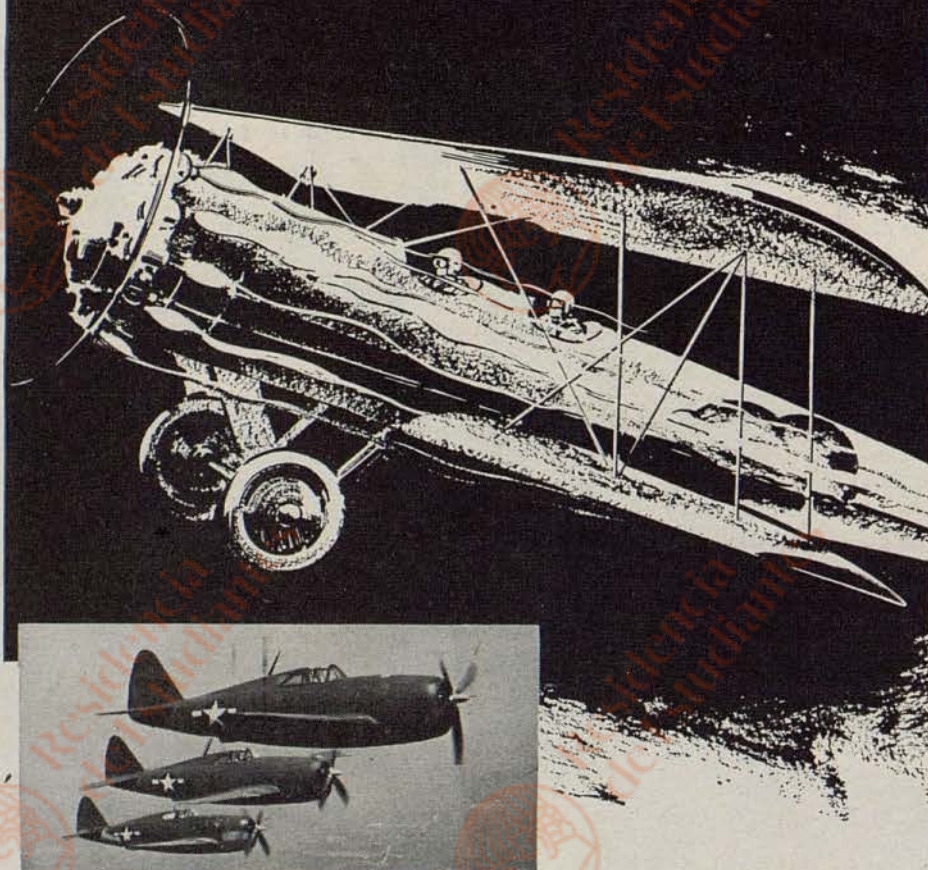
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INTERNATIONAL Trucks

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The challenge of postwar problems is stimulating to those who have pioneered before. Back in 1930 Solar challenged the method which permitted exhaust gases from airplane engines to shoot directly out through short tubes. The method was dangerous to pilots because of carbon monoxide. Night flying was hazardous since vision was obscured by a ring of fire from the exhaust. Yet the gases were thought to be too hot to handle in any other way until Solar's successful stainless steel manifold launched a new industry.

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surroundings, as well he might be. The supporting cast, notably Basil Rathbone, Cecil Kellaway and Ralph Forbes, are beautifully competent in the amusingly spurious manner required of them. The costumes and the colors, the gurgle and gollop of red and gold wines, the ravenously fragrant exhibitions of rare beef and seafood, are enough to draw and quarter four of the five senses.

Also Showing

The Impatient Years (Columbia) converts a promising situation—the readjustment problems of a returning soldier and his wife—into fair-to-middling, coarse-grained comedy (typical shot: the shy pair, on their first night of reunion, prowling round & round the nuptial bed like two suspicious alley cats). Halfway through, the story goes fancy, loses touch with its touching subject but not entirely with its ability to get laughs, thanks to Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn, Lee Bowman, Charley Grapewin.

Bride by Mistake (RKO-Radio) had every right to be a perfectly awful mistake, but turns out to be pretty amusing. Its raw material is one of those five-&-dime stories about the sensitive multimillion-heiress (Laraine Day) who, eager to be sure that her lover (Alan Marshal) is not overvaluing the basely fiscal aspects of their relationship, swaps places with her secretary (Marsha Hunt) and all but bangs the pair's heads together. The surprising finished product is the result of the fact that the film is written by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, directed by Richard Wallace and played by the Misses Day and Hunt, Mr. Marshal, Allan Joslyn, and able supporters Edgar Buchanan and Slim Summerville, as if this sort of thing might conceivably happen to real, and rather likable, people. Biggest surprise: Miss Day's charming, sexy flair for light comedy.

Music in Manhattan (RKO-Radio) offers mild pleasure despite the barrenness of its musicomic clichés. Some of them: Ace Philip Terry finds aspiring Actress Anne Shirley asleep in his hotel bed; housing-shortage forces them to pretend they are married; Miss Shirley soars to success as a Broadway musicomedienne, whisks through five production numbers, decides she loves her ersatz husband for keeps.

CURRENT & CHOICE

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

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

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

Hail the Conquering Hero (Eddie Bracken, Ella Raines, William Demarest; TIME, Aug. 21).

Wilson (Alexander Knox, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Thomas Mitchell, Charles Coburn; TIME, Aug. 7).

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Engineers of the Soul

From Moscow, TIME Correspondent John Hersey cabled this account of Soviet writing and publishing in 1944:

The Russian alphabet is still away at war. Even on the eve of victory not a word is written in this country which is not a weapon. Every sentence written in Russia must help beat Hitler or help build a Communist Russia that will make another such war impossible.

Maxim Gorki had a singing phrase to describe the function of the writer—"the engineer of the human soul." During the Russian war this has certainly been true. Never before have Russian writers had



ALEXEI TOLSTOI
He stands up to write.

such an audience. Never before have they had such immediate influence and such great responsibility. Perhaps J. B. Priestley exaggerated when he said that recent Russian writings had been "the conscience of the world," but they have unquestionably been the conscience of Russia.

To assess the worth of these works in American terms it is not enough to apply ordinary standards of literary criticism. The war is the thing, and as one writer says: "It is better to be without literary criticism than without victory." The only fair test is to see whether writers have fulfilled their aims. According to the chairman of the Writers' Union, their aims are, first, "to tell the truth about the war," and second, "to feel the heart and soul of the Soviet man."

State Publishing. The number of state publishing houses in the Soviet Union runs into the hundreds. The most important group of them is known as OGIZ—initials for Obiedineniye Gosudarstvennikh Izdatelstv, meaning Amalgamated State Publishing Houses. It has seven member

houses in Moscow and Leningrad and one in each of the 16 Soviet Republics.

OGIZ is a tremendous, self-contained industry. It publishes fiction, poetry, translations, pamphlets, broadsides and books on politics, music, art, science and agriculture. It controls the production of prints and colors. It runs 14 print shops like "The Model Printery" in Moscow, which hires 2,000 workers, and "The Printing House" in Leningrad, which printed the equivalent of 24 billion pages a year before the war. It has more than 3,000 book shops, stands and rare-book stores throughout Russia. It is an influence over writers, since no book may be published without the signature of the editor of a state house.

The Readers. There is a truly extraordinary demand for reading matter here which the state publishing houses cannot possibly satisfy for years to come. The Government has maintained a consistent and highly successful campaign to "liquidate illiteracy." The appetite here for literature is hard to imagine in America.

Books are extremely hard to buy on the open market. About three-quarters of all editions are sent directly to libraries, which are open to the public. A large list of military and political leaders, writers, doctors, scientists and engineers get monthly bulletins on forthcoming books and they have the privilege of checking off what they want and can buy up to one thousand rubles' worth each month. Most of what is left goes on the open market and is bought up in a matter of hours. The average price for a novel on the open market is ten rubles, or about \$2 at the official rate of exchange.

With such a great demand, nearly every book that is published could become a runaway best seller. Therefore the size of each edition is decided beforehand by the state publishing houses, more or less arbitrarily. The basis for decision is not how many books will sell, but how important and useful they are.

Stalin in the Small Hours. The process of self-criticism and external criticism through which a writer has to go before publication is a good test of his genius. First he discusses his work with an editor of a state publishing house, who may or may not approve. Next he is apt to read the work or parts of it to friends, who are often unsparing in their criticism. It is a frequent practice to publish chapters in magazines, and these are also open to criticism. He may also stand on his feet before a meeting of the Writers' Union and read passages from his work and then hear them discussed.

The book goes next to "Glavlit"—the Central Administration on Literary and Publishing Matters of the Central Committee of the Party. This, in effect, has in its hands the guidance of all cultural and ideological writings. Stalin has said: "The printed word is the sharpest and most

powerful weapon of the Communist Party." After censorship the book goes back to the publishing house and is published, when the editor is ready to sign it.

Sometimes there is one other step in the process. Joseph Stalin takes an intense interest in literature. Sometimes in the small hours of the night a writer may get a telephone call. It is Stalin. He congratulates the writer on the book and sometimes gives keen and thoughtful advice. One book, *The Great Mouravi*, a novel about Stalin's birthplace, Georgia, by a woman writer, Anna Antonovskaya, had been sidetracked by the publishers until Stalin called her up and told her it was brilliant and gave her some additional information on Georgia.

Truth in Wartime. Do Russian writers tell the truth? The other night I heard the extremely popular, 29-year-old poet, nov-



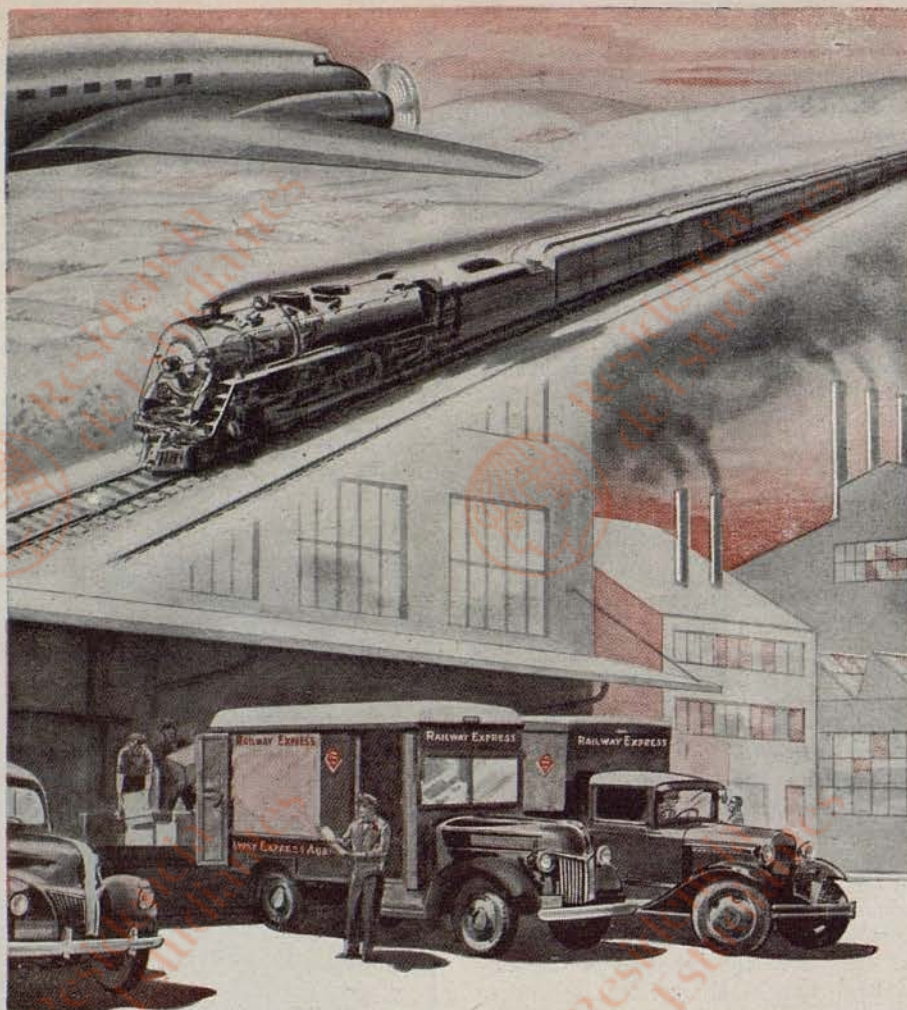
MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV
He stands above & apart.

elist, playwright, scenarist, journalist and pamphleteer, Konstantin Simonov, publicly express the Soviet writers' attitude on truth:

"It is a prevalent opinion that a person who writes a novel or a book about a war during that war cannot be sufficiently objective. There is truth and error in such an opinion.

"Beyond a doubt, in wartime the writer will portray the Germans primarily as enemies who kill, burn and destroy our homes and our families. In some large, more permanent sense this may be sometimes unobjective. But this unobjectivity is far from clashing with the truth. Didn't the Germans burn our towns? Didn't they kill women and children? Didn't they hang and didn't they shoot? And is not the writer right who in wartime wants to write, and will write, primarily about this and only about this?

"The same applies to portraying the Soviet Army and the Russian people. It is quite natural that in wartime a patriotic writer is moved mainly by the people's



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NATION-WIDE

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courage, their heroism and their scorn of death. He is far less prone to dwell on other emotions which unquestionably do exist in people's hearts—on such feelings as a longing for home, on man's natural fear in the face of peril, on bodily fatigue and depressing thoughts.

"The heroism of our people, their self-sacrifice, their contempt for death—this is the main theme. This is truth."

The Days of Hate. Another important thing to remember in assessing current Russian literature is that every Russian writer has taken part in the war in a very real sense. Much more than our polemicists on the Writers' War Board, much more than our warriors of the Office of War Information, more even than most of our war correspondents (certainly than those in Moscow), the Russian writer has been in & out of the war. And this is not just correspondents: it is poets, writers of the most tender lyrics, historians—all of them.

One cannot exaggerate the mark left on Soviet writing by the terrible months of reverses in 1941, right up until the battle for Moscow was won. In those months the writers became so closely identified with the very courage and determination which has finally beaten Hitler back that they all developed muscular, bitter, mystical, adjectival writing styles, which they still employ in the sweeter days of triumph. Those were the days when Simonov wrote *Wait For Me*—the words of a soldier to his wife:

Wait for me, wait very hard—

*Never give up hope, even if they all say
I am dead;*

Do not believe it, but wait for me.

Above all, those were the days when hate was born. As Nicolai Tikhonov of the Writers' Union says: "In the course of cruel battle grew a hatred of the Germans—a heavy hatred, an indistinguishable hatred, a personal hatred, a hatred which still moves the Red Army and the Soviet people forward." On June 23, 1942, Mikhail Sholokhov wrote a terrific newspaper story called *The School of Hate*, setting the pitch for the hate propaganda, of which Ilya Ehrenburg became the strident genius. The Russian people still feel that hatred and are very much afraid that the British and the Americans may be "sentimental" toward the Germans. The writers still feel and express the hatred.

These things have been responsible for a literary style for which there is a Russian word: *Agitka*, something to agitate the people and make them act.

The Writers. In my opinion, one man stands above and apart from all these things. He is Mikhail Sholokhov, the nearest approach to a man of genius in Russia's great tradition. The author of *And Quiet Flows the Don* and *The Soil Upturned* stays in his native village of Veshenskaya and writes. He does not come to Moscow to spend the writers' tremendous royalties and reap his great honors. He refuses to become the president of the Writers' Union, because he is too busy—writing. He writes for no censorship except truth as he

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sees it. He is just now putting the finishing touches to his new novel, *They Fought for Their Country*. Sholokhov gets his heroic effect by indirection. He does not find it necessary to rant or repeat clichés of patriotism. He writes what seems to me to be the truth about soldiers. He says:

"How much does a man need in time of war? To get a little farther away from death than usual, to rest, to have a good sleep and eat his fill, to get a letter from home, and to have a leisurely smoke with his friends; there you have all that goes to make up the quickly maturing happiness of a soldier."

Another prose writer whose position is strong is Alexei Tolstoi. He is undoubtedly a distinguished writer and a fine stylist, but he writes mostly about a fairly remote past and has not identified himself with the war. He is now somewhat disliked by a few younger writers for his pomposity and his airs; he is something of an eccentric—writes standing up, for instance, with his manuscript on an inclined chest-high table, like a speaker's rostrum.

The finest poet seems to be Pavel Antakolski. He recently finished a poem called *Son*. It is in the ancient style of a scald—as if written by a poet who has marched with troops for the purpose of intoning laments over the dead on the field of battle and calling for revenge. *Son* is written for Antakolski's own son-warrior, who died for his country.

Below these three the writers look pretty much alike. They are the writers of *Agitka*—the journalist-artists. One of the best of them, probably the most typical, is Konstantin Simonov. The most promising seems to be Boris Garbatov, author of the record-breaking best-seller, *The Unvanquished*. He has apparently been much influenced by translations of Hemingway and by Gogol.

The Future. As to the future of Russian literature, I heard the other night a most revealing program set forth by Vsevolod Vishnevsky, a distinguished playwright who is a naval officer and has written mostly about the Baltic Sea and the defense of Leningrad. Speaking specifically for the magazine *Snamya*, of which he is an editor, but inferentially for all Russian writers, he said that Russia's postwar writing will: 1) gather from partisans, soldiers, sailors, officers and workers the whole truth about this war; 2) glorify Russia's heroic traditions; 3) promote "Slavism" and see to it that the German enemy, which has twice hurt Russia, will never divide the Slavic peoples again; 4) memorialize German bestiality as it was revealed at Lidice and Maidenek; 5) occupy itself with human honor, conscience and soul; 6) call on Russians for a new effort of creativeness and rouse them to transfer the heroism they have shown in war to achievements in peace; 7) explore England and America, whose aid in the war will not be forgotten. "We shall talk," he said, "plainly, clearly and with polemical incisiveness and we shall expect our British and American colleagues to speak to us in the same language and in the same spirit."

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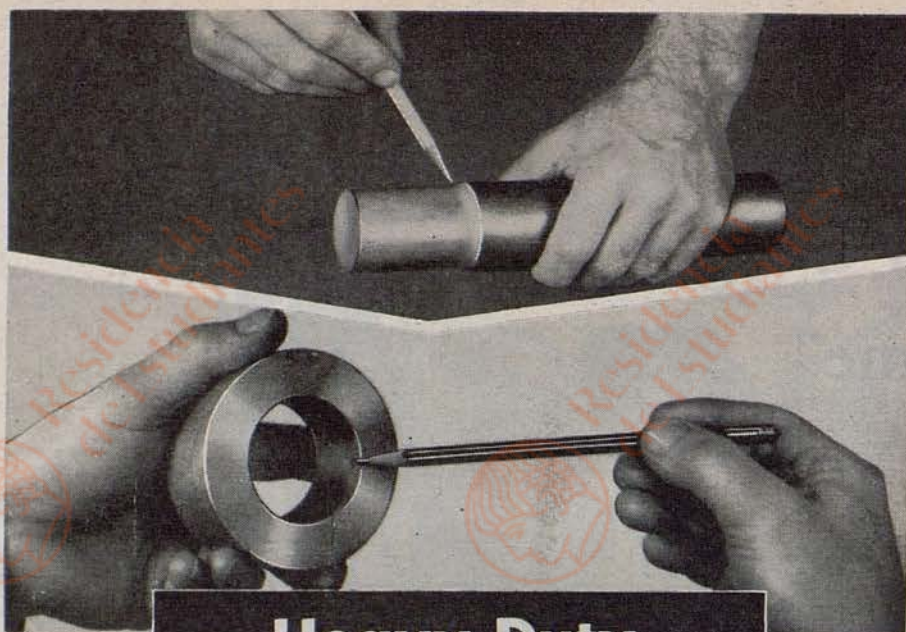
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Postwar Commonwealth

WORLDS BEGINNING—Robert Ardrey —Duell, Sloan & Pearce (\$2.50).

Fifteen years after World War II, the U.S. was bankrupt. Industry had not exported so much as a mousetrap since the rest of the world had gone all out for synthetics and self-sufficiency. Unemployment and race riots swept the country. A terrible apathy descended upon the people of America ("Yes," sighed a visiting Chinese, "that's how my people were for 1,000 years"). No one guessed that a new world was just around the corner.

The Davis brothers were its founders. Ben Davis invented a synthetic wire that could replace copper wire. George Davis figured a way to produce it at one-fifth the current price. But their most novel



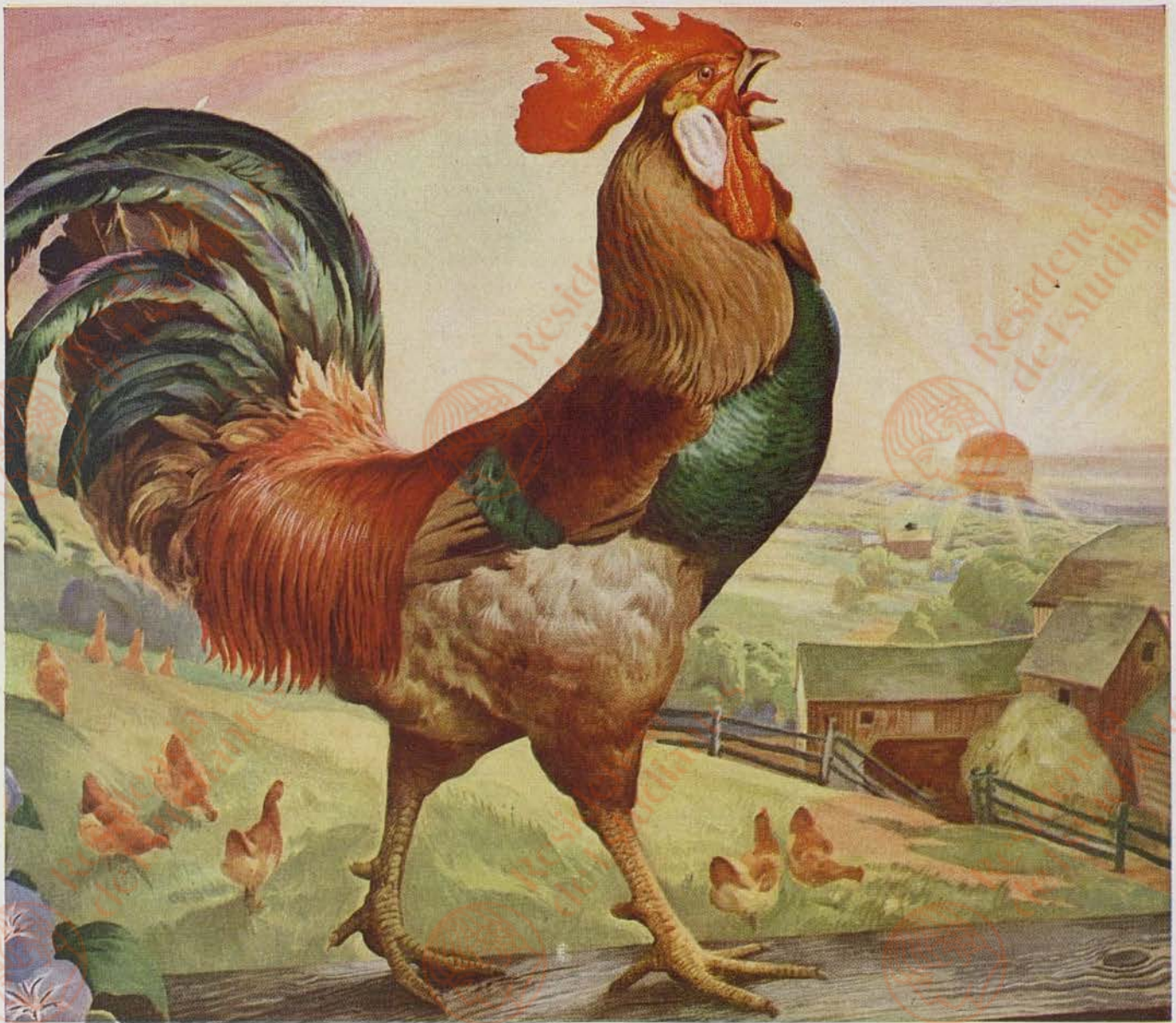
Ben Pinchot

ROBERT ARDREY
A Chinese visitor sighed.

creation was the Trans-Pecos Chemical Com., which was not a company or a corporation but a "commonwealth."

Trans-Pecos "participation ownership" was a sensation. Labor called it an N.A.M. plot to smash the unions. Business called it a communist revolution. Communists denounced it as a bourgeois counterrevolution. Goons and saboteurs beat up the workers and tried to wreck the plant. But "in the nick of time, like the U.S. cavalry in an oldtime Western film, the commonwealth idea . . . storm[ed] the national scene and . . . rescued a civilization from the running clutch of death."

Young (35) Author Ardrey's first novel (his play *Thunder Rock* has just appeared as a British cinema—TIME, Sept. 25) is crowded with clichés ("I get out the old and battered typewriter") and gilt-edged platitudes ("There are things of beauty in the world of a child that cannot be carried on into man's estate"). But it has enough drama and sparkle to be entertaining in spite of its lurid economics.



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