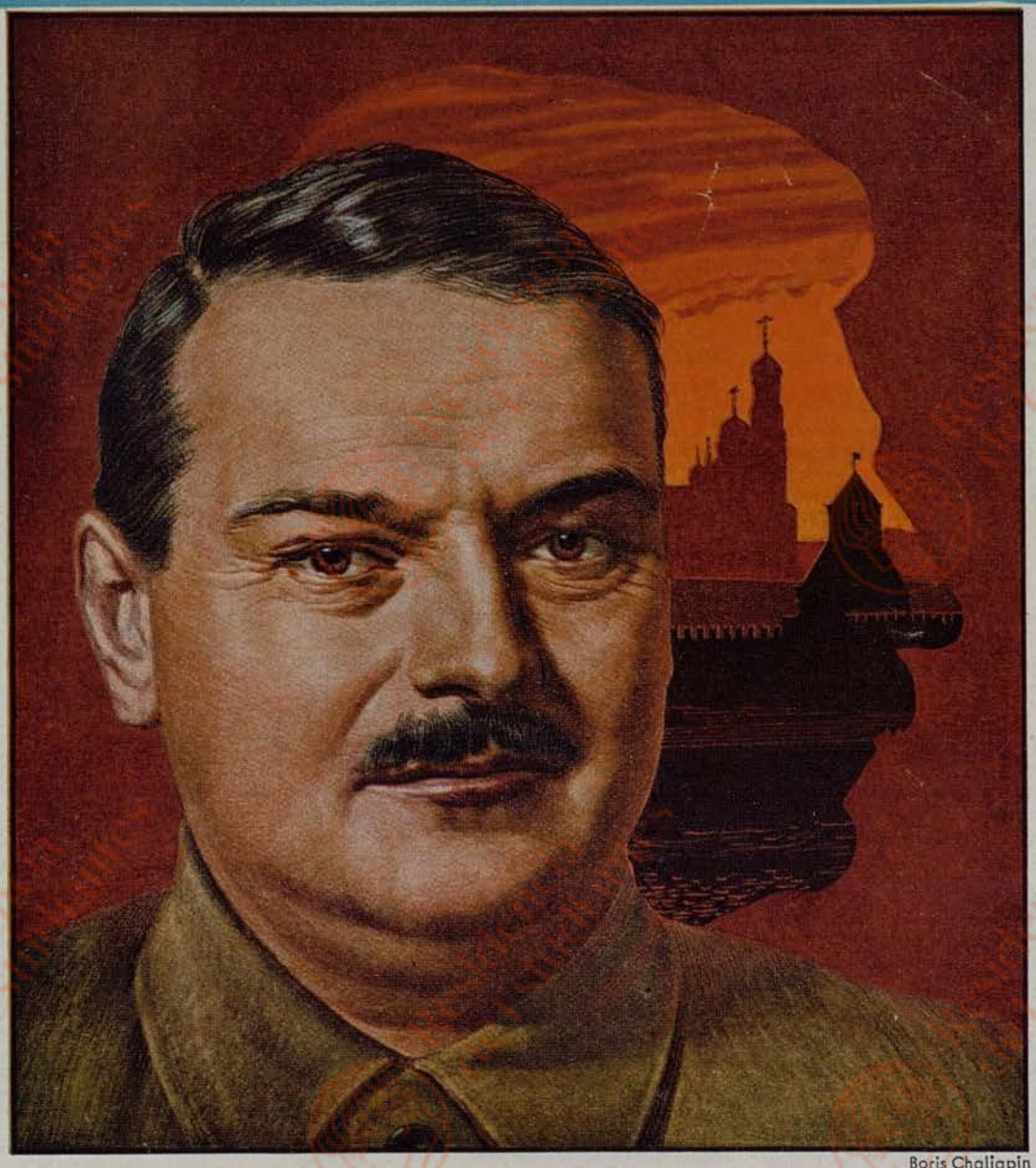
DECEMBER 9, 1946

TIME

CLASSROOM EDITION



Boris Chaliapin

RUSSIA'S ZHDANOV
Foreign policy begins at home.

VOLUME XLVIII

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

NUMBER 24

LETTERS

The Atomic Dessert

Sirs:

The recent picture of Admiral and Mrs. Blandy and Admiral Lowry cutting a cake made in the form of an atomic underwater explosion [TIME, Nov. 18] gave wide publicity to the unusual views of the Rev. A. Powell Davies, Unitarian pastor of a "fashionable Washington church." As published . . . it did a great injustice to Admirals Blandy and Lowry, who have been tireless in their efforts to tell the citizens of the world of the devastating power and insidious poison of the atomic bomb. . . .

Admiral and Mrs. Blandy and Admiral Lowry were not the hosts, but were the guests of honor at a party given by Officers of the Crossroads staff. They had no part in the planning or procurement of the cake. . . .

DAVID H. BLAKELOCK
Colonel, U.S.A.
FITZHUGH LEE
Captain, U.S.N.

Washington

Sirs:

. . . Utter astonishment could not describe my feelings when I read the tirade let loose by a Washington minister at two men who contributed such a large part in the defeat of our enemies. He would "damn to hell" these men; he would call down the wrath of God on these men were he a medieval priest; he would put in torment their souls for their base, utter disregard of all the principles of humanity. . . . Who is he? This minister might just as well damn every Air Corps officer, every bombardier, every flame-throwing private, every machine gunner and every rifleman to everlasting hell for using a weapon as destructive as the one he carried in defense of his country. . . .

Personally, it is my belief, and I am sure the belief of the majority of servicemen, that the atomic bomb accomplished at the proper moment a complete demoralization of the Japanese and led to ultimate surrender, thus saving the lives of hundreds of thousands of American men who would otherwise have been lost. . . .

J. N. TALBOTT
Lieutenant Commander U.S.N.R.

Philadelphia

Fatback & Bristles

Sirs:

This is eating humble pie. The evening of the day I wrote the "fatback" letter [TIME, Nov. 18], out of a clear sky, my mother-in-law complained of no *fatback* with which to season greens. The good wife and I almost fainted. It was the first time either of us had ever heard the word used. . . .

On reading it first in TIME, I took it to be a bit of South-baiting, a habit I think TIME sometimes has, and which makes my bristles rise. So, I rose for the bait, and took it, hook, line, sinker & all.

Let me congratulate you; it was a well-chosen word, aptly used. For my back bristles, a rubbing with ashes on a cornshuck mop.

FRANK BRYAN

Groesbeck, Tex.

¶ For a manful apology, TIME's fellow-suffering thanks to Reader Bryan.—ED.

Freedom & Truth

Sirs:

I hope your Protestant readers will view with pity rather than alarm Michael P. Breen's one-man crusade for intolerance [TIME, Nov. 18]. For every Breen type of Catholic there are a million others who, while believing their church to be the one true and apostolic church, still recognize that every non-Catholic has a similar right in conscience to believe the same of his church. . . .

BERTRAND J. HENNE

Escanaba, Mich.

Sirs:

. . . Breen is speaking only for Breen, bigot.

GEORGE J. SPEARS

Buffalo

Sirs:

. . . At the time I considered this letter either a hoax or, more likely, a deliberate attempt on the part of someone, who is not himself a Catholic, to discredit the Church. For to me, as a priest, it was inconceivable that any Catholic could . . . express the sentiments contained in the final paragraph of this letter.

In order to investigate for myself, I drove to Reading yesterday and spent a whole day trying to discover "Michael P. Breen." This is the result:

1) No "Michael P. Breen" is to be found in the City Directory.

2) The Breens who do live in Reading assure me that they know no one called "Michael Breen."

3) No Catholic pastor has such a name on his parish list.

4) Officials at the Reading City Hall could not produce such a name.

I am perfectly willing to bet you a life subscription to TIME against a $50 contribution to any charity you may designate that there is no such Catholic. . . .

(REV.) JOSEPH G. MARTEN
St. Francis De Sales Rectory

Lenni Mills, Pa.

¶ No bet. TIME, which checks all letters it regards as suspicious, fell for this one, found it was a phony before receiving Reader Marten's thorough-going report.—ED.

Man of the Year

Sirs:

For Man of 1946, Douglas MacArthur. It's not because he received the greatest ovation of any returning hero of World War II—he hasn't taken time off from his duties long enough to come home to be acclaimed. Neither is it because his exploits of 1946 have received the greatest fanfare—they have received practically none.

His postwar activities have matched strides with his wartime campaign against Japan, when he planned and executed the most skillful, efficient and successful campaign of the whole war. . . . In his administration of Japan he has set an example for his contemporaries which they seem incapable of following. . . .

MYRL E. BECK

Beaumont, Calif.

Sirs:

Man of the Year might well again be Harry Truman. He has swung through one of the widest arcs on the pendulum of popularity and influence in the shortest period of time in the history of man. . . .

DONALD F. SAVERY

Kansas City, Kans.

Sirs:

My nomination is Winston Churchill . . . symbol of world opposition to the spread of Communism. . . .

JOE MICCICHE

Los Angeles

Sirs:

May I suggest Justice Robert Jackson? In his speech at the opening of the Nürnberg trials he presented more clearly and forcefully than any other living person, the basic American concept that man must defend his fellow man against injustices. . . .

MARGARET K. BENTLEY

Jamestown, N.Y.

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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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Number 24

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

December 9, 1946

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Associated Press

CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL PLANT: EMPTY CARS & DWINDLING COAL PILE
Repugnance was not illegal.

THE NATION

By Law & by Dicker

Winter's first major assault, a vast cold air mass from the Arctic, swept across the nation this week. Florida felt the chill fringes of it. In Grand Forks, N. Dak., the temperature dropped to 17° below zero. Around the stark deserted tipples of the coal mines from West Virginia to southern Illinois, a northwest wind whooped. John L. Lewis had a new ally.

From the Executive Mansion, Harry Truman could watch the bare trees on the White House lawn bending under the assault. But Mr. Truman himself was not bending. He was determined to fight his battle out at whatever cost. He had ordered John Steelman, his "labor adviser" and Lewis' solicitous friend, to stand in the corner. The President conferred principally with young Clark Clifford, his special counsel, who seconded Mr. Truman's assertion that now was the time to stand firm. That was the word Clifford passed along to Interior Secretary Julius Krug and Attorney General Tom Clark.

In this deadlock the nation made various frantic efforts to save itself.

Fines & Fears. Mine operators turned to a punitive clause in the Krug-Lewis agreement under which the Government was operating the mines. They began to fine miners $1-$2 a day for every day they stayed out. Fines, retroactive to Nov. 21, could be deducted from miners' pay when they finally went back. The fact that fines will be turned over to the United Mine Workers' medical and hospital fund would not soften the resentment of individual, hungry miners. Nor would it get them back to work.

Bankers and industrialists debated with heat. Cleveland Banker Cyrus Eaton, who wanted operators to negotiate with Lewis, lunched with him. So did Big Steel's Harry Moses. Eaton, director of the coal-carrying C. & O. railroad, wanted to get the coal moving again. He was also vehemently sure that if the strike was strung out and coal shipments were completely stopped, European nations would be thrown into the lap of Communism. There was at least some basis for Eaton's international fears. All the world watched. In cold & hungry Asia, in Shanghai, Hong Kong, Saïgon and Singapore, among the hopeless of Europe and the always hopeful of the British Isles the coal strike was front-page news.

Lights Out. The Civilian Production Administration turned its attention to consumers. Theater and store owners were warned that unless they dimmed their lights they would be subject to a $10,000 fine or one year in jail.

The nation dolefully watched as its recently hopeful reconversion record—with durable and non-durable production setting new records last month at 214% (durables) and 168% (non-durables) of 1935-39 average production—wobbled and sagged. Industry slowed down. By week's end, 675,000 (including 400,000 miners) were out of jobs as a result of the strike.

John Lewis sat and watched. Labor's uncritical friend, *PM*, regarded him "with repugnance." But there is no law against being repugnant. Nobody seemed to know what to do. The Lewis trial (*see below*) would settle very little; the real peace would come by dickering. While the nation and the world chafed and sweated, Lewis went his extraordinary way, insisting on his extraordinary right, if he liked, to be repugnant.

Citizen & Sovereign

On several occasions during the hearings, John Lewis had had to reassert the majesty of his person. On Wednesday, when a cameraman tried to take his picture he swung his cane and dented the cameraman's reflector. On Friday, when a bailiff had the temerity to tell him to take off his hat as he stalked back into Judge T. Alan Goldsborough's court after lunch, he simply ignored the fellow. He removed his coat, folded it with exaggerated care. When he was good & ready, he took off his large hairy black hat and

Paramount News

LEWIS & KRUG (IN LAST SPRING'S NEWSREEL)
John L. chewed his cigar.

sat glaring in front of him, running his tongue around the inside of his mouth to dislodge leftover particles of his lunch.

Lawyer Joseph A. Padway, barrel-shaped and bull-voiced, had taken up the morning with his arguments for the defense. The presence of Padway, A.F.L.'s brightest legal light, gave John much inward satisfaction. The A.F.L. hierarchy might hate and fear Lewis for the way he had assaulted them in the past, but they had to come to his support on an issue like this. Padway was the big opening gun in the battery of defense.

People in Cemeteries. Lewis needed a big gun. It was a hot legal spot where he sat. Despite a contract with the Government (nominal operator of the coal mines since May 21), he had sent his miners out on strike. Judge Goldsborough had tried to restrain him from doing just that, but he had done it anyhow. So Goldsborough had charged him with contempt of court. Now Padway was trying to prove that, because of the Norris-LaGuardia anti-injunction act, Goldsborough had no right to issue the restraining order, therefore Goldsborough could not hold Lewis to have been in contempt. In short, said Padway, the court had acted outside its jurisdiction.

"The court is the judge of its own jurisdiction," said the judge.

"If that is so," orated Padway, "not only should Mr. Lewis be punished for contempt but his lawyers as well, for we advised him wrongly."

Smiling Judge Goldsborough recalled a story: "Harry Sinclair once said he acted the way he did because his lawyers told him to. He was reminded by the judge that 'the cemeteries are full of people who took their doctor's advice.'"

People in Servitude. From his carefully prepared brief, Padway, a labor lawyer for 31 years, traced the history of injunctions in the U.S. For years management had made full use of that weapon, persuading the nation's judges, backed by the militia and the police, to enjoin labor from making any offensive move. The practice became so notorious that Congress tried to limit it in 1914 with the Clayton act. But the judges were reluctant to give up their power. In 1932 Congress tried again with the Norris-LaGuardia anti-injunction act.

"I was in Congress at the time," mused Judge Goldsborough. In fact the judge voted for the bill, Padway recalled. The act specifically outlawed use of injunctions in a labor dispute. Wasn't this case a labor dispute? "Calling it a labor dispute does not make it one," said the judge.

Gradually the arguments came down to that: was the case actually a labor dispute? And did the Government, as the "sovereign," come under the jurisdiction of the Norris-LaGuardia act?

Padway, attempting to prove it a labor dispute, pointed out that terms and conditions of employment were involved; that the Government seized the mines last spring under the War Labor Disputes act; that Government operation of the mines is actually a legal phony.

For good measure Padway argued that the restraining order also violated constitutional rights—the right to picket, for instance—and subjected men to "involuntary servitude."

John Lewis sucked on a cold cigar cupped in his hand, occasionally yawned, occasionally belched.

Expert Witness. The Government's case was argued briefly by young (34), handsome John Sonnett. Once he caused Lewis' lawyers to sit up straight. He quoted what Lewis himself had said about the Krug-Lewis contract, under which the miners had gone back to work after last spring's 59-day strike. Posing with Krug for the newsreels, John had proclaimed: "It settles for the period of Government operation all the questions at issue." Wasn't Lewis going back on that statement when he demanded in October that the Government discuss a new contract—and when the Government balked, pulled a strike? Lewis chewed his cigar.

As for the Norris-LaGuardia act, Sonnett recalled what onetime Congressman and labor expert Fiorello LaGuardia had said during the 1932 debate: "I do not see," LaGuardia said then, "how in any possible way the United States can be brought in under the provisions."

The Judge Rules. After two and a half days of argument, to no one's surprise, Judge Goldsborough ruled that Judge Goldsborough had been well within his rights when he had tried to restrain Citizen Lewis. In support of himself he quoted law author Henry Campbell Black:

"General words in a statute do not include nor bind the Government by whose authority the statute was enacted, where

Associated Press

DEFENDER PADWAY
To the last rasp.

its sovereignty, rights, prerogatives or interests are involved. . . ."

Said Judge Goldsborough: "In this case what society, what the sovereign power, was endeavoring to do was hold . . . the labor union from taking the contemplated action which would amount to a public calamity, until there could be a judicial determination of whether it had the right to take such action."

John Lewis, who had challenged that sovereign power by defying it, would have to stand trial for contempt.

John's face was a grey, unsmiling mask. This week, he silently clumped back into Goldsborough's small, dimly lit court. The trial for contempt was little more than an unloading of technicalities. It was pretty clear that the judge's mind was made up. Lewis' legal position got really hot. But his bargaining position got better every day as the coal mines remained empty and winter and economic paralysis crept across the U.S.

The Gladiators

Attorneys arguing the great coal case were almost obscured by the shadows cast by John L. Lewis, the U.S. Government, and the momentous issues. But seldom had opposing counsel seemed more aptly cast.

Joseph Arthur Padway, bull-necked, grey-haired, 55-year-old defender of John Lewis, is general counsel for the A.F.L. and the archetype of the U.S. labor lawyer. As confidant, adviser, defender of Jimmy Petrillo, Dan Tobin and many another A.F.L. chieftain, Joe Padway has written both labor history and labor law, could boast of many a thwacking from Columnist Westbrook Pegler. He was born in Leeds, England, came to the U.S. as a youth, was admitted to the Wisconsin bar after being graduated from Marquette University in 1912.

Acme

ADVOCATE SONNETT
To the last chance.

In his 34-year career Padway has been a judge (Civil Court of Milwaukee County) a Wisconsin state senator, and a professor of labor law (Columbus University School of Law, Washington, D.C.). During the 1930s he was one of the nation's most virulent critics of John L. Lewis and his C.I.O. But with Old John back in the A.F.L. fold, Joe Padway would fight for the miners to the last rasp in his vocal cords.

John F. Sonnett, the Government's advocate, was almost unknown to official Washington before he stepped into the pit with Padway. At 34 he looked like a Hollywood district attorney—black-haired, handsome, trim, well-dressed. But as assistant attorney general in charge of the Justice Department's claims division, and in many another trying job, he had already proved himself a calm and painstaking lawyer. Sonnett, a graduate of Fordham's law school, came to the Government service after eight years with the Wall Street firm of Cahill, Gordon, Zachry & Reindel.

By the time the nation was at war he was executive assistant U.S. attorney for the Southern District, New York. Most notable prosecutions: the first U.S. wartime sedition case (the "Black Hitler" case) in which five were sent to prison; the first wartime spy case—a New York City ring of nine German-Americans who were sentenced to a total of 132 years in prison. Later, Lawyer Sonnett went into the Navy as a lieutenant commander, spent ten months investigating the Pearl Harbor attack for Navy Secretary James Forrestal. Last week, red-eyed from sleeplessness, he was determined 1) to leave John Lewis no chance to argue that he had not had a fair hearing; 2) to win.

LABOR

Round One to Caesar

Congress thought earlier this year that it was cutting James Caesar Petrillo down to size with the Lea act, which made it a federal crime to force radio stations to hire unwanted help. After talking with his lawyers, Caesar thought otherwise, trumpeted: "I will fight the Lea bill right up to the Supreme Court."

Last week the first round went to the trumpeter. In Chicago, Federal District Judge Walter LaBuy threw out U.S. charges against Petrillo for calling a strike at station WAAF, a one-kilowatt independent which had refused to double its union staff of record librarians (TIME, June 10). The Lea act, ruled the judge, violated the 1st, 5th and 13th Amendments. Cried imperial Caesar with pious fervency: "Thank God for the federal courts."

THE PRESIDENCY

White Tie

The White House calling list was cut down so that the President could give his attention, if it were needed, to the coal strike. It was scarcely needed. Legal infantry were carrying out his orders in the court battles, following a strategy planned in advance. All that Harry Truman required was a series of position reports and estimates of the situation. These he got from his counsel, Clark Clifford, who was in & out of his office unnumbered times.

On the sixth night of the coal strike, the President faced another ordeal: the first full-dress U.S. diplomatic dinner in seven years. The 90 guests used gold cutlery from McKinley's time, and china designed by Franklin Roosevelt. The dinner, with turkey as the main course, was called "a good American meal." Harry Truman, who dislikes white tie & tails, wore them well, was apparently at ease and smooth and amiable with the starchy, beribboned envoys. The diplomats agreed they had had a nice evening, and pretty informal, after all.

For the rest of the week, critical as it was for his Administration, the President relaxed. Thanksgiving was a quieter day than the Trumans had expected: daughter Margaret, studying voice in New York, failed to let them know until the last minute that she would not be home for family dinner. Without fanfare, the Trumans attended services at Christ Church in Alexandria, Va., sat in the pew originally bought by George Washington for £36 10s.

At week's end the President took in his third football game of the season: Army-Navy at Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium (*see* SPORT). Press Secretary Charley Ross was at pains to emphasize that the

N. Y. *Daily News*

THE TRUMANS AT ARMY-NAVY GAME
Charley Ross took pains.

eight-car presidential special train burned no coal; its motors were driven by hydroelectric power. Traditionally impartial, the President changed sides in the middle of the game, but walked out (at Secret Service urging) with two minutes left to play, missed the Navy's nearly successful final drive.

Last week the President also:

¶ Set up an inter-departmental committee under Assistant Attorney General Devitt ("Gus") Vanech, to devise rules for keeping subversive or disloyal employes out of federal service.

¶ Named a Republican small-businessman, William Chapman Foster of New York, to succeed Democrat Alfred Schindler, resigned, as Under Secretary of Commerce.

¶ Upped his naval aide, Captain James H. Foskett, to rear admiral.

¶ Passed over 158 ranking medical directors to pick Michigan-born Captain Clifford Anders Swanson, 45, specialist in eye, ear, nose and throat ailments, to be surgeon general of the Navy, succeeding Vice Admiral Ross T. McIntire.

¶ Gave tea, dinner (black tie) and a night's lodging to South Africa's Field Marshal Jan Smuts, brought in General Eisenhower for the after-dinner talk.

VITAL STATISTICS

More & Less

The U.S. birth rate was up; September's 28 babies per 1,000 population topped the alltime high (27 per 1,000 in March 1918). Counting noses, the National Office of Vital Statistics noted another significant statistic: a 3% drop from last year in the death rate.

THE ADMINISTRATION

A Huff & Puff

The roof was about to fall in on Housing Expediter Wilson Wyatt, while his latest blueprints to tackle the housing emergency gathered dust on a White House shelf.

The ex-mayor of Louisville had undertaken a backbreaking job with breathtaking plans: 1,200,000 new dwelling units in 1946, another 1,500,000 next year. His latest figures counted approximately 895,000 already started. But nearly half of this paper shelter was still uncompleted; over a third was makeshift housing, not permanent building. Home-hungry veterans hunted in vain for the $6,000 house of Wyatt's first dreams.

Harris & Ewing

WYATT & ALLEN
Under the hammer, a sore thumb.

With each stroke of the hammer Wyatt hit his own thumb. He quarreled with other agencies, ran afoul of the powerful real estate lobby. Congress had backed down on price ceilings, had failed to enact the Wagner-Ellender-Taft bill for low-cost housing. Wyatt went overboard for prefabricated homes, which would use vast quantities of still-scarce sheet steel. When he asked RFC to underwrite this assembly-line program he bumped smack into RFC's roly-poly George Allen (TIME, Nov. 25).

Last week nervous Wilson Wyatt took his troubles to the President. It took days to get the appointment. When Wyatt was finally admitted, he spread new demands on Harry Truman's desk. Their substance: all-out Government lending, stricter controls on non-residential building, top priorities for veterans' housing. The President promised to think it all over.

At week's end the White House was still significantly silent. Washington dopesters guessed what the answer would be: to sweep the emergency housing program into the new catch-all agency for the ragtag ends of CPA and OPA. That would leave Wilson Wyatt standing in the rain.

ARMY & NAVY

Last Step?

The great struggle over unification of the armed services, which had the Navy pot-shotting at the Army (and vice versa) for over a year, seemed close to a more or less friendly settlement. The Army & Navy themselves had settled some disputed points, the President had resolved three of the knottiest: he had ruled in favor of a single defense department, three coequal branches, and a Marine Corps under the Navy (TIME, June 24). The one issue on which the Navy had continued to buck its Commander in Chief was his order that all land-based aviation (including anti-submarine patrol) be put under the proposed new independent Air Force.

Last week Congressmen heard that Navy Secretary Forrestal was willing to give in even on this question, dear as it was to Navymen's hearts. Thus encouraged, G.O.P. steersmen were getting ready to put merger up to the 80th Congress: it would provide some of the budget economies they had promised.

NEW YORK

A Pound of Waltzing Mice

There was no getting around it: Edmund Wilson's *Memoirs of Hecate County* was what the non-literary citizen would call a raw book and decidedly not for the high-school youngsters. One of its six short stories had 20 more or less detailed descriptions of sexual intercourse. But *Memoirs* was no flippant bedroom farce. Fat, fiftyish Author Wilson, book critic for the *New Yorker*, had written it as a critique of modern manners and morals. Most reviewers agreed that it was an honest and intelligent work; many a reviewer and reader found it labored, obscure, pedantic and depressing. By all the form charts it should have been forgotten except perhaps in the more waspish literary circles of Manhattan.

But last July, four months after appearing in bookstores, it was rescued from imminent obscurity. Grey-haired, bespectacled 70-year-old John S. Sumner, executive secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, decided it endangered public morals. He got a court order against Doubleday & Co., Inc., its publishers, sent Manhattan cops to raiding bookstores and Manhattan citizens to hunting copies as zealously as they hunted steaks.

Then the Hearst newspapers struck an

Sylvia Salmi

AUTHOR WILSON
Depressing.

attitude of righteous indignation, began castigating *Hecate* as "printed filth." The book sold more than 50,000 copies, became the subject of excited argument from coast to coast.

Collectors' Items. Last week the process by which copies of *Hecate* were being converted into collectors' items reached a climax. A Special Sessions Court in Manhattan ruled, 2 to 1, that the book was obscene. The court fined Doubleday & Co., Inc. $1,000 and forbade it to publish and sell the book. The decision made thousands of citizens more impatient than ever to get their morals ruined. It also proved again that finding a yardstick for proving a serious book indecent is as difficult as weighing a pound of waltzing mice.

Dissenting Justice Nathan D. Perlman was almost completely at odds with his colleagues. Said he: "Giving due weight and consideration to the artistic impact of [the story] and judging [it] as a whole. . . . I find that the story is not obscene. . . .

"The writer is . . . honestly concerned with the complex influences of sex and of class consciousness on a man's search for happiness. That problem is also of deep concern to the public. That public is entitled to the benefit of the writer's insight. . . . To suppress what may appear bad in a book is also to suppress what is good therein."

The *Hecate* case was far from closed. A second action against a Manhattan bookseller was soon to come before three other Special Sessions justices who might well reverse their colleagues. Doubleday & Co. planned to appeal to higher courts. Before it was all over *Memoirs of Hecate County* might well be one of the best-known books of the decade.

OPINION

"A Real Physical Type"

Leafing through the Sept. 15 issue of *Vogue*, British Author George Orwell, literary critic (*Dickens, Dali and Others*) and political satirist (*Animal Farm*), ran across a picture of himself in *Vogue's* "spotlight," found himself described as a "plain speaker" and a "direct writer." Leafing a little more, he generated some direct thoughts on U.S. fashions, women and mores. Last week the *New Republic* printed them:

"[The] . . . magazine . . . consists of 325 large quarto pages, of which no less than 15 are given up to articles on world politics, literature, etc. The rest consists entirely of pictures . . . of ball dresses, mink coats, step-ins, panties, brassières, silk stockings, slippers, perfumes, lipstick, nail polish—and, of course, of the women,

The Conde Nast Publications, Inc.

VOGUE COVER (SEPTEMBER 15)
Overbred.

unrelievedly beautiful, who wear them or make use of them.

"One striking thing, when one looks at these pictures, is the overbred, exhausted, even decadent style of beauty that now seems to be striven after. Nearly all of these women are immensely elongated. A thin-boned, ancient-Egyptian type of face seems to predominate: narrow hips are general, and slender, non-prehensile hands like those of a lizard are quite universal. Evidently it is a real physical type. . . ."

Pet-Smooth. "Another striking thing is the prose style of the advertisements, an extraordinary mixture of sheer lushness with clipped and sometimes very expensive technical jargon. Words like suave-mannered, custom-finished, contour-conforming, mitt-back, innersole, backdip, midriff, swoosh, swash, curvaceous, slenderize and pet-smooth are flung about with evident full expectation that the reader will understand them at a glance.

"A fairly diligent search through the magazine reveals two discreet allusions to grey hair, but if there is anywhere a direct mention of fatness or middle-age I have not found it. Birth and death are not mentioned either: nor is work, except that a few recipes for breakfast dishes are given.

"The male sex enters directly or indirectly into perhaps one advertisement in twenty, and photographs of dogs or kittens appear here and there. In only two pictures, out of about three hundred, is a child represented.

"On the front cover there is a colored photograph of the usual elegant female, standing on a chair while a grey-haired, spectacled, crushed-looking man in shirt-sleeves kneels at her feet, doing something to the edge of her skirt. If one looks closely one finds that actually he is about to take a measurement with a yardstick. But to a casual glance he looks as though he were kissing the hem of the woman's garment—not a bad symbolical picture of American civilization, or at least of one important side of it."

POLITICAL NOTES

Chicago's Dilemma

While most of the nation's politicos were still rubbing liniment into their campaign-sore muscles, Chicago's Republicans last week plunged feverishly ahead to the next event. All over the nation's second largest city billboards shouted: "Root for Mayor."

That the name meant nothing at all to most voters was no oddity in long-suffering Chicago. Republican mayoral Candidate Russell William Root had been hand-picked by Governor Dwight Green, who sent him over to the Tribune Tower

Acme

CANDIDATE ROOT
Feverish.

for approval. Colonel Bertie McCormick, who had long maintained a cynical truce with local Democrats, rumbled his assent. After what had happened to the Democrats in November, he was sure the G.O.P. could now take the mayoralty—with anybody.

But G.O.P. small fry gulped with amazement when the word was passed down. Huge (6 ft. 2½ in., 220 lbs.), bear-like Russell Root's greatest claim to political fame was a vague resemblance to Wendell Willkie. In his 48 years he had never held a political job above ward committeeman until he was lifted into the Cook County G.O.P. chairmanship last spring. Even he admitted that last month's Republican sweep was due more to a vote against the "ins" than to his own ability.

"I'll Go Along." Trying to figure out what was in the bosses' minds, the precinct captains could think of only two reasons for Root's candidacy. For one, he had smoothed over many an old sore n the Republican camp with his easy back-slapping affability and a judicious use of amiable profanity. More important, he had never questioned orders or policies from above. His stock political pronouncement: "I'll go along."

Over in Democratic headquarters there was another theory. Sharp, spry Jake Arvey, now the real boss of the failing Kelly machine, thought Root might be a decoy to be replaced by a stronger candidate as soon as the Democrats had committed themselves.

Whether right or wrong the theory did not move the Democrats to tip their own hand. Boss Ed Kelly was still keeping mum, hoping for a draft call. If he did not run himself, Ed's choice would probably be Gael Sullivan, his onetime administrative assistant and now second assistant postmaster general. The choice of his underlings (who did not cotton to absentee Sullivan): big, smart State's Attorney William J. Tuohy.

In the long run, Chicago's apathetic voters would take the licking. In the January primary they would merely be called upon to confirm the bosses' selections, as they had in 1943. Then, on election day in April, they would only decide which machine would run the city.

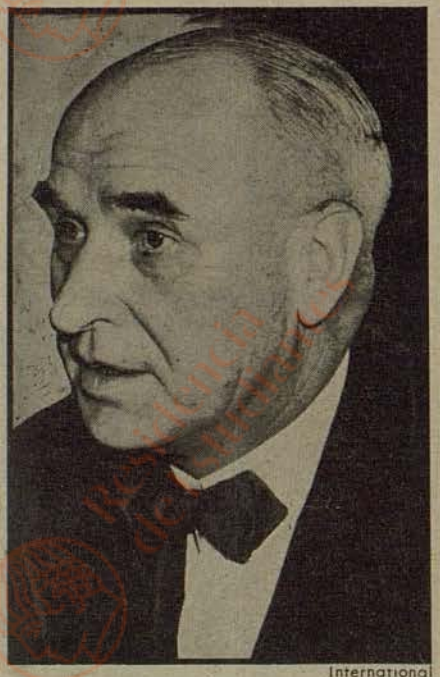
STATES & CITIES

Deferred Decision

During their 11 months as hosts to U.N., New Yorkers had witnessed some exotic spectacles. There was the turbaned Moslem strolling unconcernedly down Fifth Avenue; the sight of Russia's Molotov, convoyed by a squad of bulky, grim-visaged MVD agents; the group of berobed delegates gulping down *şişkebap* in a midtown restaurant. The U.N. meetings themselves, at Lake Success, were almost as good as the Dodgers at Ebbets Field.

But New York's press, perhaps mirroring the sentiments of the majority of readers, had remained cool to the city's guests. Suburban Westchester residents had squawked indignantly when the U.S. began looking around the county for permanent quarters. Long Island groups protested, less notably, at the rate at which U.N. employes took over apartments and houses in a housing crisis. This week, after a fortnight's site-hunting jaunt, U.N.'s delegates sat down to select a new home.

They could be sure of a clamorous welcome wherever they went—at least outside the New York City area. From every city they had visited, alluring invitations continued to pour in. Philadelphia bolstered its earlier bid with a station-wagon load of new maps and photographs. In from San Francisco, Mayor Roger Lapham hurriedly rushed around New York with a final sales talk.



International

MAX GARDNER
He does not stick his neck out.

Even austere Westchester unbent somewhat. Escorting the delegates around his show-place farm, one resident proudly announced that he and a score of his well-heeled neighbors would be delighted to move out for U.N.

The only jarring note came in Boston, where Russia's Nikolai Bassov coldly demanded a plebiscite of U.N.'s prospective hosts. Obviously he had not forgotten last spring's outburst by a Massachusetts judge against "godless Russia." But Bostonians replied to a radio appeal with a 100-to-1 vote welcoming U.N.

Faced with such an embarrassment of hospitality, the delegates could not make up their minds. Dodging a final decision, they recommended to the full 54-nation headquarters site committee a choice of three suitable areas: San Francisco's Presidio, Philadelphia's Belmont-Roxborough site, a tract near White Plains, N.Y.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

To England

After weeks of mulling over the biggest vacancy in his diplomatic corps—the ambassadorship to Britain—Harry Truman made up his mind. The man he picked for the job: conservative, 64-year-old O. (for Oliver) Max Gardner, a safe, uncolorful candidate whom the Senate was likely to confirm with little or no fuss.

From a law practice in Shelby, N.C., Gardner swam naturally into Democratic politics. In 1929 he became North Carolina's governor. To the horror of local Southern politicos, he once had himself photographed at a rally with a Negro girl who had won an essay contest.

In 1933 he went to Washington, built up a practice as a corporation lawyer, became a friend of Franklin Roosevelt. Among Government jobs he faithfully served at: adviser on the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion Board. Among jobs he was mentioned for but did not take: president of the New York Stock Exchange, governor of Puerto Rico. Max Gardner, big, pink and amiable, does not stick his neck out.

Last winter he settled comfortably down into the job of Under Secretary of the Treasury, asked to be excused from serving as a member of the British-American commission on Palestine. Now Max Gardner may have to grapple with that problem.

He will find it not too hard to get along with Britain's socialist Government. "Government planning," he once said, "is just a common-sense approach to a constructive postwar economy." Two of his great assets for the socially exacting, financially burdensome job at the Court of St. James's: he is social-minded and he is wealthy.

NEW JERSEY

Radiation

There was no doubt that slim, dark, 30-year-old Dorothy L. Burns was desperately ill. But what had caused her chest pains, coughing spasms, and the slow fibrous degeneration of both lungs?

Last week, in a suit filed in New Jersey's Federal Court, she told what she thought ailed her. In 1942, said Miss Burns, she had gone to work in Westinghouse's Bloomfield (N.J.) plant, and had been assigned to a laboratory job. Almost four years later, she learned she had been working on one of the minor processes in the development of the atomic bomb. The hot sheet metal she had been cutting into squares, she said, contained radioactive uranium.

Last June, when she read of U.S. awards to Westinghouse for its wartime atomic work, Miss Burns said that she got the first inkling that it might be uranium radiation that had caused her illness. Her suit against Westinghouse: $200,000 damages.

THE NATIONS

Choice

After months of negotiations, Great Britain and the U.S. this week signed the pact for joint economic administration of their zones of Germany. The British gave way on the only really difficult point, agreed to share the cost on a 50-50 basis with the wealthy U.S.

The pact presented Russia (and France) with a choice: come into a genuine joint control of Germany, or stay out and let the British-U.S. combine run the part of Germany that counts most.

Two Thanksgivings

After dinner on Thanksgiving Day a year ago, Jimmy Byrnes sat alone in his Washington office, abysmally gloomy. The world had peace, but the word sounded like a bad joke. The London meeting of the Foreign Ministers had failed; not even the beginning of a peace treaty was in sight; there were even fears that Russia would not attend the first U.N. Assembly in London.

Something had to be done. Jimmy Byrnes cabled his Ambassador in Moscow. He (and Britain's Bevin) went to Moscow, but they accomplished almost nothing. There was worse to come. The Russian tide was rising fast. The period of acute threats and melodramatic walkouts had to be lived through. Mr. Byrnes, groping through the labyrinthine mysteries of the Soviet mind, was to hear himself called an "appeaser" at home.

On Thanksgiving Day this year Mr. Byrnes was not alone, nor gloomy, nor groping. His new critics, whose influence was not great, said not that he was too weak, but that he was too strong. From the high-water mark reached at the Paris Peace Conference, the Russian tide was ebbing (*see* FOREIGN NEWS).

Beefsteak. Three weeks ago the deadlock on the Italian treaty seemed about to be broken by settling one point—the question of powers to be conferred on the U.N.-appointed governor of Trieste (TIME, Nov. 25). But that point proved a knotty one.

Last week Byrnes had an hour alone with Molotov—and presumably with Molotov's indispensable man, Translator Vladimir ("Pinky") Pavlov. Next day the Big Four had a cozy lunch with a mere handful of aides present. The only news that came out was that the conferees ate beefsteak.

The deadlock began to break. Mr. Molotov conceded that the governor should have all necessary powers to protect "civic and human rights."

Turkey. Next day Molotov made an even more startling concession. He agreed to freedom of navigation on the Danube, a principle which at Paris the Russians had damned as Western "dollar diplomacy."

Finally, Molotov made a whole string of minor concessions and a major one: he agreed "in principle" to the U.S. position that nations refusing to sign treaties would get no benefits from those treaties. This might work to deprive Russia's friend, Yugoslavia, of Italian reparations if Tito refused, as he had threatened, to sign the Italian treaty.

Affable Mr. Byrnes then said that the Foreign Ministers had worked hard, that they deserved a reward, that there was turkey on the sideboard. Mr. Molotov made a joke: he said that Turkey was not on the agenda. In view of "The Hammer's" new reasonableness, the least the others could do was to laugh heartily and politely.

"Are We Ready?"

The biggest news from Lake Success last week was that Russia seemed to accept the principles of international "control" and "inspection" in troop inventories and disarmament, including abolition of the atomic bomb and other possible weapons of mass destruction. But when the Russian proposals were closely examined, Britain's handsome, able Sir Hartley Shawcross, who had been the British prosecutor at Nürnberg, branded them as snares & delusions.

Reality & Shadow. Russia's proposal for troop inventories everywhere outside of national frontiers had embarrassed Britain considerably. Britain was afraid, not of disclosing strength, but of disclosing weakness in troubled areas. As a Whitehall spokesman sadly put it, "People will realize that we've been holding a lot of these places with little more than a smile and a bar of chocolate for the children. Local populations may be emboldened to twist the lion's tail." Therefore Britain suggested that the inventories include troops at home as well as abroad, and that they be verified by "on-the-spot" inspectors. The U.S. backed her up on home troops, but not on the inspectors. Reason: the U.S. wants no hastily devised inspection system to serve as a bad model for really important inspection problems later on.

If you are going to inventory home troops, said Russia's Vyacheslav Molotov, why not inventory their weapons as well—including atomic and jet-propelled

Associated Press

DELEGATES CONNALLY, SHAWCROSS AND VISHINSKY
Smiles, chocolate bars and a tongue in cheek.

UNITED NATIONS

Spanish Recipe

The U.S., which had often denounced the Franco regime in Spain but had insisted curative measures should be left to the Spanish people, this week presented them with a recipe.

U.S. Delegate Tom Connally proposed to the U.N. Assembly adoption of a strongly worded resolution which urged Franco to surrender his powers "to a provisional government, broadly representative of the Spanish people and committed . . . to the prompt holding of an election."

To two old questions—if Franco won't and the people can't—the U.S. had only one new answer: extension of Spain's present U.N. disbarment to all international agencies. But the U.S. was still not ready for economic or diplomatic sanctions.

weapons? Breathing heavily through his nose, Britain's P. J. Noel-Baker retorted: "He asks if we are ready to turn over information on our atomic and jet-propelled weapons. Are we ready? Of course we are not, no more than Mr. Molotov is ready. We will give that information as part of a combined agreement of collective security and general disarmament. We will do it then, when we know the whole thing is a reality, not a shadow."

Chicken & Eggs. Vishinsky and U.S. Delegate Connally got into an argument over which came first: the chicken of disarmament or the egg of collective security. Vishinsky favored the chicken, Connally the egg. With a swift change to another tried & true figure of speech, Vishinsky asserted that the atomic bomb was a sword of Damocles hanging by a thin thread, and demanded that it be abolished as a first contribution to disarmament.

Sir Hartley Shawcross wanted to know if the day-to-day activities of the disarmament enforcement agencies proposed by Russia would still be subject to the veto. Of course they would, said Vishinsky in effect. Then, said Sir Hartley, "let us not foist this humbug on the world."

With his tongue almost visibly in his cheek, Vishinsky said: "Adopt our formula, and there can be no disagreement. . . . I hope the other delegations can agree that there can be no improvement to our proposal."

REFUGEES

Prayers for the Departed

The 17,870-ton steamship *Rossia* wallowed in the fog at Marseilles' rickety pier G. At her stern, a red flag hung limply in the November drizzle; on her funnel was the hammer and sickle.* Above the monotonous slap of the waves came occasional harsh orders, the melancholy strains of a Russian song.

Below decks were 1,740 refugees, the human jetsam tossed up by two wars and their attendant revolutions and hatreds. Some were pro-Soviet Russians who had been imprisoned by the Germans; some were White Russians with Nansen passports; some were Bulgarians, Rumanians, Poles who turned to Russia when the rest of the world proved inhospitable. For 20 days before sailing most of the passengers had languished in a concentration camp built by the Germans for slave laborers. Then they had been driven to the dockside in crowded trucks, whisked aboard under the watchful eye of French and Russian police.

Voices of Despair. French Communist newspapers tried to glamorize the voyage. On board, they said, were retired Russian Generals Postovski and Makhrov and four Princes Obolensky. Actually, the Generals were basking in the Riviera sun, the Princes apparently in no hurry to leave Paris.

Some farewells from actual passengers:

Carpenter Josef Luckasti, 55: "I am lost and penniless after 25 years in exile [from Russia]. I will return, and I hope to find work. . . ."

Rumanian-born Philippe Guecht, 40, who believed that "war was the only road to peace": "I have chosen Soviet citizenship . . . and [hope] to find work as a show producer. I believe that Russia is the only country where liberty and art really exist."

Wolf Cukersvein, a 35-year-old, Warsaw-born doctor who left Poland because, as a Jew, he could not gain admission to a university; had fled anti-Semitism in Italy; settled in Toulouse as a radiologist: "Even there I . . . could not get work because of racial prejudice. . . . The Soviets have promised to help my scientific research. I have no particular beliefs but go willingly . . . because I know that I won't be hindered by racial prejudice."

From A to B. But the star attraction was 50-year-old Russian Author Nicolas Rostchine (*White Lilac, Mountain Sun, The Stork*). Said Rostchine: "I fought the Germans in the Resistance. He who does A must consequently do B. Fighting Germans, I fought for Russia. Now I must return. . . . I took this decision after approaching Soviet representatives in Paris, who convinced me that those governing Russia today are the best men in the world, and that the salvation of the world lies in total Sovietization of all countries."

As the *Rossia* eased away from the quay into the gathering murk, lights blazed in a tiny Russian church, erected in the backyard of Marseilles' only Russian restaurant. A reverent hum came from the windows. Said the owner of the restaurant, a former ballet dancer in the Russian Imperial Theater: "We are also praying for those who are leaving."

* The *Rossia*, something of a seagoing refugee herself, has sailed under three flags in eight years. Built at Hamburg in 1938 as the German *Patria*, she was taken over by the Allies at Flensburg in May 1945, used as living quarters for a SHAEF mission, then became the British *Empire Welland*. In an allocation of tonnage between the Big Powers, she passed to Russia this year.

"WE CANNOT DIE"

The Palestine story is most often told in the language of politics or professional philanthrophy. Last week when the largest group of European Jews ever to sail in a single refugee ship tried to pierce the British cordon around Palestine, a TIME *correspondent told the story in human terms. He cabled this report of what happens when men crazed by fear find obstacles in their way:*

In the thick Mediterranean darkness the refugee ship *Lojita*, renamed by its passengers the *Jewish Assembly*, heaved in the lashing seas. In its stinking coffinlike holds, along the rusted decks and companionways, deep in the engine rooms and even in the ancient, rotting lifeboats high in the davits, 3,854 refugees, 591 of them children, struggled for life. In a small armada of launches, caïques, fishing smacks and rowing boats, they had left tiny coves in France, Italy, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Greece, to be picked up by the ship.

What Nationality? Three days from Palestine the captain and his crew left the ship by small boat, fearing imprisonment if they were caught by the British coastal forces. A group of refugees took over. Late that night, behind a tattered canvas awning, a baby was born, the ninth on the voyage. The German doctor, one of the three on board, whispered to the mother: "*Wir können nicht sterben*" (we cannot die). Two more babies would arrive before the ship reached its destination. The doctors wondered what nationality they could claim.

Constantly in touch by radio, the underground of Tel Aviv dot-dashed the plan to the ship. The refugee radio operator, who could not speak English, painfully deciphered the messages in his Webster. The plan: a fleet of small boats would go out to meet the ship and would then put ashore refugees in an "assault landing." Underground terrorists, who had ceased their attacks throughout Palestine for nearly a week, were ready to hold off police during the landing.

But British intelligence sources also got word of the *Assembly's* approach, and three British destroyers spoiled the Jewish plan. They spotted the *Jewish Assembly*, blinked an order for it to proceed to Cyprus. The *Assembly's* answer flashed back: "No, we have come from the concentration camps of Europe. This is not a pleasure cruise." A British destroyer captain pleaded: yield, avoid bloodshed. "Never, captain, never," was the reply. "As your own leader said, we say: 'We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight in the streets.' We shall fight on this ship for our right to live."

"Kill Me Now!" The refugee ship dodged and turned, but, after 48 hours, gave up. Then, surrounded by the three destroyers, two police boats and a tug, the captive *Jewish Assembly*, flying blue-and-white Zionist flags, entered Haifa harbor. As it gently nosed to the quay, there was a strange silence on its packed decks. Grenadier guardsmen, unarmed and unhelmeted, stood by with ambulances. Guardsmen, led by an officer, climbed the gangplank.

The silence broke when a refugee hit the officer full in the face with a five-

WAR CRIMES

Grazie

There was none of Nürnberg's cold impersonality about the dingy Roman courtroom where two German generals stood trial last week before a British war crimes tribunal. "The blood of my husband claims justice!" screamed a woman as the chief witness for the defense took the stand. "Butchers, murderers!" spat 25 others standing with her, each wearing a silver badge marked "320." That stood for the number of Italian civilians the German Command had ordered killed in the Ardeatine Caves in reprisal for 32 Nazis bombed in Rome in March 1944.

In the venom-charged atmosphere the prisoners themselves seemed the least concerned. Towering, monocled Colonel General Eberhard von Mackensen stared impassively at his judges. Wax-faced Lieut. General Kurt Maeltzer, wartime Roman governor, sat beside him, hunched and bewildered. Between sessions he went to earn cigarets by building a playpen for a British guard's baby.

Mackensen and Maeltzer were merely links in the long German chain of command. Their defense, of course, was that they had only passed on superiors' orders.

As guilty or guiltier in the minds of the spectators were the witnesses: snaggle-toothed Field Marshal Albert Kesselring, able and ruthless wartime commander in Italy; and tough, ugly Lieut. Colonel Herbert Kappler, the *SS* officer who carried out Kesselring's orders down to the last pistol shot.

Loftily Kesselring defended his part in the business. "Reprisals and the shooting of civilians as a last resort," he said, smiling in the harsh light of the courtroom's naked bulbs, "are nowhere prohibited by international law." (In a general sense, this statement was true, although it did not necessarily apply to the case at bar.)

The prosecution reminded the court that it was not the principle of reprisal, but its abuse, that was on trial. "Three hundred and thirty-five persons, including 14-year-old boys, old men with their hands tied behind their backs, with no time to make peace with their Maker, with no time to say goodbye, led out five at a time to kneel while the life was shot out of them. That," said British King's Counsel C. L. Sterling, "is a picture that might well call for retribution."

Coolly fingering the long, deep dueling scar on the left side of his face, Kappler told the court how, after long consultations with Mackensen and Maeltzer, he had combed the streets of Rome looking for hostages. There were not enough condemned men in the Regina Coeli prison, so he had had to fill out the list with 57 Jews. Asked why he had shot 15 more than ordered, he explained: "Somebody must have sent them as extras, I guess."

Whatever it may have thought of the guilt of Kesselring or Kappler (soon to be tried themselves), the court sentenced Mackensen and Maeltzer to death by firing squad. For once the courtroom was almost quiet, but from the back, where the widows were gathered, gratefully came one word: *"Grazie."*

pound tin of corned beef. He collapsed on the gangway. As his soldiers tried to reach him, a shower of missiles rained from the screaming immigrants—green oblong tins of Italian Army rations, U.S. Army K-rations, packets of biscuits, a heavy oxygen bottle. Above the barrage the refugees sang the Jewish hymn *Hatiqvah*. One stood up in a lifeboat, with his arms outstretched, and yelled in Hebrew: *"Taharog oti akhshav!"* (Kill me now!).

An excited soldier fired eight rounds from a Sten gun, missed with seven, killed a boy of 17 with the eighth. Next the troops tried tear-gas grenades. Thirty refugees jumped over the side onto the narrow decks of a tug. Some of them missed and fell into the water. One broke his neck in the jump.

With the tear-gas attack the troops got a foothold and, after a few minutes of hand-to-hand fighting, ended the riot. Then began the transfer to three deportation ships. Some walked, some had to be carried down the gangplank. Husbands searched for wives, and children for parents. The soldiers suddenly became gentle to old and young alike. One hysterical woman, her hair hanging loosely over her tear-stained face, looked for her children. A young British officer brought several stray children to her, but they were not hers.

Eventually he found the right ones and her face cleared again. But deep hate showed in the eyes of the younger refugees as they refused assistance and walked, heads high, off the ship. On the transfer ships they looked at the barbed wire enclosing the decks, and a young one said in a voice heavy with bitterness *"Das kommt uns bekannt vor"* (this strikes us as familiar).

"First In, First Out." The deportation ships left the dock and cruised along the coast, awaiting the judgment of the Palestine Supreme Court on a habeas corpus case entered on behalf of the refugees. Irish-born Chief Justice Sir William Fitzgerald upheld the right of Lieut. General Sir Alan Cunningham, the British High Commissioner, to order the deportations. When his decision was radioed to the ships offshore, they sailed for Cyprus, where the British concentrate illegal migrants.

Sir Alan had won his case, but he was fearful of the cost. In an effort to forestall new outbreaks of violence and preserve recent improvement in British-Zionist relations, Sir Alan reversed Britain's tight ban on illegal immigration by announcing that 1,750 refugees would be allowed to enter Palestine from Cyprus immediately on a "first in [Cyprus], first out" basis.

Sir Alan's concession did not satisfy Palestine extremists. A few nights later when the kilted First Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders were celebrating St. Andrew's Day with banquets in Jerusalem, mines went off at the intersection of the Street of the Prophets and St. Paul's Road. The Scots rushed out, fought a brisk rifle battle with "Stern gang" terrorists who had tried to seize the city. Later, as intermittent shots rang out over the city, a U.S. correspondent was stopped by a policeman, who leveled a sub-machine gun at him, said: "You should not walk the streets tonight. We are not particular whom we shoot. In fact we shoot first and ask questions afterward."

PERIPATETICS

As Elliott Saw It

Elliott Roosevelt has not been in much trouble lately, either with plane-riding dogs or with money-lending grocery magnates. In fact he has become an author who, though not taken seriously, has serious pretensions. Last week Elliott was back in form—in hot water, that is.

At a reception in Moscow, Elliott apparently made some colorful (very pink) remarks. Through a "reliable individual" the magazine *Newsweek* got wind of these and published them. According to *Newsweek*:

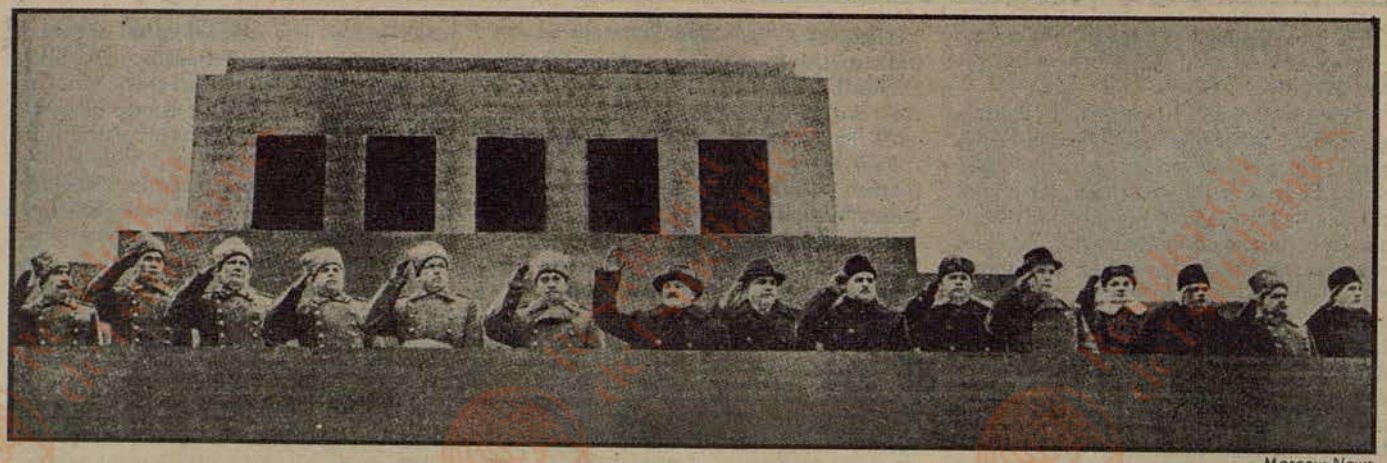
"Elliott started off by explaining that foreign correspondents have no more freedom in the United States than they have in Russia. Take . . . Ilya Ehrenburg. Throughout his recent stay in America the noted Soviet writer was followed by a State Department agent. . . . The U.S. Elliott continued has no business meddling in the Danube area. . . . The same goes for the Dardanelles, he said.

"Elliott also thought that the Soviet Union had never broken its word. While the United States and Britain repeatedly violated their pledges at Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam, the Soviets faithfully observed theirs. . . . 'Can anyone here,' he demanded, 'name one instance in which the United States acted to further the cause of peace?' "

When this story reached Elliott, he got on a high horse, rode off in all directions. To the U.P., he said that *Newsweek* had erred because it "does not carry the story in full." He accused U.S. Embassy officials of a "put-up job." To the A.P. he exculpated the Embassy. Meanwhile Ambassador Bedell Smith had reported Elliott's remarks to Washington.

The Russians, and their admirers in the U.S. were completely delighted.

FOREIGN NEWS



Moscow News

ZHDANOV (*seventh from left*) & RUSSIAN LEADERS ON LENIN'S TOMB*
"You'll never cook your porridge with a lot of gravediggers . . ."

RUSSIA

How to Wait

(See Cover)

Absolute dictatorship the world has never seen, will never see. Every tyrant is a slave to the inescapable calculus of power: how can I keep them bent to my will? Last week when the Kremlin extended its new conciliatory foreign policy line (*see* INTERNATIONAL), it was recognizing (as it often had before) that the blindfolded, voiceless 193,000,000 inhabitants of the U.S.S.R. were still a major factor in determining Russia's course.

In Lucius Boomer's spacious Waldorf-Astoria apartment Molotov compromised on Trieste and conceded the principle of free trade on the Danube. That was intimately related to such apparently unrelated domestic problems as the Russian housing shortage (the world's worst) which confines most Russians to dwelling space of less than 7 by 7 ft. each.

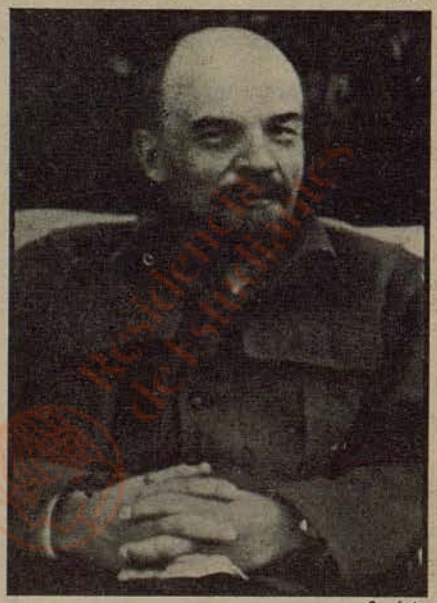
At Lake Success, Molotov told U.N. that Russia not only favored disarmament but was willing to accept (subject, of course, to the veto) inspection and international control of disarmament enforcement. That was related to such phenomena as the fact that inflation, a symptom of production shortages, is mounting in Russia. (In September a single food price jump trebled the cost of eating.)

In Germany the Red Army's heavy hand was slackening. That was related, among many other things, to the fact that millions of Russians face their hungriest winter, one in which thousands may die in the fields and streets.

What Lenin Thought. In the long view, Russia's internal distress would not contribute to world amity. But in the immediate context of 1946, it had the effect of enforcing on the Russian leaders conformity with James F. Byrnes's painfully developed policy of resisting Russian expansion by "patience and firmness." Byrnes had ended the easy growth of Russia's foreign influence; before the Kremlin was ready for the really strenuous efforts required to buck the Byrnes line, it had to turn its attention homeward, where chubby Andrei Alexandrovich Zhdanov, Stalin's deputy in the party, is now the chief executor of the Politburo's intensified domestic policy. The new Soviet line was a perfect example of Lenin's way of thinking about foreign policy, as explained by the Soviet theoretician, M. Leonov:

"He [Lenin], however, doesn't limit himself to the establishment of unity and of connection between internal and external policies. He points out that internal policy is the basis of external policy."

In its turn, the internal policy would be shaped by the internal facts. Most important of Russia's present domestic policies was a new Five-Year Plan whose details make interesting reading for anyone trying to figure out how Russia will behave on the world stage in the next few years. By 1950, if the present plan is completely fulfilled, each Russian will still have less sugar than in 1913, less beef and mutton than in 1929, less soap and oil than in 1937, less pork than in 1938, less living space, shoes & stockings than in 1940.



Sovfoto

LENIN
He also liked gorodki.

What the Clowns Think. Obviously, the people of Russia, who are remarkably like people everywhere, would rather improve this sorry picture than carry the Marxist banner to distant lands. Stalin & Co., in spite of their enormous foreign and military commitments, have been trying desperately since the war ended to ease the shortages. They have had some success. A walk around Moscow last week showed Russians better dressed than last year, more toys and cooking utensils in shop windows and, in some sections, lights gleaming in rooms which last year were only hollow shells of construction interrupted by the war or bombed-out wrecks gutted by war.

Nevertheless, millions of Russians who have discovered, via the Red Army abroad, that almost all other nations live better than they do grumble at the slow rate of improvement. In a police state, grumbles are harder to hear—and far more important—than in a free country. Dissatisfaction creeps out in art, literature, and even in the circus. Two samples from last week's Moscow scene:

At a puppet show a chorus of 30 puppets sang:

We have a wonderful, wonderful subway
But just try to get inside.

At a circus, a clown named "Karandash" (pencil) kept dashing into the ring with a little white hen, which escaped in a flutter of feathers. "Why do you beat your hen?" asked the ringmaster. Answers Karandash: "Because she only gives me powdered eggs."

* Left to right: Marshal S. M. Budenny; Colonel General K. A. Vershinin; Marshal I. S. Konev; Marshal A. M. Vasilevsky, Chief of Staff; Marshal L. A. Govorov; N. A. Bulganin, Deputy War Minister; Zhdanov; N. A. Voznesensky, Chairman of State Planning Commission; N. M. Shvernik, Chairman of Presidium of Supreme Soviet; G. M. Popov, Party Secretary; A. N. Kosygin, Vice Chairman of Council of Ministers; M. F. Shkiryatov, Member of Presidium of Supreme Soviet; N. S. Patolichev, Party Secretary; A. V. Khrulev, Vice Minister of Armed Forces; A. A. Kuznetsov, Party secretary.

The Art Council of Soviet State Circuses had criticized the "unsatisfactory nature" of the jokes and organized a contest to improve them. "Can it be," asked the London *Times*, "that the clowns have been too funny?"

The People's Consciousness. Grumbles can be handled in two ways: putting a hand over the grumbler's mouth, or trying to remove the cause of the grumbling. Stalin—through Zhdanov—is trying both methods.

In the last 3½ months Zhdanov has led the pack in the literary-artistic purge directed against all "cultural deviationists" from Clown Karandash to Producer Sergei Eisenstein. He also signed (for the party, with Stalin signing for the Government) the highly significant agricultural decree aimed against the mass, illegal reconversion of collective farms into private holdings. To emphasize the importance of Zhdanov's twin tasks Stalin, ailing at Sochi on the Black Sea, let Zhdanov have the place of honor on Lenin's tomb (*see cut*) at the Nov. 7 celebration of the 1917 revolution. (A typical and revealing excerpt from Zhdanov's speech the night before: "It is precisely those remnants of capitalism in the people's consciousness we must still overcome and extirpate.")

Noting Zhdanov's new duties and honors, the handicappers who try to figure who will win the race as Stalin's successor, now believe that Zhdanov is back in form, after a severe strain to his reputation in the Finnish war; they rate Zhdanov just after Molotov, which is very good going for a man who 15 years ago was so little known in Communist politics that he did not even get his name in the Soviet Encyclopedia.

Unlike Stalin (né Dyugashvili), Trotsky (né Bronstein) and Molotov (né Scriabin), Zhdanov still has the name he was born with. Sharing a common root with the Russian verb *zhdat*, to wait or to expect, it is a good name for a man who was to ride quietly up the party escalator until he could expect (or at least hope for) succession to the biggest political job on earth. His father was a school inspector in Tver (now Kalinin), about 100 miles northwest of Moscow. Zhdanov had a better education (including German and French) than any present member of the Politburo. He joined the Bolsheviks in 1915 when he was 19, and had an undistinguished career as an organizer until, after years of fidelity to Stalin, his great chance came in 1934.

When Stalin's closest friend ("Dear Sergei") Kirov was assassinated, Zhdanov got his job as party boss of Leningrad. Because Westernized, fractious Leningrad was the hottest spot, the post implied absolute trust in Zhdanov's loyalty and ability, and was regarded as the party's No. 2 job.

Warning to Optimists. In 1939 he identified himself with the party's "liberal" wing by an extraordinary speech which marked the close of the Great Purge begun in 1934. He said:

"Mass purges . . . are attended by many mistakes, primarily by the infringement of the Leninist principle of an individual approach to people. . . . There were numerous cases of unwarranted expulsions from the party, and of hostile elements who had wormed their way into the party taking advantage of the purges to persecute and ruin honest people. . . .

"We must get an iron broom and sweep our party house clean of this garbage. The refusal to be worried about human beings . . . is a malady which still ails a good many leaders of our party organizations. . . . If you scratch these pseudo-moralists, you will find plenty of hypocrites and humbugs among them. You'll never cook your porridge with a lot of gravediggers like this. . . ."

But, as a warning to those who put their faith in "liberal" elements in Communism, Zhdanov made another statement in 1939. Two months before the Hitler-Stalin pact, Zhdanov published an article in *Pravda* giving it as his "personal opinion" (Red leaders usually use the protective "we") that Britain and France were not dealing honestly with the U.S.S.R. He noted contemptuously that: "My friends do not agree. They still think that when commencing the negotiations on a pact for mutual assistance with the U.S.S.R., the British and French Governments had serious intentions to create a powerful barrier against aggression in Europe."

Mistake. In a few months Zhdanov turned his distrust in another direction. As boss of Leningrad, he was acutely conscious of a danger he saw from nearby Finland. His fear led him into the one great boner of his career: he persuaded Stalin that the Finns would collapse easily. After the courageous Finnish defense ended that delusion, Stalin made a somber crack to Zhdanov: "So things are going normally on the Finnish front, huh? Well, when the Finns get to Bologoe [halfway between Moscow and Leningrad], let me know."

Zhdanov's Finnish disgrace was a delight to his rival Molotov. One anecdote of the period tells how Zhdanov was talking to Stalin in the latter's office in the Kremlin. The phone rang. It was Molotov. Stalin talked to him for some five minutes, but Stalin's part of the conversation consisted in saying "yes, yes, yes" while Zhdanov sweated visibly. Finally, just before he hung up, Stalin said "no, no." Stalin glanced up at Zhdanov, who was looking relieved, and said: "Don't be too happy. He just asked me whether I was having a satisfactory conference with you."

Sovfoto

LENINGRAD AIR RAID
After fear and fiasco, fire and favor.

When Stalin celebrated his 60th birthday on Dec. 21, 1939, every member of the Politburo but Zhdanov had some variation of the congratulatory tribute to "our father and teacher, our bright sun, hope and glory of peoples" printed in all Russian newspapers. Zhdanov was not even allowed at the party.

Comeback. Zhdanov came back to Stalin's favor the hard way. As the Germans approached Leningrad there was no demoralization in the city. Zhdanov, Marshal Klimenty Voroshilov and Leningrad's "Mayor" Peter Popkov turned the tide with a ringing declaration which sent 400,000 Leningraders to the fortifications. Before the 29-month siege ended in 1944,

Sovfoto, Acme

MALENKOV BERIA BULGANIN MOLOTOV MIKOYAN

For the handicappers, a strong field.

one of the great stories of human endurance had been written.

Some 1,300,000, mostly civilians, had died of hunger, cold and shell fire in the city. When in 1942 a relief road was opened to Leningrad across frozen Lake Ladoga, Zhdanov, iron-willed, withheld from the people the food it carried, ordered it stocked in the reserve. In Soviet propaganda the story of Leningrad has been overshadowed by Stalingrad, because the latter marked the beginning of the Red Army offensive. But if the Kremlin should decide (in order to underline Russia's strength against an enemy it can't reach) to stress the U.S.S.R.'s purely defensive power, the propaganda story will be Leningrad, and Zhdanov its hero.

Hyvää Päivää. After the war, in token that he had been forgiven for the Finnish fiasco, Zhdanov was made head of the Finnish Control Commission. Finns expected the worst, but Zhdanov is too hardheaded to bear a grudge. At Helsinki's airport a glum honor guard of Finns was lined up to meet him. Said Zhdanov in Finnish, *"Hyvää päivää pojat"* (Hello, boys). The soldiers stood stonily for a long Finnish moment, then grinned back and said, almost in chorus: *"Hyvää päivää Kenrääli"* (Hello, General).

That's the way Zhdanov ran the Russian mission to beaten Finland. No rough stuff, no looting, not much interference in Finnish affairs. Today Finland and Czechoslovakia are the only countries on Russia's European border where the Red reputation has improved since V-E day.

Of Souls & Lumber. To his next assignment, the cultural purge, Zhdanov brought a pretension to cultural inclinations, of a sort; he plays the piano indifferently well, and reads modern novels, but many of them are detective stories. In fact it might be said that Zhdanov's artistic approach is that of a detective who sees a crime in any work that does not positively advance Communist doctrine. Zhdanov put it this way recently: "If an industry's production is unsatisfactory, or a program for the satisfaction of the consumer has not been fulfilled, or if not enough lumber has been stored away —it's quite normal if the guilty are reprimanded; but if an unsatisfactory education of human minds and souls goes on, then we tolerate it. . . ."

Zhdanov sees his job as making sure that Soviet organs will not tolerate artists who, consciously or unconsciously, either by what they say or what they omit, give expression to the people's discontent. When Zhdanov attacks the lyric poetess Anna Akhmatova as "a fornicatrix and nun, who mixes fornication with prayer," the whole Soviet press gets the fairly obvious idea: Zhdanov doesn't like the way she writes. Critics, press (but not necessarily the public) follow Zhdanov's verbal sawmill through Soviet arts & letters while he cuts cultural props to shore up the Five-Year Plan's inadequacies.

Dewberries & Tea. In spite of these peculiarly totalitarian ideas, Zhdanov gets along well with the few Westerners he has met. They find him a plump, well-manicured, neatly dressed little (5 ft. 6 in.) man with just the faintest touch of perfume about him and a fondness for white wine and dewberry cordial. He has nice manners, except (the British note) that his tea-drinking is noisy. Such observations have led at least one aristocratic key British diplomat into the perilous assumption that the rude Communists will be safe international playmates when they learn "the rules of the game" better.

Zhdanov has the usual Politburo allotment of Kremlin apartment, suburban *dacha* and Caucasus villa. With his wife, widowed daughter and son, he favors the apartment. Even in the coldest Moscow winter, Zhdanov (unlike most Russians) sleeps with the window open and tries vainly to keep his weight down by starting the day with 15 minutes of calisthenics. His favorite recreation is *gorodki*, a mixture of bowling and shuffleboard, which Lenin also liked. Kremlin dwellers have their own *gorodki* club; in its recent tournament Zhdanov placed second to Stalin's chauffeur, Khvostov.

The Gang. On the official Politburo list (more important than *gorodki* scores) Zhdanov now stands fourth—after Stalin, Molotov and the hated Lavrenty Beria, head of the secret police. Of those below Zhdanov, his most serious rival is Georgi Malenkov, 44, a brilliant backstairs intriguer. Others are Anastas Mikoyan, the Armenian foreign trade chief, who enjoys Stalin's personal favor but has little party following, and a dark horse, Nikolai Bulganin, the political boss of the Army. Molotov, Beria and Malenkov are loosely grouped as the reactionary anti-Westerners. But as long as Stalin lives the whole gang will stick together, and Zhdanov, who was once against mass purges, will willingly follow the Politburo's cultural purge wherever it leads him.

The Chances. Can the Russian people ultimately break through the straitjacket which these men so carefully, so busily stitch for them? Last week brought signs that the Kremlin was still able to tend to the people's minimum needs. So long as it does, the 193,000,000 Russians are most unlikely to revolt. As to the long future, the American who knows Soviet Russia best has this to say:

"The strength of the Kremlin lies largely in the fact that it knows how to wait; the strength of the Russian people lies in the fact that they know how to wait longer."

POLAND

The House on Szucha Avenue

The old national anthem, now played along with the *Internationale*, still proclaimed: "Poland is not yet lost." But many a Pole was beginning to wonder. Arrests of the Government's political opponents were rapidly increasing in number from week to week. The Catholic hierarchy and clergy, completely abandoning its technically impartial position, openly urged Poles to vote against the Communist-dominated Government. The Government thundered back: "The Vatican is a friend of the Germans!" Anti-Semitic terrorists circulated stories that the Government had allowed Jews to torture and kill 160 non-Jewish Poles imprisoned in the city of Radom. The extreme rightist underground paper *Honor & Fatherland* proclaimed that, unless the U.S. and Britain eventually severed relations with the Government, Poland's only hope was a future war between the great powers.

The Neighbors. Nowhere in divided Poland was the pattern of these scenes

clearer than in a six-story limestone apartment building at No. 16 Aleja Szucha (Warsaw's Pennsylvania Avenue), where two prominent Poles reside in two modest flats. One was little-known Jakub Berman, Under Secretary of State without Portfolio (but with plenty of jobs), one of the most powerful members of Poland's Communist ruling clique. The other was lantern-jawed, indomitable Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, leader of the anti-Communist Polish Peasant Party who, of all Polish public figures today, enjoys perhaps the highest popularity and the lowest life-expectancy. The two neighbors, though they shared the same Tommy-gun-toting doormen, the same postman and the same erratic central heating, were not on speaking terms. They were engaged in an implacable battle leading up to a grave finale: Poland's long-delayed national elections, now scheduled for Jan. 19.

Berman is a career Communist who was trained in Moscow and, typically, chose Russia for his wartime exile. Mikolajczyk chose Britain.

Berman has sentimental Charles Boyer eyes, is also known for his Quiz-Kid memory, his eloquence and his highly unsentimental political skill. The current renaissance of Poland's traditionally virulent anti-Semitism increases his unpopularity (Berman is a Jew), but his power is enormous. No document moves in or out of the Premier's office without his O.K., and foreign diplomats, when stymied elsewhere, go to him for decisive action. A foreign visitor once called him: "A Harry Hopkins without a Roosevelt." The comparison applies to Berman's behind-the-scenes role, not to his objectives.

The Difference. Last week, Berman and his fellow Communists, who knew that Mikolajczyk would win any fair election, were efficiently making sure that the Jan. 19 election would not be fair. Not a single member of Miko's Peasant Party was named to any of the 52 district committees which will supervise the voting. The Peasant Party's newspaper, *Gazeta Ludowa*, was crippled by constant arrests among its staff members (among the first to go was its chief crime reporter).

To close any breaches in the anti-Mikolajczyk front, Communist and Socialist leaders last week slipped away to a secret meeting place and formalized an already existing working agreement for a full fighting alliance against "all symptoms of reaction."

First result: Socialists who did not like the merger were arrested by the Government's Security Police. Premier Edward Osubka-Morawski, a Socialist who obviously gets along with the Communists, was not one of these. He grimly underlined the connection between electoral victory and control of the police in a memorable statement: "No Polish Government has ever been defeated in an election. The record won't be broken."

Unbowed, Mikolajczyk continued his campaign as best he could. He fully endorsed the Government's economic program, including nationalization and land reform. Said one of his lieutenants: "The main difference is—we believe in civil liberties."

The Threat. The U.S. last week sent a probably futile note to Warsaw protesting the Government's violation of the Yalta provision for a "free and unfettered" vote. The one concrete result of continued Western watchfulness, as evidenced by the U.S. note, was Mikolajczyk's personal safety—so far. But foreign correspondents in Warsaw feared that, after a Communist election victory, things might take a grimmer turn between the neighbors of No. 16 Szucha Avenue. Few people would be surprised if there should be a sudden vacancy. As everywhere else, apartments are scarce in Warsaw and Mikolajczyk crowds the city, anyhow.

GREAT BRITAIN

Uneasy Bedfellows

The anti-Bevin rebellion in the Labor Party's ranks was the subject of a terse party caucus. Rebel Leader Richard Crossman, after stern, reproving lectures behind locked doors by Prime Minister Attlee and other party fathers, had apologized and promised not to do it again. But, said one Labor M.P.: "It's like the man who finds that his wife has been unfaithful. She says she's sorry, and they are to patch up the marriage and carry on for the sake of the children. But the honeymoon is definitely over."

Two very dissimilar groups—trade unionists and those they call "bloody intellectuals"—were becoming increasingly uneasy bedfellows. Crossman, one of the latter group, was still sounding off in the *New Statesman*, of which he is assistant editor. Said the latest issue (commenting on the U.S. coal strike): "For Britain and British labor the moral seems to be that to be entangled in the mess of America's economic confusion spells disaster just as surely as to accept American dictation in an international policy that may fluctuate as much as the shares on Wall Street."

Although the revolt had not spread to the general public, many Britons were becoming increasingly annoyed with the U.S. Some simply envied America's comparative wealth of food, nylons and gadgets. Others were concerned with the "humiliations" of the recent U.S. loan, and the threat of an American business recession; most of all, they chafed whenever the U.S. seemed to pursue a policy independent of Britain.

Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin, busily engaged in Big Four conferences in the U.S., was well aware of the uneasiness at home and the embarrassing abstention of nearly a third of Labor M.P.s on a vote for his support. Gossiped craggy W. J. Brown, Independent M.P. and regular London *Evening Standard* commentator: "When [Bevin] comes home he will insist on a showdown, probably by claiming a solid vote of confidence at a party meeting. This may easily precipitate another crisis. For the abstentionists, having condemned his foreign policy, can hardly vote for a motion of confidence in him."

And if they don't, guessed Columnist Brown, Bevin might just quit.

J. C. Walker-Cardiff *Western Mail*

"WHEN UNCLE ERNEST COMES HOME"
The honeymoon was over.

Dialectical Immaterialism

From the crowded visitors' gallery of the oak-paneled King's Bench courtroom, eager London School of Economics students last week gazed down on the witness box, where their mentor Harold Laski, with a shield of agile dialectics, nonchalantly deflected the barbs of an irate defense counsel.

Although the adroit professor was the complainant, he was quickly put on the defensive by belligerent Sir Patrick Hastings, attorney for the defendant. Laski, former Labor Party chairman, was suing the Newark Advertisers Co., Ltd., publishers of the Nottinghamshire Newark *Advertiser*, for printing statements that he advocated violent revolution allegedly in speeches during the 1945 election campaign.

At one point Sir Patrick asked: "Are there any privileged persons in the Socialist party?"

"Indeed Sir Patrick," replied Laski smoothly, with one hand stretched professorially across his waistcoat, "when you were a member of the Socialist party—"

"Don't be rude," interrupted Sir Patrick, who had been Labor Attorney General in 1924. "When you are rude to other people you think that is argument, but when people say something about you, you bring actions for libel."

Laski, always the lecturer, delivered a long harangue in answer to one question. Lord Chief Justice Goddard, who had sunk back in his chair, bored but still listening, sat bolt upright to translate to the jury. "The answer," he said, "is 'yes,'" and leaned back again.

But despite his dialectical footwork, the jury at week's end decided against Laski. This time the little professor would pay for the privilege of lecturing: the jury found he had not been libeled, the court assigned him the costs.

European

SOCIALIST SCHUMACHER
From the defeated, truths.

GERMANY

Two Voices

He was a gaunt, one-armed man in his worn 50s, and he had to hold his notes close up to his eyes; age and ten years in German concentration camps had all but blinded him. When he began with a polite *meine Damen und Herren*, a buzz swept over the crowd of British journalists, uneasy at hearing German in a London press conference. As the speaker continued, there was more than his language to make his listeners uneasy. He was veteran Socialist Dr. Kurt Schumacher, who raised his voice on what was technically still enemy soil, and he had some blunt and bitter truths for the victors.

Germany, he said, was being swept by a new nationalism which must be fought. He pleaded: "Do not . . . accuse the German Social Democratic Party of being nationalistic itself. . . ." No nationalist, Schumacher urged German unity on European as much as on German grounds: "If Europe is to become or stay united . . . Germany must be united. . . . We repeat our determination to pay our reparations, and we are distressed that the Ruhr has now become a center of neurosis in international relations. . . . We recognize the necessity for the hundred percent destruction of German war industry. But we must be able to build up a constructive industry of peace. . . ."

Schumacher warmly maintained that the British people had done more and sacrificed more for defeated Germany than any other nation. "But there really is an extraordinary wide discrepancy between ministerial declarations in London . . . and what is actually going on [in Germany]."

Schumacher's main point: the victors did not know (or could not agree on) what they wanted in Germany. "This fact must be brought to mind when one looks upon this gruesome dance of death that is now beginning in Germany. The victors should at least find a common denominator."

One way or another, this question of Allied disagreement was bound to preoccupy Germans. Hitler fought a war on the assumption Russia and the West could not stay together until victory. Now Schumacher, the first important German spokesman Britons had heard since Hitler, was saying, with intent exactly opposite to Hitler's, that Allied disagreement must not be allowed to frustrate the peace.

Harvey Weber-Graphic House

PROFESSOR LASKI
From the complainant, costs.

BURMA

Solidarity

Early last month, the gates of a sequestered compound in the northwest suburbs of sticky, sprawling Rangoon creaked open and 68 men & women filed out. They straggled the short distance to Kyandaw Cemetery, the city's common burial ground for Burmese Buddhists, camped there. They had not come to die; they were lepers who had caught the strike fever. Their bargaining power rested on the notion which Burmese share with other Asiatics that leprosy is a highly contagious disease.

To leprosarium authorities, leper leader Maung Kyaw Thu laid down demands to be met "immediately": 1) improve the wretched diet; 2) reduce working hours of inmates (now six hours daily); 3) step up injection treatments of chaulmoogra oil to the prewar level of two a day.

Until the authorities acted, the lepers could afford to wait. In Burma, social outcasts help each other. The lepers were being fed with rice donated by cemetery workers, who occupy the lowest rank in Burmese society.

CHINA

Fellow Students

Said China's urbane and distinguished scholar, Dr. Hu Shih, once Ambassador to the U.S. and now a delegate to Nanking's National Assembly: "We're only schoolboys in democratic politics. We're now in the classroom trying to learn."

But if the Assembly was unruly as a country schoolhouse last week, its very disorder cheered those skeptics who had feared that delegates from the powerful Kuomintang would act as whips and bosses rather than fellow students. Instead, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek urged the people to safeguard their own

rights, become their own tutors. Chiang even suggested that the time for his own retirement had come.

From Nanking, TIME Correspondent Frederick Gruin cabled this account of China's emergent democracy:

Generalissimo Chiang came onstage, a little hesitantly, like a student crossing the threshold of a new school. He took his seat as first of the newly elected Praesidium's rotating chairmen, had hardly donned his spectacles before things began to crackle. The Praesidium had limited opening debate to its proposed rules of procedure. But Wu Ho-hsien, an insistent delegate from Shansi, demanded that the Gissimo first explain his recent letter to Carson Chang, head of the minority Social Democrats. If the Generalissimo had promised Chang adoption of the Political Consultation Conference's constitutional draft, why have an Assembly at all, Wu asked. The floor resounded with hurrahs and hoots.

Is It Like This? The Gissimo explained that he had written as Kuomintang Party leader, not as head of the Government. Then he proposed that the procedural rules be acted upon chapter by chapter. The delegates disagreed, pressed the little voting buttons that flashed on huge scoreboards their decision to send the rules to a special examination committee.

During the noon recess, in Assembly corridors and tearooms, self-conscious delegates bent the ears of foreign observers: What do you think of us? Is the American Congress . . . the British Parliament . . . like this? Over lunch in his red brick residence, Chiang told a group of delegates that a popularly elected Government must enact the new constitution. "Otherwise," he said, "I'd become another Yuan Shih-kai."*

Back from the recess, black-gowned Hu Shih proposed that the Assembly sit as a committee of the whole instead of wasting time with an examination committee. The Generalissimo attempted to speak. Yelling delegates interrupted, forced him to sit down. Hu Shih's proposal finally won, with debate limited to five-minute speeches. When a bellicose balcony delegate went beyond the limit, the Generalissimo rang the warning bell on his left. The delegate spoke on. The Gissimo rang a similar bell on his right. The delegate was not deterred. Chiang stood gritting his teeth until the delegate had had his say.

When the Generalissimo came onstage again, three days later, it was not as chairman but as Government head. Speaking simply and without a text, for 35 minutes Chiang reviewed the history of the revolution, the goals of Sun Yat-sen, his own discipleship. Then, renouncing all political ambition, Chiang gave his considered counsel:

Heavenly Consolation. "Sun Yat-sen said that the guiding spirit of the five-power principle is the division of rights and power. . . . But for a thousand years, the Chinese people have lacked the training to protect their rights. Frankly, we can say that they have not yet the ability or the habit. . . . They must be shielded against power.

"When we reach the stage where the people can protect themselves, there will be no danger in the ideal constitution of Sun Yat-sen and the Double Fifth. . . . Since Sun Yat-sen's death I have done my best to conform with his every word, however imperfectly. . . . Now, at 60, I can tell you that I have no political ambitions. . . . I fear I can no longer do the job as well as formerly. I must give the responsibility back to the people, and the people must learn to protect their rights. . . . But in the present situation, while the people are learning, I believe the Double Fifth constitution is not suitable. . . . Don't pass an inadequate or impractical constitution, lest China be harmed. Consider the rights and welfare of the people. Only then will Dr. Sun Yat-sen and all our revolutionary dead be consoled in Heaven. . . ."

The Generalissimo bowed and departed. Outside, it was snowing—an omen, say the Chinese, of Heaven's favor.

International

CHIANG KAI-SHEK & ASSEMBLY DELEGATES
For democracy, gritted teeth.

* The "Benedict Arnold of the Chinese Revolution," Yuan Shih-kai became Provisional President of the Chinese Republic in March 1912. The next year he disrupted the Assembly called to draft a permanent constitution, outlawed the Kuomintang Party and established himself as dictator. In 1915 Yuan restored the monarchy with himself as Emperor, but was forced to renounce the throne a few months later.

JAPAN

Change of Residence

There was a notable vacancy this week among the ghosts of *Bushido* warriors who circle endlessly above Tokyo's Yasukuni shrine. The AWOL god was Naval Warrant Officer Magoshichi Sugino, who was racked up among the immortals 42 years ago when (supposedly) he lost his life in Admiral Heihachiro Togo's crippling attack on the Russian Far Eastern fleet at Port Arthur.

Unlike the discharged marine in *Hail the Conquering Hero*, who posed as a hero to save his mother disappointment, Warrant Officer Sugino had behaved courageously enough. But he had fallen down on the job of dying. Like Hobson at Santiago, he ran a block ship into the harbor's mouth and sank it. Then a Chinese boat rescued him.

Ashore, Sugino learned of the adulation accorded him at home for his promotion to glory. Rather than surrender his godlike reputation and disappoint the folks, Sugino settled down to nearly a half century's hiding in Hulutao, a bleak blister on Manchuria's coast. But in Japan his fame grew with the years, reached fruition when death-seeking members of the Special Attack Corps began hurling their frail planes into U.S. warships at Lingayen Gulf and Okinawa.

Last week hale, hearty, undeniably mortal and a little shamefaced, old Magoshichi Sugino came home to Japan—the first modern *Kamikaze*, and one of the few who ever came back.

MEXICO

Dance of the Millions

Mexicans saw the best show since Paracutín.* In the steel-blue air above the lofty capital, a group of 27 U.S. Superfortresses glinted in the bright, winter sun. Jet fighters streaked by. Inside Mexico City's brilliant, white marble Palacio de Bellas Artes, outgoing chief executive Manuel Avila Camacho gave over the red, white and green band that was his symbol of office, and an aide quickly adjusted it diagonally across the chest of angular Miguel Alemán.

Twenty million Mexicans had a new President. The 2,500 Mexican big shots and distinguished foreign guests inside the auditorium—General Jonathan Wainwright and U.S. Treasury Secretary John Snyder among others—applauded. Notably absent: ex-President Lázaro Cárdenas, symbol of the revolutionary left.

Associated Press

MIGUEL ALEMÁN RECEIVES THE PRESIDENTIAL SASH
Fewer shackles, more Rolls-Royces.

Mexico, especially the ancient capital, was abrim with activity, but not with economic health. The winter sun shone brightly on streets jammed with new automobiles, on the white stone and plate glass of tall buildings; it gave life and movement to the lavishly plumed hats of the well-dressed wives of the prosperous on their way to tea at Sanborn's. But the scene was deceptive. The new President knew it, would have to face it.

Mexicans themselves had a phrase for it: "The dance of the millions." Next month, for the first time in Mexican history, the National Lottery will hold a $2 million drawing. But a complete ticket costs $400, is not for the ordinary man. The bullfight, once the national sport, has also become the privilege of the few; big spenders pay from $20 to $30 for a seat each Sunday. At the *jai-alai* Frontón on four nights a week the betting is hysterical.

Nightclub checks at Ciro's and Sans Souci often run into three figures, and if the waiter adds a 20 for himself, few complain. Last week a shipload of Rolls-Royce limousines was en route from England to retail at $13,000. All were spoken for—including one for President Alemán.

There are less gaudy symbols of inflation: in tiny stores and markets, the price of beans, rice and sugar creeps up, day by day. (Basic food costs have gone up 441% since 1930.)

Blood & Beans. In Mexico food is more of a problem than it was 35 years ago in the time of Dictator Porfirio Díaz. Since then, farm production has risen 23%, population 60%. The bloody revolution begun by mild little Francisco Madero in 1910 cracked the feudal system and released three-quarters of a million peasants in mud-floor serfdom from the grip of a few hundred landowning families. But the revolutionaries themselves lived on and despoiled the country, which never had enough farmland (only 12% potentially arable).

In 1934 a new leader reversed the tide of reaction. Lázaro Cárdenas, a Tarascan Indian, finally made good some of the revolution's promises of land for the landless. In six years he expropriated and apportioned to peasants 45 million acres, over twice as much as all his revolutionary predecessors. But corruption and a shortage of plows and tractors and know-how held production down.

Under Avila Camacho, the moderate, the tempo of land expropriation slowed again, and Alemán is not expected to quicken the beat. Yet like predecessor Avila Camacho, Alemán will continue to back the national farm bank which sells tractors and runs cotton gins and sugar mills. And he has his heart set on a mammoth $300 million irrigation program to up production 500%.

Industrial Boom. The war years stimulated Mexico's effort to build up industry, to cast off the shackles of colonial agricultural economy. Steel plants, cement factories and textile mills sprang up, many of them manufacturing shoddy goods to sell at high cost. If Alemán grants the protective tariffs the new industrialists demand, these high prices may be riveted on the country for a long while.

The composition of Alemán's new Cabinet pointed toward a hardheaded businessman's approach to these economic stickers. Energetic Industrialist Antonio Ruiz Galindo (TIME, April 15) got the Secretariat of National Economy. A former Electric Bond & Share lawyer, Augustín García López, got Communications, further emphasized the swing to the right. PEMEX, the Government oil monopoly, will be directed by Businessman Antonio Bermúdez, who has not said whether he will let foreigners operate in Mexican oilfields again, or not.

While this week's inauguration ceremonies unwound, an alert group of self-invited foreign guests—long-shot venture capitalists—got together with the politicos in bars and smoke-filled hotel rooms. These business delegates were in Mexico to angle for shipping franchises, factory deals. Alemán was expected to welcome less spectacular entrepreneurs by 1) halting the wildcat strikes of frenzied Mexican labor, 2) guaranteeing private property rights. For big project financing, Mexico might well put the touch on the biggest lender of all—the U.S. Government.

The Bite. If Miguel Alemán was serious about his campaign slogans, he had embarked upon one project more formidable than all others: the building of *moralidad* (public morality) in the Government. From traffic officer to mayor, the Government is riddled by the institution of the *mordida* (literally, the bite—payoff). Said a pro-Alemán businessman: "He must get the robbers out of the Government. If for a road that should cost two million pesos the Government pays ten million—with the eight million difference going to the politico—how is Mexico ever to get the tools and machines that she needs? How shall we get these things when a Cabinet member leaves office 100 million pesos richer than when he entered?" For the new President, surrounded as he was by money-hungry politicos, there was no easy solution.

* The snorting volcano that snorted up out of a farmer's field in Michoacán in 1943.

CANADA

THE DOMINION

Off with the Lid

All wage and salary controls were dropped by the Dominion Government last week. They had been so badly battered in six months of strikes and increases granted by War Labor Boards that abandonment was more or less of a formality. Nevertheless, Prime Minister Mackenzie King shrewdly made what political capital with labor he could out of it by making the announcement while in Quebec City for the Liberal gathering (*see below*).

With wage controls gone, the big question was: could the Government keep modified controls on prices? The answer, as of this week, was that Canada planned to keep such controls for another year despite U.S. experience. The U.S. had found that when it abandoned control of salaries and wages, price controls had to go too.

But in Canada, organized labor was reasonably well satisfied with recent wage boosts, and no one expected another round of demands for many months. By that time, Price Boss Donald Gordon hoped that supply & demand would keep prices in line. Another factor: a recent poll of Canadians showed a majority favored price control.

Nevertheless, as a safeguard, the Government intended to continue rationing of meat, butter, sugar and preserves for many months. The last wartime restriction to go would almost surely be rent control. As far as any one could see end of that was still several years away.

POLITICS

The P.M. Attacks

Prime Minister Mackenzie King, whipped in recent political skirmishes (TIME, Sept. 30, Oct. 28), had no intention of meekly yielding the battle. Last week, mindful that he is leader of a party as well as a government, he set about to rally his forces.

The scene was the ballroom of the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec, the province without whose support no party can expect to win in Canada. The occasion: a dinner honoring External Affairs Minister (and Justice Minister) Louis Stephen St. Laurent, Quebec's top-ranking politician in the Dominion Parliament. While some 800 party big & littlewigs whooped it up from the floor, Prime Minister King, as a gesture to Quebec, spoke ten minutes in French before switching to English. He pleaded with Minister St. Laurent to drop his intentions to retire. (The Minister would probably agree.) Then, after some pats on the back for past Liberal triumphs, the P.M. abruptly sat down.

Surprised newsmen, with advance copies of the speech before them, saw that the real political punch in the speech had been left undelivered. It was explained that the banquet was behind schedule and that it was about time for Minister St. Laurent to go on the air. For the balance of the P.M.'s speech Canadians were forced to turn to the newspapers. There they learned that Mackenzie King had whacked Quebec's politicians, notably Premier Maurice Duplessis and his *Union Nationale,* which has shown little love for the Liberals.

Punch Thrown. Two of the omitted paragraphs:

"The danger to representative government . . . arises from a bewilderment of political parties that have no past, and but little promise of any future. In [Quebec] there have appeared in recent times the *Union Nationale,* the *Bloc Populaire,* the CCF, Social Credit, the *Union des Electeurs,* the Labor-Progressive [Communists] Party, and so-called Independents of every color of the rainbow. . . . The so-called *Union Nationale* is not national, but narrowly provincial; the *Bloc Populaire* is certainly not popular; many people do not know what the initials CCF stand for; one day, Social Credit is the same thing as the *Union des Electeurs,* the next day it is not. . . .

"What we want in Canada are political parties that will serve to unite its provinces as one nation from coast to coast. Such a party we have in the Liberal Party. . . ."

Though the tone of the whole speech was determined, politicos saw more significance in the worried undertone. Plainly the P.M. had been alarmed by the Party's recent setbacks. He was appealing to the plain people for support. And in retaining the reluctant St. Laurent in his Cabinet, the P.M. was keeping close at hand a potential heir apparent from the key province of Quebec.

Wheeler Newspaper Syndicate

PRIME MINISTER KING & FRIENDS*
Whoops, pats and an undertone.

EXTERNAL AFFAIRS

Long Wait

Hungry Britain, waiting for the 160,000,000 bushels of wheat Canada had promised her this crop year, got some grim statistics. By last week, the official end of the Great Lakes navigation season, Canada had exported only 75,000,000 bu. —its poorest showing since 1942. Britain had got only about 52,000,000 bu. of that; the rest went to markets like the West Indies, Africa, India. Reasons for late and small delivery: 1) Canada's small wheat carryover; 2) a shortage of railway cars, use of wheat ships for coal after last spring's U.S. coal strike; 3) the Great Lakes shipping strike (TIME, June 10).

Canada might still haul enough wheat by rail to Halifax to meet its promise to Britain. But the race would be close. Britain, which would like an extra 40,000,000 bushels of wheat, is unlikely to get any of it. Canada does not have it to spare, despite a near bumper crop of 418,000,000 bushels.

After Canada took out domestic and British needs, only 68,000,000 bushels were left for Canada's 34 customer nations. Their share would not only be late but far less than they had hoped to get.

* External Affairs Minister St. Laurent, Reconstruction Minister Howe, Quebec Liberal Leader Godbout.

Salon Keepers

Back to Manhattan from her first post-war inspection of her villa in Capri came best-dressed **Mrs. Harrison Williams,** in what the tabloid *Daily Mirror* called "a pale beige wool dress, with a deeper-than-usual neckline and longer-than-usual skirt." How had she found things? Said she: "A great many things are gone, including a most wonderful wine cellar. Not a bottle remains." But she kept her chin up. *"C'est la guerre,"* said Mrs. Williams.

Ready for the Republican renaissance was a Washington hostess who had been there all along: **Alice Roosevelt Longworth.** The onetime "Princess Alice," who came out at the White House, was married to Speaker Nicholas Longworth, and dominated capital society when it was mostly Republican, lived alone now at 62 in her mansion that "smells of 1910." But she had been no recluse. Her "gatherings" had continued; only the publicity had failed. So her plans, said she, were simply "to continue with business as usual, pleasure as usual—whatever you want to call it."

It looked now as if **Raymond Duncan,** brother of the late Isadora and undisputed leader of the homespun Attic cult in Paris, would be busy with salons on two continents. In Manhattan for his first visit in 15 years, Raymond was charmed with the place, planned to shuttle back & forth between Paris and Manhattan hereafter. "New York," said 72-year-old Raymond, his feet in sandals, his page-boy bob in a silvery fillet, "is like an old California mining town. . . ." While he was at it he discussed miners. "The miners have a gun . . . and the public has to give up! . . . Unions are fascist." He suggested living without coal.

International

ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH
Business (and pleasure) . . .

International

DUROCHER & DAY
Arguments as usual.

Muscles

In Beverly Hills, **Alfred Letourner,** onetime French cycling champ, got a $200 fine for taking a nick out of a lady friend's hip. He had not meant to cut the lady (he said). Upset because of her friendship with another, he had just taken a few distraught slashes at her bed, and she happened to be in it. Day after he was fined Letourner was arrested again, charged with creating a disturbance at Barney's Beanery, where his old friend worked. She had married the other fellow. That time, Letourner (said his lawyer) was just trying to patch things up.

In Los Angeles, the Brooklyn Dodgers' Manager **Leo** ("Lippy") **Durocher,** fresh from signing a new contract (and telling the world that the Yankees' Larry MacPhail had tried to hire him away from the Dodgers, which MacPhail denied), got a friendly welcome at the airport from Cinemactress Laraine Day, who 1) bussed him fondly, 2) announced to the panting press that they were just friends. Promptly another old friend, Powers Model Edna Ryan, now a little confused, rose and pinned a label on him: the Artful Dodger.

Past Masters

In Mexico City, human bones in a crystal casket (inside three other containers), discovered sealed in the wall of an abandoned church, were certified by antiquarians to be those of Conqueror **Hernando Cortés.** Promptly a squabble arose. Should they be given a Catholic burial? Did they belong to the nation? Outgoing President Manuel Avila Camacho settled it. The bones would be returned to the abandoned church and the church made a national monument.

In Buenos Aires another squabble arose over another late Spaniard: famed Composer **Manuel de Falla** (*The Three-Cornered Hat*), dead only a fortnight (TIME, Nov. 25). The Spanish Embassy announced that the body would be repatriated to Spain. But De Falla, protested Spanish exiles, had fled his country because he could not stomach Franco. While the point was argued, three cops were posted at the composer's tomb to guard against a body snatch.

Just Folks

Errol Flynn was sued for $35,000 by a young seaman who said he had been accidentally harpooned by someone on Flynn's yacht and then not properly cared for. The **Duchess of Leinster,** onetime Gaiety Girl Denise Orme* and now sixty-ish, was fined with daughter Llydia in London for having 30 counterfeit clothing coupons. And Heiress **Barbara Hutton,** back from her villa in Tangier, had scarcely checked into the Paris Ritz before a handsome blond count had to tramp on a rumor. There was "no question of any marriage" with her, declared Count Alain d'Eudeville, head of Moët et Chandon (champagne). Said he with more precision than gallantry: "I've known Barbara for nearly 20 years. . . ."

Hon.'s

Here & there, a statesman preferred not to make an issue of it:

Trygve Lie had his chauffeur plead guilty of speeding (and pay a $15 fine) in New Rochelle, N. Y., let it be known that he had finally decided not to "press the

* Not to be confused with the late first Duchess, May Etheridge, who was also a Gaiety Girl.

International

MRS. HARRISON WILLIAMS
. . . as usual.

principle of immunity [for U.N. personnel] in the instant case. . . ."

To **Sir Stafford Cripps,** who tries to make Britons happy about rationing, came a letter from a woman who professed to have been touched by the difficulties he was having. Cripps had remarked that he was always tangling his toes in the holes in his old bed sheets. The woman offered a helping hand: she actually knew a place, said she, where a fine pair of sheets could be bought, for $25.20. "My sheets," replied Cripps, gently reversing his field, "though mended and turned, are quite adequate to my needs, and I would not dream of having a new pair yet."

General Douglas MacArthur, looking uncommonly trim and young for his age (66), squared his shoulders and joined Red Army Major General Kislenko at the Russian Embassy in Tokyo. There he lent

Acme

KISLENKO & MACARTHUR
Revolutionary.

his five-star person to an important celebration. Occasion: the 29th anniversary of the Russian Revolution.

• • •

At his 72nd birthday party, **Winston Churchill's** 60-lb. cake, in token of his catholicity of taste in headgear, wore 32 assorted little hats. **Herbert Morrison,** Lord President of the Council, drew a distressed tut from the British trade paper, *Tailor and Cutter,* which ran two pictures of him. "Take the picture above," wrote the editor. "Quite nice. The stripes run parallel to the edge of the lapel. . . . Now look at the larger photograph. Oh! . . . the trousers are too short. . . . The overcoat is not a very pleasant sight. . . . And why is [he] so careless with his buttons and flaps?" Muttered *Tailor and Cutter:* "We are very disappointed in Mr. Herbert Morrison . . . he is a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

MUSIC

Old Faces & Feet in Paris

Two oldtime cut-ups gave Paris a lively week of ballet and proved that they still could draw crowds.

Jean Cocteau, the eccentric 55-year-old poet-artist, designed and wrote a violent ballet for the up & coming Théâtre des Champs-Elysées. Called *Death and the Young Man,* it was danced to a Bach passacaglia. Cocteau's hero, a young artist abandoned by his sweetheart, after much shoving, kicking and smashing of chairs, dramatically hangs himself in his garret. Even more startling than the story was the purely physical feat of husky 23-year-old Dancer Jean Babilee, a former Resistance fighter, who hung by the neck for over a minute until Death (his sweetheart in a mask) entered to lead him off.

Two nights later at Paris' big Salle Pleyel concert hall, 42-year-old Serge Lifar celebrated the end of his year's suspension (for collaboration) from dancing in France. "I fear nothing," egotistical, Russian-born Lifar told the press. "Fear is for the likes of kings." But just for his safety there were 100 police on hand to protect him from getting the royal treatment. When the great green curtains went up on Lifar and his company of seven, there was first a moment's silence, then a typically Parisian uproar of cheers—and no hisses. In a costume of blue lamé and gold shoes, Serge Lifar led his ladies through steps from *Swan Lake, Giselle* and *Romeo and Juliet,* finally got around to dancing his own *Afternoon of a Faun.* Londoners had booed & hissed Lifar last summer but Parisians recalled him for 21 curtain calls. At the Paris Opéra, Lifar's old job of *maître de ballet* was soon to be filled by his former ballet master, George Balanchine. The Salle Pleyel may have been full of Lifar's friends, but the rest of Paris was not.

Chopin Marathon

The marathon at Manhattan's Carnegie Hall was half over, and no one seemed to be tiring. By last week 2,760 seat-holders and 100 standees had heard half of the more than 170 piano compositions Chopin wrote; in another month of weekly recitals they will have heard just about all of them.

Presiding and performing at this one-course feast is 50-year-old Pianist Alexander Brailowsky, a small, lean Russian. Like another great Chopinist, Ignace Paderewski, Brailowsky studied in Vienna under Leschetizky, but it was not until he was already a box-office favorite in Paris that he got the idea of giving all of the master's works.

In 1923, a year before his first concert tour of the U.S., he took a summer off to work out the Chopin cycle. In a cottage in the French Alps Brailowsky card-catalogued all of Chopin's piano pieces. For months he played a new game of solitaire, juggling the Chopin cards into six well-balanced programs. Said he: "To play them in chronological order would have been a stupid idea. Often I spent hours trying to decide if a certain étude should go before a mazurka or after it."

Memorizing the Memorable. He programed 51 mazurkas, 27 études, 25 preludes and all the polonaises, nocturnes and waltzes, left out only about a half dozen works. When he had arranged his programs, Brailowsky memorized all 172 pieces. In 22 years he has played the cycle 15 times in Paris, Brussels, Zurich, Mexico City, Buenos Aires and New York. Never before has his Chopin marathon sold so well in Manhattan, helped this year by the movie-fed boom in Chopin.

Brailowsky's Chopin is more restrained

Ralph Royle-Graphic House

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY
From a summer of solitaire, a cycle.

but also more mannered than the gusty performances of his late, great friend Sergei Rachmaninoff. Brailowsky likes to think that he plays with the 19th Century delicacy Chopin himself used. Says he: "The Polish and the Russian, we understand each other." But Chopin is not Brailowsky's favorite composer; Beethoven and Mozart come first. A typical Brailowsky concert runs from Bach or Scarlatti to Prokofiev—but always includes some Chopin. In Buenos Aires he played 17 recitals in eight weeks without repeating any work.

In the U.S. Brailowsky is in the top ten of pianists but ranks below masters like Artur Rubinstein and Vladimir Horowitz both in prestige and at the box office. But in South America he outdraws them all, and Latin women bombard him with flowers and kisses. Tickets for a Brailowsky concert bring black-market prices. Says Brailowsky: "There is the line like you saw here for nylon stockings."

SCIENCE

Zip Out

By U.S. Army chronology, the Atomic Age was born on Dec. 2, 1942, a good 32 months before Hiroshima. Last week the Army, beaming proudly, released a detailed description of the birth.

In a squash court under the stands of the University of Chicago's football stadium, a curious structure had grown, watched by the hopeful, nervous eyes of some of the world's best physicists. It was built of dead-black graphite bricks with small cubes of uranium or uranium oxide imbedded in some of their corners.

This was the world's first uranium pile. Within it, if all went well, would rage the first nuclear chain reaction. Physicist Enrico Fermi, Italian-born Nobel Prize-winner, was sure that all would go well. He had figured every smallest detail, advancing through theory and mathematics far into the unknown.

On Dec. 2, a small group of physicists gathered in the squash court for the final test. Partly shrouded in balloon cloth,* the pile squatted black and menacing. Within it, all knew or hoped, a monstrous giant sat chained. Control rods plated with cadmium (which readily absorbs neutrons) had been thrust into holes in the graphite. When the control rods were removed, Fermi had calculated, the chain reaction would start spontaneously, and the giant would be free.

One of the rods was automatic, controlled by a motor which could shoot it back into the pile when instruments warned that neutrons were getting too thick. Another (called "Zip") was attached to a heavy weight by a rope running over a pulley. When in the "withdrawn" position, it was tethered by another rope; a man with an ax stood ready to cut it free, send it zipping into the pile if anything went wrong. The last rod, marked in feet and inches, was to be worked by hand.

But all the physicists knew that they were in dangerous, unknown territory. So above the pile was stationed a "liquid-control squad" to douse mutinous neutrons with cadmium-salt solution.

Into the Unknown. Fermi ran the test. At 9:54 a.m. he gave an order. A whining motor withdrew the automatic control rod. The Geiger counters on the instrument panel clicked a little faster; a pen drew a slightly higher curve on a strip of paper.

"Zip out!" ordered Fermi a few minutes later. Physicist Walter H. Zinn pulled out the Zip rod and tied it carefully. The counters clicked still faster. The graph pen moved up again.

"Pull it to 13 feet, George," commanded Fermi. Physicist George Weil drew the final control rod part way out of the pile. Faster clicked the counters. He drew it out another foot; then another six inches.

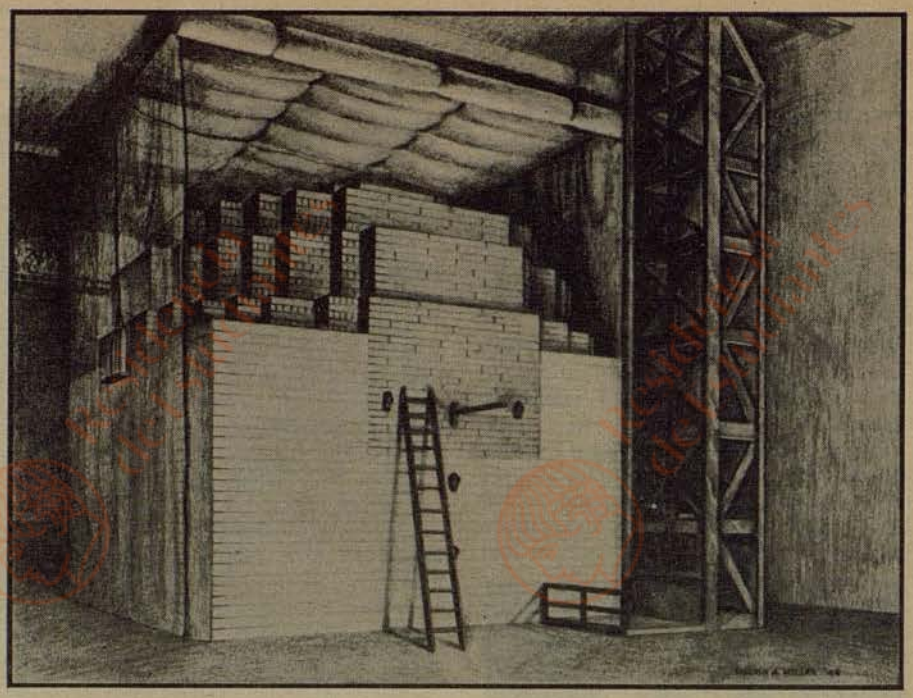
At 11:35, the counters were clicking furiously. The physicists watched fascinated as the curve climbed steadily upward. Then, Wham! With a clang, the automatic control rod (which had been set for too low a neutron count) slammed back into the pile. "I'm hungry," said Fermi calmly. "Let's go to lunch." The other rods were inserted, the pile quieted down.

Neutrons Away. At 2 o'clock the physicists gathered again in the squash court. One by one, on Fermi's orders, the control rods were withdrawn, the counters clicked faster. The pile was alive with neutrons now; the giant was straining his bonds. But it was not quite a chain reaction. The neutron curve moved up, leveled off.

At 3:25 Fermi ordered the control rod out another foot. "This is going to do it," he said. "The curve will . . . not level off." Now the counters were roaring, not clicking, the graph curve was climbing upward. Fermi studied the instruments, grinned broadly: "The reaction is self-sustaining."

For 28 minutes the physicists watched as the curve climbed sharply upward. The giant was flexing his muscles.

"O.K." said Fermi. "Zip in." The Zip rod shot into the pile. The counters slowed their clicking. The graph curve sagged. But the world outside the squash court would not be the same again.



THE FIRST PILE (*official drawing*)
"The curve will . . . not level off."

* To exclude neutron-absorbing air from the pile, the Army ordered a balloon with square sides. The puzzled contractor (Goodyear Co.), not privy to the atomic bomb project, protested the balloon would never fly right, was told to go ahead and make it anyhow.

Ed D. Wallis

PHYSICIST FERMI
"Let's go to lunch."

"We Want with the West"

What had become of the technical brains of Nazi Germany, the scientists who tooled the Third Reich's production machine, fashioned the *Luftwaffe's* wings and designed V-1 and V-2? This week the U.S. Army gave an answer. A few of them had been whisked off to the U.S.S.R., presumably to work in laboratory and shop as privileged guests. But many of them were in the U.S. They were guests, too, and at work.

Long before the invasion of Germany, the Army had learned which German scientists were important, and where most might be found. With each wave of U.S. troops, and sometimes ahead of advance units, went skilled scientists-hunters. The Army told who some of these scientists were, and where they were working: Fort Bliss, Tex. and Dayton, Ohio.

Exit from Peenemünde. Greatest technical triumph of Nazi Germany was the V-2 rocket, prototype of the guided

missiles which may dominate future wars. The V-2 project (code name "E.W.," for *Elektromechanische Werke*) was pushed with all the secrecy and urgency which surrounded the U.S. "Manhattan District." The rockets were developed and tested at Peenemünde on the Baltic, and manufactured in a vast underground factory at Nordhausen, east of Kassel.

When the Russians were storming Stettin, 50 miles southeast of Peenemünde, blond, husky Dr. Wernher von Braun, research director of E.W., had on his desk "five orders from the High Command telling me to stay at Peenemünde, and five orders, also from the High Command, telling me to move." He consulted his staff, decided to "go with the West," *i.e.*, toward the British and American armies.

With Russian artillery thundering behind them, the rocket men packed up everything they could move, and fled

Thomas D. McAvoy-LIFE

V-2MAN VON BRAUN
Ten years saved.

through the chaos of collapsing Germany. A few had gone south (on Hitler's orders) toward the "Alpine Stronghold"; the rest fought their way over bomb-battered highways and railroads to a small town near Nordhausen.

Soon the Americans swept into Nordhausen. Colonel Holger N. Toftoy, of Army Ordnance, grabbed the rocket men, took them to the U.S. zone, got permission to send most of them to the U.S. Meanwhile, another Ordnance team commanded by tall, cheery Major James P. Hamill, 27, was vacuum-cleaning the V-2 factory. They got all the V-2s they wanted.

Lucky Rocketeers. Last week 120 V-2 men were living in former hospital buildings at Fort Bliss. According to Major Hamill, who commands them, their group is almost as complete as it was at Peenemünde. With the Germans came stacks of documents: plans, blueprints, sheets of experimental data.

First job of the rocket men at Fort Bliss was to pass on to qualified Americans everything they knew about rockets. This took millions of words of interrogation: hundreds of U.S. officers and civilian experts passed through their camp, absorbing what the Germans could teach them, which was plenty. By Ordnance Department calculation, they saved the U.S. ten years of research, millions of dollars.

Some of the Germans, in relays, were sent to White Sands Proving Grounds, 70 miles north of Fort Bliss, where they taught Americans to fire the V-2s assembled from Nordhausen parts. Last week they were still at work there. White Sands had grown to a great laboratory, staffed with Ordnance, Air Forces, Navy and civilian (General Electric Co.) personnel.

Dessau to Dayton. There were other prizes. When the Red Army crunched toward Berlin in April 1945, Dr. Anselm Franz, handsome, Austrian-born and 46, was head of research and development at the great Junkers plant which produced the O-4 jet engine at Dessau in what is now the Russian zone. Like Braun, he called his top men together. Their unanimous decision: "We want with the West."

For two frantic weeks Dr. Franz collected plans and blueprints, experimental engine models. Just before the Russians arrived, ten big U.S. trucks swept into Dessau, gathered up the scientists, made two jampacked trips to the west.

Dr. Franz and 87 other German air scientists are now living in a former National Youth Administration camp near Wright Field at Dayton, brain center of U.S. Army air power. Some of their names were still secret, but among them are men like 1) thin, nervous Dr. Alexander Lippisch, butterfly collector, landscape painter, lute player, and designer of the Messerschmitt 163 rocket plane, 2) blond, ruddy Dr. Hans Heinrich, inventor of the ribbon parachute, 3) Russian-born Dr. Eugen Ryschkewitsch, world authority on heat-resisting ceramics. Other new workers at Wright Field: German aerodynamicists, wind-tunnel men, instrument men and experts on all the complexities of modern aviation.

Temporary Duty. The German scientists are listed as "civilian employes of the U.S. War Department, European Theater, on temporary duty in the U.S." They earn a small daily wage ($2-$11), which is paid to their dependents in Germany. In addition, they get the regular $6 per diem allowance for detached duty.

Seventy-five percent of the Germans' families live in a group of apartment houses at Landshut, Bavaria, where they are fed twice as well as the Germans outside. Chief complaint of the German scientists is the slowness of their mail (six weeks from Germany) and the absence of their families. As soon as possible, the Army promises, families will be brought over. The first batch sailed last week. The Germans see a new hope in that fact. Some day, they have been told, they may have a chance to become U.S. citizens. The fact that the U.S. is bringing their families to them seems to be a kind of guarantee that that is a promise.

RELIGION

Racial Christianity

Said President Benjamin E. Mays, head of Atlanta University's Morehouse College (for Negroes): "I would tremble for the Christian cause if 50 Negroes were to enter an average local church in this country on a Sunday morning and ask to become members. Fundamentally we are afraid . . . to practise the Christian religion."

Dr. Mays's angry words reflected a new stirring among southern Protestants over the race question. Within the past month two bodies of Southern Baptists—biggest denomination in the South—have faced up to it in two different ways.

Meeting in Savannah, Georgia's Baptist Convention got ready to vote on the

Blackburn's Studio

EX-CHAPLAIN RABUN
In hot water with a rabble rouser.

report of its Social Service Committee: ". . . That the Christian people of Georgia be urged to apply the principles of Jesus in a serious effort to allay the growing race tensions so spotlighted by the lynchings in Georgia and the recent Columbians Inc. disturbances in Atlanta." Up jumped ex-Navy Chaplain Joseph A. Rabun, 39, new pastor of the McRae Baptist Church, where rabble-rousing, Governor-elect Gene Talmadge is the leading lay member. Shouted Pastor Rabun: "That is not strong enough! We need to condemn with all our power race hatred."

Visit with Gene. Goaded by Rabun, who had served in the war with the Marines, the Georgia Baptists surprised themselves by going on record ". . . that all Christian people of Georgia, particularly Baptists, speak forth with every ounce of energy by word, deed and thought against the so-called patriotic groups which . . . claim race superiority

which is neither American nor Christian; that we hereby proclaim . . . that no man shall be discriminated against because of race, creed or color."

Last week, Rabun paid a Thanksgiving Day call on Parishioner Talmadge, who has long played footie with the K.K.K. Reported the new pastor: "He didn't agree with me, but he didn't tell me anything to make me abandon my principles. I realize I am in hot water, but I'm prepared for it."

Much Too Strong. At the 116th annual convention of the North Carolina Baptists in Asheville there was no Pastor Rabun. Pressed for time during their first day's session, the 1,000-odd delegates rushed through unanimous approval of their Social Service Committee report without realizing it contained the statement that ". . . segregation of believers . . . into racial or class churches is a denial of the New Testament affirmation of the equality of all believers at the foot of the Cross, and alien to the spirit of Christ, the Head of the church."

Next day, indignant telegrams told them that this kind of Christianity was too radical for North Carolina. Shamefaced, the delegates took it all back.

The Act & the Word

The question popped up again & again: "Is it true that the Roman Catholic chaplains were better men and did a better job in the service than Protestants?" In last week's *Christian Century*, ex-Navy Chaplain John Ruskin Clark, who served with the Marines, gave an answer that underscored a long-term Protestant problem—for peace as well as war. Excerpts:

". . . The reason Protestant chaplains received less recognition is a clue to the reason Protestant churches as a whole make less impression on the channels of public persuasion. . . .

"It was not the quality of the men who wore the crosses, nor was it solely the amount of money spent in an organized publicity campaign. . . . The Protestant chaplain received less recognition than the Catholic because of the radically different resources with which he worked. The disparity was only more obvious in the service, where the contrasting disciplines were juxtaposed in trying conditions, than it is in civilian life, where we pursue our independent ways. . . .

"There are moments of anxiety when the act is more significant than the word in giving emotional assurance. In the early days of the Okinawa campaign, when our regiment was sweeping through enemy-infested territory, the Catholic chaplain and I visited one of our companies in bivouac. I roamed through the area, greeting and chatting with men. . . . The priest, however, was soon surrounded in the conspicuous center of the encampment by kneeling men 'going to confession' and receiving the 'consolation of the holy sacrament.' Something was obviously going on which was meaningful to the Catholics, and impressive to the non-churched as well as to the Catholics.

A Want of Drama. "To combat photographers, that was the sort of dramatic scene that makes a good news picture. News photos show the dramatic, and there is little of the dramatic in Protestant practice. . . .

". . . I had no religious ministrations that I could confidently use to ease the emotional tension of the Protestant wounded. The priest, on the other hand, administered the appropriate rite to all Catholic wounded. His religious rites were taken so seriously, by himself and by the Catholics around him, that he would be called out of his 'sack' at night when wounded were brought into the sick bay.

"In the early part of the campaign, when we had time to be concerned about individuals who had been killed, I was deeply distressed as we identified our dead preparatory to writing letters of condolence to the next of kin. When the Catholic chaplain found one of his men, he performed a little rite that demonstrated his concern to the bystanders. He did something that satisfied their need for a token signifying their common distress. But when I found a Protestant boy, I could only gently cover his form again, while the spectators stood by in a silence heavy with disappointment."

EX-CHAPLAIN CLARK
In a silence heavy with disappointment.

For an unliturgical Unitarian, ex-Chaplain Clark's conclusion was notable: ". . . Although we cannot accept Catholic authoritarianism, we can and should have an adequate liturgy to minister to human needs, positive instruction, and greater identity of interest among Protestants."

Editor Chiang

One of China's current best-sellers is a brand-new edition of the Psalms, translated by a Roman Catholic, edited by a Methodist. The translator: U.S.-educated Dr. John C. H. Wu, J.D. The editor: Chiang Kai-shek, President of the National Government and Commander in Chief.

The preface to the new 141-page psalter is a letter from Chiang to his great & good friend, Translator Wu, with a photostat of one of the Generalissimo's own editorial emendations brushed on the manuscript's wide margin. Says the letter:

"Dear comrade. . . . Because I know nothing of foreign languages I have been unable to give you any help of consequence, an inability which I regret as much as anything in my whole life. But I regard your translation as superior to any before it.* I hope you will continue until you have finished the entire New Testament. Thus you will slake the thirst of all Christians in China . . . and help our Christianity spread ever more widely. Best wishes, Chung-cheng" (Chiang's intimate or "courtesy" signature).

Translator Wu intends to devote much of his future to slaking his country's Christian thirst. In Rome, where he goes this month to represent China at the Vatican, he will work on his translation of the New Testament. Eventually he hopes to publish a volume of confessions dealing with his own religious experiences.

Talented Amateur. Youthful-looking, bespectacled John Wu, 48, earned his J.D. at the University of Michigan in 1921, studied later at Paris and Berlin universities. But as a Bible translator he is, like his editor, a talented amateur. He is one of China's outstanding constitutional lawyers, helped draft the May 5 constitution, helped also with the draft constitution that President Chiang presented last week to the National Assembly (*see* FOREIGN NEWS). A cosmopolite, he says he feels in Chinese, likes to read in French, thinks in American, and smokes in British (gold flake cigarets).

Wu was converted to Christianity while studying at Shanghai's Methodist mission school in 1918. At first he was devout, but, says he: "Gradually my religious zeal ebbed because of conflict within the Methodist Church between fundamentalists and modernists. I myself couldn't make up my mind. . . ." But when the Generalissimo was delivered from Kidnaper Chang Hsueh-liang in 1936, Convert Wu considered it a "miracle," began to study religion once again. "I discovered that, for myself, fundamentalism wasn't fundamental enough, modernism wasn't modern enough. In 1937 I was admitted into the Catholic Church."

In translating the Psalms the Catholic-Methodist team worked well. Wu's Chinese rendering was based primarily on various Catholic translations in French and English; the unilingual Generalissimo checked against his familiar Protestant versions, indicating his likes & dislikes. Then Wu worked over the passages the Generalissimo did not like, sometimes made three or four tries before it was right. When Editor Chiang nodded and said, "Hao hao (Good good)," Translator Wu knew the team was in agreement.

* Since Robert Morrison's famous High Wenli version of 1823, the Bible in whole or in part has been translated into more than 30 Chinese dialects.

ART

War Casualty

The world's best-known painting, Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper*, is ruined, perhaps irreparably. That was the sad news from Italy last week.

Chemically, the *Last Supper* had always been a bad risk. The refectory of Milan's convent church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, where Da Vinci painted the fresco, was damp to start with. To make matters worse, Da Vinci, the eternal experimenter, invented special tempera pigments for the fresco, and they proved to be less durable than those then commonly in use. Even in Da Vinci's own lifetime the *Last Supper* had begun to fade, and as early as 1556 Art Historian Vasari complained that it had become "a muddle of blots."

Blurred Apostles. Until World War II science and a succession of restorers managed to preserve a reasonable facsimile of the *Last Supper* for each new generation of art lovers. In August 1943, Allied bombs fell near the refectory. Two walls and part of a third came tumbling down. The fourth wall, with Da Vinci's masterpiece, protected by layers of sandbags, still stood.

Then, for the next two years, no one took any more trouble to save the *Last Supper*, which was left exposed to rain, wind and sun. When the last of the sandbags was removed in the summer of 1945, an Allied Commission reported that the painting was in good condition. Says associate director of the Worcester (Mass.) Museum Perry Cott (who, as a member of the commission, ordered the sandbags removed): "The *Last Supper* may be getting worse and it surely isn't getting any better. It is a miracle that it was saved at all."

Italian critics insist, however, that despite Allied disclaimers the masterpiece was badly damaged by exposure to humidity after the bombing. They say also that the wall is thick with mold from the rotting of the damp sandbags.

Reported a TIME correspondent from Milan last week: "The head of Christ has nearly vanished. The faces of Philip and James the Elder appear to be completely corroded and are covered by a layer of saltpetrous calcinate which threatens to spread over the entire fresco. From a few feet away the apostles are an indiscriminate blur. The landscape originally visible in the background has disappeared."

In the past the friars of Grazie kept stoves burning day & night behind the wall to drive the winter damp out. This winter they have no coal, and humidity, unchecked, will do more damage. A task force from the Italian Art Monument Department has made plans to rebuild the refectory. Professor Emilio Lavagnino, chairman of the Government committee in charge of the fresco, guessed gloomily that his work "offers a possible guarantee to keep the picture in some recognizable form for another 30 years—not more."

International

DA VINCI'S "LAST SUPPER" (AFTER REMOVAL OF SANDBAGS)
For posterity, pessimism.

Baker

CRAWFORD'S BIKINI BLAST
For contrast, portholes.

Pat Chaos

There were 20 civilian photographers at Bikini—but only one artist. Of all things, he was an abstractionist.

This week Ralston Crawford's painted reports were reproduced in the December FORTUNE and went on view in a Manhattan gallery. The closest thing to nature in his blast pictures was an occasional circle (representing portholes) which he included for the sake of contrast "as you would show the whiteness of a wall by putting a thumbprint on it." His *Test Able* was a pat, flat imitation of chaos.

To anybody vainly looking for the atom bomb's familiar and awesome mushrooming spray, Abstractionist Crawford explained that he had painted what he felt, not what he saw. His paintings, he added, were "a comment on the negative and positive expressions of contemporary society, with an emphasis on the negative. . . . Definitely most people won't understand. . . . They approach pictures—not only my own but all works of art—with the mistaken idea that they can understand them after looking at them briefly. Yet these same people would expect to spend several hours on a work of art like a novel."

Peace in Palaces

Looking at the marble palaces built by U.S. financial titans, Novelist Henry James once described Newport as a "breeding ground for white elephants." Some of them now loom chipped and sagging in the long grass, but they still make an imposing trunk-to-tail parade down and around Bellevue Avenue. Their gates are generally shut to the public, but last week from paintings on exhibition in a Manhattan gallery, the curious could get an idea of what the elephants' insides looked like.

The paintings were by a stage designer named Mstislav Dobujinsky. Dobujinsky, a dapper, silver-haired Lithuanian, has done ballet sets from Moscow to Manhattan—usually, as in his sets for Diaghilev's *Ballet Russe*, filled with backdrops of toppling, cubistic cities. Last summer Dobujinsky found peace from the pasteboard, fast-whirling world of the theater in Newport's piles. "They are part of American history," he said, "I am very proud that I could paint them."

Dobujinsky's Newport water colors looked like stage sets for a slow-motion ballet of ghosts in frock coats or low-cut, glittery gowns.

MEDICINE

For Mumps

The U.S. Public Health Service, busy searching for a cure for mumps, last week reported a dividend: a vaccine, highly successful in immunizing monkeys, and now being tested with human volunteers. The vaccine uses virus from mumps convalescents; the virus is first cultured in chick embryos, then killed by ether or ultraviolet irradiation.

For children, to whom mumps is ordinarily not serious, the vaccine would have little meaning. But to grown-ups, it was good news. Reasons: 1) the mumps virus often attacks the sex glands of men & women, may cause sterility; 2) the aftermath of mumps may be meningo-encephalitis, deafness, or nephritis (inflammation of the kidney).

Mission to Mothers

Sister Theophane and Sister Michael, wearing the blue-grey habit of the Medical Mission Sisters,* arrived in Santa Fe, N. Mex. one bleak November day in 1943. The sisters had not come for the scenery. They were there because of a grim fact: Santa Fe County had the highest infant mortality rate (111 per 1,000) and the second highest maternal death rate (over 50 per 10,000) in the U.S.

In all New Mexico (pop. 500,000), there were two obstetricians. The two nuns, graduate nurse-midwives themselves, teamed up with one of the obstetricians, Dr. Nancy D. Campbell, opened a maternity institute.

Among the women in the adobe huts of town and desert, many of whom had never had medical help in delivery, word soon spread of a newfangled, less frightening way to bear children. For a $10 fee ($15 out of town), the sisters gave mothers a six-week prenatal course at the institute, taught them how to make cribs and look after babies, attended their labor and delivery. By jalopy and on foot, Sister Theophane and Sister Michael (later joined by Sister Patrick and Sister Helen), traveled day & night across the rough desert, often curled up in sleeping bags outside adobe huts while they waited for the baby to come. But there was more to their job than that.

They took difficult delivery cases to St. Vincent's Hospital in Santa Fe. For baby care, they organized a "Well Child Clinic." They started a school for midwives. They persuaded Santa Fe citizens to meet deficits by contributions, got the Federal Government to pay hospital expenses.

Last week, the sisters totted up the results of three years' work: they had delivered 419 babies, lost none of the mothers, only two of the babies (both born with syphilis).

* Founded in 1925 in Washington, D.C. by a physician-nun, Mother Anna Dengel, the Medical Mission Sisters now have 170 members, maternity hospitals in India, England, Atlanta. They conduct one of the three schools for midwives in the U.S. The others: Kentucky's Frontier School of Midwifery, Manhattan's Maternity Center Association.

Block for Pain

One of the fastest-growing schools of therapy in the U.S. is based on pain-killing as the complete cure for many ills. Its chief method: a comparatively new technique of anesthesia known as "nerve block." Out last week was a new text (*Conduction Anesthesia*; Lippincott; $15) which held that nerve block is often the cure for sprains & fractures, hiccups, headaches, frostbite, sciatica, neuralgia, a score of other painful disorders.

The massive work (961 pages) is based on researches by topnotch medicos on both sides of the Atlantic (notably those of the late Dr. George P. Pitkin in New Jersey hospitals).*

The theory behind nerve block therapy: many ills and pains are aggravated and prolonged by blood vessel spasms. To stop the spasms, anesthetize the nerves that control them. Surgeons use two types of nerve-blocking injections: 1) novocaine, a temporary anesthetic designed to break up the spasm cycle; 2) alcohol, which stops pain permanently by destroying part of the nerve (a substitute for nerve-cutting). Some results:

SPRAINS. For a sprained ankle, the painful area is anesthetized and the patient walks as soon as he can; exercise tends to speed the cure (patients can walk normally in two weeks or less). Drawback: the daily injections are painful.

BROKEN BONES. In simple fractures of the ribs, collarbone and some other bones, anesthesia of the neighboring area with novocaine is often the only treatment needed. The bones heal almost painlessly without splints, bandages or much interference with the patient's normal activity.

HICCUPS. Persistent, exhausting hiccups can be stopped cold by a novocaine injection that temporarily paralyzes the diaphragm.

CAUSALGIA. This mysterious ailment, resulting from wounds near a nerve or blood vessel, causes excruciating, burning pains. In "major" causalgia, the patient is completely disabled, screams with pain at a touch or a sudden noise. In "minor" causalgia, the patient, months after a minor cut or infection has healed, may suffer severe pains without visible cause. Nerve block with novocaine or alcohol gives quick relief.

TIC DOULOUREUX, "one of the most painful conditions to which the flesh is heir," can be relieved by alcohol injections.

TWITCHING. Another peculiar disorder that causes uncontrollable twitching of the face muscles has defied cure. But surgeons have found that they can stop the twitching by blocking the facial nerve with alcohol. There are drawbacks. The patient must decide whether he prefers 1) a twitching face, or 2) one permanently deadpan (*i.e.*, paralyzed).

Egyptian Plague

In the Nile Valley, which teems with many strange forms of lower animal life, lives a terrifying snail. It spreads a parasitic disease, schistosomiasis, which has afflicted Egyptians since the Pharaohs; the parasite's eggs have been found in preserved human viscera 3,000 years old. For the past five years, a hard-bitten, stubborn-jawed, 70-year-old U.S. doctor

* Nerve block anesthesia was invented in 1885 at Johns Hopkins by famed Surgeon William Stewart Halsted. He used cocaine injections, in the course of experiments on himself became a cocaine addict. Development of Halsted's discovery was long delayed.

Barnes & Caplin

SISTER THEOPHANE & FRIENDS
Newfangled, less frightening.

named Claude Heman Barlow has worked mightily to deliver Egyptians from this ancient plague. His specialty: killing snails.

Schistosomiasis, caused by a tiny blood fluke which burrows under the skin of river bathers, causes fever, hives, bladder infection, sometimes cirrhosis of the liver. The parasite has a complicated life cycle: its eggs, hatching in warm water, develop larvae which enter snails, there develop to a second, man-attacking larval stage called cercariae or flukes. A single snail may produce 32,000 flukes.

After burrowing into a human victim, the flukes mature in the liver, cuddle up in pairs, migrate to small blood vessels in the bladder or large bowel wall, mate, lay eggs, start a new cycle. It begins when the eggs are discharged in urine or faeces, are picked up by the snails again.

Purging the Nile. The most vulnerable point in this cycle, reasoned Dr. Barlow, is the snail; if the snails were killed the young larvae would soon die and the cycle would be broken. Barlow, an old China hand (21 years a Baptist medical missionary) and longtime Rockefeller Foundation hookworm researcher in Egypt, retired five years ago to devote himself, as an Egyptian Government health officer, to snail extermination. Weapon: a copper sulphate purge, dumped into the Nile and its network of canals.

So far, Dr. Barlow and some 7,000 helpers have cleared the snails from waters irrigating 1,000,000 of Egypt's 6,000,000 acres.

Dr. Barlow has long brooded on the possibility that schistosomiasis might get a foothold in the U.S. The disease is widely prevalent in Asia, South & Central America, infected 1,633 G.I.s in the Philippines. Question: is there a U.S. snail which could harbor the parasite? Two years ago, Dr. Barlow decided on a sacrificial investigation. Infecting himself with Egyptian flukes (220 of them, by a count of stings), he hastened to Washington, urged Public Health Service officials to let him turn his schistosomes loose in snail-populated waters to see whether they could thrive in the U.S. Officials recoiled in horror, told him to stick to the laboratory.

Fighting the Fluke. Dr. Barlow's recovery was long and painful. He ran a high fever, was so full of schistosome eggs that doctors cut nests of them out of his flesh. Last week, although the standard tartar emetic treatment* had rid him of most of his flukes, he noted that: "There is still no time, day or night, when I am not in pain."

But the doctor (back in Egypt) had the satisfaction of knowing that the U.S. Army, Navy, Public Health Service and several universities were now studying schistosomiasis. Proving a theory long held by Dr. Barlow, two P.H.S. doctors had discovered (in the laboratory) that there is, indeed, at least one U.S. snail (Louisiana variety) which can harbor the Egyptian fluke, *schistosoma mansoni.*

* Injections of potassium antimony tartrate every other day for a month.

THE PRESS

Look, No Fringe

A decade ago, spectacled, aggressive Gardner ("Mike") Cowles likes to recall, "I, personally, started *Look*, and devoted a whale of a lot of time to it. I was the works, and I really ran everything." But for most of that decade, the picture magazine he sired was run by others. It saw its founding father only in the little time he could take from running the family's Des Moines *Register & Tribune* and radio stations, and working as a top OWI executive.

Last week Mike Cowles reversed this pattern. From now on, he will live in his bachelor apartment in Manhattan's Waldorf Towers (he was recently divorced), commute to Iowa every other weekend. As Cowles moved into the editor's office at *Look*, jovial, 42-year-old Harlan Logan, his editor since 1942, moved out. Said Logan, not so jovially: "Mr. Cowles and I are in general disagreement on what is a family magazine."

N. Y. *Post*

DOCTOR LOGAN

Myron Davis-LIFE

FATHER COWLES

No more babies.

Man with a Plan. An athletic six-footer with a Phi Beta Kappa key (Indiana U.), Logan was a "magazine doctor" who had analyzed 110 U.S. periodicals as an English professor at New York University. He joined Cowles in 1939 as a consultant, worked up to be general manager of *Look* in a year.

Staffers found him an enthusiast for elaborate planning. A handy man with a presentation chart, Logan added several fancy sidelines, *e.g.*, a crew of picture-book specialists to create such books as Wallace Stegner's *One Nation*, the *Look at America* series, etc.

Faced like other publishers with increased costs and lowered profit margins, Mike Cowles decided two months ago that *Look* could get along with fewer hobbies. In a major shake-up, Editor Harlan Logan's pet projects—and 75 staffers, including the entire crew of *Look* books—were dropped.

"These departments," said Mike Cowles last week, "were Mr. Logan's babies. . . . When costs started going up, I decided that some of these 'fringe' departments must go. . . . I felt that our primary job was to put out a magazine."

Happy Union

When Herbert Sebastian Agar, Pulitzer-Prize winning author (*The People's Choice*), got his discharge from the Navy, he had a good job awaiting him. After four years' leave, he could return to edit Publisher Barry Bingham's prosperous Louisville *Courier-Journal*. But this week Agar turned up with a smaller platform to speak from and he was happy about it, too. In January, he will become the British Isles editor of *Freedom & Union*, Clarence Streit's small, earnest voice of federal world-government (TIME, Sept. 23).

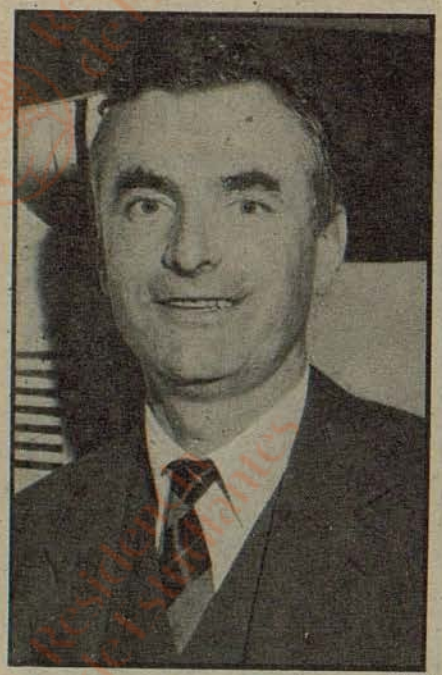
Englishmen with a hard word for Herbert Agar are hard to find. U.S. Ambassador John Winant borrowed Lieut. Commander Agar from the Navy late in 1943 to convince doubting Britons that the U.S. would be not only the arsenal of democracy but a provider of men. Later, as London OWI head, tall (6 ft. 4 in.), handsome Herbert Agar did a notable job of helping to dissolve British-U.S. differences. He exhorted factory workers in their own language, patched up tiffs between British mayors and U.S. troops.

Says the London *News Chronicle's* veteran editor Robin Cruikshank: "Agar probably contributed more towards a good

understanding of America in England than any other man in history, and was the best counter-agent to Hollywood."

Back to Britain. Long before the war (1929-34), Agar had been in London as free-lancer, literary editor of the *English Review* and correspondent for the *Courier-Journal*. When the *Courier's* owner Robert Bingham was sent to England as Ambassador by F.D.R., he and son Barry enthusiastically plotted Agar's future, made him a *C-J* columnist in 1935, editor in 1940. In 1942 he joined the Navy.

As Streit's counterpart in England, Agar will boost world federalism in Britain, report British viewpoints for *Freedom & Union*. He will spend much of 1947 on a book which will tell "how our government developed the way it has." After that, it will be *Freedom & Union* full time.



Acme

EDITOR AGAR
Counter-agent to counterpart.

Dog & Man

For the new mood of Marshall Field's Chicago *Sun*, which had forsworn preachy crusades for homely human interest news, the story was a Page One natural. It was about a man and a dog. What made it even better, the man was the *Sun's* arch-rival, *Tribune* Publisher Robert R. McCormick. Colonel McCormick had taken his German shepherd, Lotta, to a suburban kennel to have a thorn removed from her left front paw, and Lotta had run away.

For a night and a day, the *Sun* reported, 26 cops busily beat the bushes of the North Shore. None won McCormick's $100 reward. Then *Trib* Reporter Chester Nichols was assigned to the hunt. After 22 sleepless hours he tracked Lotta down. When admiring cops asked him how he'd done it, Newshawk Nichols replied: "Simple. Until the *Tribune* hired me four years ago I was the dog-catcher at Evanston." The *Sun's* headline: SCOOP! MCCORMICK DOG OUTSMARTED BY TRIBUNE MAN.

EDUCATION

Murder in the Stacks

When famed Egyptologist George Andrew Reisner's eyes became dimmed with age, he spent many of his last hours at the pyramids of Giza listening to detective stories read to him by assistants. They placed standing orders in England and the U.S. for new books.

Last week Harvard's omnivorous library (second largest in the U.S.) got ready to clear a place in its stacks for the 2,000 luridly titled, gaudily wrapped books, willed in 1942 to the university by George Reisner, who had been a Harvard professor for 37 years. The war had kept the collection in Egypt, where an officers' club gave the books a thorough thumbing.

The Reisner bequest will fill out Harvard's haphazard collection of detective stories, started by such mystery-loving professors as the late George Lyman Kittredge. History-conscious Harvard keeps them for research purposes, buys a half dozen new titles every year because they reflect "part of the American scene." It makes no attempt to circulate them widely. Says Librarian Keyes D. Metcalf uneasily: "We are a research library, and I should think that anyone who wanted a detective story would go to some other library."

Teacher at the Mike

"Listen again tomorrow at this same time for 'It's Fun to Grow Up,' when the Denver public schools will be with you again. . . ."

Frozen out of their classrooms by the coal strike, Denver's 63,110 boys & girls stayed home last week, but comparatively few played hookey. School was coming over the radio; they could turn their teachers on and, if Mother wasn't around, off.

Learning by radio was mostly Superintendent Charles E. Greene's doing. He had fretted while a September polio siege ate up 13 precious school days, grown impatient when a 40-inch snowstorm knocked out two more in November. John L. Lewis looked like one affliction too many. Last week, forced by the coal shortage to shut down the schools a third time, Greene handed out homework and organized a school-of-the-air. Said he: "You can't skip a month or two in education and make it up. We are now seeing to it that school goes on, polio, blizzards, strikes or what have you."

Five of Denver's radio stations chipped in a daily hour apiece (staggered through the day); newspapers printed "classroom" schedules. Director Allen Miller of the Rocky Mountain Radio Council auditioned 200 teachers, picked the pleasantest voices. With teachers looking over their shoulders, scriptwriters pressure-cooked daily programs about music, art, English, history, math. Sample, delivered in the best soap-opera style: a science story about a little girl who hears a newscast announcing the coal strike, gets her father (by coincidence, a chemist) to tell her all about coal.

• • •

Another 36,578 school kids in St. Paul, Minn., had it easier than the Denver stay-at-homes; they didn't even have to listen to the radio. About 1,000 organized schoolteachers (A.F.L.) had walked out in the largest teachers' strike in U.S. history. Among their demands: a boost in salary minimums from $1,300 to $2,400.

Picketing in near-zero temperatures, the teachers were warmed by parkas, winter coats, ski pants and the comforting thought that most St. Paul citizens sympathized with them. Governor Edward Thye had said that teachers' salaries were too low. Parents living near the schools invited pickets in for a cup of coffee to take the chill away. Some students turned out to cheer the strikers on. Of course nobody tried to crash the picket line.

Wide World

DR. MCINTOSH
For a juggler, a vocation.

Something to Hold On To

Columbia University's Barnard College (for women) has had only three deans in 57 years, and it took its cautious time about picking a fourth. Ever since Dean Virginia Gildersleeve decided to quit Barnard (TIME, Dec. 10, 1945), faculty and trustees have been weeding out 60 candidates. Last week the weeding was over, and almost in its own backyard Barnard had found a new dean: Dr. Millicent Carey McIntosh, 48.

Mrs. McIntosh is a youthful woman with bobbed, reddish-gold hair and a set of firm opinions. A basic one: it is "tragic" that so many educated women "settle down into domesticity and never raise a peep again." Mrs. McIntosh speaks on this subject with impressive authority. Educated at Bryn Mawr, Johns Hopkins and Cambridge, she began to teach in 1922,

married ten years later. Now the mother of five children, she has done an unruffled job of juggling career and family.

After a day's work as headmistress of Manhattan's fashionable girls' Brearley School, Mrs. McIntosh rushes home to play with her four sons and one daughter (aged 7 to 13) until their 9:30 bedtime. To keep them "individuals," she packs off each of the children (including the twins) to a different school. Weekends, on a Massachusetts farm, the younger McIntoshes get better acquainted with each other and with mother and father—Dr. Rustin McIntosh, who is a professor of pediatrics at Columbia and director of Babies Hospital.

The dean-elect thinks colleges should put more accent on the humanities, thus give their students a basic philosophy for living—"something to hold on to." She rates this higher than vocational training, but expects to campaign for one vocation: teaching. Says she: "The colleges of today have a big job, to restore teaching as a major career for women. The best students see the segregation, isolation and exploitation connected with the profession, and they just won't do it any more."

"Doing Very Well"

When Elizabeth Gray Vining left for Japan to become tutor to its Crown Prince, U.S. newspapers wondered whether Akihito would learn distaff democracy at her knee. Last week Mrs. Vining sent the U.S. an informal report on her first two months in Tokyo. One between-the-lines conclusion: it might take a long time.

Despite the glamorized buildup to her job (a favorite newspaper comparison: *Anna and the King of Siam*), Mrs. Vining sees Akihito in private only one hour a week. A Japanese, Professor Hiroshi Kikuchi, gives the Prince most of his English lessons, which take seven of his 27 schoolroom hours (the Prince spends only four hours a week on Japanese).

Mrs. Vining's main job is to teach five classes a week at the peers' and peeresses' schools—two grim and chilly buildings. At the girls' school, says Mrs. Vining, "You have to shout against the noise from the other classes and the people passing in the corridors. There is no electric light [and no heat]. . . . The floors, of rough wood, are grimy with dust from soldiers' feet over the years. The classrooms are like box stalls. . . ."

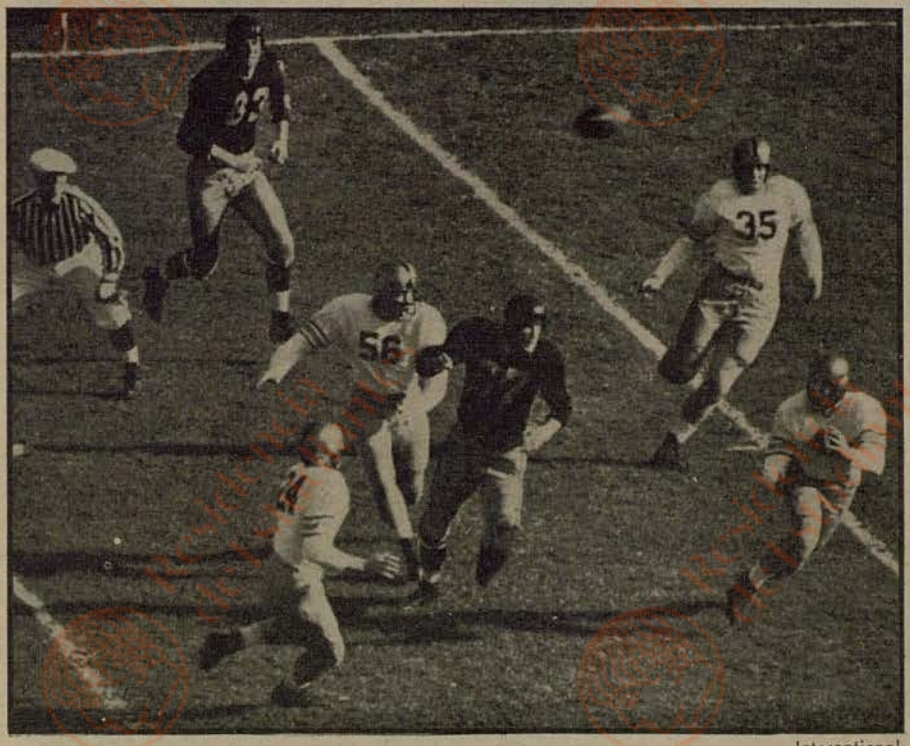
A Quaker with faith in her work, Mrs. Vining refuses to let inconveniences like these get her down. When the cold got too much for her, she sent home for ski boots. Though she is cut off from U.S. Army post exchanges and can't even get her hair done there, Mrs. Vining says: "I'm doing very well." She is grateful to her Japanese hosts for a ten-room house, a 1940 Plymouth, a secretary and a chauffeur.

Back home in Philadelphia, Mrs. Vining, a widow, used to write historical novels for children. In her spare time in Tokyo, she has been trying her hand at a different kind of book—rewriting the English texts to the level of her Japanese pupils.

SPORT

Taps

With one minute to play, Navy's supposedly small-bore football team was three yards from one of the great upsets in football history. There were scrambled emotions among civilians in the crowd of 102,000 in Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium. They first made the underdog Middies their sentimental favorites—but in the last few seconds few seemed to want the Army's great Davis, Blanchard & Co. to lose. In the last few ticks, Navy fullback Lynn Chewning smacked center and bounced back one yard. With the seconds dissolving, a Navy rooter yelled, "Take time out! Kill the clock!" It was too late; the game ended with Navy on Army's 4-yard line. The score: Army 21, Navy 18.



International

DAVIS (41) CATCHING PASS AGAINST NAVY; BLANCHARD (35) COMING UP
Next stop: Fort Riley.

So the curtain was rung down on a happy ending for one of the greatest teams in history—in three years it had won 27 games, lost none, been tied only once. In that last game drawling Doc Blanchard, weighing the same 205 lbs. he did two years ago, had broken loose for 53 yards and a touchdown. Shifty Glenn Davis had gone around end for another, heaved a pass to Doc for Army's third score.

Next fall, eight of Army's graduating first-stringers, including Blanchard & Davis, expect to be second lieutenants at Fort Riley, Kans.—and to play on the post football team. Moaned Army's backfield coach, Civilian Andy Gustafson: "The coaches wish they were going along, too."

• • •

Football's first postwar season ended last week with a few whimpers. Young Ed McKeever, after winning more than he lost, quit as boss of Cornell football; destination unknown. Two shrewd oldsters—Texas' Dana Bible, 55, and Colgate's Andy Kerr, 68—stepped aside for younger men. The College of the Pacific not too tactfully said aloud that maybe the granddaddy of all coaches, 84-year-old Amos Alonzo Stagg, should quit.

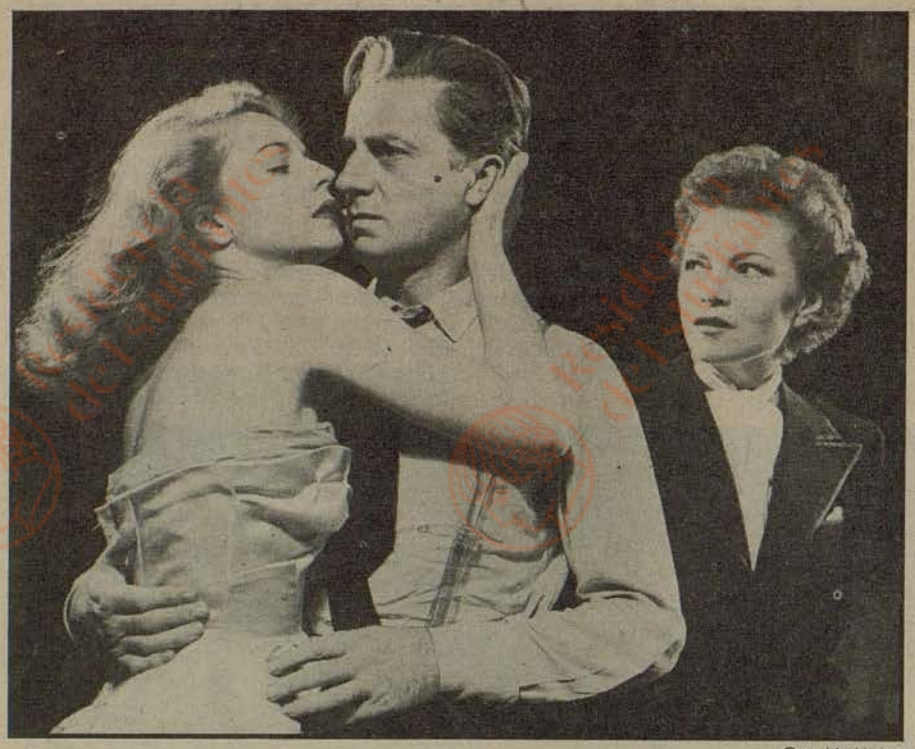
At the University of Wisconsin, up-in-arms students suggested that Coach Harry Stuhldreher, should be put to pasture. Students at the University of California, including 42 members of the squad (which won two and lost seven) squawked about Coach Frank Wickhorst and his assistants, heard a squad spokesman say shamelessly that "something should be done to help the athlete in a monetary way."

Record in a Storm

In white-capped waters off Havana's Morro Castle, 28 Star Class yachts last week competed in the first big international regatta since 1939—but the dipping of sails and careening of tiny hulls drew no audience ashore. Sports-loving Cubans were mostly off at baseball games.

The first day, one Spanish, one Portuguese, one Brazilian and seven U.S. boats quit because of broken rudders, sprung masts, bad weather. On the third day, in rough weather, George Fleitz, 32, of Los Angeles, in his *Wench II*, set a world record for the 10-mile round-the-buoys course. Time: 1:37:33. His *Wench II* piled up so many points on the record day that Owner Fleitz marched off with the three-foot silver trophy.

THE THEATER



Graphic House

RUTH FORD, CLAUDE DAUPHIN & ANNABELLA
"Hell is other people."

New Plays in Manhattan

No Exit (translated from the French of Jean-Paul Sartre by Paul Bowles; produced by Herman Levin & Oliver Smith) is laid in Hell. For famed Existentialist Writer Sartre, Hell is a series of cramped, ugly hotel rooms; in one of them he locks up for eternity three repellent evildoers—two women and a man.

The man (Claude Dauphin) is a Paris editor who had been shot as a collaborationist; one woman (Annabella) is a Lesbian who, with cold deliberation, wrecked a marriage; the other woman (Ruth Ford) is a shallow nymphomaniac who had murdered her illegitimate child. Brought together in a Hell free from physical torture, they feel they may endure it if they resolutely keep apart. But they soon perceive the ghastly terms—and interminableness—of their damnation. They cannot keep apart ("Hell," says the man, "is other people"); they must endlessly frustrate and endlessly torment one another.

No Exit (*Huis-Clos*) is a piece of bold, unusual theater. Sartre sets his stage vividly, and sees things sternly through. Yet as the play proceeds, its original shock value is not reinforced by continuing dramatic impact. Perhaps, by its very nature, *No Exit* is itself damned to be dutifully repetitious and to dot its i's. The dotting process makes the later scenes—in which the characters bedevil one another—the weakest theater in the play; they should be the strongest.

No Exit is pretty much a showcase for Existentialism (TIME, Jan. 28). The gloom of the play meshes with the grimness of the philosophy. And the three damned characters—one treacherous, one selfish, one proudly evil—seem like archsymbols of the disordered age from which so stark a philosophy emerged.

Christopher Blake (by Moss Hart; produced by Joseph M. Hyman & Bernard Hart) means more in terms of its author than of itself. As George S. Kaufman's collaborator, Moss Hart early won success writing smooth Broadway comedies. In these green pastures he might have stayed indefinitely in deep clover. But a strong impulse to keep moving led him to *Lady in the Dark* and *Winged Victory*, has now led him at last to seek even higher ground. *Christopher Blake* is a praiseworthy attempt to deal uncompromisingly with a difficult theme: the plight of a twelve-year-old boy whose parents are in court for a divorce, and who must choose between them.

Partly because of the material, more because of Hart's handling of it, the attempt does not come off very well. *Christopher Blake* poses a vivid situation, dramatic in the sense that it is climactic, suspenseful in that it awaits an agonizing decision. But it is too climactic a situation to be stretched through a whole evening without being blunted; beyond that it is a difficult situation for the stage because the real conflict goes on inside young Chris's mind.

Playwright Hart has tried manfully to grapple with these problems. He has filled things out by carefully documenting his situation—by tracing the causes of the divorce, dramatizing the refusal of either parent to hand Chris (Richard Tyler) over to the other, having both parents (Martha Sleeper, Shepperd Strudwick) appeal to the boy. (In the end he chooses his father.) And Playwright Hart has gone inside Chris's mind by bodying forth the conflicting fantasies that float through it—Chris reuniting his parents by killing himself just after being decorated by President Truman; Chris, a great man of affairs, visiting his parents in the poorhouse to denounce them.

The fantasies are noisily colorful, and there are strong realistic moments, as when Chris suddenly goes to pieces. Nor is there anything particularly false in what happens. There is just nothing freshly, uniquely true. Even so, *Christopher Blake* might be pretty effective theater if the writing were not often so flat, or the general effect so top-heavy.

In a largely indifferent production, talented, sensitive 14-year-old Actor Tyler shines by more than contrast.

MILESTONES

Married. Alain Darlan, 32, son of Vichy's Admiral Vice Premier Darlan (assassinated in 1942), who at the invitation of President Roosevelt came to the U.S. in 1943 to get treatment for polio; and Mrs. Phyllis Kellum, 37, Warm Springs Foundation physiotherapist; both for the second time; in Warm Springs, Ga.

Married. Irene Castle McLaughlin, 53, who, with husband Vernon, set dance styles for two continents, whose streamlined figure & bobbed hair set feminine fashion in the years surrounding World War I; and George Enzinger, 54, her former business manager; she for the fourth time, he for the second; in Madison, Wis.

Divorced. William Force Dick, 29, half-brother of John Jacob Astor; by Virginia French Dick, 29, sister of the first Mrs. John Jacob Astor; after five years of marriage, no children; in Reno.

Died. Edward G. Budd, 75, founder-president of the $80,000,000 Budd Co., which made the first marketable all-steel automobile body in 1912, the first streamlined stainless steel train (*Zephyr*) in 1934; of a heart attack; in Germantown, Pa.

Died. John A. Hillerich, 80, who in 1884 made the first "Louisville Slugger" baseball bat, later founded the famed Hillerich & Bradsby Co. which manufactures nearly all bats for the major and minor leagues (over 2,000,000 a year), for half a century has supplied baseball's great with tailor-made weapons; in Chicago.

Died. Albert George Schmedeman, 82, onetime Minister to Norway (1913-21), former Democratic governor of Wisconsin (1933-35), fourtime mayor of Madison; after long illness; in Madison, Wis.

BUSINESS & FINANCE

THE ECONOMY

The Big Freeze

The thermometer of U.S. industrial production dropped rapidly last week in the big freeze of the coal strike. Barron's weekly business index skidded from 182.8 (1936-39 average: 100) to 175.3. Although it reflected only the first four days of the strike, the drop was almost two points a day.

The slump was bigger and more rapid than in last spring's strike because 1) industrial production was so high and stockpiles of components (*i.e.* parts) so low; and 2) the high production was burning up stockpiles of coal much faster.

Down Steel. First to show signs of industrial starvation were the big users of coal. Steel production was down to 60% of capacity *v.* 91.4% the week before the strike. (In the first week of last spring's coal strike it had dropped only nine points.) This week, it is expected to drop to 50% of capacity, or lower. The magazine *Steel* predicted it would drop below last spring's low of 43% of capacity, if the strike lasted another week.

Carnegie-Illinois, biggest U.S. steel producer, cut its Pittsburgh production to 35% of capacity *v.* 104% the week before. Total steel loss for the week: 504,000 tons—enough to make 200,000 autos. Bethlehem laid off 8,000 of the 14,000 employes in its Johnstown plant, bringing the total laid off by railroads and steel plants alone to an estimated 70,000. The total of idle workers in all industries is expected to pass 1,000,000.

Railroads were hit from two sides. Coal-burning roads were pinched by lack of fuel to run trains. And coal-hauling roads were hit even harder. Example: the Norfolk & Western normally gets 95% of its revenue from carrying coal.

Down Autos. Automakers had enough coal and steel to keep going for another week—unless makers of parts had to stop production before that time for lack of steel, coal, or power. (Birmingham Gas Co. this week notified its industrial customers that if temperatures went down to freezing, it would have to divert their entire supply of gas to domestic consumers.) Ford, Chrysler and Hudson used the Thanksgiving weekend as an excuse for temporary shutdowns. Unless the coal strike ended, 500,000 autoworkers would be out of work by Christmas. They would be out sooner if an embargo was clamped on all but essential freight.

Railroaders, declaring that the halt of coal and other shipments had improved their supply of locomotive fuel, doubted that such an embargo would be necessary. Nevertheless, there was so much talk about it in Washington that the railroaders had embargo plans ready. If it were put into effect, not only autos but almost every other big & little industry would be frozen.

AVIATION

Rough Air

T.W.A. had stretched its resources thin expanding into the glamorous field of overseas air transportation. But it would have skinned by without much trouble if the 25-day pilots' strike had not knocked it flat. By last week, T.W.A.'s financial position was worrisome enough to fill the air with more rumors than Constellations.

There was no truth, said both sides, to gossip that T.W.A. was going to sell out to Pan-American Airways. But it was true that T.W.A. was sounding out the RFC and private banks for a whopping loan.

The reasons why T.W.A. needed the cash were dismally plain. In the third quarter, T.W.A. reported last week, it had lost $3,235,491, bringing the net loss for the first nine months to $4,846,450. The third quarter losses, said President Jack Frye, were caused by CAA's grounding of Constellations. And the pilots' strike was likely to make the fourth quarter the worst of the year.

Disappearing Dreams. Outsiders thought that some of T.W.A.'s troubles were also due to T.W.A.'s over-ambitious expansion plans. T.W.A. had increased its payroll to service many foreign routes before T.W.A. had the planes to fly them. Now, the strike had caused the line to cancel orders for 25 new planes and it was shrinking its payrolls even faster than it had expanded; it planned to lay off 3,400 of its 16,000 employes by year's end. Like other transatlantic lines, it was also flying half-empty planes from the U.S. to Europe. Reason: travelers were being scared out of going for fear they could not get back on the overcrowded return runs.

By March, T.W.A. hopes that the backlog of returning travelers will be gone, that balanced travel will put their Atlantic operations into the black. Meanwhile T.W.A. still plans to follow out its globe-girdling plans, hopes to start flying to Bombay in a month, to Ceylon, Calcutta and Shanghai shortly after.

Grey Dawn. To do this, optimistic Jack Frye knew that T.W.A. needed more money—and plenty of it. T.W.A. might get a loan from RFC or private banks although it already owes the Equitable Life Assurance Society $40 million. Jack Frye also plans to ask his stockholders to authorize issuance of another 2,000,000 shares of stock (985,929 shares now outstanding).

If he sold them all at the present price of T.W.A. stock, an unlikely prospect, he could raise around $40,000,000. One T.W.A. stockholder estimated T.W.A. would need as much as $100,000,000. And with T.W.A. stock down to $21 a share from its high of $71 in January, the market for new issues looked none too good.

International

WAY TO THE GRAVE

This forlorn, rusty hulk was once the *Normandie*, largest (83,400 tons) and most luxurious liner afloat. Shorn of beauty and superstructure, she was ingloriously tugged and shoved by twelve tugs across New York Bay last week for scrapping at Port Newark, N.J. Built by the French in 1935 for an estimated $66 million, burned during a fruitless attempt to convert her to a troopship, the *Normandie* was finally sold to Junkman Morris Lipsett for $161,600. He hopes to cut her up into 40,000 tons of scrap steel, worth $24 a ton. For its loss, the French line got $13,500,000, which it is now spending for a merchant fleet.

WALL STREET

G.M. Gets the Cash

With the bogy of John L. Lewis looming big and black over bearish Wall Street, the market for new stock issues had seldom looked colder. But General Motors Corp., hard up for ready cash to carry out its $500 million reconversion and expansion program (TIME, Nov. 18), plunged in anyway, found the water was not as cold as it looked. G.M.'s new issue of $100 million of preferred stock, largest new-money preferred issue of all time, was snapped up in short order last week.

In a few hours, the stock ($100 a share, 3.75% annual interest) rose as much as 1½ points in over-the-counter trading. But the fact that husky G.M. withstood the plunge was no convincer to less virile companies. In the last month, 13 companies which also needed cash had dropped plans to issue common stock. Until the water got warmer, it looked as if the cheap way to raise cash, by common stock, was out.

NEW PRODUCTS

Suitcase Furnace

Stewart-Warner Corp. last week unwrapped one of its prize postwar items: a midget furnace capable of heating 2½ rooms. Developed from airplane heaters used during the war, the furnace weighs 70 pounds, is not much larger than a suitcase. The furnace burns natural, manufactured or bottled gas in a completely enclosed flame. Air is brought in—and waste gases expelled—through pipes to the outside of the house.

The furnace can be used as a space heater, embedded in a wall between two rooms to heat both, or stuck on a closet shelf to heat two or more rooms through short ducts. Two such units, said Stewart-Warner President James S. Knowlson, can heat the average six-room house, can be installed by one man. Cost: $200 a heater.

TRAVEL

Europe, Ho!

Touring Europe in the summer will be back in fashion next year. So American Express president Ralph T. Reed hopefully predicted last week as he landed in Manhattan after a two-month European tour.

Because of the food shortage England still frowns on tourists but most of the Continent had the welcome mat out. Last week the U.S. Army was even considering letting tourists into Bavaria to help the Germans get some dollar credits. Next year there will be a good bit of transportation available on planes (an estimated 100,000 seats) and ships (200,000). The big catch was to get the U.S. Department of State to lift the ban on tourists. But American Express was so hopeful that this would be done by summer that it announced two typical, all-expense tours, set tentative prices:

¶ A 25-day tour of Europe with passage on the liner *America*, six days in England (unless England is still pinched), three days in Scotland, three in Holland, one in Brussels, three in Paris, two in Normandy (to see the landing beaches), and five days in Switzerland. Cost: $1,000 to $1,500.

¶ A 14-to-21 day tour, depending on whether the tourist goes by plane or boat, to London, Brussels, Paris, Amsterdam, with one and a half days for detours. Costs: $650 to $1,130 by ship, $785 to $985 by plane. But warned Reed: "Anyone who goes just for fun will be sorely disappointed."

Transportation in Europe is slow and crowded, hotels below prewar standards. Food is scarce and monotonous almost everywhere. Only in Switzerland, hardly touched by the war, is touring up to prewar. In general, hotel rates are up, but comparable to those in the U.S. Typical rates: $5 a day double at London's medium-priced Cumberland, $14 a day double at Paris' famed George V.

Actually, the cost of traveling—and tours—depends on what happens to foreign currencies. Both the French franc and the Italian lira are skidding. If the pegged price is not changed to match the fall in real value (France refused to do so during the war), tourists will find their U.S. dollars bringing less and less unless they patronize the black market. Reason: prices will go up to counteract the fall in value of local currency. Only in Switzerland will the tourist escape that danger. But there he may have to face another which will have the same effect. There was gossip that Switzerland would revalue its franc, raising it from 23.40 U.S. cents to 30 cents. This would automatically boost prices to tourists nearly 30%.

Harvey Weber-Graphic House

RALPH T. REED
Plans.

Newspictures

FRED LAZARUS JR.
Ideas.

RETAIL TRADE

Prospecting Pays

For stockholders of Federated Department Stores, Inc., the news was the best yet. At their annual meeting in Manhattan last week, President Fred Lazarus Jr. reported sales up 28% to $246 million (for the year ending Nov. 2), profit up a whopping 90% to $11 million. This made Federated the third biggest moneymaker in the department-store field (first and second: May Dept. Stores Co., Allied Stores, Inc.).

For part of this, stockholders could thank the general high level of U.S. retailing. But they could also thank round-faced little Fred Lazarus, 62, ablest of Ohio's famed Lazarus brothers, Simon, Robert and Jeffrey. When Fred Lazarus stepped into Federated's presidency in 1945, the organization was little more than a device by which its five members,* through cross-ownership of each other's stock, protected themselves against regional slumps.

Rich Ore. But Lazarus had bigger ideas. He wanted Federated to 1) organize a central research office and 2) expand into the hinterlands. His theory: big U.S. cities have all been staked out, but there were still rich veins to be tapped in medium-sized cities.

From half a century of mining such veins, Fred Lazarus knew how rich they were. At ten, he was earning 25¢ every Saturday as a collar salesman in his family's Columbus store. At 18, he went to work selling shoes. Soon an executive, he had a big hand in the firm's expansion. Now covering over four city blocks, the store is the biggest business in Columbus. In 1929, when the Lazarus family bought Shillito's, Fred Lazarus moved to Cincinnati, turned Shillito's from an also-ran to the town's front-runner.

To try to do the same for Federated,

* Wm. Filene's Sons Co., Brooklyn's Abraham & Strauss, Inc. and Lazarus' own family enterprise, Columbus' F. & R. Lazarus & Co. (including its wholly owned subsidiary, Cincinnati's John Shillito Co.), Manhattan's Bloomingdale Bros., Inc.

Lazarus set up a new department of acquisitions, put a squad of experts to work analyzing prospective markets. He also thought that Federated should pay well for his work, rowed with Bloomingdale's Samuel Joseph Bloomingdale (TIME, July 16, 1945) over a stock-option bonus plan which would have paid Lazarus & Brothers according to increases in Federated sales. In the end, the stockholders backed Lazarus and he went to work to earn the bonus by expanding into Houston.

First, Lazarus offered to buy out Houston's old Foley Bros. Dry Goods Co. When the firm refused to sell, Lazarus bought a store site, threatened to come in as a competitor. Worried Foley's then sold for $4,300,000. (Lazarus also got an option on another site tagged at $1,250,000, talked Woolworth's into buying it for $3,000,000.) With Foley's he plans to test his newest theory that department stores must mechanize or operating costs will zoom when the current abnormal volume falls off.

Federated is now building a new $9 million home for Foley's. Windowless, glass-walled and crisscrossed with chutes and conveyors, it will be the last word in department-store merchandising. Customers will be able to park their cars in the Foley garage, make their purchases, find them in their cars when finished. But Fred Lazarus has not been satisfied to wait for the new store to boost business. Foley's sales are already running close to double the rate they were when Federated took over, and profit this year is up to nearly $500,000.

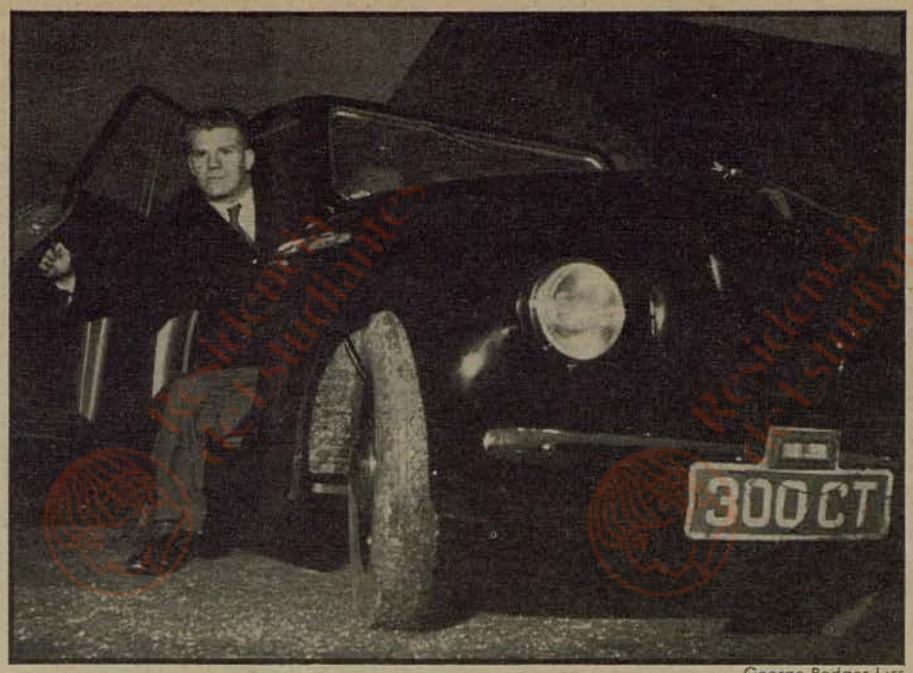
AUTOS

The Amazing Mr. Kendall

Britain's lower middle classes have always envied—and wanted—a cheap auto like their American cousins had. But until a year ago they saw scant chance of ever getting one. Then William Denis Kendall, 43, manufacturer and member of Parliament, who seemed to be a happy fusion of Henry Kaiser, Van Johnson and Superman, set all Britain abuzz with plans for a People's Car.

As described by Kendall, it sounded wonderful. It would have a neat aluminum body, would do 60 miles an hour and would retail for only £100, one-third under Ford or Morris. Best of all, Magician Kendall promised production of 500 a week by 1947. Those who scoffed were told to look at what he had already done.

Big Wages. In 1938 he turned up in the Lincolnshire town of Grantham as works manager of the Hispano-Suiza 20 mm. cannon works (later the British Manufacture and Research Co.). With him Kendall brought a picaresque legend: a Yorkshire miller's son, he had run away to sea at 14, made $5,000 helping police raid opium dens along China's Yangtze River, run a waterfront cabaret in Shanghai. Eventually he ended up in Philadelphia as a steeplejack. Later he went to work for Philadelphia's Edward G. Budd Manufacturing Co. He rapidly rose to Budd's representative at France's famed Citroen auto plant and eventually Citroen's works manager. Then he went to Grantham.



George Rodger-LIFE

MANUFACTURER KENDALL & SAMPLE CAR
For the little people.

With his deep-set blue eyes, his "well-groomed earthiness" and his tremendous shirtsleeve energy, Kendall took Grantham's fancy. But it was his production of millions of pounds worth of World War II cannons and high wages (£11 a week) that made him something of a British industrial hero and legend.

He bought a Rolls-Royce, a Chevrolet, a yacht, rented a flat in London, built himself a luxurious £22,000 house in Grantham. He threw lavish parties. And when he stood for Parliament as a champion of the little people, the grateful little people of Grantham elected him, twice in a row.

Bigger Trouble. When peace came, Kendall seemed well prepared. Leaving British Manufacture and Research, he talked a group of rich Indians into putting £300,000 into his own Grantham Productions, leased the Grantham plant and announced his car, for "the little people."

As the months passed, Grantham Productions was able to turn out only half a dozen samples of the People's Car (on which the price had gradually risen to £250). Suppliers, said Kendall, had let him down. And his capital, ridiculously tiny in the first place, was gone. Grantham Productions owed £445,379.

The people of Grantham kept their faith as Kendall scurried romantically off to India to look for more money. He came back empty-handed, but talked melodramatically of a "miracle." Then he rushed off to meet a mysterious man in London's Cumberland Hotel who was to save the People's Car. But the miracle did not happen. Finally Kendall told the faithful at Grantham: "I've failed."

Next day he faced his creditors and told his story. It was not enough. They voted for a voluntary liquidation of Grantham Productions.

ADVERTISING

Hatchet Buried

Manhattan's Macy's and Gimbels were still at it. This time, Macy's swung first. Well aware that one of Gimbel's heartiest chest-thumpings has been that Gimbels was "first in the world with the ball-point pen," Macy's asked in full-page ads: "Do you own a horse-and-buggy ball-point pen?" If so, no matter where it was bought, and if it cost more than $3.50, Macy's would take it back, allow $3 credit towards the purchase of any ball-point pen priced at $12.50 or more.

Last week, Gimbels struck back, also in full-page ads: "When Johnny-come-lately tries to put Johnny-on-the-spot on the spot, WHAT HAPPENS?"

What happened was that Gimbels would take in any fountain pen, bought at any price, give a credit of $4 on any Gimbels pen priced at $8 and up. (Manhattan citizens wondered: what was wrong with the ball-point pen?)*

At week's end, however, both stores succumbed to the merchandising spirit of the season. In ads Gimbels sang:

Peace is upon us, and Christmas is nigh,
The dove is on hand and the goose will hang high—
Gimbels and Macy's and Herald Square Saks
Have kissed and made up—have buried the ax.
Those old feudin' pistols are high on the shelf,
It's hard to believe it, so see for yourself,
How Gimbels and Macy's and Saks-34
Have trimmed their facades to resemble ONE store.

* Of one early model, many a rueful buyer knew the answer: it was advertised as sure to write even under water, but on dry land (and on shirts and coats) it leaked.

RADIO

Ixnay Screaming, Hey!

Sinatra fans have laid down for themselves ten special commandments (with the assistance of Sinatra's bee-busy press-agent). The tenth: "Frankie says ixnay on screaming at broadcasts, so how's about cooperation, hey!"* Yet at broadcasts the bobby-soxers have regularly drowned out The Voice with ecstatic screaming. Last week the Sinatra show had nary a screech. Reason: Frankie, convinced that fed-up listeners were turning to other stops on the dial, had decided to broadcast without a studio audience. Wrote one sad soxer: "If you will only admit people to your broadcasts again, I volunteer to post myself around the studio and throw out any individual that screams."

British Bouquet

For six weeks Maurice Winnick, one of Britain's top bandmen and radio producers (*e.g., Ignorance Is Bliss*, British version of *It Pays to Be Ignorant*), had been in the U.S., lining up British rights to U.S. radio shows. By the time he sailed for home last week, he had also lined up some decided views on the differences between state-monopoly (British) and private-enterprise (U.S.) broadcasting systems:

"All in all, British broadcasting isn't in it with you Americans. Here you've made a great study of radio. In England it's very amateur. Our apparatus, compared to yours, is quaint, and we have almost no good producers or writers. There are all sorts of reasons. . . .

"First, there is no training ground for radio producers, writers or engineers in Britain—such as your hundreds of small-town stations. In all Britain there is only one station, the BBC. Second, since there's only one station, nobody vies with anybody to produce better shows. Here you have . . . rehearsals before a show goes on. In Britain there is generally none. . . .

"It's really very bad for the individual artist, too. To begin with, the BBC is raddled with nepotism. You just can't get on the air without knowing someone. Well, think how it would be here if there were only one station. And once you're on, you have to be continually currying favor to stay on. Just when your show gets going, they're very likely to drop you. And by the time you get back everyone has forgotten you. And, of course, there's no money in it. It's just a way to keep your name before the public so you can make money on other engagements. . . .

"That isn't to say that everything is bad about British Broadcasting. We do give a good bit more attention to the cultural side. . . . There is a whole wavelength, called the Third Program, for just that sort of thing (TIME, Nov. 4). Here, the only cultural programs I heard were broadcast after everyone had gone to bed.

"And, of course, on the BBC there are none of those frightful commercials. . . . If the British public had any idea of changing to commercial broadcasting, and then heard one of your 'plugs,' that would finish it."

Music Note

Over station WJZ Manhattan Adman Lew Kashuk last week plumbed a new deep: a singing commercial for singing commercials. Excerpt:

Sell your product with a jingly tune, sell the musical way.
You can get those buyers coming
With a tune they'll all be humming;
That's the way to sell it today! . . .
A modern thing
With a jivy swing . . .
Send your message through the air today
With a ditty hot or pretty in the Kashuk way!

Program Preview

For the week beginning Sunday, Dec. 8. (All times are E.S.T., subject to change without notice.)

Invitation to Learning (Sun. 12 noon, CBS) starts a series on the Renaissance with discussion of Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*. Participants: *PM's* Max Lerner, Author Eric Sevareid, Philosopher T. V. Smith of the University of Chicago.

Juvenile Jury (Sun. 1:30 p.m., Mutual). A procession of wit and wisdom out of the mouths of babes.

NBC Symphony (Sun. 5 p.m., NBC). Verdi's *La Traviata* (second half), with Licia Albanese, Jan Peerce, Robert Merrill. Conductor: Arturo Toscanini.

Kate Smith (Sun. 6:30 p.m., CBS), gives Baron Munchausen (Jack Pearl) an airing as guest star.

Fred Allen (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Radio's best comedian last week got top Hooperating.

Screen Guild Players (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, with Joan Fontaine.

The Joe Mooney Quartet (Mon. 10:15 p.m., ABC). Shrewd, abstruse jazz by four musicians' musicians.

Boston Symphony (Tues. 9:30 p.m., ABC). Moussorgsky's prelude to *Khovantchina*, Tchaikovsky's *Fifth Symphony*. Conductor: Serge Koussevitzky.

Henry Morgan (Wed. 10:30 p.m., ABC). Fresh and always amusing.

America's Town Meeting (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., ABC). Topic: "Is Radio Serving the Public Interest?" Speakers: ABC President Mark Woods, Frederic L. (*The Hucksters*) Wakeman, FCCommissioner Clifford Durr.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2-5:45 p.m., ABC). Richard Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*, with Risë Stevens, Irene Jessner, Eleanor Steber, Emanuel List.

* The other nine: 1) Never follow Frankie around, hey! 2) Straighten up and dress right. 3) Never be guilty of racial or religious prejudice. 4) Reason with people who are guilty of racial or religious prejudice. 5) Reason with people who don't like Frankie. 6) Remember to support the worthy causes Frankie supports. 7) Remember Frankie's birthday, Dec. 12, reet? 8) Don't cut classes to catch Frankie's show downtown. 9) Well all right, don't stay for more than two shows.

MISCELLANY

Shooting Affair. In Rio de Janeiro, Teodoro Salim saw a woman walking with his fiancée, shot at her, was arrested, said he thought he was shooting his future mother-in-law.

Shucked. Near Elvira, Iowa, Farmer Donald Rawson tumbled into a corn-picking machine, got out alive but husked buff-bare.

Line Play. In Washington, Mrs. Anne McGinnis fell from a fourth-floor fire escape, landed on a clothesline which flipped her into a second-floor apartment, only slightly injured.

Bed Rock. In Ketchikan, Alaska, Mrs. Fred West awoke suddenly from a sound sleep, found that a construction blast had dropped a huge boulder on the pillow next her head.

Relativity. In Otterville, Ill., Cousins Oscar and Bert Dabbs, whose mothers were sisters and whose fathers were cousins, became stepbrothers when Oscar's widowed mother got married to Bert's widower father.

Juggernaut. In San Diego, Dmitrios Gianules's empty car started rolling, knocked him unconscious, dragged him 66 feet, ran up an incline, careened back, hit him again.

Plus Signs. In Baltimore, Charles Henn Jr., forced to live in his parents' apartment with his wife, son, three brothers and a sister, learned that his wife would soon have quadruplets.

Burglar Alarm. In The Bronx, thieves hijacked Otto Meucci's truck in the night, drove it only a few minutes, quickly abandoned it when its horn short-circuited, arousing the neighborhood with its deafening blast.

Money to Burn. In the Bitter Root Mountains, Idaho, Bob Hart went on a mountain goat hunt, needed a fire to keep from freezing, could find no kindling, had to use $100 worth of uncashed checks.

Weatherbeaten. In Reedsport, Ore., Lifer John Tuel, who had broken out of the Salem State Penitentiary in the midst of an Oregon rainstorm, stumbled into jail ten days later, pleaded: "Lock me up. I just can't stand this weather."

Deep Dish. In Tuckahoe, N. Y., Mrs. Lathrop Barnaskey heard a crash in her cellar, found that a pastry truck had filled her coal bin with pies.

Return Address. In Midland, Pa., James Aeschbacher stole Ernest Albert's car, a few days later called for a blind date, found she was Albert's daughter.

BOOKS

Decay in the Jungle

THE ANCIENT MAYA (520 pp.)—*Sylvanus G. Morley—Stanford University Press* ($10).

Bat-haunted and deserted for centuries, the mysterious limestone cities of the Maya crouch in the Yucatan bush and the Guatemalan-Honduran jungles. They were already in ruins when Hernando Cortes marched into Mexico 400 years ago to teach Montezuma's Aztecs a Spanish lesson. The names of those deserted cities echo with a kind of mournful music: Tikal, Copan, Chicken Itzá, Uxmal, Mayapan.

Sylvanus G. Morley of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, who has worked in the Maya country for 40 years, is the man who discovered some of its most famous monuments and directed Carnegie's elaborate restorations in Yucatan. Even he cannot unravel all the tangles of the Maya past, but this patient, expert, profusely illustrated book is by far the best general survey of the mystery as a whole: who were the ancient Maya, how did their civilization arise, why did it fall?

Knife & Corn. The Maya, he says, were remote cousins of the Inca, the Iroquois and the Eskimo. Squat, copper-colored, often cross-eyed (admiring crossed eyes, they hung beads of resin before the eyes of their infants to induce a squint), they were wise, brilliant, cruel. They produced delicate works of art, designed remarkable buildings—and tossed human victims screaming into a holy well.

Archaeologist Morley thinks that the Maya, rather than the Incas, were the first of the New World people to cultivate corn. Out of this skill and the sedentary rooted life it led to, they evolved their extraordinary culture and by the dawn of the Christian era there was probably a considerable Maya civilization in what is now the Guatemala Department of Petén.

By A.D. 300-400, this civilization had accomplished marvels. It had an exact chronology, a "more accurate knowledge of astronomy" than that of Egypt under the Ptolemies, an arithmetical system involving the concept of zero, highly accomplished arts & crafts. Yet the Maya were aboriginal people—without metal tools of any kind, without beasts of burden, without even a wheel.

The Flowering. During the next few hundred years, they spread north, east and south, until Maya cities & towns dotted an area of 125,000 square miles. No one knows the total number of settlements, but there were at least 100 that were metropolitan enough to have temples. Tikal, in Guatemala, for example may have had a population of 200,000 or more; its ruins cover several hundred acres, and include five temples, one of them over 200 feet high.

Morley believes that the great Mayan cities were slowly abandoned, one after the other, principally because of crop failures, partly because of epidemics, social disintegration, wars. The last great city founded was Mayapan, about A.D. 1000. It was sacked by local rivals some 450 years later. Within another century Cortes and his Spaniards appeared. Their conquest of the Maya lands was difficult and protracted, for the Maya were degenerate but they were stubborn.

What other race did so much, so long, with so little, asks Archaeologist Morley proudly? Not the Incas or Aztecs, he says—and probably not the Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Chinese.

The Raven Himself is Hoarse

MACBETH (125 pp.)—*William Shakespeare, illustrated by Salvador Dali—Doubleday, Doran* ($3.50).

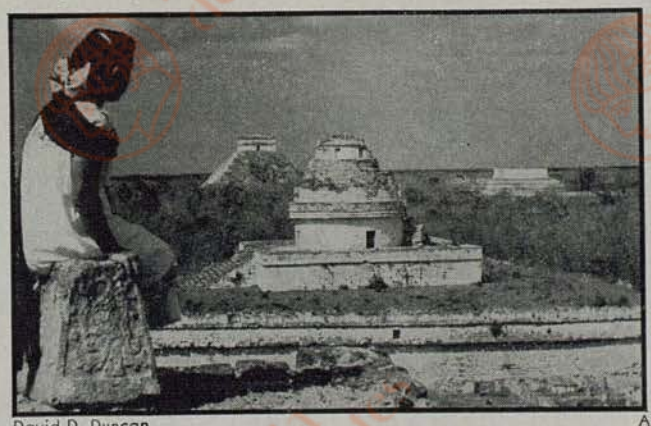
(*Scene: A bar in Eastcheap. Enter two Elizabethan book-reviewers, one clapping the other upon the shoulder.*)

1st B-R. How now, scribbler, what news this day?

2nd B-R. Alas! this day indeed; this Doubleday!

1st B-R. Speak out, wordster!

2nd B-R. This dawn, eleven o'clock, when I arose,
Peering upon the world with clotted eye,
A package lay without my port; 'twas brought
By one whom rain nor snow nor sleet can keep
From his appointed round. I clipped its cords,
And saw, dust-jacketed in gold and red,
A spectacle acute. To say it shortly:
Will Shakespeare's Scottish play about Macbeth



David D. Duncan

American Museum of Natural History

RUINS IN YUCATAN, CEREMONIAL VASE (*below*) AND YOUNG CORN-GOD

Hath found a limner in McDali.

1st B-R. Cawdor and Salvador! Insane conjunction! Is Master Doubleday
Deranged i' the wits?

2nd B-R. It is a blend
As strange as if Madrid's hot Manzanares
Were suddenly to turn his tide, and flow
Regurgitant into the Firth of Forth.
The strumming of flamencos on a brae
Were not more singular. And add to this:
Surrealism's parched, miasmic winds
Puffed thro' the towers of Glamis.

1st B-R. Stranger Catalonian never wore sporran! I pray you, good fellow, itemize the damage; that I, without the hardship of reading, may yet write knowingly.

2nd B-R. Item: poor Scotia's purply heath portrayed
Like to the runways used by 'planes. Thereon
Squat the three witches, pond'ring a takeoff. Item:
Facing page 42, Lady Macbeth
Is wholly chopped in two from brow to chine.
Over the sibling halves, the fierce McDali
Has hung a hairdo drawn from Botticelli.
The lady bears two earrings, one of which,
Dangling displaced, in Dali's playful mode,
Droops from the center of her clefted forehead.
Elsewhere, poor lady, she hath no face at all,
And finally her very head is lopped.
Item: throughout these strange configurations,
Copied, at best, from Breughel and Da Vinci,
Appears a nasty crutch, the which, they tell me,
Is saggy emblem of the clan McDali.
In truth, I was surprised that Birnam Wood
Did not advance on crutches.

1st B-R. Here's a tartan would give a man goose-pimples! What shall you tell your readers?

2nd B-R. I'll tell them straight that, for this selfsame price,
Three thalers fifty groats, they may procure
The plays of William Shakespeare all complete,
Untouched by Salvador.

1st B-R. Brave words, Master Critic! I'll away and do the same.
The moral is as clear as lightning's touch,
A healthy play runs best without a crutch.

CINEMA

New Picture

The Razor's Edge (20th Century-Fox) dawdles away several million dollars trying to make a great philosopher out of W. Somerset Maugham and a great actress out of Gene Tierney. Result of all the costly, unsuccessful straining is an earnest, overlong, impressively glossy, frequently dull movie. Novelist Maugham remains an accomplished old storyteller who is not at his best as a camp-meeting evangelist. Miss Tierney is still a toothily pretty young woman who displays fancy clothes with far greater assurance than she displays simple emotions.

The movie tiptoes as respectfully close behind Maugham's 90-day wonder* as if it were stalking Holy Writ. Tyrone Power, back in Hollywood after 3½ years as a marine, is the introspective young man who returns from World War I full of questions about the spiritual meaning of life. Rather than marry Miss Tierney and settle down to bond-selling in the fleshpots of Chicago, he runs off to Paris to examine his troubled soul. Miss Tierney sullenly marries wealthy John Payne but still yearns for Tyrone.

In the melodramatic Paris sequences, Clifton Webb is an amusing old expatriate snob, Herbert Marshall plays Mr. Maugham himself and Anne Baxter is a frantically unhappy girl who takes to drink in low Apache dives. Elsa Lanchester is refreshingly expert in a tiny comedy bit.

Dragging the audience along in his search for spiritual peace, Tyrone eventually goes on a pilgrimage to deepest India, where he picks up an interesting yoga trick that will cure headaches. Against an improbable Himalayan backdrop, he also receives from a holy man some fine platitudes, including the one that gives the story its title ("The sharp edge of a razor is difficult to pass over; thus the wise say the path of Salvation is hard").

Pretentious thud that it is, *The Razor's Edge* nonetheless rates a round of applause for trying to be a movie with an Idea. The real trouble in this case: the movie technicians—including the director—are far too clever and too efficient for their material; it has become dangerous to let them kick an Idea around—unless it is very, very robust. In this case Hollywood's cameras, always rudely frank about a misshapen nose or an inept gesture, have everlastingly proved that they can be equally ruthless and revealing with a fuzzy idea.

* "The average life of a novel," said Maugham, "is 90 days."

Also Showing

The American Cop (MARCH OF TIME) tackles a serious and very present problem: the booming postwar U.S. crime wave. But with all its cops-&-robbers flavor of shrieking sirens, swinging nightsticks and hard-boiled violence, the film is as much fun as a fast whodunit.

When you come right down to the mechanics of law enforcement, says MARCH OF TIME, local policemen are the boys who do the hard, grubby job. As an example, the camera examines the New York City force, biggest of them all, whose rookies must pass a civil service exam and are schooled to be polite (some of them are), resourceful, specialized. Exciting shots: sweaty, wholesome-faced New York cops beating the internes to an emergency obstetrical case, reviving a would-be suicide, tracking down a pair of slippery young hoodlum-killers.

TYRONE POWER, ANNE BAXTER, GENE TIERNEY (IN PARIS)
In India, a cure for headaches.