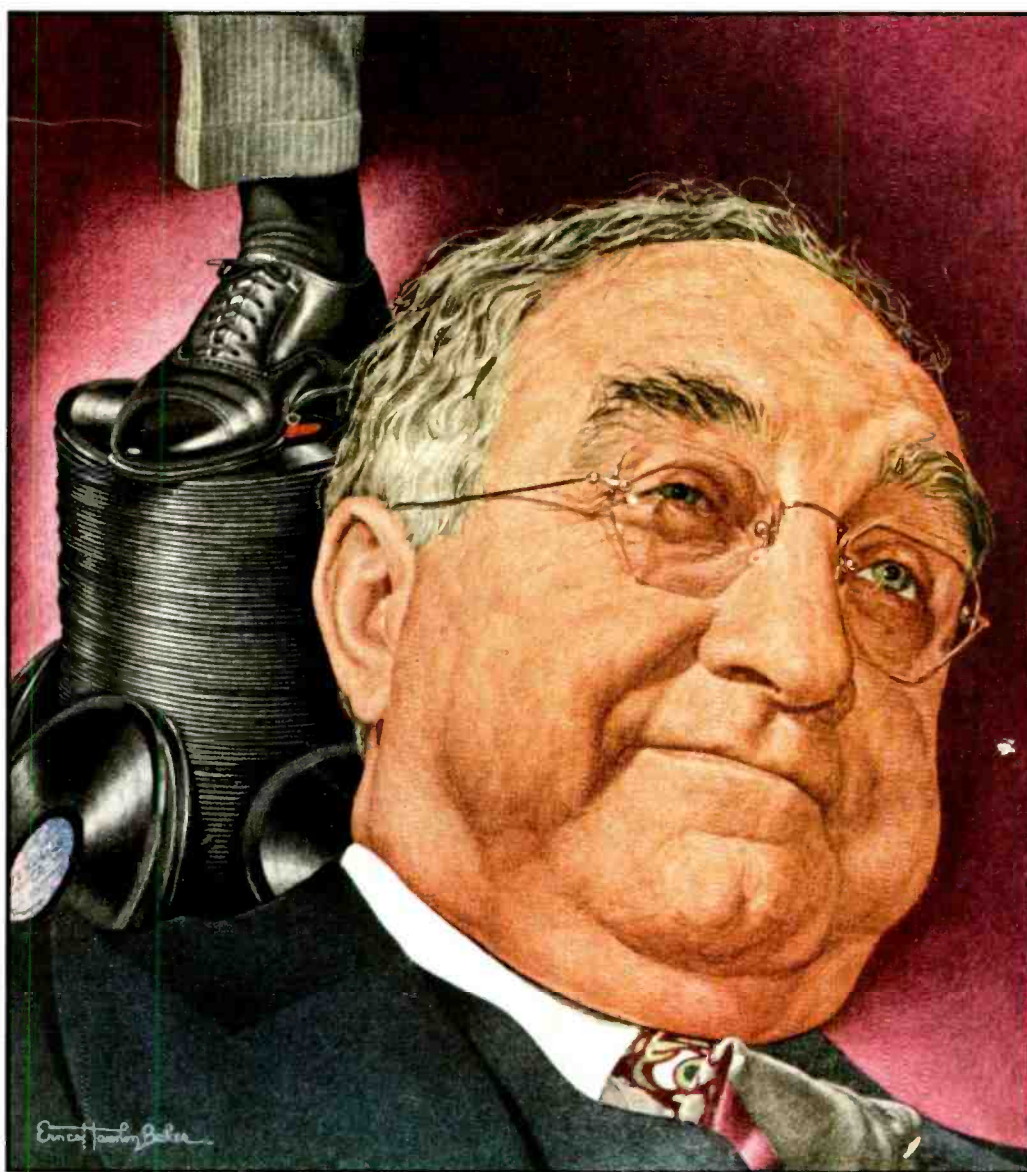


TWENTY CENTS

JANUARY 26, 1948

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



JAMES CAESAR PETRILLO
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VOL. LI NO. 4

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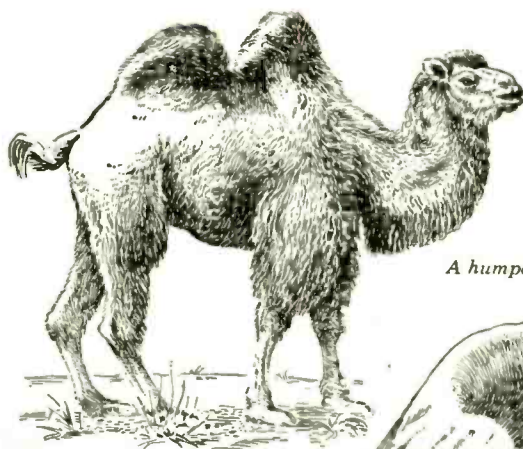
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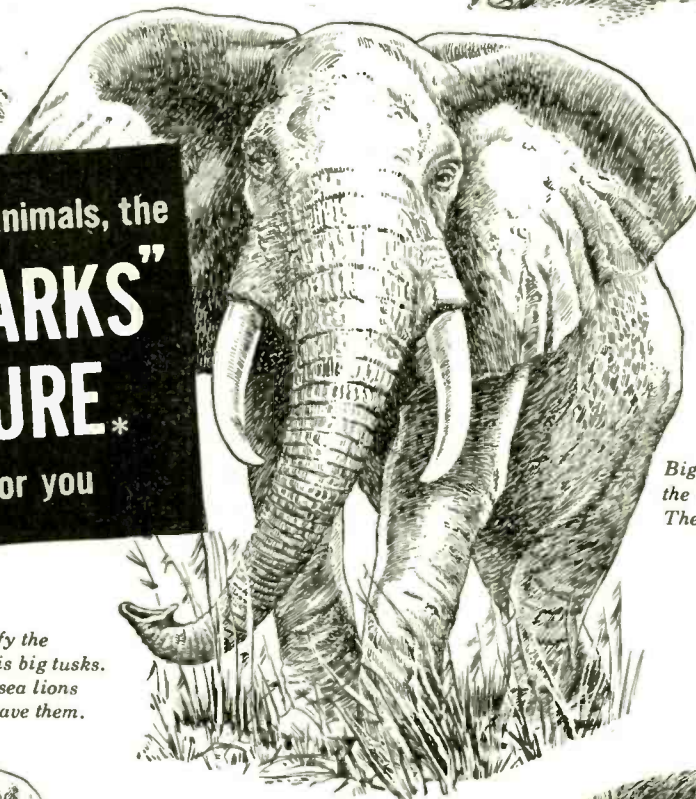


A humped back distinguishes a CAMEL.

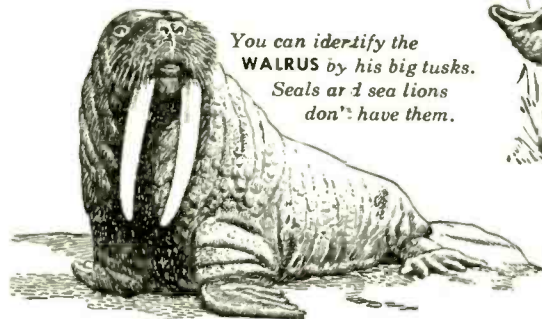


You can't miss the identifying feature of a ZEBRA... his striped coat.

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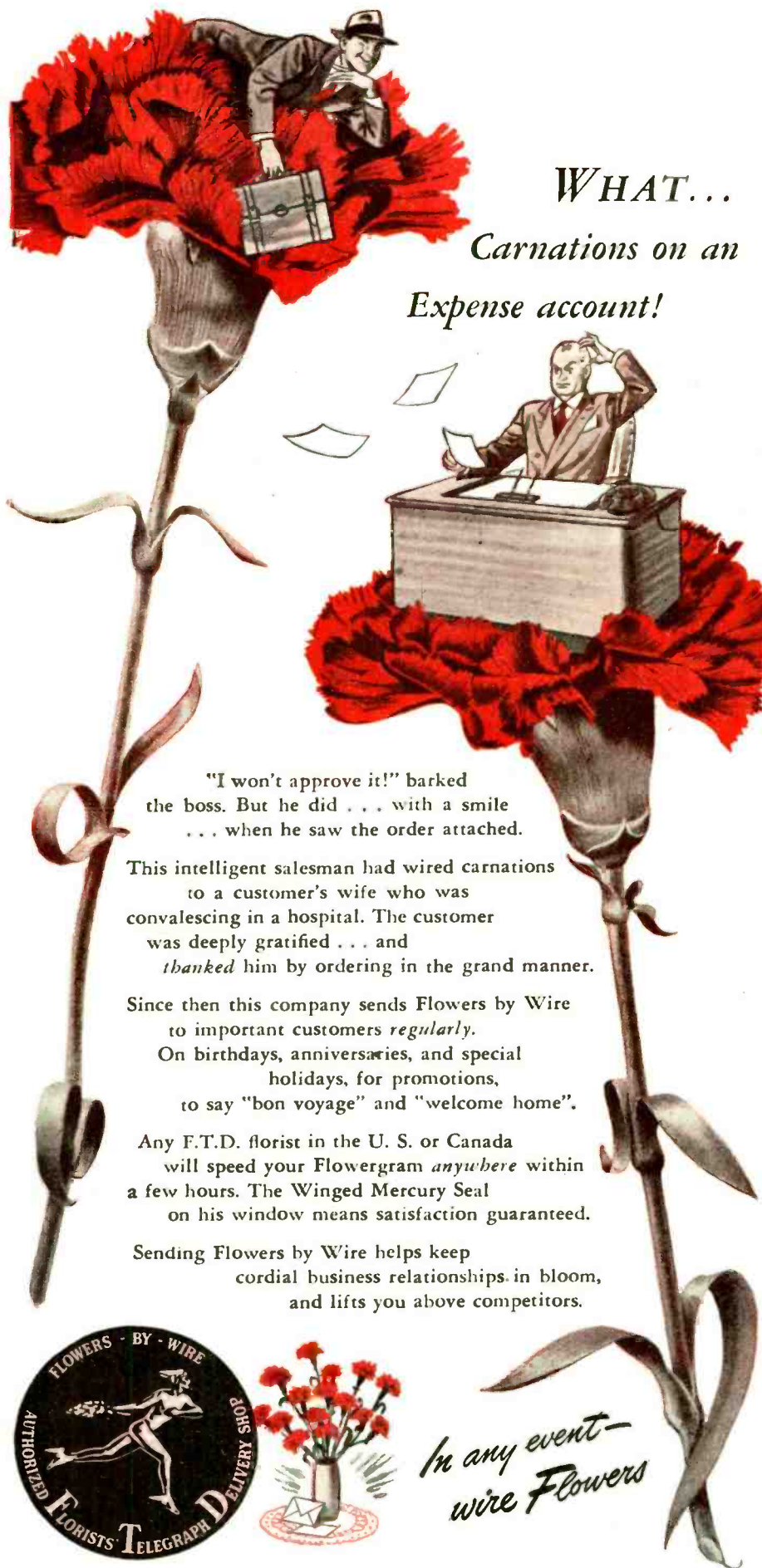
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"I won't approve it!" barked the boss. But he did . . . with a smile . . . when he saw the order attached.

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*In any event—
wire Flowers*

LETTERS

Royal Questions

Sir:

I am very much interested in . . . the 6 foot 2 inch teddybear to which TIME [Dec.



Associated Press

PRINCESS ANNE
So long.

29] compared former King Michael. . . . Is there more than one?

And just how long are the legs of Princess Anne of Bourbon-Parma?

SAMUEL C. MONSON

New York City

¶ For the Princess' legs, see cut; for teddybear, see King Michael.—Ed.

Science Catches Up

Sir:

Your article about Alcoholics Anonymous [TIME, Dec. 22] was highly interesting. How-

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TIME
January 26, 1948

Volume LI
Number 4

TIME, JANUARY 26, 1948

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ever, the type of naiveté demonstrated in some of its statements is always astounding to those who have the Christian point of view.

The doctor wonderingly reported a startling discovery: the cure of an alcoholic was effected by his "surrender to a higher power."

For centuries Christians have been witnessing that the surrender "to a higher power" is the only successful approach to all personal problems. And for centuries before Christianity this principle was proclaimed. Aldous Huxley in *The Perennial Philosophy* says that self-surrender "is inculcated . . . in the . . . writings of Christianity, Hinduism, Buddhism and most of the other major and minor religions of the world." In recent years in the popular publications, A.A. and many other laymen and churchmen have been advocating this approach to abundant living.

It is nice to know that science is at last catching up with the Truth.

RUTH HITCHCOCK DAVIS

Wakefield, Mass.

Time to Retire?

Sir:

I believe Producer Louis G. Cowan's radio show, *R.F.D. America* [TIME, Jan. 5], is for city folks. Rural America, you'll find, retires before 9:30 p.m. (E.S.T.).

J. WALTER DAVIS

Wrightstown, N.J.

☐ Producer Cowan says he catches plenty of farm folk both east and west of the Alleghenies, but admits he would like to get more.—Ed.

The Mechanical Parroting of Sounds

Sir:

. . . I should like, at the risk of being considered an "old-style language teacher" [TIME, Dec. 29], to point out that opposition to the Army method comes from those of us who accept the Harvard Committee's definition of general education's aims (*i.e.*, "to think effectively, to communicate thought, to make relevant judgments, to discriminate among values"), and who fail to see how the mechanical parroting of sounds contributes to the achievement of these aims. . . .

It is to the Army's credit that it saw its objectives clearly and went about accomplishing them in the most direct fashion. It remains to be proved, however, that the Army's objectives are identical with those of our institutions of higher learning. . . . It has been said that a speaking knowledge is the most important aspect of a foreign language for university students. As far as I know, no proof of this statement has been advanced, and, if a choice were to be made, reading and writing are the aspects of a language which the overwhelming majority of university students have occasion to use and enjoy. . . .

It is reasonable to suppose that a grade-school pupil of average memory and unimpaired hearing would derive as much benefit from the Army method as anyone else, and if a grade-school pupil could do it, it's not university work!

ARTHUR S. BATES

University of Wyoming
Laramie, Wyo.

Mix Well

Sir:

My thanks to TIME for permitting me to tell its readers that Upton Sinclair has not "long since relaxed his radical grip."

In my reply I compared my work to the mixing and baking of a cake. To this TIME replies [Jan. 5]: "TIME likes homemade bread better than store cake." . . .

It was not my thought to institute any comparison between my wares and those of



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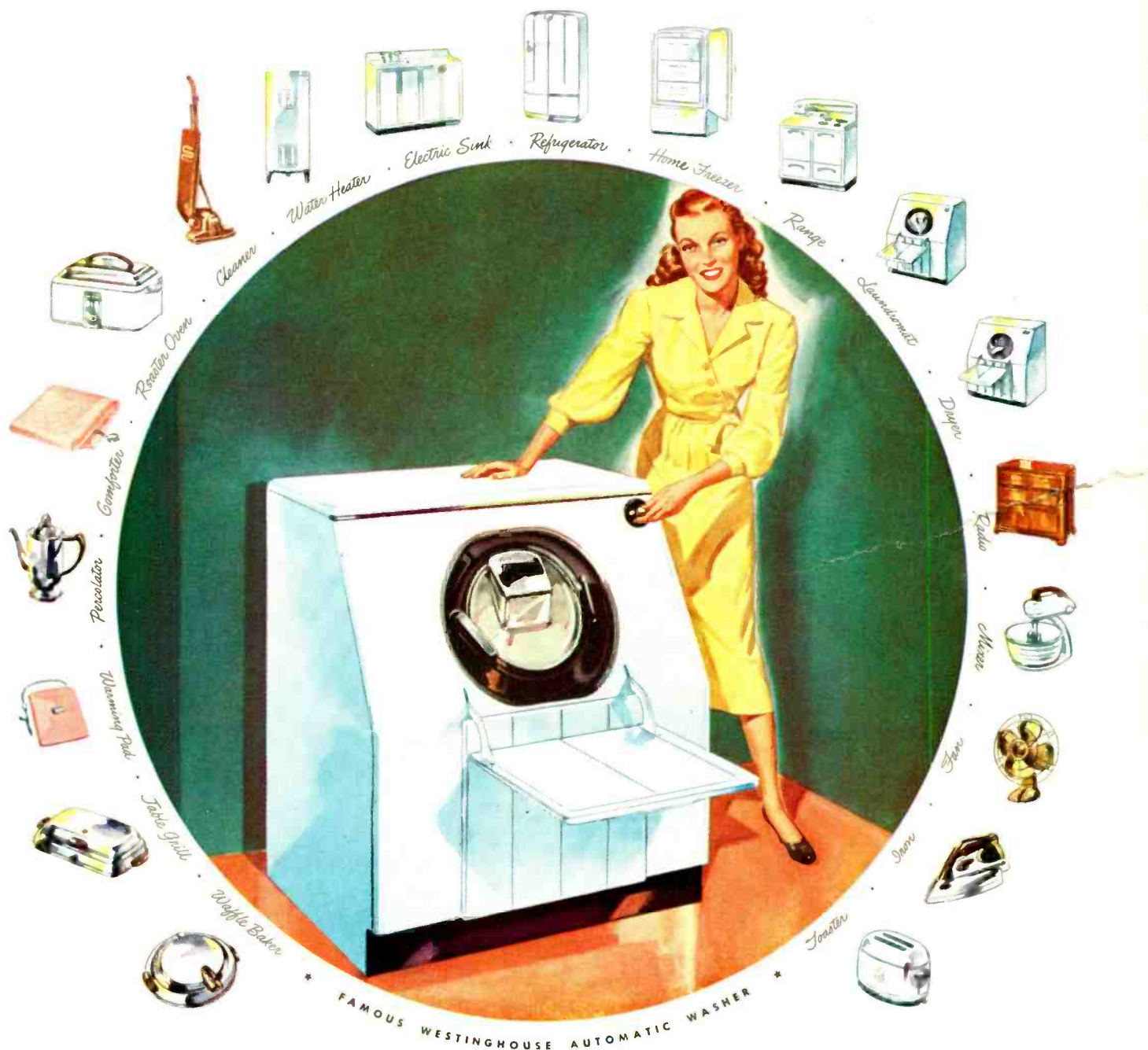


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clothes superbly clean, *gently*. It needs no bolting to the floor. No wonder so many women want a Laundromat! Even though we are building them at the fastest rate in our history, you may not get *immediate* delivery. But see the Laundromat and the many other electric appliances at your Westinghouse retailer's. They're well worth waiting for.

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TIME. Let TIME continue to market its conservative bread and let me market my radical cake, with plenty of icing.

UPTON SINCLAIR

Monrovia, Calif.

Sir:

You missed out in your reply to Upton Sinclair. Why did you not tell him that you liked homebread better than cake, half-baked?

C. OSTROM

Alexandria, Ont.

Calling More Cars

Sir:

Dr. J. P. Hilton, Denver psychiatrist, dreams of "wide highways and no automobiles—no automobiles at all" [TIME, Dec. 15].

Dr. Hilton's dream may be realized any day of the week along certain stretches of the



U.S. zone main highway between Frankfurt and Munich (300 miles) as enclosed picture taken near Stuttgart will show (*see cut*).

I dream of highways with automobiles—nothing but automobiles.

JOHN VAN STIRUM

Stuttgart, Germany

Magnificent Delusions

Sir:

Every adverse criticism of Thomas Wolfe you record in your review [TIME, Jan. 5] is true. . . . Yet the power, the depth and the sensitivity of his best writing put him way above most writers who do not have the faults he had. It is not by a man's failures that you judge his work, but by his accomplishments. . . .

Wolfe's faults and pretensions as a writer, his weaknesses of character and stupidity of mind do not need to be pointed out by the critics. Wolfe points them out himself, unconsciously, on every page. He must have been an awful pain in the neck, a crackpot with delusions of being the literary Messiah. But his writing is magnificent; and the reason the public accepts him is that his best writing, of which there is plenty, reaches deep into the life and experience of millions of readers. . . .

(MRS.) ANNE MOWAT

Orangeburg, N.Y.

Sir:

I was interested less in your poser "Is Genius Enough?" than in the accompanying photograph. It is the first picture of Wolfe I ever saw that adequately captures his teeming restlessness . . . [and] is the same hungry Wolfe that used to squirm beside us in "Prof" Koch's play-writing class at the University of North Carolina.

How well we remember him—his great frame hunched forward, a nervous hand continuously at his black mane, his nostrils sniffing, like those of a charger eager to be off. He was hungering for a playwright's career then. It was something to watch him trying to assemble the old envelopes, pieces of

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foolscap and whatnot upon which he had scribbled an entire one-act play the night before. . . .

Is genius enough? . . . Genius is a light that flashes across our ken, illumines the way, and is gone. It asks no apology, it needs no defense. Only one stupidly blind would say that it has not served its purpose. . . .

MOSES ROUNTREE

Goldsboro, N.C.

Blagden's Beefsteak

Sir:

I have read with great interest the account of Dr. Craig Taylor's experiments on the effect of high temperatures on the human body [TIME, Dec. 22]. I have wondered since if Dr. Taylor knew of similar experiments which were recorded by Sir David Brewster in his *Letters on Natural Magic*, written in 1832. . . . The report, in part, reads as follows:

"Sir Charles Blagden . . . went into a room where the heat was 1° or 2° above 260° F., and remained eight minutes in this situation, frequently walking about to all the different parts of the room, but standing still most of the time in the coolest spot where the heat was above 240°. . . .

"His pulse was then 144, double its ordinary quickness. In order to prove that there was no mistake respecting the degree of heat indicated by the thermometer, and that the air which they breathed was capable of producing all the well-known effects of such a heat on inanimate matter, they placed some eggs and a beefsteak upon a tin frame near the thermometer, but more distant from the furnace than from the wall of the room. In the space of 20 minutes the eggs were roasted quite hard, and in 47 minutes the steak was not only dressed, but almost dry."

L. M. SEBERT

Toronto, Ont.

Sir:

. . . In 1775 Blagden and Fordyce (*Philosophical Transactions*, London, Volume LXV. Part II) showed that a man in good health can stand for a period of eight minutes an exposure to a temperature of 250° F. without suffering any ill effects, and without a serious rise in body temperature, while a beefsteak exposed at the same time to the same environment [and fanned by bellows] was cooked in 13 minutes. . . .

WILLIAM B. BEAN, M.D.

University of Cincinnati
Cincinnati, Ohio

Unromantic al

Sir:

In your Dec. 29 issue you mention the 16 European nations participating in the Marshall Plan . . . and you begin your enumeration with "Australia."

. . . The actual participant in question is 971 years old and was already quite civilized when Australia was not even a convict settlement. . . . The country, sir, is the romantic little Republic of Austria. . . .

MICHAEL HAMMER

Berkeley, Calif.

Sir:

. . . I did not expect that a boner like that could get by TIME's 44 editorial researchers, 32 contributing editors, 12 associate editors and 9 senior editors, just to mention a few. How about getting a good world atlas for the National Affairs Department?

FRED R. SALCER

The Bronx, N.Y.

¶ And a proofreader who prefers subtracting to adding.—ED.



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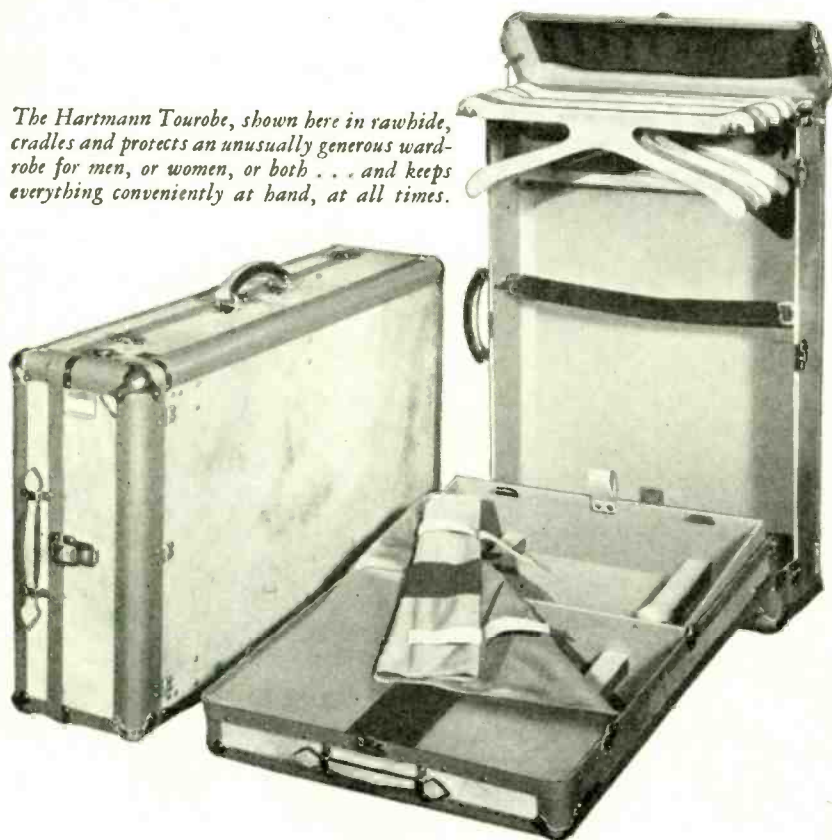
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MISCELLANY

Force of Habit. In Syracuse, N.Y., when his wife shouted, "Stop that this instant!" a would-be suicide obediently cut himself down.

Cosmopolite. In Paris, 60-year-old René Blain, a retired colonial administrator, was forgiven when he explained to the judge that riding cowcatchers was not frowned on in Madagascar.

Grievance. Near Winchester, Ind., a bull gored the auto of Jack Townsend, the county's artificial inseminator.

Extreme Cruelty. In Lawrence, Mass., Mrs. Jeanie R. Gordon sued for divorce, said that her husband threw her parrot out the window when the bird snatched on him for coming home late. In Portland, Me., Raymond Bracey, seeking a divorce, complained that his wife not only served him pea soup for breakfast and dinner but put pea-soup sandwiches in his lunch box.

Pickup. In Billings, Mont., Robert Falls Down was arrested for drunkenness.

Specialist. In Los Angeles, for the 19th time in 37 years, police arrested Mrs. Elizabeth W. Worthington, 71, for lifting other people's possessions.

The Hard Way. In Dansville, N.Y., Hunter Les Moffat wounded a deer, chased it, finally bagged it by wrestling it into a creek and drowning it.

Flirt. In Prague, a 19-year-old youth, arrested for throwing a bottle that hit a passing girl on the head, explained: "I just wanted to get acquainted with her."

Flunked Out. In Baltimore, Librarian Ruth Jacobs hunted & hunted for the borrower of *Practical Course in Modern Locksmithing*, a long-overdue book, found him serving a jail term for burglary.

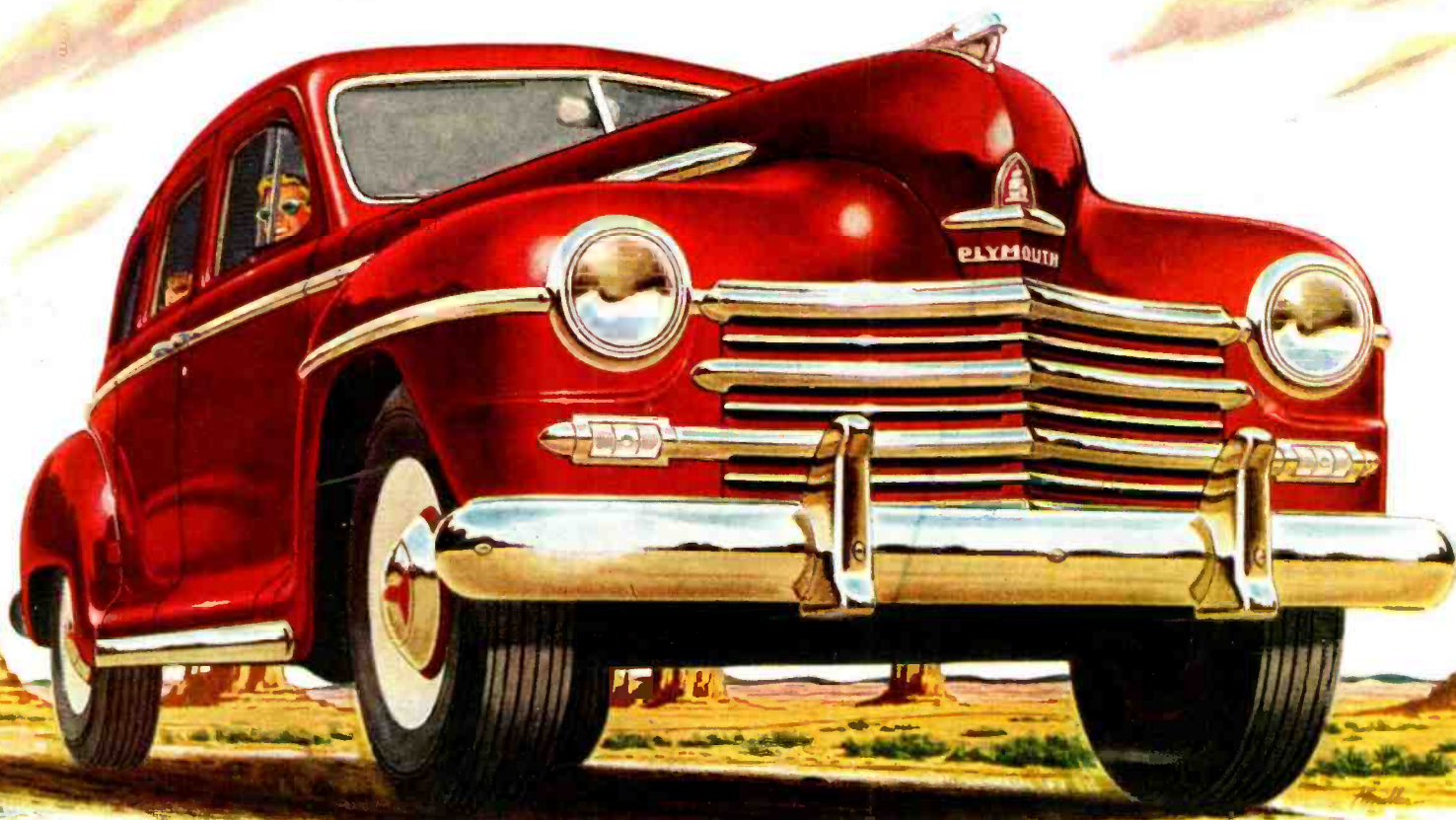
Policeman's Lot. In Cincinnati, Detective Herman Kahn chased Owen Donovan up & down 25 flights of hotel stairs for an hour and a half, caught him, learned that playful Donovan "couldn't sleep and decided to get some exercise."

Cough Up. In Moultrie, Ga., a suspicious policeman tapped the shoulder of a drunk, who promptly spat out about five dollars in nickels & dimes.

March of Science. In Middletown, Conn., Professor Hubert B. Goodrich of Wesleyan University announced that he had developed a method for grafting initials on goldfish.

Tattletale. In Harlan, Ky., police hunting a grocery burglar had no trouble trailing Claude Large, who had spilled the beans.

Value



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Finest way to win Hearts and Flowers

Finest

Recipe for Sweetheart Salad

2 tablesp. unflavored gelatin
 1/2 cup cold water
 2 1/2 cups chicken stock
 1 teasp. salt
 2 teasp. sugar
 2 12-oz. cans Stokely's Finest Golden Bantam Corn
 1 1/2 cups chopped, cooked chicken
 1/2 cup diced celery

Soften gelatin in water; dissolve in hot stock. Add salt. Chill 1/2 until syrupy; add sugar, drained corn. Pour in 2-qt. oiled mold. Chill firm. Chill other 1/2 gelatin syrupy; add chicken, celery. Pour over corn layer. Chill firm. Serve with horse-radish mayonnaise. Serves 8-10. It does a hostess' heart good to see guests relish this flavorful salad. For it's chockful of crisp, creamy corn, grown where sunshine and rain combine to bring out *nothing but the finest* flavor... Stokely's Finest!

Finest

Recipe for Valentine Mold

1 tablesp. unflavored gelatin
 1/4 cup cold water
 1 1/2 cups chicken stock
 1/2 teasp. celery salt
 1 can Stokely's Finest Lima Beans
 Ham Mousse (see below)

Soften gelatin in water; dissolve in hot stock. Add celery salt; chill syrupy. Add drained limas; pour in 2-qt. oiled mold. Chill firm. To Make Ham Mousse: Soften 2 tablesp. unflavored gelatin in 1/2 cup cold water; dissolve over boiling water. Cool. Mix with 2 cups ground cooked ham and 1 1/2 tablesp. bottled mustard. Fold in 1 cup cream, whipped. Pour over bean layer. Chill firm. Serves 8-10. And to win the heartiest praises, this inviting salad must be made with the *finest* of lovely, little limas. So, choose tender, garden-green lima beans, grown in mineral-enriched soil for *nothing but the finest*... Stokely's Finest.

Van Camp since 1861 Stokely's Finest since 1898

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Delicious



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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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U. S. AND CANADIAN NEWS SERVICE

David Hulburd (Chief of Correspondents), Donald Bermingham, Gordon Pushie, Seaver Buck (Assistants), Bureau Heads: William Howland (Atlanta), Jeff Wylie (Boston), Penrose Scull (Chicago), Holland McCombs (Dallas), Barron B. Beshoar (Denver), Fred Collins (Detroit), James Parton (Los Angeles), Fritz Goodwin (San Francisco), Sidney Copeland (Seattle), Robert T. Elson (Washington), Robert Lubar (United Nations), James L. McConaughy Jr. (Ottawa), Stuart Keate (Montreal), Earl Burton (Toronto). Domestic Correspondents: Louis Banks, John Beal, James Bell, Marshall Berger, Windsor P. Booth, Helen Bradford, Serrell Hillman, Cranston Jones, Edward F. Jones, Lawrence Laybourne, Alyce Moran, Frank McNaughton, Florence McNeill, Margo Parish, Edwin Rees, James Shepley, Eleanor Steinert, Anatole Visson, Dwight Whitney.

FOREIGN NEWS SERVICE

Manfred Gottfried (Chief of Correspondents), Eleanor Welch, Luther Conant, John Luter, Senior Correspondents: John Osborne (British Isles), Robert Sherrod (Pacific).

Bureaus—LONDON: Eric Gibbs, Alfred Wright, Honor Balfour, Clara Applegate, Cynthia Ledsham, PARIS: Andre Laguerre, Fred Klein, Bernard Frizell, BERLIN: John Scott, David Richardson, MOSCOW: John Walker, PRAGUE: Robert Low, ROME: Emmet Hughes, William Rospigliosi, CAIRO: Donald Burke, NEW DELHI: Robert Neville, SHANGHAI: William Gray, NANKING: Frederick Guin, TOKYO: Carl Mydans, Shelley Mydans, BUENOS AIRES: William Johnson, RIO DE JANEIRO: William White, Connie Burwell White, MEXICO CITY: John Stanton.

PUBLISHER

James A. Linen

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

H. H. S. Phillips Jr.

TIME, JANUARY 26, 1948

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

Scores of you have been having another field day lately spotting oddities in TIME. This time it may have been touched off by the picture the editors ran in the Sept. 22 issue of Eng-



land's Prime Minister Clement Attlee wearing his hat backwards, which drew a heavy response, much of it accompanied by the inevitable question: "Is he coming or going?" At any rate, when Czechoslovakia's Jan Masaryk turned up in the Oct. 6 issue wearing his spectacles upside down, more than 100 of you said you noticed it. Fifteen of you, presumably equipped with magnifying glasses, even noticed that there were 56 stars in a floral facsimile of the American flag made by a Mexican florist,

This interested, critical, piecemeal inspection of TIME extends to all departments of the magazine. Some of it, of course, is concerned with the inevitable errors that occur. All of it, however, shows an intensity of readership that is gratifying and, often, astonishing.

For instance, some time ago a number of you noticed an interesting discrepancy in one issue. On page 31 we ran an advertisement of a pharmaceutical manufacturer calling attention—in small type—to "a diphtheria increase of more than 18 percent during the past year." On page 56 our *Medicine* department had a story which said that there had been "an approximate 30% rise in cases (of diphtheria) last year." TIME got its figures from the United States Public Health Service; the ad's figure erred only in being very conservative. But the fact remained that readers had to read the *Medicine* story and the advertisement in order to ask us about the discrepancy.

Sometimes the juxtaposition of advertising and editorial material causes you to ask: "Did you plan it that way?" The question was raised recently by a number of readers when a picture of the 30th Anniversary Parade in Moscow (showing huge blown-up portraits of Russian leaders being carried above the marchers' heads) appeared opposite a full-page ad built around a picture of the big gas-bag figures in

Macy's famous Thanksgiving Day parade. We didn't, of course, plan it that way.

Another coincidence was spotted by a number of you in the November 3 issue. An advertisement on page 101 showed a parsimonious individual tucking a penny away in his vault while, behind his back, a hand reaching through the window grabbed a stack of banknotes from a table. "While you're busy saving pennies you're losing dollars," read the ad. On page 14 the *Miscellany* department carried the following item: "In Detroit, Theater Cashier Doris Trask dropped a penny, stooped to pick it up, straightened to discover that somebody had reached in her cage, snatched \$200."

This evidence of the close attention you devote to our advertising as well as our editorial columns was very well exemplified by the 137 of you who wrote in to tell us that a Biblical quotation in an ad for the motion picture, *The Best Years Of Our Lives*, had been incorrectly ascribed to the Old Testament. It had been taken from the New Testament.

Errors, as you know from reading the *Letters* column, come in for their full share of attention, too, but we have received a letter from a Chilean reader who complains that, try as he will, he can't find any in TIME. He is inclined to believe that you have to be an expert in your field in order to spot one. The record does not always bear him out—although when TIME does make an error, we usually hear from the experts first. Recently, we heard from one five years late. He wrote in to say that in 1942 we ran a picture and captioned it Bizerte Harbor. It was not Bizerte at all, but Oran Harbor. He knew because he was there at the time and would have written us then if wartime security regulations had not intervened. Now that he was out of the Service, however, he thought he ought to set the record straight.

Cordially,

James A. Linen

The American Way



During the war, our soldiers were the best-fed and best-clothed in the world. In peace, too, Americans eat better and dress better than do other people. Some call it the American way—as if it happened just because Americans want it.

Italians want it, too. So do Germans, Russians and Portuguese. But they don't have it—even though they have land, resources, manpower.

They have a scarcity of one commodity, however, that is plentiful in America—freedom—*Freedom of Enterprise*.

It has made America great. It has made its people better-clothed, better housed and better-fed than any other people in recorded history. Because men were free to make things—and because people were free to accept or reject those things—men vied for public acceptance by making their products better and

lower-priced.

That's how we got a higher standard of living—how business grew great—how the American Way came about.

And that's how Burlington Mills became one of the world's greatest producers of textiles. Today, millions are clothed in suits, dresses, shirts, slacks, and hosiery which are Bur-Mil products.

Millions of homes are decorated with drapes, spreads, furniture upholstery made of Burlington fabrics.

Only by making *better* rayons at *modest* prices could Burlington have won this preference from these millions.

Only in America could Burlington have been free to seek this preference—a preference that will continue as long as Burlington Quality can merit it.

Burlington Mills
“Woven into the Life of America”



EXECUTIVE OFFICES, Greensboro, N. C.

Makers of • Women's Wear Fabrics • Men's Wear Fabrics • Decorative Fabrics • Cotton Piece Goods and Yarns • Hosiery • Ribbons

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE CONGRESS

Twenty Senators

Early one night last week, the doorbell began ringing at a fashionable old apartment in Stoneleigh Court, a stone's throw from Washington's Mayflower Hotel. The callers were admitted by Kansas' 76-year-old Senator Clyde Reed, ushered in with a cautious admonition: "Now boys, this is not a drinking party." The warning was unnecessary. The men who gathered in the handsome, antique-filled room had come with a dead serious purpose.

They met in an effort to frame a Republican approach to the European Recovery Program—an approach which would differ somewhat from Senator Vandenberg's participation in the so-called bipartisan foreign policy. Republicans wanted to make sure that whatever total amount was appropriated for ERP was really necessary, and that the administration of ERP would be in competent hands. They also wanted to find a way in which the Republican Congress could put its label on the plan.

The Inheritors. The moving spirit of the gathering was Majority Whip Kenneth Wherry, the ex-isolationist from Nebraska. Among the conferees were such diehard inheritors of the old isolationist tradition as Ohio's John Bricker, Illinois' "Curley" Brooks, Missouri's James Kem. In all, 20 Republican Senators turned up. Except for California's Bill Knowland, all were men who had been stirring restlessly under the bipartisan policy. All had been growing increasingly critical of Arthur Vandenberg's willingness to work with the Administration.

When newsmen heard of the meeting and took a look at the guest list, they thought they saw the ghosts of the little group of irreconcilables who kept the U.S. out of the League of Nations. There was some excuse for the parallel.

But within 48 hours, Ken Wherry was indignantly on the defensive. "We are not going to form an anti-anything bloc," he protested. "It was just a meeting to see what should be done about the Marshall Plan. This was not a move to split the party but a meeting to see what could be done about avoiding differences of opinion on the floor."

As more details seeped out, there seemed to be justification for Wherry's defense. After hours of discussion, opinion had crystallized on one point: the State Department could not be trusted to handle either the dollars or the distribution of U.S. aid. Except for half a dozen



NEBRASKA'S WHERRY

Acme



KANSAS' REED

Wide World



CALIFORNIA'S KNOWLAND

International

Wanted: a label.

bitter-enders, most were willing to accept the Marshall Plan in principle—but with some Republican trimmings.

Substantial Change. What that meant was becoming increasingly clear. Even Arthur Vandenberg was privately convinced that the Administration's bill could and would have to stand substantial change. He had already publicly tipped his hand by agreeing with a suggestion of World Bank President John J. McCloy. The proposal: that ERP include a formula for "progressive credits"—i.e., make the amount of aid extended dependent on the rate of the economic recovery.

That was one amendment that would be sure to please the potential rebels. There were others. The money to be spent on ERP would probably now be fixed somewhere between the \$4 billion which Bob Taft had urged as the top limit, and the \$6.8 billion Administration figure which Vandenberg still tacitly supported. The administration of ERP would be handled by a separate agency, with the State Department limited to passing on political issues.

With such changes written in, most of the 20 Senators would go along. There were bound to be some furious debates for the record on such ticklish points as socialism abroad. But none of the compromises seemed likely to cripple ERP. Some of them might help. And all of them would give Republicans something to tell the voters about next fall.

Mobilize for Peace

This week Bernard Baruch gave the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the U.S. the benefit of an old man's experience and advice. As usual, it was so common-sense it sounded daring. The nub of it (with familiar Baruch bells on): the time has come to quit horsing around and get to work.

Inferentially, Baruch was for ERP, but that was not enough. Peace, he said, cannot be legislated, or even bought with appropriations. But economic stability "can be brought into existence inside of two years, through an all-out production drive here and in the rest of the world." The Baruch program: 1) stabilize the world, 2) stabilize the U.S.

To achieve the first he recommended, among other things, that the U.S.:

☐ Stand ready, for the next five years, to buy all the world's non-perishable materials which cannot find normal commercial markets anywhere else. Such a promise would galvanize European production, he

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

argued, and bring frightened private capital out from under the bed.

¶ Urge the countries of Europe to form an economic union; promise them flatly to go to war to protect them from an aggressor.

To achieve the second objective he recommended that the U.S.:

¶ Reduce farm prices and guarantee farmers that those prices would not drop for three years.

¶ "Stabilize" wages; control rents.

¶ Clamp back 50% of the wartime excess-profits tax; postpone tax reductions another two years.

Did Baruch really believe that farm prices could be rolled back, and wages "stabilized"? He was not talking about what was politically expedient or even politically practical, but what he thought ought to be done. "We must stop inflation not to save Europe but to save America," he said. He offered this yardstick to measure any anti-inflation plan: "Let the public ask—whom does it hit? If it hits everyone, more than likely it will be a good program. If it taps here and there,

touching one segment while exempting others, it will be a bad program."

"By inclination," he said, "I am opposed to government controls, except in wartime. However, we have no peace today. . . . You cannot save free enterprise if you let the system which protects it go to ruin. . . . The time has come to organize—to mobilize—for peace."

Taxing & Spending

The preliminaries were done with. Last week the 80th Congress humped to its work. Floor dockets were light, but committees ground away furiously. Besides ERP, two matters got special attention.

One was taxes. Minnesota's dogged Harold Knutson was determined to get fast action on his bill to save taxpayers an estimated \$5.6 billion. As chairman of the House Ways & Means Committee, Republican Knutson meant to give short shrift to an Administration bill calling for 1) a flat \$40 across-the-board cut in income taxes, and 2) a revenue-balancing reinstatement of the wartime tax on excess corporate profits. Even among Democrats,

the Administration bill found few enthusiasts. North Carolina's tough old "Muley" Doughton, ranking Democrat on the Knutson committee, refused to introduce it. To get this futile chore done, the White House had to go all the way down to the committee's No. 3 Democrat, John Dingell of Michigan.

But Chairman Knutson bumped into an unexpected obstacle. Treasury Secretary John Snyder, usually mild and conciliatory in his dealings with Congressmen, belligerently denounced the Knutson bill as inflationary, deficit-producing and, in short, "a major threat to the nation's financial integrity." Chairman Knutson reacted by subjecting his witness to a day-long badgering. Other Republicans were quick to realize that John Snyder was broadening a hint already made by the President: the Knutson bill, as it stood, would be vetoed. Good & scared, they began to talk of bringing the tax slash down to around \$4 billion. At week's end, tax-wise Muley Doughton conceded that such a modification might well pick up enough Democratic votes to override a veto.

At another committee hearing, special attention was paid to the economic plight of U.S. postmen. Before a Senate Civil Service subcommittee appeared beauteous Mrs. Jeanne Bolen, mother of three and wife of a Washington letter carrier. In a few brief minutes of testimony, she showed the Senators what inflation is doing to all people on fixed salaries. She reported that even though she does all her own housework, her annual budget adds up to \$3,274.71, including \$49 for her husband's work shoes, but nothing for recreation or emergencies. Yet Mr. Bolen makes only \$3,100 a year. Added Mrs. Bolen: "One of the boys asked for a pound of butter for Christmas. He didn't get it."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

On Dealing with Russia

Is there any real chance of getting along with the Russians? Last week, after many long months across U.N. tables from them, Eleanor Roosevelt said yes and told how:

"It is a slow business, but we can. It will be because they recognize our strength—material, physical, military. They believe firmly that there is something inherently weak in our form of government and our way of life. They are always surprised when we don't just collapse. They think we will have a serious depression, and they will reap the result of our folly. If we can't get together and prevent that, some of what they say will perhaps be true. If we can prove we believe in our democracy as strongly as they do in their government, if we are willing to sacrifice as much as they are, they will respect every show of strength.

"I like the Russians personally, but I know very well they must not get away with anything. They will attack at all vulnerable points. . . ."



MRS. BOLEN & FAMILY
The postman's lot is not a happy one.

The Washington Post

THE PRESIDENCY

Back-Porch Harry

All Harry Truman wanted was a back porch—a cool place where he could sit of an evening, as he used to back in Independence, listening to the whir of the sprinkler on the lawn and the sound of neighbors' voices coming clear through the summer air. He consulted an architect; together, they found just the place for it. It would be inconspicuously tucked away behind the pillars of the White House's south portico, at the second-floor level. The plans were drawn, the money (\$15,000) set aside from White House maintenance funds. Then the storm broke.

The Commission of Fine Arts loudly disapproved the scheme, declaring that it would "permanently change the appearance of the south façade."* Pennsylvania's Congressman-Architect Frederick Muhlenberg rose to declare that the White House "was a heritage of the American people, not lightly or casually to be altered at the whim of any tenant." Indignant letters poured in to the Washington papers; cartoonists lampooned the plan. Grumped the New York *Herald Tribune*: "Back-porch Harry" is scarcely an appellation that a man would like to carry into a presidential campaign, even if he were impervious to the odium of violating good taste, propriety and historical feeling."

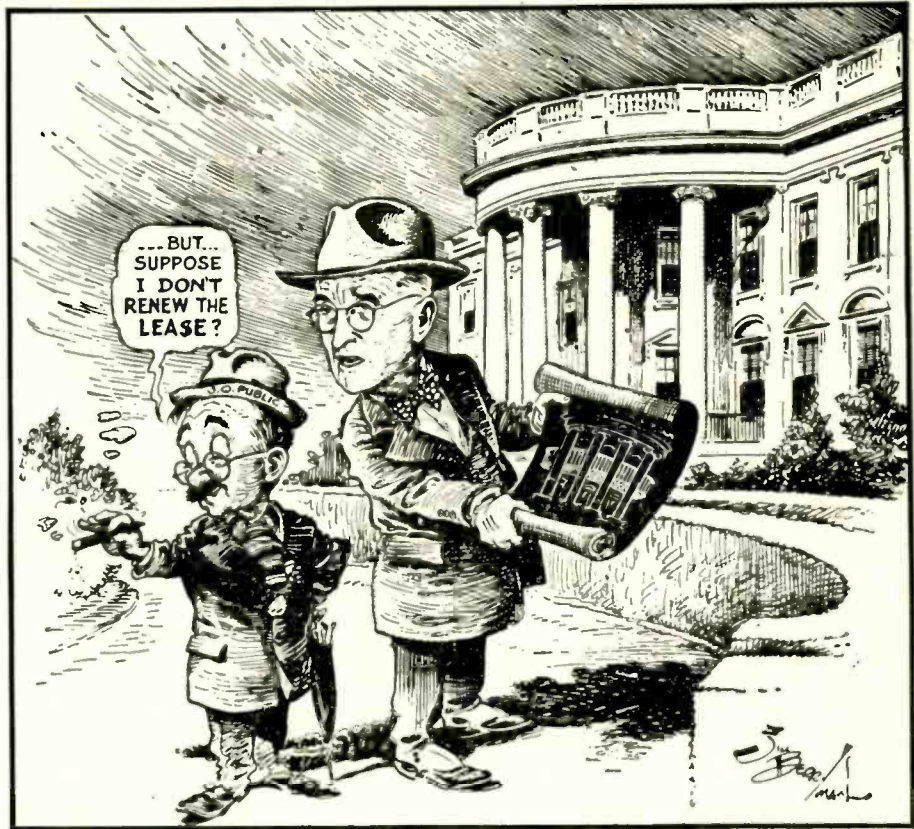
But Harry Truman is a stubborn man. At his press conference, the *Herald Tribune's* Bert Andrews asked if the President were going ahead with the balcony. He was, the President declared—the *Herald Tribune* to the contrary notwithstanding. The same opposition had been made, he added, when bathtubs, gaslights and cooking stoves were put in the White House.

May Craig, brash correspondent for a group of Maine newspapers, objected: "But they did not change the structural appearance of the house, Mr. President." Yes, Mr. Truman declared, they did. The entire interior was changed when Mrs. Fillmore put in the first bathtubs, and she was almost lynched for doing it.

Mrs. Craig persisted: "The Republican comment is that you are only a temporary tenant and therefore. . . ." The President suddenly turned serious, as he does when he wants to end an interchange. No President has ever been anything else, he said, and he hoped that that would continue as long as the Republic lasts.

As correspondents left the White House, they took a look at the south portico. Work had already begun.

* The south portico itself was not added to the White House until 1824, the colonnaded north portico five years later. Other Presidents have made other alterations with & without outcry. Jefferson added wing terraces and long rows of one-story "offices," which also served as "meat house, wine cellar, coal and wood sheds and privies." Buchanan tacked on a glass conservatory. Coolidge raised the roof (unnoticeably from the outside) to find room for eight bedrooms.



Jim Berryman—Washington Evening Star

LANDLORD & TENANT
Mrs. Fillmore put in bathtubs.

INVESTIGATIONS

Babe in the Woods

Square-faced Brigadier General Wallace Graham wore his uniform—with four rows of service ribbons and gold-braided aiguillettes—when he appeared before the Senate Appropriations Committee last week. He also wore the sheepish smile of a babe in the woods who had been found by the wrong search party.

The young (37) White House physician was there to assert that he was an utter ignoramus about his speculation in the commodity markets. He almost succeeded in proving it. Although he was a trader on margin, he said he did not know the meaning of the term "margin" (a woman sitting behind him snickered: "That's what you spread on bread").

But the General had to change his story in several important details. He had repeatedly said that he had "lost his socks" in the market. The fact was, as he now admitted, that in about five months of commodity trading he had garnered a profit of \$6,165, more than doubled his investment (he had previously lost more than \$11,000 in stocks). He also had to admit that he had put out an inaccurate statement from the White House. He had said last month that he quit the market right after President Truman's angry denunciation of speculators in October. The fact was that he had not got out until about seven weeks later. He had not known, the General explained, that cotton

and cottonseed oil were called commodities.

After a red-faced 80 minutes, the General was excused from the witness stand. Next day a White House announcement said that he would "continue as White House physician."*

COMMUNISTS

Gentleman, Very Timid

The Department of Justice lassoed another alien Red last week. This one was Alexander Bittelman, 58, bespectacled and intellectual member of the Communist Party who had gone to Miami for his annual winter vacation.

Russian-born Alexander Bittelman, said the Justice Department, arrived in the U.S. in 1912, joined the Communist Party in 1919, had 14 aliases, filed notice of intention to become a U.S. citizen in 1935, then did nothing more about it. He wrote eloquent articles for Communist publications in the U.S., and became general secretary of Manhattan's Morning Freiheit Association, which publishes the Communist Yiddish-language newspaper, *Morning Freiheit*. For the past few years Bittelman has been a mild looking suburbanite, commuting from Croton on Hudson to Manhattan.

The Communist *Daily Worker* loudly

* There was no White House comment when Speculator Ed Pauley announced that he would soon quit as special assistant to the Secretary of the Army and as a State Department adviser in reparations.



PETRILLO (AFTER ACQUITTAL)
Piccolos in aspic haunt him.

The Chicago Sun

The Octopus. He heartily dislikes actors and always insists that musicians get the lower berths when traveling with dramatic troupes. He hates the greens on golf courses, and when playing, simply skips them. He is eternally suspicious of lawyers. He believes "they can steal without getting put in jail" and habitually greets them with the cry of "Burglar!" He is against John L. Lewis, amateurs of all kinds, and the custom of eating lunch. He is convinced that the legislative process was conceived for only one purpose—grilling Petrillo like a frankfurter. When annoyed by an opponent, he screams: "Tell him he's nuts—he oughta run for Congress." He trusts only one man with power—Petrillo.

He dips deeply into his reservoirs of energy, belligerency and profanity when dealing with these forces of evil, but he does so with a comparatively relaxed air—something like a lion-tamer lobbing house cats into the chandelier of a Sunday morning. His real enemies are the phonograph record and its cousins, the motion picture sound track and the radio station turntable. He is mortally afraid that without James Caesar Petrillo, all the music in the U.S. would eventually be produced by one non-union musician playing a musical comb into a microphone.

Last week, in his efforts to stave off this eventuality, Petrillo had tangled himself up in the works of the canned-music business with the bellicose ingenuity of an octopus in a pea thresher.

Child of Edison. He was enforcing three musical bans at once—old bans against television and frequency modulation radio stations (which were not allowed to share standard broadcasts of music), and a brand new and bigger ban against the record and transcription business. He had gone to Washington to let the House Education and Labor Committee ask him why he had done it. He beamed happily, thumbs in suspenders (*see cut*), over having beaten the rap in a Chicago federal court test of the Lea Act—a piece of legislation which had been written for the specific purpose of bringing him to trial for making radio stations hire standby musicians. He was also negotiating a new contract with the major U.S. radio networks, a process which involved the threat of a walkout by his musicians.

As always, his activity was accompanied by great public outcry. Millions of U.S. citizens considered him a putty-nosed Canute trying to hold back the tide of progress. The nation was full of editorial writers who swore they could see foam dribbling down his jowls and wanted him clapped forthwith into a strait jacket. There was a certain irony in this. Petrillo's carnivorous methods of "getting something for the boys" made him the natural foe of the canned-music business, but he was also part and product of it, as much a child of Edison and Marconi as

LABOR

The Pied Piper of Chi

(See Cover)

James Caesar Petrillo cannot see germs, at least not very well, but they do not fool him. He knows there are armies of them all around him: hairy ones with millions of eyes, wiggly ones with transparent heads, sloppy ones shaped like tomato surprises, stiff ones which look like piccolos in aspic. He never forgets that they are coming at him, morning, noon & night. But he is not intimidated. He fights them.

As grand sachem, lord paramount and international president of the American Federation of Musicians, Caesar Petrillo has an imperial disdain for convention, and, when confronted by bacteria, he will stop at nothing. He roars like a wounded lion if a photographer lays a camera down near him; he believes microbes use cameras as invasion barges to leap out at him. When drinking ale he often retires to a lavatory and scrubs feverishly at his glass to get the bugs off it. He frequently refuses to shake hands. Instead, he extends only his little finger, thus exposing a minimum of his person to bacilli and micrococci.

While germs are the smallest and possibly the most numerous of Petrillo's enemies, they are by no means the only ones. He maintains a noisy state of war with countless members of the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms.

and righteously demanded to know "what excuse the Department of Justice had for arresting to deport a man whom six federal administrations had not molested during 28 years of open Communist activity."

In Miami, where Bittelman and wife lived quietly in an expensive apartment, spending most of their time reading on the lawn, neighbors were floored. Said one of them: "He was a very nice gentleman, very timid." The Department of Justice thought differently. It charged him with advocating the violent "overthrow of the U.S. Government," released him on \$5,000 bail.

State Department officials last week refused to let Brazilian Architect Oscar Niemeyer into the U.S. when Niemeyer recently asked for a visa so that he could deliver a lecture series at Yale. Niemeyer, who helped design the proposed New York capital of the United Nations, is one of the world's best known architects. He is also one of Brazil's best known Communists.

Last week New York's Communist Councilman Benjamin J. Davis explained why it is Communists all think and act alike. "Communism is a science," he declared, "and science is the same everywhere. H₂O is water in Moscow and H₂O is water in America. We are not against water because it happens to be H₂O in Moscow. It is ridiculous."

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

the electric tone arm and the portable radio.

The Product. The world of music had changed radically in the half century since brass bands pumped lugubriously before U.S. saloons and Americans fought mosquitoes at park concerts for the sweet sake of culture. Music was now a product to be seized by machinery, to be packaged, distributed and sold in wholesale lots. Canning and transmitting musical effects was a huge and complicated industry in which the artist, the advertiser, the salesman and the inventor fought ceaselessly for expression and profit. Its impact upon the people of the U.S. and the world was tremendous—it had given them both the Beethoven *Ninth* and *Too Fat Polka* ("I don't want her, You can have her, She's too fat for me"). It had also made possible the use of either Beethoven or boogie-woogie in the sale of elevator shoes or political propaganda.

The change began with the phonograph. The machine which Edison invented in 1877 was an impractical toy which, as its needle scratched a cylinder of tin foil, made noises like a man strangling to death. The commercial "gramophones" which followed (colloquially called screech boxes) were not much better. But the early disc phonographs, which delivered both Caruso and *Cohen on the Telephone*, were too delightful to be resisted. The speed with which they became a national obsession was reflected by the financial statements of the Victor Talking Machine Co., which did \$500 worth of business in 1901 and \$12 million in 1905.

Music in the Air. The canned-music business grew like a tropical plant. In the late '20s, when radio emerged from its crystal-set stage and became a multi-knobbed, multi-tubed wonder, it seemed that the day of the phonograph was done. Actually, the awful slump in the sales of records and machines simply heralded a

new era. The phonograph business modernized itself. Electrical pickups, mechanical record changers, radio-phonograph combinations, and cheap, electrically transcribed records of popular bands and singers built it bigger than ever. The radio business burgeoned, too. The sound track brought music to the screen. The three mediums augmented one another; there was an intermingling of interests (RCA-Victor, CBS-Columbia Records, MGM-MGM Records) and a great reciprocal trading in music and performers.

Today the industry pumps such an enormous volume of its product into the homes, automobiles, bars, restaurants, motion picture theaters and streets of the nation that it is next to impossible for anyone to avoid hearing some of it on any given day.

Last year the ever increasing production of records by 771 companies, big & small, reached a new peak: 325 million records were sold in fiscal 1947. The music stemmed from a multitude of sources: Tin Pan Alley, musical comedies, motion pictures, classical archives and the vanished bawdyhouses of New Orleans' Storyville. It was played by symphony orchestras and hillbilly bands, sung by vocalists who ranged from Traubel through Crosby to Jo Stafford. It sold for \$243,750,000.

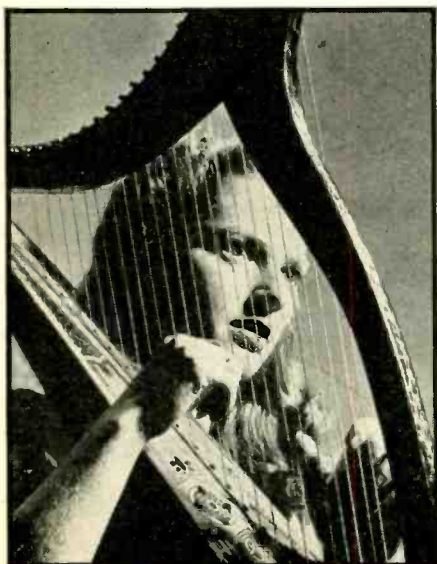
And this was only the beginning of the product's earning power. It was rented to the public through half a million glittering jukeboxes, each of which took in from \$10 to \$35 a week. Companies like Muzak Corp. wired recorded music into restaurants and bars. Others dispensed it for pennies and nickels from shiny little speakers set up at the edge of soda counters and tavern tables. The nation's 1,800 standard-broadcast radio stations played records too, a majority of them on all-local advertising programs. Radio personalities like Ted Husing, Paul Whiteman,



Mark Kauffman—LIFE
SPIKE JONES



Wide World
ARTURO TOSCANINI



SUSAN REED



JOSEPH SZIGETI

The iceman doesn't make the electric refrigerator.



John T. McCullough
LOUIS ARMSTRONG

NATIONAL AFFAIRS



EDISON & EARLY PHONOGRAPH
Like a strangling man.

The Bettmann Archive

Martin Block and Tommy Dorsey earned enormous salaries as disc jockeys. And still more canned music helped Hollywood earn its profits on talking pictures.

\$46,000 per Annum. This was the noisy nest which had hatched Petrillo. Now he sat on its edge making moans like a mourning dove because the industry was getting more & more millions with fewer & fewer musicians.

As the nation's highest paid labor leader (he earns \$26,000 a year as head of Chicago's Local No. 10 and \$20,000 a year as head of the A.F.M.), he lives a part of his life against luxurious backgrounds. He wears expensive double-breasted suits, expensive shoes, shirts and ties. He has two offices, one in Chicago which boasts a gleaming eight-foot walnut desk ("the biggest damned desk I could find at Marshall Field's") and another at international headquarters in New York's G.E. Building. When in Manhattan he lives at the plush Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. He has a summer house (the gift of his grateful union) on Wisconsin's Lake Geneva. Under a clause in the A.F.M. constitution he is provided with an automobile (a black, gleaming, eight-cylinder Chrysler sedan) and a chauffeur.

No matter where he is—Chicago, New York, Los Angeles or Washington—he lives in a portable bedlam of telephone calls, popping flashbulbs and profane argument. But his pleasures are simple. He enjoys baseball and heavy German food. He loves ale, seldom drinks hard liquor and never smokes. He enjoys allowing union members to come in and admire him, though he complains wildly when they linger. "It takes them 20 minutes just to look at me," he says. He works ten, twelve, 16 hours a day, seven days a week.

Family Man. Despite the showiness of his existence as a union president, his private life is almost humble. His home is a modest, five-room apartment on Chi-

cago's middle-class North Austin Boulevard. He is passionately devoted to his family. He still sorrows over his son, Lester, who died 15 years ago after a football accident. He seldom travels without bringing home princely bundles of expensive clothes, books and toys for his six grandchildren. The family regards him with awed admiration. His brother, Radio Executive Caesar James Petrillo,* says: "Sometimes his mind scares me."

The musicians' chieftain began life in the squalid tenements of Chicago's old 19th ward. He grew up on garbage-littered streets where gangs of Italian, Jewish and Irish kids fought like little animals. He was a hard-eyed conqueror from the time he could toddle—he would swing his fists against any odds and for any reason. He quit school after the fourth grade; he rebelled against the discipline and, besides, the Petrillo family needed the money he could make as a peanut and newspaper vendor. But he learned to play the trumpet. His father, a city sewer digger, sent \$24 to Italy to buy the instrument, unpacked it from the box of hay in which it arrived, and grimly set Jimmy to tooting it six nights a week.

By the time he was 14 it was "strictly a business trumpet." He organized a four-piece band, got jobs at picnics, weddings and at dances at the Hod Carriers Hall at Harrison and Green Streets. In the summer, he donned chaps and a big hat, and tooted his brass on horseback with traveling Wild West shows.

He was a mediocre musician. But he was a good mixer, a loud and confident talker. By 1915 he was running Chicago's independent American Musicians at \$150 a month. Three years later he joined the more powerful Local 10 of the American Federation of Musicians, and in 1922 was elected its president. He was a labor boss for good and he liked it.

* By reversing names, their mother used the same for both.

No Artists. Times were hard. Prohibition had thrown hundreds of cabaret and saloon musicians out of work, the union wage was a sad fiction. Even worse, many a musician had no use for the union. Says Petrillo with scorn: "They thought they were artists." He went to work to change all that. He organized the Chinese restaurants. He organized the theaters. He screamed, cajoled, and "pulled out the boys." He built Local 10 into a disciplined, airtight and ruthless organization. And he made it Petrillo's union—where nobody muscled in on Jimmy.

He made an alliance with George Browne, the notorious pandering boss of the stagehands' union—but kept the alliance only as long as it pleased him. "Browne used to be a good guy," says Petrillo, "but when he got screwy and started mixing himself up in trouble I washed my hands of him."

In 1933 Chicago rang with a rumor that Petrillo had been kidnaped from a suburban nightclub and that other union officers had seen fit to buy him back for \$50,000. Jimmy issued shrill denials, distributed a C.P.A. report on the union's finances which showed no \$50,000 deduction. But he took to riding in a \$25,000 armored car, and recruited a force of bodyguards which included two city detectives.

He became a force in Chicago, an intimate of Mayor Ed Kelly, and a park commissioner. He used these connections to "give service to the boys." He persuaded political candidates to abandon sound trucks for vanloads of live musicians during campaigns; he promoted municipally financed concerts in Grant Park. In 1939 he expressed his gratitude for this largesse with a concert honoring Mayor



DISC JOCKEY BLOCK
Like a tropical plant.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Kelly. In so doing he gave a dramatic demonstration of his own power. At his "suggestion," 23 band leaders, among them Paul Whiteman, Fred Waring, Tommy Dorsey and Kay Kyser, brought their orchestras to Chicago at their own expense. The concert orchestras of the National, Columbia and Mutual broadcasting systems came, too.

The next year Petrillo was elected international president of the A.F.M. With grandiose magnanimity, he gave his predecessor, 73-year-old Joseph Weber, a \$20,000-a-year pension for life.

War: Petrillo had already begun his war on canned music. Talking pictures had thrown 18,000 U.S. theater musicians out of work. Petrillo listened to radio broadcasts of recorded music as though he heard the rumble of doom. "Electric refrigerators put the iceman out of work," he screamed, "but the iceman didn't have to make them. The musician is being asked to destroy himself." In 1936, unabashed by the fact that he was simply the head of one local union, he announced that union musicians would no longer make records in Chicago. He also forced radio stations to hire standby workers—i.e., extra musicians they did not need.

Both practices set off public protest, but both worked. Petrillo had one vast advantage over other labor leaders. A music strike, unlike a coal strike, caused little or no public suffering; in fact it hardly diluted the endless flow of recorded sound which dinned daily in the nation's ears. As international president of A.F.M., Petrillo assumed unlimited power. The union's bylaws solemnly assert: "It shall be his duty . . . to (a) enforce the constitution, bylaws, standing resolutions or other laws and resolutions or (b) annul or set aside same or any portion thereof . . . and substitute other . . . provisions of his own making. . . ." He began making war on a grander scale.

He immediately demonstrated a genius for bad public relations. He banned a broadcast by 160 boys & girls from the National Music Camp at Interlochen, Mich. The press reacted as though he had burned off their heads with an acetylene torch; Congress and the Justice Department jostled each other in their rush to investigate him. He plunged on, hauled the nation's big symphony orchestras into the union, and with them artists like Iturbi, Spalding and Zimbalist. "They're mine," he cried. "What's the difference between Heifetz and a fiddler in a tavern?"

Indeed, as far as Petrillo is concerned, there is no difference at all. Such is his power that any person who wants to play any instrument for profit must be a member of his union—or just play for his friends. This means everyone from Spike Jones, whose City Slickers would rather murder a tune than play it, to Concert Violinist Joseph Szigeti; from Louis ("Satchmo") Armstrong, the king of swing trumpeters, to Susan Reed, who

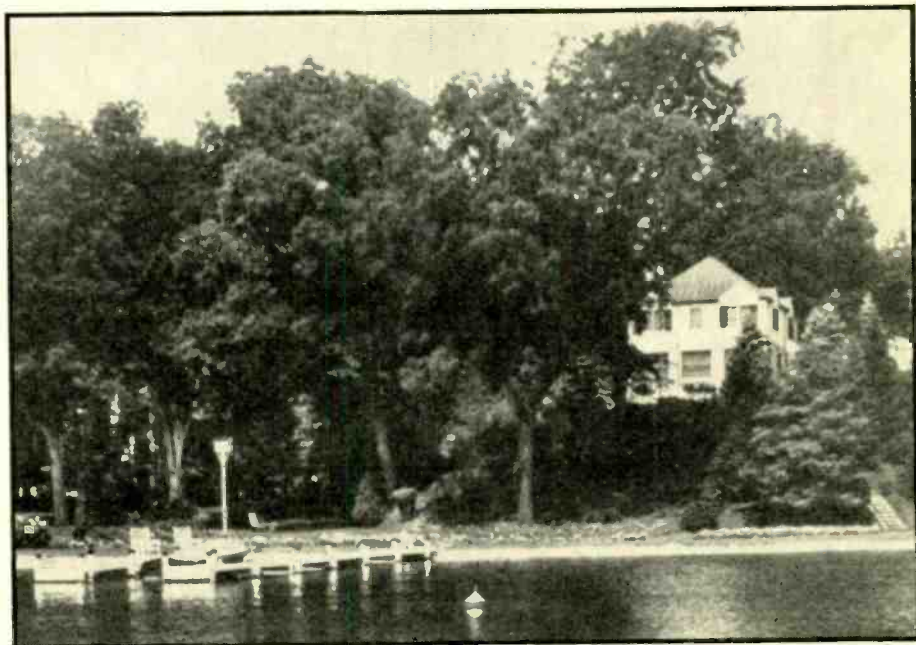
plays a polite zither in nightclubs. Arturo Toscanini is an honorary member but other symphony conductors, like the men in their orchestras, are obedient members of Petrillo's union.

Something for the Boys. In 1942 Petrillo took his biggest gamble. He pulled musicians out of all the nation's recording studios and demanded a royalty on every record sold. Before the ban was over Franklin Roosevelt himself had asked Petrillo to relent. He refused. Some minor companies had already capitulated and, after 27 months, the big record companies surrendered.

Record royalties (\$1,756,435 in 1946, about \$2,000,000 in 1947) gave Petrillo an enviable opportunity to soothe and

right owner shall receive music royalties—ignoring the musician and recording firm, the artificers who put the music into salable form. If a disc jockey and a radio station collect revenue from the commercial use of the product, why not the men who made it? Petrillo was not the first to ask this question, but he was a man with a lever to pry out an answer.

Battle Lines. Last week this good will among his membership stood him in good stead. He had announced that the musicians were out of the recording business for good & all. This could be interpreted as meaning that he wanted the companies to discover a way of giving him royalties (now forbidden by the Taft-Hartley Act), and of shouldering the responsibility of



Allen Dale

PETRILLO'S SUMMER HOUSE ON LAKE GENEVA

Like an octopus in a pea thresher.

comfort his followers and dramatize his fierce boast that he toiled only for the welfare of "the boys." He spent the royalty money employing musicians in free public concerts, the lion's share of it outside New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, the three big cities of the music world. Thus records provided extra employment—though not for the men who made them.

This conformed to the political pattern by which Petrillo has always governed and maintained authority within the union. Of the A.F.M.'s 215,000 members, only 80,000 are full-time musicians. By cultivating the tavern pianist, the burlesque-show drummer, the small-town clerk who plays a piccolo, Petrillo insures himself a long and presumably happy reign.

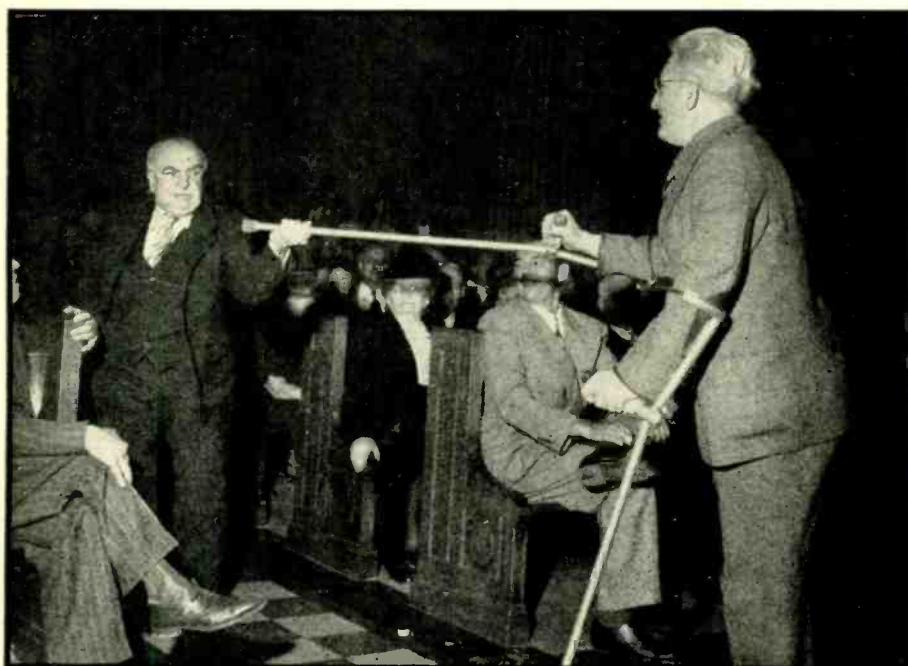
This did not mean that the big-time musician resented Petrillo or particularly criticized his royal plan for dispensing royalties. For Petrillo had at least blasted a way toward discussion of the ownership of canned music. The antiquated U.S. copyright laws provide that only the copy-

suggesting it. Whatever happened would not happen soon. Last week nothing would have horrified the big record producers more than an end to the ban. They had built up huge stockpiles of master recordings, a great many of which fell far short of their usual critical standards, and they needed months to sell them.

The radio networks, through spokesmen for the American Association of Broadcasters, began lambasting Petrillo hard, using the congressional investigation of his affairs as a sounding board. Their contracts with Petrillo run out on Jan. 31. They were prepared to demand music for television, and an end to Petrillo's refusal to give FM outlets free use of regular musical broadcasts. They had stored up hundreds of recorded musical cues and singing commercials, in case he called a strike.

But while any negotiations involving Petrillo were always as unstable as nitroglycerin, neither side seemed to yearn for a showdown battle. For all their public

NATIONAL AFFAIRS



COMMITTEEMAN SCULLY (WITH CRUTCH) & HECKLER
"Sit down, you mug!"

Peter Stackpole—Life

outcry against him, the big men of the music industry respected, and in some cases, admired, Caesar Petrillo. He was honest, and until his mind was set, he was always open to persuasion. His word was as good as gold.

In the jungle of labor relations, he was the lion who always came out on top. He was no more solicitous of the general welfare than John L. Lewis; his methods were those of a barroom fighter. Many citizens could approve of his general aims, but he lived solely by the maxim that the end justifies the means. His greatest virtue seemed to be that he was a success.

What did Jimmy want this time? "I love my enemies," he cried, "but they don't all love me. They say Petrillo's a son-of-a-bitch. All I want to do is keep up with the times. These companies progress—well, I just want to go along with them."

ARMED FORCES

A Ramp to the Middle East

Mellaha airfield in Libya, on the north coast of Africa, will soon be reopened as a U.S. base. Government officials reported last week that Britain, which administers the former Italian colony, has temporarily turned the base back to the U.S.

Used during World War II as an Air Transport Command base, Mellaha is strategically located for the diplomatic war in the Mediterranean. It is a ramp from which A.T.C. planes, carrying a steadily increasing military traffic, can take off to southern Europe and the Middle East. From desolate Mellaha's three strips, it is 775 miles to Athens, 900 miles to the Dardanelles, 1,300 miles to Palestine.

POLITICAL NOTES

Near Zero

Henry Wallace was miles away, but he caused quite a commotion in Los Angeles last week.

The county's Democratic Central Committee met there to steer its course for 1948. Perhaps no political organization has fewer inhibitions or more inner tensions than the Central Committee. Its 225 members are a rare assortment of Upton Sinclairites, Socialists, Communists, PCAs, Hollywood leftists, Roosevelt New Dealers and Ed Pauley conservatives. Their meeting was not serene.

Chairman Rollin McNitt, a needle-nosed lawyer who was once a Republican, began with a demand that each committeeman sign a pledge dedicating all his 1948 campaign work to the nominees of the Democratic Party, forsaking all others. It was high time, snorted Rollin McNitt, that Wallace supporters "either fish or cut bait." They had no business backing a third-party candidate in California's Democratic primary.

With that, the catcalls began. Cried one Wallace supporter: "I'm not excited about Truman." Screamed a Trumanite: "Why don'tcha go home?" The meeting was rapidly getting out of hand when Hollywood's Frank Scully, one-legged author of *Fun in Bed*, onetime candidate for the California assembly (his slogan: "Out of the Gully with Candidate Scully"), took the floor. Supporting himself on chrome-plated crutches, he began an oil-on-the-waters speech. "Let's not divide ourselves to the point where we're zero," he said. "We're damn near that now."

When a heckler interrupted Scully on a point of order, Scully snarled: "Sit down,

you mug!" The heckler kept clamoring. Scully calmly eased himself to within a few feet of him, hoisted up his right crutch and whacked him on the shoulder.

That about ended the meeting. The committeemen agreed that they would support the regular Democratic nominees after the state's primary on June 1. But until then, Wallace supporters were free to wreak whatever havoc they could.

Bonfire

In 1944, coming up to his fourth term, Franklin Roosevelt gave the Democrats a choice between Harry Truman and Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas as the man to run with him. Last week some influential Democrats excitedly built a bonfire under aloof Bill Douglas to make him Harry Truman's running mate.

The kindling was laid a month ago by a group of western national committeemen, who wanted Democratic headquarters to take the lead in luring Justice Douglas out of his marble building. It was touched off last week by Washington Columnists Joseph and Stewart Alsop. Their story, which went scrupulously un-denied, said that the Big Bosses—New York's Ed Flynn, Chicago's Ed Kelly and Jake Arvey, New Jersey's Frank Hague, *et al.*—had agreed on Douglas and had sent word to him that he could have the No. 2 spot if he wanted it. Justice Douglas' answer was not revealed.

There was no doubt that Democratic professionals would be very happy if Justice Douglas assented. He had the right specifications: he is a Protestant and geographically correct (home state: Washington); most important, he would carry New Dealish weight in the big cities of the East and Midwest.

The pros discounted in advance the howls of conservative Southerners. But the howling began immediately. In the Senate, up rose Mississippi's triple-chinned James O. Eastland and cried: "The Southern wing of the party will not follow Mr. Hague's direction and will not vote for any candidate . . . we think is inimical to the welfare of our people. . . ."

Snowball

The Gallup poll, measuring the effect of Henry Wallace's candidacy on the popular vote this week, found it almost nil. The pollsters reported that, if the election were held now with Henry in the race, Harry Truman would beat Tom Dewey (46% to 41%) and would wallop Bob Taft (51% to 31%). They also reported that Ike Eisenhower, with no help from Henry, would defeat the President, 47% to 40%. (In none of the three trial heats did Wallace get more than 8% of the vote.)

There was no longer any doubt that General Ike's candidacy was snowballing. This caused repercussions all around. Just as if he had known in advance of the Gallup trial heats, Governor Dewey decided

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

that it was time to start running. He announced that he is an open candidate and prepared to do some real campaigning.

Ike Eisenhower, who will quit his chief-of-staff duties on Feb. 15, acted as if he were beginning to enjoy the political rumpus. In Philadelphia last week to lay a wreath on Benjamin Franklin's grave, he was stopped by a man who proudly showed him a "Draft Eisenhower" button in his lapel. The General said: "Take that thing off and throw it away." But he wore his widest grin as he said it.

MANNERS & MORALS

Americana

¶ After two years of labor, Denver's Red Cross Braille Corps completed a 24-volume Braille edition of *Forever Amber*.

¶ In the State of Washington's Walla Walla penitentiary, Negro Jake Bird, 46, about to die on the gallows for the ax-murder of a Tacoma woman, won a 60-day reprieve by confessing that he could "clear up" 44 other murders.

¶ Offhand, the picture looked like good news: two men, one a policeman, appeared to have rescued a small boy from an icy stream (*see cut*). But when newspaper readers looked at the caption, they learned that three-year-old Peter Shoukimas of Cranford, N.J. was dead. He had drowned in the Rahway River. His mother said that he was always slipping away to watch the river. "It utterly fascinated him," she said.

¶ Philadelphia announced plans to spend



NEW LOOK KNEES
An elastic exception.

Associated Press



ON THE RAHWAY RIVER
The fascination was fatal.

N. Y. Daily News

\$500,000 tidying itself up for the Republican and Democratic Conventions in June and July.

¶ At Stovepipe Wells in California's Death Valley, where many a forty-niner died of thirst before he could get to the gold fields, two resort operators sank a 200-ft. shaft, brought in a well producing 40 gallons of water a minute.

¶ While instructing a grand jury at Columbia, S.C., Circuit Judge J. Henry Johnson declared: "I am . . . thoroughly convinced that no man who lives north of the Mason-Dixon line, be he Democrat or Republican, is a genuine friend of the South."

¶ In Hollywood, Actress Martha Vickers (*see cut*) displayed knee-length stockings to be worn with the New Look. Except for being held up with elastic instead of by a roll, they were much like the "roll-your-own" stockings U.S. women wore back in the roaring, short-skirted '20s.

¶ In Indianapolis, the Greenback Party, established in 1874 to fight for "a sound money system," announced its 1948 nominees: for President, John G. Scott, 69, a farmer of Craryville, N.Y.; for Vice President, Granville B. Leeke, 58, a maintenance man in a South Bend, Ind. lathe factory.

¶ Citizens of Monterey, Calif. were off on a new gold hunt. In a week of digging with hands, rakes, shovels and a bulldozer, they recovered upwards of \$4,000 in gold pieces from a vacant lot which was once owned by a wealthy farmer who distrusted banks.

¶ In Birmingham, 21-year-old Mrs. Alec E. Fitzhugh said she strangled her three-year-old son with a diaper in order to collect \$1,000 insurance to pay off three \$50 loans and the \$75 interest.

He Left His Dear Old Mother

*He was riding on the highway,
To see about some grain,
When they shot him down from ambush,
Carl Shelton was his name.*

Thus another U.S. badman was sentimentally memorialized last week in a ballad freshly recorded for the jukebox trade. Carl Shelton, a country gunman like Jesse James, once held the rackets of all downstate Illinois in fief. His Prohibition Era battles with other gangs took a toll of more than 40 lives. He equipped his boys with dynamite, machine guns and a fleet of armored cars, once rented an airplane to bomb a rival's stronghold. Grey-haired, and living in semi-retirement on a 4,000-acre farm near Fairfield, Ill., he was shot one morning last October as he drove to town in his jeep. Adds the ballad,* written by his gangster brother, Earl:

*At the county seat of Fairfield
They could not find a bill,
But we all know that it's not right
Our fellow man to kill;
They even shot him when he fell
And left him there to die;
Some day this mystery will be solved
In a courthouse in the sky.*

*He left his dear old mother
In sorrow there alone,
Living down near Merriam
In her little country home.
May the angels hover over her
For she hasn't long to stay,
And I hope she meets her darling
In a better world some day.*

* Copyright 1948 by Earl Shelton and Fred Henson.

INTERNATIONAL

THE NATIONS

"Anxiety Is Unbecoming"

In Oberhausen, in Germany's Ruhr, a worker hurried toward the gate of a steel mill with a bag of black bread sandwiches under his arm.

"Guten Tag," said a friend, "aren't you striking today?"

"No," replied the worker, "I went out yesterday."

In the Ruhr's third successive week of strikes for more food, there were no banners, no picket lines, no disorders. At Duisburg, Mülheim and Dinslaken, 50,000 workers walked out briefly, then returned quietly and took up their tools again.

will support this battle. . . . The Communist Information Bureau in Belgrade will coordinate. . . ."

Was Protocol M authentic, as the British said it was? German Communists ridiculed the idea. Sneered Soviet-licensed *Berlin am Mittag*: "Auntie fainted and the dachshund howled with terror as news of the plot came over the radio. . . ." But other Germans asked themselves: Didn't Protocol M check with Moscow's avowed aim to wreck ERP? Wasn't the Ruhr a logical Communist objective? If the protocol was not the gospel from Belgrade, what was the gospel?

Some Ruhr Communists, who were almost ready to believe that a little U.S. aid

In Berlin, General Lucius D. Clay, U.S. occupation commander, felt obliged to comment on rumors that the Russians would soon push the Western powers out of Berlin. Said he: "The American troops are here to protect Americans and American rights, including the right to be in Berlin. The American troops under my command will use force of arms, if necessary, in carrying out this task. . . . We are few here, but we have behind us the most powerful country in the world and any nervousness or anxiety among Americans here is unbecoming."

CHANCELLERIES

She Chose Turkey

To every Soviet foreign mission is attached a Soviet secret cop. Part of his job is to see that Soviet representatives put and keep behind them all varieties of the foreign bourgeois Satan. Between temptations and spies, Soviet diplomats sometimes get into serious jams of a kind unknown in the foreign services of non-Soviet countries.

In Ankara last week, it was reported that the Soviet Embassy's second secretary, Kariagdy Hassanov, had been peremptorily summoned to Moscow. But his wife chose to stay in Turkey, and prudently went into hiding.

Curious, Ankara's *Yeni Sabah* inquired further, learned that Madame Hassanov had been caught reading a forbidden book. The book: Russian Expatriate Victor Kravchenko's terrifying story of life in the Soviet Union, *I Chose Freedom*.

UNITED NATIONS

Anniversary Week

Two years ago, amid expressions of high hope that reverberated through the clerical hush of London's Church House, the U.N. Security Council met for the first time. Last week, as it met for the 229th time, the anniversary passed unheralded. Said Russian Assistant Secretary-General Arkady Sobolev: "This is hardly an auspicious time for a birthday celebration."

The Security Council could look back on a sizable list of frustrations and failures. It could also note one current achievement: from Java, U.N.'s Good Offices Committee reported to the Council last week that the Dutch and Indonesians had at last agreed to truce terms. But the success was dwarfed by threatening new business.

Cries in the Council. The Council (in U.N.'s apt official phrase) was "seized with" the India-Pakistan conflict. India's Minister without Portfolio, N. Gopalaswami Ayyangar, accused Pakistan of arming Afghans and tribesmen of the North-West Frontier Province for their raids on the state of Kashmir (which recently joined India). His Oxford accent crackling



SCAVENGERS IN FRANKFURT
The Reds sneered at auntie.

Acme

Such was the troubled surface mood. But beneath the surface in Germany lay a deeper tension. It tightened suddenly last week when the British intercepted and published a detailed plan for churning Western Germany into riot—"Protocol M"—and pinned responsibility on the Belgrade Cominform.

"The Dachshund Howled." "The coming winter," said Protocol M in a message for Red operatives, "will be the decisive period in the history of the German working class. . . . This battle is . . . for starting positions for the final struggle. . . ." Then the language became more explicit. Communist cadres would foment hunger demonstrations among factory workers to disrupt production. Transport workers would be prodded to tie up food distribution. The timetable charted general strikes for March, when stocks of fall potatoes would be running out and the Ruhr would be at its hungriest. "The Soviet Union," ran the assurance, "can and

might do Germany no harm, felt especially troubled.

"We Are Few Here." Still others thought that Protocol M might be anything from a screwball's fraud to a war cry of a group of Communists who were demanding more action by their party. Certainly, there was not much evidence of Communist inspiration in the Ruhr walkouts as yet. But the winter was still young.

In Düsseldorf, German officials from other bizonal states agreed to divert part of their meat and fats to the Ruhr next month. If it worked, Ruhr tension would be eased. But what about the other Western Germans, plenty of whom were having thin scrabbling (*see cut*)? Was divvying up the rations just another way of divvying discontent? In London, Ernie Bevin sent an urgent personal note to George Marshall warning that German hunger and unrest would likely grow worse. And there were other tensions.

crisply, Ayyangar appealed to the Security Council to use its "undoubted influence and power."

"The most disquieting news from India today," cried he, "is the fast which Mahatma Gandhi has entered. I wish we could notify him as soon as possible of a settlement between the two Dominions." Much affected, the Council decided to meet as often as possible until a solution was reached. Then they went to lunch.

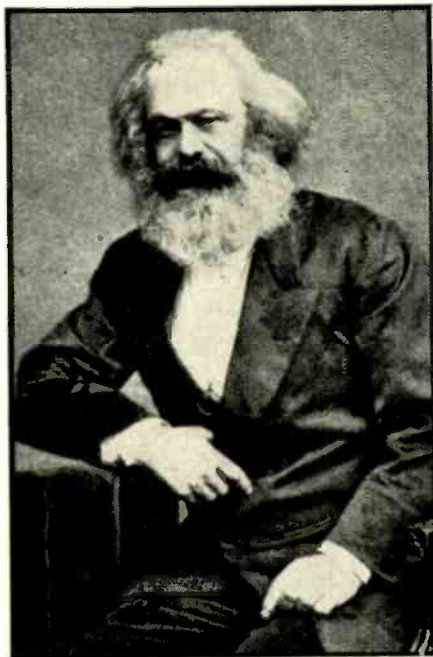
Next day, Pakistan's crescent-bearded Foreign Minister, Sir Mohammed Zafrullah Khan, replied to the Indian. For 3½ hours (breaking Andrei Vishinsky's U.N. record of two hours), he spoke without script, working only from notes passed up on an assembly-line basis by his advisers. On the third day, Sir Mohammed spoke 2½ hours more. His gist: India was lying, was itself guilty of racial war against Pakistan or—in U.N.'s own word for it—of "genocide." Cried he: "[Moslems] are expected to say: 'My brother may have been killed, my father may have been killed, my wife may have been raped and my children butchered, but I . . . must not retaliate.' That kind of thing might be expected of angels."

The Security Council devised a resolution imploring both India and Pakistan "to take immediately all measures within their power . . . calculated to improve the situation." As a first step, Ayyangar and Sir Mohammed were asked to sit down together and talk things over. When the two posed for the photographers (*see cut*), an Indian bystander said: "They are really very good friends, you know." By week's end, tension in the two countries had abated and Gandhi ended his fast (*see FOREIGN NEWS*).

Jitters in the Penthouse. Meanwhile, at a respectful distance from the Security Council Chamber, in a sunny top-floor room nicknamed "the penthouse," U.N.'s Palestine Commission was meeting behind closed and guarded doors. The commission's problem was to find a new police force to take the place of the British—and before Partition Day. Military experts estimated that two divisions at the very least would be needed to maintain order in Palestine. The commission did not have power to send a platoon to Hoboken: the decision rested with the Security Council.

Meanwhile, the commission itself was preparing to leave for Palestine. The mission might well involve personal danger, so U.N. would pay for life-insurance policies for each commissioner. How much was a U.N. commissioner's life worth? In a preliminary way, U.N. was thinking of \$50,000 a head. Not all commission members agreed. Vicente J. Francisco, Philippine member, thought the insurance should be nearer \$1,000,000.

"Let the Voice of Women . . ." In conference room No. 2, the U.N. Commission on the Status of Women, which is composed entirely of women, also met



European

KARL MARX

The Hearstian mud was lumpy.

last week to consider its principal subject. Opinions were expressed with clarity, though sometimes with rather unparliamentary edginess. Once, when she was asked to read aloud a statement from a report, Judge Dorothy Kenyon of the U.S. snapped out: "It's on page 24, and you can read it yourself!"

Resolved the women somewhat bitterly: "It is our common lot to live our short span of years together on this planet. Let us use our time wisely. . . . Let the voice of the women ring out. . . ." They also challenged the world bill of rights re-

cently drafted in Geneva by another U.N. group (the Commission on Human Rights) for proclaiming that "All men are born equal. . . ." The women condemned both polygamy and licensed brothels ("they produce a false sense of security"). At the end of a lengthy speech, Mrs. Jessie Grey Street of Australia made the most unprecedented peroration in U.N. history: "And now, Madam Chairman," she said, "I am going to the toilet."

PANOPLIES

Ode to Old Marx

One hundred years ago next month, Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels published their famed Manifesto: "A specter is haunting Europe—the specter of Communism." Last week Russia prepared to celebrate the anniversary with suitable huzzahs. "I would like old Marx to see how we are now storming the planet!" cried young Poet Sergei Narovchatov in an ode for the literary magazine *Novy Mir* (New World). Other excerpts from Poet Narovchatov's proud progress report:

*Fear is in every lump of Hearstian mud,
Fear is in every volley that sounds at
Piraeus,*

*Fear is in a false broadcast of the BBC,
Fear is in the sheeplike obedience of the
U.N. Assembly.*

*And the White House is helpless be-
fore it,*

*That White House which has ceased to
be white*

Since its lodgers

*Are soiling our white world with their
black deeds. . . .*

*History itself is leading us into battle
And conquers with our hands!*



Associated Press

AYYANGAR & ZAFRULLAH KHAN

The Council went to lunch.

FOREIGN NEWS

CHINA

Worse & Worse

Ten months had passed since Nationalist forces seized Yen-an, stronghold of North China's Communists (TIME, March 31). Yen-an's fall promised better things to come. But U.S. leaders hemmed & hawed over aid to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek; inflation and political rivalries gnawed at the morale of his people. Gradually, the initiative passed back to the far-from-whipped Communist armies of Mao Tse-tung.

Last week, with another spring on the way, anti-foreign mobs burned the British Consulate-General in Canton, rioted in

Shanghai's streets.* More perilous to the cause of Nationalist China were the gathering Communist offensives all the way from sub-zero Manchuria down to the fertile "rice bowl" of the south.

** Amidst the turmoil, TIME Correspondent William Gray encountered a remarkable instance of how polite the Chinese can be. Cabled Gray from Shanghai:*

My black sedan was stalled in traffic a few minutes before students blocked the streets with a great sign-waving demonstration. They pasted on the front fender a sign: "Down with British Imperialism." I stuck my head out and said: "I'm not British." A bespectacled student in a long blue gown said pleasantly: "I'm sorry." Then he and his friends pasted another sign on the rear door. It said: "Down with British Imperialism and the U.S.A."

Shrinking Corridor. The Communists thought they might win the battle for Manchuria in the next six months. A mid-winter Communist offensive had narrowed the government's already slender corridor; Mukden and Changchun lay under virtual siege. The railway south of Peiping was broken again; transport planes from Peiping last week began to evacuate government civilian employees from Mukden and Changchun. But Nationalist troops hung on grimly inside the Manchurian corridor. Said their commander in Mukden: "We must hold Manchuria or die."

If the Manchurian corridor were wiped out, Red armies would lunge southward against another Nationalist corridor, which runs along the railway westward from Tientsin through Peiping and Kalgan. For this purpose, the Communists were recruiting and training a powerful offensive army in Manchuria.

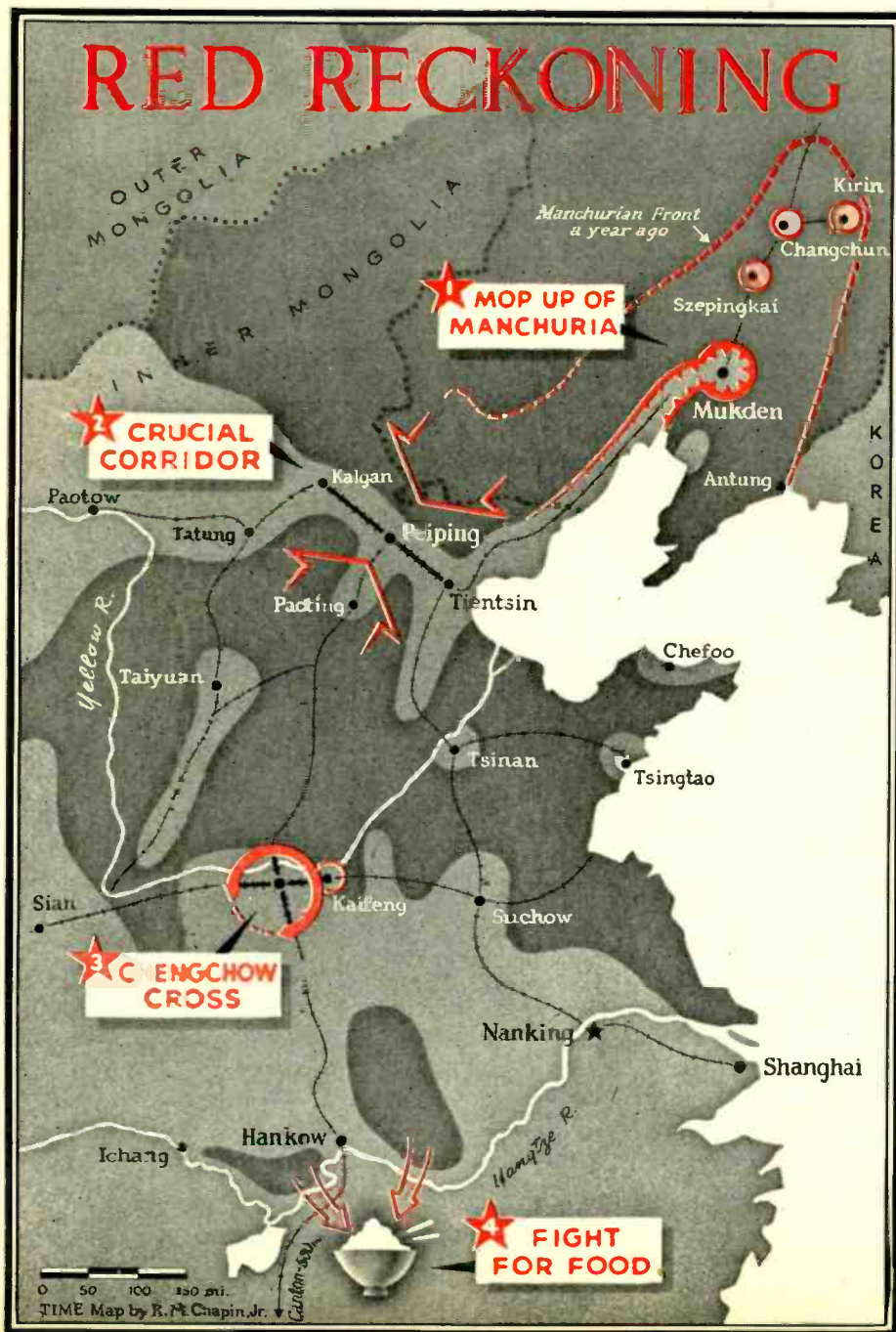
To protect the Nationalist hold on the Tientsin-Kalgan corridor, the Generalissimo last November dispatched one of his crack generals, Fu Tso-yi. While Fu prepared an offensive, Communist demolition squads struck swiftly and by night. They made 100 small breaks in the railroad. Fu chased them away and repaired the breaks; but he had lost valuable time.

Broken Cross. More bad news came from the "Chengchow cross," where the east-west Lunghai railroad intersects the rail line running south from Peiping to Hankow. By December, two Communist columns had broken the south and east arms of the cross. (The northern arm had been broken since the end of the Japanese war.) Another Communist army moving southward cut the west arm. The Communists appeared to have made good on their promise to "nail the Nationalists to the Chengchow cross."

Still another Communist offensive, directed by General Liu Po-cheng, the "one-eyed dragon," was taking shape in the vital Yangtze Valley. Nationalist troops moved in & out of Hankow daily; the city's mayor, recalling how the Japanese took Hankow by a surprise attack from the rear in 1937, said hopefully: "I think there is no way for the Communists to come into Hankow." It was not even certain that the Communists would try.

Soft Spot? Already the Yangtze Valley was cut off from wheat and coal from the west. Spearheads of Communist raiders stabbed river defenses west of Hankow, looking for a soft spot southward into the Szechuan and Honan rice fields. If they crossed the Yangtze, they would next try to cut the Canton-Hankow railroad.

At week's end, only one situation in China seemed no worse (and perhaps somewhat better) than usual: in Shanghai, the economic police held the currency black market in control by arresting illegal exchange operators.



Turner of Spears

"People," said the tall, amiable Chinese in his Manhattan apartment last week, "are always progressing." In 67 years, China's Feng Yu-hsiang (known to the West as the "Christian General") has progressed at a fabulous pace. These days, a good many Americans who call themselves liberals hail him as a great Chinese democrat.

What is the secret of Feng's progress? Wrote a Chinese newspaper recently: "During the period of 1916 to 1925, he turned his spear backward seven times, at the rate of about once a year." That was a pretty good explanation, except for two points: 1) it dealt with only a small segment of a long and tortuous career, and 2) some might not understand that American for "turned his spear" is "double-crossed."

The Rascal. Feng (rhymes with rung) was born a peasant, entered the Imperial Chinese Army in his teens, was promoted to regimental commander; in 1911, he took part in the coup against the Manchu dynasty. He became a Methodist. He also became the servant of a succession of warlords, to each of whom he proclaimed his loyalty with tears streaming down his cheeks; when a more powerful rival appeared, Feng transferred his tears and loyalties to him. In 1923, Warlord Tsao Kun captured China's government and made Feng a full marshal. Once, when Feng visited his boss, he was met by Tsao's private car. Cried Feng: "Heaven above, how dare I, little rascal, use my lord teacher's car?"

Next year, his lord teacher Tsao was fighting the notorious Japanese-backed ex-bandit and warlord, Chang Tso-lin; Feng calmly attacked the rear of Tsao's armies, imprisoned Tsao, and, for a while, became China's "strong man." He removed the better part of the Imperial City's ancient treasures after putting out the 17-year-old Boy Emperor Pu Yi. He allied himself with Chang. He also married the secretary of the Peking Y.W.C.A. (his first wife, a peasant, had just died).

Then he betrayed his ally, Chang, and then the man who helped him betray Chang. Things were getting a little hot for Feng, and he escaped to Russia. In Moscow, he attended classes in revolutionary technique under Karl Radek. A year later, he returned to China and went about organizing a private army. But when it looked as though General Chiang Kai-shek would beat them, he threw over the Communists and joined Chiang.

The Ham. At this point, the Feng chronicle becomes somewhat dizzying:

1929 (May)—Feng rises against Chiang.
1929 (September)—Feng gives up, is forgiven.

1930—Feng rises against Chiang.

1931—Feng gives up, is forgiven.

1933 (May)—Feng rises against Chiang.

1933 (June)—Feng gives up, is forgiven.



Leo Rosenthal—Pix

FENG YU-HSIANG

The crows were broad-minded.

During one of his defections, Chiang threatened to send airplanes against him. Feng's lieutenants were frightened. Feng took them to task as follows:

Q.: Are there more crows or more planes in the sky?

A.: Reporting to the commander in chief—there are more crows.

Q.: Have the droppings from the crows ever hit any of you on the head?

A.: Reporting to the commander in chief—seldom.

Q.: Well then, if the droppings of crows which are more numerous than Chiang's airplanes have not hit you, can you not rest assured that no bombs from airplanes will fall on your head?

A.: Our commander in chief is filled with wisdom. Airplanes are of no account.

Feng was a ham. He loved to play the successful man who did not forget his lowly origins. He affected a coarse cotton tunic, but underneath he wore silk-lined furs. To his guests he served only cabbage and dumplings, but when they were gone, he and his wife dined on chicken and fish. He displayed Christianity—once he baptized a whole regiment with a garden hose—but in 1930 he turned to Buddhism. He was a strict disciplinarian, and when his soldiers were late for drill he made them stand in a corner for as long as they had been late. Once, when he himself was the offender, he cracked down on himself. "Feng Yu-hsiang is ten minutes late!" he bellowed on the drill ground. "Feng Yu-hsiang must stand in the corner for ten minutes." Whereupon he turned his back on his men and stood in a corner for ten minutes.

The Democrat. Fighting the Japanese, he suffered several crushing defeats; to save his face, Chiang gave him ringing

government titles. In 1946 Feng told the Generalissimo that he wanted to go to the U.S. to study water conservation and act as good-will ambassador for Chiang. "Whatever you wish, *Ta Ko* [Big Brother]," said Chiang. Ever since then, Feng has been in the U.S., making violent pro-Communist, anti-Chiang propaganda. Cried he of Chiang: "Reactionary . . . dictator . . . traitor . . . his rule must be overthrown. . . ."

Last summer Chiang said merely: "Never mind, we must be broad-minded." Said he last fall: "Let him talk. He always did like to talk." But last month the Chinese government ordered his return, informed Washington that Feng's "diplomatic mission" was over. Cried a Chinese editorialist: "Return to China at an early date and repent before Jesus Christ."

But neither the State Department nor Feng did anything about his return. Last week, Feng was still talking and some American liberals were still cheering him as a democrat.

Back in China, people were not so easily deceived. They did not refer to Feng as the "Christian General." They had always called him *tao-ko Chiang-chun*, or Turn-Spear General. But then, most American liberals don't speak Chinese.

JAPAN

Demilitarization

In Tokyo the neighbors used to step aside to avoid his arrogant, abusive snarls and vicious manner, but none dared criticize Fifty Bells; he was a soldier trained to fight for the Emperor. "He is the finest shepherd dog in Japan," said Kazuo Akai, Fifty Bells's devoted master. But despite the boast and despite his own arrogant strutting, Fifty Bells never got a chance to show his mettle.

One morning in 1945, shortly before he was to go to the front, Fifty Bells's ears were assailed by the screams of sirens and the drone of enemy bombing planes over Tokyo. Next morning, when the bombers had gone away, he was nowhere to be found. Without Fifty Bells, the Akais moved to Chiba, where they stayed until Japan's surrender.

Back in Tokyo again, the Akai family built a tidy shack on the ruins of their old home. While they huddled over a charcoal fire, as the midnight gong beat out the old year, Akai San heard a scratching at the door. Outside, a shabby dog whined and howled. "Go away, mutt!" shouted Akai, but the dog waved his tail and, crawling on his belly, came even closer. Suddenly recognition came. "It's Fifty Bells!" shouted Akai, hugging the dog, while the family gathered in wonder.

Fifty Bells is a changed dog. "He is no longer vicious," says Akai. "He no longer snaps. He seems now to be a humble dog." And Mrs. Akai agrees. "Yes," she says, "I guess you could say that Fifty Bells has gone democratic."

FOREIGN NEWS

INDIA

Comeback

Again, Gandhi fasted. Princes and untouchables gathered in New Delhi to glimpse the dozing little man in a loin cloth, and to hear the latest medical bulletins. This time, however, a jarring note sounded. A small crowd of unsympathetic Hindus and Sikhs began to shout: "Let Gandhi die!" From an automobile lunged Premier Jawaharlal Nehru, who is India's Johnny-on-the-spot as Fiorello La Guardia was Manhattan's. Cried Nehru: "How dare you say that? Kill me first!" Nehru chased the dissidents down the street. Inside, Gandhi dozed on.

Downhill. Things had gone from bad to worse for Gandhi, the pacifist, in recent months. India and Pakistan drifted to-

inclined also to crack down on Moslems within India: "Mere declarations of loyalty to the Indian Union will not help Moslems at this critical juncture," said Patel. Later he became bolder, and darkly hinted at open war with Pakistan. Most Sikhs and many Hindus applauded Patel. Obliquely, Gandhi observed that Patel had "thorns on his tongue." Without warning, one day last week the Mahatma began to fast.

At 79, Gandhi was in no condition to fast for long. (His longest heretofore: three weeks. His most recent fast, last September, lasted only 73 hours.) Worried doctors who hovered over him thought he might not live beyond two weeks.

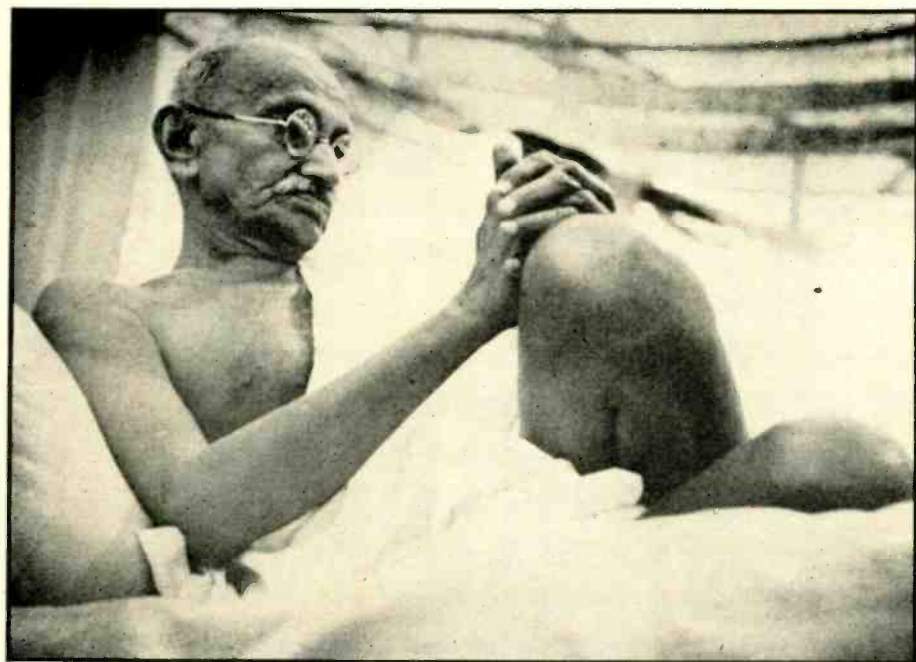
Not many Indians knew exactly why he was fasting, or what they should do to dissuade him. Some did not seem to care.

message: "Keep communal peace and save Mahatma Gandhi."

Vallabhbhai Patel left town for a few days. During his absence, the Indian government agreed to reinstate a financial agreement with Pakistan, a step which Patel had blocked only 48 hours before.

Not until the fifth day of his fast did Gandhi list the specific conditions under which he would break his fast. Moslems, he said, should be guaranteed freedom to worship, travel, earn a livelihood, keep their own houses. After Gandhi had gone without food for 121 hours, 50 Hindu, Moslem and Sikh leaders gathered at Birla House, to pledge themselves to meet his conditions. Pakistan's high commissioner in New Delhi brought an inquiry from his government asking what Pakistan could do. Gandhi, cheerful again, addressed the conference for ten minutes. Then he agreed to break his fast.

A Moslem politician handed Gandhi a glass of orange juice mixed with dextralol; the Mahatma took it. As he held it, he gave a low chuckle. Said the Mahatma: "If today's solemn pledge is fulfilled, it will revive with doubled force my intense wish to live a full span of life—at least 125 years."



GANDHI
A low chuckle.

P. N. Sharma

ward war in Kashmir. Religious feelings still ran high from the autumn massacres in the Punjab; Sikh and Hindu refugees demanded revenge against Pakistan, and were forcing Moslems out of their homes. War fever caught on in Pakistan, whose Prime Minister Liaquat Ali Khan hopelessly exclaimed: "Every Pakistani is an atom bomb in himself."

Like many another Indian, Gandhi felt that a new cycle of mass riots was approaching. But his once loyal disciples, distracted by new political power, paid less & less attention to his struggle for peace.

Gandhi thought he knew where to place at least part of the blame: on Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, his longtime friend and boss of the Congress Party.

In the Indian government, Patel led the "war party" which insisted on a "get-tough" policy toward Pakistan. He seemed

But crowds increased daily about the home of wealthy C. D. Birla, where Gandhi lay. Attendance boomed at his evening prayer services. On the third day, he was too weak to walk the 100 yards from the palatial Birla House to his prayer service, and he addressed the meeting through a loudspeaker from his bed. Physicians reported that he was weakening, hour by hour; his kidneys were not functioning properly. He sipped hot water apathetically.

Upgrade. At this point, when it seemed that Gandhi might die defeated in his battle against hatred, a wave of emotion swept India. With newspapers and radios carrying hourly bulletins of his sinking condition, Delhi's frayed citizens began to organize meetings and processions around the single motto: "Save Gandhi's life." Post-office employees stamped on every letter mailed in New Delhi the

YEMEN

The Eighth Son

All the nine recognized sons of aging (77) Yahya bin Mohamed bin Hamid el Din, Imam of Yemen, in the southwestern corner of Arabia, are entitled to be called *Saif el Islam* (Sword of Islam). The Swords have frequently crossed each other, vying for succession to the black mattress with red cushions which is the Imam's couch of state in his capital, Sana. Yahya, who believes in one-man government, named his own successor—eldest son Ahmed, governor of Taiz province. But according to Yemenite tradition, a council of eleven elders should choose the new Imam. So the other sons have not lost hope.

Chief rival to Ahmed is Ali, who has two formidable assets: he commands the Sana garrison and is close to the Imam's treasury, in the cellar under Yahya's palace. Brother Abdullah, Yahya's roving ambassador to various foreign posts (now in London), is too remote from Yemen to be a strong contender for the couch. Brother Hussein is amiable and popular, but used to be jailed now & then by his father for drinking bouts, is now in retirement on a farm. The eighth son, Ibrahim, fled from Yemen to British Aden a year ago after an unsuccessful attempt to unseat his father. He gave up the title Sword of Islam, called himself *Saif el Haq* (Sword of Truth).

Last week cables came from Aden to Cairo newspapers saying: "Our father Imam Yahya Hamid el Din has passed away. Ahmed el Waziry has been elected Imam and I am President of the Council." They were signed by Ibrahim. The



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Arab world wondered whether the Sword of Truth was sure of his facts. Perhaps Ibrahim's friends were trying again to oust Yahya. Last summer, a U.S. mission which visited Sana to sign a million-dollar loan agreement found the Imam in good health. He had recovered from an illness in 1946. But he had given up riding to the mosque by muleback, made the trip more comfortably in a blue seven-passenger Buick, 1941 model.

In London, Abdullah denied that his father was dead, cryptically added: "Conditions are unsettled and it's understandable that some extravagant reports might come from Yemen." At week's end, the secret of Yahya's mortal status and worldly successor was still hidden behind the mud-brick walls of his capital.

GREAT BRITAIN

How Basic Is Basic?

To British motorists, the Government's ending of the "basic petrol ration" last fall had seemed the last heartbreaking straw in the load of enforced joylessness. Except for business and in hardship cases, they would not get one drop of gas for their cars. Even "basic" had been skimpy. The driver of a 30-miles-to-the-gallon Austin could go only 270 miles a month. With the end of "basic" he had nothing for a drive to the station, an occasional shopping trip, or a weekend spin in the country with the family.

Nearly 2,000,000 Britons signed protest petitions which were solemnly lugged into the House of Commons by the bale. Labor M.P.s uneasily totted up the probable number of angry voters: owners of Britain's 1,920,000* private cars and 500,000 motorcycles, probably 6,000,000 other Britons who customarily ride in cars, irate hotel, garage and service-station operators.

Religious Revival. Nevertheless, Sir Stafford Cripps last week frostily informed Britons that "basic" would not be restored. "Politically it would be far easier and much more pleasant to give way to the clamor and reintroduce some basic ration," he said, "but it would from the point of view of the whole population of this country be quite definitely wrong. . . . There are no indications at present the basic may come back this year."

Britons, however, were openly flouting Cripps's decision. A nation which had accepted food rationing and other controls with a minimum of black-marketing rebelled at the ban on private motoring. "The law is falling into a disrepute which reminds one of the U.S. during Prohibition," wrote one independent M.P. to the *London Times*. The regional petroleum office in the Midlands reported a religious revival, with thousands wanting gas to drive to churches more than two miles from their homes. Many a motorist

felt new pangs of rheumatism, sciatica, or old war wounds which made it quite impossible for him to walk to the nearest bus.

In Birmingham, businessmen have been arranging conferences in hotels at night; by a happy coincidence, they and their wives would find that there was a dance in the hotel the same evening. Since farmers are allowed a gas ration for agricultural errands, many a car parked outside a roadside pub has a trailer holding a bewildered sheep or pig. If the owner, inside drinking beer and playing darts, is challenged by the police, he says that he has just broken his necessary journey.

"Drain Trouble." At a recent house party in Gloucestershire, one guest drove up with a load of hay, another with a batch of butter. One Manchester builder always carries drainpipes in the back of his car and wears overalls over his natty \$75 suit. Officially, he is always on his way to or from "drain trouble." An enterprising publican near Birmingham bought a hayrick, stuck it in a nearby field, and advertised it "for sale." Farmers could drive to the field to inspect the hayrick and, incidentally, drop into the pub for a pint.

Only a few welcomed the end of "basic." Exulted T. C. Foley, secretary of the Pedestrians' Association: "The economic saving to the country in avoided accidents by the abolition of the basic ration might amount in a full year to as much as £10 million, apart from the saving in human life, suffering and bereavement."

The New Owners

No passengers are permitted on the northbound newspaper train leaving London's grimy King's Cross station each morning at 2:34 a.m. But 15 minutes before the train was scheduled to leave one morning a man climbed aboard it and settled himself in a car reserved for railroad employees. "No passengers," said a ticket collector. The traveler refused to budge. The ticket collector fetched a guard. The traveler refused to budge. The guard fetched an assistant stationmaster.

"The railways are nationalized. They belong to me and to everyone!" shouted the would-be passenger. "I can do as I like now."

The three harassed officials tried in vain to pull the traveler from the luggage rack to which he clung. At last, the carriage was uncoupled and shunted into a tunnel. There, in complete darkness, the adamant passenger sulked and fumed. Not until the railway officials threatened to shunt his car onto a siding permanently did he finally consent to leave the train and wait for the regular 4:25 to Grantham.

Another Briton felt that nationalization entitled her to ask a favor of the engineer on the 6:20 from Hastings to Ashford. "Would you be so good as to hoot as you go over the iron bridge just out of Rye station," she wrote, "to get my husband up for work? We cannot buy an alarm clock."

"P.S. My husband says 'not too loud,' but I say 'blow like blazes!'"



DUTCH TREAT

During the last few years most Britons have had to learn that what's worth having is worth waiting in line for, but until recently Britain's gallery-goers had been able to ride their hobby without queueing. Last month London's Tate Gallery announced a special loan exhibition of 177 paintings and drawings by the famed Dutchman Vincent van Gogh. In four weeks 157,452 art-hungry Britons flocked to see the show, giving the Tate the first queue in its 50-year history.

* In the peak year (1939) Britain had 2,034,000 private cars. The U.S. in 1947 had more than 30 million.

FOREIGN NEWS

"Isn't It?"

With an insatiable curiosity worthy of Kipling's Elephant's Child, the Mass-Observation poll keeps querying the British people. Last week M-O published some British opinions:

Question: What is the Comintern?
Answer: It's that new star that's been discovered, isn't it?

Question: Who is Britain's Prime Minister?
Answer: Gladstone.

Question: What do you think about the closed shop?
Answer: It's a good idea. All these shopgirls work far too long and ought to get some time to themselves.

FRANCE

Battle of the Vice Presidents

Non-Communists in the National Assembly faced a dangerous situation last week and handled it admirably. The proceedings, however, were not dignified. The "Cocos" have had a lot of breath knocked out of them lately, but they always have enough left to scream insults.

When the 1948 Assembly convened, the oldest member, 78-year-old Marcel Cachin, presided as chairman, according to custom. It was not Cachin who had the non-Communists worried. It was slick, sly Comrade Jacques Duclos, who was the Assembly's first vice president last year.

If the Parliament is dissolved, which might happen at any time with Charles de Gaulle waiting in the wings, the constitution provides that the Assembly president shall take over as "acting Premier" until a new government is formed. That would be Radical Socialist Edouard Herriot of Lyon, reliable as an oak, who was re-elected to the presidency last week. But M. Herriot is old and ailing. If he were too ill to serve, the first vice president would take over. Therefore, reasoned the Assembly majority, Jacques Duclos must not again be first vice president.

Cocos shook their fists, called their opponents "American lackeys." A group of anti-Reds retorted by singing *The Volga Boatmen*. When Cachin left the chairman's seat, the second oldest member, 75-year-old Maurice Viollette, was hustled forward to take his place. But a cordon of Reds barred the way.

Scuffling broke out and then some cool-headed peacemaker switched off the lights. After a few seconds of total darkness, cigarette lighters flashed like fireflies on a summer night. And that was enough for one day.

Next day the non-Communists quickly elected their ticket, giving the first vice presidency to a Socialist, the second to a Popular Republican. The Cocos got the third and fourth spots. Furious and frustrated, they said they would not accept. When Foreign Minister Georges Bidault appeared to say a few words, they advised him to run away and drink his U.S. Coca-Cola, chew his U.S. chewing gum.



GEORGI DIMITROV
Champagne toasts.

Associated Press

THE BALKANS

"They Lost Their Heads"

Bulgarian Premier Georgi Dimitrov, Kremlin-anointed promoter of "people's democracies" in Eastern Europe, had a busy week.

In Dimitrov's own National Assembly at Sofia, Deputy Kosta Lulchev, spokesman of the isolated little nine-man parliamentary opposition, had dared to criticize the budget as "insincere and unreal." Dimitrov gave them Red blazes: "Miserable chatterers, talking like a foreign gramophone record . . . ! You will remember that in this Assembly I many times warned coalition members of Nikola Petkov's group but they did not listen. They lost their heads, and their leader lies buried. Reflect on your own actions, lest you suffer the same fate . . . !" Lulchev and associates reflected furiously. Dimitrov's budget was adopted unanimously.

A few hours later, Dimitrov hustled off to Bucharest on a larger mission. Rumania's boss woman and fellow Communist, Foreign Minister Ana Pauker, gave him a welcome fit for a Balkan king. At his disposal was a palace just vacated by ex-King Michael's Aunt Elizabeth, who had decided to avoid Communist Ana's iron mop by following her nephew to Switzerland. Between champagne toasts and speeches brimming with declarations of love for Soviet Russia, Pauker and Dimitrov signed, in behalf of their countries, a 20-year pact of alliance.

Then, once more aboard his private train, Dimitrov told correspondents of still greater events to come. Treaties of alliance between all the Eastern European states, he said, would be followed by customs unions, and after that—"when the time is ripe our peoples will decide whether it shall be a federation or a confederation of states, and they also shall decide the moment when it will take the shape of a state." Candidates for inclusion in the new state, as listed by Dimitrov: Bulgaria, Albania, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia "and even Greece."

At the moment there seemed more than a little wishfulness in the inclusion of Greece. But coming from Georgi Dimitrov, the forecast seemed to indicate what the Kremlin had in mind.

RUSSIA

No Trick Left

From Yuri Zhukov, *Pravda's* expert on the U.S., Russian women got the party line on the New Look. Longer skirts for U.S. women, Zhukov reported, were a desperate effort of industrialists to bolster the shaky American economy and stave off depression. He wrote: "There is no trick left that American merchants have not resorted to in their striving to sell goods."

Zhukov's timing was neat, for January is the show month of spring fashions in Moscow. Last week, in Moscow's white-silk-walled, many-mirrored House of Fashion, the newest creations of Russian designers were shown (*see cut*). The styles displayed proved that, barring an unlikely revolt by Soviet women, Soviet skirts would stay knee-short.

There was also fashion news for the Russian male. One Dmitry F. Shisheyev, purported "factory engineer," turned up on the Moscow radio as a commentator on U.S. wages. Said Shisheyev: "The American worker is too poor to afford a woolen suit."



Sovfoto

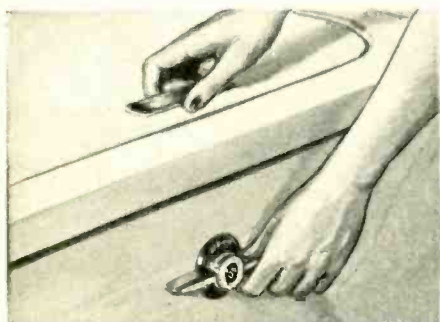
IN MOSCOW'S HOUSE OF FASHION
Party lines.

I can do this — and the dishes at the same time!

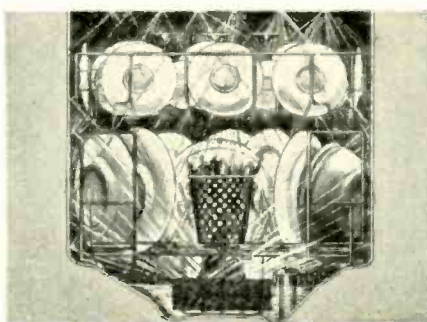
Wonderful new General Electric Dishwasher washes dishes sparkling clean automatically. They dry in their own heat!



1. What a break for busy housewives—never to have to wash and dry dishes again. Put china, glassware, silver into the Dishwasher. Safety racks hold them safely. Enough space for a whole day's dishes for a family of four. Will do pots and pans, too.



2. Now add the detergent (not soap), close the cover and turn switch. Dishwasher is now at work, getting each piece cleaner than you could by hand. Your job is done; you're free to do whatever you wish.



3. While you do as you like, each piece is thoroughly cleaned and scoured by the hot water and detergent. Only the water moves—not the dishes. They stay safely in the racks. Then...



4. Automatically the water drains out. Automatically—the dishes get two rinses in clear, steaming hot water. They are now *hygienically* clean... cleaner than you could get them by hand!



5. Automatically the second rinse water has drained out, the lid pops open letting both dishes and Dishwasher dry in their own heat! Yes, the job is done—perfectly—in the time it takes to do your nails.

YOUR CHOICE OF 3 TYPES

1. Dishwasher, without cabinet, for installation in your own kitchen work surface.
2. As a separate appliance in a cabinet of its own (24 inches wide).
3. In a complete General Electric Sink* (48 inches wide). General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

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*Can be equipped with Disposall (General Electric's registered trade-mark for its food-waste disposal appliance)—the marvelous electrical helper that gets rid of food waste down the kitchen drain.

FOR THE COMPLETE
TABLE-TO-SHELF DISH JOB



**AUTOMATIC
DISHWASHERS**

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

LATIN AMERICA

THE HEMISPHERE

Worry in Bogotá

The U.S. has no better friend in Latin America than squat, affable Dr. Eduardo Zuleta Angel, chairman of the U.N. Preparatory Commission and Colombian ex-Cabinet Minister. But last week, back in Bogotá after a Washington visit, Dr. Zuleta Angel thought it time to speak sharply of what he had heard in the U.S.

"The [U.S.] State Department," said he, "has lost all interest in questions involving Latin America." With the notable exception of Senator Arthur Vandenberg,

VENEZUELA

Men in Green

Along the malarial marshes and through the tropical lowland jungle ride Venezuela's green-uniformed soldiers of health. From their gaudy yellow trucks they dismount at the doorways of palm-thatched huts to spray walls and dark corners with DDT-guns. In two years of spraying, the malaria fighters have cleared the mosquito from 200,000 houses and all but wiped out malaria in one-third of the nation.

The campaign got started almost by chance. In the spring of 1945, Venezuela's

was declared malaria-free and the area of treatment was expanded.

Last week, in the musty halls of Caracas' Central University, 39-year-old Arnoldo Gabaldón rose to receive a nation's thanks. Flanked by six cabinet ministers, Gabaldón told of what had been done. "We are now able to dominate this great plague of the nation," he said. "In all probability we will be the first tropical country to defeat the disease."

PERU

El Mexicano

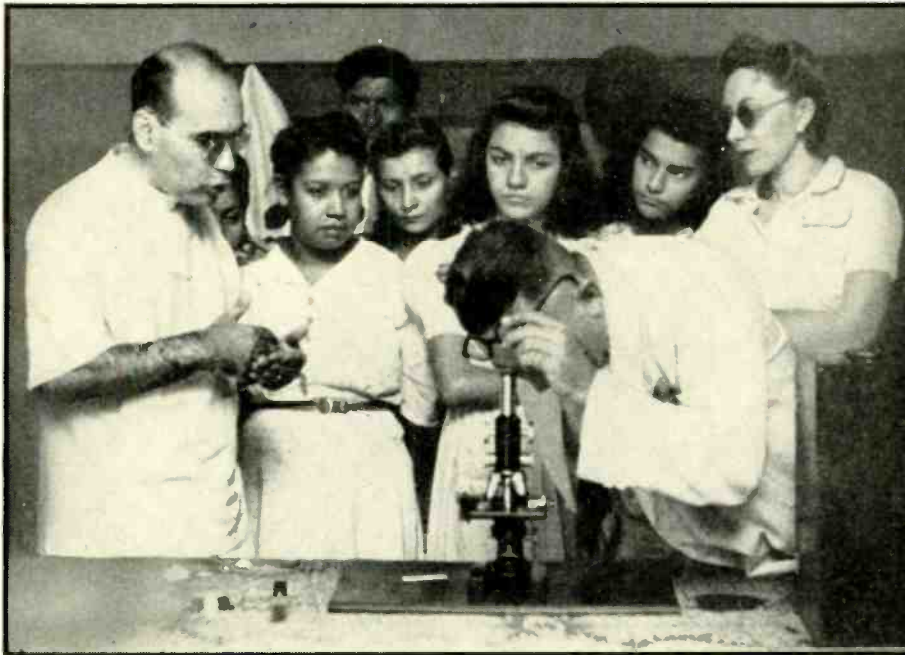
In Lima's red-carpeted Chamber of Deputies, the first conference of the new anti-Communist C.I.T. (Inter-American Federation of Labor) whisked to a successful close. There had been only a few bad moments.

The Mexican delegate, oldtime Labor Boss Luis Morones, had tried to kick up a row by accusing the A.F.L. of keeping Argentines away from Lima. He got nowhere. A tactless resolutions committee had brought in pronouncements for planned economy and against the "imperialistic manifestations of U.S. economic policy in Latin America." They were tabled after the A.F.L.'s Serafino Romualdi urged "editing down those socialistic ideas."

In the editing of the resolutions, C.I.T.'s newly elected president, mild-mannered Chilean Socialist Bernardo Ibáñez, would have a big voice. Said he: "We are absolutely not going to use C.I.T. as a political instrument . . . the way Lombardo and the Communists used C.T.A.L. [the Latin American Federation of Labor]. We aim only at bettering the workers of America."

Rumpled, dark-eyed Bernardo Ibáñez has worked most of his 45 years at bettering the workers' lot. As a country school-teacher, he organized Chile's first teachers' union. Back in Chile in 1936, after he had been wounded fighting the Franco forces at Madrid, he organized the Chilean Workers Federation (C.T.Ch.), which he soon made one of the most powerful in Latin America. At a labor conference in Mexico he became a friend of Vicente Lombardo Toledano, and returned to Chile with such a Mexican accent and so many *serapes* that Chileans still call him *El Mexicano*.

Two years ago, Chile's Communists cracked the "popular front" and walked out of Ibáñez' C.T.Ch. to found a federation of their own. Ibáñez fought back, breaking with Lombardo and C.T.A.L., but he would probably have been licked if Chilean President Gabriel González Videla had not jettisoned the Communists and become his friend. Last week's conference was the payoff. C.I.T.'s new president knows better than to tie up with the Communists again. Says he: "The Commies are going to use every dirty trick in the bag. We are ready for them."



Jerry Hannifin

DR. GABALDÓN (LEFT) & FRIENDS
"People with malaria just don't care."

"statesmen of the great nation to the north are completely absorbed in European problems and in no way take interest in plans for economic cooperation with . . . the western hemisphere."

Many Americans, he found, "now look on Latin America as a kind of poor relation, troublesome, bothersome and unnecessary." U.S. newspapers, he said, showed little interest in the forthcoming Pan-American conference in Bogotá. "I am afraid there will not be a serious plan for economic cooperation presented [there] despite efforts of Colombian representatives [in Washington]. . . . The U.S. has soon forgotten the lesson taught by war—that partnership with the peoples of Latin America is necessary for its security. . . ."

"I have never been anti-American. Nor have I engaged in anti-imperialistic demagoguery. But I have become convinced that U.S. misunderstanding of Latin America can produce among the Latin American republics political situations which would worry me a great deal."

chief malaria expert, young Arnoldo Gabaldón, was in Washington for a Pan-American health conference. At lunch one day, Dr. James Stevens (now dean of the Harvard School of Public Health) told him what DDT was doing for the Army in the southwest Pacific. Gabaldón was "terribly excited."

Back in Venezuela, Gabaldón reviewed his problem. Half of his countrymen suffered from malaria at one time or another. It broke the spirit as well as the body. "People with malaria just don't care," says Gabaldón. "They don't even care if you treat them." As a Rockefeller Foundation fellow in protozoology, Gabaldón had learned that the chronic malarial "lose even the desire to procreate." Gabaldón decided to go all out for DDT.

Maracay, a malaria-ridden coffee town, was made the proving ground. DDT squads were recruited, and a fine, white-stone laboratory, office and warehouse were built. Some 100,000 children were examined and more than three million home visits were made. In time Maracay

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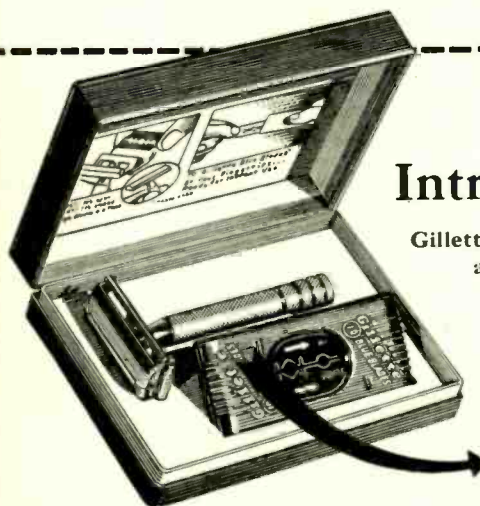
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CANADA

THE DOMINION

Price War

Skyrocketing food prices had made Canadians good & sore. There had been no organized buyers' strikes, but there was plenty of buyer resistance, and it was having some effect. In Vancouver, sales of beef, bacon and fresh pork were down, even after retailers shaved prices a little. It was the same in Calgary, Toronto and Montreal. In Halifax, the City Council took up a resolution urging provincial and federal governments to "do something immediately about the constantly rising cost of foods," and passed it unanimously.

By midweek the pressure was so great that the government had to do something.

no remedy yet. Abbott did a little muscle-flexing and told the Prices Board to start "exemplary prosecutions" where prices are "higher than is reasonable and just." While government leaders talked of scaring the daylighters out of the profiteers, housewives in Montreal still paid 59¢ a head for lettuce.

Farmers were furious. Cried John Walters of the Western Stock Growers' Association: "The government should put a ceiling on what we have to buy as well as on what we have to sell." The political opposition was scornful. The government's move, scoffed Tory Leader John Bracken, is "an empty gesture in an almost pathetic attempt to satisfy public opinion. . . . Neither fish nor fowl."

EXTERNAL AFFAIRS

Pipeline for D.P.s

In Glasgow early last summer, two young Polish Jews named Mordecai Szulc and Manick Kuper met a mysterious stranger whom they knew only as George. They were veterans of the Polish Army, and they were anxious to get to Canada. George was willing to help them, for \$1,500 apiece.

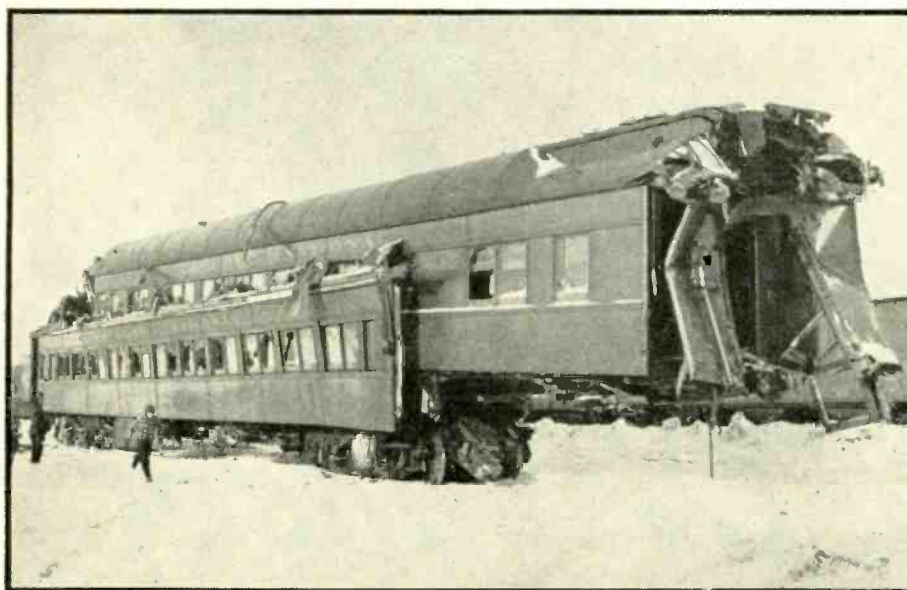
With the help of relatives in England, they managed to raise the cash. A few days later, George was back with British passports and British identities (Szulc became "Ronald Drummond"; Kuper, "James Hughes"). They were also given Scottish birth certificates, plane tickets for Canada. Not long after that, the two Poles were in Toronto. Szulc got a job with a furrier, Kuper with a tailor.

The story came out last week when, in Toronto, Royal Canadian Mounted Policemen arrested Szulc, Kuper and five other Polish Jews who had been routed to Canada by George from a D.P. camp in Germany. Charged with illegally entering Canada, all seven were jailed. The arrests brought the first news of a passport racket that has been in full swing for nearly a year, has kept Scotland Yard in a dither for weeks.

Detectives got their first hold on the racket when a Canada-bound "Scotsman" at Prestwick airport, Scotland, pulled out a passport bearing the name of a criminal then in a Glasgow jail. Police arrested the masquerader, were soon hot on the trail of a passport forging and smuggling ring.

At first, they learned, the racketeers had used passports stolen from the Passport Office. The blank books were smuggled into Belgium, "validated" with a forged Foreign Office stamp, then sold to the highest bidders in Paris, Hamburg or Munich. When demand swamped supply, George and his associates hit on another scheme. Over many a pint in Glasgow pubs, they asked local folk to hand over their identity cards "to help a friend who wants to get to Eire." For a fiver, hundreds of Glaswegians did so. The card details, plus photographs of D.P. clients, were then used in filling out passport applications. When the passports were issued, George took them to Germany.

At week's end, Britain's Foreign and Home Offices, Canada House in London and the British Control Commission in Germany were all busy looking for suspects. One official guessed that before the investigation ended it might become "one of the biggest things we have handled for years." So far, at least 40 D.P.s were thought to have entered Canada by the phony passport route. As for the seven arrested in Toronto, their future was up to Ottawa's immigration authorities. Toronto Rabbi David Monson was pleading their case. Said he: "These people aren't criminals."



TELESCOPED SLEEPER & COACH AT WYKES
Too close for the brakeman.

© T. V. Little

Finance Minister Douglas Abbott announced the remedy: a partial return of price controls. There would be price ceilings on meats, to be fixed in a week or two; controls on butter, to peg it around 73¢ a lb.; controls on certain types of fertilizers and a rollback of the price of chemical ingredients; extension of the government's price-control powers for another year. The government might even import butter from New Zealand. Rent controls would continue.

The remedies satisfied nobody. Top government planners recognized them as half measures. To be effective, they argued, price controls had to be total, as in wartime. Consumers were just as unhappy for different reasons. The cost of meats and butter was not going back to the levels of two months ago, but was to be frozen—about 25% higher for pork products, 10% to 15% higher for beef, veal and lamb, 7½% higher for butter.

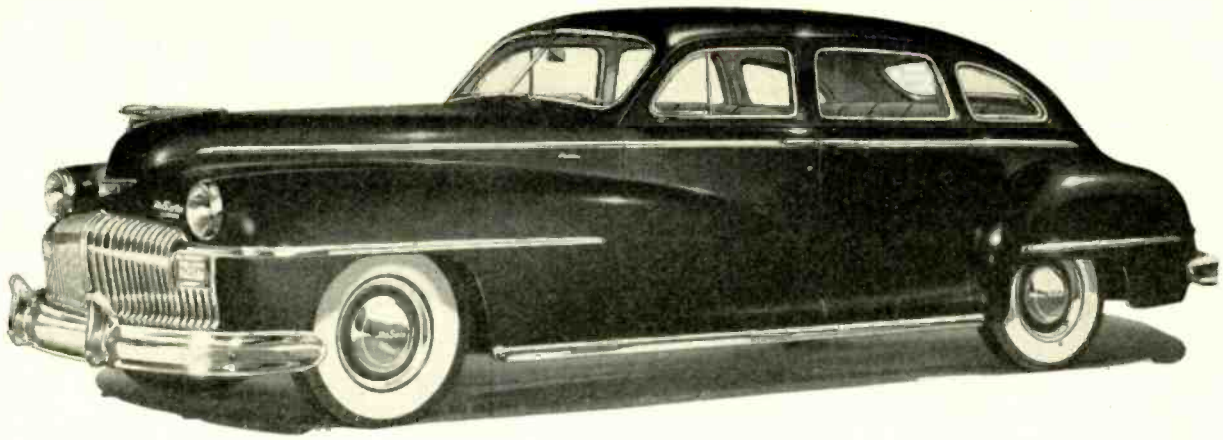
For the inflated prices of fresh fruits & vegetables (normally imported from the U.S., now largely banned) there was

QUEBEC

The Wreck of No. 11

At the tiny flag station of Wykes, C.N.R.'s No. 11, more than an hour late, slid to an unscheduled stop. Bitter cold (−35°) had forced down steam in the engine's boilers; it would take time to get it up again. Because No. 21 was following on the same track, a brakeman set out to light warning flares and set torpedoes. But No. 21, pounding through the early morning fog, was dreadfully close behind. Before the brakeman could light a flare, it had plowed into No. 11.

The last car of the stalled train was a steel sleeper, and the steel held. Ahead was a wood-&-steel day coach; the steel sleeper drove into it like a battering ram. Forty-eight hours later, after relief trains and planes had got to Wykes, near Parent in northern Quebec's lonely logging country, the deaths stood at nine. More than 50 had been injured. It was Quebec's worst railroad wreck, in number of fatalities, in twelve years.



Which car lets you drive without shifting? And of which new car did the sweeping majority of owners (in a nationwide poll) say, "It is the best car I ever owned, *regardless of price*"? Both of these questions have the same answer...

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PEOPLE

Statecraft

The great outdoors' Bernarr Macfadden, 79, scaled his hat into the ring for Governor of Florida. He had no platform yet, said the everlasting strength-through-carrots-and-sex champion, but: "Naturally I will play up in a big way the health angle."

Memphis' boll-headed Boss Ed Crump told the press that he had got a note demanding \$50,000 on pain of death. Crump paid, said he—one cent postage due on the letter. He took a brown grip to a designated spot and left it there for 40 minutes, but nobody came for it. So Crump cleared his throat and read to reporters the contents of the grip: "To the coward perpetrating this dastardly thing: anyone could take a white mouse with baby teeth and run you in the Mississippi River."

North Carolina's Governor Robert Gregg Cherry had automobile trouble. His stately, plump black Packard was one of the first cars to be examined under the state's new compulsory-inspection law. It flunked. Faulty lights.

Russia's Joseph Stalin had his usual amazing political luck: he ran for city deputy of 1) Tiflis, 2) Frunze, 3) Alma Ata, got every last vote cast.

The Restless Foot

Leopold, exiled King of the Belgians, prepared to sail from Lisbon for Cuba as the Belgian Parliament approached the task of deciding whether to take him back or not. He let it be known that he was just taking a little vacation. He might just possibly look in on the U.S.



BERNARR MACFADDEN

Wide World



JUDITH ANDERSON
On Broadway, books.

Philippe Halsman—LIFE

The Duke & Duchess of Windsor, back in Florida to break the back of another winter, were pretty well set: the Duke applied for, and was awarded, his quail-shooting license.

Virginia-born Lady Astor, back in the U.S. for her third visit in two years, would winter in Arizona—and, of course, lecture a little. Her opening statement: "We've got to get Germany back on her feet. It's not only the decent thing to do, but it's a matter of self-preservation."



LADY ASTOR
In Memphis, a mouse.

Acme

The Troubled Heart

Lana Turner, just back from a much-publicized vacation with Café Sportsman Bob Topping, was suspended by M-G-M. Her sin: she had refused to play Dumas' seductive villainess, Milady de Winter, in *The Three Musketeers*. Nevertheless, grumbled the studio, she had drawn a \$25,000 advance on her salary for the vacation. Gossipist Louella Parsons predicted that husky-voiced Lana would be back in harness in 24 hours; but 72 hours later she was still on vacation.

Actress Annabella, wife of Tyrone Power (next-to-next-to-latest friend of Lana), got around to suing for divorce after almost nine years of marriage, 15 months of admitted separation. The day she filed suit, Husband Ty welcomed Actress Linda Christian home from Mexico.

Charles Chaplin felt the pinch of inflation. A Los Angeles court took notice of the cost-of-living increase, ordered him to pay an extra \$25 a week for the support of Carol Ann, his four-year-old daughter by ex-protégée Joan Berry. That meant \$100 every week, instead of \$75.

The Furrowed Brow

Broadway's Judith Anderson, hair-raising star of *Medea* (adapter: Robinson Jeffers), responded to a request by the *Saturday Review of Literature* for a list of her current reading. Besides the collected poems of Robinson Jeffers, Actress Anderson, who plays eight hard shows a week, listed one current novel, a couple of biographies, Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet*, Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain*, Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*, the collected works of Charles Dickens, the collected works of William Shakespeare, James Joyce's *Ulysses*, the Bible.

"No grand, good soldier ever made a



BOSS ED CRUMP

Associated Press



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good politician," generalized General Jonathan Wainwright. He particularized. Eisenhower and MacArthur "are fine soldiers," said he, "and I think it would be a mistake for them to get into politics."

"Should I have the power to order it," declared Belgium's Premier Paul-Henri Spaak, "I would ban any headlines . . . on international affairs bigger than one-half inch." Newspapers, the Premier complained, treat such matters "like crime and other sensational affairs."

"The present is a time of high civilization rapidly declining," reported Poet Robinson Jeffers in the New York Times Magazine. "It is not a propitious period for any of the arts; men's minds are a little discouraged, and are too much occupied with meeting each day's distractions



HAP ARNOLD
In California, fish.

or catastrophe. Yet there is no final reason why great poetry should not be written by someone, even today." The great poet, hazarded Jeffers, would have something to say, and say it clearly—unlike most contemporary poets.

The Bended Knee

In Philadelphia, General Dwight D. Eisenhower got the Poor Richard Club's 1948 Medal of Achievement.

In Manhattan, Brigadier General Carlos P. Romulo, the Philippines' chief U.N. delegate, got a gold medal for distinguished statesmanship from the International Benjamin Franklin Society (ex-High Commissioner Paul V. McNutt called him "the Benjamin Franklin of the Philippines").

In Washington, General Henry H. ("Hap") Arnold paid a call on Harry Truman, cocked a snappy hat over his eye, and went off to shoulder his responsibilities as the newly elected president of the California Fish & Game Commission (salary, none; expense allowance, \$10 a day for not more than five days a month).

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SPORT

Color Line

¶ In California, three Negro professional golfers were barred from the \$10,000 Richmond "open" golf tournament. The local club was willing to let them play, but the all-powerful Professional Golfers' Association, which all the leading pros belong to, has a "Caucasian clause." The three excluded golfers—Ted Rhodes (who taught Joe Louis how to play), Bill Spiller and Madison Gunter—thereupon sued the P.G.A. and the club for \$315,000.

¶ In Oklahoma, a Negro athlete competed against whites, reportedly for the first time in the state's history. He was 6 ft. 6 in. Don Barksdale, an All-America basketball player last year at U.C.L.A. Barksdale scored 17 points, sparked the pro Oakland (Calif.) Bittners to a 45-41 victory over the all-white Phillips Oilers (of Bartlesville, Okla.), who hadn't been defeated in 31 games. The Oklahoma audience cheered him.

Babes in Iceland

Both of them had crossed the Atlantic with European titles on their minds. In Prague's Winter Sports Stadium last week, Canada's 19-year-old Barbara Ann Scott had hers to defend, and New Jersey's 18-year-old Dick Button had his to win.

Just as the music was beginning and Barbara Ann was set to flash onto the ice, the loudspeaker screeched. The racket might have unnerved a lesser competitor. Cool and calm in silver-braided chifon, Barbara Ann waited easily, then, at the first musical note, was off with a sparkle of skates. When the last strain of *Babes in Toyland* had crackled away, and seven international judges had gravely conferred, Barbara Ann Scott was unanimously voted, for the second year in a row, Europe's champion woman figure skater.

Barbara Ann's handlers plainly considered the European championship only a practice workout for her big try in next month's winter Olympics at St. Moritz, Switzerland. But Prague's newspapers burned up a month's supply of flash bulbs photographing her on ice; even the Communist *Rude Pravo* shunted the Greek civil war to an inside page. At the finale, the 12,000 spectators, many of whom had paid scalpers' prices for tickets, cheered hard for "Scottova."

It had proved a tougher contest than Barbara Ann anticipated. A sharp, high wind off the Vltava River (the Moldau) troubled all contestants in the precise school figure events. And a 53° temperature the day before had thawed the ice in the open-air stadium and left it bumpy and irregular, making it hard for the judges to check the tracings of the figures. Barbara Ann finished her school figures out in front—but two of the seven judges had not picked her for first place. Two days later, in the free skating, Barbara Ann easily distanced the competition, boosted her point total to the highest score

(181.66) ever awarded in a Prague rink. Runner-up: Austria's Eva Pawlik.

Last year U.S. Champion Dick Button had come within a blade of winning the men's world figure-skating championship at Stockholm. When the judges picked Hans Gerschwiler of Switzerland instead, Sweden's press had howled: "The best skater lost..." Last week at Prague, in the European men's championship, flashy young Button beat the man who had beaten him. Losing to Gerschwiler in the school figures, Button came from behind to clinch the title by his boldness and abandon in the free skating. That made him the first and last American titleholder (next year all non-European contestants will be barred). Said Gerschwiler: "The best man won."

The crowd self-consciously whistled its approval of Button's triumph. A Prague newspaper had carefully explained beforehand that U.S. crowds whistle when they like something instead of when they don't.

Roughhouse

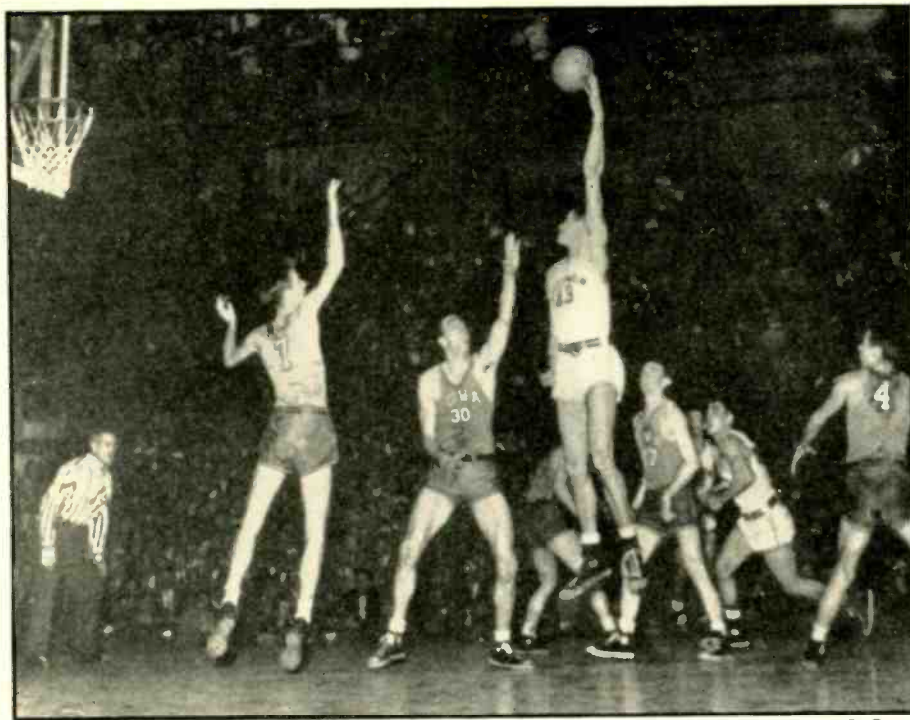
Dr. James Naismith, a gentle Y.M.C.A. official, designed basketball as a "non-contact" game, and wrote 13 rules to bar roughhousing. Gangs of toughs in the '90s used to gather outside gyms to beat up the "sissy" basketball players on their way home. Basketball's inventor, only eight years dead, never dreamed of what the Big Nine would do to his game.

In Madison, Wis. last week, the only teams still undefeated in Big Nine competition went after each other with elbows,



SCOTT & BUTTON
Whistles.

Associated Press



WISCONSIN V. IOWA
Boos.

Monte C. Couch

knees, hands and feet. Officials called 47 fouls and threw four players out of the game. At the final whistle, four more, with four fouls apiece against them, were on their best behavior. A screaming, wildly partisan Wisconsin crowd of 13,000, who regarded booing as a legitimate way to keep warm on a winter night, razzed the visiting Iowans unmercifully, cheered to the rafters every Wisconsin basket.

Shoot! Shoot! Wisconsin's acting Captain Ed Mills shoved an Iowa player 15 feet off the court, into the laps of front-row spectators, and was put out of the game. The crowd booed the referees, cheered Mills. The only Iowan the crowd seemed to respect was catlike little Murray Wier. They remembered too well what happened one night last season, when Wier blazed away continuously without hitting much besides the backboard, and the crowd chanted derisively: "Shoot! Shoot!" Wier kept his temper and changed his luck, piled up 24 points before the game was over. Last week Wier was the night's high scorer, with 20 points. Wisconsin fans even applauded him when he left the game on fouls, the ultimate accolade for a worthy enemy.

S.R.O. Fans being what they are in a cooped-up gymnasium, basketball experts usually give the home team a six-point advantage before it goes out on the court. In the Big Nine, it is more like a ten-point handicap. Wisconsin's first five home games this season have played to S.R.O. fieldhouses (total attendance: 66,700), and the defending Big Nine champions won all five.

They played the hard-driving, football-style game, the hardest in the country. It was all running & shooting, running & shooting, with few set shots. But when Wisconsin's bantam Forward Bobby Cook (last year's Big Nine high scorer) got set

for a push shot, as many as three Wisconsin players lined up in front of him to throw a block on the opposition. Any player knocked off his feet was apt to be raced over by a herd of buffalo in gym shoes. Final score: Wisconsin 60, Iowa 51. After the whistle blew an Iowa player shook his fist furiously at the stands and shouted: "Wait till we get you at Iowa City!"

He didn't have to wait that long. Five nights later Michigan invaded Madison, gave Wisconsin its first conference defeat of the season, 43 to 39.

Honors

Mildred ("Babe") Didrikson Zaharias was chosen 1947's "woman athlete of the year," in the annual A.P. sportwriters' poll. It was the fourth time for the versatile Babe, the third time in a row as a golfer. She was also woman of the year in 1932 (when she broke the Olympic hurdles and javelin records).

Notre Dame's great passing Quarterback Johnny Lujack, who made All-America in 1946 and 1947, won the A.P.'s title as "male athlete of the year." Soon to turn pro, Lujack is one of the four Notre Dame athletes in history who have won four major letters (football, baseball, basketball, track) in a single year. Runners-up to Lujack: Jake Kramer, Joe DiMaggio.

Joe Louis also gained recognition of a sort. The sportwriters rated his performance against Jersey Joe Walcott as the "flop of the year." Off next month to give exhibitions in London, Joe was in for a warm reception. Thirty British Guardsmen (all about 6 ft. and 180 lbs.) have volunteered to serve as his sparring partners. Said a spokesman of the Guards: "If any of them get knocked silly—well, they'll regard it as an honor."

THE STORY OF BOSTON'S FAMED *Parker House*

Plane Talk . . .

On a Boston bound plane recently rode the advertising manager of Boston's famed Parker House. Reflecting as to which of many anecdotes would be most appropriate to use in January's column in *TIME*, he had just about made a decision when he chanced to hear the name of the hotel mentioned by a passenger in the seat behind him. Unconsciously pricking up his ears, he heard the following conversation: — Said the first voice: "This is my first trip to Boston and I've made a reservation at the Parker House,* which I understand is ninety-one years old. Ever been there, and do you know if it's any good?" Came the reply from his seatmate: "Have I ever been there — say, that's my destination right now — always make it my Boston headquarters and so have several generations of my family — and don't get the idea that it's an old building — it's completely modern and you couldn't have made a better choice . . . Like to show you round the place — it's like a second home to me, I'm there so often." Pleased with this first-hand testimony, the Parker House advertising manager decided on the spot that here was as good an anecdote as any under consideration — and felt that in this particular case eavesdropping was excusable.

Growing Young Together . . .

As reported by many an important publication, in the Spring of 1857 a stellar group of litterateurs dined at the Parker House, a new and coming Boston hostelry. Among the diners were sages Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes and Lowell and the talk, blending with fine foods and wines, was of a "new magazine." The "new magazine" was none other than the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Now celebrating its ninetieth anniversary (the Parker House is in its ninety-first year) the *Atlantic Monthly* has cause for pride. As a youngster it truly mirrored the Boston literary mind — today, in new format, it skillfully reflects the mind of a nation. The Parker House is proud of its part in the inauguration of this fine periodical, is happy that it too has progressed with the times, combining the traditions of the past with the modern amenities of gracious living.



*Rooms begin at \$4.00; all have circulating ice-water, bath, 4-network radio. It is suggested that guests make reservations well in advance. When plans are changed notice of cancellation or postponement will be appreciated.

Parker House
BOSTON
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SCIENCE

First Look

Man's greatest and most farseeing eye opened for the first time this week—and saw nothing new. The great 200-in. telescope at Mt. Palomar, weighing 500 tons, swung as smooth as silk on its massive bearings. The astronomers, deliberately avoiding objects of great interest, pointed it at arbitrary spots in the sky, just trying it out. The telescope, they explained, needed a good bit of delicate adjustment before it was ready to take worthwhile pictures.

But it did take pictures of random stars; and the astronomers, though they kept their mouths shut, seemed more starry-eyed than usual after the big telescope's initial performance. The man to whom the moment meant most may have been Astronomer Edwin Powell Hubble, whose specialty is space. Years ago, using the 100-in. telescope on Mt. Wilson, he had explored the known frontiers of the universe. He found a baffling mystery: the distant nebulae (clouds containing billions of stars) seemed to be rushing away from the earth at enormous speed, as if the whole universe were convulsed by one vast explosion.

Why this should be happening (or if it really is happening) Dr. Hubble does not know. The 100-in. telescope could not see far enough to give him the data he needed. The new 200-incher may show Hubble and his fellow men (who live on an earth that is only a speck of dust in one of the nebulae) whether the universe is "exploding"—or doing something quite different.

Plant v. Plant

Most plants are sociable and snuggle up close to plants of other species. But the brittlebush (*Encelia farinosa*) of California and Arizona deserts is a killer that tolerates no neighbors: it always grows alone in a patch of ground bare of potential competitors. Dr. James Frederick Bonner of Caltech has now found out how the brittlebush keeps itself exclusive.

About a year ago, Dr. Bonner and his assistant gathered fallen leaves from under a brittlebush, spread them around the stems of potted tomato plants, and sprinkled them with water. In three or four days, the tomato plants were dead.

Next, Dr. Bonner made a brew of brittlebush leaves and extracted from it a chemical called 3-acetyl-6-methoxybenzaldehyde (AMB for short), which kills several plants, including corn and peppers, but is harmless to the brittlebush and its close relatives. AMB seems to prevent the roots from absorbing water—a very effective way of cutting competition in a water-starved desert.

If AMB can be synthesized cheaply, Dr. Bonner thinks that it may prove a useful "selective weed killer." But he is chiefly interested in it as a proof that peaceful-looking plants can carry on a vicious chemical warfare.

● ENGINEERED IN PLASTICS BY GENERAL ELECTRIC



Beauty in plastics

● Plastics invade the beauty parlor! The popular Vue-gene* hair dryer now employs a handsome plastics shield molded by General Electric for Eugene, Ltd., manufacturers of beauty equipment. Customers like the transparent shield, because it eliminates the "hemmed-in" feeling they get when sitting under an all-metal hair dryer. And General Electric selected a plastics material that resists heat and moisture—to give long and efficient service for this unusual application.

Whatever product *you* make, it's likely that General Electric's complete plastics service can work to advantage for you. General Electric is equipped to design, engineer, and mold

plastics parts to meet your individual requirements. Very often, the results of this unique service include short cuts in production that save you money, improvements in products that help your sales.

If you have a plastics problem—General Electric has the answer. Let G-E plastics "know how" contribute to *your* business. For information, get in touch with your nearest General Electric sales office. Or write for your copy of the interesting free booklet, "Problems and Solutions in Plastics." Plastics Division, Chemical Department, General Electric Company, 1 Plastics Avenue, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

G-E COMPLETE SERVICE—AT NO. 1 PLASTICS AVENUE

Backed by 53 years of experience. We've been designing and manufacturing plastics products since 1894. General Electric research facilities have expanded continually, working to develop new materials, new processes, new applications for plastics parts.

No. 1 Plastics Avenue—complete plastics service—engineering, design, mold-making. G-E industrial designers work with our engineers to create plastics parts, sound and good looking. Skilled mold-makers in G-E toolrooms average over 13 years experience.

All types of plastics. Compression, injection, transfer and cold mold facilities . . . high and low pressure laminating . . . fabricating. G-E Quality Control—a byword in industry, means as many as 160 inspections and analyses for a single plastics part.



GENERAL ELECTRIC

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

General Electric plastics factories are located in Scranton, Pa., Meriden, Conn., Coshocton, Ohio, Decatur, Ill., Taunton and Pittsfield, Mass.

FORECASTING...



A feeling that's mutual

FROM ALLOWAY TO ALBUQUERQUE

Here in Alloway, Robbie Burns, Scotland's immortal poet, was born. Another famous native is that superbly flavoured Scotch, Johnnie Walker . . . product of Scotland's misty climate and clear spring water.

West or east, discriminating tastes always agree on their favourite drinking companion. It's Johnnie Walker, of course! Here's a Scotch of unchallenged superiority . . . smoothly perfect, perfectly mellow—and preferred *everywhere*.



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JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

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Both 86.8 proof



CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y. Sole Importer

ART

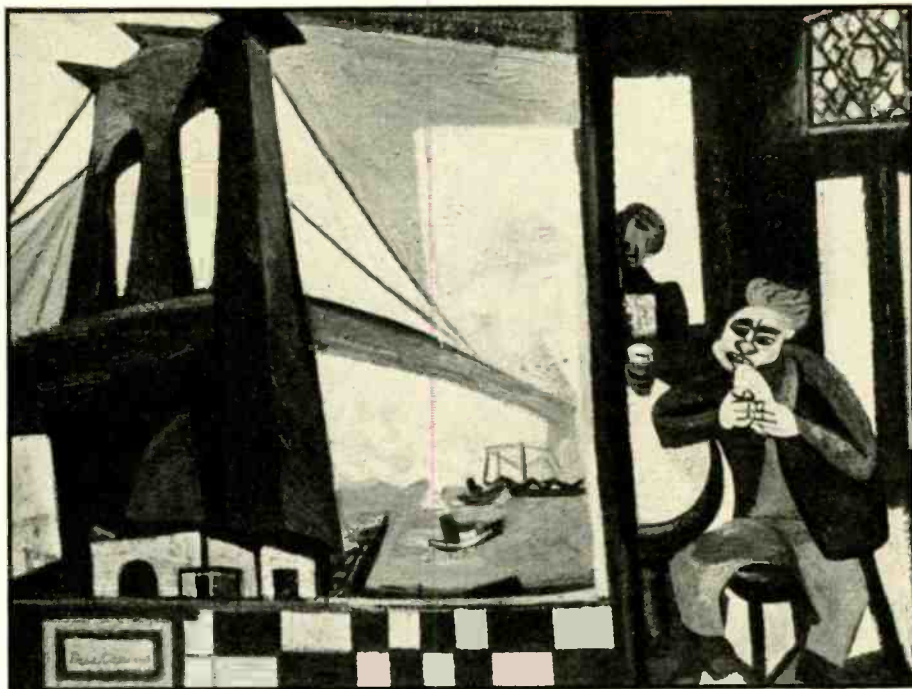
Presto the Pendulum

The shadowy hush of a Manhattan gallery was shattered last week by an exhibition of paintings as bright and loud as taxis in a traffic jam. They represented the latest phase in the work of a small, dark, earnest artist named Gregorio Prestopino (his friends call him Presto), who swings like a slow pendulum between abstraction and realism.

Presto was still painting trucks, trains, and street scenes dominated by grinning workmen, but now he had taken to stretching or crumpling men and machines alike to fit the feverish geometry of his pictures, and smearing them with yellow, pink, orange and icy green. At their worst, the results were as irritatingly raucous as the squawk of a stuck horn; at their best they showed why Presto, at 40, is considered among the most forceful of the "younger artists" in the U.S.

Born in Manhattan's dingy lower East Side, Presto started painting in a neighborhood boys' club, won a scholarship to the National Academy of Design when he was 14. He spent the next six years painting at the academy from models, a practice which he now thinks is likely to be a waste of time. "When I left school," says Presto, "I had no idea what art was about. Now I teach a couple of nights a week, and let my students use models only half the time. If you always need a model, you might as well be a photographer."

Like many a contemporary artist, Presto believes that the camera has made purely representational painting pointless. It has taken him quite a while to decide just how a man should paint these days. "I found I was standing still, and I swung from slick, illustrative stuff to highly patterned designs," he says. "I still used the



PRESTOPINO'S "MEN AND IMAGES"
Sandwiches by the bridge.

ACA Gallery

people and things around me, but I made them conform. Then after a while I found I was losing the humanity, so I swung back to a more realistic approach. Of course abstract painting is easier, but that can become an academy too."

Presto lives in Brooklyn with his wife and two children, and takes the subway every day to his studio, which is almost under Brooklyn Bridge (the bridge dominates the show's best painting, *Men and Images*). The bridge, says Presto, is "a terrific structure, with wonderful rhythm and line. And down there the longshoremen hang around, eating their big Italian sandwiches. I like those guys, and they know me. When they want a sign painted, I do it for them."

Otherwise

"I quite agree with you," said the Duchess; "and the moral of that is—'Be what you would seem to be'—or, if you'd like it put more simply—'Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise.'"

—Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

The hideous Flemish masterpiece, newly acquired by London's National Gallery, looked strangely familiar. Probably, said the National Gallery experts last week, Illustrator John Tenniel had used it as the model for the Duchess in *Alice*. Flemish Master Quentin Matsys (1466-1530), who had painted the original, had intended it as a caricature of Margaret (nicknamed "Pocket-mouth"), Countess of Tyrol. About the only change Tenniel made, agreed the *London News Chronicle*, was to add "ermine to the headdress and sausage curls to the forehead." Otherwise little was otherwise.

Hubard the Unhappy

Americans are apt to think of surrealism as a European disease which has only recently infected the U.S. Actually, U.S. surrealists have always been lurking about.

In Richmond this week, two museums were showing the work of an odd painter named William James Hubbard, who died there in 1862. Hubbard had painted gloomy but perfectly proper portraits of Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay and Richmond belles for a living; evenings he turned his hand to what he called "Gothick" fantasies. A few, like his *Silent Violinist* (see cut), were weird enough to recall his melancholy contemporary, Edgar Allan Poe.

Hubard's past was as shadowy as his



National Gallery—London
MATSYS' "COUNTESS"



The Complete Works of Lewis Carroll (Random House)
TENNEL'S "DUCHESS"

Curls by the imitator.

Perfection in Champagne
Since 1785



PIPER-HEIDSIECK

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art. He assured his Richmond neighbors that he was "an Englishman of good descent." Looking at his tangled hair and piercing eye, people thought he might be a gypsy. He had arrived in Manhattan at 17, with one Mr. Smith who set him up as a silhouettist on Broadway. Admission to the "Hubard Gallery" (50¢) had entitled visitors to "see the Exhibition and obtain a correct Likeness in Bust cut by Master Hubard who without the least aid from Drawing Machine or any kind of outline but merely by a glance at the Profile and with a pair of Common Scissors instantly produces a Striking and Spirited Likeness."

No one knows just when Hubard stopped scissoring and began painting, or when he parted from Mr. Smith. He did rather well as an itinerant portraitist, and even better after he had married into Virginia society and settled down in Richmond.




Valentine Museum, Richmond
HUBARD'S "SILENT VIOLINIST"
In the shadows.

One of his patrons, Richmond Poetaster Mann Valentine (whose minor and forgotten writings he illustrated) tried to put the successful young painter under a microscope. Hubard, Valentine wrote, was "small, delicate looking, black hair, brown eyes, harelip, Roman nose, large mouth; strongly marked features:—when quiet—painful, sad, and thoughtful; when he laughs it is hysterical and rarely with a hearty guffah."

His end was almost as strange as his beginning. At 46, Hubard became obsessed with the notion that Houdon's marble bust of George Washington ought to be cast in bronze. He built his own foundry, spent seven years and all his savings to make six reproductions of the bust. At the start of the Civil War he tried to recoup his losses by turning his foundry into a Confederate arsenal. He began experimenting with explosives and blew himself up.

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Sensationally Different

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HERE IT IS...superbly styled, and with its triple functions expertly engineered by Sunroc. Generous ice-cube compartment; ample refrigerated storage-space; an unfailing source of properly chilled drinking water.

Sunroc leadership was never more apparent than in this strikingly modern, supremely efficient and convenient combination cooler...an auxiliary refrigerator for the home and a real necessity in the office. Write Dept. T-1 for full information.

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"SUNROC SERVES THE WORLD...a cool drink of water"

RADIO

The Radio Set

Trumpet-voiced Benay Venuta (real name: Benvenuta Crooke) had come a long way from the San Francisco wharf-side where she sang in the '20s. She has had a Broadway career (as a sort of second-run Ethel Merman) and a few big scenes in the movies. This week, at 36, Benay will step up to a microphone and a new career in radio as quizzer on a parents *v.* children stunt called *Keeping Up with the Kids* (Sat. 8:30 p.m. E.S.T., Mutual). The show calls for no singing, but that's all right with Benay. "I hope to grow into old character woman parts," she explains.

Canada Lee, one of Broadway's top ranking Negro actors (*Native Son*, *The Tempest*), turned disc jockey for Manhattan's WNEW. But he wasn't saying why: "One doesn't admit that one would like to make money."

Lean, velvet-voiced Eric Sevareid quit as CBS's Washington bureau chief to give full time to newscasting, and tossed a few hard words over his shoulder: "Radio reporting is superficial [and] sloppy. The stream runs purer than in newspaper reporting but not so deep. Radio reporters...know that they won't be able to use more than a few lines in most stories [so] they quit digging. I think I'd be happier writing for print."

Wit-Snapper Arthur ("Too Fat") Godfrey, CBS's earlybird disc jockey, spotted an unexplained washing machine in his studio one morning last week, casually gave it away to a woman in the studio audience. CBS's *Winner Take All*, which had been storing the washer in the studio, promptly cried thief. Grumped Godfrey: "That'll teach 'em to keep their junk off my show."

The Inattentive Audience

About two-thirds of radio families do not use their receivers during the average quarter-hour of the average day.

—Audience Surveys, Inc.

What on earth could be interesting enough to keep people away from their radios? Audience Surveys recently tried to find out by asking Boston housewives why they didn't listen from 5 to 9 a.m. Some 54% said that they were just too busy sleeping or working at those hours. Other replies:

"I used to listen until I burned the food several times."

"It makes me nervous."

"It's been raining and I did not care to hear about the weather."

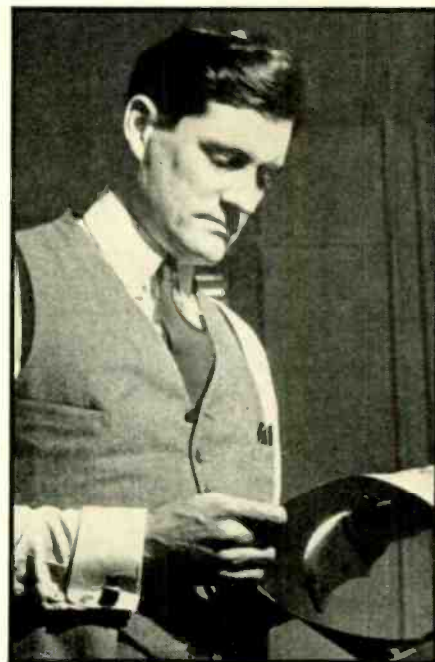
"I never thought of it."

"I have some consideration for my fellow humans."

"I have to use the plug for the washing machine."

"I detest radio commercials."

"We sort of enjoy conversation among ourselves."



ERIC SEVAREID

"I think I'd be happier..."

Progress

Television was having a serious flirtation with the movies. NBC, making television's first major dicker for films (which are as essential to television as records are to radio), signed a five-year deal with Jerry Fairbanks, Inc., a Hollywood producer of shorts (*Popular Science*, *Unusual Occupations*). Fairbanks would produce for NBC "first-class films of all types and lengths." All films will run a few minutes shorter than the allotted air time—leaving plenty of room for a message from the sponsor.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Jan. 23. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

Information Please (Fri. 9:30 p.m., Mutual). Guests: Cinemactor James Mason and his cinemactress-wife, Pamela Kellino.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). Wagner's *Die Walküre*, with Lauritz Melchior and Helen Traubel.

Philadelphia Orchestra (Sat. 5 p.m., CBS). Mendelssohn's *Italian Symphony*, Mozart's *Violin Concerto in A Major*. Soloist: Violinist Jacques Thibaud. Conductor: Alexander Hilsberg.

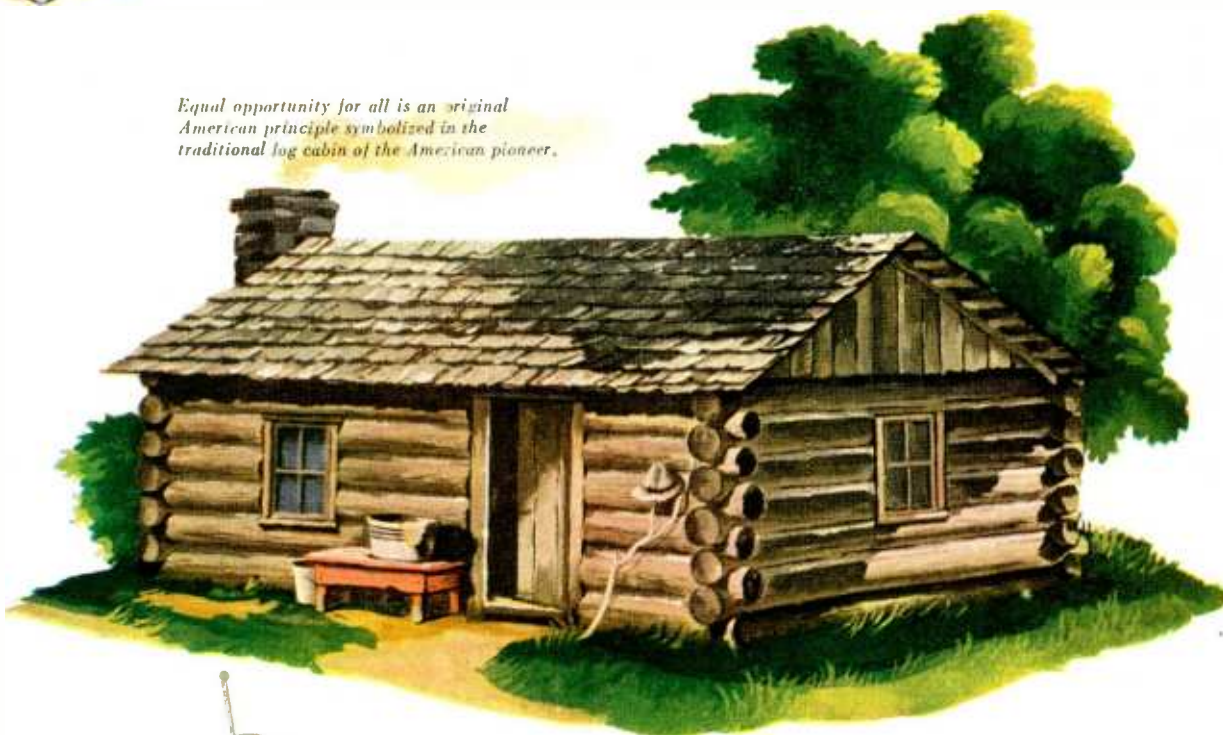
NBC Symphony (Sat. 6:30 p.m., NBC). U.S. premières of Templeton Strong's *Paraphrase on a Choral from Hassler*, for Strings and Bohuslav Martinu's *Fifth Symphony*. Conductor: Ernest Ansermet.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 3 p.m., CBS). Beethoven's *Fourth Symphony*, Haydn's *Ninety-Fifth Symphony*, Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*. Conductor: Bruno Walter.



American Originals

Equal opportunity for all is an original American principle symbolized in the traditional log cabin of the American pioneer.



Seagram's *Ancient Bottle* Gin is an American Original...the first basic improvement in gin making in 300 years. See the difference, because it's naturally golden. Taste the difference because this original and unique process makes it naturally smoother, naturally dry-est.

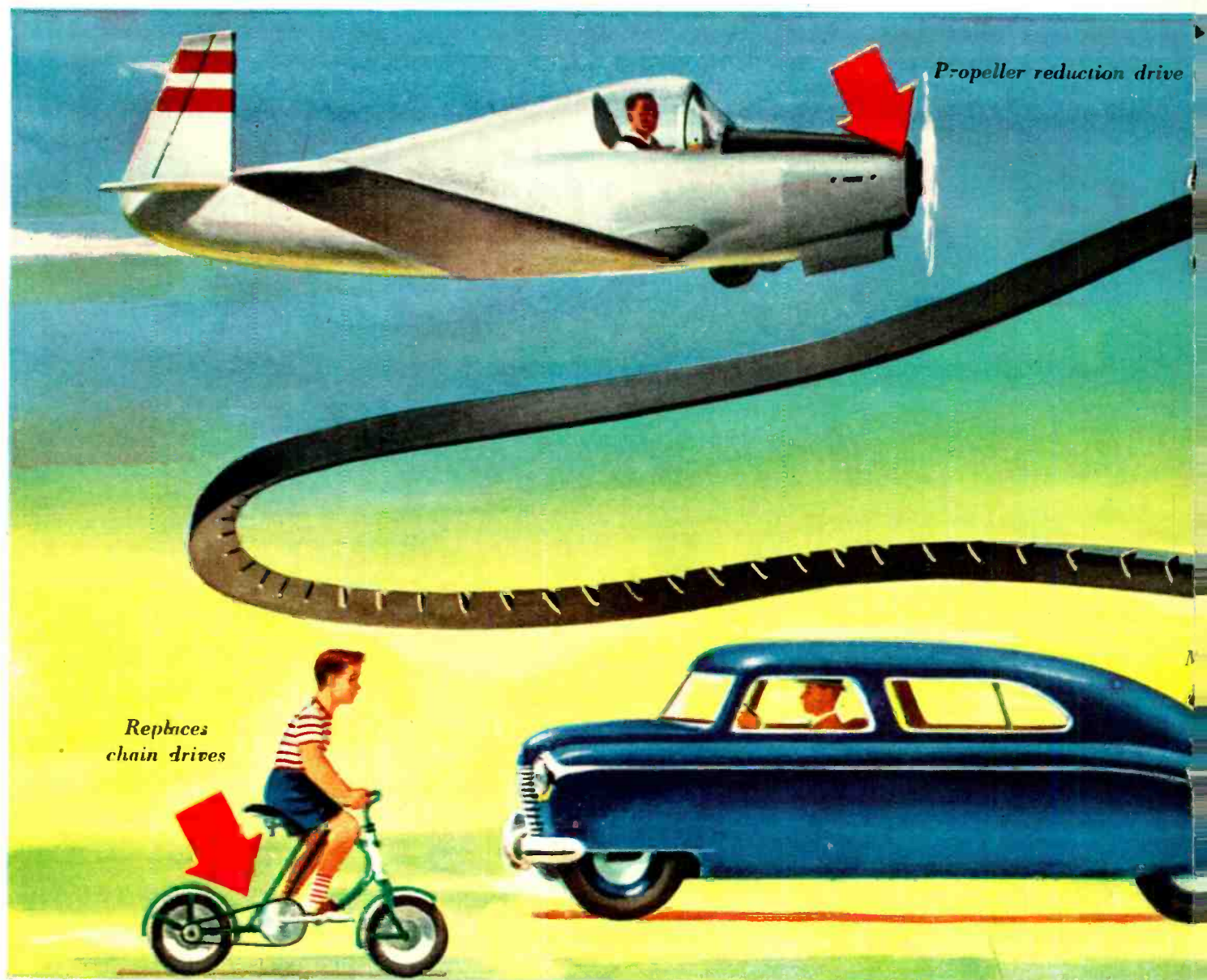


The famous Original "Ancient Bottle" will soon be back. Watch for it!

Seagram's *Ancient Bottle* Gin

DISTILLED DRY

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN, 90 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y.



Look what engineers are

with this new streamlined **WEDGE Belt**

Airplanes, Bikes, Precision Tools are some of the varied types of machines that are replacing chains, gears, and other standard power transmissions with the revolutionary belt you see pictured above. It is Goodyear's new streamlined "Wedge" belt that is 43% narrower than conventional V-belts of equal horsepower rating — the *lightest, most compact, super-efficient drive ever developed*.

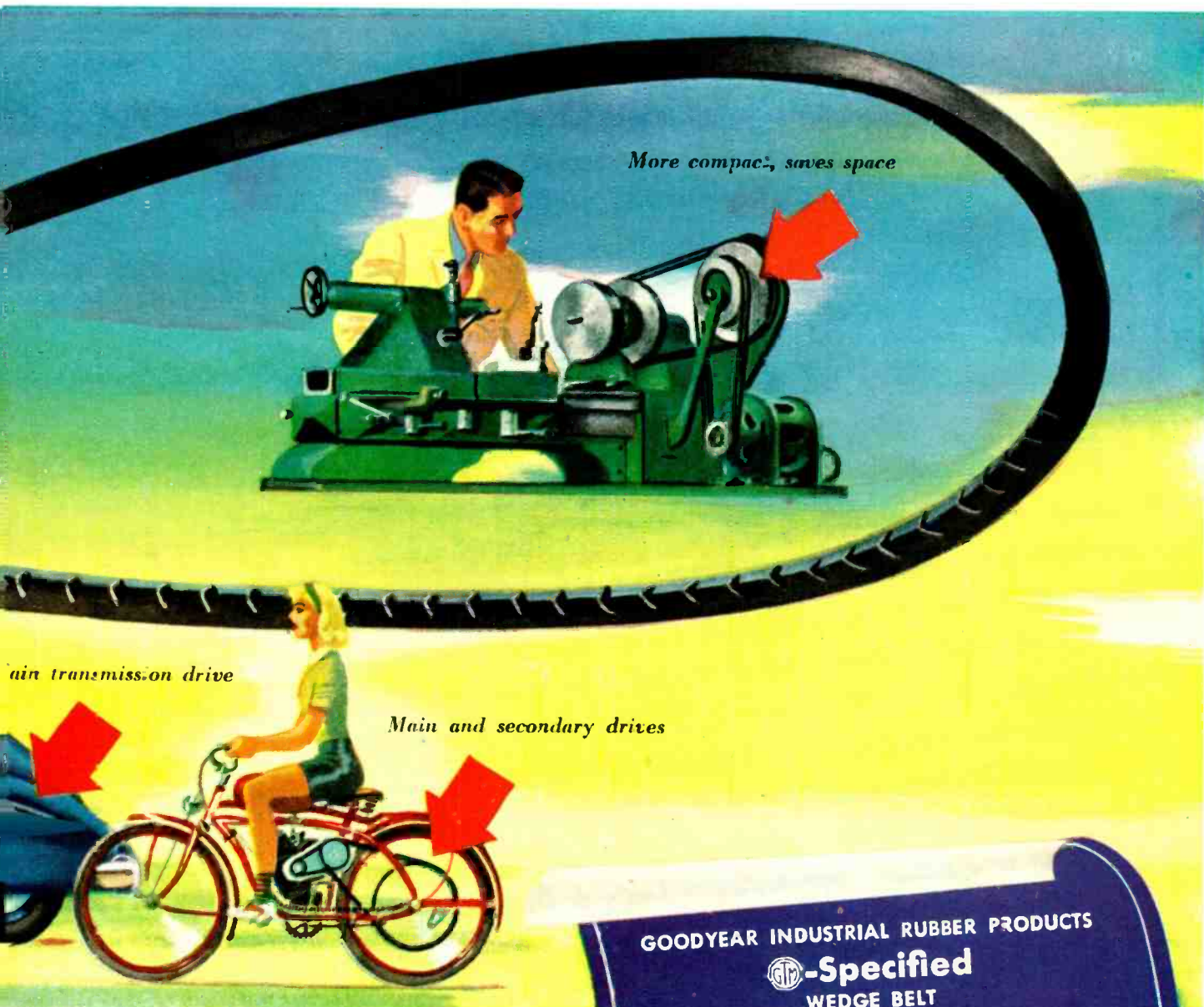
You can see why in the blueprint at the right. As you know, V-belts pull through the wedging action of their toed-in sides (A-A₁). The wide trapezoidal body (B) serves only to support the load-carrying cords (C) — and the heavier the horsepower

load, the wider belts have had to be, with corresponding increase in size and weight of pulleys and bearings.

Looking at this problem, it struck the G. T. M. — Goodyear Technical Man — that this non-working "fat" between the two pulling surfaces could be eliminated by the use of stronger load carriers. After many experiments he found the answer in specially processed, high-flex steel or synthetic fiber cords of such super-strength that belt width could be cut more than 40% without reducing load capacity. Truly wedge-shaped, this new belt is fully supported in a

narrower pulley groove. Its notched design gives great flexibility for operation over small pulleys.

Some amazing new uses — The Mooney M-18 single-engine airplane is powered by a 4,500 r.p.m. auto engine, driving the propeller directly through four Goodyear Wedge belts at a 1:2.05 reduction ratio, eliminating heavy reduction gears. Machine designers are finding it makes for more compact, simpler, space-saving drives. Progressive automobile manufacturers are already using the Goodyear Wedge belt on auto fan drives and, along with bicycle and



More compact, saves space

Main transmission drive

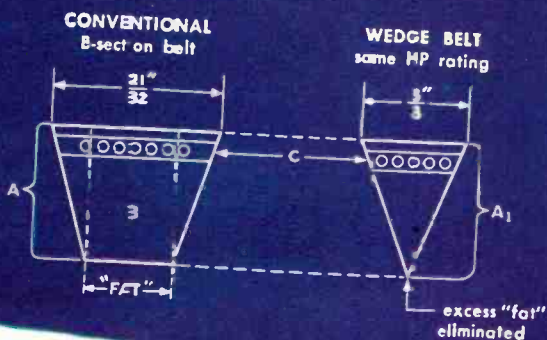
Main and secondary drives

doing

motor bike manufacturers, are experimenting with its great economy and simplicity as a main transmission drive.

Where to use it — To take advantage of Goodyear Wedge belts, new, narrower pulleys are required. Where excess shaft distortion and oversize drives are a problem, the cost of a chargeover will be quickly repaid. In designing new machines, engineers will find it well worth while to investigate the many economies possible with this revolutionary belt. For full data, write: Goodyear, V-Belt Sales Dept., Akron 16, Ohio or Los Angeles 54, California.

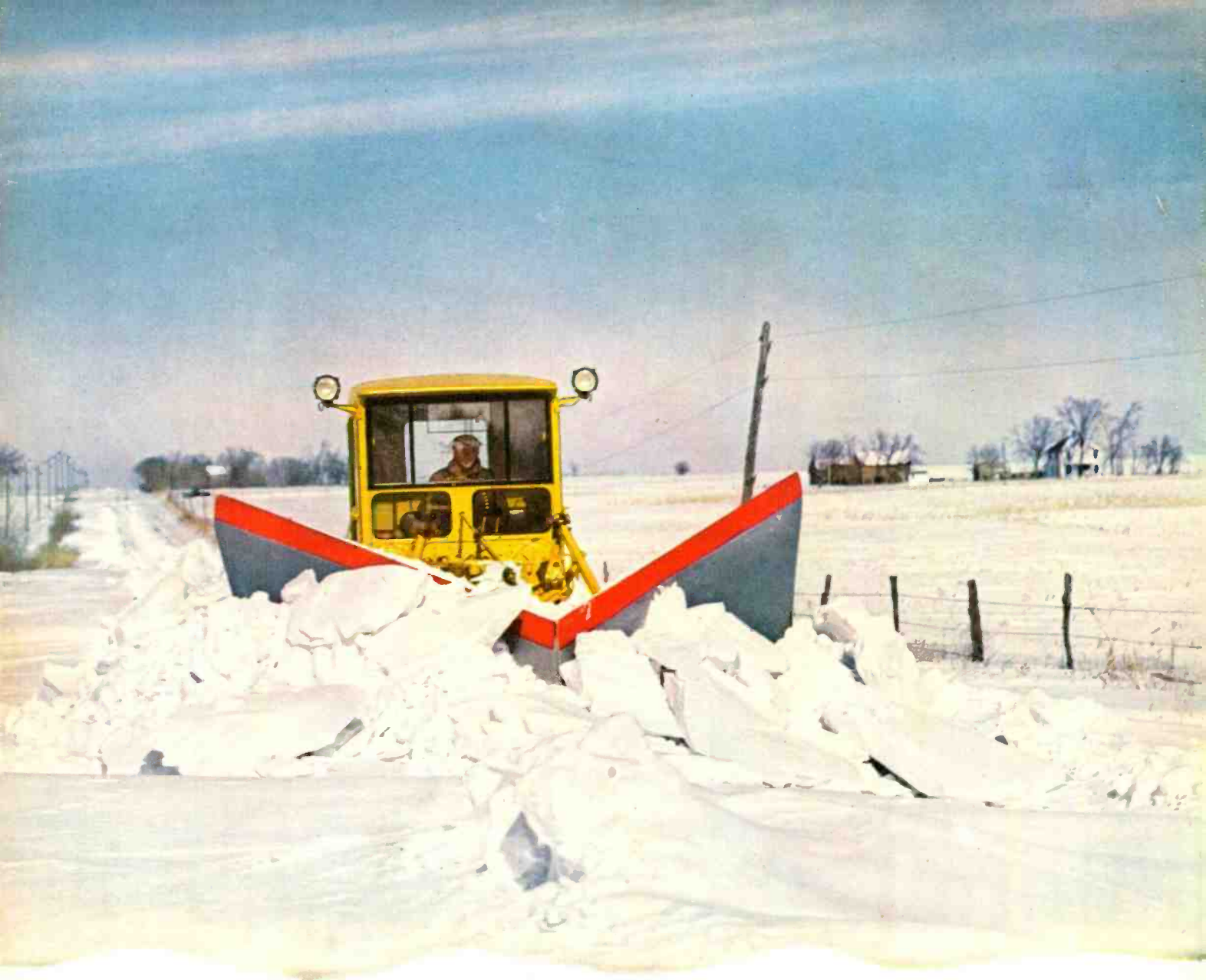
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THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER



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When winter blizzards sweep out of the north, and drifting snow packs neck-deep on the highways, most men and machines stay indoors.

But not the road crews and their "Caterpillar" Diesel Motor Graders. All day and all night they're out there fighting the storm—bucking through the drifts—clearing lanes for traffic. Almost before

the snow stops falling, the cars can start rolling again.

Snow removal is just one of the jobs done faithfully and efficiently by these sturdy machines, day after day, and every day. They build new roads and keep them in good repair the year 'round. They're on the public payroll in thousands of localities, and no state, county or municipal servant

could deliver more for the taxpayers' money.

Ruggedly built, for hard, continuous work, "Caterpillar" Diesel Motor Graders have turned in records of as many as 35,000 hours of dependable performance! Their long, profitable work-life is backed by dealer service second to none in the heavy machinery field.

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO., PEORIA, ILLINOIS

CATERPILLAR DIESEL

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GOOD ROADS, THINK OF THE BIG
YELLOW MACHINES THAT BUILD THEM

ENGINES
TRACTORS
MOTOR GRADERS
EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

MEDICINE

Skunk Chaser

Last week, 48 hours after he was named medical director of the Veterans Administration, six-foot, 63-year-old Dr. Paul Budd Magnuson came out of his corner fighting. He announced that he was sending to the American Medical Association a list of private physicians suspected of overcharging the Government for treating veteran outpatients.

Said Dr. Magnuson: "I will name the men I suspect because I want to find out whether each man is a skunk or what the circumstances are." A.M.A. trustees, he added, have promised cooperation; they had just signed an editorial in the A.M.A.'s *Journal* denouncing physicians who take rebates.

Dr. Magnuson, an orthopedic surgeon, succeeds Major General Paul R. Hawley. He helped Dr. Hawley reorganize VA's medical department. Now Dr. Hawley, in addition to his new job of unifying the Blue Cross and Blue Shield insurance plans (*TIME*, Jan. 19), will help him by staying on as special assistant and adviser to the VA.

Stop, Look & Love

A man inherits the color of his eyes, say scientists, through the little heredity-carriers called genes. Leopold Szondi, a lively 65-year-old Hungarian psychiatrist, goes much farther than that. He believes that the genes also control the kind of subconscious mind a person has, and what is in it.

The all-important genes, Szondi says, determine people's lives & loves. In the field of romance, like attracts like—to disaster. Lovers with bad mental and emotional characteristics, caused by "sick" genes, should avoid marrying people with the same type of bad genes. An apparently

healthy man with a schizophrenic grandmother, Szondi claims, is likely to fall in love with a girl whose ancestors suffered from the same kind of insanity. Their children, of course, would inherit a double dose of gene-damnation.

For Lovers. Psychiatrist Szondi knows no way of curing sick genes. But he believes that he can act as a sort of Dorothy Dix of dementia. With a test he has devised, he hopes to spot latent mental illnesses and warn gene-crossed lovers against compounding their illnesses by marriage. The test is made with photographs: a scientifically selected rogues' gallery of insanity.

After ten years of experiment, Szondi picked out from the archives of prisons and insane asylums some "typical" photographs of criminals, psychotics and other odd mental types. He has 48 photographs in all, divided into six sets. Each set of photographs (*see cut*) contains the face of 1) an epileptic; 2) a manic depressive in a depressed state; 3) a manic depressive in a manic state; 4) a sadist; 5) a catatonic (completely withdrawn) schizophrenic; 6) a paranoid (active, with delusions of persecution) schizophrenic; 7) a homosexual; 8) a hysteric.

In the test, the patient studies each set of eight photographs, and picks out the two faces that seem "most attractive" and the two that seem "most repellent." The test-taker is asked to run through the strange, leering faces again & again, perhaps as often as ten times. His choices, blocked in on a complicated scorecard like a crossword puzzle blank, are revealing to the psychiatrist. The filled-in squares on the scorecard can be translated into signs of "conflict" in the four fundamental fields of sexuality, emotional control, "ego structure" (estimate and control of self)



SZONDI'S EIGHT TYPES

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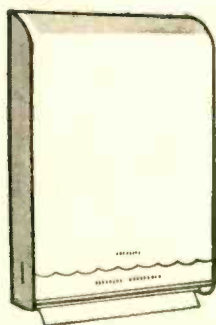
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and "object relationship" (adjustment to reality).

For Murderers. In crime detection, the test would not necessarily reveal the murderer among a group of suspects; but Szondi believes that he could eliminate people whose unconscious would never allow them to commit murder. The test, he thinks, would also reveal those whose unconscious makes them capable of murder. In ordinary use, Szondi says, the test will furnish "an X-ray picture of the psychic structure" of the patient, reveal "the hereditary content of the unconscious." It can also act as a warning to an engaged couple that their choices of pictures reveal latent sick genes so similar that marriage would be dangerous.

Szondi's tests have already been introduced into the U.S. In Manhattan, Mrs. Suzan Koroszy-Deri, his onetime clinical assistant at the University of Budapest (Szondi was driven out by the Nazis in 1944), gives a weekly seminar on the subject in City College. The Menninger Clinic at Topeka, Kans. also uses the tests. Szondi recently published a clinical handbook, *Experiments in Impulse Diagnosis* (Hans Huber Verlag; Bern). Last week in Switzerland, he was waiting in his Zurich apartment for reactions from U.S. and European psychiatrists.

First reactions: Szondi's theories about inheritance of the subconscious are of doubtful value, but his tests may prove useful in the hands of well-trained technicians. The tests may even become as important as the Rorschach tests, in which the patient is asked to say what he "sees" in ink blots.

The Man Who Ticks

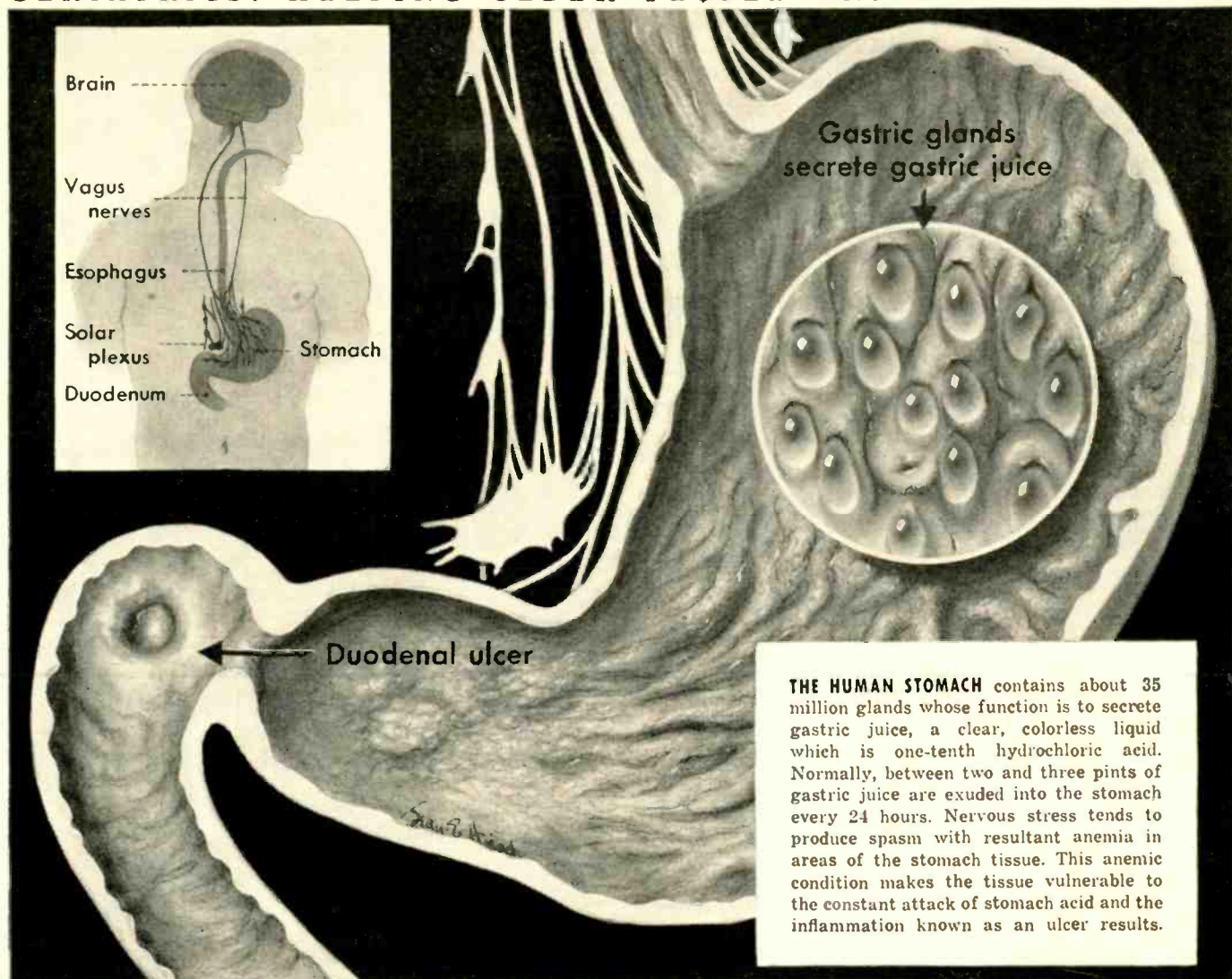
People who hear a ringing, hissing or ticking in their own ears are suffering from a fairly common complaint called tinnitus (caused by inflammation of the middle ear, drugs, head injuries, neuroses). Tinnitus is generally "subjective" (only the victim hears the ticking).

Sanky Flynn, 30-year-old textile mill-worker of Greensboro, N.C., has a rare tinnitus that is "objective": in a quiet room, other people can hear his right ear ticking three feet away,* his left ear also ticks, but not so loudly. Flynn's ears tick every 15 seconds.

Long since used to his odd ailment, Flynn grew up with the nickname "Tick Tock." He did not think there was anything particularly unusual about it until he read of another case. Flynn served in the Navy during the war, and Navy doctors suggested no cure.

He said last week that he is not interested in a cure: he is doing fine and has not been sick in the past twelve years. Between 8,000 and 9,000 people, he reported proudly, have stopped him to say: "Let me hear you tick." Flynn is always happy to oblige.

* In J. M. Barrie's *Peter Pan*, the hungry crocodile that had swallowed an eight-day clock went "tick, tick, tick, tick" loud enough to warn Captain Hook of its approach. The crocodile eventually got him anyway; defeated by Peter Pan, the pirate threw himself into the crocodile's waiting jaws.



Longer life for people past 40

About one in every ten Americans now living will at some time have an ulcer. In most cases the ulcer will be of the duodenal type, illustrated above; the gastric ulcer is less common.

Once stubbornly resistant to treatment and a serious threat to health, an ulcer can today be permanently cured and the patient restored to comfortable, enjoyable living.

An ulcer usually results from excessive flow of the stomach's acid-containing digestive juices. It is now recognized that nervous tension, worry, and emotional strain, even more than food and drink, stimulate the flow of these juices. Therefore, effective treatment of an ulcer often calls for teamwork by physician, psychiatrist, and surgeon.

The physician, by determining that the ulcer is of the duodenal type, can reassure those who fear cancer, for the duodenal ulcer is rarely, if ever, cancerous. The psychiatrist, by

learning the source of mental stress, may remove the basic cause of the ailment. And the surgeon, if need be, can now safely clear up even the most critical and far-advanced ulcer cases through application of remarkable new techniques.

Many ulcers have their onset in the 20s or early 30s, becoming acute some years later. That is why the welcome relief now available represents another outstanding advance in geriatrics, the science of helping older people enjoy life longer. Heart trouble, kidney diseases, diabetes, anemia and many others are being mastered through application of "miracle drugs" and new surgical techniques. As a result, the 40-year

old man or woman today can, on the average, count on at least 30 more years of pleasure and accomplishment.

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THE PRESS

What's a Professional, Pop?

Is journalism a profession, a trade, a game or a 6% investment? H. L. Mencken once gave his answer: "A journalist still lingers in the twilight zone, along with the trained nurse, the embalmer, the rev. clergy and the great majority of engineers. . . . [He] remains, for all his dreams, a hired man . . . and the hired man is not a professional man."

In Washington last week, the Wage & Hour Division was mooting the question again. It was trying to determine whether journalists are "professionals," thus not entitled to overtime pay.

Said Cranston Williams, general manager of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association: "Journalism has grown, as the professions of law and medicine grew. It is now a full-fledged profession."

Said Sam Eubanks, executive vice president of the C.I.O. American Newspaper Guild: the realistic test is salary. If a professional can't get overtime, only those making over \$500 a month should be called professionals.

Even the journalism schools could not agree. Missouri's Dean Frank Luther Mott sided with the A.N.P.A.; Ralph L. Crosman of the University of Colorado leaned towards the Guild. As for working newsmen, few were likely to yearn for professional status if it meant no overtime pay.

Invitation to Critics

As the principal watchdog in the house of freedom, the U.S. press feels free to bark at anybody. And critics who call it to heel can expect to get bitten. As a result, thought Managing Editor James S. Pope of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, the press is spoiled: in its daily performance there is much to criticize, but there is little sound criticism of the press. Last week Editor Pope went recruiting for knowing critics.

A newspaper's claim to the protection of the First Amendment, Pope told a University of Michigan audience, rests on its role as a common carrier of vital information: "Nevertheless, hundreds of newspapers habitually carry this information . . . in the most horribly butchered and distorted form."

"I know of publishers, honorable men, who cast out of their shop patently dishonest advertising, yet their front pages are a mass of dishonest eight-column streamers nearly every day. Some papers feel the compulsion to propagate their owner's social, political and economic ideas in their news columns, unaware that freedom should include freedom of news from color and distortion."

Readers are not much help as critics, said Editor Pope, who felt that most casual comment on the press is ignorant and irrelevant. But, he said, "someone is going to pioneer in the new art-science of measuring and revealing the box score of the press, and I suspect it will be a uni-

versity. . . ." He hoped it would be a number of universities.

"I'd like to see appointed [as a start] a University of Michigan committee to make the first academic study of individual newspapers, and to grade them closely on performance of their perpetual obligation to present a balanced and unbiased and intelligible picture of human affairs day by day. . . . Editorial pages should be analyzed for clarity and breadth of mind; financial pages for the general accuracy of the gobbledegook they use for English; columnists for evidence of hardened minds or ulterior influences."

Editor Pope did not think the press



Billy Davis—Louisville *Courier-Journal*
EDITOR POPE

Needed: a box score.

would like what he proposed: "Thin-skinned people suffer a lot but they are prone to improve. . . . Your victims will respect you, and accord you whatever praise and gratitude you may earn."

Russian Journal

In London's Savoy Hotel, John Steinbeck overheard a Chicago *Tribune* man snort: "Capa, you have *absolutely no integrity!*" That wartime remark, says Steinbeck, "intrigued me—I was fascinated that anybody could get so low that a Chicago *Tribune* man could say such a thing. I investigated Capa, and I found out it was perfectly true." Photographer Robert Capa and Author Steinbeck became great friends.

Last March, in a Manhattan bar, they met again. Over two drinks they decided to go to Russia to record, not the political news, but the private life of private Russians. Last week, in the New York *Herald Tribune* (which had jumped at the chance to pay their way) and in twoscore other U.S. and foreign papers, the first chapters

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*BONUS: "Something given in addition to what is usual or strictly due." — Webster's Dictionary

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Keystone

STEINBECK & CAPA
Between acrobats and seals.

of their *Russian Journal* appeared. According to plan, they had brought back no headlines but an unexcited (and sometimes unexciting) report that, like any proof that the Russians are people after all, would make the brazen voice of the Kremlin all the more disheartening.

Waifs from the West. The Soviets admitted them—with some misgivings about Capa (who, in any country, talks and looks like an enemy alien) and his cameras. "The camera is one of the most frightening of modern weapons," says Steinbeck, "and a man with a camera is suspected and watched." To a polite, but suspicious young man at VOKS, the cultural relations office in Moscow, they tried to explain their mission.

"Your own most recent work," the Russian told the hulking, hearty Steinbeck, "seems to us cynical." Steinbeck explained the job of a writer was to set down his time as he understood it. He tried to make clear the unofficial standing of writers in America: "They are considered just below acrobats and just above seals." Eventually, Capa & Steinbeck were given an interpreter and approval to go to the Ukraine, Stalingrad and Georgia, where the interpreter himself needed an interpreter. They went by air, always in U.S.-built C-47s, and never found a stewardess who did anything but carry pink soda water and beer to the pilots. In restaurants, of all places, they found red tape as endless as spaghetti.

Energy from Hope. Amid the ruins of Kiev, they found German prisoners helping clear up the rubble. "One of the few justices in the world," wrote Steinbeck. "And the Ukrainian people do not look at them. They turn away. . . ." At the museum there were crowds staring wistfully at plaster models of the future Kiev. "In Russia it is always the future that is thought of. It is the crops next year . . . the clothes that will be made very soon. If

ever a people took energy from hope. . . ."

In the fields around shell-pocked Shevchenko, they found cheerful bands of women picking cucumbers. They were barefoot, "for shoes are still too precious to use in the fields." Everywhere, they found dogged, friendly people, willing to share their bread and cabbage, anxious to hear about America and full of misconceptions about it, instilled by the Russian press. Again & again they were asked: "Will the U.S. attack us?" Again & again they had to explain why the U.S. does not believe in controlling its press or regimenting its people.

Capa was refused permission to shoot the antlike activity at the Stalingrad tractor plant (and later had 100 of his 4,000 negatives confiscated). They came home convinced that the Soviets, who keep the permanent foreign correspondents cooped up in Moscow, have the world's worst sense of public relations. "The Embassy people and the [regular] correspondents feel alone, feel cut off, they are island people in the midst of Russia, and it is no wonder that they become lonely and bitter," Steinbeck wrote. "But if it had been part of our job to report news as they must, then . . . we too could never have left Moscow."

Poisoned Ivy

Colonel Robert R. McCormick, of Chicago, hates and mistrusts the U.S. "alien East." Disturbing tales about the Ivy League colleges have lately come to the Colonel's receptive ears. Said his *Chicago Tribune* last week: "Are these big eastern colleges teaching Americanism or internationalism?" To get the answers, the *Tribune* dispatched Eugene Griffin, a foreign (Ottawa-based) correspondent.

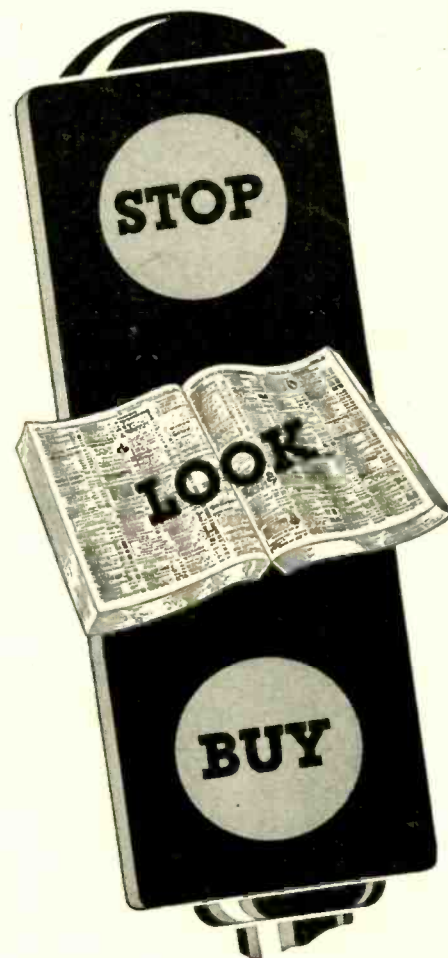
What Griffin found out filled 24 Varityped columns as the *Trib's* first "exposé" of the year. The Ivy League, wrote Griffin, was "infested with pedagogic termites. . . . Harvard makes almost a fetish of permitting radicalism to flourish, and a visitor is impressed by the prevailing spirit that 'revolution is wonderful!'"

A Harvard janitor told him that the students were no redder than 20 years ago, and that "of course, we've always had a few nuts on the faculty." But Griffin viewed with alarm the Nieman Foundation, the *Crimson* (which he thought aptly named), and Author Vera Micheles Dean, for "suppressing the uglier aspects" of Communism in her course on the U.S.S.R. (The *Crimson* tartly pointed out that Mrs. Dean was not even teaching at Harvard; she is due to begin next month.)

At Princeton, Reporter Griffin found that the dangerous "ism" was Anglicism. His proof: Princeton had sent more Rhodes scholars (72) to Oxford than either Harvard (51) or Yale (48).

Only Yale, from which Bertie McCormick had graduated in 1903, was still undefiled. Said the old school *Trib*: "The most striking trait of [Yale] university is 'democracy' . . . a visitor may meet with rumors of propaganda . . . being preached in the classroom, but such practice would be difficult to prove."

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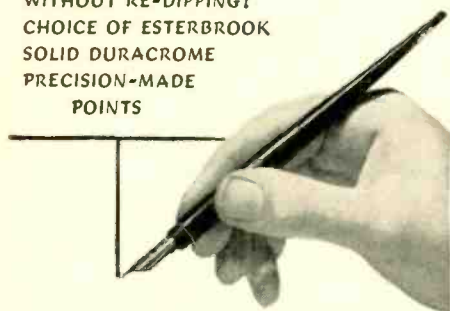
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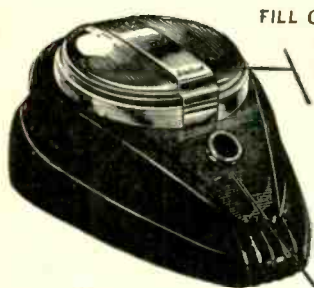


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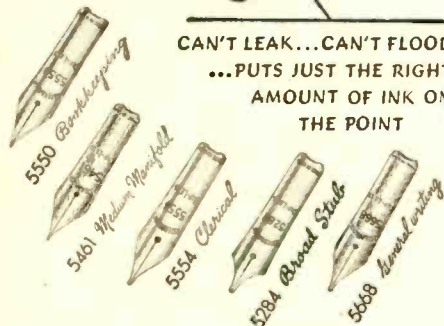
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THE THEATER

New Revue in Manhattan

Make Mine Manhattan (music by Richard Lewine; lyrics and sketches by Arnold Horwitt; produced by Joseph Hyman) offers gay, lively, irreverent homage to the world's most densely populated island. East Side, West Side, all around the town it darts, its thumb to its nose, but with a slightly dreamy look in its eyes. Manhattanites, swelling with small-town pride at its air of big-town savvy, will be the show's best audience. But out-of-towners, whether from Butte or Brooklyn, should find it fun.

A lot of the show is funny, most of it is fresh, and all of it is fast-moving. It has nice tunes and even nicer dancing. But what really gives it the New York Look are Arnold Horwitt's extremely lively

Make Mine Manhattan is probably the first revue in years to contain more good sketches than bad ones. One of them takes drama critics over the jumps, another rides Hollywood producers in Manhattan, a third royally kids Rodgers & Hammerstein's *Allegro*.

There are just enough weak spots in the program, and inexperienced people in the cast, to prevent *Make Mine Manhattan* from being a wow. The cast as a whole is not terribly adroit, but it has the conceivably greater virtue of being enormously likable.

New Plays in Manhattan

Power Without Glory (by Michael Clayton Hutton; produced by John C. Wilson & the Messrs. Shubert) is a far better thriller after two acts than after



Alexander Bender

"MAKE MINE MANHATTAN"
A thumbed nose and a dreamy eye.

lyrics and brightly satirical skits. One funny ditty has all those who ruin the city's sleep—street diggers, taxi drivers, milkmen, newsboys—bawling:

*Did you ever stop to wonder
Why the dawn comes up like thunder
With a clatter and a racket and a fuss?
There's a very simple explanation:—
Us!**

Another kids a Park Avenue theater:

*There's a movie house in Manhattan
That's for only the upper crust;
And every family of worth
Enrolls its children there at birth . . .
You can fish for your favorite trout
there
Debutantes have their coming-out
there. . . **

* Copyright 1947 by Arnold B. Horwitt and Richard Lewine. By permission of the publishers, T. B. Harms Co., New York City.

three. Though it comes to a thoroughly bad end, it adds up to a fairly good evening. British Playwright Hutton, who has hit on a rather fresh and valid idea for a thriller, may be a bungler of plots, but he is a master of tension. Best of all, a well-knit British cast keeps on acting deftly even after there's little left to act.

In *Power Without Glory*, a neurotic young man finds that he has just committed a murder. What's more interesting, his respectable working-class family find that they now harbor a murderer. The household sways with all the emotions—incapacity, pity, horror—born of the event; and with more jagged emotions that the event brings to the surface. And always, beyond the emotions that darken the scene, there is the knowledge that in a few hours, a few minutes, a few seconds, there will come a knock on the door.

Unfortunately, the play suddenly goes to pot as a thriller by trying to be something more than that. The characters start



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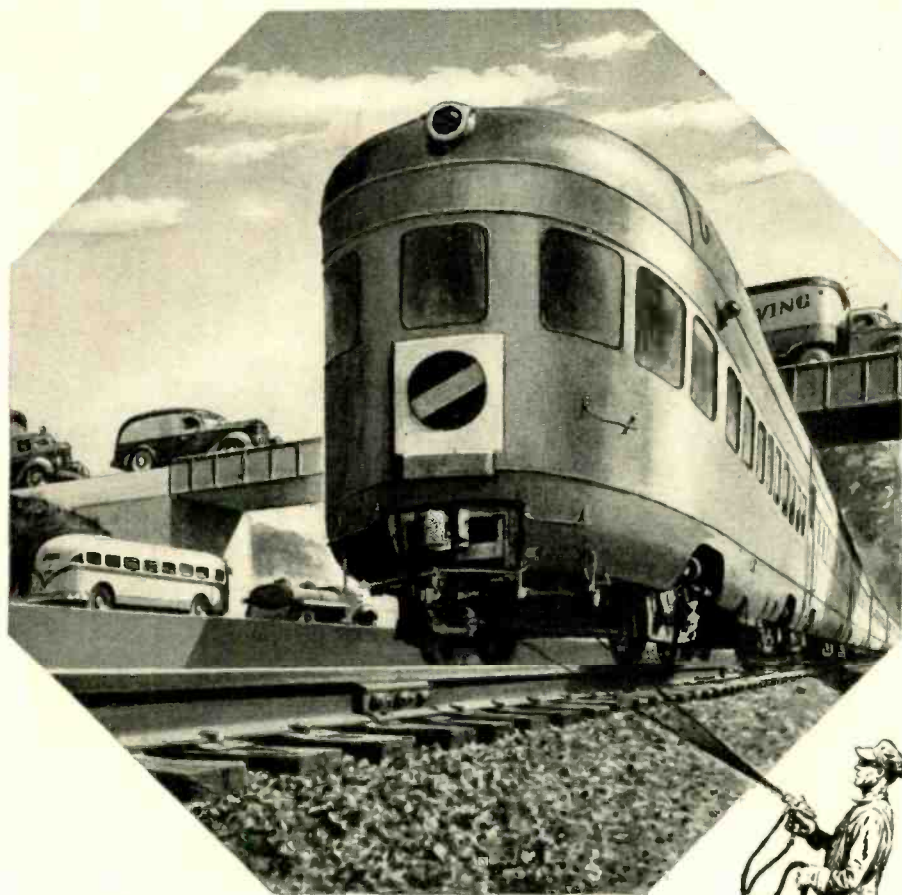
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acting noble, the conversation turns rich and strange, the situation slowly drains away. The sad thing is not that the ending lacks punch, but that it altogether lacks point.

Strange Bedfellows (by Florence Ryerson & Colin Clements; produced by Philip A. Waxman) could be called a period suffrage play—or, just as accurately, a sex play, period. It is a mechanically contrived, noisily operated, shamelessly maneuvered piece that achieves all the effect of a bedroom farce without offering even a glimpse of a bed.

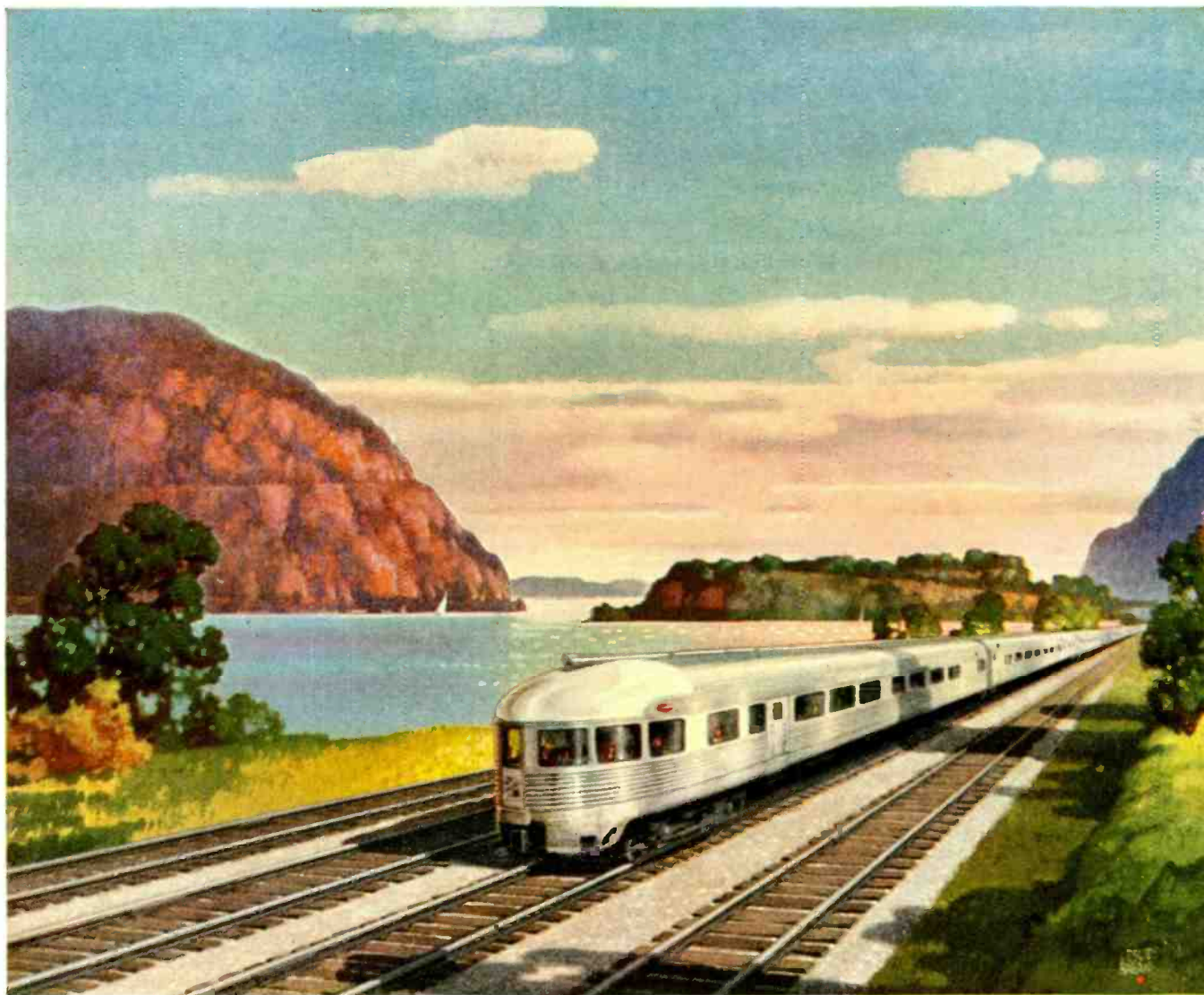
Laid in San Francisco in 1896, *Strange Bedfellows* tells what happens when the son (John Archer) of a Senator who is apoplectically opposed to votes for women marries a beautiful and unbudgeable suffragette (Joan Tetzel). The suffragette, finding all the men in her new family just as unbudging, makes converts, and then confederates, of the womenfolk. The wives, remembering Aristophanes' bawdy *Lysistrata*, stage a sex strike and bolt their doors. The husbands, remembering San Francisco's bordello-lined Barbary Coast, toss off some drinks and bolt the house. After an act of shenanigans, the two parties trade concessions.

Strange Bedfellows is aimed at the exact opposite of that "fit audience . . . though few" to which the poet Milton addressed his work. It will very likely hit the mark. If Playwrights Ryerson & Clements haven't invented a single thing, neither have they missed a single trick: they even remember to wedge the madam of a bordello into a frightfully genteel tea party. And though the authors are never witty, they have an uncanny sense of what will get a laugh; the secret being that it has always gotten one before.

Harvest of Years (by DeWitt Bodeen; produced by Arthur J. Beckhard) is about a farm family named Bromark. It is rather like, if rather worse than, a good many other plays about farm families. Much happens in it, though little seems to. Margaret's man throws her over for her sister Mellie. Chris's girl passes him up for his nephew Jules. People drink; people squabble; babies are born; mothers die in childbirth. But for all that (says the author at the end) the sky doesn't fall in; actually, the family doesn't even fall out.

What's most incredible about *Harvest of Years* is not what happens, but how dull and derived it's all made to seem. Far from being lit up by any lightning flashes of imagination, the play catches hardly a fresh current of air. In how they think and feel—or how the author thinks they think and feels they feel—the Bromarks are not much more than walking bromides.

The Men We Marry (by Elisabeth Cobb & Herschel Williams; produced by Edgar F. Luckenbach) was quite understandably the work of two people: no one person would be capable of anything so bad. Its brightest witticisms heavier than a bride's first biscuits, it sank out of sight after three performances.



New York Central's Pacemaker approaching Storm King Mountain along the Hudson River

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Passengers on the famed *Water Level Route* are fortunate. For upon these silvery rails, and along these scenic stretches, the Central's hundred million dollar new equipment program is taking thrilling form.

In increasing numbers, travelers on the New York Central enjoy the matchless luxury and convenience of gleaming, all-stainless steel trains built by Budd.

The new Pacemakers, first post-war streamliners to speed between New York and Chicago, are brilliant examples. Every car in these favorite, all-coach trains, has been designed and built since the war. Within, new and welcome features await you . . . restful, reclining individual seats . . . perfect climate control . . . spacious, beautifully appointed rest-rooms.

In your diner the dining space extends the full length of the car, and the car adjoining offers a luxurious lounge where refreshments are served. This is in addition to the new observation lounge which completes these wonder trains.

Others of the Central's great name trains are being similarly equipped with Budd cars of imaginative beauty and strong, all-stainless steel construction . . . including the revolutionary new Budd sleeping cars.

Yes, along the banks of the Hudson today you'll see a new, flashing streak of proof . . . that the finest trains of this modern world are built by Budd—of all-stainless steel construction—for superior strength and safety. The Budd Company, Philadelphia.

Budd



A carload of grain being unloaded at Port Richmond, Philadelphia, yards of The Reading Company. The Transportation Industry uses Moore Business Forms by the millions. Shown below is a Moore Fanfold Form for fast and economical use with business writing machines.



Moore also makes Sales Books; Speedisets; Continuous Forms; Moore Registers and Flatpakit Forms.

**These wheels
rolled over
a paper road**

There's more than one way to unload grain. Here, they just shake the car and it empties itself!

Records of the grain's journey are kept on Fanfold *waybills*, details are checked on *Flatpakit forms*. Other, and varied, cargoes move by truck, all facts secure on Speediset *manifests*. Such *business forms*, made by Moore, lay down a smooth road of paper over which freight and passengers roll.

Moore Business Forms whittle costs

sharply on all writing tasks. Wilson Storage & Transfer Company, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, use Moore 9-part Fanfold Freight Bills, "save about \$3000 a year." The Reading Company, Philadelphia, make a considerable saving in time and money with Moore multi-copy forms.

Moore, supplying many thousands of business forms, may help bring important savings in *your* forms operations. Call your local Moore office, today.



MOORE BUSINESS FORMS, INC.

Factories in Niagara Falls, Elmira, N. Y.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Denton, Texas; Los Angeles, Emeryville, Calif. Sales Offices in over 200 cities from coast to coast, also factories and sales offices across Canada

EDUCATION

Walkout

The problem had never come up before, in all the 103 years that Ohio's little Baldwin-Wallace College has been going. Though run by Methodists, it welcomed students of all faiths: its chapel was compulsory but nonsectarian, and one of every ten of its students was a Roman Catholic. One day recently a Catholic coed paid a visit to neighboring St. John's College. She was worried. Was it proper, she asked a Catholic professor, for her to take the compulsory philosophy of religion course at Baldwin-Wallace?

The professor examined her textbook, and decided that it was not. The Diocese of Cleveland agreed. The professor told Baldwin-Wallace's 163 Catholic students that they must resign from the college. "If my doctor tells me to eat beef," he explained, "and a waiter in a restaurant says he has only pork, I don't stay and fight with him. I just walk out." By week's end 65 Catholic students had packed their bags and left.

Lighthouse Keepers

In the outskirts of Princeton, N.J. stands a colonial-style red brick building which houses the most exclusive academy in the world. Its members are not there to teach anybody anything; they go there to live in peace and do their own work.

In its 17 years the Institute for Advanced Study (which has no connection with Princeton University but is generally confused with it) has attracted some of the world's best minds. It offers them a moderate salary, an office, and leisure to write books, tutor prize protégés (who are all Ph.D.s) or just sit around and think.

Every afternoon, the members emerge from their separate dens for tea and talk. Among them: Albert Einstein, crack Mathematician Oswald Veblen (nephew of famed Economist Thorstein Veblen) and the institute's new boss, Physicist J. Robert ("Oppy") Oppenheimer.

Last week, the institute invited three more famous names to join its lighthouse of civilization. The three: Denmark's Nobel Prizewinning Physicist Niels D. Bohr (who has been there once before), British Historian Arnold J. Toynbee (who presumably will work on the last volumes of *A Study of History*) and Poet T. S. Eliot (St. Louis-born, but a British subject since 1927). The institute didn't ask them what they would do; it was satisfied to let grown-up minds continue growing.

Tight Little Yacht

In a wall of England's Rugby School is a granite slab with this inscription: "This stone commemorates the exploit of William Webb Ellis, who with a fine disregard for the rules of football as played in his time first took the ball in his arms and ran with it, thus originating the distinctive feature of the Rugby game. A.D. 1823."

Five years later, with an equally fine disregard for tyrannical tradition, Rugby's new Head Master Thomas Arnold picked up another ball. He modified the old master-&-boy absolutism into the prefect system of student government. Arnold's innovation soon spread, like the game of Rugby, through the English public (i.e., private) schools.

Now Rugby has shattered another tradition, and last week many an old public-school man wondered whether it was one too many. As its new head master, it had

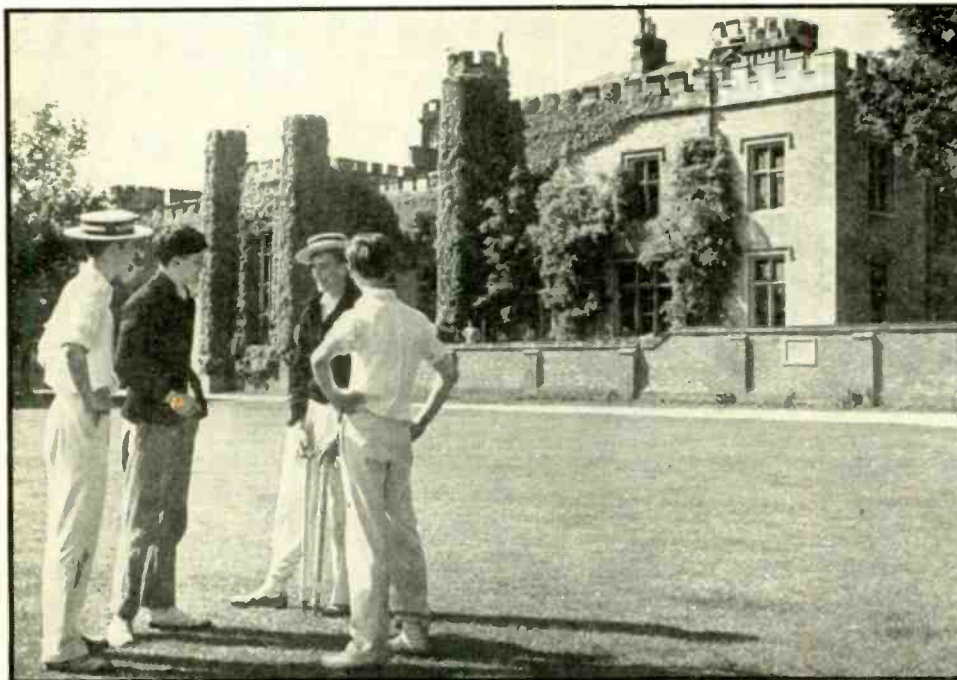
picked a man who had never taught a class or preached a sermon. The new head: London Lawyer Sir Arthur Brownlow Fford, 47, wartime under secretary in two British ministries (Supply, Treasury). Hard-pressed Rugby had frankly picked him because it needed someone who knew how to handle money. All week the London *Times's* letter columns bristled and huffed. Canon Harry Kenneth Luce, head master of Durham School, posed the question that troubled everyone: "Is a head master to be primarily a schoolmaster or an administrator. . . ?"

Judges in Israel. It was a question Rugby had never faced before, though it was founded in 1567, is now one of the top six public schools in England.* For a couple of hundred years, under head masters who didn't have to worry so much about the business side, Rugby was an "anarchy tempered by despotism." In 1797, the boys rebelled against one flogging head master, smashed his windows, blew down his door, burned his books, and only desisted at the approach of soldiers with fixed bayonets.

Head Master Arnold set up a theocracy, with himself as Jehovah and the Sixth Form (oldest) boys as the Judges in Israel. He was convinced that education's primary task was the making of a Christian gentleman, not the development of an intellectual. Arnold did his part: searing sermons in chapel about evil and temptation, a terrible eye fixed on the "Close" (school grounds) beneath his window. Arnold's Rugby was the Rugby of "fagging" and *Tom Brown's School Days*.

Rugby has produced such Englishmen as Matthew Arnold (Thomas' son), Lewis Carroll, Rupert Brooke, Neville Chamberlain and the new head master himself,

* The others: Winchester (founded 1384), Eton (1440), Westminster (1560), Harrow (1571) and Charterhouse (1611).



Bob Landry—LIFE

RUGBY SCHOOL "CLOSE" (COMMEMORATIVE STONE ON WALL); HEAD MASTER FFORDE
The *Times's* letter columns bristled and huffed.



Larry Burrows



What happens in the red caboose?

YOUR passenger train conductor is a familiar figure . . . but did you ever think about a *freight train* requiring the services of a conductor? From his "office" in the red caboose, the freight train conductor directs the handling of as many as 100 freight cars that make up his train. He makes certain that cars are dropped from the train at their proper destination and others picked up, that the products they carry arrive safely and in good condition. The Erie Freight Conductor gets a quick, concise picture of his train from

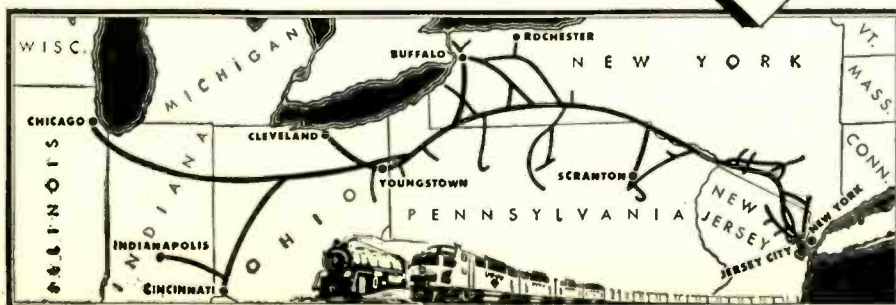
a teletyped control sheet. This list tells him the contents, consignee and destination of each car. The same information is flashed by teletype to stations ahead, and to a central office in Cleveland.

With this teletype control system, the Erie can quickly tell shippers the present location and scheduled arrival of their shipment.

Modern, up-to-date methods such as this are responsible for the Erie's reputation among shippers everywhere for efficient handling, dependable service.

Erie Railroad

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who as head boy of the school in 1917 occupied the famed "Tom Brown's Study," alongside the Head Master's House he will now inherit. He also won his colors for Rugby and cricket.

Dress as You Please. Rugby's 620 boys nowadays come mainly from upper-class professional and mercantile families (the peerage prefers Eton and Harrow). In contrast to the formal Eton attire and classic Eton curriculum, Rugbeians may dress in tweeds, flannels or what they please, take their pick of vocational (woodworking, shorthand) as well as traditional studies.

Rugby boys, curious to know how their new head master would treat them, have one incident to judge by. When Forde built his country house in Hampshire several years ago, he told the architect that he didn't want a big house with a lot of servants: "Design my house like a tight little yacht. Young children must not be waited on. They must be self-reliant."

Sequel to Sipuel

Even with the help of the U.S. Supreme Court, Ada Lois Sipuel, who is a Negro, couldn't get into the University of Oklahoma law school. The Court, which made up its mind in an almost unprecedented hurry, had told the State of Oklahoma to give Ada an education equal to what whites get (*TIME*, Jan. 19). And at least one of the judges made it plain that a law school for just one pupil is no legal education at all. But this week the Oklahoma state regents established a school of law at Oklahoma City (as part of Langston University for Negroes), to be open by next Monday. Whether this step would satisfy the U.S. Supreme Court, no one yet knew.

All the Southern states shared Oklahoma's hopes & fears. At a conference of five Southern governors, Florida's Governor Millard Caldwell put forward a plan he had long been plumping for. Since few states could afford to build separate professional schools for Negroes, why didn't the five states get together and take over a going campus, turn it into a great university* to serve all their Negroes?

In South Carolina, the *Charleston News & Courier* had a more radical idea: "Were the Court to decree that Negroes be admitted into state-supported colleges for white students in South Carolina, this paper would urge that all appropriations for the [state universities] cease. That could close them. The white people would have plenty of money to support private colleges for themselves."

Not So Many, Please

Harvard didn't feel up to it, and didn't see any good reason why it should. President Truman's Commission on Higher Education had recommended that U.S. colleges and universities double their student bodies by 1960. Harvard President James B. Conant told his Board of Overseers this week that Harvard (with 12,500 students) was too big already, and should cut back to its prewar 8,000.

* One possibility: Meharry Medical College at Nashville.



"That girl stop this epidemic? Ridiculous!"

But 300 Workers—and their families—were grateful when the Employers Mutuals nurse did just that!

A baffling epidemic of skin infection affected hundreds of workers in a midwestern factory. Production was crippled as the malady raged on, defying all efforts to discover its cause or check its progress.

Finally, an Employers Mutuals nurse was called. Despite whisperings of doubt, she watched the workers with an eye skilled to detect unhygienic practices which might furnish the cause, and found it—contamination of cutting oil. Once discovered, the cause was removed, the plague vanished, comfort of workers was restored, production returned to normal.

* * *

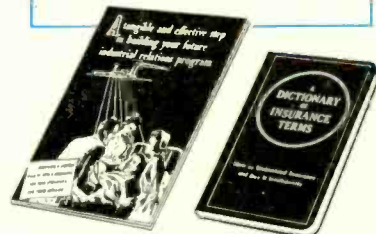
Such health-protecting service to workers and their families in the plants of Em-

ployers Mutuals' policyholders has been an outstanding feature for twenty years. Employers Mutuals nurses are confidants and advisers of thousands of individual plant nurses . . . first aid instructors to other thousands of plant workers. Safer plants, better health practices and improved employee relations result.

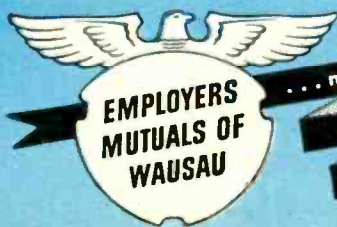
Unusual service? Employers Mutuals is geared for the unusual. Nurses, engineers, salesmen or claim adjusters . . . all are picked for their inherent capabilities, all are company-trained, all are experienced in handling policyholders' insurance affairs as policyholders think they should be handled.

Employers Mutuals write: Workmen's Compensation—Public Liability—Automobile—Group Health and Accident—Burglary—Plate Glass—Fidelity Bonds—and Other Casualty Insurance. Fire—Extended Coverage—Inland Marine—and allied lines. All policies are nonassessable.

Group insurance for your employees can be handled in the same human, friendly fashion which has characterized all other forms of Employers Mutuals' insurance. Our new booklet, "Your Industrial Relations Program," will give you a better understanding of this important service. Also, Employers Mutuals' "Dictionary of Insurance Terms" is a gold mine of information on the meanings of complex insurance terms for the busy man. Send for both on your letterhead today—or call your local Employers Mutuals man.



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RELIGION

Hiring a Hall

YOU HEAR STRANGE THINGS ABOUT CATHOLICS. . . . You hear it said that Catholics believe all non-Catholics are headed for Hell . . . that they believe non-Catholic marriages are invalid . . . that they adore statues . . . are forbidden to read the Bible . . . use medals, candles and holy water as sure-fire protection against the loss of a job, lightning or being run down by an automobile.

With these words a new national advertising campaign begins this week. Its sponsors: the Knights of Columbus.* The idea originated 3½ years ago in Missouri when a small group of K. of C. businessmen decided to try promoting the Roman Catholic Church with modern sales techniques. They put 20 ads in Missouri papers. Result: hundreds of non-Catholics applied to priests for instruction, 730 people enrolled for instruction by mail.

The present series of six ads, each offering a free pamphlet, will run in the *American Weekly* and the rural-circulation *Pathfinder*. Other ad titles: WHY CATHOLICS "KEEP RUNNING TO CHURCH"; WHY MILLIONS CALL HIM "HOLY FATHER."

Commenting on the campaign, the aggressively Protestant *Christian Century* editorialized this week: "The Knights of Columbus are to be applauded for having 'hired a hall' in the advertising columns and there submitting the claims of their church to the test of the open forum. If Protestantism is wise, it will hasten to subject its faith to the same scrutiny."

* A fraternal benefit society for Roman Catholic men (who are forbidden to join the Masons). Present membership: approximately 800,000.

Shock Troops

One day in 1877, big-bearded British Evangelist William Booth was pacing up & down as he dictated to his son Bramwell. "The Christian Mission," said Booth, "is a Volunteer Army." Then suddenly he leaned over his son's shoulder, crossed out the word "Volunteer" and substituted "Salvation." Thus he named the Army that has since planted its red-and-blue flag in almost every country in the world.

William Booth became "General" and his new Salvation Army fell into step behind him as uniformed privates, non-coms and officers—with bands, "councils of war," "orders of the day" and "knee-drill" (prayer). The enemy was the Devil, and the Army marched to meet him wherever the going was toughest: in Skid Rows and slum alleyways.

The 43rd issue of the *Salvation Army Yearbook*, published by the international headquarters in London and released in the U.S. last week, records—as far as figures can—the good fight that Booth's troops have fought. During the past fiscal year the Army has given out 33,772,383 meals and 10,941,102 beds, found jobs for 77,766, operated 415 shelters, hostels and food depots, maintained 94 maternity homes and 26 industrial and boarding schools. Commissioned officers and cadets increased by 4,294 (to 32,105), and 15,205 laymen were employed full-time.

The machine with its 4,000,000-odd "adherents" that copes with this worldwide problem of spiritual and material logistics is a very different organization from the little band of inspired amateurs who first surrounded William Booth and his wife Catherine. And the faith has mellowed, if not changed.



Robert W. Ksley

ADJUTANT BREWER & CO-WORKERS
In Arlington, a two-toned Chevrolet.



Murray Garrett—Graphic House
CAPTAIN CROCKER
In Detroit, the jimmies.

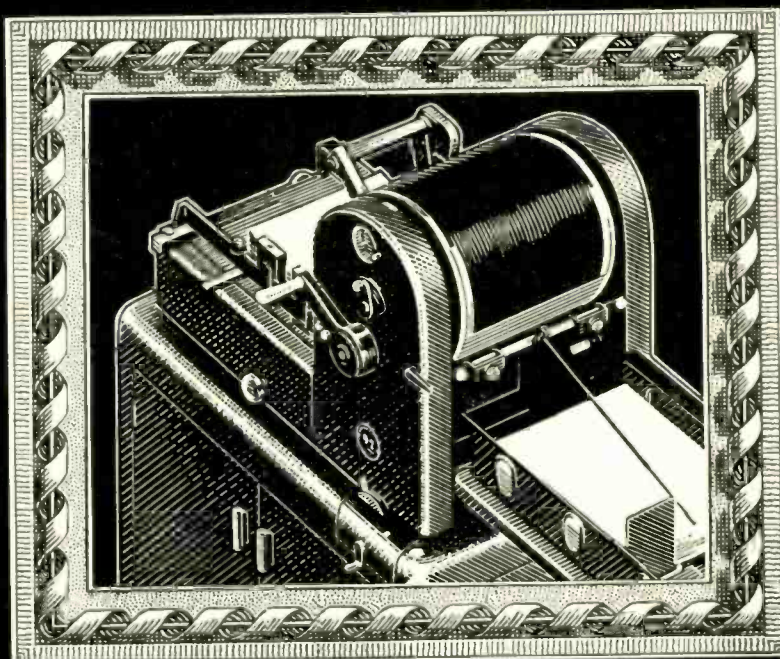
Booth left the Methodist ministry because the ragtag-&-bobtail following he drew with his fiery street-corner sermons shocked his respectable brethren. Now the Army considers itself a religious body much like any other Protestant denomination, with an accent on works and service. But the old-fashioned blue-and-red uniforms still stand for humility and love—and another chance for sinners.

Bowery Expert. Few modern Army officers have a background like Captain Tom Crocker. When his father died, Tom quit school at 17 and joined the Navy. After World War I he got a job as clerk in a Detroit police court and began to drink. First an alcoholic, then a dope addict, he lost his job, took to forgery, was arrested and finally committed to an insane asylum. Discharged at last, he began the same thing all over again. One night in a Detroit park, he recalls, "I got the jimmies—the D.T.s." At a Salvation Army headquarters, where he had been given a handout, he asked: "Do you think your Jesus could save me?" An officer advised him to go to the altar. "I went forward and I knelt and I asked Jesus. A new man was born then. I haven't touched drink or dope since."

Short, paunchy Tom Crocker, 52, has become one of the Army's most successful U.S. officers. For the past four years in charge of Detroit's "Bowery" Corps (as the posts specializing in alcoholics are called), Crocker and his staff of eleven have helped or cured almost 10,000 cases. Wherever he travels, Tom Crocker takes with him the clothes he wore the night he got the jimmies: "I've still got the pants, with holes in the back wired up and safety pins closing up the knees, and shoes with no soles. I don't know why I keep them. But I just want to."

Criminologist. Businesslike "Red" Sheppard, 55, of New York City, is another kind of specialist. His field is criminology,

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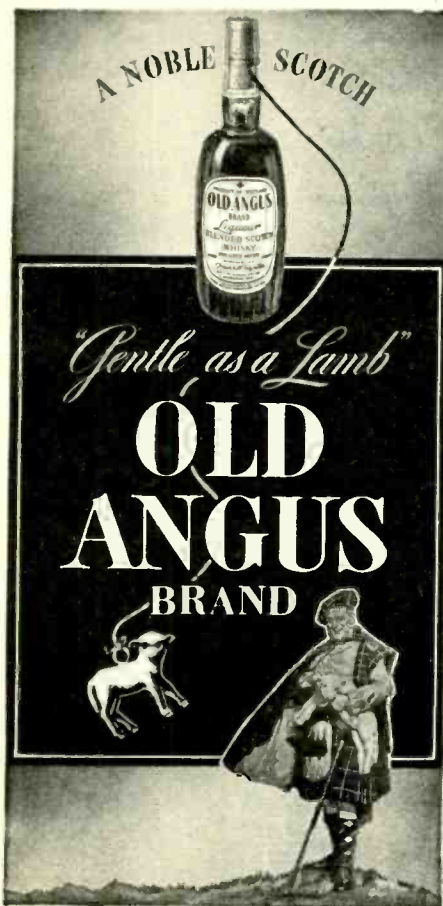
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his beat is Sing Sing Prison and the state parole board. During the past Salvation Army year, Red Sheppard "handled" 7,200 discharged convicts and parolees. He meets and talks to prisoners during his regular monthly visits to Sing Sing, though often he sees them for the first time when they have left jail and come to his office for a suit of clothes, a place to flop and something to eat. He gets about 300 letters a week from prisoners and ex-prisoners.

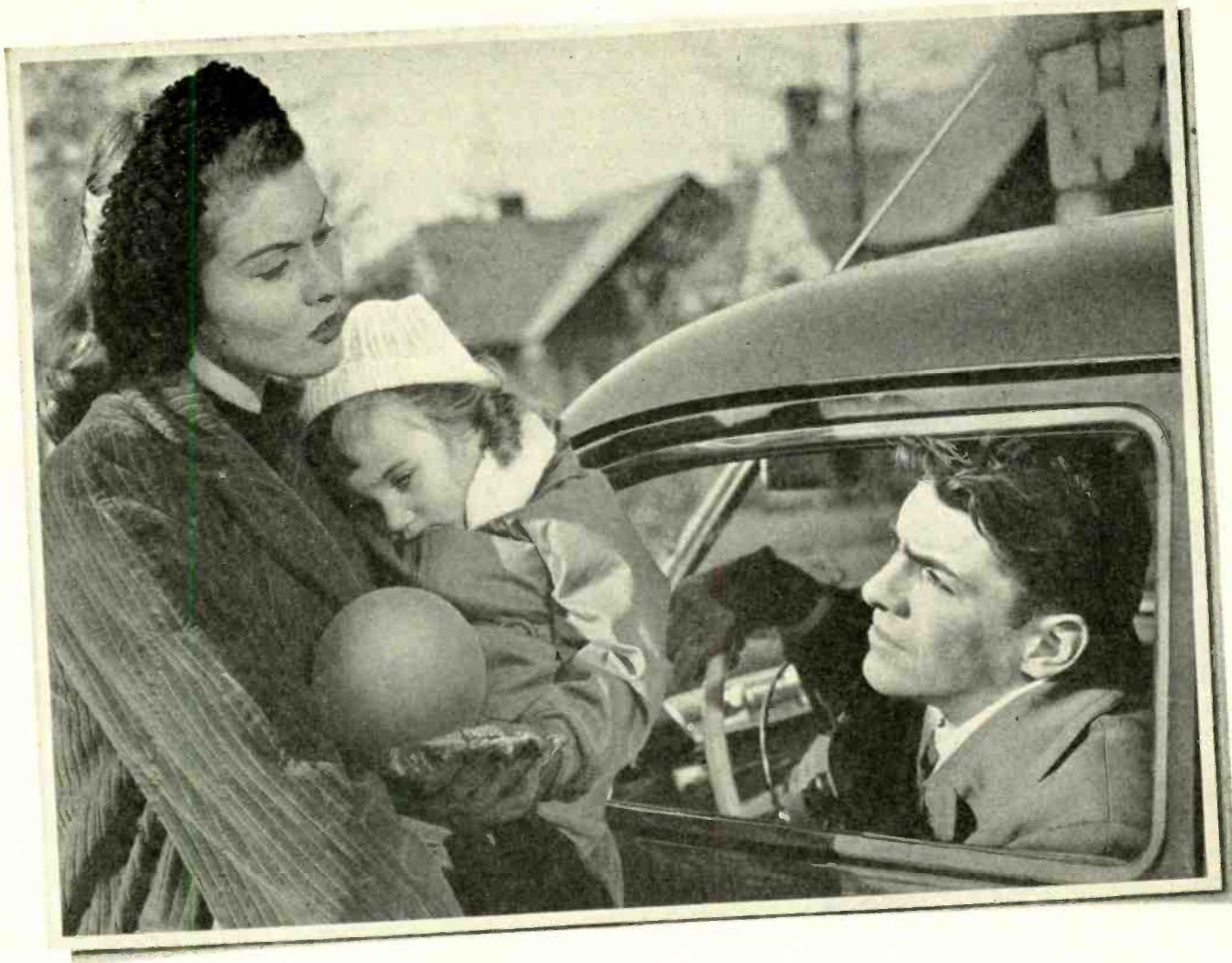
Like all Army men, Red Sheppard knows that salvation is spiritual, but that it has its material side. He "buys" his men jobs (paying employment agency fees), gets them into night school, urges them to visit museums and libraries, join a church social group and meet a nice girl. ("Keep your mouth shut about your past," he advises them.)

His mother was a well-known Salvationist, and Red was brought up in the rigid moral ideas of the oldtime Army: "Our war was pretty much reduced to the three S's taken literally—Soup, Soap and Salvation. We used to say of a man, 'The Devil is in him,' but as Army leaders and followers have developed, we've seen many things about people who commit crimes. . . . We see now that there's got to be a process of un-education, of breaking down a man's old habits of thinking, and then a process of education, once we have tried to heal his suffering. I never talk religion to a man who comes here unless he asks for it. . . . If God didn't fit you emotionally for this work it would kill you in six months."

Rotarian. Adjutant Edward Mayhue Brewer, 34, commander of the Cambridge (Mass.) No. 1 Corps, is a new type of Salvationist. He and his wife Dorothy (also an adjutant) work together as a team, she specializing in the corps' activities for women and girls. Like most Protestant city clergymen, Adjutant Brewer spends most of his time struggling with the corps' finances, visiting the poor and the sick, working with youth groups and trying to add a gym and an auditorium to his yellow brick Citadel on Massachusetts Avenue.

Ed Brewer is an affable, well-fed Rotarian and 32nd degree Mason. He drives a two-toned 1947 Chevrolet, has four children, lives in suburban Arlington. He could pass for a successful young banker, except for his uniform and his habit of saying "God bless you."

Adjutant Brewer worked for a number of years in the ranks before going to a training center to study theology, Army doctrine, public speaking and accounting. After that, he served another term of years as an officer on probation. Such training left Brewer adept in the highly organized affairs of the new Army, but just as willing to shake a tambourine or comfort a bum as his father would have been. During the Christmas holidays he stood at the subway entrance in Harvard Square, playing an accordion with his left hand and chimes with his right, while \$2,500 was dropped into the tambourine of the woman beside him.



"YOU SAVED HER LIFE"

"I saw the danger signal just in time — a ball that suddenly bounced out onto the street. Naturally, I slowed my car down and it's a good thing I did! For a youngster came racing after that ball so fast I could barely stop in time.

"The child seemed completely unconcerned — but the look on her mother's face was something I'll never forget. She took the child in her arms, then turned to me gratefully. 'I never should have let her play so close to the street,' she said. 'You saved her life.'

"Of course, I'd only done what every responsible car owner should do, but it gave me a glow of satisfaction to hear the mother's words. And I was more pleased than ever at a decision I made a short while ago.

"When I renewed the insurance on my car, I decided to look over Liberty Mutual's 'package' for car and home owners. At first I was interested because that package brings all my insurance policies together in one place and makes my insurance easy to understand. But it also contains practical advice to help me and my family avoid accidents in our home and on the highway. I'd learned in time the importance of being ready for danger signals, wherever and whenever I drive my car.

"Yes, my experience taught me that the best insurance is the kind that 'works to keep me safe.' It costs less — and it's worth more."

If you are a responsible home and car owner, you want to be spared the remorse of knowing you have caused suffering to others. You want to avoid painful and crippling injuries —

to yourself and to your family. You want to protect those sentimental values in your home which no amount of money can ever restore. Liberty Mutual will help you have that kind of protection.

One of the most important purchases you may ever make is the insurance on your home and car. If it is Liberty Mutual insurance it will "work to keep you safe" from accidents and to protect you from crippling financial loss. So don't accept the first policy that is offered to you. Compare values. Make sure you receive all the protection you need . . . and pay no more than you need to pay.

Telephone — or better still, visit the nearest Liberty Mutual office.

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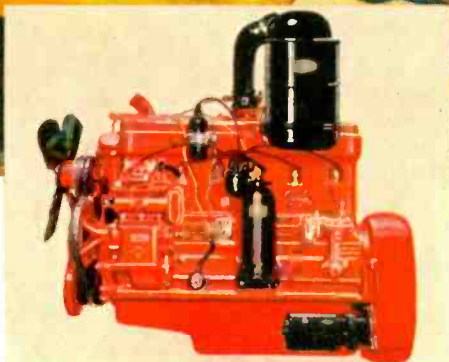
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—The finest values in International Truck history. Outstanding in performance and economy. Beautifully styled.

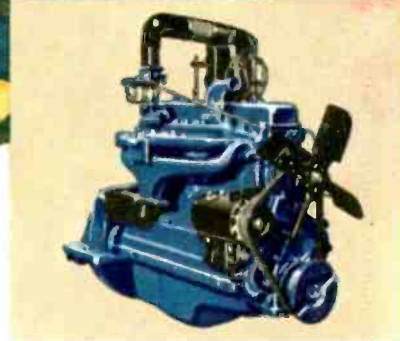
**power
International
Trucks!**



INTERNATIONAL GREEN DIAMOND



INTERNATIONAL RED DIAMOND



INTERNATIONAL BLUE DIAMOND

Here are 3 of the 13 — Read How Internationals Are Specialized to Every Truck Job

TO PROVIDE International Trucks with profitable power for every job—with the Performance-Co-Ordination that has made them America's outstanding trucks—13 different engines are used.

Brake horsepower of these engines ranges from 82 to 322; piston displacements from 214 to 1090 cubic inches; pounds feet of torque from 160 to 972.

Yes, International Trucks are expertly *Performance-Co-Ordinated*.

For example: 86 standard wheelbases are available; 22 transmissions; 16 auxiliary transmissions; 29 rear axles; and hundreds of other features of design and construction—all to provide a *specialized* International—smallest to largest—to do every truck job

at top efficiency with rock-bottom economy.

And Internationals are *Load-Co-Ordinated* as well as Performance-Co-Ordinated. They're Load-Co-Ordinated by the *exclusive* International Truck Point Rating System.

That means that every International Truck operator knows how much payload is *most* profitable for him.

Evidence of International Truck performance and economy is overwhelming. Note this fact:

Each year for the last 15 more heavy-duty Internationals have been bought by American commerce and industry than any other make.

Motor Truck Division

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Chances are, Bundyweld* Tubing can
reduce costs, shorten production time and
improve quality.

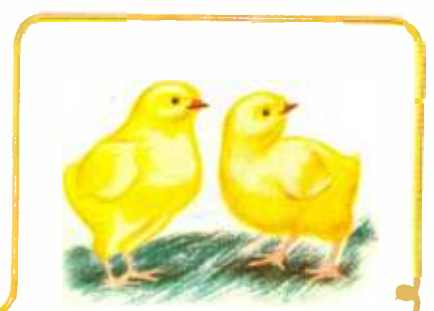
Want proof? Here it is. Here, too, are some red-
hot new ideas on Bundyweld for wide-awake
manufacturers.



1 A cold welcome's assured with Bundy Tubing in a refrigerator. Bundyweld is double-walled from a single strip. Result: thinner walls but equal strength, increased conductivity. That's why top refrigerators have used it from the start.



2 A hot welcome is in order when it comes to stoves. And hot it is in modern ranges using dependable, long-life Bundy steel. Here's a use for Bundyweld ductility, uniform tolerances and machineability that's right off the front burner.



3 Even chickens cry for it, since one ingenious designer specified Bundy Tubing to carry fuel oil in a new chicken brooder. Easy-to-fabricate Bundy Tubing is readily adapted to tricky turns, and stays strong when bent to special shapes.



4 Shutter-bugs, too, say Bundy clicks. They find Bundy Tubing makes good tripods . . . strong, yet lightweight—a steady base for cameras. Bundyweld, with its unique double wall, is right in focus for many structural applications.



5 New uses for Bundy Tubing keep popping up all over. Radiant heating, for example. Bundyweld offers faster heat conductivity, because walls are thinner with no sacrifice in strength. Bundyweld is ductile, too . . . fits many contours.



6 Tricycles or garden tools . . . thousands of new uses for Bundy steel. Monel and nickel tubing await application by alert manufacturers. Tubing may help harness your idea more profitably. No other tubing offers Bundyweld's exclusive features.

7 Successful Bundyweld applications of today were once nothing more than undeveloped ideas. Bundy engineers have often helped in their development, for they know how and where tubing can be used to advantage. A Bundy engineer can probably help you with your idea. Call or write Bundy Tubing Company, Detroit 14, Michigan.

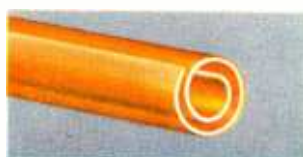
BUNDY TUBING



WHY BUNDYWELD IS BETTER TUBING



1 Bundyweld Tubing, made by a patented process, is entirely different from any other tubing. It starts as a single strip of basic metal, coated with a bonding metal.



2 This strip is continuously rolled twice laterally into tubular form. Walls of uniform thickness and concentricity are assured by close-tolerance, cold-rolled strip.



3 Next, a heating process fuses bonding metal to basic metal. Cooled, the double walls have become a strong, ductile tube, free from scale, held to close dimensions.



4 Bundyweld comes in standard sizes, up to 5/8" O.D., in steel, Monel or nickel. For special sizes or tubing of other metals, call or write Bundy Tubing.

rich and splendid . . . blazing display music for [a] soloist to conquer. . . ."

A Beat Behind. San Francisco was only a beat behind in belatedly discovering the greatness of Béla Bartók's music (TIME, March 18, 1946). Most listeners had stumbled on Bartók's harsh, stubborn harmonies, his jagged rhythms, and never got through to the original and melodic genius that audiences and critics were now beginning to find in his music. Not until a year after his death in 1945 did audiences get to hear much of his music, and to convince themselves that they liked it. Big record companies rushed his last great compositions onto wax: Columbia, the *Piano Concerto No. 3*; Victor, the *Violin Concerto*. Neither has yet recorded what some admirers believe is the greatest work of them all: the *Concerto for Orchestra*.

Slight, soft-spoken Béla Bartók, who left fascist Hungary in 1940, had lived his



Acme

BÉLA BARTÓK
A blazing conquest.

last years in the U.S. and died broke and unrecognized (except by a few) in Manhattan. If his music was played at all in his lifetime, it was usually for one hearing only, or before tiny groups of enthusiasts. Few of his works had been recorded while he was alive, and they had not sold well.

Rehearsal for Critics. On the same afternoon that San Franciscans were cheering the Bartók concerto, Yehudi Menuhin invited Manhattan critics to his Park Avenue apartment. Yehudi, dressed in a slack suit and bedroom slippers, wanted them to hear again a Bartók composition they had frowned on three years ago: a powerful sonata for unaccompanied violin which Bartók had written for Yehudi. Yehudi was going to play it again this week, and this time wanted the critics to be prepared. Bartók, hearing Yehudi play one of his compositions two years before he died, told him: "I thought works were only played that way long after the composers were dead."

Careful . . .

don't waste a drop



that's **Old Smuggler** BRAND

Old Smuggler Scotch Whisky is composed and nurtured with patience and scruple . . . and is distinguished by great softness and delicacy of flavour. Blended and bottled in Dumbarton, Scotland.

From Scotland for 70 Years

Blended Scotch Whisky • 86 proof

W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY, SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S. A.

BLONDIE

by CHIC YOUNG

100,000...200,000...
300,000...400,000...
GREAT SCOTT! HOW DID
WE EVER MANAGE TO
READ SO MANY
LETTERS?

WAS IT ALL ABOUT
A NAME FOR ME?

YES, COOKIE...BEFORE
YOU WERE BORN, WE
JUST COULDN'T AGREE
ON A NAME

BUT WHAT
DID THEY
SAY
MAMA?

EVERY ONE OF
THOSE PEOPLE
HAD THOUGHT
OF A NAME
FOR YOU!

DADDY, TELL
ME THE STORY
OF THOSE
LETTERS!

ASK YOUR
MOTHER...IT
WAS ALL HER
IDEA

OOPS!
I'M LATE!

SO WE ASKED
ALL OUR FRIENDS
TO HELP US PICK
A NAME
FOR YOU

DIDN'T THOSE PEOPLE
HAVE THEIR OWN BABIES?

OF COURSE! LOTS
DID! THAT'S WHY THEY
GOT SO EXCITED ABOUT A
NAME FOR YOU...THE WHOLE
COUNTRY WAS SENDING
IN NAMES!

MY IDEA?
YOU COULDN'T
THINK OF A
NAME

AND YOU
DIDN'T LIKE
ANY NAME
I THOUGHT
OF!

AND WE GOT
LETTERS FROM
EVERY CORNER OF
THE UNITED STATES...
400,000 OF
THEM!

FORGOT THAT WORK I
BROUGHT HOME LAST NIGHT!

LOOK! ANOTHER
LETTER JUST
CAME FOR
COOKIE...IT'S
FROM CHINA...
MUST HAVE
BEEN
DELAYED...

THAT
MAKES 400,000
AND ONE
LETTERS!

?

Response

The prize offered for naming

Blondie's baby was only \$100

400,001 people of all ages, from all sections of the country, in every economic and cultural class, responded with suggestions. They not only sent names, they shipped carloads of gifts for the baby... layettes, cribs, clothing, toys, food, good luck charms.

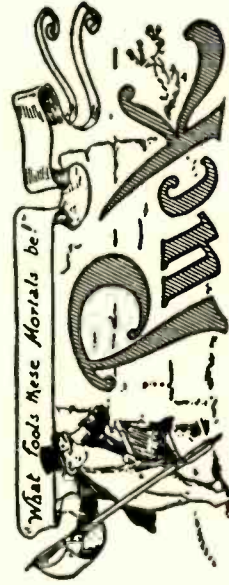
The response was not to a prize offer... it was to a family of characters that had become so close to them, so much a part of their own lives, they couldn't help reacting.

Blondie, and the all-star cast of characters in PUCK, THE COMIC WEEKLY are more than a source of entertainment.

They are the most powerful social force at work in this country.

Because they evoke a *response* deeper, truer, and more universal than any other medium, they exert an *influence* on the lives of people that has no equal. New habits in health, new fads in fashions, new attitudes and opinions, new ideas in learning, travelling, working, living, are born in the comics, or spread through them into every stratum of society.

American business has been using PUCK'S powerful editorial force successfully for over 15 years. Today, more than ever, it represents a proven, successful weapon in helping business influence people... *in helping it to sell goods!*



THE COMIC WEEKLY

The Only NATIONAL Comic Weekly—A Hearst Publication

63 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York

Hearst Building, Chicago 6, Illinois

The Only National Comic Weekly!

PUCK, THE COMIC WEEKLY, is distributed with 15 great Sunday newspapers from coast to coast. It reaches more than 7,500,000 families in 7,000 places of 1,000 population or more.

In PUCK, there is assembled the greatest all-star cast of characters ever presented to the public, including Blondie, Jiggs and Maggie, The Katzenjammer Kids, The Lone Ranger, Steve Canyon, Tillie the Toiler, Flash Gordon, Donald Duck.

The influence of these characters upon more than 20,000,000 adult and young readers, has been utilized by advertisers like —

Colgate-Palmolive-Peet

Over a period of 15 years, the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company has spent more than \$3,000,000 in PUCK, THE COMIC WEEKLY. Only results, profitable results and consistent results, can explain such a record!



In the modern department store

York Cooling creates the atmosphere for sales

Merchandisers know that every day is a good day for business in the store that is air conditioned. They know that comfortable shoppers make the best shoppers, and that clean air means clean, dust free merchandise.

In the "windowless" Foley Brothers' ultra-modern department store in Houston, Texas, a York turbo-refrigeration system, chilling 180,000 gallons of water every hour, is the heart of the huge air conditioning installation. 3 miles of pip-

ing provide the arteries through which the chilled water is circulated to equipment that conditions 600,000 cubic feet of air per minute, for circulation to every part of the store through 16 miles of metal ducts.

America's large and most modern department stores—such as Rich's in Atlanta, Halle Brothers in Cleveland, and Scruggs-Vandervort and Barney in St. Louis are providing the year 'round comfort of air conditioning through York-

equipped central station systems.

And the benefits of York air conditioning are not restricted to large installations. Available for smaller shops and other establishments are Yorkaire Conditioners occupying but a few square feet of floor area. These self-contained units are easily installed and easily moved. Your nearest York office or distributor will be glad to tell you more about the full range of York equipment.

York Corporation, York, Pennsylvania.



FOLEY'S DEPARTMENT STORE, Houston, Texas
Kenneth Franzheim, Architect
Edward Ashley, Consulting Mechanical Engineer
Raymond Loewy Associates, Retail Planners and Designers
Francis J. Niven, Construction Engineers
Strauss-Frank Co., Mechanical Contractors

YORK *Refrigeration and
Air Conditioning*



HEADQUARTERS FOR MECHANICAL COOLING SINCE 1885

BUSINESS & FINANCE

FOREIGN TRADE

Mickey

U.S. exporters felt like a party guest who had been given a Mickey Finn and kicked down the stairs.

At the invitation of the Department of Commerce, some 400 exporters gathered in Washington last week to learn about the Government's export controls imposed on Jan. 2. For 1½ hours, they sat in Commerce's walnut-paneled auditorium listening to an explanation of the new rules by Francis E. McIntyre, deputy director of the Office of International Trade. Just before the party ended, the exporters got a press release. It tersely announced that the program which they had been discussing was being reinforced by a drastic new program, effective March 1. From that date on, said the release, every shipment to Europe, Russia and a dozen other areas (about 50% of U.S. exports) would require a license. Though it was the most drastic re-imposition of Government controls since war's end, there were no more details for the surprised exporters.

Apart from its bad timing, the new setup made some sense. Its purpose was to 1) prevent the Marshall Plan nations from spending U.S. dollars on nonessential or luxury items; 2) keep tabs on everything going to the Soviet Union or its satellites. But the export wall was full of loopholes. It would still be possible, as in war years, to ship to a Latin American middleman, who could trans-ship to one of the affected countries.

Exporters, as expected, were dead set against the controls. They claimed that 1) most European nations already had strict controls to prevent their dollars from being squandered, 2) the red tape would slow up European recovery by delaying the shipment of needed goods. But the Administration hinted that it may soon put still other nations under export license.

HIGH FINANCE

Keep the Change

W. Geoffrey Haynes, a Philadelphia real-estate man and part-time chemical importer, thought he had a sure-fire way to raise money. In newspaper ads, he invited 1,000 people to send him \$100 apiece. Haynes's offer: investors would get their money back, "unconditionally," in ten years, plus a share in the profits of his importing business. For every \$100 sent in, Haynes planned to send back a \$100 U.S. bond maturing in ten years. As the bond would cost Haynes only \$75, he would have \$25 left to use as he wanted.

Last week the Securities & Exchange Commission stepped in. It charged that Haynes was offering securities without registering with SEC, and stopped further solicitation unless he did register.

This was the first official slap at the

ingenious new method of raising money which had bobbed up, via newspaper advertisement, in several U.S. cities. All of the schemes involved U.S. bonds and the same "money-back-in-ten-years" guarantee, plus the prospects of profits on the loan. But SEC's action in Philadelphia would not necessarily put a crimp in them. Two other money-raisers in New York got around SEC by filing details of their schemes (registering) with the agency. So long as they told all the facts, SEC could do nothing to stop them.

STEEL

Follansbee Mystery

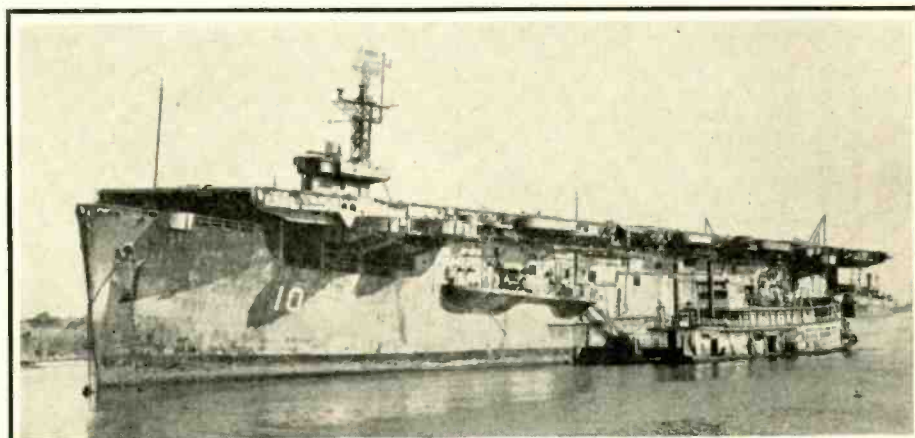
Cried the New York *World-Telegram*: "Never in the history of American business have the many students of corporate doings been so confused. . . ." The confusion was over strange doings in the stock of Pittsburgh's small (total assets: \$12 million) Follansbee Steel Corp.

The mystery began last month with a letter to most of Follansbee's 2,000 stock-

holders from a New York firm called 625 Associates, Inc. The associates promised stockholders \$50 a share for stock listed at about \$30 on the New York Stock Exchange. Although Wall Streeters had never heard of 625 Associates, options began pouring in to its Empire State Building office. Follansbee's stock became the most active on the Big Board: in twelve days it jumped about ten points to 40.

Last week 625 Associates announced that it had options for 183,000 shares (70% of Follansbee's voting stock) and a buyer, in the person of one Alan Adams Haye. He was described simply as a rich man who had spent many years abroad.

Old Acquaintance. Follansbee's management finally woke up to what seemed an alarming fact: the company was about to be sold from under it. Frantically President Lawson Stone, who said he knew nothing about the deal, demanded that the buyer identify himself. He got no more information. New York's Attorney General Nathaniel L. Goldstein got into the act: he had a clue. The figures 625,



Wide World

BEFORE & AFTER

The jeep aircraft carrier above and the merchantman below are the same ship. Last week the Gulf Shipbuilding Corp. of Mobile, Ala., which has already converted two other carriers, finished transforming the onetime British H.M.S. *Chaser* (built in the U.S. in 1942) into a 492-ft. C-3 cargo vessel. Gulf tore off the *Chaser's* flight deck, stripped her to the hull and built a new superstructure. At the rate of one a month, Gulf will convert eight more carriers this year, most of them for the British and the Dutch. As The Netherlands' newest ship, the *Chaser*, renamed the *Aagtekerk*, has a capacity of 11,000 tons of cargo and twelve passengers, will operate between Europe and The Netherlands East Indies.



YOUR BUSINESS PROFITS IN 1948

May depend on your ability to answer the questions below. The Journal of Commerce will answer them for you in a Special Survey of January 1948—"Fitting Your Business to '48."

THE SALES QUESTION

New buyer resistance? Organization? Demand vs. supply? Market research? Advertising? Foreign trade?

THE PLANNING QUESTION

Wages? Material costs? Pricing? Cost-cutting? Financing? Inventories? Buying trends? Possible recession?

THE LABOR QUESTION

Wage demands? Taft-Hartley law effects and possible changes? Labor productivity? New personnel methods? Contract clauses? Morale?

GOVERNMENT POLICIES

Marshall Plan? Regulatory legislation? Controls? Taxes? Budget-balancing? Government purchasing and spending? FTC? Department of Justice?

THE \$64 QUESTION

What are the 11 Basic Factors that will determine business in '48?

ALSO INDUSTRIAL STUDIES

In this valuable Special Survey will appear detailed analyses of effects of new 1948 problems on these industries:

Aircraft Manufacturing Air Transportation
Automobiles Beverages
Building & Construction
Coal
Communications Drugs & Chemicals
Finance Foods Foreign Trade
Industrial Equipment Insurance Metals
Office Equipment Paper Petroleum
Plastics Railroad Equipment
Railroads Rubber
Shipbuilding Shipping Southern Industry
Textiles Transportation
Utilities

MAIL COUPON for your copy of Special Survey as part of your trial subscription to the J-of-C . . . 78 issues for only \$5.

THE NEW YORK Journal of Commerce

53 Park Row, New York 15, N. Y.

Please send me the next 78 issues, to include Special Survey, "Fitting Your Business to '48." Check for \$5 is enclosed.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

(Zone)

TM-3

he said, if ticked off on the alphabet, read F B E. That corresponded to the Follansbee ticker symbol: FBE. The Securities & Exchange Commission and the New York Stock Exchange were also looking into the deal.

But it was Goldstein's investigators who seemed to strike pay dirt. They found no prospective buyer named Haye—or named anything else. But they ran across the name of A. Terry Fahye, president of Consolidated Steel Mills Co., a company which had recently set itself up in the steel business. Goldstein peeped into his files and concluded that Fahye was really Haye. A few years ago, said Goldstein, he had also been Albert Bennett-Fey, and he had had many brushes with the law.

New Audacity. In 1939, roly-poly Terry Fahye, then going under the name of Bennett-Fey, was banned by the New York Supreme Court from trading in securities in New York. Four years later he turned up as "a war contract broker" in Washington's famed "House on R Street" inquiry (TIME, May 15, 1943). In 1944 New York City's late Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia accused him of being the front man for Racketeer Irving (Waxey Gordon) Wexler in deals in war surplus goods.

Investigators thought the Follansbee deal was an audacious attempt either to rig the market in Follansbee stock or to grab control of a steel mill to sell output in the grey market (*see below*). This week the elusive Mr. Fahye, who had been sought for several days, walked into the Attorney General's office. He was promptly jailed on a charge of violating the ban against security trading.

The deal was off and Follansbee stockholders were badly shaken. The stock had fallen nine points—and almost \$2,000,000 in paper profits had vanished.

The steel companies are chiefly to blame for the grey market. So the Senate Small Business Committee's subcommittee on steel reported last week after looking into the steel shortage (TIME, Sept. 22). Because the companies had not kept a close enough check on customers, said the subcommittee, large quantities of steel (one estimate was 2,000,000 tons a year or 2½% of U.S. production) were being traded in the grey market. Thus some customers were able to resell steel at fabulous prices (up to \$600 a ton).

The subcommittee also found that the companies' current system of allocating steel to customers on the basis of their prewar purchases was unfair both to new enterprises and to old industries that made production switches. "If the steel industry wants to avoid Government controls," the subcommittee warned, the steel companies had better agree on a distribution system that is fair to customers.

But the subcommittee's sharpest words were reserved for the Department of Commerce. It accused the Department of allowing too much steel (an estimated 7,000,000 tons) to leave the country last year. Its chief recommendation: more stringent export controls.



A. TERRY FAHYE
The code was broken.

HOUSING

Why Markets Get Grey

The Joint Congressional Committee on Housing had padded from coast to coast, sniffing for the scent of a grey market in building materials. All over the country, Wisconsin's Senator Joe McCarthy, vice chairman of the pack, had picked up signs of one Isadore Ginsberg of New York City, who was plying a brisk and highly profitable trade in gypsum lath. McCarthy was outraged at Ginsberg's prices. (He was getting \$52.50 per 1,000 sq. ft. for lath selling for about \$40 in lumber yards.) Furthermore, McCarthy charged, Ginsberg moved fast enough to buy up



ISADORE GINSBERG
The quarry stood firm.



"I suppose that one's a big favorite with the advertising fraternity, eh?"

OTHER FACTS YOU CAN TIE TO:

- The Cincinnati Enquirer has the largest circulation of any Cincinnati newspaper, daily and Sunday.
- The Cincinnati Enquirer has the lowest milline rate in Cincinnati.
- The Cincinnati Enquirer carries more advertising lineage than any other Cincinnati newspaper.

*Represented by
Moloney, Regan and Schmitt, Inc.*



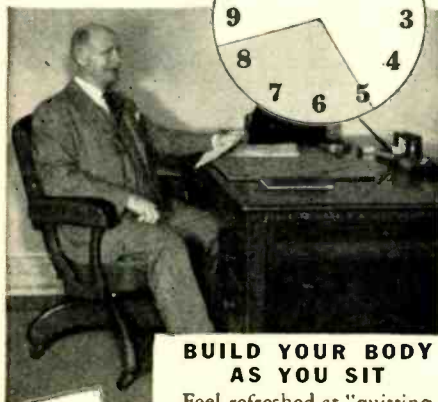
WHAT! NO DRUM MAJORETTE?

Stunts for curbside applause aren't in our line. We stick to 100% straight service on running a better home. That screens out the parade watchers, the casual readers. But it screens in over 3,000,000 families with high incomes whose interest in home makes them as eager to hear your story as you are to tell it. Their response will prove it!



AMERICA'S FIRST SERVICE MAGAZINE

An Easier Day THE DO/MORE WAY!



BUILD YOUR BODY AS YOU SIT

Feel refreshed at "quitting time" through correct sitting. Business and professional men prefer DO/MORE chairs because they help retard fatigue... offer restful relaxation without slumping... encourage good posture. Better health, and improved appearance are both factors in Domore's contribution to an easier working day.

Write...
for the FREE booklet, "Physical Fitness and Personal Appearance."

DO/MORE CHAIR COMPANY, INC.
DEPT. 113, ELKHART, INDIANA

DO/MORE SEATING SERVICE

Of Noble Ancestry
BLENDED FOR THE
AMERICAN TASTE

Bobadilla y Cia.
Jerez Spain

VICTORIA
Fino SHERRY

"21" Brands, Inc. NEW YORK, N. Y.
Sole Distributors in the United States

large quantities of lath, presumably kept it out of normal channels.

Last week the committee confronted its quarry in a witness chair in Washington. But Ginsberg, 301 lbs. (5 ft. 4½ in.) of truculence, did not look trapped. World War II Veteran McCarthy glared at World War I Veteran Ginsberg (a onetime leader in a New York veterans' organization that has plugged for lower-cost veterans' housing), and called him "the most vicious of grey marketeers."

Demanding Senator McCarthy: How about that 18% profit? Well, retorted Ginsberg, what about it? He considered his profit no more than fair for delivering scarce goods. Snapped Ginsberg: "I want to say, sir, Ginsberg is as proud as McCarthy. I don't believe you can possibly pass legislation to prevent me, and honest men like me, from making a fair profit. Only in Russia could that be done."

McCarthy grumpily conceded that Ginsberg had a legal right to commit what McCarthy considered a moral wrong, but added: "I hope men like Ginsberg will be forced out of business."

A few minutes later Shipbuilder Andrew Jackson Higgins, who has as hard a time getting steel as the next manufacturer, was in the witness chair. Why, he asked with elaborate irony, didn't Ginsberg go into the steel grey market and "make the same small margin of profit that he makes in building materials?" Chirped unabashed Mr. Ginsberg, who was once New York State's champion lightning calculator: "How much do you need, sir?"

STATE OF BUSINESS

Facts & Figures

Tractor Deal. Harry Ferguson, Inc. found a new manufacturer for the tractors which Henry Ford II had stopped building for Inventor Ferguson (TIME, July 21). It was Sir John Black's Standard Motor plant at Coventry, England. Standard, already building 250 tractors a day for Ferguson's English company, will build another 250 a day for Harry Ferguson, Inc. to sell in the U.S. They will be powered with Continental motors imported from the U.S. (Ferguson found that would be cheaper than assembling the motor and British frames in the U.S.)

Building Up. U.S. business, said SEC and the Department of Commerce in a joint study, expects to spend \$4.1 billion on new plants and equipment in the first quarter of this year. This is 30% more than was spent in the corresponding period last year, and 80% more than in 1929, the highest prewar year.

Franc Down? Paris reported rumors that the French franc, pegged at 119 to \$1, would soon be devalued to somewhere near its real worth (black market price: 350 to \$1). The uncertainty nipped French exports; foreign buyers were all holding off for the lower prices devaluation would bring. Charles Gruère, president of the National Federation of French Exporters, called for the immediate establishment of a "free" export franc similar to the export lira in Italy (TIME, Dec. 8). France was

In Northern

Illinois . . .

there's a

"Youth Movement" that means success



Kathryn McKinley, Frankfort, Will County, Illinois, and "Champ," her Hereford Champion (Feeder Division) at the 1947 International Live Stock Show.

The young people from Northern Illinois farms are consistent winners in the various competitions at the great International Live Stock Show held in Chicago. In the last 5 years, hundreds of boys and girls from farms in this area have won important national awards in junior and open divisions. They are preparing themselves to carry forward the traditions of fine farming that have brought Northern Illinois to national leadership in so many phases of agriculture—that have made it the hub of an area that produces 40% of America's farm output.

In Northern Illinois, 96% of the farms have electricity available. Close cooperation of our Agricultural Engineers with Northern Illinois 4-H Clubs and Future Farmers of America, agricultural exten-

sion agencies and with farm operators themselves has made it possible for farmers in this area to get the utmost usefulness from electrical service. This cooperation has also resulted in originating and developing many unique and practical applications of electricity to farm labor-saving and farm home convenience. Among these are electric barn cleaners, silo unloaders, electric hay and corn driers, barn and chicken house ventilators, water warmers for poultry and stock, dairy water heaters and pasteurizers and dozens of ingenious labor saving uses of portable motors for farm chores.

These are contributions to the leadership of Northern Illinois agriculture and to the fuller life of Northern Illinois farmers. Our companies are very proud to have shared in them.

This is one of a series of advertisements on the industrial, agricultural and residential characteristics of Chicago and Northern Illinois

TERRITORIAL INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

Marquette Building—140 South Dearborn Street, Chicago 3, Illinois—Phone RANDolph 1617

COMMONWEALTH EDISON COMPANY • PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS
WESTERN UNITED GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY • ILLINOIS NORTHERN UTILITIES COMPANY

"NICE WORK!"

"Have you licked that engineering problem at the plant?"

MR. 2. "Sure have. We called in EBASCO. They did a bang-up job—saved us time and money."

MR. 1. "EBASCO? Aren't they constructors?"

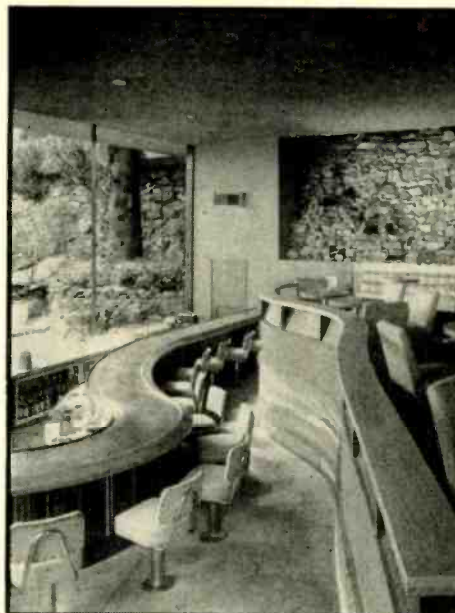
MR. 2. "Oh yes—but they are consulting engineers too."

MR. 3. "Maybe you'll both be surprised to know that they're top-flight business consultants, as well. They have experts in financing, sales, research—every phase of business. EBASCO provides a thoroughly rounded consulting service to all branches of industry."

EBASCO SERVICES INCORPORATED

Engineers • Constructors • Business Consultants
Two Rector Street, New York 6, N. Y.

Accounting • Appraisal • Budget • Consulting Engineering
Corporate Finance • Design & Construction • Industrial Relations
Inspection & Expediting • Insurance • Purchasing • Rates & Pricing
Research • Sales & Marketing • Taxes • Traffic



PALM SPRINGS'S TENNIS CLUB

For the color-conscious, upside-down sketches.

Julius Shulman; Murray Garrett—Graphic House
ARCHITECT PAUL WILLIAMS

reported ready to establish such a franc. Estimated value: 250 to \$1.

Electric Shock. In California, the U.S. Department of Justice named General Electric, Westinghouse and eight smaller electric companies in civil and criminal indictments. The charge: violating the antitrust laws by fixing prices of electrical equipment in the Far West.

Ceiling Reached. In Everett, Wash., wage negotiations between local contractors and Local 339 of the painters' union (A.F.L.) took an unexpected turn. The painters, who had begun by asking a 14½¢ an hour increase, ended by agreeing to a 2½¢ an hour cut. The painters reasoned that business, which had fallen off, might pick up again if painting costs went down.

Melting Sugar. In New York, where trade in world sugar futures was resumed for the first time since 1941, the price fell to a low of 3.63¢ a lb. (Last August the world spot price had been 8.5¢.) The big fall was due to prospects of a huge crop in Cuba, little buying by Europe and a 1948 U.S. import quota smaller than Cuba had hoped for. In a few months, after U.S. refiners had used up their stocks, the drop would bring down retail prices.

Chemical Change. At E. I. du Pont de Nemours, the president customarily resigns by the time he's 60. Last week, when Walter S. Carpenter Jr. turned the mark, he stepped aside for Crawford H. Greenewalt, 45, a chemist who had joined Du Pont in 1922, later married the daughter of Irénée du Pont. Carpenter became chairman of the board, succeeding 67-year-old Lamont du Pont, who remains a director.

REAL ESTATE

Something Clients Want

Architect Paul Revere Williams has designed some of the most imposing houses in California's glossy Beverly Hills, but he cannot live there himself. He has designed a score of luxury hotels and

swank spas, but he knows that few would welcome him as a guest. As one of Los Angeles' top five architects, he could afford a mansion, but he lives in a somewhat rundown part of town. Paul Williams is a Negro.

Architect Williams never wasted time brooding about the handicaps of color. Long ago he decided that a Negro, in order to succeed at anything, had to work twice as hard as a white man. Last week Architect Williams, 53, sat behind the long, streamlined desk in his plush Wilshire Boulevard office and ticked off what he has done. He had just finished a \$200,000 remodeling of the Beverly Hills Hotel, and was working on a \$500,000, 160-room addition to the Ambassador, a \$3,000,000 new section to the Beverly-Wilshire. Under construction were \$20 million worth of houses, stores, etc. designed by Architect Williams.

Night Trick. Orphaned at 3, Paul Williams sold newspapers and ran errands while going to grade school, worked his way through evening art classes by making watch fobs out of brass and gold-plating them. On finishing high school he got a \$15-a-week job as a draughtsman for a Los Angeles architect. Assigned to make a drawing his first day, he took it home with him, stayed up all night, turned it in complete the next morning. His boss thought Williams mighty fast.

He used the non-stop trick again when he started his own office to build small houses with the luxury of big ones. Automaker Errett Lobban Cord liked a small Williams house and asked him to sketch a \$300,000 house. Other architects were already working on sketches for it. Williams, by working 22 continuous hours, finished his design first and got the contract. Other big orders followed from Singer John Charles Thomas, Will Hays, Bert Lahr, Bill Robinson.

Upside-Down Trick. For clients who were reluctant to hire him when they saw that he was a Negro, Williams developed



WOODPECKER TEST for Busy Executives...



A quick rapping† on the ceiling, walls, and windows of your office demonstrates an important fact—

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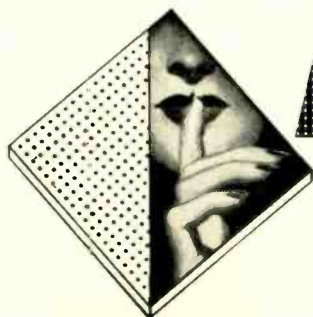
His judgment reflects the accumulated experience of a quarter century of sound conditioning . . . and the fact that *more sound conditioning has been done with Acousti-Celotex products than with any other material.*

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THE CELOTEX CORPORATION, CHICAGO 3, ILLINOIS

†Like a Woodpecker



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January 14, 1948.



Another Record Breaking Year!

The issues of securities in which Otis & Co. participated as a principal underwriter in 1947 totalled more than \$1,800,000,000, and included the highest grade bonds, investment preferred stocks, and both investment and speculative common stocks.

Our underwriting business for the year exceeded that of all other Ohio houses combined, both in total amount of issues managed by us and in total amount of all of our underwriting participations.

OTIS & CO.

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CLEVELAND

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an impressive trick. He would sketch a house for them, upside down, while sitting on the other side of the table, often got the job when the client saw what the architect had in mind.

Williams got into hotel designing by doing Saks Fifth Avenue's \$1,000,000 Beverly Hills store, which was to be a shop "with a residential atmosphere." His next project: a hotel with the air of "many residences under one roof." He tried it with the \$1,250,000 Arrowhead Hot Springs Hotel near San Bernardino, has since designed seven others. One of his fanciest jobs: the glassy Tennis Club at Palm Springs, Calif.

Some architects have been known to sniff at Williams' work; esthetically it breaks no new ground. But Williams, who does not like the severity of modern designs, makes no bones about his ability to work over old ground. He gives a new look to Early American, Spanish, Cape Cod, and judges his work by one standard: "If I build the kind of a house a client wants, I'm a good architect." Clients seemed to agree: last year Williams grossed \$140,000 (his staff of 20 includes two Negroes, a Chinese, two Germans, four Jews), netted around \$50,000.

SHOW BUSINESS

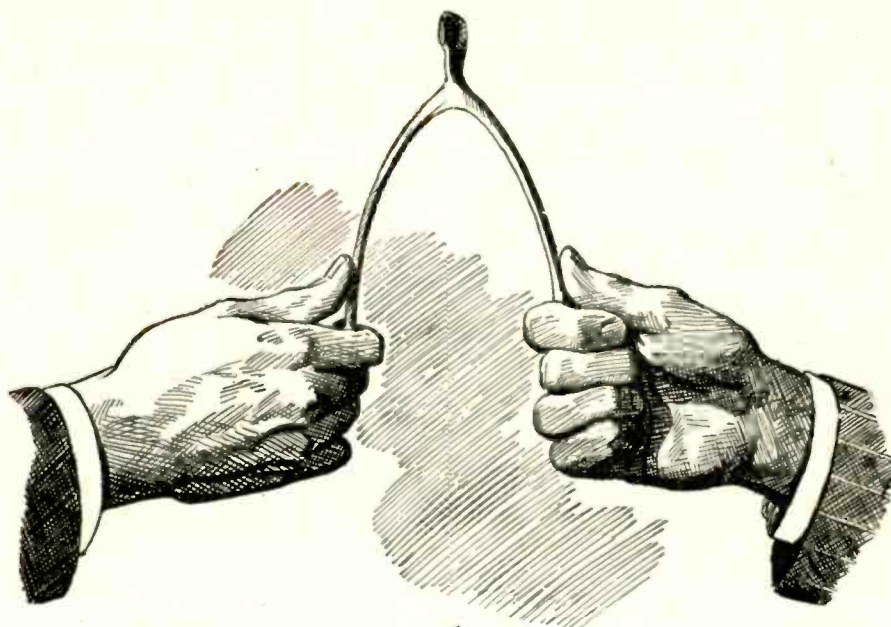
Howard or Bob?

Howard Hughes climbed into his plane last week and flew down to San Diego, where Atlas Corp.'s Floyd Odlum was inspecting Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp., one of Atlas' properties. Hughes was interested in another Atlas Corp. property: RKO. Since the dark days of 1935 when RKO and its chain of theaters were deep in the red, Atlas had gradually bought up 929,020 RKO shares, a controlling (24%) interest. Atlas Corp.'s management, and the war, had put RKO healthily into the black. Now Odlum wanted to get out and take his profit.

For an hour Hughes dickered with Odlum about buying Atlas' RKO holdings. The best guess about the price: around \$8,000,000. Then Hughes flew back to his Beverly Hills home to make up his mind. To the press Odlum complained: "Under today's almost panicky conditions in Hollywood (TIME, Jan. 19) [no one] has the combined money and nerve to meet the faith of Atlas Corp. in the industry."

But there was another buyer eying RKO last week who had never lacked nerve, and usually found the money. Railroader Robert R. Young had not been too pleased with his Eagle Lion Films Inc. His films, mostly Bs, had not impressed either the critics or the public. Young thought the cure was a chain of theaters, better production and a better distributing organization. (All this may also help British Cinemogul J. Arthur Rank, who now has a distributing agreement with Eagle Lion.) Last week, Young liked the idea of buying RKO enough to announce:

"A group of private investors associated with me have been looking into RKO and United Artists with a view toward a possible investment."



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You can't change your policies after you've lost a ship or watched your factory burn. The time to be sure is now. So give your insurance the attention it deserves before it's too late. Don't be satisfied with superficial advice or "just any broker." Look for a well equipped organization—with experience, man-power, knowledge of insurance contracts and markets, claim collection, loss control and other service departments, and freedom to buy in the open market from one insurance company or many. ¶ Here at J&H we try to live up to that description. And our ideal is to identify ourselves with our clients' interests at every step of the way. With lives and property at stake, that's a big job and an important one. If you would like to discuss its possible application to your business, phone or write us today.

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What in the world

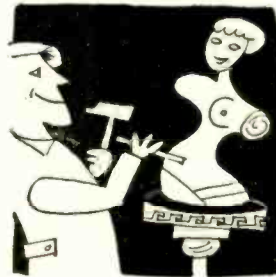
Practically everything!...and so almost

What do they read in TIME?

Practically everything, of course!

EACH WEEK 1,500,000 women and 1,800,000 men read TIME. Studies among equal numbers of TIME-reading men and women show the intensity of readership by sex for each TIME department.

The readership figures reported here for each department are based upon 1600 personal interviews.



ART

128 women readers
for 100 men



BOOKS

120 women readers
for 100 men



FOREIGN NEWS

78 women readers
for 100 men



INTERNATIONAL

74 women readers
for 100 men



LATIN AMERICA

77 women readers
for 100 men



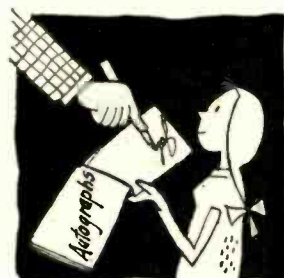
LETTERS

97 women readers
for 100 men



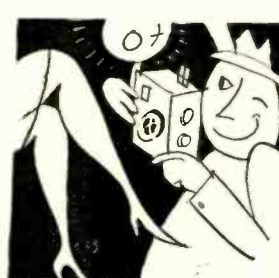
NATIONAL AFFAIRS

80 women readers
for 100 men



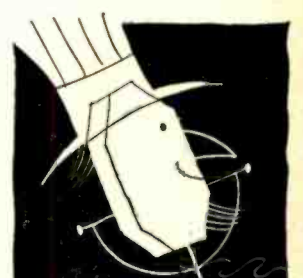
PEOPLE

103 women readers
for 100 men



PRESS

78 women readers
for 100 men



RADIO

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for 100 men

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interests women?

as many Women as Men are reading **TIME**



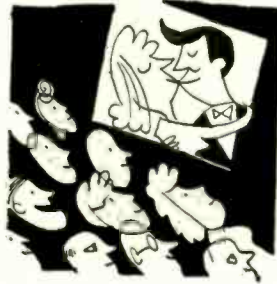
BUSINESS

59 women readers
for 100 men



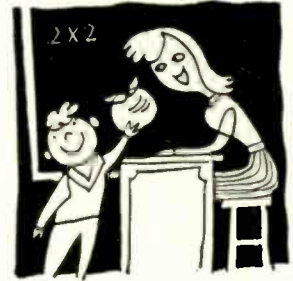
CANADA

75 women readers
for 100 men



CINEMA

122 women readers
for 100 men



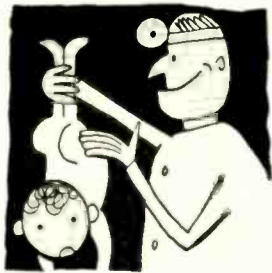
EDUCATION

97 women readers
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MEDICINE

93 women readers
for 100 men



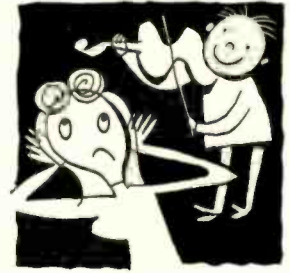
MILESTONES

104 women readers
for 100 men



MISCELLANY

102 women readers
for 100 men



MUSIC

117 women readers
for 100 men



RELIGION

102 women readers
for 100 men



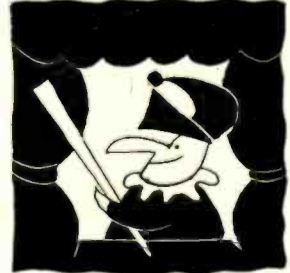
SCIENCE

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SPORT

55 women readers
for 100 men



THEATRE

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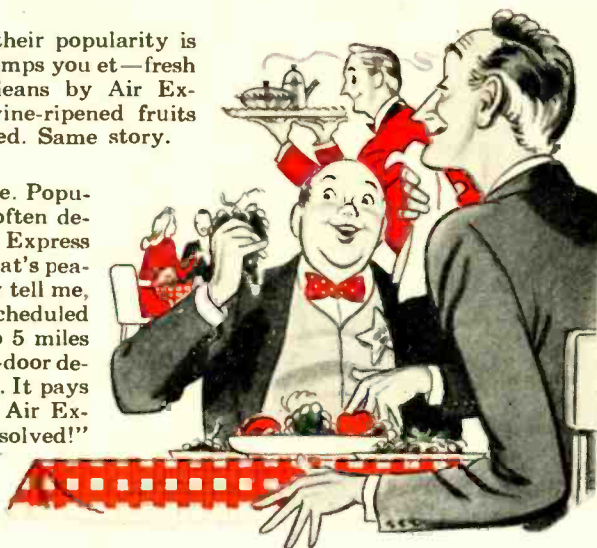
"Pos't, Murphy...something's up!"



"No restaurant should be as busy as that one is. Something's fishy! Murphy, leave us raid the joint."

"The clue to their popularity is this. Them shrimps you et—fresh from New Orleans by Air Express. Them vine-ripened fruits you investigated. Same story."

"Here's what I deduce. Popularity in retail trade often depends on speed. Air Express supplies it, at a cost that's peanuts. Shipments, they tell me, go on all flights of all Scheduled Airlines. Speeds up to 5 miles a minute; plus door-to-door delivery at no extra cost. It pays every business to use Air Express regularly. Case solved!"



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True case history: 20 lb. package of shrimps picked up in New Orleans at 3 p.m. the 16th. On luncheon menu of Minneapolis hotel next day. 1,119 miles, Air Express charge only \$4.60. Other weights, any distance, similarly inexpensive and fast. Just 'phone your local Air Express Division, Railway Express Agency, for fast shipping action.



Rates include pick-up and delivery door to door in all principal towns and cities

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AGENCY AND THE

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MILESTONES

Born. To Anne Kaufman Colen, 22, dark-haired only child of George S. Kaufman, hit playwright, collaborator (*You Can't Take It with You*, *The Man Who Came to Dinner*) with Moss Hart (see below), and Bruce Colen, 23, an editor of *Holiday*: their first child, a girl. Name: Beatrice (after her late maternal grandmother). Weight: 8 lbs. 4 oz.

Born. To Moss Hart, 43, hit playwright (*Lady in the Dark*, *Christopher Blake*), and Kitty Carlisle, 35, popular music-comedy and cinema charmer of the '30s: their first child, a son; in Manhattan. Name: Christopher. Weight: 7 lbs. 8 oz.

Married. David Niven, 37, sparrowy, Scottish-born cinemactor (*Raffles*, *The Bishop's Wife*), and Hjordis Demberg Tersmeden, 27, red-haired Swedish ex-model; each for the second time (his first wife died in 1946 from an accidental fall); in London.

Married. Thomas Hambly Beck, 66, board chairman of Crowell-Collier Publishing Co. (*Collier's*, *Woman's Home Companion*, *American Magazine*), sideler in private aviation and bird conservation; and Martha Margaret Gallagher, 41, retired actress; he for the third time, she for the first; in New Milford, Conn.

Died. Anthony Joseph Drexel III, 34, gentleman-farmer great-grandson of Philadelphia Banker Anthony Joseph Drexel, great-grandson of the late Wall Street Plunger Jay Gould; of an accidental gunshot wound; in Oakley, S.C.

Died. Otis Chatfield-Taylor, 47, Chicago socialite, literary dilettante, brother of Wayne C. Taylor, onetime Under Secretary of Commerce; after an automobile accident; in Ossining, N.Y.

Died. Peter de Rohegune Munch, 77, prewar pacifist, Foreign Minister of Denmark from 1929 to 1940; in Copenhagen. He visualized a Scandinavian "oasis of peace," signed a non-aggression pact with Hitler in May 1939—ten months before the Nazi invasion of Denmark.

Died. Josephus Daniels, 85, "Tar Heel Editor," World War I Secretary of the Navy (his Assistant Secretary: young Franklin D. Roosevelt), onetime (1933-41) U.S. Ambassador to Mexico; of pneumonia; in Raleigh, N.C. Secretary Daniels disturbed Navy traditionalists, outlawed liquor on Navy vessels (a rule still in force), took pride in the Navy's record of transporting all U.S. troops to Europe without a casualty. A professional journalist from the age of 18 (he became editor of the *Raleigh News and Observer* in 1894), string-tied Editor Daniels was a folksy foe of Republicans, booze and vested interests, championed Southern Methodism and the common man.



All that glistens is not sold

...when they don't know their plastics



The sink strainer in this poor salesman's hand has *everything* the lady wants . . . but he doesn't know it or know *why*. No sale . . . for *both* are uninformed about plastics.

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MELMAC* plastics, for instance: 1. Will never soften under exposure to heat (even boiling water). 2. Won't catch fire. 3. Won't attract dust. 4. Will not be damaged by household cleaning fluids or commercial solvents. 5. Will not shatter (however, it is *not* unbreakable). 6. Won't rust or chip . . . its color goes all the way through.



... or **BEETLE*** plastics: 1. Can be washed in hot water, like china or glass. 2. Can be cleaned with ordinary cleaning fluids. 3. Easy to keep dust-free. 4. Durable, shatter-resistant (but will break with overly severe treatment). 5. Will not catch on fire. 6. All color . . . no chipping or rusting.



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QUESTIONS PLEASE! Our technical staff will be glad to help you solve problems in plastic application and design. And if our materials do not fill the bill *exactly*, we will cheerfully direct you to the right sources. American Cyanamid Company, Plastics Division, 34 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

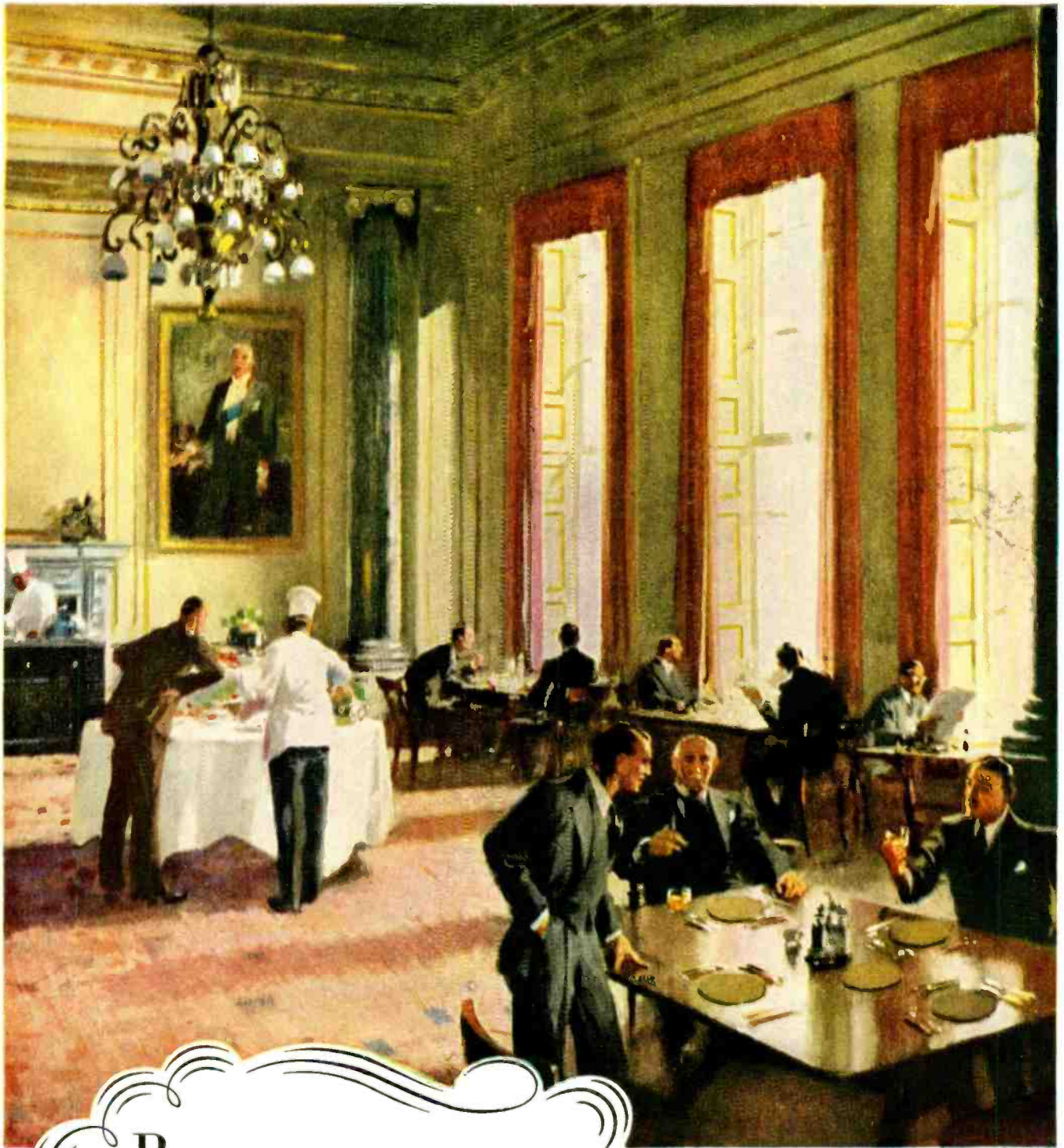


Cyanamid
Plastics

DIVISION OF AMERICAN CYANAMID COMPANY

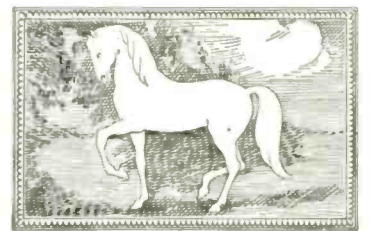
BEETLE* plastics—urea-formaldehyde thermosetting molding compounds. MELMAC* plastics—melamine-formaldehyde thermosetting molding compounds, industrial and laminating resins. URAC* resins—urea-formaldehyde thermosetting industrial resins and adhesives. MELURAC* resins—melamine-urea-formaldehyde thermosetting adhesive and laminating resins. LAMINAC* resins—thermosetting polyester resins.

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CINEMA



ANDREWS, CARMICHAEL, OBERON
A Henry James frosting?

Harvest-Home

Hollywood's moviemakers are only mildly interested in what the critics think are the "best" pictures of the year. The really important results of 1947, to cinemoguls, were published in *Variety's* jumbo-size (250 pp.) anniversary issue: the 75 pictures of 1947 which grossed (or are estimated to gross) \$2,000,000 or better; the 45 top-grossing stars; the top grossers by studios.

The ten top-grossing pictures:

- 1) *The Best Years of Our Lives* (Goldwyn-RKO): \$11,500,000.
- 2) *Duel in the Sun* (SRO): \$10,750,000.
- 3) *The Jolson Story* (Columbia): \$8,000,000.
- 4) *Forever Amber* (20th Century-Fox): \$8,000,000.
- 5) *Unconquered* (Paramount): \$7,500,000.
- 6) *Life with Father* (Warner): \$6,250,000.
- 7) *Welcome Stranger* (Paramount): \$6,100,000.
- 8) *The Egg and I* (Universal-International): \$5,750,000.
- 9) *The Yearling* (M-G-M): \$5,250,000.
- 10) *Green Dolphin Street* (M-G-M): \$5,000,000.

The ten top-grossing stars: * Jennifer Jones is rated (with just one picture—*Duel*) as a \$10,750,000 star; Gregory Peck, with two pictures, rated an \$8,000,000 average as a customer-puller; Linda Darnell (with one), \$8,000,000; Gary Cooper (with one), \$7,500,000; Teresa

* Rated by the gross take of their films. These figures do not represent the stars' earnings or box-office power, since they make no allowances for the pull of co-stars, Technicolor, story, etc.

Wright (with two), \$7,200,000; Dana Andrews (with two), \$6,875,000; William Powell (with one), \$6,250,000; Irene Dunne (with one), \$6,250,000; Bing Crosby (with one), \$6,100,000; Larry Parks (with two), \$5,250,000.

The five top-grossing companies (figured on pictures which grossed \$2,000,000 plus): M-G-M, \$50,900,000 on 15 pictures; Paramount, \$48,050,000 on 13; RKO, \$39,050,000, on ten; Warner, \$38,800,000 on 14; 20th Century-Fox, \$35,750,000 on ten.

The New Pictures

Night Song (RKO Radio) takes the cake, or most of the frosting anyhow, for fancy plot. A rich San Francisco music lover (Merle Oberon) decides that what poor, blind, bitter Composer Dana Andrews needs, if he is ever to finish his concerto, is the love of a girl whom he can't feel is pitying him. She pretends to be blind and poor; Dana falls for her, and his genius starts boiling.

His concerto wins a prize (put up, in secret, by Merle) and he goes East and gets his eyes fixed. Successful and happy, he begins to hit the high spots. He can't bear to return to his blind sweetheart. Merle comes East and pretends to be a rich girl who loves music and can see. He falls for her again but this time neither of them is happy, for both feel that the blind girl is being treated shabbily. At last Dana's concerto is played in Carnegie Hall (with Artur Rubinstein at the piano); he hears the music the blind girl inspired, and the love interest gets straightened out.

Someone the size of Novelist Henry James might have made something out of this tormented story; it is quite a tribute to the present, less talented company that they make it even bearable. Neither the

stars nor Hoagy Carmichael nor Ethel Barrymore can make it better than that. However, either Mr. Andrews or his make-up man has managed an effective illusion of blind eyes. Also, it appears that those involved in this movie about music are at least musically housebroken.

Drab as it is, indeed, *Night Song* earns a modest but honorable corner in movie history on two counts. A piece of music is played straight through without cuts or that customary desperate wandering of the camera's eye which suggests that it hates music and is bored sick. And for once a movie set of Carnegie Hall does not look like a set for Dante's *Purgatorio* sculptured out of Ivory Soap by Norman Bel Geddes. With electrifying effectiveness, it just looks like Carnegie Hall.

Road to Rio (Paramount). The Crosby-Hope-Lamour "Road" pictures, in the opinion of plenty of enthusiastic cinemadicts, can lead anywhere and go on forever. Their comedy is more verbal than visual, but any kind of slapstick—one of cinema's lost arts—is rare these days. Because they fill some of the void, these loose-jointed spoof pictures at least guarantee a lot of good laughs.

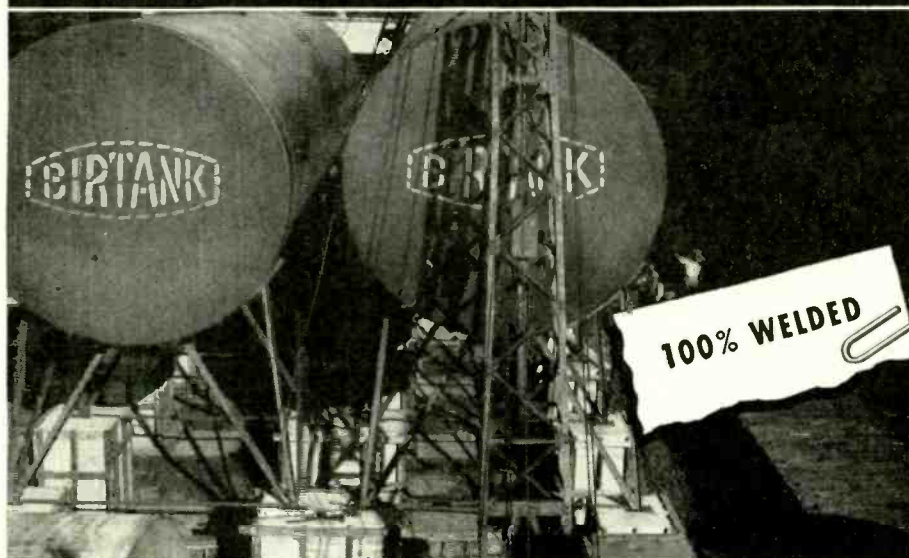
This time Hope & Crosby are stowaways on a Brazil-bound steamer. Dorothy Lamour is a wealthy maiden in distress, amply surrounded by Gale Sondergaard and associated heavies. Miss Sondergaard, a hypnotist, has Dottie all set to marry a money-hunting louse the moment the boat reaches Rio. One gathers that the menaces are trying to snatch a fortune by this deal, but when the time comes for explanations, Crosby calmly tears up "The Papers" that would make everything clear and says with a leer, "The world must never know."

There are several easy-hearted songs,



CROSBY & HOPE
A Warner Brothers growl?

Built to Last



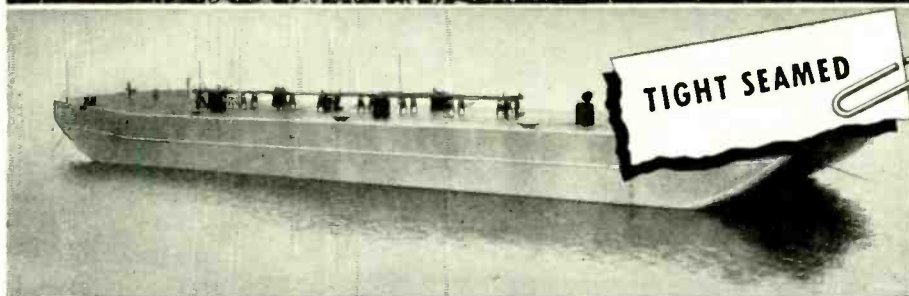
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some lines as quietly wicked as an ice-pick stab, and a few fine jokes. Good joke: at one point, Hope enthusiastically explains the rest of the picture: they'll Get-The-Papers and Stop-the-Marriage; "Boy, what a finish!" There is a frightful off-screen growling that sounds like a couple of nauseated tigers. Crosby, disconcerted: "What was that?" Hope, casually: "Oh, just the Warner Brothers; they're terribly jealous."

Also Showing

T-Men (Eagle-Lion) is a semi-documentary about a couple of U.S. Treasury agents on the trail of a counterfeit gang. It was obviously put together without much time or money to spare, and as often happens under such circumstances, vitality and unpretentiousness get a chance to exert themselves. The result is a nice, brisk, intelligent little B-plus melodrama, far more real and entertaining than the general run. Chief credits go to Players Dennis O'Keefe, Wally Ford and Alfred Ryder (Broadway's blooming June Lockhart is also present), to Writer John C. Higgins and Director Anthony Mann.

The Tender Years (20th Century-Fox) is a tearjerker about a mid-19th Century dog. The dog has to fight professionally to earn his master's keep, although he would prefer to live peacefully with a little boy. The picture attains a focus of unusual moral and dramatic interest when a minister (Joe E. Brown) steals the dog and faces trial and jail rather than return him. But everything is comfortably fixed up before this conflict between legality and sentiment can seriously excite or embarrass the audience. Except for some ugly moments around the dog pit, and the irreducibly likable Mr. Brown, who plays it straight and sweet, the picture is a pathetic miss.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Paradine Case. Alfred Hitchcock's polished, plotty courtroom drama, with Gregory Peck, Valli, Ann Todd, Louis Jourdan (TIME, Jan. 12).

Good News. Good tunes and June Allyson in a hearty revival of one of the best musicals of the '20s (TIME, Dec. 22).

Bush Christmas. Australian children hound the life out of some horse thieves in an engagingly simple adventure story (TIME, Dec. 15).

To Live in Peace. A fine Italian-made film endorsing the Brotherhood of Man (TIME, Dec. 1).

Mourning Becomes Electra. A painfully faithful version of Eugene O'Neill's tragedy of incest; with Rosalind Russell and Michael Redgrave (TIME, Nov. 24).

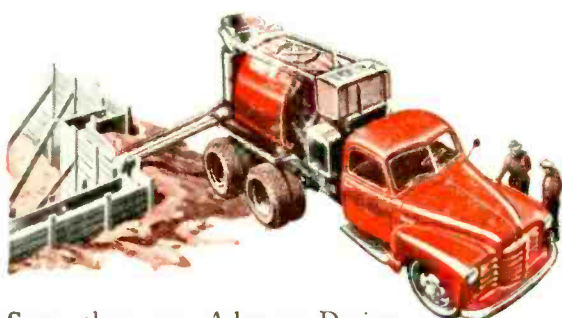
Gentleman's Agreement. A slick argument against anti-Semitism; with Dorothy McGuire and Gregory Peck (TIME, Nov. 17).

Man About Town. Maurice Chevalier narrates (in English) René Clair's kindly caricature of early French moviemaking (TIME, Nov. 17).

Body and Soul. John Garfield and Lilli Palmer in an exciting prize-fight picture (TIME, Oct. 20).

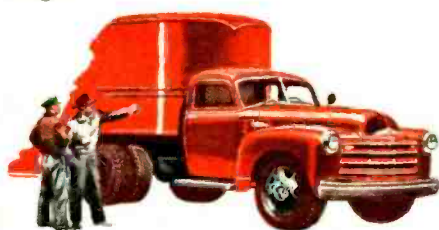


**"When I say real
heavy-duty value, brother,
I mean Chevrolet Advance-Design trucks!"**

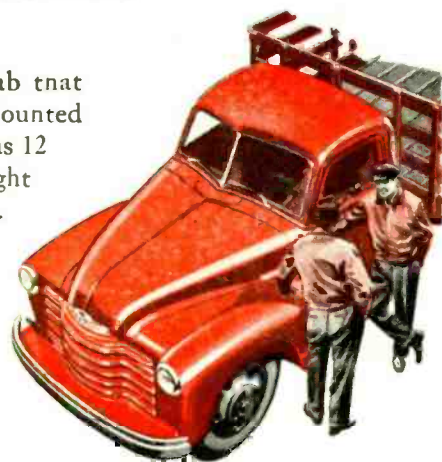


Sure, there are Advance-Design trucks for special heavy-duty jobs. Look at this one. They tell me there are 107 different models . . . on eight different wheelbases —trucks for all the trades!

See those rear-corner windows?* They make it easy and safe to back up. These trucks are really new—from roof to road, with Advance-Design! Another thing, they have the world's most economical engine for its size—Chevrolet's valve-in-head truck engine!



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BOOKS

127 Days That Shook the World

THE GREAT REHEARSAL (336 pp.)—
Carl Van Doren—Viking (\$3.75).

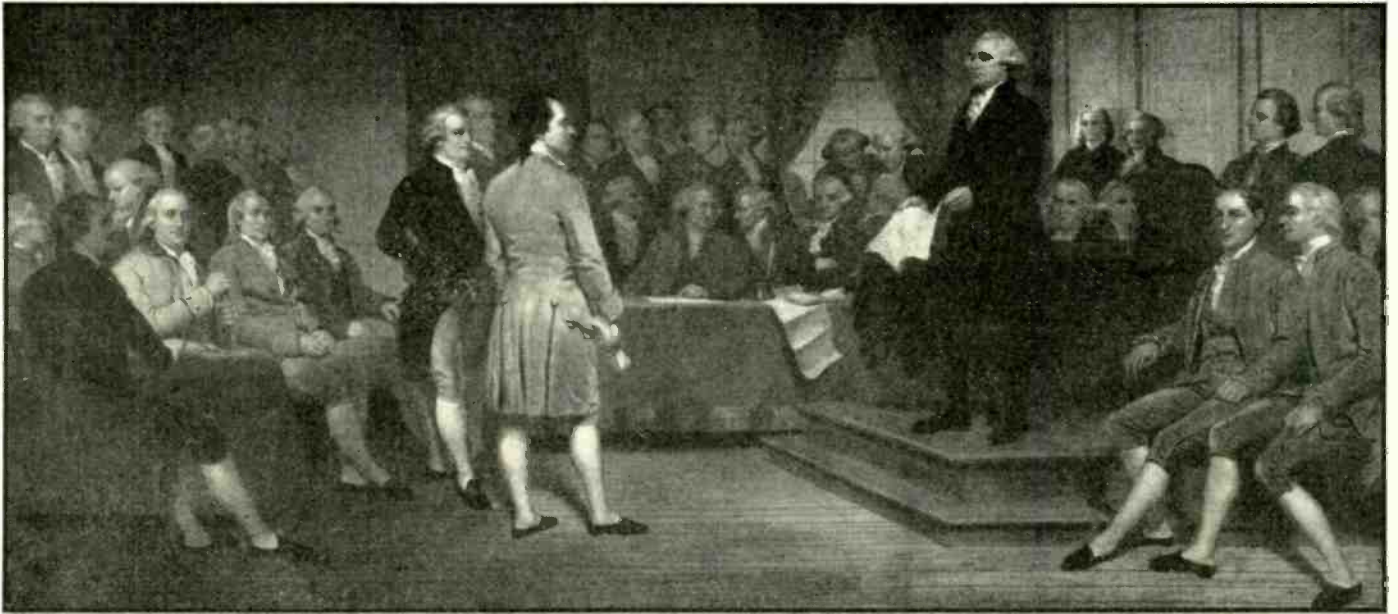
Their purpose was noble; they themselves, with few exceptions, were unassuming. They drifted into Philadelphia one or two at a time, put up at the Indian Queen Hotel, got to the State House at 10 or 11 in the morning, and sat around in the famous room with its high windows, waiting for the other delegates. They arrived so slowly that the opening hour was changed from 11 to 1 p.m. On May 25,

and even when they rushed articles through, their decisions were deliberate. Nor was there much speculation by them on the awful fate that would overtake mankind if they failed.

Many delegates had arrived believing that they were empowered only to revise the Articles of Confederation. In four days, between May 28 and May 31, crucial and bold decisions were made. It was agreed that a national government should be established; that the members of the first branch (the House) should be elected by the people, and that each house should have the power to originate acts. Even

The Pause That Cools. Usually, when the convention deadlocked, it adjourned for a few days. Indeed, the frequent adjournments seem in retrospect to have revealed almost as much statesmanship as the measures themselves. They cooled tempers, or they permitted vaguely formed ideas to crystallize. Moreover, the late arrivals among the delegates were new reinforcements for one group or another. They were like substitutes sent in at a critical moment in a football game, and in many respects they were, like Roger Sherman of Connecticut, more effective than the members of the first team.

In mid-July, the delegates of the larger states met in caucus and unwittingly contributed the great compromise of the convention. Listening to their inconclusive



Robert Fridenberg Gallery

THE SIGNING OF THE CONSTITUTION
From inconclusive talk, a great compromise.

1787, almost two weeks after the first delegates assembled, the Constitutional Convention held its first official session.

Every schoolchild knows what success attended their efforts; it is a commentary on the writing of American history that most of the men themselves are unknown. There are volumes on the staff officers of Robert E. Lee, but who, aside from students, knows George Wythe and John Blair, James Wilson, Luther Martin, William Paterson, Richard Bassett, Jacob Broom or Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer? Something is wrong with any definition of greatness that excludes them.

No Wisecracks. Their great achievement was to create an atmosphere in which disputes could be settled—an example which, says Author Van Doren, could well be emulated by the United Nations today. All the things the Constitutional Convention was *not* help to define what it was: it was not bombastic; there was no playing to the gallery, no wisecracking, no demolishing of an opponent by invective or ridicule. The displays of learning were soon exhausted—the delegates got tired of hearing about the ancient republics. The delegates were calm,

more fundamental, Congress should have the power to negative all laws of the states that contravened the articles of union. Then, having done all this, the delegates fell to arguing details.

Meeting five, six, or seven hours a day, often reversing themselves, returning again & again to such questions as how Senators were to be elected and how much power the President should have, the delegates marked time until the middle of June. The convention became deadlocked, its very existence threatened.

Said Benjamin Franklin: "The small progress we have made after four or five weeks close attendance and continual reasonings with each other . . . is methinks a melancholy proof of the imperfection of Human Understanding. . . . We have been assured, Sir, that 'except the Lord build the House, they labor in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without his concurring aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the Builders of Babel: we shall be divided by our little partial local interests; our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and bye word down to future ages."

talk, the delegates of the small states realized that there was no concerted plan among them to override the rights of the smaller states. The small states surrendered their hope of equal representation in the House, thus giving up their attachment to a confederation of equal states. The larger states surrendered proportional representation in the Senate, thus abandoning any hope they held of a consolidated government over the entire country. Once this was accomplished, the details were settled swiftly, and on Sept. 17, the 127th day after the first delegates assembled, the Constitution was adopted.

39 Against Chaos. Making allowance for the many adjournments, the basic pattern of a new government had been created in less than two months, the remaining days spent in refining and improving upon it. The 39 delegates had not only brought order out of chaos; they had created a new kind of state, varied, allowing for infinite differences, and solving the problem of a national control that still preserved local and individual liberty. One of the contributions of Carl Van Doren's book is that it provides readers with all the information they need to answer the

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old questions about the Constitution's rigidity, its difficulty of amendment, and its usefulness in a time of crisis. It also throws a good deal of light on discussions as to whether the American Constitution is as effective an instrument of government as the unwritten constitution by which the British Empire is governed (readers will probably decide it is better).

The Great Rehearsal is a day-by-day account of the convention; it is cool and unexcited. Deliberately, it seems, Author Van Doren has restrained himself from paying tribute to the magnitude of the accomplishment that he records. The book's drama is not in the telling, but in the event. For the miracle of the Constitutional Convention was not that the delegates organized a nation; it was the kind of nation they created, one that has grown and prospered beyond any in history, and will so continue, as long as it remains faithful to its origins.

On the Soft Side

THE CIRCUS IN THE ATTIC—Robert Penn Warren—Harcourt, Brace (\$3).

A year and a half ago, when Robert Penn Warren's Pulitzer Prize novel *All the King's Men* appeared, critics acclaimed the pace and excellence of its prose and drama, compared Author Warren to William Faulkner and Thomas Wolfe. Now, Author Warren has followed up his novel with selections from his shorter fiction, including two novelettes and twelve short stories. They were written during the last 17 years, and readers who expect them to be an advance on their distinguished predecessor will find, instead, that they are the earlier miss-hits of a still immature talent. More surprising—and more disappointing—is the fact that the long title story, the only one which was written after *All the King's Men*, is no better than the others.

Each story has a rural or small-town setting and is marked by a notebook quality of careful, detailed observation. But with the exception of the novelette *Prime Leaf*—in which Warren dramatically illustrates the varying extremes of behavior shown by tobacco-growers when they are driven into a corner by ruthless buyers—there is not one story that rises from notebook level to finished fiction. The tension that *All the King's Men* sometimes achieved is replaced by anemic slowness, the prose is slack, the approach is that of an essayist looking back with spiritless nostalgia. Elderly Southern gentlemen drift interminably through pages of reminiscences; elderly Southern ladies dawdle through small-town streets or expire in their beds, victims of an unfortunate past or a present predicament that is never made interesting to the reader; sharecroppers, country doctors, professors and pubescent boys reach desultory conclusions about the world as a result of experiences that are more dull than grievous. Mixed in with these faint impressions of life's problems are Author Warren's own philosophical reflections—hazy musings which prolong the stories, and make them even thinner.

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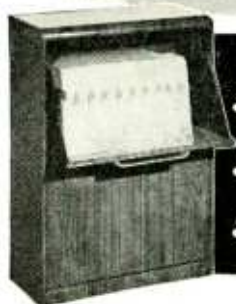
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Spare the Laurels

OTHER VOICES OTHER ROOMS (231 pp.)
—Truman Capote—Random House
(\$2.75).

The author of this first novel is only 23, but his literary promise has already caused a flutter in Manhattan publishing circles. When Editor Cyril Connolly of England's highbrow *Horizon* visited the U.S. last year (TIME, Oct. 20), he noted with sad alarm:

"'Get Capote'—at this minute the words are resounding on many a sixtieth floor, and 'get him' of course means make him and break him, smother him with laurels and then vent on him the obscure hatred which is inherent in the notion of another's superiority."

On the strength of *Other Voices Other Rooms*, Novelist Capote is safe from smothering in laurels. The book is a literary contrivance of unusual polish, better than the brightly ghostly short stories that gave its author a minor reputation. But it is immature and its theme is calculated to make the flesh crawl.

Swampland. Joel, a boy of 13, journeys east from New Orleans in the summer to find his father, whom he has never seen, at a lonely place called Skully's Landing. It is a journey into mysteries and wonders. From the town of Noon City he is taken in a slow wagon, by an ancient Negro named Jesus Fever, down a swampland road into night and sleep. He opens his eyes on a vivid morning scene:

"An expanse of pale yellow wall separated two harshly sunlit windows which faced the bed. Between these windows stood the woman. She did not notice Joel, for she was staring across the room at an ancient bureau: there, on top of a lacquered box, was a bird, a bluejay perched so motionless it looked like a trophy. The woman turned and closed the only open window; then, with prissy little sidling steps, she started forward."

The woman, who is his father's wife, Miss Amy, proceeds to hit the bluejay with a poker. This proves to be an appropriate introduction to the household. Other inmates are the languid and effeminate Cousin Randolph, Jesus Fever's granddaughter Zoo Fever, and Joel's father, Mr. Sansom, who is mysteriously sick and invisible. Joel begins to think maybe he doesn't exist. But in the evening a red tennis ball bumps down the stairs as if it had a life of its own, and rolls into the parlor. That is how he learns that his father is lying upstairs paralyzed, after having been shot by Randolph in a moment of hysterical terror.

Sinister Summer. In this atmosphere, half sickening and half magical, the events of the summer continue to shock the boy's senses like the bluejay and the red ball. At first Joel misses his aunt in New Orleans. But the sinister fascinations of Skully's Landing increase, centering on the tomboy, Idabel, who lives up the road, and on Cousin Randolph, who drinks sherry, calls him "darling" and holds his hand.

As a novelist, Truman Capote, who was



TRUMAN CAPOTE

The bluejay was motionless.

born in New Orleans, owes something to Proust, something to Faulkner. In some ways he gets very close to childhood and to the profoundly sensational values of a child. But for all his novel's gifted invention and imagery, the distasteful trappings of its homosexual theme overhang it like Spanish moss.

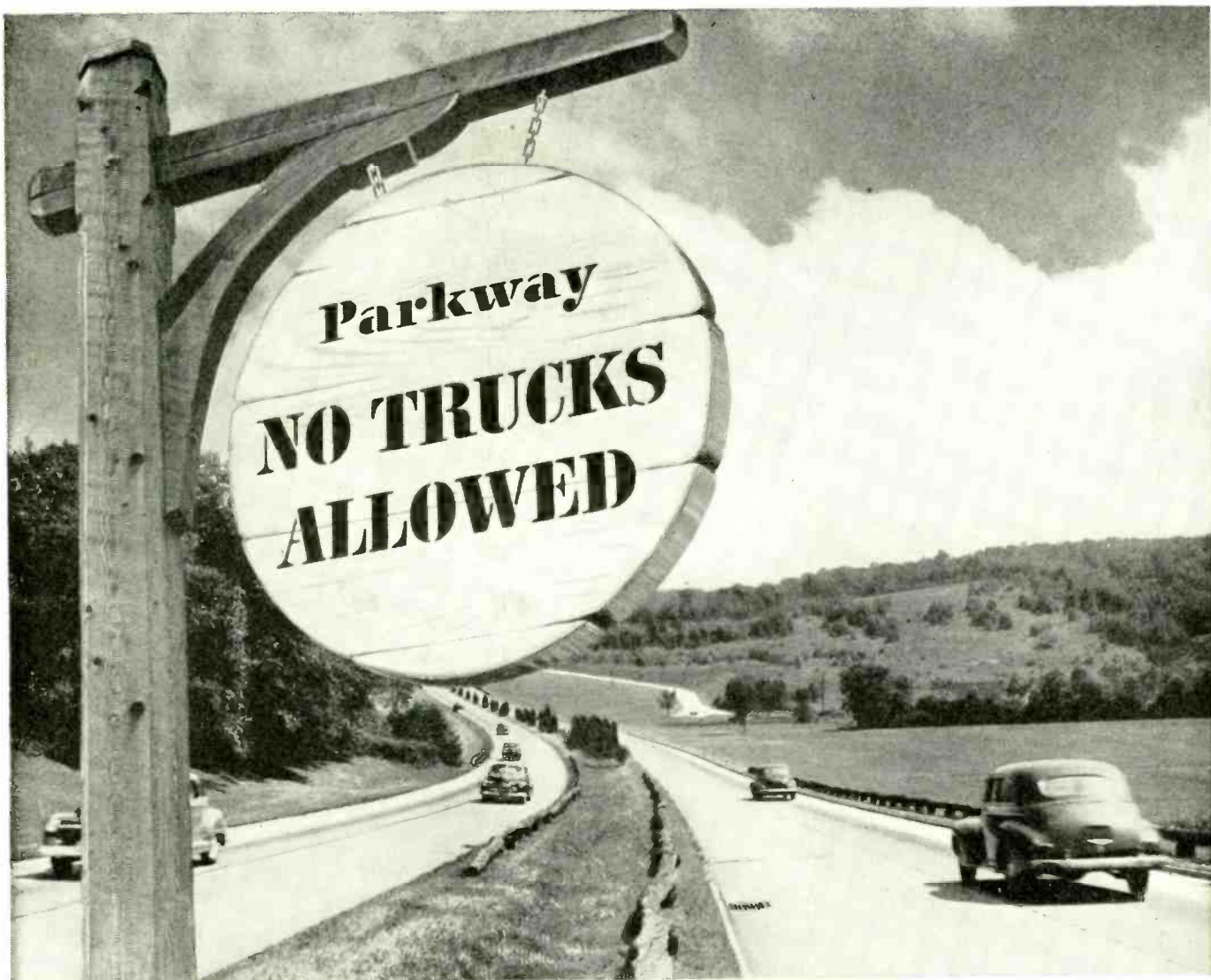
St. Mark on the Islands

MARK TWAIN AND HAWAII (519 pp.)—
Walter Francis Frear—Philip Dushnes
(\$10).

About noon one March Sunday in 1866, a bushy-haired newspaperman stepped ashore at Honolulu from the steamship *Ajax*. He had recently been fired from the San Francisco *Morning Call* for "unsatisfactoriness." Now he was in Hawaii to write a series of articles on the islands for the Sacramento *Union* at \$20 an article. He was 30, unknown by his right name (Samuel Clemens) or the name he used on his dispatches (Mark Twain), and his arrival excited no comment.

Mark Twain spent four months and a day in Hawaii. Dressed in a ridiculous linen duster that reached nearly to the ground, he roamed the islands on horseback until saddle boils laid him low. The former Mississippi riverboat pilot admitted that he was "one of the poorest horsemen in the world," once asked an island landlord for "an excessively gentle horse—a horse with no spirit whatever—a lame one, if he had such a thing." Where a horse found the going tough, Mark rode a mule, went from island to island by boat, and sent back to his paper 25 "letters" that touched on everything from the hula-hula to island politics.

Ham Sandwiches. Much of the humor in his "letters" is hard to take, even with the Mark Twain name on it (sample: "The Sandwich Islanders always squat on their hams and who knows but they may be the



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old original ‘ham sandwiches.’”). But even so there were already traces of the talent that led Rudyard Kipling to call Mark Twain “beyond question the largest man of his time, both in the direct outcome of his work and . . . in his indirect influence as a protesting force in an age of iron philistinism.”

Of the Hawaiian Legislative Assembly Mark Twain wrote: “This Legislature is like all other Legislatures. A wooden-head gets up and proposes an utterly absurd something or other, and he and half a dozen other wooden-heads discuss it with windy vehemence for an hour. . . . Now on one occasion a Kanaka member . . . got up and gravely gave notice of a bill to authorize the construction of a suspension bridge from Oahu to Hawaii, a matter of a hundred and fifty miles! . . . Do not do an unjust thing now, and imagine Kanaka Legislatures do stupider things than other similar bodies. Rather blush to remember that once, when a Wisconsin Legislature had the affixing of a penalty for the crime of arson under consideration, a member got up and seriously suggested that when a man committed the damning crime of arson they ought either to hang him or make him marry the girl!”

Vile Tobacco. This book on Mark Twain in Hawaii (which puts his Sandwich Islands letters in a single volume for the first time) is an uncritical labor of love by 84-year-old Walter Francis Frear, who was chief justice of the Hawaiian Supreme Court from 1893 to 1907, and governor of the territory for three successive terms. Author Frear has carefully retraced Mark Twain's movements about the islands, talked with those who remember him.

Mark Twain was long remembered on the islands, says Frear, as a hard-swearing, hard-drinking yarner who smoked vile tobacco. A woman still living recalls that when Mark Twain visited her father's plantation (she was 5 then), her ears were stuffed with cotton wool to shut off Mark's shocking language.*

In his letters to the *Sacramento Union*, and in lectures and letters for many years after, Mark Twain argued for the annexation of Hawaii to the U.S. He sent back able reports on sugar growing, the fertility of the soil, missionary activities (his California newspaper pals began to call him St. Mark), even had the foresight to see the islands as a “commanding sentry-box for an armed squadron.” And his humorous lectures on the islands, when he got back home, gave him his first widespread reputation (he outdrew Actress Fanny Kemble 1,500 to 200 in Pittsburgh, packed London's largest hall six nights running).

* Later, Mark swore off swearing, drinking and chewing but remained a heavy smoker. The December *Atlantic* printed for the first time the letter Mark wrote to Olivia (“Livy”) Langdon three weeks before their marriage in 1870: “I ceased from profanity because Mrs. Fairbanks [a friend] desired it. I stopped drinking strong liquors because you desired it. I stopped drinking all other liquors because it seemed plain that you desired it. I did what I could to learn to leave my hands out of my pantaloons pockets and quit lolling at full length in easy chairs, because you desired it. There was no sacrifice about any of these things.”



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