FIFTEEN CENTS MAY 10, 1943

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Artzybasheff

DOENITZ OF THE SUB-ATLANTIC

Germany's first defense is in the fortress moat.

(World Battlefronts)

VOLUME XLI NUMBER 19

"That nice Jones boy"

IS SURE RAISING HELL

Remember the Jones boy in your neighborhood?

"A nice kid," the neighbors said. Always reading books about modern miracles like aviation and electronics. Making plans, working to make a place for himself in the better world he saw ahead.

We can give you an authentic report on that nice Jones boy because we built the plane he flies today. This U. S. Army Bell Airacobra was designed on the daring new idea of a single engine fighter with a cannon in the nose. It's a hell-raising plane.

And that's right down Jonesie's alley.

Today in the war torn sky above one of the fighting fronts, he's looking for trouble. And doing a swell job of handling it. He's strafing ground troops, smashing tanks and landing barges, knocking enemy bombers and fighters out of the sky.

That nice Jones boy is sure raising hell...with the Axis!

Peace will bring another era of aviation pioneering. We'll be ready for our assignments with war-perfected techniques for designing, engineering and building the peace planes of the future. © Bell Aircraft Corporation, Buffalo, New York.

Airacobras for victory—

FUTURE PLANES FOR PEACE

BELL *Aircraft*

PACEMAKER OF AVIATION PROGRESS

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

The General reviews his troops

There are no bands, no bunting. His field uniform is faded from work and weather. His ambling army is all out of step.... *But this veteran dairy farmer ranks high in America's military strategy!*

Men must eat before they can fight. Nations must have food with their freedom. And nature's best balanced food is *milk*.

America's dairy farmers made a magnificent contribution toward victory last year—nearly 120 *billion* pounds of milk — *a world's record production.* They did it in spite of labor and machinery shortages. They did it by working longer and harder — to help keep American workers and fighters *fit*.

The country can be proud of its farmers—for pitching in and producing bumper crops of corn, wheat, meat and other foods, as well as milk.

All food is *life* in a life-and-death struggle. Save food and you save lives. Save food and you help heroic farmers feed a hungry world.

We're sure that every American will co-operate in the nation's food conservation program. We're glad that our work at National Dairy can make an important contribution to this program, too.

Our laboratories will continue their constant, far-reaching research — developing, from milk, new weapons for war and new products for peace.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

Originators of the Sealtest System of Laboratory Protection

LET YOUR VISION

"I'm in a country that needs a lot more smokestacks," writes an American soldier from a little-known corner of the earth.

To this soldier, smokestacks symbolize the kind of a postwar world where people will be too busy to fight. To this soldier, smokestacks symbolize the kind of industrial activity which utilizes resources, inventions, ingenuity, energy and man power to create a higher standard of living throughout the world.

World peace, once achieved, can be preserved only by dynamic efforts. Businessmen, as well as statesmen, will have great responsibility. The vibrant energies they have displayed in their own countries' economies can be felt all over the world.

The Austin Company, for example, has an unusually broad background of experience in engineering and construction which will be needed in many parts of the world for the building of the new industries and new cities which are to arise.

Austin combines the functions of design and construction. It plans and erects factories and industrial plants of all kinds, warehouses and terminals, airports and utilities. It is equipped to lay out and construct whole communities, complete with the necessary residential, municipal and commercial establishments. Its background covers "in the field" experience in several foreign countries.

If you are interested in any construction project anywhere, we will gladly explain to you the advantages of the Austin Method of Undivided Responsibility. A letter or phone call will receive our prompt attention.

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DESIGNERS ★ ENGINEERS ★ BUILDERS

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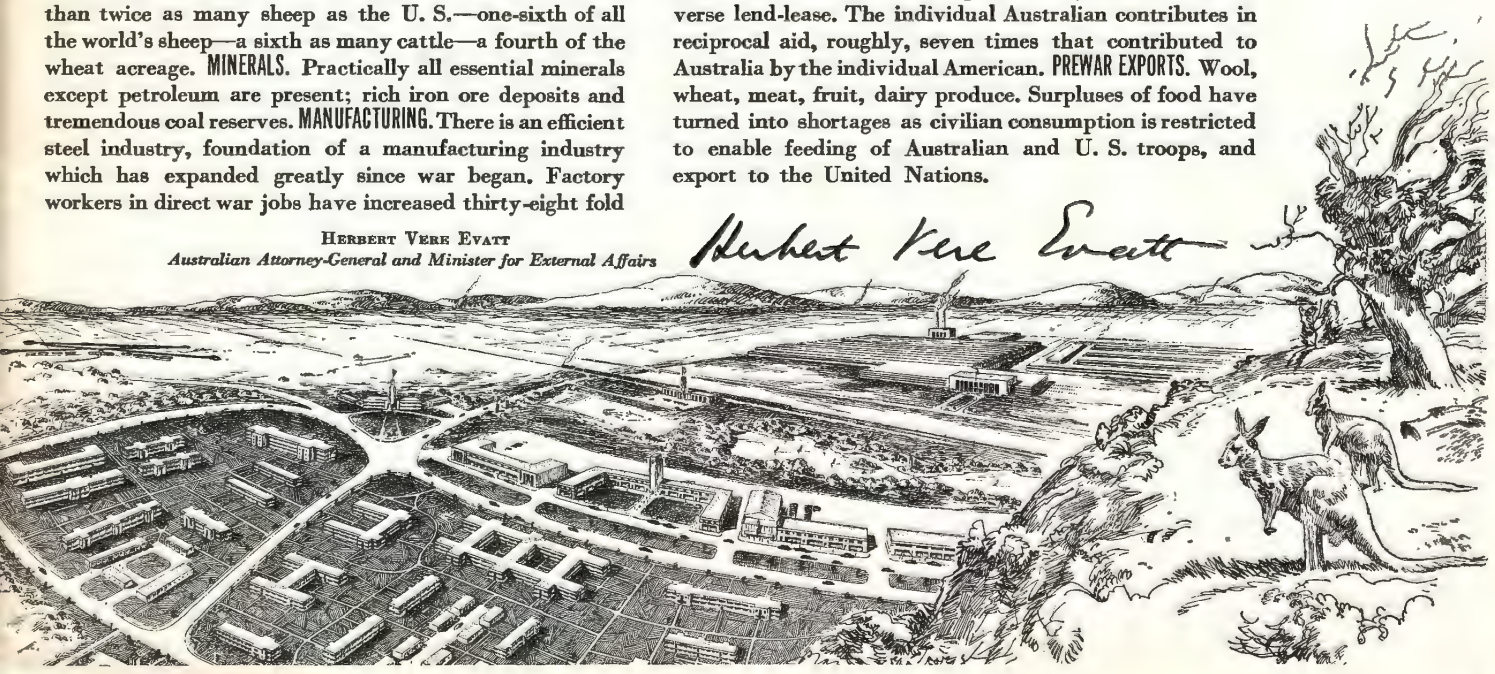
encompass the GLOBE

AUSTRALIA is a progressive and democratic country. There are great opportunities for development. For nearly four years its seven million people have been fighting an all-out war. **AGRICULTURE.** It has more than twice as many sheep as the U. S.—one-sixth of all the world's sheep—a sixth as many cattle—a fourth of the wheat acreage. **MINERALS.** Practically all essential minerals except petroleum are present; rich iron ore deposits and tremendous coal reserves. **MANUFACTURING.** There is an efficient steel industry, foundation of a manufacturing industry which has expanded greatly since war began. Factory workers in direct war jobs have increased thirty-eight fold since 1939. Sixty-eight per cent of men and women between 14 and 65 are fighting or in war jobs. **REVERSE LEND-LEASE.** A substantial proportion of goods and services required by U.S. forces in Australia are provided by Australia as reverse lend-lease. The individual Australian contributes in reciprocal aid, roughly, seven times that contributed to Australia by the individual American. **PREWAR EXPORTS.** Wool, wheat, meat, fruit, dairy produce. Surpluses of food have turned into shortages as civilian consumption is restricted to enable feeding of Australian and U. S. troops, and export to the United Nations.

HERBERT VERE EVATT
Australian Attorney-General and Minister for External Affairs

Herbert Vere Evatt



You don't get a medal for being a father

THE flower your little girl pins to your lapel . . . the trusting grip of your baby's helpless hand . . . the shining faces pressed expectantly against the pane as you hurry home in the evening . . . these are decorations that only a father can win!

Think of that, Dad, the next time you feel out of it because you aren't shouldering a gun. If Uncle Sam has seen fit to use your skill in making war materials, if he has left you in your old job because that's where you can best serve your country on the home front — you still can be a soldier, even if they never pin any medals on your chest.

One way is by putting as much energy and patriotism into every minute of your working day as that lad who is out there fighting for you. Another is by discharging that special assignment of yours in a way that only *you* can.

Yes, you have a special assignment. It's the job of getting those children of yours ready for the world other men are fighting to win for them. It's your responsibility to see that they will be ready to do their share in the new world that peace will bring. That means providing education and training for jobs that may not yet exist. It means anticipating the problems as well as the opportunities that lie ahead.

It's not only a hard job. It's a solemn responsibility. Nobody but *you* can carry it through, but there is a man who can give you expert guidance. He is the John Hancock agent, who has been trained to analyze all the factors that make your problem different from that of every other father. He has had the rich results of his Company's experience with six million policyholders. He can show you a practical, dependable way to get your children ready for the post-war world; how to keep them secure during the years when they are so dependent upon you for everything they have.

Because he knows that in times like these every moment counts, the John Hancock agent makes his interview brief and to the point. Talk to him today. The only obligation is *his* obligation — to give you the best possible advice.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
GUY W. COX, President

What! No ersatz electricity, Mr. Goebbels?

OF COURSE, you wouldn't catch crafty Herr Goebbels actually posting such a sign: "This war industry closed for lack of electric power."

Yet power shortages *have* hampered German factories. With all their other substitutes, the Nazis haven't yet invented an ersatz electricity!

They've tried to fill the gap by kidnapping workers from all conquered countries. But the muscles of whip-lashed men can't compete with power-driven machines.

America is more fortunate. No power shortage here!

Five times more electric power than in the last war. More power than all the Axis combined! *And no war industry served by the electric companies under American business management* — the group supplying about seven-eighths of this nation's electricity — *has been without ample power for all its needs!*

While Goebbels posts his "Closed" sign, free American men and women — permitted to plan and invent and create in the democratic way — are posting another sort of sign: *Danger, Adolf — Americans at Work!*

THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR WAR BONDS, EITHER!

THIS PAGE SPONSORED BY A GROUP OF 108

ELECTRIC COMPANIES* UNDER AMERICAN *BUSINESS* MANAGEMENT

**Names on request from this magazine.* *Not listed for lack of space.*

LETTERS

Bricker for President?

Sirs:

Fresh laurels! More bays! Your "Ten Presidential Commandments" anent Mr. Bricker [TIME, April 26] are a veritable Rosetta stone to an understanding of Presidential politics. . . .

ROBERT V. TITUS

New York City

Sirs:

TIME's story of the Bricker "boom" and the possibility of a fourth term for Roosevelt leave me both amazed and appalled. How can it be possible that a nation whose every effort must be directed toward winning the war can even contemplate a national election in 1944?

True, we are fighting for just such things as elections, but let's fight for them first and enjoy them second. There is only one solution: national elections, like Sunday afternoon joy rides, three cups of coffee and T-bone steaks, must be out for the duration.

If prematurely jubilant Republicans and disgruntled Democrats fail to see the logic of this, I trust that our men, in the tanks, in the bombers and in the trenches, won't.

MAX HENCY

Champaign, Ill.

Sirs:

. . . When TIME reports "vigorously uninspired" utterances of Governor Bricker, TIME is venomous (*see p. 10*) only to those Bricker henchmen who are keen on unthinking democracy. Stir them into thinking with venom if you can—and if you can't, stir us into electing proper men to public office. . . .

J. C. KENNEDY

Oberlin, Ohio

Upside-Down Maps

Sirs:

In looking over the last several issues of TIME, I note that of 17 maps published, twelve are set in the traditional manner with north toward the top of the page, while the other five—so help me—are set one each with northeast, east, south, southwest and west toward the top. While I have no particular objection to this policy of twisting your maps around, I think it would be no more than fair for you to furnish simple-minded readers like me with headache tablets with each map that necessitates our standing on our heads, reading upside down, or otherwise making ourselves dizzy. . . .

FOREST WHITCHER

Berkeley, Calif.

▶ Reader Whitcher's headache tablets are in the mail.—ED.

They Expect to Be Learned

Sirs:

I have read with interest the discussion aroused by the New York *Times* history test [TIME, April 12]. . . . It is no news to us [high-school teachers] that our pupils are not educated. The *Times* test happened to be a history test, but the results would have been the same had it been a test in English or mathematics or any other high-school subject.

There are some poor teachers, of course. . . . Textbooks are dull. . . . But in my opinion there are other factors of much greater importance. Here are some of them:

1) The tremendous resistance which boys and girls of high-school age put up to the process of education. . . . Brought up on thrills and entertainment, they find even the best of teachers pretty dull stuff as compared

How you will travel—in the *Age of Flight*

Over your home today, United Mainliners are busy flying soldiers, sailors and civilians on missions vital to our national welfare. Over foreign lands, other United planes are carrying guns and ammunition to the very gateways of actual warfare. Both are gaining added experience that will prove invaluable . . . in the coming Age of Flight.

WILL you travel only by air in the Age of Flight?

On some trips you will drive over super-highways in automobiles which will offer unheard-of comforts and economies. To other places, an ultra-modern streamlined train may best serve your purposes. You will cruise leisurely aboard a magnificent ocean liner. Every form of transportation will serve its own particular field with increased efficiency.

But most of your traveling—particularly for medium and long distances—will be by airplane. For the airplane combines remarkable speed with comfort and convenience. The Mainliners of the future will carry you from coast to coast in 11 hours or less. There will be airline service to many foreign lands overnight. Much of your goods and merchandise and most long-distance mail will go by air.

Tomorrow, more people will travel more miles than ever before. *You* will visit more places in this world than you ever dreamed possible. There will be more sights to see. More markets for the goods you help produce. More of the world's resources will be distributed among the peoples of the world.

Because *tomorrow* will be the Age of *Flight!*

★ *Buy War Bonds and Stamps for Victory* ★

UNITED AIR LINES

THE MAIN LINE AIRWAY

with Hedy Lamarr or Robert Taylor. . . They do not expect to learn, they expect to be learned. That is what all their experience has led them to expect.

2) The growth of "extracurricular activities" in many of our high schools has reached the point where the tail has swallowed the head. Sports, clubs, dances, teas, "pep" sessions, programs, youth movements and every conceivable kind of extracurricular activity . . . now [take] three-fourths of the time and energy of pupils and teachers . . . before they can even begin to think of study and teaching.

3) The years between 15 and 20 are the most difficult years in life. . . . Great biological changes are taking place. . . . Who cares about the dead past, when every fiber of one's body is tingling in a glorious present? . . . Turn the high schools into charm schools. Teach courtesy and grace, the art of dress, dancing, the development of personality and talents, choral singing and personal relationships. There would be no resistance to this kind of curriculum. And after this, two or three years of concentrated history, English, mathematics and languages for those who want these things. And for the others—well, they would at least be as well educated as they are now, and for all of us life would be far more beautiful. . . .

HELEN H. PRESTON
Anderson High School
Anderson, Ind.

Sirs:

. . . History is not only condensed for text books, it is dehydrated. They can push mathematics and Latin around and pound it in. Not so history. History is real, living and breathing. . . . In the average classroom it dies a death of suffocation.

Let historians, and not educators, write history.

(MRS.) MILDRED ELWELL
El Paso

Sirs:

. . . There are many reasons why students have failed so miserably in the past several years to maintain creditable scholastic standing and make sound academic records. . . . The present generation has been weaned on the comic strip. It has absorbed huge, indigestible amounts of outrageously inane (for the most part) Hollywood movie fare. It has been given cheap, miserably lean radio entertainment. In short, the younger generation hasn't been given half a chance to improve itself mentally. . . .

PRIVATE J. A. FALLON
Scott Field, Ill.

Bomb the Brains!

Sirs:

Japanese execution of prisoners of war (TIME, May 3) to my mind has changed the whole future policy to be followed in the war. If barbarism is indicated by the enemy, it has to be met with like cruelty. No holds barred! No silly Wilson or Roosevelt idealism. . . .

The bars are down. Our brave fighters have been assassinated for doing their duty. Why not be as realistic as the Japanese? My feeling is that the main target for bombs—or shells—should be the chancellery in Berlin, the Mikado's palace in Tokyo, Hitler's hideout at Berchtesgaden, the government buildings in Berlin and Tokyo . . . where the *brains* are! To my mind, eradicating the motivating source is more important than destroying the instruments. . . .

LEON H. HASS
Davenport, Iowa

A Vote for Fiorello

Sirs:

It would have been surprising indeed if Mayor LaGuardia had been appointed to the

THIS is a war of movement at home as well as abroad.

The men responsible for thinking things out and getting things done must be here today—there tomorrow—somewhere else on Tuesday. And they must be not only *at* the job, but *on* the job, for how well they *do* the job is mighty important to Uncle Sam.

That's where Pullman comes in.

When you go Rail-Pullman, you get there—safely and dependably. You get the service and the privacy that make your trip a pleasant interlude. And you get the *sleep* going you need to *keep* going at an all-out wartime pace.

The exact accommodations you request may not always be available, for it takes many sleeping cars to move an average of almost 30,000 troops a night. But whether you sleep in an upper, a lower, or a room, you'll get a good rest in a swell bed whenever you . . .

Go Pullman

job for which he was mentioned (TIME, April 19). . . .

For whatever else Fiorello is or is not, he is a stanch anti-Fascist. And anti-Fascists, paradoxically, are not in the best of standing with the policy-makers of the officially anti-Fascist forces.

EDWARD SCHINDELER

Laguna Beach, Calif.

White-Collar Predicament

Sirs:

In chronicling the contemporary American scene, it seems to me that TIME and others have failed to appreciate the predicament in which a great many millions of Americans find themselves today. I refer to the plight of white-collar workers and others who, through no fault of their own, are not benefiting by the high wages being paid in war industries.

. . . That the country is rolling in wealth which must be "siphoned off" is an erroneous and a dangerous generalization. In my travels I have seen hundreds of persons, never highly paid, who are in serious financial difficulties because of ever-increasing taxation and the great boost in living costs.

With the further upward-spiraling of taxes and living costs, I predict that a large segment of the population will find it impossible to meet their obligations. If they seek employment in war industries they will leave unfilled services that can well lead to a serious disruption of the whole war effort.

I have no panacea to suggest. I am just noting a condition.

EARLE DOUCETTE

Augusta, Me.

TIME's Venom (Cont'd)

Sirs:

"Do other readers agree that an undertone of venom is TIME's chief lure, that sadism governs their reading habits?" (TIME, April 19).

Yes.

BARNABY CONRAD JR.

New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

. . . Hell no!

ROBERT BOLTON

Angola, N. Y.

Sirs:

The circulation of hot dogs would fall off were it not for mustard, but mustard is not their chief lure. . . .

D. R. W. WAGER-SMITH

Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Sirs:

I fairly drool at the mouth, curse the mailman and am in general in a state of frustration when my copy of TIME is late. I wondered what ailed me—now I know—it's the sadist in me. . . .

DOROTHY ROLAND

Nahant, Mass.

Sirs:

I resent the letter in TIME as to the undertone of venom. . . .

May I suggest that Mr. Lambert speak just for himself, as he not only does TIME an injustice but their readers also.

OLIVE A. MACOMB

Long Beach, Calif.

▶ The score to date: Yes, 20%; No, 56%; Maybe, 24%.—ED.

Polish Unreality

Sirs:

With a colossally characteristic disregard for reality, Poland's General Sikorski dares speak now of the reapportionment of East-

Today
Electronics aims the Guns of War...

Tomorrow
it will steer the Ships of Peace

Industry is helping win the war...
industry must help build a peacetime world

Today, all industries must produce as never before —must speed the output of food, tanks, planes, guns, ships and other instruments of war—must conserve vital supplies—that we may win quickly a decisive victory.

Tomorrow, all industries must continue to produce —beating swords into plowshares—to prevent world-wide unemployment leading to ultimate economic collapse.

If the world is to prosper, there must be the same cohesion among the United Nations during the transition period and thereafter as now exists during the world-wide conflict. Internal stability here and in other nations can be gained and maintained only by sustained industrial production and by interdependence.

The people of this country, in common with the people of other lands, will prosper materially and spiritually when this war is ended but only if plans world-wide in scope are formulated promptly for A JUST AND DURABLE PEACE.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
Subsidiary of The International Nickel Company of Canada, Limited
New York, N. Y.

ern European territory after the present conflict is over. . . .

TIME, April 12, speaks with typical candidness in mildly stating that ". . . both the time and the tone [of his statements] were ill chosen." Instead of pleading with the U.S., Great Britain and the Soviet Union to re-establish a Poland, Sikorski goes ahead and formulates plans for a miniature *cordon sanitaire* composed of small eastern countries to block off Russia, and even entertains hopes of acquiring Czecho-Slovakian territory.

The thousands of Polish heroes who died to prevent just such depredations . . . would, if they could, speak up to Mr. Sikorski and the Government in Exile, urge them at least to temper their demands upon Allies who are at present . . . busy fighting and winning the war so that nations like Poland may again exist.

ALBERT R. KALL

Morristown, N. J.

Printer *v.* President

Sirs:

TIME, April 19: "They listened when he said *'Los que no se obtiente por la buena es negativo'* (That which is not obtained by good will is negative)."

They probably raised their eyebrows too, if Avila Camacho ever said it that way. . . . It would be: "Those which is not obtainted . . etc." and I'll bet you a year's subscription to the Latin American edition that the President of Mexico didn't say that. . . .

W. F. BLACK

Montreal, Que.

▶ No bet. TIME's tired printer slipped, misread *Lo* as *Los* and *obtiene* as *obtiente*.—ED.

World War I Cigarets

Sirs:

Your story about the mystery of cigarets [TIME, April 12] proves again that history repeats itself and the Quartermaster Corps is still the Quartermaster Corps. In World War I if you had no other way of gauging your proximity to the front line, you had only to observe what the locale was smoking.

If Egyptian Deities or Pall Mall, you were at a base port.

You were near Paris if they smoked Melachrinos—at the rail head, Camels.

And when you came upon Bull Durham labels you were damn near the front line.

FRAZIER FORMAN PETERS

Warwick, N. Y.

Russia's Mumbo-Jumboism

Sirs:

Apropos your recent article on "Churches in Russia" (TIME, April 12) and particularly with regard to this quotation: "Most foreign observers . . . believe that the Kremlin is basically just as anti-religious as it ever was," I should like to offer a word of parenthetical comment. It is apparently little remembered that pre-revolution Russia's official religion —and consequently "religion" as the Russians understand the term—was about as unchristian a religion as any African mumbo-jumboism. In support of this I offer the following statements made by John MacMurray, eminent professor of moral philosophy at London University (in a review of Julius Hecker's *Religion and Communism,* in 1934):

"I can come . . . to only one conclusion and it is a conclusion that all true friends of religion will share—nearly all that religion has been, and has meant, in Russia ought to perish for ever from the face of the earth and from the memory of men."

Does this explain the traditional bias of Russian Communist leaders against things religious? . . .

GEOFFREY H. JOHNSON

Toronto, Ont.

A LITTLE EXTRA SERVICE

Day after day, uniformed men pour into the Union Station at Omaha, Nebraska. They come from New York, Chicago, San Francisco . . . from Albert Lea, Minnesota . . . Brady, Montana . . . and other points from coast to coast.

To them, Omaha is a city of strangers; just a "stop over" on their way to a destination. So, to help them feel at home, the Railroads serving the Omaha Union Station have provided air-conditioned quarters for a recreation room, shower baths, canteen, and first-aid station in charge of Registered Nurses. Local concerns and townspeople have contributed complete equipment and supply refreshments daily. Volunteer workers give generously of their time. Day and night, a neon sign displays this greeting—"Service Men's Center—Everything Free."

This is a small thing as compared, for example, to the vital job the railroads are doing in transporting war materials and troops. But it is one way in which we on the home front can give a *little extra service* to our men who are fighting for their Country.

The Progressive

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

ROAD OF THE STREAMLINERS AND THE CHALLENGERS

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Sub smasher

To smash a sub, you first find the sub. That takes a fairly large bomber with a fairly long range, for oceans are big and subs are small.

After you find your sub you go into a power-dive, *quick,* and drop your bombs. U-boats now crash-dive in just 20 seconds. Ordinarily you can't do much of a power-dive with a medium bomber —not and stay in one piece.

But you can in a Lockheed Hudson bomber! Lockheed Hudsons hold the official RAF Coastal Command record for having smashed more subs than any other warplane.

The reason is simple. The Lockheed *Hudson,* like the Lockheed *Lightning* and the Vega *Ventura,* was designed, engineered and built to provide *extra* strength and *extra* dependability. It has been used by the RAF longer than any other American bomber.

for protection today, and progress tomorrow, look to

Lockheed

FOR LEADERSHIP

Vega Ventura
medium-range bomber

Lockheed P-38
Lightning fighter

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

INDEX

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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

Dear Subscriber

Did you know that there are now ten editions of TIME, printed in six cities, on three continents—with five more editions already on the fire?

I had to write them all down one morning to get them straight myself—and perhaps this week you would like to look over the list.

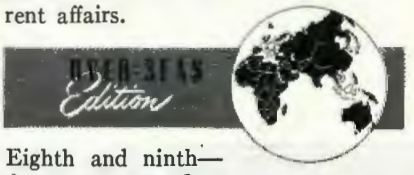
First and second are our two regular domestic issues: 700,000 copies printed in Chicago; 400,000 copies printed (for speedier East Coast distribution), in Philadelphia.

Third—there is TIME CANADIAN, which is just like the domestic editions except that it contains special advertisements written for the Canadian market. We tried to arrange for printing this edition in Canada, but the Dominion Government does not want any new publishing ventures started there until after the war.

There are now three editions of TIME AIR EXPRESS, with another soon due to appear. Most of these copies are still printed in this country on the world's fastest offset presses, then sped to Latin America by plane. But last year we began printing an edition for Mexico and Central America in Mexico City; last month we began printing in Bogotá for the north coast of South America—and very soon we hope to launch a third Latin American edition in Buenos Aires.

The circulation of TIME AIR EXPRESS is now close to 40,000—and if you have any friends south of the Rio Grande they have probably told you it is read by practically every American business man, diplomatic representative and Army & Navy officer down there—and by a very large percentage of the most important Latin Americans as well. Other U.S. magazines and newspapers arrive anywhere from two weeks to three months late, and so we feel TIME AIR EXPRESS has a more important job than ever today in keeping Americans and their friends throughout Latin America in touch with what is going on in this country.

Seventh—there is the school edition, a special 32-page issue for the hundreds of classrooms where TIME is used each week as the textbook in current affairs.



Eighth and ninth—there are our Overseas editions, which also carry special advertising. Most of these copies are still printed in the U.S., but we already have one Overseas edition printed in Australia—and we are getting set for two others.

Tenth—there is the miniature, one-ounce pony edition which the armed forces are flying pretty much all over the world so our soldiers and sailors can get news about the war and about how things are going at home—and get it the quickest possible way. Today I can reveal for the first time that 28,000 of these ponies are being rushed to our troops in England. Next week we will be printing a total of more than 80,000 copies a week for our armed forces overseas.

I find it pretty fascinating to think of people in Buenos Aires and Trinidad—in London and Cairo—in Liberia and Iceland and way out in the Aleutians—all reading TIME while you and I are still reading the same issue here at home—and I thought you might get a kick out of it too.

Cordially,

P. I. Prentice

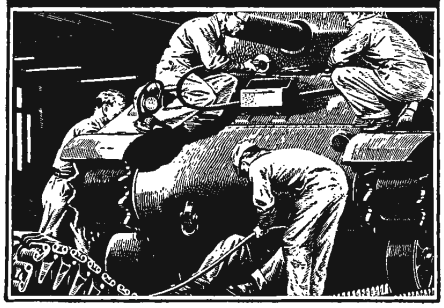
P.S. If you have a boy in service overseas and would like to see how he gets the news from TIME, I will gladly mail you a copy of the pony.

★★★ MORE GOOD NEWS FROM THE PRODUCTION FRONT ★★★

A REPORT TO THE NATION

on General Motors' Production, Employment, Economies and Profits

PRODUCTION



TODAY THE COUNTRY'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF WAR MATERIALS

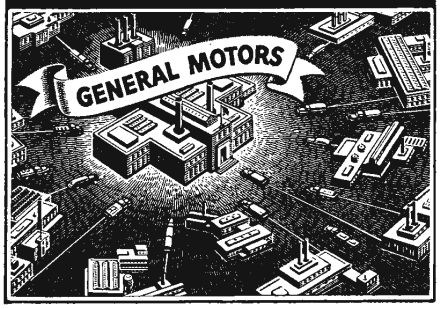
During 1942 war production in General Motors increased rapidly. Deliveries in the fourth quarter were more than four times those in the fourth quarter of 1941 and were at an annual rate of more than three billion dollars. In reality, war production increased far more rapidly than dollar value indicates—thanks to decreases in cost of manufacture. General Motors' interests and energies are concentrated on speeding war production.

PERFORMANCE

THROUGH BATTLE TESTS WITH FLYING COLORS—THE WORLD AROUND

General Motors' war products are now being used by both the Army and Navy on battlefronts all over the globe. Reports of their effectiveness —and, in many cases, of decided superiority over enemy equipment—are evidence of the quality materials and precision workmanship going into their manufacture. The great variety of equipment furnished is indicated below—and there are additional secret weapons which cannot be listed.

SUBCONTRACTING



THOUSANDS OF SUBCONTRACTORS AND SUPPLIERS ASSIST GENERAL MOTORS

Continuing peacetime practices, thousands of subcontractors and suppliers—companies which have demonstrated production efficiency and ability to maintain quality—have been utilized by General Motors. This practice has resulted in the spread of approximately one-half of General Motors' war work to outside firms. Thousands of these subcontractors and suppliers are firms employing 100 people or less.

★★★ THE ★★★ AMERICAN WAY ★★★WILL WIN★★★

GM GENERAL MOTORS

★★★ BUY U.S. ★★★ WAR BONDS AND ★★★ STAMPS ★★★

Allison Airplane Engines • Tank Destroyers • Navy Grumman Fighter and Bomber Planes • Pratt & Whitney Airplane Engines • Army Trucks • Bearings for All Types of War Equipment • Diesel Engines for Tanks, Trucks, Ships, Locomotives and Auxiliary Uses • Anti-Aircraft Guns and Gun Mounts • Tanks • Cartridge Cases • Tank Guns and Gun Mounts • Military Locomotives • Bomber Parts and Subassemblies • Gun Control Equipment • Airplane Automatic Pilots • Anti-Tank Guns • Batteries and Wiring Equipment for Planes, Tanks and Trucks • Shot and Shell • Ambulances • Bomb Parts • Carbines • Spark Plugs • Electrical

ENGINEERING AND PRODUCTION KNOWLEDGE PRODUCES RESULTS

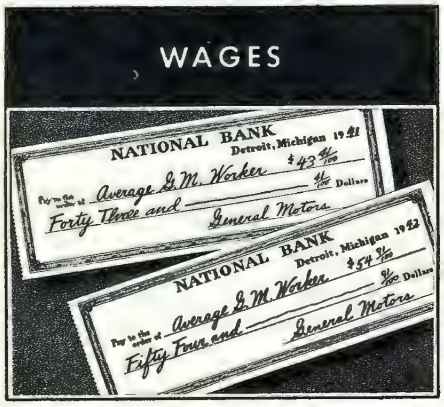
The experience gained by General Motors over the years has proved of immense value in war work. This "Know-How" in the fields of engineering and manufacture has made possible quick conversion to war production, and resulted in simplification of design, improvement of quality and reduction in cost. This not only speeded up the work and got the job done, but saved manpower and millions of dollars of the taxpayers' money.

EMPLOYMENT FIGURES HAVE MOUNTED TO AN ALL-TIME HIGH

Although more than 50,000 G.M. people have joined the armed forces, employment in the U. S. and Canada rose to 370,000 in 1942—an all-time high. This increase involved great problems in training personnel. Hours worked increased to an average of 45.5 hours per week, compared to 40.7 hours in 1941. General Motors' employment is spread through 107 plants in the U. S. in 46 communities in 13 states—and five plants in Canada.

TECHNICAL TRAINING AND FIELD SERVICE TO ASSIST THE ARMED FORCES

General Motors' training schools for technicians of the armed services have graduated more than 11,000 men—will train approximately 40,000 in 1943. Parts schedules have also been established, and maintenance units set up in combat areas. Technical observers are stationed at battlefronts, so that our engineers and mechanics, cooperating with the armed forces, can more rapidly improve the military effectiveness of weapons.



WAGES REACH A NEW PEAK AS RATES AND HOURS INCREASE

Along with increased employment and working hours, wages have risen substantially. Hourly workers, who averaged $43.41 weekly in 1941, averaged $54.91 in 1942—an increase of 26%. The payroll for both salaried and hourly rate employes in 1942 was $859,314,062. G.M. paid $259,331 to employes for suggestions furthering the war effort. More than $7,000,000 was paid to employes through group insurance.

SAVING MILLIONS OF DOLLARS FOR UNCLE SAM—AND YOU

As a result of the industrial "Know-How" reviewed above, manufacturing costs were so reduced that, by the end of 1942, more than $177,000,000 had been voluntarily returned to the government in price reductions, and there will be an additional $183,000,000 in price reductions which will apply to subsequent deliveries under existing contracts.

GENERAL MOTORS' PROFITS WERE LOWER IN 1942

The General Motors policy of limiting its rate of profits, before taxes, on its manufacturing business to about half of 1941 resulted in a net income from manufacturing of 4½% of total sales. Common stock dividends were $2 per share in 1942, as compared with $3.75 per share in 1941.

GENERAL MOTORS

"Victory is Our Business!"

Equipment for Airplanes, Ships, Tanks and Trucks • Machine Guns • Radio Receivers and Transmitters • Airplane Propellers • Naval Gun Housings • Parachute Flares and Flare Projectors • Aircraft Cannon • Gun Motor Carriages • Truck and Tank Engines • Helmet Liners • Instrument Panels for Tanks and Trucks • Machine Tools • Airplane Landing Gear Struts, Hydraulic Controls, Fuel Pumps and Other Equipment • Tank Tracks • Aluminum Engine Castings and Forgings • Tank and Truck Transmissions • ArmaSteel Castings for Tanks, Trucks and Guns • Military Vehicles • Aerial Torpedoes • And Many Other Products

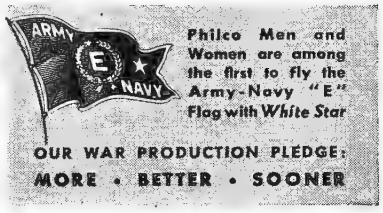
The Hand That Rocks the Cradle...

Sammy McKim makes this contribution to the series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists depicting the significance of America's productive might. While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing will be sent, free on request to Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask for Cartoon No. 54E.

ONE of the factors that qualified Philco so well for the battle of production was its background of research and development in the field of television. For fifteen years before the war, Philco engineers had devoted millions of dollars to the progress of the science of television. Their pioneer developments for improving the clarity, sharpness and detail of the television picture have today become the accepted standards of the industry. The Philco television station in Philadelphia, too, has been a rich laboratory of experience for the advance of the principles of television transmission.

So Philco brought to the battle of production more than its manufacturing skill and experience as the world's largest radio manufacturer. Its scientists, laboratories and years of radio and television research were ready to serve the nation at war. Today, Philco engineers are at work night and day on urgent and vital projects in the realm of research and development work in the field of electronics. With the dawn of peace, their contributions to Victory will usher in a new age of comfort, convenience and entertainment for the homes of America.

PHILCO CORPORATION



Philco Men and Women are among the first to fly the Army-Navy "E" Flag with *White Star*

OUR WAR PRODUCTION PLEDGE: MORE • BETTER • SOONER

RADIOS, PHONOGRAPHS, REFRIGERATORS, AIR CONDITIONERS, RADIO TUBES AND PARTS ★★ INDUSTRIAL STORAGE BATTERIES

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

LISTEN TO
"OUR SECRET WEAPON"

Hear Rex Stout expose Axis lies and propaganda over your Columbia station every Friday evening. See your local newspaper for time and station. Hear the Truth!

Vol. XLI No. 19

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

May 10, 1943

U. S. AT WAR

THE PRESIDENCY

Homecoming

Over the White House the air was black with chickens coming home to roost. When Franklin Roosevelt returned from his 16-day, 7,600-mile junket to Mexico, he came back to the biggest all-around mess of his ten years in office. The mess was, in the last analysis, of his own making.

Home Front. Worst mess was the work stoppage in the coal mines, because it was accompanied everywhere by lessened confidence in the White House. Not only the entire nation, but the world, watched in amazement as a mere labor leader, head of half-million men, defied, thwarted and outmaneuvered the head of 135,000,000 people. This was a sandbag blow at Presidential prestige. It was also the direct result of years of open-armed favoritism to labor, of years in which every attempt to make unions responsible had been defeated.

Associated Press

LEADER OF THE UNION
His chickens came home.

Every part of the mess was linked. The miners had some justice on their side; if prices had not been allowed to zoom up by Administration dilly-dallying on price control, the miners would have had no case at all.

Even at present high prices, and despite rationing, food shortages mounted. The Department of Agriculture started taking Canadian grain to meet a new, dangerous shortage—feed for cattle. Meanwhile Congress mouthed over a Rube Goldbergian tax bill engendered mainly by the Administration's failure to advance a courageous tax program in the first place.

The President moved swiftly along his jerry-built Maginot Line against inflation, shoring up the timbers, nailing up the windows and doors against the attack. But it was a terrible task; too many things had been let slide or mismanaged. Political bloc was arraigned against political bloc, farm bloc against labor, pressure group against pressure group. Franklin Roosevelt was partly at fault; he had not discouraged their warfare.

The War Front. The week had produced neither decisive victories nor crushing defeats to make the people forget the tangles and the brawling at home. And even as Franklin Roosevelt tooled around admiring his war plants and war camps, his top war administrators in Washington were locked in another bitter, frustrating fight, caused by divided authority (*see p. 22*).

On two strategic fronts, the President's foreign policy, ace-in-the-hole of the Fourth Term movement, had bogged down. The tentative, unofficial overtures to Finland to break with the Axis were stalled. The appeasement of Martinique's Admiral Georges Robert had brought no results.

Postwar planning bogged down, too. Delegates arriving for the International Food Conference at Hot Springs, Va. found the original foggy agenda unchanged. The mere fact that food experts of the United Nations will soon get together now seemed of little consequence. And in Bermuda the International Refugee Conference continued its dutiful discussions in a vacuum.

Disenchanted People. At his press conference Franklin Roosevelt exuded optimism: things were great, the war plants were wonderful, the Army was "grown-up." The President stressed his new line: the rest of the country is doing fine, only Washington is off the beam, only Washington lacks perspective and intelligence and a sense of proportion about the war.

But the crises in Washington now were too repetitive, too wholesale for the people to dissociate them from their President. The chickens coming home to roost led straight to the White House door.

LABOR

John Lewis & the Flag

This was a great week for John L. Lewis; a bitter hard week for President Roosevelt; and a week of shame, dismay and helpless wrath for the U.S. people.

John Lewis had clearly, coldly and precisely outmaneuvered the President in a battle that was even more momentous than the people yet realized. John Lewis had not yet won that battle, but in the attack his men had knocked out the strong points and climbed the slopes before the fortress. They had made a frightening show of strength, and their ranks were unbroken.


Associated Press

UNION LEADER
His miners went back.

The battle was for high stakes. If John Lewis finally won it, he would be the biggest man in U.S. labor. No matter how desperately C.I.O.'s Phil Murray and A.F. of L.'s Bill Green aped him, the lesson would be plain to all union men: John Lewis is the one who gets you more money despite hell, high water, the war and the President of the U.S. And money talks, to any worker whose wartime raise

International

THE MINERS WALK OUT
They did not realize where their leader had led them . . .

has long since been chewed up by high prices.

And if Lewis won, he would stand forth as a stronger man than the U.S. President, a position calculated to discredit Mr. Roosevelt and lower the prestige of his office. He had already made some progress toward that position.

Strategic Truce. John Lewis now had a 15-day truce, in which he was prepared to bargain with his new employer, the U.S. Government. He had successfully bypassed the coal operators and the War Labor Board. As the week began, chances were he would win a guaranteed six-day work week for his bituminous miners ($7 a day for five days, $10.50 for the sixth), and perhaps even a guaranteed annual wage, which was his goal. The Government as an employer could afford to pay any amount, for the Government as a wartime customer needed all the coal the miners could dig. After a suitably decorous interval WLB would approve the new contract (retroactive to April 1), and the mines would be returned to the helpless operators, the contract a *fait accompli*. (No tears fell for the operators: a February price increase, approved by OPA, took care of added pay for the sixth working day.)

The way he got the truce was a Lewis masterpiece: a piece of tactics no Clausewitz could have improved on. The President had given fair warning that he would address the miners and the nation on Sunday night. Sunday morning John Lewis and three henchmen slipped into Washington, worked out the truce with Harold Ickes, now his boss as Solid Fuels Coordinator. Lewis entrained for New York. Naturally the truce could not be announced until the miners' policy committee had met. And somehow the policy committee deliberated just long enough. Twenty minutes before the President went on the air, John Lewis announced the truce, asked the miners to go to work Tuesday.

This act stripped the gears in the White House. The President did not have time to turn around and rewrite his plea that the miners go back on Monday. Doggedly, gravely the President made his case, but the speech fell in a vacuum. It even confused many miners who were already all set to go back to work, and now heard the President plead that they do.

The Mood of the Soldiers: News of the strike had come to U.S. soldiers like this:

▶ On a grassy hill outside Kunming, four U.S. flyers, killed in a Jap bombing raid, lay newly buried in the damp China soil. Back in the barracks, their friends read the ugly facts in the news bulletin. Some were men from the Pennsylvania coal fields. Their first reaction was bewilderment: ("Why do they let John Lewis push them around that way?"); their second, cold fury ("I'd just as soon shoot one of those strikers as Japs").

▶ In North Africa, where the fight for each hill was desperate, U.S. officers and men heard the details from the gloating Axis radios. They knew but one way to express their feelings: strong oaths, clamped jaws, clenched fists.

▶ In Orlando, Fla., an Army flying ace with 13 Jap planes to his credit, Colonel Robert L. Scott, former aide to Major General Claire L. Chennault in China, boiled over in anger: "I know I could do one service. . . . Destruction with six machine guns . . . of John L. Lewis. I definitely believe that by such a cold-blooded act I could rid the country of a man who acts as though he were in the pay of the Japanese Government."

This savage mood set brother against brother, miner son against miner father.

The Miners Leave. The soldiers had roots at home. Small red & white service flags with their blue stars hung in many a miner's home. The miners, too, thought of their sons in battle.

Striking is old stuff to the tough, hardened, cough-ridden miners of "dark and bloody" southern Illinois. But this time, when the deadline came on Friday night, it was different. In the bars of West Frankfort, among the men from Orient No. 2 (world's largest producer of soft coal) and Old Ben, there was an undercurrent of uneasiness; many had the shadow of a feeling of shame. The men were solidly behind Old John L., they would do what he said, all right. But their hearts were troubled; it took only a few beers to reveal a slightly guilty conscience.

Next morning, early, as the dew glistened on the cropped grass and the lilac bushes in front of Orient No. 2, no miners reported for the early shift. The whistle blew. "Let her blow," said a miner. "Sure, let her blow her head off." The miners were busy at other chores, mostly gardening. Said a grey-haired miner in faded overalls, spading his bean patch: "I hate to

International

THE FLAG GOES UP
. . . or how close they had come to rebellion.

quit now. I got boys in the service and I realize what it might mean to the Government. But. . . ."

The Miners Are United. That morning the whistles had blown at all the mines. Nowhere was there a picket line; nowhere disorder, nowhere any coal mined. The miners waited for news.

In Pursglove, W. Va., on Sunday, the men from Scott's coal hollow held a meeting. Stiff in their Sunday clothes, they flocked to Dallas Hall, paused for a brief beer, stood bareheaded in the bare room to hear their leaders. Outside a brisk wind whipped powdery snow around the houses that cling drunkenly to the hillsides.

Up rose the local's president, a rangy, hard-bitten man named "Happy" Kundrock. "Happy" looked out the window where the U.S. flag fluttered above the Pursglove Mine. Said he: "I believe that Old Glory should wave above the tipples at any time. But, as they once said in Pennsylvania, we'll damned well die for you, but we'll be damned if we ever scab for you."

Man after man, the miners spoke the same way: "Let them draft us, put us in uniform. Maybe we'll have to dig that way. . . . But John L. Lewis is right: no work, no contract; no contract, no work."

On Tuesday they all went back, waving to photographers and smiling. Old Glory fluttered over the 3,850 grey-black mine tipples in 15 states, waving over the 530,000 miners just as it did over their sons in Tunisia and Kunming and Iceland, and just as it did over the White House, and over Manhattan, where John Lewis rested.

The miners did not seem to realize where their leaders had led them, or how close they had come to open rebellion against that Union of which their union was supposedly a loyal part.

THE CAPITAL

Pentagon Pie

The War Department's mammoth Pentagon Building in Washington, the capital's most fabulous new sight, has eight cafeterias and two dining rooms which serve 40,000 meals a day. One day last winter ambulances clanged up, carted away 50 Pentagon diners griped by contaminated salad dressing. The Pentagon hastily changed cafeteria managers; the Welfare and Recreational Association, which runs the cafeterias in most of Washington's government buildings, took charge.

Last week, the Welfare and Recreational Association notwithstanding, ambulances rushed to the Pentagon once again. To the hospital went 36 servicemen and War Department employes woozy from another poisoning, this time apparently from the butterscotch pie. Said W.R.A.'s Director Frank W. Hoover, unimpressed by talk of sabotage: "The place seems to be jinxed."

David E. Scherman

ADMIRAL GEORGES ROBERT
The U.S. was still reluctant.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Rupture

How many diplomatic breaks add up to a diplomatic break?

The State Department announced that it had severed relations with French-owned Martinique, the green, blockaded Caribbean island which lies spang across the Atlantic approach to the Panama Canal. In his umpteenth sharp note, long-suffering Secretary Cordell Hull told the island's Governor, Admiral Georges Robert, that he was, in fact, a tool of Hitler. The U.S. would stand his obstinacy no longer; it recalled its consul general. (But the vice consul and a naval observer were left on the island.) The white-bearded, intransigent Admiral did not reply.

Once more, as during the days of Vichy appeasement, U.S. editorialists dragged out the simile of the long, thin thread which soon must snap. Wrote New York *Times* Managing Editor Edwin L. James: ". . . If he defies Washington, there will be created a situation which, to repeat, could scarcely be allowed to continue."

But the situation, ever since the fall of France, had been one that could scarcely be allowed to continue. The game of diplomatic cat & mouse between the U.S. and the doughty Admiral was becoming a classic of diplomacy.

For almost three years the State Department and the Admiral had been a finger-snap away from the brief act of violence in which the U.S. would take over Martinique. By cunning diplomacy on each side, by inexhaustibly ingenious tactics, the relations were prolonged again & again & again. Each time editors harrumphed: this is it. Each time one side or the other had managed to think of one more *démarche*, one more protocol, one more possible avenue of negotiation. Even the cutting off of food supplies had failed to shake Admiral Robert. For 35 months he had forced the U.S. to keep vigilant patrol over his domain. The 105 U.S. planes which had failed to reach France in 1940 had long since rusted into disuse; the aircraft carrier *Béarn*, the cruiser *Emile Bertin* and 140,000 tons of merchant shipping—which the United Nations could well use—rode listlessly at anchor, fouled with barnacles.

Perhaps a handful of U.S. marines could capture the island. But the U.S. was still reluctant to win by force anything that might be won by suasion.

INFLATION

Price Roll-Back?

The battle against inflation has three fronts: wage control, price control, taxation. Last week some heavy artillery was hauled up to hold the price-control line.

Timing his attack to meet labor's charges that retail prices have skyrocketed beyond reach, Price Boss Prentiss Brown promised: 1) to extend price control to "every important commodity"; 2) to roll back prices which have got out of hand (meat, fresh and canned vegetables, coffee); 3) to establish specific dollars-&-cents maximum prices for all foods.

These were bold promises. Bold action was needed to implement them. The nation had two hopes: that the bold action would really come, and that it was not too late.

FARMS

The Unthinkable Shortage

Wheat, of all things, is no longer a surplus commodity in the U.S. Last week Franklin Roosevelt underlined this fact by suspending wheat-import quotas to allow Canadian and Australian wheat to come into the country in quantity.

Statistically the U.S. is not yet short of wheat. But the estimated carry-over by next July will be only 550,000,000 bu., less than a year's supply even in normal times; less than half the expected needs for the 1943-44 season. Moreover, most of the carry-over is Government-owned, and Congress refuses to let it be sold below parity prices (over $1.40 a bu.). Since that is much too high to make it economical for cattle feed, and since the $1.05 ceiling on corn has kept that feed crop off the market, Eastern farmers, who grow only part of their own feed, have been pinched.

Western cattlemen, looking ahead for a year or so, fear a pinch sooner or later too. If they turn out to be right, the U.S. decision to upgrade the feeding habits of the world (from plain grain to grain converted to meat) will turn out to have been one of the costliest decisions of World War II.

LIEUT. GENERAL SOMERVELL
Not over the hump.

Harris & Ewing

WPBoss NELSON
Over the barrel.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Trouble in WPB—Again

"How do we stand in this war at 11 o'clock this morning of April 27, 1943?" Lieut. General Brehon B. Somervell, Chief of the Army Services of Supply, asked this question of himself, of the upturned faces at the opening session in New York of the Chamber of Commerce convention, and of the nation. Then he gave part of the answer:

The U.S. Army will not be completely equipped until late in 1944—despite the "truly remarkable job American business and industry have done in 17 months." Essential cargo for the available shipping is still difficult to supply. On many occasions equipment has been withdrawn from troops in training to supply troops overseas. Rumors that the army is so flooded with equipment that plants have had to shut down are fifth-column rumors designed to slow production. Some cutbacks in schedules have occurred. But only in one field, ammunition, is there a reserve.

These forthright words of General Somervell shocked the gathered businessmen. If General Somervell knew what he was talking about, war production was not even approaching the crest of the hump.

Tank Surplus? After the shock wore off, businessmen wondered why, then, they had seen plants standing idle. So did civilians who have passed enormous army dumps jammed wheel to wheel with trucks, have seen massed fields of hundreds of tanks. Army Ordnance itself has even complained of a big tank surplus at Chester, Pa. Statisticians recalled further that the cutback of a "few facilities" totaled around $3,000,000,000.

It might be true, as General Somervell stated, that nearly all of the 90 "facilities" affected by recent matériel changes had been restored to production. But production-minded civilians still asked questions. Could a plant built to make tanks, for example, be easily converted to make plane parts? Why was equipment so short? Why was the arms program out of balance? Changing requirements based on battle experience and obsolescence of equipment could not be the whole answer.

Nathan to Army. Into the Army as a private last week went a man who carried many of the answers in his big, black-thatched head. He is huge, gorilla-shouldered Robert Nathan, 34, former chairman of WPB's planning committee. Nathan was one of the few New Dealers who demanded billions of dollars for the war effort when the services couldn't see how they could use millions. Profiting by the lessons of the war, he was one who fought vigorously to expand the nation's raw material supply when the services went hog-wild in building plants to produce munitions for which they couldn't get the raw materials. The services had overruled Nathan and the men who stood with him. They had had their way with each successive, fumbling war board, right down to the weak War Production Board.

And WPB was in bad trouble again—the same old story of a struggle for power from below because none was exercised from above. The point of General Somervell's speech actually was that WPB had failed and was still failing. This was the point of many Washington developments

Acme

ROBERT PATTERSON
Butter for Jeffers.

Acme

PETROLEUM BOSS ICKES
Bile for Nelson.

throughout the week. And every one of the developments was a direct blow to Donald Marr Nelson, the fumbling, ineffectual WPBoss who had more power than Bernard Baruch had in World War I but who either didn't use it or didn't know how.

The week's onslaught on Nelson added up almost to an indictment. Congress was weary of the fumbling. The Senate planned soon to pass the Maloney bill, which would strip Nelson of about half his powers, those over civilian supply, and turn them over to a new agency directly under Economic Czar Jimmy Byrnes (TIME, April 26).

Nelson to the Hill. But the main attack on Nelson came from Capitol Hill, where the Truman Committee had begun to delve into the rubber and 100-octane programs. When War Under Secretary Robert P. Patterson charged that the rubber program had caused a shortage of 100-octane gasoline for planes, and thus delayed all-out bombing of Germany, the public had thought he was after the Rubber Czar, Bull Bill Jeffers. But when the Truman Committee dug, they hardly noticed Jeffers; the real quarry turned out to be Nelson.

Testimony before the committee:

▶ James V. Forrestal, Navy Under Secretary, charged that the overriding priority which Nelson handed Jeffers to let him bull through 55% of the synthetic rubber program had cost the Navy 100 escort vessels. It had further jammed the production of valves and other parts essential to the Navy as well as to 100-octane and Navy programs. Jeffers was not to blame; Nelson never should have granted the priority in the first place.

▶ Harold Ickes, Petroleum Administrator, then buttered up Jeffers but dripped bile on Nelson and WPB. The priority which Nelson should not have granted had cost 4,413,000 barrels of 100-octane, had thrown the whole gasoline program out of balance, said Ickes. WPB had permitted vital parts to be hoarded while plants lay idle for their lack. WPB's new scheduling program was not working.

▶ Robert P. Patterson dealt Nelson the unkindest cut. He said sweetly that he held Jeffers in "high esteem," deeply regretted if his "recent remarks should have been interpreted as reflecting" on Jeffers. He revealed that he and Jeffers had now even planned to tour the country arm in arm, inspecting rubber and high-octane plants.

When Nelson testified that he had granted Jeffers the priority because rubber production was more important than anything else last December, his statement went almost unheard.

As far as settling the high-octane-rubber dispute went, the Truman Committee had labored in vain. But it looked as if they might have settled Don Nelson's hash.

Truman v. Knox

The Truman Committee had the last word. Big, bluff Navy Secretary Frank Knox, who had blustered that the committee's figures on shipping losses were "very seriously off," conceded last week that the committee's figures were approximately correct.

In the first real attempt to tell the score in the fog-shrouded Battle of the Atlantic, the committee had revealed this shocking fact: 1,000,000 dead-weight tons of shipping were sent to the bottom monthly in '42, the losses outweighing new U.S. and British construction. Knox's tart retort that the committee's figures were compiled from "unauthorized and uninformed sources" was reassuring to the nation.

But Committeeman Ralph O. Brewster, Senator from Maine, was not reassured. In a desk-thumping session with Knox he bluntly declared the committee's figures were true, "and you know it. We will want to ask you some questions."

Knox knew it was time to reef. In a carefully worded statement issued by the Navy, he gulped his previous words, took a new tack: "There is no great difference in the Navy and the committee figures for 1942, the net loss in gross tons being in the neighborhood of something over a million tons."

Landlubbers were reassured again. Put that way, the loss did not sound nearly as bad as the 12,000,000 dead-weight tons trumpeted by the Truman Committee. But old salts were troubled. Why was the net loss given in gross tons when the U.S. Maritime Commission computes new ship construction in dead-weight tonnage?* Was the Navy totting up ship construction in dead-weight tons, totting up losses in gross tons, thus netting a fictitious bookkeeping profit on every deal? Or was gross tonnage chosen because sinkings could be represented by a smaller figure? Knox was silent.

Three days later the Secretary announced sinkings in April were much lower than in March. But he hastily warned that "too much significance" should not be attached to this. Thus the fog was kept draped over the Atlantic and the anxious citizens.

POLITICS

Hollywood Goes to Moscow

Manhattan audiences saw the première of a movie that was primarily a political event: the screen version of former Ambassador Joseph E. Davies' best-selling *Mission to Moscow*. Considerable hubbub had preceded the picture's release; Trotskyites had screamed even before they saw it. Last week critics decided that *Mission to Moscow* is as explosive as a blockbuster. For Hollywood, circumscribed for years by political timidity, the film was audacious in the extreme. It is also pro-Russian and pro-New Deal in the extreme: it takes the flat view that Joseph

JOE DAVIES (WALTER HUSTON) AND JOE STALIN (MANART KIPPEN)
Warner Bros. put Russia on the map.

* Dead-weight tonnage is the carrying capacity of a vessel in long tons (2,240 lb.). Gross tonnage is the entire internal cubic capacity of a vessel, with each 100 cubic feet calculated to represent one ton. While it is difficult to compare the two measurements, gross tonnage is usually computed as roughly one-third less than dead-weight tonnage, *e.g.*, Liberty ships have a dead weight of 10,800 tons, gross weight of 7,100 tons.

Stalin and Franklin Roosevelt are just about 100% all right.

The movie is a blunt, high-spot review of world power politics between 1936 and Pearl Harbor. For the most part a faithful translation of Joe Davies' book, the picture departs from its text only to leave out Ambassador Davies' occasional reservations about the Soviet Union. Without doubts or reservations of any kind, the film devotes itself unabashedly to endearing the Russians to U.S. audiences.

Paul Revere Rides Again. When Warner Bros. decided last year to make a movie of Davies' book, Jack Warner cried ecstatically: "By gosh, we'll put Russia on the map." *Mission to Moscow,* a $2,000,000 picture, is gilded with Hollywood touches. Its Russians look like fur-coated Americans, and the Soviet Union is pictured as a land of magnificent food and drink, as it probably was in the circles in which the Davieses moved. As Mrs. Davies, the picture has sweet-faced Ann Harding, and as Hero Joe Davies, tall, forceful Actor Walter Huston.

Despite its Hollywood flourishes, *Mission to Moscow* has power. Even its most one-sided re-enactments of history, such as the Moscow "purge" trials (which uncompromisingly convict Trotsky of collaboration with Germany and Japan to destroy the U.S.S.R.), carry authority.

But Franklin Roosevelt and Joe Davies are the ones mainly glorified. Of President Roosevelt, even the Russians speak in hushed, reverent tones. And it is sometimes difficult to decide whether *Mission to Moscow's* mission is to praise the Russians or elect Joe Davies U.S. President.

To cinemagoers uninterested in dialectics much of the picture may seem talky. But no one will be bored by the climax. Ambassador Davies returns from the U.S.S.R., makes a series of shouting stump speeches that should bring on an immediate Dies Committee investigation of Warner Bros. For Mr. Davies (in the film) rips into isolationist Congressmen.

Reactions. The anti-Soviet New York *Sun* sniffed: "A two-hour . . . editorial." The arch-Republican *Herald Tribune* raved: "One of the most memorable documents of our time."

Agitated down to its toes was the leftist U.S. intelligentsia. From Trotskyite and Socialist organs came loud cries of outrage at the movie version of the Moscow purge trials.

As yet only a few Washington politicos had seen *Mission to Moscow.* How Washington would react was forecast by the Washington correspondent of the London *News-Chronicle*: "It is certain that the film will make some Senators and Congressmen and many isolationists smart. . . . I think the protests will be less on the score that the film has perverted the truth than that it is a piece of political propaganda subtly designed by President Roosevelt to secure . . . [a] fourth term."

The Pot Boils

The U.S. political pot bubbled:

▶ In New Jersey, where Republican dissension has for 25 years given Boss Frank Hague the handle he needs to control the state, GOPsters actually got together and, well in advance of the September primary, agreed on a candidate for Governor. Their man: grey, urbane Walter Evans Edge, 69, Governor during World War I, U.S. Senator from 1919 to 1929, Ambassador to France under President Hoover.

▶ In North Carolina, where the Democratic primary does not come until next May, at last a real candidate arose to challenge dapper Robert Rice ("Buncombe Bob") Reynolds, aging coxcomb of the Senate. The candidate, no spring chicken himself: tall, lean Clyde Roark Hoey (pronounced Hooey), 65, one of the most popular Governors the state ever had. A mighty orator, a personal and political dry, a Methodist Sunday School teacher, Clyde Hoey is the acme of Southern courtesy down to the tips of his invariable sugar-scoop coats. He has long opposed Bob Reynolds' isolationist sentiments, is popular up & down the state.

Ralph MacDougall

NORTH CAROLINA'S HOEY
He challenged Buncombe Bob.

▶ In Texas, at least three strong and separate groups among Democrats began a battle to control the May 1944 state convention at which delegates to the national convention will be picked. All assumed that Franklin Roosevelt will be the presidential nominee; each group had its own vice-presidential candidate. The V.P. candidates: 100% anti-New Deal Governor Coke Stevenson, 1000% anti-New Deal Senator W. Lee O'Daniel, House Speaker Sam Rayburn, 51% New Dealer.

FISCAL

Over the Top

The Second War Loan drive ended last week with a total subscription of $16½ billion. Bond buyers topped the drive quota by $3½ billion, equal to the entire amount raised in the Second Liberty Loan Drive of World War I.

VITAL STATISTICS

Houses for Negroes

To the public controversy over how much new Government-building housing should go to Negroes, the Federal Public Housing Authority last week added a fact: the Negroes' share in the present building program is 12%. The Government is building 88,000 new units for them at a total cost of $360,000,000.

FOOD

Submarine Steaks

. . . And the soup he took was Elephant Soup, and the fish he took was Whale,
. . . And Noah, he often said to his wife as he sat down to dine,
"I don't care where the water goes, if it doesn't get into the wine."
—G. K. Chesterton, *Wine and Water.*

In Littlefork, Minn., a lunchroom last week regaled diners with a new delicacy—beaverburgers (made from beaver). U.S. citizens were eating horse, rabbit and squirrel in quantities worthy of note. And last week the Department of Interior announced that there would soon reappear on U.S. dinner tables, for the first time since World War I, a more substantial addition to the nation's meat supply: whale meat.

Not to be confused with blubber (whale's fat) or fish (the whale is a warm-blooded mammal), whale tenderloin looks and tastes a good deal like beef. Usually used for animal food, for human consumption it can be corned and canned or broiled as fresh steaks. A full whale steak is 15 feet long, weighs five to seven tons; a single whale has as much meat as 125 steers.

Tenderest whale steaks come from young California grey whales; old whales are tough. But the U.S. is barred by international treaty from catching grey whales. (The Japanese, not signatories to the treaty, are catching them like mad.) Consequently the whale meat soon to be offered in U.S. butcher shops (price: probably about 35¢ a pound) will be from the tougher but still palatable finbacks.

Of the once great and adventurous U.S. whaling industry, only a single station remains, near Eureka, Calif. But last week it had a new lease on life; with the opening of the whaling season, the station's whalers prowled the Pacific like men with a mission. Said Boss Whaler John R. Griggs, gazing pensively to sea: "There are a hell of a lot of whales out there."

Black Star

INLET ON THE SICILIAN COAST
The Axis too may have its Maltas.

BATTLE OF AFRICA

Predictions

General Henri Honoré Giraud, the Allies' High Commissioner of North Africa, predicted last week that the Tunisian campaign will end this month.

▶ Vice Admiral Emile Henri Muselier, who spent two years preparing the defenses of Bizerte, estimated in London that the city would fall by May 25. Tunis, he thought, should fall by May 15.

▶ In a Tunisian town, American soldiers who could speak Italian heckled a batch of Italian prisoners. Finally, one Italian could contain himself no longer. "All right, laugh," he said, "but we're going to America. You're only going to Italy."

Their Islands

The finger of war pointed last week at the islands of the Mediterranean.

There are four Mediterranean islands which could be Maltas in reverse. If the Allies hope to follow the clearing of Tunisia with anything like immediate invasion of the European belly, some of the islands may have to be stormed before the battle of Tunisia ends. Invasion or no invasion, they must eventually be taken in order to win complete control in the western Mediterranean.

Lampedusa is eight square miles of rock, 80 miles east of Tunisia, 100 miles west of Malta. Most of it is rugged, but there is flat land at one end where an airfield has been built, and a small harbor on the south, reported to be a torpedo-boat base. The airfield was attacked from Malta last week.

Pantelleria lies smack in the middle of the Sicilian Channel. It is about half the size of Malta and has a simmering volcano at its center. Its airfield is reported to be connected by tunnel with a small underground hangar. The harbor can be used as a submarine base. The whole island is strongly fortified.

Sardinia, reinforced by the enemy by air from the continent, could seriously harass any Allied invasion of Italy. It is a big parallelogram of more than 9,000 square miles, nine-tenths rugged mountains, with so few harbors and such bad communications that its defense rests on isolated strong points. Cagliari is one of the Mediterranean's major naval bases, La Maddalena a minor one. There are several important airfields, such as Elmas and Monserrato, near these bases.

Sicily is really formidable. It has a naval base at Messina which can take vessels up to heavy cruisers, and submarine bases at Palermo, Augusta, Syracuse. It has been a *Stuka* base since 1941, with great dive-bomber fields at Catania on the east and Comiso on the southeast. It now has between 15 and 20 well dispersed air establishments, all good, all heavily fortified.

TIME Map by James Cutter

The Yanks Crash Through

The second phase of the final battle for Tunisia began this week.

To Axis and Allies alike, the outcome of the Tunisian campaign was certain: it could end now only in German defeat. The Germans themselves seemed to be sure of the outcome, for they literally burned their bridges as they fell back.

How long the final battle would last depended to a large extent on the shape of the second phase.

One Night, Twelve Miles. This phase began with a success for the Americans. They took Mateur.

While the Germans counter-attacked along the rest of the line all last week, U.S. troops pounded their enemy in the cruel hills, marking their forward motion in yards. Then, suddenly and overnight, the enemy collapsed and the Americans lunged forward twelve miles to Mateur. The *Corps Franc d'Afrique,* to the north of the Americans, pressed forward on the coast to within 15 miles of Bizerte.

Mateur is 18 miles southwest of Bizerte and is the key to that city's western approaches. Two roads and a railroad branch out from Mateur to Bizerte. Two other roads run to Bizerte from Tunis, and one of them lies within artillery range of Mateur. With Mateur in Allied hands, Bizerte will be hard to hold.

A German Purchase. The sudden withdrawal in the north was the signal for Allied advances all along the line. These advances ended a week of German counter-attacks which had been successful to the extent that they had bought a commodity the Germans dearly want—time. Germans and Italians had hit back just as the Allies wound up the first, preparatory phase of the battle and paused for breath before undertaking the conclusive second phase.

The heaviest burden in the first phase fell on the British First Army, which had been assigned the job of clearing the rim of the plain of Tunis and running out on to the plain itself. The First had done most of this job. The height known as

Long Stop Hill (TIME, May 3) was firmly in its hands. One last hill, Djebel bou Aoukaz, known to the troops as The Bou, remained before the open plain. The hill was British one day and German the next. At week's end the hill was German.

On the southern French sector and the Eighth Army's sector, the story was the same. First the Germans withdrew. They fell back all around Pont du Fahs. Then they counter-attacked, and the Allies were stalled.

This was when the U.S. troops crashed through.

Hill 532. In its fighting last week, U.S. infantry fought fiercely, wisely and very well. Some units, notably those attached to Major General Terry Allen's 1st Infantry Division, had distinguished themselves throughout. The lessons of earlier setbacks experienced by other units had been assimilated. One American regiment lost the better part of its third battalion. One of the companies in this regiment had five commanding officers within twelve days—the first four were all wounded and sent to the rear. The fight for Hill 532 by that third battalion was typical of the awful week.

Hill 532 was a saddleback ridge just a mile east of the nearest American positions on Hill 428. A pleasant green wheat field about a half-mile wide lay in the valley between the two contested hills.

The Germans had sown the slopes and the ridge with mines, booby traps, concealed anti-tank guns, mortars, machine guns and riflemen. Three times before, the third battalion had tried to take 532 and each time they had been driven back with losses.

On Friday morning B Company made a dash for the nearest slope. The doughboys crossed the wheat field and started up the steep side. Then all hell broke loose.

The Germans opened up with everything they had—guns, machine guns, mortars and heavier artillery from the rear. In the hours which followed the hill was alive with explosions as American artillery fired at the Germans on the eastern side and the Germans fired on Company B.

The battalion commander, who had personally led the B Company attack, was a rugged and capable lieutenant colonel. He had lost a front tooth from a piece of .88 shrapnel at El Guettar. Now he decided it was better to die fighting. With two of his platoons he marched up the hill through the fire on that ridge and crossed over the ridge. Those two platoons and the colonel were not heard from again.

In due course, Hill 532 and others like it were taken, and the way to Mateur was opened.

BATTLE OF THE PACIFIC

New Theater

Four-motored Liberators ranged far out over the Pacific last week, striking at Tarawa Island in the Jap-controlled Gilberts and at Nauru Island 400 miles west.

These attacks were called "warm-ups" by Major General Willis H. Hale, commander of Hawaii's Seventh Air Force, who promised more attacks in this new Army theater. Said he: "Right now we are building up to a campaign . . . [of] repeated small raids or large concentrated attacks, whichever we consider most effective. . . . Our bombers are laying the groundwork for future seizure of enemy bases to push back the Japanese outposts."

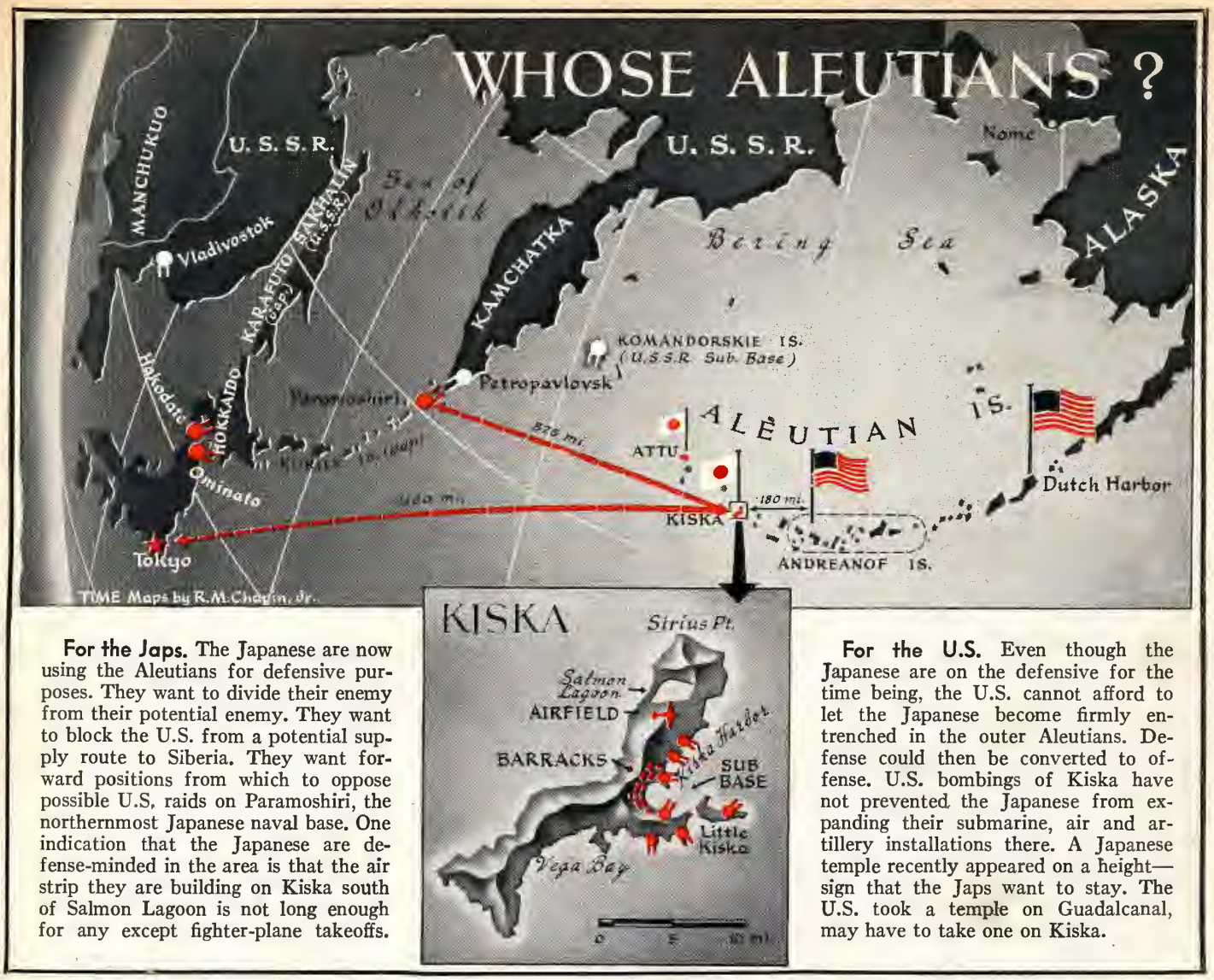
Occupation of islands in the central Pacific has already started. U.S. Marines now hold Funafuti, the largest island in the small Ellice group, which lies 1,200 miles east of Guadalcanal. General Hale's bombers may have used Funafuti as an intermediate base last week.

Where the Williwaw Blows

Months of existence in a literal hell of mud, ice and fog have taught U.S. fighting men much about the Aleutians. Many of their lessons have been bitter. But they had the satisfaction last week of knowing

Seventh Air Force-Associated Press

FIRST U.S. BOMBS ON NAURU
General Hale promised more of the same.



For the Japs. The Japanese are now using the Aleutians for defensive purposes. They want to divide their enemy from their potential enemy. They want to block the U.S. from a potential supply route to Siberia. They want forward positions from which to oppose possible U.S. raids on Paramoshiri, the northernmost Japanese naval base. One indication that the Japanese are defense-minded in the area is that the air strip they are building on Kiska south of Salmon Lagoon is not long enough for any except fighter-plane takeoffs.

For the U.S. Even though the Japanese are on the defensive for the time being, the U.S. cannot afford to let the Japanese become firmly entrenched in the outer Aleutians. Defense could then be converted to offense. U.S. bombings of Kiska have not prevented the Japanese from expanding their submarine, air and artillery installations there. A Japanese temple recently appeared on a height—sign that the Japs want to stay. The U.S. took a temple on Guadalcanal, may have to take one on Kiska.

that the Japs they are fighting are faring even worse. Jap-held Kiska had been plastered by more than a million high explosive and incendiary bombs during April. Jap raids on American positions were infrequent, of little consequence.

In the cloud-hung volcanic wastes that are the Aleutians, U.S. forces live as they never dreamed men could—like moles in quarters buried in the ground except for metal or tent roofs. "Not nice," they say, "but safe."

It seldom gets extremely cold in the Aleutians—temperatures below zero are rare—but it never gets warm. The williwaws* chill the bleak islands. The men on the islands wear bulky, waterproof clothes, fur-lined caps or knitted "phantom hats" which can be lowered over the face. Coveralls and boots are standard outer wear for ground crews.

If simply living on the Aleutians is hard, fighting is incredibly harder. Treacherous currents and dangerous winds, hazardous offshore reefs, tiny islets popping up out of the sea or vanishing mysteriously make navigation a nightmare for the Navy. For U.S. airmen it is even worse. Said one of them: "We've got landing strips where the wind blows west on one side, east on the other—and that's no joke!" They take off on a perfectly clear day, fly 20 minutes and find themselves suddenly in zero-zero weather. It is not unusual to have a ceiling of 50 feet with visibility of ten miles or more.

Because they have no weather reports, they resort to makeshifts, take chances. Old flying boats venture out and up through pea-soup overcasts, often to rescue flyers from a sea so cold that few men have survived after floating in it for more than 30 minutes. More men and planes have been lost to the weather than to the Japs.

Fighter pilots are said to be either old or bold, never both. In the Aleutians they are mostly bold. Often on their way home from missions they dogfight each other out of sheer exuberance. The officers don't try to stop them, agree they need the outlet.

For entertainment, the men listen to U.S. West Coast short-wave radio programs, exchange taunts with Jap flyers, many of whom speak English with a Harvard accent. Many of the men haven't seen a woman—old or young, white or native—for months. But their morale is generally excellent.

* Sudden gusts of cold land air common along mountainous coasts of high latitudes.

BATTLE OF RUSSIA

Hold—and Strike!

Red Star, the journal of the Red Army, surveyed the uneasy Russian front last week and predicted a German offensive. Joseph Stalin, in his May Day order, spoke of blows to break the Nazi beast forever, but these were to be joint—and future—blows by the Russians and their allies in the west. For the moment, he couched his more specific instructions to the Red Army in aggressively defensive terms:

"The whole Red Army should consolidate and develop the successes of the winter battles, so it shall not surrender to the enemy a single inch of our soil, be prepared for decisive battles with the German Fascist invaders and display a stubbornness and stanchness in defense that is characteristic of the men of our army. Display offensive resolution . . . crowned by the encirclement and annihilation of the enemy."

Together—or Alone. Near both ends of the front, the Russians struck last week, and they were massed to strike elsewhere along its length. But the tone of Stalin's order, Moscow dispatches and the nature of last week's battles indicated that these were precautionary blows with a double

intent: to jar and weaken the Germans before they could attack in force and to preserve Russian positions for the great assault to be launched later. If the second front did not develop as soon and as mightily as Stalin led his people to expect —well, they had no second front when they thrust the Germans back from Stalingrad, and Joseph Stalin had just reminded his allies that he could still act by himself (*see p. 35*).

Heaviest of the preparatory blows last week fell in the Kuban valley, where the Germans still fiercely defended a Caucasian bridgehead. This region could be the base for a summer offensive to regain all the ground that they had lost in the Caucasus.

BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC

Incurable Admiral

(See Cover)

The battle of the Atlantic last week narrowed toward a showdown. The Allies announced a plan for a transatlantic air umbrella to protect convoys "over every mile of the route from North America to Europe." Germany spoke of a "totality of U-boat warfare, which means that German U-boat warfare is equivalent to German naval warfare as a whole."

For weeks the Nazis had been forecasting an intensified U-boat offensive, a climactic effort to throttle the Allies' offensive plans in Europe. Submarines were indeed abroad in herds, but up to this week the offensive had not attained the promised scale. Now, or never, was the time for the effort. If Germany won, an Allied second front in Europe would be indefinitely postponed. If she failed—and her time was running out—the first great breach in the Atlantic Wall of Hitler's Fortress Europe would be accomplished.

The outlook, after more than three and a half years of war, was still not good for the Allies. Germany was building subs faster than they were being sunk; Allied shipbuilding was just beginning to hold its own. The balance was close, and there were factors weighing heavily in Nazi Germany's favor. What Adolf Hitler could not do by land to stop the Allies' march toward Europe's borders, Grand Admiral Karl Doenitz, CINC of the German Navy, was working hard to do by sea in the Atlantic moat where the first defense of Europe lay.

The Weapon. Grand Admiral Doenitz had not been CINC for long. Only three months ago he replaced Erich Raeder as the head of Hitler's Navy, and the shift in command was a tip-off on the Nazis' future strategy. For Karl Doenitz was a submariner from away back. A submariner he remained, in personal command of the U-boat fleet.

Sooner than most, he had recognized that Germany's hope on the high seas, in this war as in the last, lay in the slender, lonely little craft effectively typed "torpedo carriers." When he took the supreme command, he pledged: "The entire German Navy will henceforth be put into the service of inexorable U-boat warfare." From his headquarters somewhere in Axis Europe last week, Doenitz wielded a potent weapon:

▶ Some 400-500 U-boats operating on a constant schedule;

▶ Some 150 of them out on the hunting grounds simultaneously; one-sixth of them on the way to and from their bases; one-half of them in port refitting or undergoing repairs;

▶ Between 20 and 30 new U-boats each month—and this estimate may be low—being produced in German factories and assembled at bases along the German coast (*see map*).

Most of these submarines were in the 740-ton class or over, carried 4.1-inch guns, anti-aircraft guns and six 21-inch torpedo tubes. Fueled and armed, they could cruise up to 15,000 miles for six to eight weeks, had enough torpedoes to sink at least half a dozen ships, ammunition for their deck guns to take care of more if they found stragglers who could be sent to the bottom by shell fire.

Although his first interest and his chief strength was in submarines, Grand Admiral Doenitz also had a surface fleet which he might use to lend his spring campaign additional punch: the 40,000-plus-ton battleship *Tirpitz*, the 26,000-

ton *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, a screen of lighter ships including two pocket battleships, the *Admiral Scheer* and *Lützow*, two 10,000-ton cruisers of the heavily armed *Admiral Hipper* class, and perhaps ten destroyers.

These ships had yet to go into concerted action. Allied observers thought it possible that they might be used for a carefully coordinated air-surface-submarine campaign against the convoy lanes, or otherwise be held in readiness to strike directly at an Allied invasion armada. They were a powerful trump in Doenitz' hand; for, even when inactive, they immobilized the greater part of Britain's Home Fleet, plus some U.S. vessels which could have been in action elsewhere.

The Weapon's Master. After World War I ended, Doenitz made himself a specialist in submarine warfare. By 1930, he was convinced that Hitler and the Nazis would have the strength to break the terms of the Versailles Treaty, which forbade U-boats to Germany, and he attached himself to them.

In 1933, he began to forge his weapon. Part by part, in dispersed and hidden shops, he and his men built a few U-boats and cached them in packing crates under the noses of Allied investigators. To train his first recruits, Doenitz established an institute which he blandly named "school for defense against submarines."

When, in June 1935, Hitler's naval treaty with the British released the Reich from some of the Versailles restrictions, Doenitz was ready. By October his first flotilla was afloat. He was still bound to keep his visible U-boat fleet within limits, but by expanding his spare-parts system of construction he built far over the treaty ratio.

When his U-boats sailed out to war, Doenitz was a Vice Admiral commanding the most effective underwater force in any navy. And he knew how to apply the force. He introduced wolf-pack tactics (*Rudeltaktik*) for attacking convoys. He varied this technique with individual sorties, sometimes into enemy ports or rivers. And he perfected a far-flung system of radio control, directing U-boats at sea from a central headquarters on land.

Doenitz knew the British well, and he had profound contempt for them at the war's start. In the last war, after service on a cruiser in the Mediterranean, he was transferred to U-boats, earned his own command. His UB-68 was sunk by the British off Malta in 1918. Rescued, Doenitz was taken to England as a prisoner of war. There he so successfully feigned mental illness that his captors kept him comfortably in a sanatorium.

His headquarters is a fantastic structure, designed to resemble a warship on land. His office has a few pieces of period furniture, a broad expanse of bookshelves filled with tomes on naval history. Scattered about are gaily colored, crude models of the ships which one of his U-boats sank on a successful cruise. On the wall behind him is a portrait of his revered predecessor, Grand Admiral Alfred von Tirpitz, who ardently advocated unrestricted U-boat warfare 26 years ago.

Official U.S. Navy Photo

U-Boatmen (bearded) & Their Captors
The Icarus *blew them out of "God's cellar."*

At 51, Doenitz is still vigorous (despite gastric ulcers). By radio, his U-boat commanders can always get in touch with him. He is frequently on the move between his headquarters, the fleet's ports and production centers, but he knows exactly what actions are taking place. When a U-boat comes into port, Doenitz is frequently there to greet the commander. He carefully studies the logs of the cruises, notes every detail of combat, and applies their lessons in future orders.

The Weapon's Men. Four years ago Doenitz wrote of his crews: "With men who have been tried in long U-boat service you can get the devil himself out of hell. They are soldiers and sailors of the best kind."

How many submarines and men the Nazi U-boat fleet has lost, only the Germans and Allied Intelligence know. According to unofficial Allied estimates, more than 12,000 trained officers and men have been lost or taken prisoner; and crews are more difficult to replace than ships. The U.S., habitually mum on the subject of U-boat sinkings, last week revealed for the first time the capture of a submarine contingent: the Coast Guard cutter *Icarus* last June depth-charged a U-boat, blew it to the surface, rescued 33 of the crew. The shattered sub sank into the depths which German underseamen call "God's Cellar."

Nazi U-boat crews still have the highest morale of any branch of the German armed forces. They are tough, hardened sailors, inured now to the discomforts and nerve-racking moments of life in the submarines. Doenitz labored to level the usual barriers between officers and men, and there have been no signs of the bitterness which contributed to a revolt of German crews in World War I.

The Weapon's Deeds. Doenitz knew that the convoy system licked the U-boats in World War I. When he was building his fleet for World War II, he guessed that the same tactics would be used again by the Allies, and trained his men accordingly.

Instead of one attacking U-boat cruising more or less haphazardly, he used a number of them working as a unit. The wolf pack was expanded; by last year he had the U-boats working in "echelons of divisions," patrolling in three lines or more abreast, the center line ahead of the two flanks, the U-boats strung out in a herringbone pattern astern of the leader. In perfect coordination, this array of underwater raiders lay in wait for convoys previously spotted by scouts or long-range air reconnaissance. By night, submerged, they moved under the convoy. When they came up, a few of them would draw the convoy's escort vessels off. The rest could then pick off their targets at leisure, firing by direct control from their conning towers.

Only by radio control could such coordination of the blind underwater vessels be achieved. Nerve center of this system was a great camouflaged central control somewhere in occupied Europe, probably in France. The Nazis boasted that Allied bombers frequently flew over this headquarters without recognizing it. Into and

Acme

REAR ADMIRAL LEONARD W. MURRAY
His umbrella shadowed the sea.

out of it flowed messages from U-boats and air reconnaissance in every theater of German naval operations. Routes of convoys were plotted there, location of submarine packs picked out and corresponding orders given for attack. Radio in code and clear was flashed out constantly: on Christmas Eve last year Doenitz himself addressed his U-boat crews all over the world to wish them Merry Christmas and good hunting.

Initial U-boat successes fell off when the British woke up to the fact that the submarine was still a grave menace, and escorted their convoys more heavily. But after the fall of France, when the U-boats had bases along the entire west coast of Europe, the wolf-pack system raised hob with Allied shipping. Of some 57,600,000 total deadweight tons of British shipping, U-boats sank at least 17,600,000 tons in three and a half years. Working in the Nazis' favor was the vast demand on Allied shipping for the supply of many distant war theaters, a list in which Britain herself had a No. 1 priority. And there were other factors which helped to reduce the Allied potential.

Tonnage available to supply Britain's vital needs was cut, in effect, by various demands and limitations to perhaps 20,800,000 tons. The additional limitations of convoy operation further reduced the effective total to some 9,600,000 tons. Result: the loss of every ship sunk on the Atlantic run was doubly felt by the Allies.

Of the 1,150 U.S. ocean-going ships afloat when America went to war, at least 700 having been unofficially reported sunk, and U.S. figures are behind the actual sinkings. Secretary Knox last week admitted that the Allies last year had a net shipping loss of about 1,000,000 tons (*see p. 23*).

To keep Britain alive and functioning as the Allies' European base, 700 to 800 ships must cross the Atlantic each month. Each new Allied war theater means more convoy routes, more targets for Admiral Doenitz' fleet, more dispersal of scant Allied escort ships.

The Counter-Drive. In the censored picture of the Allied counter-moves against the U-boats, there were some encouraging highlights last week:

▶ Canada's Rear Admiral L. W. Murray was given command of a joint U.S.-Canadian anti-submarine program which, dovetailing with Britain's R.A.F., would give air and naval protection to Europe-bound convoys. With a chain of bases extending from the Canadian mainland across Greenland and Iceland to Britain, Allied long-range bombers would provide mile-by-mile protection and reconnaissance. The Royal Navy and the Royal Canadian Navy had long been bearing much of the Atlantic burden; the appointment of Admiral Murray indicated that they will bear more.

▶ March losses were heavier than those in February or January, but the total was "much lower" in April. Secretary Knox, announcing this fact, also said that convoy-escort vessels and aircraft had been added steadily to the anti-submarine forces of the Allies. Britain also is building escorts, recently put in service a new "frigate" class of U-boat hunters (*see cut*).

▶ Admiral Emory S. Land, chairman of the U.S. Maritime Commission, said that U.S. shipyards were turning out five ships a day, would furnish nearly 19,000,000 deadweight tons this year as against just over 8,000,000 deadweight tons in 1942.

Bombing for Time. As the convoy had beaten the U-boat in World War I, air power might yet defeat it in this war. Defense of German U-boat factories in the homeland was beyond Admiral Doenitz' power. He had dispersed the factories well, from the seaports to innermost Germany and the eastern occupied countries. But in three years and a half Allied Intelligence had ferreted out most of them. Bombing them and the assembly yards was a slow process, but it was beginning to tell.

Among the bombers' most vulnerable and fruitful targets were the bases where Doenitz' raiders had to hole up for repairs and refitting. Submarines returning to base need about two weeks for overhaul and restocking before going back to sea. If the U-boat has been depth-charged, the repairs may involve weeks. Normal repairs were undoubtedly taken into account by Grand Admiral Doenitz in planning his spring campaign. What counted was unforeseen delay and repeated air attacks on St. Nazaire, Lorient, other bases had undoubtedly multiplied the delay.

Time and the Enemy. If Grand Admiral Doenitz were asked to name his greatest foe in the spring U-boat war, he might well answer: "Time." Time could give the Allies more ships, time could wear his weapon down. If he could not win now, the dockyard could defeat the submarine as surely as the Allies' growing air power could cut down its production at home.

But time was a neutral, and in the race between U-boats and an Allied second front it was also a crucial factor for the Allies. Last week Admiral Ernest J. King, always a pessimist on U-boat warfare, said: "The submarine menace . . . is being dealt with. . . . We expect to bring it under control now in four to six months' time."

This was the most optimistic prediction yet made by the U.S. COMINCH, but it also showed how serious a problem the U-boats still presented to the Allies. Four to six months meant next August or October. If by that time the supplies for a second front had not been shipped across the Atlantic, it might well be too late for this year. In that case, Grand Admiral Doenitz could consider that he had won the battle of 1943.

Acme

BRITAIN'S NEW ANTI-SUB FRIGATE
An old class revived to fight an old enemy.

It's so Soft that parachute troops use effective shock-absorber parachute seats made of cushiony **AIRFOAM.**

It's so Resilient that sailors' battle helmets are lined with **AIRFOAM** for shock-protection.

It's so Restful that soldiers convalescing in many of America's hospitals are given scientific-support mattresses of **AIRFOAM.** So buoyant, it prevents bed sores. So sanitary, too—verminproof, easy to keep forever-clean.

It's so Light that some of America's submarines now use mattresses of **AIRFOAM,** for maximum comfort, minimum space in a submarine's crowded quarters.

It's so Luxurious that many of America's crack trains have long since installed mattresses and seat cushions of smooth-riding, smooth-resting **AIRFOAM.**

What every woman should know about *Airfoam*

- Mainly: that **AIRFOAM** is the world's best name for blissful comfort.
- Technically: that **AIRFOAM** is a pure cellular latex product made only by Goodyear—whipped soft and smooth as an angel food cake.
- Domestically: that **AIRFOAM** makes the most sleep-inviting mattresses—the most restful furniture seat cushions that you ever hoped to rest upon.
- Patriotically: that **AIRFOAM** today is a war-worker-only — doing, among other things, the war jobs you see on this page.
- Practically: that a very little **AIRFOAM,** in furniture and mattresses from prewar stocks, remains in America's stores—that after Victory you will again be able to buy in any quantity you like the incomparable comfort, the indescribably restful ease of **AIRFOAM.**

Airfoam GOODYEAR

An Old-Fashioned idea worth cultivating

THE SEED PACKET signpost standing at the head of the row gives you a hint as to the kind of Old-Fashioned idea we're talking about . . .

It's simply this: To achieve a true Old-Fashioned masterpiece—an Old-Fashioned that will blossom into matchless perfection before your very eyes—you must be sure to use that finest of all whiskies . . . Four Roses!

Here is the way to make this greatest of Old-Fashioneds grow:

Muddle ½ lump of sugar, 2 dashes of bitters, a twist of lemon peel in a little water. Add an ice cube and then the crowning glory . . . the heart and soul of this superb Old-Fashioned . . . 1½ jiggers of that smooth, flavorful, glorious Four Roses!

There, sir, is an Old-Fashioned worth cultivating!

FOUR ROSES

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

INTERNATIONAL

A Lesson in Diplomacy

Joseph Stalin last week gave the world a two-part lesson in Russian diplomacy. In the main, it was a tough lesson in tough diplomacy, the kind that Russians practice and understand.

Red Army troops drawn up in the review and the Russian people listening in on radios to Stalin's May 1 Order of the Day last week heard him use, for the first time, the unqualified Casablanca phrase: "Unconditional surrender." They heard him refer, with a warmth and force he had never before displayed, to the "gallant Anglo-American air forces" over Europe, to "the victorious troops" in North Africa, and to "one single, common blow" by the Russians in the east, the U.S. and Britain in the west. And they heard him say: "A new blow is approaching when the Red Army, together with the armies of our Allies, will break the backbone of the Fascist beast."

Here was no lament that Russia was bearing the burden alone, that the Allies were slow to launch a promised second front. But here, too, was a subtler form of the old reminder and the old urgency: "Hitlerite Germany and her armies are shaken and are undergoing a crisis, but they are not yet defeated. It would be naive to suppose that the catastrophe would come of its own accord and as part of the present course of events. Two or three more such powerful blows are necessary from the west and the east. . . ."

If Stalin now knew for certain that a second front in Europe was coming in 1943, he was giving his allies their genuine due and his people the word to stand fast for the nearing day. If he did not know it for certain, he was putting the U.S. and Britain on the spot, and he was making his record with the Russian people for whatever course he may have to take alone.

That course, on the solemn word of Stalin—repeated last week in the most positive terms he has ever used—cannot be a peace without victory. Said he, in a passage which was also an iron preachment to his Allies: "What sort of peace can be in question with the imperialist Fascists who have flooded Europe with blood and covered her with gallows? Is it not clear that only the complete rout of the Hitlerite armies and the unconditional surrender of Hitlerite Germany can bring Europe to peace? Is it not because they feel the approach of the coming catastrophe that the Fascists talk of peace?"

The Russians know exactly what they want in the way of territorial arrangements on their borders in eastern Europe. Last week Joseph Stalin moved bluntly, brutally and frankly to get for Russia what Russia wants, and to force the U.S. and Britain to consent by silence if by nothing else (*see col. 2*).

A Lesson in Maneuver

The Poles say that the Russians are Slavs, but that the Poles are Slavs with hearts. The Russians say that the Poles learn nothing and forget nothing. Europeans in general say that Poland cannot exist as a nation without the friendship of either Germany or Russia, who for centuries have used Poland's flat land as a battleground between Slavs and Teutons.

No monument to U.S., British, Russian or Polish diplomacy was the climactic culmination of errors which brought last week's "suspension" of relations between the Russians and the Poles. The Poles had capped their old enmity toward Russia by supporting the Nazi propaganda story that 10,000 missing Polish officers had been found in mass graves in the forest of Katyn. Herr Goebbels said the Russians slaughtered them. Long distrust of Russia had conditioned the Poles to believe the German account. Without notifying either Britain or Russia, they fed the flames of anti-Soviet suspicion by demanding an International Red Cross investigation. The Red Cross (in Geneva) refused; the chastened Poles hastily announced that their request would "lapse."

As quickly as the Poles appealed to the Red Cross, the Russians lashed at the Poles. At week's end Ambassador Tadeusz Romer left Moscow for Kuibyshev en route to Teheran. U.S. Ambassador William H. Standley saw him off. British Ambassador Sir Archibald Clark Kerr gave him a bottle of Scotch. Then they turned to seeking a settlement that would patch up the break for the duration. On the urgency and merits of this issue, the U.S. State Department and No. 10 Downing Street were in complete accord: nothing must be allowed to create a final schism between Russia and the Anglo-American

RUSSIA GETS THE GOODS

The U.S. last week received the first full story with pictures of war shipments to Russia via the bulging Persian corridor. It was an achievement in U.S. engineering and supply which gave the Axis a powerful example of Allied cooperation. Russian fighting men cheered as swarms of planes arrived and tanks and trucks rumbled over highways as far as the eye could see.

OWI-Associated Press

coalition; yet, if possible, the Polish Government and the postwar integrity of Poland had to be preserved.

At hand was: 1) the worst example yet of what failure to coordinate political aims and understandings with war aims could bring about; 2) an object lesson in the lengths to which the U.S.S.R. could go to compel understanding on its own terms; 3) a preview of postwar confusions. Now, as never before, the time was ripe for a personal meeting sometime soon between Joseph Stalin and Franklin Roosevelt.

The Polish Stand. For Poland's Premier in Exile, General Wladslaw Sikorski, the cleavage with Russia was a personal tragedy. Opposition Poles in Britain and the U.S.* have attacked him ever since he defied Polish tradition and signed a Polish-Russian pact in July 1941, followed it with a friendship declaration in December 1941. A patriot, liberal enough to be anathema to rightist emigrés, Sikorski has showed great political courage in trying to deal with Russia. For a time, he succeeded so well that Stalin once called him the only Polish leader with whom the Kremlin could deal. But pressure inside & outside his Government has confounded him. Emigrés in London for months have printed anti-Russian, anti-Semitic and pro-fascist newspapers. The chauvinists' clamor, and that of an anti-Sikorski Polish press in the U.S., impelled Sikorski last Feb. 25 to demand a showdown with Stalin on the return of Poland's eastern provinces. From then on, relations between the two Governments have gone from bad to debacle.

* Most violent opposition from the Polish press in the U.S. has come from Detroit's *Dziennik Polski* (*Polish News*), published by Frank Januszewski, and New York's *Nowy Swiat* (*New World*), published by Maximilian Francis Wegrzynek. Both publishers made prewar fortunes importing Polish hams.

Back of the fears of the emigrés and of all Poles is the historical fact that Poland was partitioned out of existence from 1795 until the Versailles Treaty. They fear that Poland will again disappear after World War II. They point to Poland's mighty contribution of flyers, soldiers, underground workers to the Allied effort. They never forget that Poland was the first nation to fight Hitler. As allies under the laws of war and the promises of the Atlantic Charter, they expect the U.S. and Britain to see that Poland is reborn again as a sovereign nation.

For gallant patriotism the Poles have few equals. But as diplomats they are traditional bunglers. While loudly demanding the postwar return of all their territories, they have purposefully neglected to repudiate their Munich-time move into Czecho-Slovakia's Teschen. In the midst of war and while Russia was battering the Germans, the Poles' barrage of claims and threats embarrassed their allies and gave Russia an opportunity to press its claims with every weapon of logic, invective and propaganda in the Soviet arsenal.

The Russian Stand. Soviet policy moves neither in haste nor in anger, although it can sometimes make a great show of useful rage. It has definite ends in view. Those ends last week stuck up through the marsh of recrimination and polemics. Stalin had decided that there was no advantage in further dealings with the Sikorski Government. Instead, Russia was prepared to sponsor its own Free Poland movement (but probably not a separate Free Polish Government), to back Russia's border claims, and incidentally to recruit Polish soldiers for the Russian front. Leftist Writer Wanda Wasilewska, first mouthpiece of the new movement, called on Poles inside Europe to disavow the exiles in London.

To refute Poland's claims of territorial sovereignty, Russian spokesmen have advanced the right of self determination for some 10,000,000 Byelo Russians and Ukrainians in Poland's eastern provinces. Settlements after World War I gave those peoples and territories to Poland; Russia took them back in 1939, lost them to the Germans in 1941. In the long view, Russia has plainly indicated that she wants and intends to have most of the eastern provinces, as well as the Baltic states and chunks of the Balkans.

The Allied Position. Last week the U.S. and Britain did not specifically commit themselves to support the Russian claim. They simply turned the heat on the Poles, made them subside for the moment at least, said and did nothing whatsoever to ruffle the Russians. The vital fact was that Russia was staking out claims for the peace—and against the possibility of a World War III—that would be difficult to deny. The lesson was that, lacking any definite Anglo-Russian-U.S. postwar understandings, Premier Joseph Stalin plans to run eastern Europe just about as he pleases.

British Combine

DUMMKOPF'S STORY

Das Schwarze Korps, mouthpiece of Germany's *SS* troops, gave its readers a history lesson last week. Ruefully it reported that a Nazi rookie in occupied Greece had visited the Acropolis for the first time. He gasped at the ancient ruins and promptly wrote home that the *Luftwafe* had made a mess of it. Thundered *Das Schwarze Korps:* thus do soldier *Dummköpfer* start atrocity stories.

OCCUPIED EUROPE

The Promise

Rome's semi-official *Giornale d'Italia* summarized Hitler's much-touted European Charter:

▶ "Recognition of the right of all national European states, great & small, to liberty, independence and full sovereignty."
▶ "Permanent collaboration between European peoples on the basis of their common interests and civilization."
▶ "Just redistribution of the earth's goods and raw materials."
▶ "Freedom of national and economic development for each nation."
▶ "Freedom of the seas, and of trade."
▶ "Justice and social peace within every state."

The Actuality

Last week the U.S. Board of Economic Warfare estimated that the Germans had plundered $36,000,000,000 worth of automobiles, petroleum products, zinc, lead, nickel, tin, hides, clothes, soap, toothpaste, razor blades, cotton, cattle, bauxite, cauliflower, fish, horses, wines, locomotives, trains, trackage, houses, seaport equipment, steel works, forests, trucks, tank cars, art collections, cattle herds, ships, in the countries of conquered Europe.

"Absenteeism? Gosh, No!"

FINLAND

Nothing Worse to Fear

The Allies waited vainly for Finland to show some signs of intent or willingness to withdraw from Hitler's fold.

Finnish *sisu*—meaning a peculiarly Finnish brand of doggedness, capable of facing down death itself—was at work against the Allies. Last week one element of *sisu* affecting Finland's war position became crystal clear: Finland's instinctive hate and dread of Russia is the principal barrier to a separate peace with Russia. The presence of German troops in Finland and the fear of German reprisal are secondary to the Finns' conviction that Russia is their implacable enemy.

Most Finns now believe that Germany will lose the war. But they insist that Finland must resist to the last, hoping that Russia will be so weak at the end that Finland can hold the territories which the Russians seized in 1940. The Finns refuse to believe that these territories—as vital to Russian security as they are dear to the Finns—would ever be theirs by a voluntary settlement.

The Finns expect only pale sympathy from the U.S. Last week Finnish sources confirmed Washington's statement that the U.S. Government had never offered to seek separate peace terms from Russia on the Finns' behalf.

The Finns are not happy. But *sisu* enables them to say: "We have nothing worse than death to fear."

CHINA

Depression in Chungking

Chungking has never been a particularly happy city. It is at best a dark, damp, depressing place. But never before has there been such gloom as prevails this spring in China's capital.

Chungking is no longer a city of defiance, a place where men dream of their country's coming unity and progress, and act in the face of crisis. The inmates of Chungking—for many of them have come to feel like inmates rather than inhabitants—are gradually becoming spectators of the war rather than its combatants, and they are depressed by what they watch.

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek is still a symbol and an inspiration. His prestige is still high. But his problems have never been greater.

After six years of war, blockaded China is weaker economically and militarily than at any stage of the conflict with Japan. The country is in the throes of the worst inflation since the Sung Dynasty—in the Twelfth Century, just before the invasion of Genghis Khan, when rocketing prices in Peking would change between morning and evening. Malnutrition and privation are slowly undermining the vitality not only of the Army, but of the many intellectuals and younger office holders on whom China's future leadership largely depends. Inadequate material help from America and continued delay in the only quick means of bringing that help—the reconquest of the Burma Road—have provoked a growing feeling of neglect and resentment among the Chinese people. Although Chiang's bitterest enemies, the Communists, concede that he is the only possible wartime leader, his Army and theirs are still at odds.

Paul Guillumette

RIDERLESS RICKSHAS IN CHUNGKING
Stagnation caused a deathlike stillness.

Goods Cannot Move. Through no fault of its own, China is stagnant. Japan's very nearly total blockade has accomplished a kind of stillness inside China that looks to some Chinese like the stillness of death.

Until 1938 the main dependence of Free China for goods that gave her life—for trucks, tires, spare parts, lubricants,

It came out *Fighting!*

When American troops joined in to rid North Africa of its Nazi hordes, they were supported by the new M-5, an all-welded, light tank designed and built by Cadillac, in cooperation with U. S. Army engineers. Observers commenting on its appearance at the front said—"It came out fighting!"

Two Cadillac innovations—wholly new to mechanized warfare—endow the M-5 with speed and maneuverability demoralizing to the enemy. They are innovations which date back to peace—innovations that in other years contributed much to Cadillac's outstanding leadership among fine motor cars.

This departure from conventional tank design called for high confidence in Cadillac's peacetime engineering. But faith in building the M-5 around proved automotive units has been well justified. Exhaustive Army tests, both in and out of battle, have shown that the M-5 can decisively out perform light tanks not possessing its inherent advantages.

We are deeply grateful to the Ordnance Department for its encouragement and co-operation in developing this new light tank. We take pride in the knowledge that production of the M-5 and precision parts for America's most famous liquid-cooled aircraft engine are direct contributions to the Victory that must be ours.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

ARMY E NAVY

LET YOUR DOLLARS WORK, TOO—
BUY
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

fuels, the things of mobility—was on the Hong Kong-Canton route of imports. Later, until 1940, it was on the roads and railway through Indo-China. Imports through Indo-China averaged 40,000 tons a month, and the Burma Road was an insignificant supplement—perhaps 3,000 tons a month. After the fall of France, the Burma Road was the only road into China, and imports over it were lifted to an unsatisfactory maximum of 14,000 tons in November 1941. Then it, too, was lost. Since then the air supply route "over the hump" from Assam has given China only a fraction of even the Burma Road's trickle.

The consequence has been that Free China has lost internal fluidity. There is almost no motion except on foot, on donkeyback, on carts with wooden wheels. In Chungking there is one dilapidated alcohol-burning bus line; otherwise rickshas and sedan chairs are the only means of transportation.

The freezing of movement has meant the freezing of things. Even if there are in one place and time plenty of blue coolie-cloth jackets, there is no easy way to move the jackets to those places where there are many bare backs.

The want of goods has resulted in a serious inflation, which China's allies cannot soon alleviate. Inflation has hit various commodities with differing impact; while a handful of rice may have increased 100% in price, a wrist watch will have increased 4,000%. This inflation is not the result of a lack of confidence in Chinese national currency; it is the result of the lack of things to buy with the currency.

People Cannot Move. Chungking is crowded with people from the coastlands of China—those who through patriotism or defiance or fear moved inland one step ahead of the conquering Jap. These people are still downriver people at heart. They have had enough. They want to go home.

An American recently walked through Chungking with a Chinese friend, asking people what they wanted to do. Sample replies:

▶ A repair mechanic called his wife and sat his visitors down to drink a cup of tea among the hammering apprentices. He said he had come from Shanghai with the war. He did not like being an independent mechanic as well as working in a factory, but he could not exist on factory wages during inflation. His mother and two sons were still in Shanghai. He wanted to go back to them.

▶ The boatmen on the Yangtze said that life was bearable now if you owned your own sampan; wages were impossible; it would be best if the war would end so that you could work on a river steamboat between Shanghai and Chungking.

▶ In a teahouse on top of Garrison Hill a well-dressed, thirtyish, loquacious man, celebrating with some pals, said that he liked the war fine. He was a smuggler. He was just back from Jap-occupied Hankow, where he had sold some country herbs, bought some printer's ink, brought it back, made 50% on the deal.

▶ Across the river in a hut on a hill, a peasant, his mother, his dead soldier brother's wife and children said that things were bad. Their little farm had been in the family for generations. Sparrows ate the grain crops on their hillside farm, and vegetables were all they could raise. Rice was so expensive they could buy only government rice, for which someone had to stand in line for hours. When the Americans asked the family what they would buy if they had a thousand dollars, the children screamed: "Buy meat, buy meat!" The grandmother, matriarch of the family, said: "I want to make some clothes."

Disease. The permanent undernourishment from which most of Chungking suffers, the eternal want of material things, the discouragement over the war, the homesickness, the weariness—these and other things have combined to infect China with an old disease. It is called squeeze. It is polite Oriental graft. In some of its smallest manifestations, Chinese squeeze is harmless, accepted. But under pressure of inflation, it has gone beyond the Chinese norm. Even Government officials, living on fixed salaries at a time when money is declining in value, have let themselves indulge in certain venal practices which surprise visitors to Chungking.

Cure. Free China is ill; but even this illness is not yet defeatism. China expects to be really free again. The only sparks of warmth and excitement which are struck in Chungking these days are during brief talks about the postwar China. After the war will come the day of construction, not just reconstruction: it will be China's long-hoped-for industrial revolution.

The hopelessness in China now arises from the knowledge that the only possible solution is a military one, and that that solution must wait for the defeat of Hitler.

CANADA

Ottawa's Cross

Grey-haired, twitchy-fingered Austin Cross, Parliamentary reporter of the Montreal *Star,* is a student of capital cities. He has visited Washington and the 48 U.S. State capitals (reserving Bismarck, N.Dak. for last), the ten Provincial capitals of Canada. But the capital he knows best is Ottawa, and last week he had Canadians atwitter with a rollicking book about the Ottawa scene.

In *The People's Mouths,** Reporter Cross did for Canada approximately what Robert S. Allen did twelve years ago for the U.S. in the first *Washington Merry-Go-Round.* Canadians flinched and chortled at the brash impertinences and superficialities of *The People's Mouths,* also found many an acid tintype of their politicians. Many were aware that Cross memorized time-tables and collected other useless information but few suspected the sharper side of his nature.

The Sweatshop. Of Ottawa itself,

* From Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*: "The noble tribunes are the people's mouths, And we their hands."

THE EYES OF AMERICA . . . *are upon her!*

Instead of flying with wings of peace . . . She now scans the skies of war relentlessly . . . Spotting planes for your protection.

YES. EVERYTHING'S CHANGED NOW!

Today, it is the proving-ground of battle . . . not the highways of peace . . . that has full call on General Tire's unique leadership in Top-Quality manufacture.

Today, you must save your tires . . . helping thus to bring the time nearer when you can again enjoy General's long mileage and extra safety. *When that "tomorrow" is here . . .* ready for you will be an even finer General Tire than before.

Out of new materials and new methods developed and perfected by General's technicians now will come still more change *for the better.* Out of 25 years of learning how to *make rubber do more* will come a tire that will add new lustre to General's unequalled reputation for Top-Quality.

Lighter Weight, Yet More Strength in "Tomorrow's" General Tire?

Will it give you mileage that may outlast your car? Will you ride on less air without a worry of blowouts? Will the heat problem be licked? What about synthetics, rayon, nylon? The answers will have to wait . . . *until that day ahead.* But, we *can* tell you that, more than ever, you will want to ride on America's Top-Quality Tire.

The GENERAL TIRE

THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO. • AKRON, O.

Arturo Toscanini — *Another portrait for the Magnavox series of famous musicians painted by Boris Chaliapin*

Born to the baton . . .

HIS father fought in Garibaldi's army of liberation and suffered imprisonment for his ideals. From this soldier of freedom, Arturo Toscanini must have inherited his uncompromising integrity . . . his readiness to fight for the higher standards of life, musical performance and appreciation that has characterized his career.

To such a man, the flattery of public applause is never important. He believes, in fact, that audiences should be neither seen nor heard . . . that orchestra and conductor should be hidden from their view and that there should be no encores. You attain this ideal when you listen to a Toscanini broadcast or recording played by a Magnavox radio-phonograph.

You will find that this unique instrument captures all the intensity, all the subtle shades of beauty, that masterly conducting reveals in great music. For it is not a matter of chance that many of the most famous musicians of our time have chosen the Magnavox for their own personal radio-phonographs.

* * *

The Magnavox Company is now concentrating entirely on war production. We have also donated a large number of Magnavox models to the Army and Navy. Letters from camps and ships tell us of the priceless hours of pleasure these gifts have brought to our fighting men. You can add to their enjoyment—easily. See your Magnavox dealer for a wide selection of records to send to *your* soldier or sailor.

BUY WAR BONDS TODAY FOR VICTORY AND SECURITY

The fine craftsmanship which won for Magnavox the first Navy "E" award (and White Star Renewal Citation) among instrument manufacturers has made these radio-phonographs the first choice of discriminating buyers.

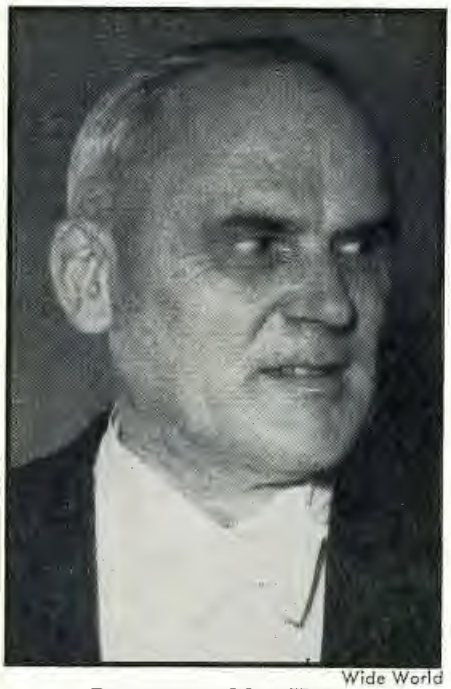
The Magnavox Company, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Magnavox

THE OLDEST NAME IN RADIO

Austin Cross wrote: "This is the capital of Canada. . . . Here is democracy at work with an hour and a half off for lunch. . . . This is where they run the war. You find soldiers who can't fight, sailors who can't sail, and flyers who can't fly. . . .

"This is the city of snobs. Here you find the exquisitely groomed office boy from one of our very oldest families, snubbing the shabby Cabinet minister, from the prairie, or some awful place. . . . This is the city with a new kind of tourist trade, divided equally of one part dollar-a-year men and ten parts two-dollars-a-day stenographers. . . . She is the wartime stenographer who breakfasts on 'coke,' skips lunch, and dines on a 10¢ sandwich. She shares a room with as many as three other girls and they live in such squalor that, if similar conditions existed elsewhere, Ottawa people would be collecting funds to help them. Meet the Government, biggest operator of sweatshop labor in Canada."



Wide World

PRODUCTION MAN HOWE

HATCHETMAN GARDINER

Canadians twittered on a merry-go-round.

The Gallery. Cross is tart about some of the Government bigwigs, but essentially kind to most of them:

▶ Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King is "Wordy Willie," but he gets full marks as a statesman and as the ablest rough-&-tumble politician on the North American Continent.

▶ Thin-skinned Minister of Munitions and Supply Clarence Decatur Howe "is an assembly line in pants."

▶ National Defense Minister James Layton Ralston is a Baptist, a great Canadian, a hog for detail.

▶ Agriculture Minister James Gardiner is the Prime Minister's hatchetman whose tongue cuts like an ax.

▶ Red-haired James Lorimer Ilsley, who ably runs Canada's finances, is a social lion who snubs the snob set.

▶ Air Minister Charles Gavan Power is a wild Quebec Irishman who has made a zooming success of Canada's air training scheme, and does not know how good he is.

Presumably because of the libel laws, Cross confines his harsher remarks about the House of Commons to anonymities. He noted: "One man who is alleged to have a discharge from an insane asylum, an M.P. who was tossed out of the Press Gallery for drunkenness, a fellow who once belonged to the Nazi party for some reason or other, and . . . the M.P. who is indebted to the Japanese for campaign funds."

The peculiarities of a few M.P.s do not bother Cross. The average M.P. "is just like all the rest of us, either a little smarter or a little stupider than the mob." In the Canadian House of Commons he becomes part of something that started "one lovely June day at Runnymede back in 1215, functioning down through the ages, and giving you its mid-20th-Century version of the finest mode of government the world has yet devised."

Fence Mended

Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King won a major political victory in Canada last week. The Liberal Party in Ontario, Canada's richest and most populous province, designated rooster-beaked Harry Corwin Nixon, an all-out King man, as Party leader and the next Premier of Ontario.

For eight years Ontario's Premier had been Mackenzie King's flamboyant enemy, Mitchell ("Mitch") Hepburn. Last October Mitch resigned, named pompous Gordon Conant (known to Toronto newsmen as "God") to succeed him. Conant thought until last week that he would be the new Premier. When Liberals, including Hepburn, ignored him at the Party convention and deserted him, Conant went off to a hospital to rest. Mitch himself stayed in political retirement on his onion farm.

ART

"SPRINGTIME SHOWERS" BY ABRAHAM RATTNER
Critic Kootz is willing to argue about it.

He Knows What He Dislikes

The U.S. art world last week had a good, squabblesome book to squabble over. Its publication was celebrated by a gay party at Manhattan's Downtown Gallery. Surrounded by highly explosive canvases, Duke Ellington and Kansas City's boogie-woogie specialist Pete Johnson smote the piano while esthetic arguments added to the clamor. The book: Samuel M. Kootz's *New Frontiers in American Painting* (Hastings House; $5).

Kootz, 44 and a Virginia-born lawyer, is a testy critic who knows what he does not like as well as what he does. Sometimes he slips into the morass of pompous nonsense that is a feature of the modern critical landscape (Picasso "frees us from materiality—our bondage to nature—and provides us with an ultimate reality"). But more often than many modern art critics Kootz writes clearly—and he has strong opinions to offer on the whole field of contemporary painting.

Nationalists. Kootz, who once cracked in the New York *Times* that "Cézanne made an apple important; Benton . . . a lynching trivial," makes another attack on Thomas Hart Benton and his fellow U.S. nationalists. Says Kootz: "Benton and Wood, Curry and Marsh . . . went American so raucously, so insistently, that they provided and inspired an enormous flood of dull, routine anecdotes. . . . Each of the nationalist lads has his own little counter to set up trade. From it he dispenses post cards, heavy with facts, guaranteed to counteract any itch that jeopardizes a continued comfort."

Of Benton's lurid anti-Axis paintings (TIME, April 6, 1942), Kootz declares: "[They] proved embarrassing because the imagery was from stock molds and the sentiment descended to cheap melodrama."

Surrealists, Class-Strugglers. Kootz whales away at surrealism in general as "an aspect of frustration" and evidence of "the decay of France." He admires the earlier work of Giorgio di Chirico. But of Salvador Dali he says: ". . . Each new showing evidences an hysterical attempt to provide the spectator with a different shock than that of the preceding exhibit." Of a Max Ernst show in 1941 he remarks: "Here, just the right amount of peep-show pornography . . . to provide final fashionable acceptance to an audience thrilled by its chi-chi eroticism."

Of the U.S. "class struggle" painters (of whom William Gropper is best known), Kootz says: "Gropper, for instance, has never been able to invent a plastic language of his own. . . . The plain fact of the matter is that the radical pattern of this school is as dull esthetically as the reactionary pattern of the nationalist school. Both schools trade in local incidents, the class-struggle boys belly-aching that nothing is good enough, the nationalists insisting that it was good enough for Pop and it is good enough for them. . . . Slice it any way you want and it still comes out a *literary* tract."

Expressionists, Abstractionists. The work of Kootz's own modern favorites is derived from the "expressionists [who] use the psychology of color . . . to express a moody, mystic *Weltschmerz.*" He singles out Abraham Rattner, Walter Quirt, Paul Burlin. Of Rattner (*see cut*), he remarks: "[He] has a deeply religious ethical inwardness. . . . As a craftsman he is superb . . . with dense forms sternly disciplined in space, but retaining an enormous life animation. His rich polychromy, usually accented by black, has an almost religious quality."

Saints from the Southwest

A stooping effigy of Jesus, with jointed arms hanging from a green cotton dress, had human hair on its head. A small naked statue, honored as a protector against syphilis, sat in a shrine made from an old oilcan. A portable sepulcher held a recumbent Christ, whose bloodstained jaw and neck could be moved puppetwise by strings. These crude but striking effigies formed part of an exhibition of Religious Folk Art of the Southwest which opened last week at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art.

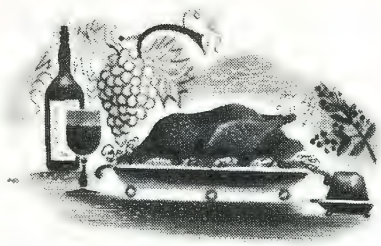
Made from pine and cottonwood, decorated with paper flowers and covered with a crude gesso,* these *bultos* (figures carved in the round) and *retablos* (painted panels) of the Saints and Holy Family were vaguely reminiscent of medieval European art, utterly unlike anything else the U.S. has produced. They were done between 1725 and 1875 by humble priests and lay members of tiny churches in the poverty-stricken regions of Southern Colorado and New Mexico.

Most striking example shown last week was the *Carreta de la Muerte*—a "death cart" (*see cut*) in which a grinning skeleton with elongated wooden limbs sits upright with a bow & arrow poised for shooting. The cart was used in the Holy Week ceremonies of the Penitentes, a sect of zealots who flagellated and crucified themselves and each other, and which, although modified in ceremony, still exists in remote regions of New Mexico.

* A plaster made of native gypsum and animal glue on which colors are applied.

DEATH CART FROM NEW MEXICO
The Penitentes used it in Holy Week.

How does the FOOD SHORTAGE affect our guests?



RIGHT NOW, Hotel Pennsylvania is confronted with many of the same problems that the nation's housewives must deal with.

One of them is food rationing.

For, just like the nation's housewives, the nation's hotels are rationed.

From time to time there will be a scarcity of certain foods, and an abundance of other foods. And at Hotel Pennsylvania, our skilled dieticians and food experts are constantly busy in our famous Research Kitchen, ingeniously preparing the available foods in an assortment of delicious and satisfying dishes.

And you can be sure that the food that reaches your Hotel Pennsylvania dining-room table will be pure and wholesome—*in no instance purchased through the black market.* We intend to co-operate to the fullest extent with the government in stamping out black markets. So if certain foods are omitted from our menus, you'll know that they could not be purchased in the open market.

This much you can depend on. Despite rationing and shortages of certain foods, there will never be a rationing of *quality* in our dining rooms. Hotel Pennsylvania food will always be *delightful* food, served to you in the finest possible manner.

YOUR DOLLARS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED FOR U. S. WAR BONDS

THE STATLER HOTEL IN NEW YORK

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

JAMES H. McCABE, General Manager

THE PRESS

For Distinction

Pulitzer Prizes, awarded annually by Columbia University, went this week to:

The Omaha *World-Herald*, for public service (a scrap-collecting campaign).

The New York *Times's* Hanson Baldwin, for articles on a Pacific tour.

Forrest Seymour, the Des Moines *Register & Tribune*, for distinguished editorials.

Novelist Upton Sinclair, for *Dragon's Teeth.*

Playwright Thornton Wilder, for *The Skin of Our Teeth.*

The Associated Press's Frank Noel, for outstanding news photography.

Ira Wolfert, North American Newspaper Alliance, for distinguished international affairs reporting.

The Chicago *Daily News's* George Weller for a story about an appendectomy performed by a pharmacist's mate in a submerged submarine.

Jay N. ("Ding") Darling, New York *Herald Tribune*, for outstanding cartooning.

Other awards: Poet Robert Frost, for *The Witness Tree;* Esther Forbes, for her history, *Paul Revere*; Historian Samuel Eliot Morison, for his biography, *Admiral of the Ocean Sea*, a life of Columbus; Composer William Schuman, for *Secular Cantata, No. 2, A Free Song.*

To the *World-Herald* went a gold medal; to each individual winner, $500 cash.

The A. P. Suit

In the eight months since the Government filed its anti-trust suit against Associated Press (TIME, Sept. 7), the clamor of A.P.'s defense has been incessant and loud. Fortnight ago came the first clear non-A.P. voice. Up rose 57-year-old Zechariah Chafee Jr., ruddy Harvard law professor and one of the nation's great authorities on free speech. His statement came near not being published at all.

Behind this controversy was a history important to all newspaper-reading citizens. The A.P. suit was filed Aug. 28, 1942, shortly after pro-New Deal Publisher Marshall Field tried to get A.P. service for his new Chicago *Sun* and was blocked by anti-New Deal Publisher Robert R. McCormick of the Chicago *Tribune.* The suit was handicapped from the start. Publishers tended to side with A.P. automatically. Some felt the Government's case was politically tainted; most had a deep-seated distaste for Trust-Buster Thurman Arnold, instigator of the suit.

Actually, Arnold, now a Federal judge himself, had been looking down his nose at A.P. for several years. In 1940 he had tried to persuade Washington *Times-Herald* publisher Eleanor Patterson to file a complaint after her application for A.P. membership was blocked by the Washington *Star* and *Post.* She refused. Two

years later Marshall Field was willing.

Target of the suit is A.P.'s set of bylaws. Under them it is almost impossible for a newspaper owner to get A.P. service, even if he can pay, in a city where there is already an A.P. member paper. The bylaws provide that an applicant can get A.P. service only by being elected by a majority vote of A.P. members. And even if he is elected—which is unlikely in most cases—he must still pay the already-established A.P. paper in his city a whopping sum (over $300,000 in Chicago), and must further share with his rival any exclusive news or photo services he possesses.

Government's View. The Government contends that these barriers make A.P. monopolistic. Despite the fact that newspapers can get news from other services, like United Press or International News

Wide World

HARVARD'S CHAFEE
Free press? Monopoly?

Service, the Government insists that A.P. is a prime source of news.

To illustrate its point, the Government cites A.P.'s acknowledged dominance over U.S. morning-paper news. Every exclusively morning paper with a daily circulation over 25,000 is a member of A.P. except the Chicago *Sun*. All A.P. members are bound to supply exclusively to A.P. news of everything newsworthy in their areas. Obviously a non-A.P. morning paper (like the Chicago *Sun*) cannot adequately present U.S. news without having many hundreds of its own correspondents.

A.P.'s View. A.P. denies flatly that it is a monopoly, points to U.P. and I.N.S. Moreover, A.P. points out that many profitable papers, like the Pittsburgh *Press* and the Erie (Pa.) *Daily Times* (evening papers), have operated successfully for years without A.P.

Far from admitting that it is a source of news, A.P. insists that "the source of news lies in the event itself. Access to the source of news is open to all who are willing to expend time, effort and money.

"Naturally men in a private club should be free to choose their associates as whimsically as they please. But the A.P. is not a private affair any more than the American Telephone & Telegraph Company.

"My conclusion is that liberty of the press . . . requires drastic changes in the bylaws of the A.P."

To which A.P. replies: ". . . a free press requires that newspapers shall be free to collect and distribute the news in accordance with [their own] principles and standards, and that they be free to choose their associates in so doing. . . ."

The case will be decided by a three-judge, Federal court, probably this summer. Whatever the verdict, 1) there will be an appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court; 2) the outcome will be of lasting importance to U.S. newspaper readers.

Hearst Is 80

William Randolph Hearst, monarch of a communications dynasty (16 newspapers, eight magazines, four radio stations, one news service, one feature syndicate, one photo service), art collector, exponent of yellow journalism, worshiper at circulation's shrine, reporter, reformer, politico, columnist and multimillionaire, was 80 last week. For a man of his means and mightiness he celebrated modestly.

At the lavish, enormous Santa Monica, Calif. beach house of ex-Film Star Marion Davies he talked with friends, read congratulatory messages, played his daily hour of tennis. (Hearst tennis compares unfavorably with that of Octogenarian King Gustaf V of Sweden: no one ever keeps score; Hearst covers the court only to arm's length each way and it is taken for granted that the ball must be hit within his reach.) Birthday dinner guests were Marion Davies, four Hearst sons and their wives, a handful of Hearst publishers, Movie Columnist Louella Parsons, ex-Georgian Prince David Mdivani, Film Actor Arthur (*Dagwood Bumstead*) Lake, several others. They nibbled a red and white cake (16 candles).

Despite his age, Tycoon Hearst has not shriveled. Grey, jowled like a coon dog, no longer nimble, he still stands impressively erect to his full 6 ft. 2, is remarkably healthy. He still bubbles with new ideas for his publications, over which he maintains the vigilance of a whimsical despot. His newspapers are still wild-eyed, red-inked, impulsive, dogmatic, often inaccurate, and littered with grade-A, boob-catching circulation features. Currently Hearstpapers are making lurid attacks against "Stalin's Monstrous Double-Dealing," and are promoting "Total Warfare Against Japan . . . NOW." But Hearst personally has mellowed in his declining years, if his press has not. A recent edict of "advice to reporters and editors" said: "Be courteous and considerate. Make newspapers and newspapermen popular."

Commented Hearst's Los Angeles competitor, the *Times*, in a birthday editorial: " . . . Even those who have not always agreed with him can wish him well at this milestone in a career which will be long remembered."

DON'T LET YOUR GAS RATION "GO UP IN SMOKE"

SMOKE MEANS TROUBLE... AND WASTED GAS

If you want to keep *your* car on the job, don't let it begin to smoke. For a smoking exhaust is usually a sign of excess engine wear . . . wear that means *wasted gasoline* . . . that may even put your car on the shelf.

No motor oil can *cure* engine wear. But *Insulated* Havoline may help *prevent* it!

Here's how: *Insulated* means that Havoline won't break down when the going gets tough . . . that it is especially processed to protect your motor at extremes of both heat and cold. Havoline is *distilled* too . . . free from carbon-forming impurities.

Don't wait until *your* car becomes a gas-wasting "smoker." Change to Insulated Havoline Motor Oil today!

The Texas Company feels that one important part of its war-job is to KEEP YOUR CAR ON THE JOB. You're welcome to drive into any Texaco Dealer's for a check-up of tires, battery, chassis and motor lubrication system.

TUNE IN: FRED ALLEN every Sunday night. See your local newspaper for time and station.

You're Welcome at **TEXACO DEALERS**

PONT

BUILDING FAST AND BUILD

In January of 1942, we received our second assignment—building the 40 MM. AUTOMATIC FIELD GUN, largest automatic weapon in use by any nation. As versatile as it is deadly, it fires 120 high-velocity, explosive or armor-piercing shells a minute and, according to official sources, is effective "against air, ground or water targets."

PONTIAC DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Our third major war assignment is the AIRCRAFT TORPEDO, one of the most complex and deadly offensive units in the history of naval warfare. Released from low-flying attack planes, it is capable of destroying the mightiest ship. Involving 5222 parts and 1225 different assemblies, the manufacture of this vital weapon was an assignment not lightly bestowed by the United States Navy.

Since April 1941—nine months before Pearl Harbor—the respected craftsmanship of Pontiac has been bent on fabricating the implements of victory. On that date, we undertook the original of our six present war assignments . . . the manufacture, for the first time outside the European continent, of a highly complex 20 mm. Oerlikon anti-aircraft cannon. . . . Today, our men and women, our plants and machines, our hands and heads and hearts are devoted to the pro-

AS SUBCONTRACTORS, WE ARE BUILDING AXLES FOR TANKS . . . .

Designed and produced by the CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION, the M-5 tank, which is illustrated above, is called the "fastest tracked vehicle in the world." We are proud that it is our privilege to assist Cadillac Motor Car Division in its work on this important assignment by manufacturing and assembling the huge, intricate axles that drive this hard-hitting instrument of lightning attack.

TIAC

ING WELL .. *FOR LIBERTY*

Our first war assignment was production of the Oerlikon 20 MM. ANTI-AIRCRAFT CANNON, favorite weapon of seamen on merchantman or battle wagon. Capable of hurling nearly 500 explosive shells in 60 seconds, this watch-like piece of ordnance is being produced months ahead of schedule. As a result, the government is now receiving more cannon at a lower price per cannon.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS . . . KEEP AMERICA FREE

duction of weapons to meet the enemy in any arena and win—be it on the land, on the sea or in the air. . . . Automatic field guns, aircraft torpedoes and 20 mm. cannon . . . on these, the prime and final responsibility rests with us. In the manufacture of tank components, Diesel engine inner-assemblies and Army truck parts, we are cooperating with other Divisions of General Motors. But whether we act as a prime contractor or a subcontractor, the weapons produced at Pontiac embody all the skill, integrity and experience at our command. Some have already received the highest tribute to which any armorer can aspire, the post-battle commendation of our fighting forces. They are good weapons—worthy of the men who will use them.

. . . . . PRODUCING DIESEL ENGINE UNITS

The rugged two-cycle engines produced by the DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION of General Motors are known as work horses of war. They are used for a wide variety of primary and auxiliary power purposes by both the Army and the Navy, including the propulsion of landing barges. Several hundred of their component parts are being manufactured by Pontiac for the Diesel Division.

. . . . . AND MAKING ENGINE PARTS FOR ARMY TRUCKS

The GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK and COACH DIVISION is a major producer of trucks and transport units for the Army. Serving with distinction wherever the Allied Nations fight, GMC trucks have confirmed their peace-time reputation for dependability under the most difficult conditions. One of our war assignments is to provide the General Motors Truck and Coach with vital engine parts.

Tomorrow

THE WORLD IS YOURS!

RIO, with guitars throbbing through the blue Brazilian night . . . Bagdad, where high-laden camels sway through narrow, latticed streets . . . Port Said, kaleidoscope of color, Babel of a hundred foreign tongues. Tomorrow, via air, the world is yours!

No flights of fancy are these flights of the future. Even now Martin aircraft are speeding the tools of war to the four corners of the globe. And when, after Victory, these lifelines become airlines, you will see and know the far lands of romance. Via air, two-week vacations will equal two months' today. Via air, all nations will be neighbors, drawn together by bonds of travel and commerce. Via air, the peoples of the world will come to know each other, thus building for permanent peace.

YOUR TICKET TO ROMANCE is a U. S. War Bond. Each Bond you buy hastens the day of Victory . . . the day when aviation turns from the wings of war to the wings of peace. Already on Martin drawing boards lie complete designs for giant airliners of 125 tons, capable of carrying scores of passengers, tons of freight, to the farthest of horizons. Other Martin aircraft of 250 tons and more are being planned. You can help translate these great plans into reality. You can help build the breath-taking new world of the future. Buy War Bonds to the limit of your ability . . . for your country today, for you tomorrow.

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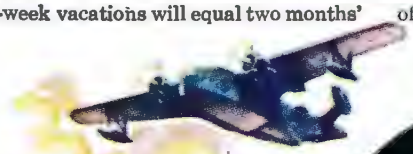
The Glenn L. Martin Co., Baltimore, U.S.A.



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TACTICS

Task Forces for the Army

Now that the test of war had put the tank in its proper niche—a powerful but not a supreme weapon—even devout Armored Forcemen took a new view of its employment. No longer can the armored divisions, immoderately proud of their dashing cavalry background, expect always to go into battle in the full strength of their organization.

Instead, the division is likely to be used more often as a pool from which armored battalions can be drawn to form task forces with infantry and artillery. So potent have anti-tank defenses become (TIME, March 29) that the *Panzer* division's infantry (one regiment) is no longer powerful enough against strong resistance to clear the way for its tanks.

This lesson the Russians taught the world first. Before the Germans' massed *Panzer* assaults of two years ago the Russians set up defenses in depth, teamed infantry with anti-tank teams and smashed up tank assaults.

Lesson Learned. The Germans took the hint. They broke up *Panzer* divisions and teamed tanks with more infantry support. Last year, against Montgomery in Africa, Rommel cut his armored divisions in half, merged them into task forces with infantry.

Montgomery had learned the lesson, too. His example was Ritchie's failure before Tobruk: a massed and disastrous assault by British tanks without infantry support. (Said one American observer: "He sent the backfield into the game but kept the line on the bench.") At El Alamein it was different. Montgomery's spearhead of armor burst through a breach made by artillery and infantry.

In Tunisia (where unsupported armored force before Kasserine Gap was smashed by German artillery) U.S. task forces are now formed around infantry divisions. Each has drawn a battalion or more from the 1st Armored Division pool. The amount of armor has varied with the job done. In mountain warfare one infantry division can hardly use more than one attached battalion, since the tanks must use the passes. For warfare on the plains, three to six *Panzer* battalions might be attached to an infantry division.

Lesson to Come. For the armored division, operating as a unit, there may still be many a job to do. When the Allied invasion of Europe unfolds full scale, fast armored divisions may be able to fan out over great stretches of terrain, chewing up opposing infantry and communications. But even that can happen only after Allied infantry has disposed of the German anti-tank artillery, which is poison to spearheads of tanks.

For training purposes and for what may still come, the U.S. Armored Force still keeps the divisional organization. Armored infantry and armored artillery within the division are being augmented.

In such a change Lieut. General Jacob L. Devers, Chief of the U.S. Armored Force, like any other sound soldier, sees no reflection on his tanks, only the result of the ebb & flow of battle doctrine. Said he: "While capable of smashing through the severest obstacle, [the armored division's] most important use is against vital enemy rear areas . . . air, armor, artillery and infantry must be properly combined and their individual capabilities exploited. . . . The tank, like the battleship and the airplane, is merely a means of carrying fire power to the enemy."

International

WAACs REPORTING FOR DUTY
The Army could use half a million.

WOMEN

Stepsister Corps

The Women's Army Auxiliary Corps will be a year old next week. It has been a hard year because it was the first, with the administrative aches and growing pains of any big, new organization. Director Oveta Culp Hobby announced that enrollment had reached 58,100 by mid-April. That unvarnished figure meant, at first sight, that the Corps had achieved little more than a third of its quota (150,000) at the three-quarter mark of its authorized enrollment term ending July 1.

But this same 58,000 was more than double the initial mark of 25,000, upped sixfold after the Army had discovered the usefulness of its women auxiliaries. And every woman jill of them was a volunteer, who had endured the cheap jokes and poor public reactions of the WAAC's early weeks. WAACs were sure that if enrollment had not proceeded according to plan the fault lay with the plan—and with U.S. women and kinsfolk.

Slow Retreat. The trouble with the WAAC has been the trouble with the people: a slow retreat from apathy and prejudice—in the home and in the Army—toward the necessity and importance of women in the war.

The Army has learned the desirability of its soldiers in skirts, not merely as ersatz men, but for their own sakes and skills. The four specific jobs (communications, administrative specialists, motor transport, cooks and bakers) for which the WAACs were first enrolled have grown to more than 140. Examples: code clerk, toolroom keeper, truckmaster and cartographer.

Slow Assignment. Requests on file from commanding officers for WAACs to replace men total 500,000 (375,000 from Air Forces alone). Generals of overseas theaters of operations have asked for 18,810 to date. But only a few WAACs have the thrill of copying secret orders in a general's office; only a few hundred have gone overseas. Of the rest, most have been busy at routine but necessary jobs, training other WAACs to train more WAACs. The Army welcomed them when they showed what they could do—one replacement group of 56 replaced 128 men in post-office, personnel and records work. But the Army was not ready for even a 58,000 enrollment. There are WAACs, duly sworn in, who still wear civilian clothes because they have no uniforms. By June 1, however, the Army expects to turn out every woman in full kit.

For a while half the WAACs grew restive in the training camps, bottlenecked by inadequate facilities in the Army's

special schools. Then the Army speeded up its training program, has opened up seven new schools in the past four months. Recruits are coming out of training at the rate of 1,000 a week, and there are about 15,000 now in the field.

Stepsisters to the Army, the WAACs do not have the privileges of the women of other services which are integral parts of Navy, Coast Guard or Marine Corps. They get no dependency allotments, no Government life insurance or retirement pay for disability incurred in line of duty. They cannot write "free" on the corner of their letters home.

Slow Law. The Rogers Bill, long delayed but due soon for a vote, will make the WAACs full-blooded members of the Army, give the girls their rights. No law is needed to give the girls one Army privilege they have been quick to grab: the WAACs can gripe like veterans.

Biggest difficulty of the WAAC, which affects recruiting the most, is one neither Congress nor the Corps can cure. That is the attitude of the public, which has stopped thinking of Japs as funny little fellows, but which still fails to take seriously the need for women in war. To help change a public opinion clouded by a poor press, by mistaken glamor and misplaced publicity, the WAAC fortnight ago picked a new advertising agency.

Preliminary studies showed that the main resistance to WAAC recruiting is not among women, but among the men in every woman's life—American men are notoriously softheaded about their women. WAACs remembered Britain's ordeal before women warriors were recognized, wondered if anything less than the hard urgency of military necessity could break this sentimental slavery.

MORALE

Funnyman's Report

Back from his entertainment tour of the South Pacific military bases, gape-grinned Film Comedian Joe E. Brown had covered 32,000 miles, had seen more war front than most U.S. soldiers. He had ripped through comedy routines before 8 a.m. and hours after dark. One show he did in Papuan jungle grass up to his hips, six minutes' march from Jap positions; another went on in a driving downpour at Milne Bay, New Guinea.

Brown had undertaken the tour at his own expense, in part as a memorial to his son, Captain Don Brown, killed in a California bomber crash last October; he could feel the satisfaction of a job well done. Yet for all the excitement and adventure and the recollections of applause, Funnyman Brown was not in a funny mood.

He was too impressed with the hardships of soldiering and the meagerness of existence out on the fringes of the war; too depressed by the seeming indifference of civilians who wrongly assumed that the troops had plenty of recreation.

Supply. The facts, as Brown reported them: some American boys haven't seen a movie since they landed out there; soldiers in rear areas see films occasionally,

but the Pacific area needs at least 50 projectors right now; about 1% of the men hear radio programs.

During his entire twelve-week trip Brown heard only two broadcasts of *Command Performance*, the special 30-minute program which fills soldier requests for anything from a violin solo to the bark of a pet dog. Worst hindrances are lack of equipment and delays in transportation; one transcription record that arrived a few weeks ago turned out to be a cheery Christmas program.

Brown's report might startle smug civilians; it certainly came as no surprise to the Army's hard-pressed Special Services Division. With morale equipment, as with every other kind of Army equipment, the basic problem is a heartbreaking one: how to get it there. Considering the Army as a whole, U.S. forces are as well equipped for the fighting man's off-duty relaxation in rear areas as any army in history.

Demand. Movies are popular wherever they can be shown; performances are often so crowded that some men sit behind the screen to watch the picture in reverse. Records played over loudspeakers enliven some camps; in New Guinea, moreover, this music has become a favorite thrill to the *boongs*, fuzzy-haired native boys who work at advanced air strips. Live shows are favorites everywhere. New Guinea now has a show attraction called *Hellzapapuan*, while stars like Martha Raye and Carole Landis have performed in advanced zones in North Africa.

The Army is now rushing construction and delivery of a compact entertainment package, the B-kit, containing a seven-tube radio and record player, mechanical phonograph, records, transcriptions, song books and six harmonicas. Sidelight on radio tastes: soldiers in the South Pacific who hear radios prefer BBC news to the "too optimistic" newscast from KGEI, San Francisco.

Final decisions on the forwarding of morale equipment must and do rest with the commanding generals and their divisional commanders. When MacArthur thinks his men need B-kits more than bombs, he halts the flow of purely military supplies long enough to speed a couple of hundred B-kits through. When Eisenhower has received 200 pursuit pilots and decides his forces need Martha Raye more than the 201st, Martha Raye they get.

Only Nellie

At big Air Forces training stations, soldiers like to sing as they march. Last week trainees of the Air Forces Technical Training Command at Atlantic City were told that some of their songs would have to be dropped.

Offensive to their infantry-trained commanding officer, Colonel Eugene R. Householder, were *Roll Out The Barrel, When The War Is Over, Around Her Neck* (she wore a yellow ribbon), *Oh, My Feet Hurt, I've Been Working On the Railroad, The Moron Song, How Dry I Am* and *Hinky-dinky, Parlez-Vous.*

Reasons for the ban of Stickler Householder, a newcomer to the breezy Air

Official U.S. Marine Corps Photo-Wide World

MARINES IN KILTS

These are Samoan "Fita-Fitas," proud members of a native detachment organized by the Navy 40 years ago, now expanded to war strength. Their uniforms: white G.I. undershirts (and drawers) and a khaki wrap-around "lava-lava." Lacking sleeves for chevrons, the native noncommissioned officers wear Marine Corps insignia on the fronts of their skirts. Bare feet are regulation in these detachments, now being trained in other South Sea isles for defense duties. Marine Corps sergeants (with sleeves and pants) serve as commanding officers.

Somewhere South of SHANGRI-LA

An American fighting plane glides to a landing — somewhere south of Shangri-la. It taxis to the edge of a clearing and is rolled in between the trees. Piles of sandbags form a barricade against bomb fragments and sputtering incendiaries. Dexterous camoufleurs conceal it from enemies who prowl the skies. This is repeated thousands of times at the temporary airfields forming the outposts of Democracy.

Those sandbags may have been made by Bemis, for many of our 23 factories and mills with over 8,000 employees, have produced millions of them since Pearl Harbor. And the camouflage may have included Bemis burlap or cotton goods. Millions of yards of these materials, intended for bags to serve peacetime commerce, have gone to war with our Army's camouflage experts.

Although we are busy on this and other special war work, we still continue to supply bags for essential agricultural and industrial products in increasing quantities. And we are ready now to help in developing more serviceable, more salesful packages for peace times to follow victory. If you have a packaging problem . . . present or future . . . we shall appreciate the privilege of talking it over with you.

CONTRIBUTING TO VICTORY

Making cloth for Bemis Bags? Yes . . . but Mrs. Maxine Whitaker, weaver in Bemis' Indianapolis plant, is doing more than that. She is helping weave the fabric of victory! For many of the bags made from the cloth that flows from her loom will carry food to America's fighting men . . . perhaps to her soldier husband, somewhere in the South Pacific.

Bemis Bro. Bag Co.

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Forces: they might be interpreted as slurs on women, the courage of soldiers or as drinking songs. About all that was left in the marchers' repertoire: *Wait 'til the Sun Shines, Nellie.*

AIR

Glider Progress

During its harried 18-month career the Army Air Forces glider program has found the winds of public and official esteem as tricky as the thermal air currents over a mountain peak. Like many another new weapon, the glider was first overlooked, then overdramatized, later overdisparaged.

As a result, when the Army recently disclosed that it had temporarily suspended primary glider-pilot training, some conclusion-jumpers assumed that the whole glider program was being quietly washed out. Actually, the Army had done some realistic figuring on how many transport planes it could get to tow its gliders this year, and how many air-borne infantrymen could be made ready to fly in them. This week its decision could be told: it is now concentrating on advanced and combat training of pilots already in hand.

Main combat training center, opened last month, is Bowman Field, Louisville, where advanced pilots will go through a 21-week course aimed to make them "proficient killers," *i.e.*, ground fighters as well as airmen. Most of the men arriving are flight officers, ranking with Army warrant officers; some are lieutenants or captains. They have had little or no training in fighting procedure, will get it now on a leg-breaking obstacle course, forced marches of 20 miles in five hours, tactical exercises running 48 hours without sleep. Other phases: small arms, infantry tactics, knife wielding, judo and "dirty" fighting.

Report from Crete. Off to a belated start in October 1941, the U.S. glider program was forced into being by public and military outcry after the German air conquest of Crete; British opinion also demanded a big glider force. Later reports on Crete cooled this enthusiasm so far as the military was concerned; it appeared that Nazi paratroops and transport planes had done the real damage while their gliders had suffered brutal losses (best estimate: 50%). U.S. officers now think the Germans misused their gliders, flying them directly onto British airfields and strong points instead of landing troops near by with room enough to organize an infantry attack.

First director of the U.S. glider program was Major Lewin B. Barringer, who was lost in a bomber over the Caribbean last January. Last week the Army called in a civilian expert, Richard C. du Pont (of the Delaware Du Ponts), pioneer sailplane pilot, to take full charge of glider production and training.

Thousands of his craft are already in service, from two-seater trainers to troop carriers. Standard CG-4A glider, worked out by the Army and Waco Aircraft, is a burly, 3,600-lb. flying boxcar that carries 15 men, or an armed jeep, or a 105-mm. howitzer to battle. Three can be towed by

a single C-47 (military DC-3) transport.

The Army will train about 100,000 air-borne troops this year; one air-borne division, the 82nd, is nearing combat pitch now. They are trained to fight alongside ground-bound outfits when gliders are not needed.

But the pilots who will carry them on air-borne invasions are a greater problem. Their craft are strictly weapons of opportunity, may be used a few times, or perhaps not at all, before World War II ends. To keep these pilots fit for action, once training has been completed, is still an Air Forces problem.

COMMAND

Generals to the Front

Wounded by mortar fire in Tunisia and saved from death by his steel helmet (TIME, May 3), tough little Lieut. General Lesley J. McNair, chief of Army Ground Forces, was quickly on his feet again. He was the 28th U.S. general officer to become a casualty in operations against the enemy.

U. S. Army Signal Corps Photo-Associated Press

GENERAL MCNAIR

He was the 28th.

Seventeen were captured by the Japs in the Philippine campaign. Three were wounded in New Guinea. Five Air Forces generals—Tinker, Harold H. ("Pursuit") George, Ken Walker, Ramey and Asa Duncan—have been lost in action or operations against the enemy. Two other Air Forces general officers (Dargue and Wash) have been killed in operations in the U.S.

The Navy's admirals have had their casualties, too. Three (Kidd, Scott and Callaghan) have been lost in battle, two (Wilcox and English) in operations at sea.

RELIGION

Papal Prisoners' Post

Father O'Toole climbed the tenement steps and knocked. "Mrs. Samkolsky?" he asked. The woman nodded. "I have a message here about your son, Benjamin. He is a prisoner of war in Italy." The door was flung wide. "Oh," gasped Mrs. Samkolsky taking the envelope, "we thought he was dead. Oh, thank God! Yetta! Yetta! Come here! Benny is safe!"

Up and down the U.S. last week, in large cities and small towns, many a Roman Catholic priest mailed or took similar tidings to anxious families of men missing in action. Sample message: "The Apostolic Delegate of the Holy See has been requested by radiogram from the Cardinal Secretary of State, to inform the John A. Doe family that Corporal John B. Doe is a prisoner of war in Camp 8 in. . . ."

Some of the messages were to Catholics, but far more to Protestants, Jews, or people of no faith at all, for the Vatican's War Prisoner Information Bureau operates regardless of creed. Its information sometimes precedes by several weeks official Army notification.

Set up after the war's outbreak, the bureau is located at the Vatican's Secretariat of State. There Russian-born Bishop Alexander Evreinoff supervises the staff which transmits messages for prisoners of war, civilian internees and residents of belligerent countries. To & from the U.S. alone have passed 80,000 messages in the past two months. To New Yorkers they come at the rate of 1,500 a month.

Only notifications of prisoners' whereabouts are sent by radiogram. Messages between prisoners and families go by ordinary post. A member of the family may reply through the Vatican by using a special form. These messages must contain only family chitchat, cannot exceed 25 words, must not mention military topics, weather, geographical locations. Incoming & outgoing messages clear through local diocesan offices, enter or leave the country by Washington's Apostolic Delegation. There, under the supervision of Archbishop Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, ten to 24 seminarians are on duty to receive and dispatch the communications. All messages pass through censorship.

Compared with the International Red Cross, which can visit camps in occupied lands and has a staff of some 5,000 persons in Geneva alone, the Vatican's place in the work of communication with prisoners of war is small. Bulk of its information concerns prisoners held in Italy.

Bishop's Hope

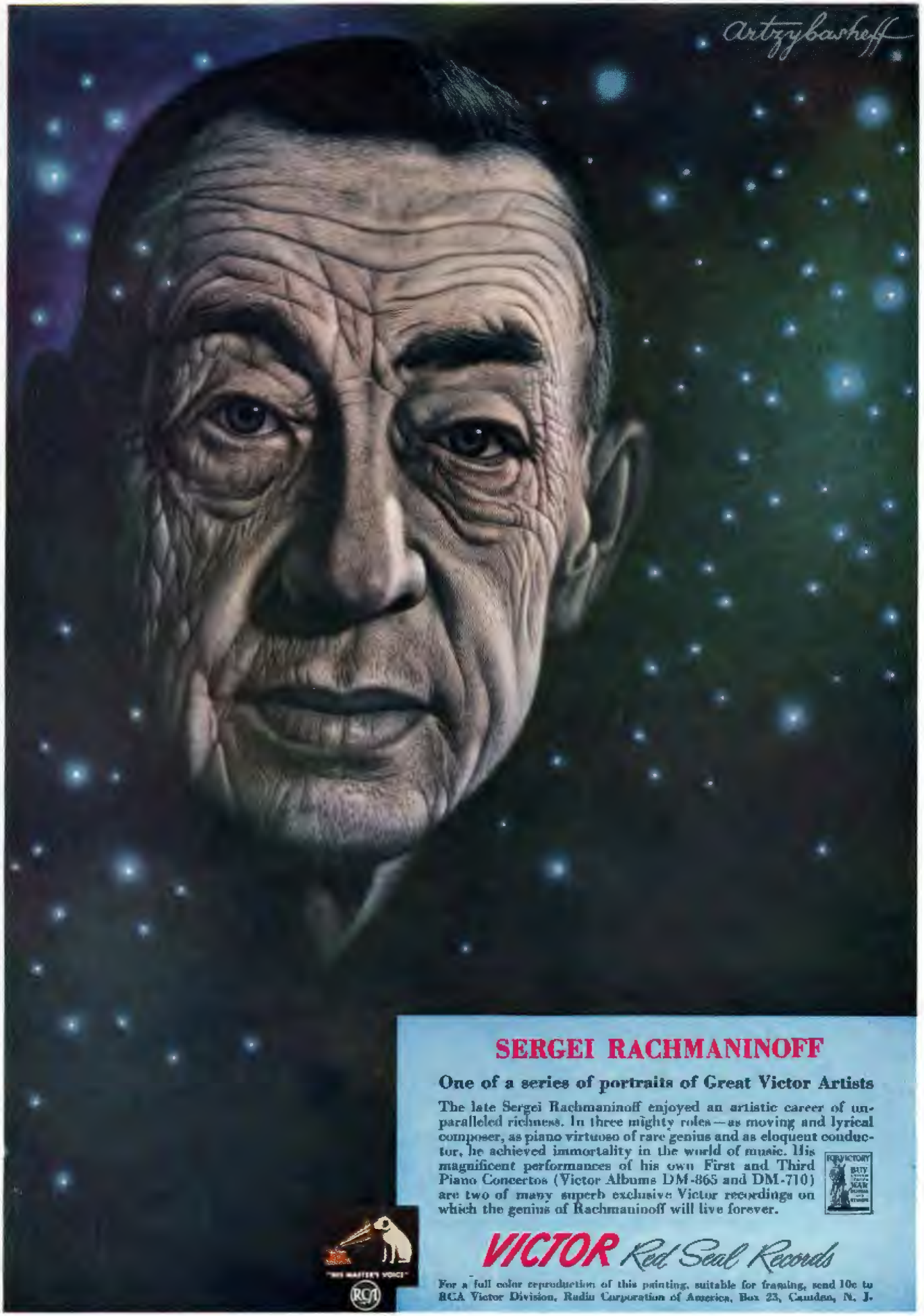
New York's Bishop William Manning received a $500 check from a group of churchwomen, banked it until war's end. Then it will help to pay for his most famed work-in-progress: Manhattan's vast Gothic Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

Most of the world's famed cathedrals spanned centuries in building: Canterbury and Peterborough, 400 years; Winchester, 500; Lincoln, 600; Notre Dame, 700; St. Peter's, 200. But England's graceful Salisbury was finished in 80 years. New York's St. John's has been 51 years abuilding. Bishop Manning will be 77 next week.

Sovfoto

EASTER IN MOSCOW

This picture, radioed last week from the U.S.S.R., is further evidence of a current Russian line: that religion exists freely in Soviet Russia (TIME, April 12). Although the Government ignored Easter in the press and radio, 26 Moscow churches marked the day. From midnight on Easter Eve, when the principal service is held, through Easter Day, thousands pushed their way into churches, stood through elaborate rites, often emerged with clothing torn by jampacked crowds.



SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

One of a series of portraits of Great Victor Artists

The late Sergei Rachmaninoff enjoyed an artistic career of unparalleled richness. In three mighty roles—as moving and lyrical composer, as piano virtuoso of rare genius and as eloquent conductor, he achieved immortality in the world of music. His magnificent performances of his own First and Third Piano Concertos (Victor Albums DM-865 and DM-710) are two of many superb exclusive Victor recordings on which the genius of Rachmaninoff will live forever.

VICTOR *Red Seal Records*

For a full color reproduction of this painting, suitable for framing, send 10c to RCA Victor Division, Radio Corporation of America, Box 23, Camden, N. J.

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FAMOUS SINCE 1894

THE THEATER

The Mixture as Before

London had got two new Noel Coward plays last week, with Coward starring in both of them. If the audiences hoped for something with the drama of Coward's cinema tribute to the Royal Navy, *In Which We Serve* (TIME, Dec. 28), they were disappointed. *Present Laughter* is another of Coward's smooth, neatly frappéed cocktails, and *This Happy Breed* is a wholesome and slightly doughy shepherd's pie.

Present Laughter spins with the dalliances and divorces of a group of theater folk. They, like the play, are dominated by Garry Essendine (Coward), a charming, exhibitionistic, highly temperamental actor first glimpsed in a flame-colored dressing gown and lemon-yellow pajamas. The play—with its repeated slamming of bedroom doors—guys bedroom farce, and a very plain, very sane woman secretary points up the looniness of the artistic temperament.

Oswald Wild

NOEL COWARD
. . . better at skating than walking.

This Happy Breed, a cavalcade of lower middle class life in a London suburb between two wars, is an attempted salute to the common man. Extending from 1919 to 1939, it tells the sometimes drab story of the durable Gibbons family, their births, marriages, deaths, their small joys and fair-sized sorrows. Rich in accurate observation, and at moments funny, it is lean on drama and lacking in depth. No British Chekhov or even Odets, Coward has the wish to be a serious dramatist without the wherewithal. A born sophisticate, he is at ease on figure skates, but slightly awkward in the average man's shoes.

GENERAL & WIFE

Associated Press

AMBASSADOR & SON

From fighting fronts to family reunions.

PEOPLE

Kith, Kin, Kudos

Home from China to confer with their Commander in Chief were Lieut. General **Joseph W. Stilwell** and Major General **Claire L. Chennault.** Straightway, the shrewdest Flying Tiger of them all got the General William L. Mitchell Air Trophy to show to his wife and eight kids (one serving on land, two at sea, three in the air). To "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell came a bid from his Peking-born daughter, Alison, 22, to her New York show of ink paintings in the Chinese style.

To U.S. Navy Lieut. **Manning M. Kimmel,** son of the retired Commander of the Pacific Fleet, Admiral Husband Edward Kimmel, after Pearl Harbor listed for court-martial, went the Silver Star for submarine counter-blows against his father's back-stabbers.

In Washington with his father, British Ambassador Lord Halifax, who lost one of his three sons (Peter, 26) at El Alamein last November, was British Army Lieut. **Richard Wood,** 22. He quietly recounted how the bomb that took both his legs failed to explode, left him his life.

For nine years the Golden Rule Foundation, whose funds go to "mothers . . . orphans . . . innocent victims of war" and whose donation blanks are headed "In Honor of My Mother," has winnowed an assortment of honorary Mothers (TIME, May 3). Last week its aplomb was jiggled by **Mrs. Henry P. Davison,** 72, widow of a Morgan partner, and mother of Colonel (former Assistant Secretary of War) Trubee and of World War II naval officer Harry P. She refused to become New York State Mother of 1943.

Old Names & New Faces

A rounder-faced **Pola Negri** (Polish-born Appollonia Chalupec), 43, siren of the silent movies, was welcomed back to Hollywood for a comedy role in *Hi Diddle Diddle.* Said the twice-divorced Valentino-age vamp, who left the U.S. in 1932 to make German and French films: "All I want now is to marry, have children, and stage another great success in pictures."

Leatrice Joy Gilbert, 18-year-old daughter of John ("Great Lover") Gilbert, leafed through her first movie script with her mother, onetime Cinemactress Leatrice Joy. Tall, brunette Leatrice (Mrs. Francis Carney since her freshman year at Stanford) said she would go on with her poetry: "It'll give me something to fall back on if acting peters out."

On the Move

Treasury Secretary **Henry J. Morgenthau Jr.** went to Portland, Ore. to spur the war bond drive, was given local apples to compare with his own New York State-grown product, compared them (*see cut*). At Henry Kaiser's Swan Island shipyard a young worker remarked: "Say, I always have wanted some money direct from the Treasury." The Secretary reached into his right-hand exchequer, gave him two bits.

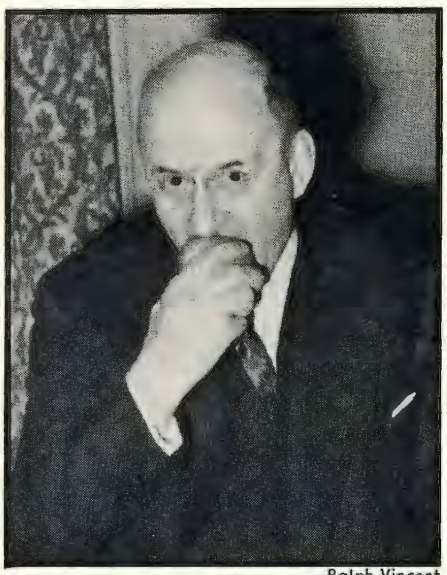
Deported to Germany from his Nazi-occupied feudal seigniory in the English Channel was U.S.-born Robert Woodward Hathaway, **Seigneur of Sark** by his 1929 marriage to the Dame of Sark.

When the Army & Navy took the Circus ("Human Projectile") Zacchinis, her uncle and her brother, **Victoria Zacchini,** 19, stepped into the breech, flew out of the muzzle of the family's man-shooting cannon, equaled the 200-ft. family record.

To pay homage to the six-year-old Tibetan Panchen Lama, born on the exact date of his predecessor's death and considered by Tibetans the reincarnation of **Buddha,** lesser Lamas began their trek from all quarters of Tibet to his birthplace at Lihwa in China's Sikang Province.

50's

Lionel Barrymore and Rabbi **Stephen S. Wise** checked off half-centuries of professional success. The actor's 65th birthday was the 50th anniversary of his first role in *The Road to Ruin.* The cello-voiced Rabbi, 69, told a crowded New York temple: "The heart of one who stood before you 50 years ago . . . is full of gratitude."



Ralph Vincent

SECRETARY MORGENTHAU
He compared.

William C. Shrout

MOTHER DAVISON
She refused.

Desert Hawks need Sharp Eyes!

In the glare of North African sun and sand, the keen vision of A. E. F. desert patrols must be made sharper still.

Optical glass for high-powered binoculars and for camera lenses used in reconnaissance, derives clearness and correct refractive properties from special Eagle-Picher lead oxides.

Present, too, in storage batteries that give starting power to the jeeps and tanks of these fighters, are such lead battery oxides as Eagle-Picher is producing in impressive quantities for Americans on all fronts.

Zinc, also mined, concentrated and processed by Eagle-Picher, goes into brass for shells and ordnance parts . . . galvanizes iron sheets used for water and storage tanks. In other forms, zinc is used in smoke bombs and shells, is essential in formulating Navy and wartime paints.

Meanwhile, in industrial plants and private homes, insulation made from Eagle Mineral Wool is saving substantial quantities of the fuel required for Diesel-driven tanks, trucks and the sturdy freighters that carry this equipment overseas.

To live a hundred years is to learn a lot of things, and Eagle-Picher, in this its *century* year, has committed all its experience and facilities to the urgent task at hand.

You can help destroy America's enemies if you have a pair of binoculars to give or lend to the U. S. Navy for the duration. Navy officials can use all available Bausch & Lomb and Carl Zeiss glasses, 6 x 30 and 7 x 50. Send to the Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C., with a tag affixed, showing your name and address.

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MUSIC

Tax Lifted

Like all the world's first-class opera companies, Manhattan's Metropolitan is always in the red. Biggest deficit item has long been a real-estate tax of $145,000 paid to the City of New York. Last fortnight New York's Governor Thomas E. Dewey signed a bill declaring the Metropolitan tax-exempt.

Dooley & Dodo

The composer and the plugger of the nation's biggest song hit met last fortnight for the first time. The song: *As Time Goes By* ("A kiss is still a kiss, a sigh is just a sigh, the fundamental things apply as time goes by").* The composer: massive, white-haired Herman ("Dodo") Hupfeld, who wrote it in 1931. The plugger: a short, stocky Negro named (Arthur) Dooley Wilson, who started this forgotten ditty toward its sensational present success by the loving way he sang it in the Warner Bros. movie *Casablanca* (TIME, Nov. 30). Dodo and Dooley met at Manhattan's Greenwich Village Inn, where the veteran Negro minstrel was doing a singing turn.

In 1931, *As Time Goes By* was sung in a Broadway show called *Everybody's Welcome,* recorded by Rudy Vallee (Victor) and Jacques Renard (Brunswick). Forty thousand discs were sold and then the tune dropped from U.S. memory. Composer Hupfeld, who in his time had turned out such Tin Pan Alley hits as *Sing Something Simple* and *When Yuba Plays the Rumba on the Tuba,* came to the conclusion that he was through. For ten years he seemed to be right.

Then, last year, Warner Bros., seeking a love theme for Ingrid Bergman and Humphrey Bogart in *Casablanca,* fished *As Time Goes By* out of the files. Instead of giving the tune to a conventional crooner, Warners picked Dooley Wilson. He is something special. He has one of the warmest personalities that ever got into show business. He sings with understatement and a sense of mood worthy of a great lieder singer. Dooley gave *As Time Goes By* everything he had. When Ingrid Bergman in the film says that no one can sing the song like Sam (Dooley), millions of moviegoers have agreed with her.

A Man Who Knew Europe. Since Dooley started, *As Time Goes By* has sold over 300,000 copies. Recording companies, searching their files for the old Vallee and Renard records, have found their biggest bonanza since Boss Petrillo's ban on popular recording (TIME, June 22). While that ban exists, no disc can be made of Dooley's version. But both Dooley and Dodo are doing all right.

Born in Tyler, Tex., Dooley Wilson

Darby-Graphic House

WILSON & HUPFELD
They made fundamental things apply.

* Copyright 1931 by Harms Inc. (used by permission).

Looking for Opportunity, Mister?

. . . and what American isn't! For that's what we, as free people, have thrived on . . . the opportunity and privilege to work and worship and live as we want. Well, Mister, the greatest opportunity of all is here. The chance to preserve our precious heritage . . . the freedom and liberty for which our forefathers fought and bled and died.

Are we strong enough to work night and day, to forego pleasures and luxuries, to sacrifice until it actually hurts? Millions of Americans—our sons, and husbands, and brothers—are offering their lives!

Personal sacrifices, harder work, and faster production of war materiel will speed Victory and save countless lives!

The Gulf South, like the rest of our great nation, is ready and anxious to make the necessary sacrifices. Its manpower, its rich resources, and all of its industrial might are dedicated to the greatest opportunity of all time . . . freeing the world of its ruthless dictators!

LEND TO DEFEND THE RIGHT TO BE FREE . . . BUY MORE BONDS!

The Gulf South

Working with All America for VICTORY

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For Texas, *Mail received at:* Beaumont, Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston, Longview, San Antonio and Wichita Falls. For Louisiana, *Mail received at:* Baton Rouge, Lake Charles, Monroe, New Orleans and Shreveport. For Mississippi, Alabama and Florida, *Mail received at:* Jackson, Miss.

trouped at the age of eight with Western medicine shows and circuses. Some time between 1910 and 1914 he went to Manhattan, where he sang with the late James Reese Europe's historic Negro jazz band, which was a feature of the A.E.F. during World War I. When Jim Europe was stabbed to death by his drummer after the war, Dooley Wilson formed his own band abroad, toured from Paris to Casablanca and Port Said.

In more recent years Dooley has worked in the Federal Theater Project with John Houseman and Orson Welles, played in *The Show-Off, Androcles and the Lion* and the Broadway production of *Cabin in the Sky*. He is as reticent and earnest as his musical interpretations. His wife is a onetime physiotherapist who trained in Manhattan's Bellevue Hospital. They have a five-room house in Los Angeles. Dooley spends his spare time on a victory garden where, besides vegetables, he is raising chickens by the hundred. Last week, having finished his run in Greenwich Village, he sighed with relief and rushed back to his Los Angeles garden. Says he: "I've had to be a lot of man all my life."

May Records

Charles T. Griffes: Poem for Flute and Orchestra (Eastman-Rochester Symphony, Howard Hanson conducting, with Joseph Mariano, flutist; Victor). Griffes was a music teacher at the Hackley School for Boys in Tarrytown, N.Y. Since he died in 1920, at the age of 35, critics have rated his small, carefully tooled output among the finest U.S. compositions. His *Poem* is fragile and impressionistic and is certainly one of his best works.

Ravel: Rapsodie Espagnole (Cleveland Orchestra, Artur Rodzinski conducting; Columbia; 4 sides). One of Ravel's most vivid pieces brilliantly, if somewhat inelastically, performed.

Fauré: Incidental Music to Pelléas and Mélisande (Boston Symphony, Sergei Koussevitzky conducting; Victor; 4 sides). High polishing of some lustrous bits composed for Maeterlinck's play while Debussy was at work on his monumental opera on the same subject.

Borodin: Symphony No. 2 (Minneapolis Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting; Columbia; 8 sides). The most popular of Borodin's exhilarating, lightweight Slavic symphonies handsomely played but harshly recorded.

Tchaikovsky: Manfred (Indianapolis Symphony, Fabien Sevitsky conducting; Victor; 14 sides). Excellent first recording of a mixture of Tchaikovskian wind and melody.

Beethoven: Quartet in E Flat, Op. 127 (Budapest String Quartet; Columbia; 10 sides). The first of Beethoven's five great "last quartets" in a version less rugged than the Busch Quartet's (Victor), but superior in suavity and finish.

Beethoven: Concerto No. 5 ("Emperor") (Chicago Symphony, Frederick Stock conducting, with Artur Schnabel, pianist; Victor; 10 sides). Schnabel, as usual, gets inside his man.

RADIO

The Voice That Failed

The little-known story of the first U.S. Presidential radio broadcast was told last week in *Movie-Radio Guide*.

President Wilson was aboard the liner *George Washington*, returning from the Versailles Peace Conference. It had been announced that on the Fourth of July (1919) he would address the crews of all the convoying ships. The significance of this communication was noted by only a handful of newfangled thinkers—radiomen. Most U.S. newspaper editors, buried the news among their gall bladder ads.

U. S. Army Signal Corps

WOODROW WILSON
He stood too far away.

Engineers John H. Payne and Harold H. Beverage (now of General Electric and RCA respectively) rigged up the equipment. President Wilson's advisers insisted that the microphone be concealed: they were afraid it would make the President nervous. The engineers therefore hid the device in a cluster of flags.

Woodrow Wilson said in part: "We told our fellow men throughout the world, when we set up the free state of America, that we wanted to serve liberty everywhere and be friends of men. . . ."

No one but those within earshot heard more than an occasional word. No one had told Woodrow Wilson about the hookup. He had spoken, not from the stand, but from a hatchway 20 feet away.

The Presidential radio debut had been a flop. But four days later Woodrow Wilson used the contraption to talk to his Assistant Secretary of the Navy in Washington—a gentleman who was to become the most celebrated radio figure in history.

Strange Fruit

Money may not grow on trees, but miracles do.

The miracle of your weekly magazine, for instance . . . or that of your wife's new rayon dress. Yes, both of these owe their being to *wood*.

How . . . out of logs and magic . . . is this contrived? To begin with, there is a chemical, caustic soda. It is an agent which reduces raw lumber to cellulose and lignin. From these two substances come anything from paper to plastics.

Wood has only begun to yield its wondrous new fruits. The crop is ever-growing. Already it encompasses many things, such as explosives, Cellophane, man-made sponges, photographic film, and plywood airplanes.

In the half-century during which the Wyandotte Chemicals Corporation has been producing caustic soda for industry, wood has risen from a commonplace material to one of mankind's most promising resources. Tomorrow it may be tapped for vitamins . . . perhaps even for high-octane fuel. We are proud to be identified with its progress, and to contribute our share towards the exciting harvests which lie ahead.

• Wyandotte Chemicals Corporation consolidates the resources and facilities of Michigan Alkali Company and The J. B. Ford Company to better serve the nation's war and post-war needs.

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Specialized Cleaning Materials for Business, Industry and Institutions • Wyandotte Cleanser for Home Use

What Your Doctor Orders...

Filling a prescription is next in importance to writing it. For that reason there exists between pharmacist and doctor a close professional relationship.

And just as it takes something to be a doctor, so does it take something to be a pharmacist. It takes years of study to learn the properties and uses of drugs and medicines, and the scrupulously exact methods of compounding them. It takes a lifetime of study to keep abreast of the developments that are continually being made in the pharmaceutical field.

Because the pharmacist's services, like the doctor's, are vital to the health of the community, he is licensed by the State only after a searching examination into his educational background, his pharmaceutical knowledge and his integrity.

The confidence your doctor has in your pharmacist is a tribute both to the man and to the profession he serves. He merits from you the same degree of confidence that he has already earned from your doctor.

Upjohn
KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

FINE PHARMACEUTICALS · SINCE 1886

IT TAKES MONEY TO WIN — BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Immersion Foot, Airman's Hand

The painful trench foot of World War I has reappeared in the present comparatively trenchless war. In World War I, soldiers got trench foot from sitting for hours with their feet in mud or cold water. The result was something like severe chilblains, something like a burn: circulation slowed; feet became numb, swollen and white; sudden warming sometimes brought blisters and ulcers. The worst cases got gangrene, which meant amputation. Today's trench foot has different sources:

▶ Doctors call it immersion foot when a seaman's feet are bloated after long chilling in the sea water shipped by an open lifeboat.

▶ The airman's form of trench foot was reported last week in the Washington *Star:* flyers may develop swollen, whitish hands or faces which take months to get well if they whip off masks or gloves for a few moments to make fine adjustments at high altitudes. The accident happens so often that many U.S. doctors in England have made it their chief research.

Cold Cure. Whether the chill is caused by hours in cold water or minutes in freezing air, the treatment is to handle the injured flesh gently, keep it cold, sprinkle sulfanilamide on all raw spots, and very gradually bring temperature back to normal. In this way, Royal Canadian Navy surgeons made a fine record in treating 150 North Atlantic survivors exposed from 30 hours to 22 days: there were only seven amputations. In England, doctors keep the affected parts in cold water. The Canadians have evolved a refrigerating unit with leg openings like prisoners' stocks, so that a patient's body can be kept warm while cold air blows over his feet. Once when a unit broke down and the patient's feet got warm and painful, doctors found him dangling his feet out the window in the Canadian winter.

Misplaced good intentions may result in irreparable damage. The crew of an "internationally known ship" sunk in European waters were rescued by fishermen. The sympathetic rescuers massaged swollen feet briskly (breaking the weakened, almost-dead skin) and applied hot-water bottles (causing excruciating pain). Almost all the survivors had to have their feet amputated.

U. S. Army Medical Museum

FIRST U.S. ARMY VACCINATION FOR TYPHOID: WASHINGTON, D.C., 1910
In World War I only 1,572 U.S. soldiers got the disease.

Army Medicine 1775–1943

"He who would become a surgeon should join the army and follow it," said Hippocrates. In *Victories of Army Medicine* (Lippincott; $3), published last week, Colonel Edgar Erskine Hume shows that surgery has been only one great branch of U.S. Army healing. His book is the first general history of U.S. Army Medicine.

Catalogue of Credit. The colonel's pride in his branch of the service is huge and unabashed. His catalogue of credits to Army doctors may seem to leave little for other medical men:

▶ Walter Reed's work on yellow fever is well known. He also headed a board which investigated the cause of typhoid fever's spread among Spanish-American war troops. In that war 86.24% of the deaths were from typhoid; if the same disease rate had prevailed in World War I, half a million men would have had typhoid. Camp pollution, more than drinking water, was to blame. Camp sanitation was reformed and, more important, the Army

rival. The men's all-round title went to stocky little Arthur Pitt of the Swiss Gymnastic Society of Union City, N.J.

Apparatus events are the backbone of gymnastics. But far more exciting to galleries are the tumbling events. For the sheer fun of it, contestants perform the same stunts that once kept Japanese tumblers in big-time vaudeville. The tumbler who brought down the house last week was a 15-year-old school-girl, dimpled, curly-headed Bonnie Nebelong. Into her minute-and-a-half performance, she packed so many spine-tingling contortions and body twists that the judges had eyes for no one else.

The Count's Derby

To the surprise of no one, Count Fleet won the Kentucky Derby last week. His time: 2:04, nearly three seconds slower than the record set by Whirlaway in 1941. His pay-off: $2.80 for $2, shortest price since 1908.

Wartime Fishing

Fishing, most popular of U.S. sports, is now in full season, but the vast army of U.S. anglers are not entirely happy. War has cut into the sport.

Hardest-hit is the salt-water fisherman. Outside of surf and bay fishing, there are only a few spots where salt-water angling is allowed: notably in the Pacific off Southern California's Santa Monica pier, where chartered boats may go as far as ten miles offshore; in some parts of the Florida keys; and the famed tarpon paradise at Aransas Pass in Texas. To fish in any salt waters requires a Coast Guard Permit.

Fresh-water anglers have their troubles too. They need only a fishing license and enough tackle to get a bite. But many popular inland haunts like Glacier Park's Paradise Creek and Two-Medicine Lake, many of Maine's 2,500 lakes, are practically inaccessible except by automobile. Fortunately, many State Conservation Commissions met the fishermen's problem in advance. They planted the bulk of their fish at accessible places: near railroad stations, bus lines, towns' edges.

▶ In Michigan, to accommodate war workers, a large percentage of the hatchery output has been dumped into the many small lakes lying within a radius of 45 miles of Detroit, Flint and Pontiac.

▶ Only a few hours' ride from New York City, in a little tributary of the Finger Lakes called Catherine Creek, creels grow fat with some of the finest rainbow trout in the East. Other famed trout streams are reachable by train from Manhattan.

▶ In Texas, the creation of many large dams (Possum Kingdom, Buchanan and Ford) have produced fresh fishing areas well stocked with sporty perch and bass.

▶ In California, an unusually large number of big trout have been planted in the tumbling streams of the San Gabriel Canyon, only 25 miles from the heart of Los Angeles.

▶ In Minnesota, land of 10,000 lakes, even the little lake in Minneapolis' Loring Park has been stocked with small fish, for small fry only.

MILESTONES

Born. To small, sparkling Mrs. Beatrice Wright, 32, Connecticut-born Conservative M.P., and British Army Captain Paul Wright: a daughter, first baby ever borne by an M.P. in office.

Married. Cinemactress Ernestine Jane Geraldine Russell, 21, "still"-starred cinemactress (her first film, *The Outlaw*, is yet to be generally released); and her old steady, Robert Staton Waterfield, 22, U.C.L.A. Rose Bowl quarterback; in Las Vegas, Nev.

Divorced. Pare Lorentz, 37, famed producer of documentary films (*The River, The Plow that Broke the Plains*); by Sally Bates Lorentz, 30, onetime Broadway actress and mother of his two children; after eleven years of marriage; in Reno.

Died. Major General Robert Olds, 46, former Commander of the U.S. Army's Second Air Force; of complications following pneumonia; in Tucson. From a World War I private, he rose to chief of inspection section of the G.H.Q. Air Force (1935-37), was made a major general after his successes as high-balling first boss of World War II's Ferrying Command. His ashes were dead-marched into a Flying Fortress at Tucson, scattered by air comrades over the mountainous quarter of the area he commanded.

Died. Viktor Lutze, 53, one-eyed Chief of Staff of the Nazi Storm Troops since the 1934 purging of Captain Ernst Roehm; of injuries when his car struck another; in Potsdam.

Died. Robert D. ("Bob") Emslie, 84, Canadian-born, oldtime big-league pitcher and longtime "Dean" of National League umpires; of a heart attack; in St. Thomas, Ont.

Died. Beatrice Potter Webb, 85, researcher, author, collaborator and wife of Socialist Sidney Webb (first Baron Passfield); in Liphook, Hants, England. Eighth of the nine daughters of Great Western Railway's onetime chairman, she began work as a reformer at 22, married the Fabian Society's Sidney Webb in 1892. When a Labor Government made him Secretary of State for Dominions and Colonies, elevated him to the peerage in 1929, she refused to assume his title. Famed for their 1909 "Minority Report" on British poor laws and for their subsequent crusade (backed by Winston Churchill) to prevent public destitution, the gradualist Webbs spent their lives investigating and reporting. Bernard Shaw called them "walking encyclopedias." In 1932 and 1934 they and their inevitable swarm of secretary-researchers visited Russia, gathered the data for their notable *Soviet Communism: A New Civilization?*

"*Unforeseen events*... need not change and shape the course of man's affairs"

SOMETHING TO KEEP AHEAD OF!

GIANT sky-liners shuttling tourists between the continents. Fast planes streaking over world-wide air routes transporting cargoes of all kinds. That day is coming ... it's in the making *now*.

Men and materials in the air, as on the earth, require insurance...for obligations and responsibilities always exist, no matter what else changes. And to meet this challenge of the future The Maryland—with other casualty companies—is in earnest preparation today.

For over a decade, The Maryland has kept ahead of the aviation industry ... foreseeing its insurance needs and meeting them. Fifteen years ago The Maryland insured airline operations against public hazards. It was in the first rank of companies behind the important Civilian Pilot Training Program. Its coverage is in force when commercial airlines fly vital military personnel and equipment on the urgent business of today.

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Practically every form of Casualty Insurance and Surety Bond, for business, industry and the home, through 10,000 agents and brokers.

BUSINESS & FINANCE

PRODUCTION

Civilian Casualties

Casualties from industrial accidents in 1942 were 40 times greater than casualties in the U.S. armed forces, announced Benjamin F. Fairless, U.S. Steel president, last week. Reasons: increased number of inexperienced workers; increased complexity of machines.

MANAGEMENT

Postwar Employment

In its annual meeting last week the U.S. Chamber of Commerce settled for a minimum of the American Dream: "fairly constant employment" after the war.

That phrase came from the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, Georgia's Walter F. George, in one of the 70-odd speeches made in the three-day "War Council" sessions, held in Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria.

"Fairly constant employment" more nearly expressed the postwar expectations of the 3,000 businessmen present than did the "full employment" bespoken by the Chamber's ebullient, optimistic (and re-elected) president, Eric A. Johnston of Spokane. President Johnston's thesis: full employment is absolutely necessary if the peace is to be won. On this haunting subject the businessmen ranged from agreement with Johnston to approval of the Los Angeles Chamber's Frank P. Doherty: "Full employment is possible only in a slave state."

But most of them were willing to let Johnston do their phrasemaking, to let him stage a somewhat synthetic "unity with agriculture and labor" convention. American Federation of Labor President William Green appeared on the platform (for the first time), along with Edward A. O'Neal, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, and General Electric's Owen D. Young. Green declared that labor is ready to "work, serve and sacrifice with you" for free enterprise's "ultimate triumph." O'Neal: "An artificially inflated price structure will crash and threaten the survival of . . . democracy."

Disgruntled, the Chamber's die-hards lurked on the side-lines. Their most picturesque spokesman was Yale's aging (65) Economics Professor Fred R. Fairchild, who blandly remarked that the U.S. must abandon "grandiose notions of policing, feeding, reconstructing the world," give up "certain parts of the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms which imply performing, indefinitely, costly services for the rest of the world and doing it for nothing."

As the convention ended, the phrase resounding in most ears was neither Fairchild's nor Johnston's. It was Senator George's "fairly constant employment."

Newspictures

PARTNERS ZELCER & MIRANDA*
Now they dream of air-conditioning Latin America.

AVIATION

Mirandas to the Sidelines

The Brewster Aeronautical Corp. of Long Island City is among the most substantial U.S. production fizzles of World War II. Earlier in the war, Brewster made a fighter plane, the Buffalo, that got into action in the Far East before Java and Singapore fell. By 1942 it had converted to making the Buccaneer, a not-so-hot dive-bomber, and is about to start making the Vought Corsair, an excellent Navy fighter. But the biggest trouble is not with the quality of Brewster planes, but with the quantity, which is a very meager military secret. Thus far the Axis has had little to fear from Brewster.

Last week a Manhattan Supreme Court judge listened to a settlement designed to unravel Brewster's main financial tangle: a stockholders' suit claiming that the corporation had been milked by three supersalesmen who took enormous commissions on foreign war contracts that Brewster would have got anyway. The salesmen: the brothers Alfred J. and Ignacio J. Miranda, and their partner, Felix William Zelcer. The settlement: the trio got clear title to $2,800,000 in commissions already paid them, to $800,000 they were paid as brokers on accessory sales, and to $500,000 of the $2,300,000 still due them.

Miraculous Mirandas. Mexican-born (1897, 1898), U.S.-naturalized (1930) Alfred and Ignacio Miranda have had quite a career. When their father's New York City export business went broke (he backed the wrong general in Mexico's Madero revolution of 1910), they left school to learn the export business themselves. By 1921 they knew enough to form their own outfit, Miranda Bros. Inc., prospered by selling things below the Rio Grande. First it was automobiles. Then they became minor-league merchants of death, unloading leftover U.S. war supplies in Latin America and in the Balkans. The leftovers ran out. So the Mirandas formed their own manufacturing company, American Armament Corp., to make light artillery and ammunition.

On the side Miranda Bros. Inc. found plenty of other things to sell. In 1926 they tied up with Major Alexander P. de Seversky, sold transport planes for him in Europe and Asia. They hawked Captain Melvin Maynard Johnson's famed semi-automatic rifle, finally landed him a big Dutch order. Through Seversky they hooked up in 1938 with Felix William Zelcer, a Polish-born ex-speakeasy operator with a yen for aviation.

The Mirandas have had lots of bad luck. Most of their corporate clients (like Seversky) did not really get into the big time until after the Mirandas' contracts had run out. One of their Latin-American deals ended, in 1940, in a Federal sentence for violating the President's 1934 neutrality proclamation by selling bombs to Bolivia (via Chile) in the Gran Chaco War. The bombs went into Curtiss-Wright planes

* Alfred J.

and Curtiss pleaded guilty to the same charges—but the Mirandas were sent to Lewisburg Penitentiary while Curtiss got a $220,000 fine. This year their main American Armaments plant was requisitioned by the Government, turned over to Vultee.

Badgered Brewster. For the Mirandas, the Brewster deal was the saddest of all. In 1939, brother Ignacio decided that Brewster's export arrangements were 1) feeble, 2) expensive. Brewster paid a 3% "finder's fee" commission on all business, plus 10% to the resident foreign agent, but had almost no foreign business. Ignacio sold Brewster's president James Work on the Miranda Bros. at a 12½% maximum commission. (The purchaser paid for it in higher prices.)

Miranda-sold orders poured in from Britain and Holland, both rearming. Brewster's James Work slashed their commission to 4.6%, then to 4.1%. Needing capital, he sold 50,000 shares of stock to the brothers and Zelcer at $12 ($1.50 above the market and twice what it sells for now). The Mirandas invested $250,000 in Hayes Manufacturing Corp. at above-market prices, to help finance accessory sales to Brewster, and paid $700,000 more to clamoring ex-Brewster foreign agents. Thus, even before their overhead began, the Mirandas sank $1,550,000 in their Brewster venture, bringing a $107,000,000 foreign backlog to the company.

Brewster's Buccaneer dive-bomber was full of mechanical bugs. The U.S. Navy took over, then moved out in a month and put in aviation oldtimer Charles A. Van Dusen. By this time the Miranda-Zelcer 10% stock interest was frozen in a voting trust, the commissions due them on new deliveries were frozen in stockholders' suits, and Brewster itself was solidly frozen in production and financial red tape. In came still another management—this time Miracle Man Henry J. Kaiser himself.

To other stockholders, who had seen Brewster earn less than $300,000 while the Miranda threesome were due to earn $5,400,000 (and had already earned $2,800,000), all this looked somewhat fancy. The Mirandas claimed that Brewster bad management was not their fault. To them, Brewster's low earnings had no connection with their own.

Everybody Happy? Last week's settlement, like most compromises, appeared to make everyone reasonably happy. Said the Mirandas' lawyer: "A complete vindication." (The brothers need it to bolster their plea for a Presidential pardon on their prison sentence.) The opposing lawyers pointed out that any "exoneration" of the Miranda group must wait until Justice J. Sidney Bernstein gives final court approval later this month. And some Buccaneers are finally in action. In any case, whatever earnings there are on its current backlog (around $257 million) will henceforth belong to Brewster.

But the Mirandas are too busy planning a bigger & better export business after the war to bemoan the fact that they are pretty much on the sidelines for the duration. Right now they are dreaming of air-conditioning Latin America.

JOHNSON BRONZE

SLEEVE TYPE BEARINGS

Official U. S. Navy Photograph

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◆ Quick starts . . . sustained high speeds . . . the ability to dash in for the kill and out to safety . . . describes the performance of our Navy Torpedo Boats. Speed is the result of power . . . generated and transmitted with the highest degree of efficiency.

In various mechanical parts of every Torpedo Boat are SLEEVE TYPE BEARINGS . . . faithfully, efficiently, economically delivering a full measure of power. They are precision products made to exacting specifications. Johnson Bronze SLEEVE TYPE BEARINGS meet the rigid requirements of Navy specifications—easily.

Helping manufacturers select the correct bearing for each application is a welcome task for a Johnson engineer. Although all of our facilities are now engaged in the war effort, our advice on bearing applications for the future is available . . . without obligation. Johnson Bronze Company, 700 South Mill Street, New Castle, Pa.

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JOHNSON BRONZE

AUTOS

Used-Car Boom

Skyrocketing prices, a shrunken supply and the furious wartime demand for used cars has OPA looking down the barrel of another gun. Used cars are a vital reserve in the nation's wire-taut transportation system. That reserve is dissolving swiftly, under the attack of a demand that has already forced prices up an estimated 160 to 180% (based on prewar depreciation figures).

Nationwide gas rationing last November slowed the used car business. Many dealers got out. Others sickened, but doggedly held on. In the Middle and Far West, gas rationing was not a death blow to car travel. C cards were plentiful; jeans were jingling with cash. Then spring, abetted by a new OPA policy of plentiful recaps, brought a new rush of customers.

Circus Ring. The dealers now scour the nation for cars, literally hunting in packs. From the gas-short East, cars are being sucked to farm and war centers in the Middle and Far West. A business that often smacked of the medicine show has skidded into the circus ring. In New York, the backlog of cars, stored by owners who now ride subways, is still great. There, cars are bought on sight, over the phone, by mail. In big splashy ads, out-of-town dealers scream of amazing prices. One dealer even tooted his horn in Chinese.

Getting the cars is only the first step. Selling them at a profit in the gyrating market is another. One New York dealer bought $50,000 worth of cars for shipment west one month, lost $8,000. Another month he made up his loss, and made money. Visions of quick turnover profits brought in many fly-by-night dealers who can go in & out of business in 15 minutes. Instead of shipping west by train or by truck, as do legitimate dealers, they reportedly hire civilians to drive cars west on black-market gas coupons. Unofficial estimates are that 20% of the cars registered in the New York area have been shunted out by such methods.

Too Much Success. Just how many cars can be lured from private hands into the depleted car pool is not known. Some dealers estimate that 2,000,000 stored cars sooner or later can be baited out into the used-car market. But reputable dealers do know that present stocks are too low.

In Detroit, once the grab bag for dealers from all over the nation, stocks of good used cars are the lowest in 20 years. Correspondingly, sales volume is down, in April was 34% under a year ago. But it has tripled in the last four months. Result: within 90 days, stocks are expected to be virtually exhausted.

In Chicago, 500 dealers reflect the same gloom. From the January high, when dealers had a 143-day supply on hand, less than a 60-day supply remains, 40% down from a year ago. On the West Coast, dealers have scraped through the bottom of the barrel. Throughout the country, ancient jalopies, hardly worth a junk price of $10 a few months ago, move quickly at $50 and up. Also setting established dealers to biting their nails are the number of "clean deals" (without trade-ins). The clean deal rate, normally 10 to 15% of sales, has soared to 38% in some sections; and every clean deal subtracts a used car from the local market.

Go West for Prices. Cars that get lots of mileage to the gallon—Fords, Chevrolets, Plymouths, Oldsmobiles, Pontiacs—are most popular, bring top prices. A 1941 two-door used Chevrolet (new: $754 F.O.B.) can be purchased from a dealer for $750 to $825 in New York, approximately the same in Philadelphia. In Chicago, the same car costs $900 to $925, in Los Angeles up to $1,125, and in San Francisco it brings the nation's top of $1,200, a fat $400 over its price when new.

OPA has encouraged moving cars to war centers. Until March 19 it granted gas coupons for trips West, still grants coupons for trips up to 200 miles. But as the boom hits its second wind, OPA is considering slapping price ceilings on, as in the equally profitable business in used trucks (TIME, April 12).

The problem is that ceilings too low

SEWING BY RADIO

This innocent-looking machine "sews" without thread or needle, uses radio-frequency current. Radio Corp. of America Laboratories designed it, not for fabrics but for thermoplastics, such as Vinylite, Koroseal and Pliofilm, which fuse with the application of heat, much as metal does when it is welded. Two small rollers, through which the radio current is fed, act as the "needle," and also pull the material along. Since thermoplastics are already widely used (for raincoats and caps, weather balloons, packaging), R.C.A.'s sewing machine has an immediate wartime use. After the war, when synthetic fabrics flood the market, sewing by radio may become as familiar as sewing by Singer.

LONE STAR CEMENTS SERVE AMERICA AT WAR

Shattering all previous records, American designers and builders set the stage for a winning war effort. Army depots, Naval bases, factories, hangars and munitions plants were and are being completed weeks and months ahead of schedule. In this great war-time building program, all-out speed has been matched by economy and efficiency. In attaining both speed and permanence, concrete is providing the sound, economical answer to even the most difficult problems of design and construction.

Buildings such as this hangar illustrate the versatility of reinforced concrete. Sweeping arches, supporting a thin concrete shell only 3½ inches thick, provide clear spans of over 300 feet, with unobstructed space for even the largest planes. Combining initial economy, fire-safety and low maintenance with a simple functional beauty all their own, such structures point the way to a characteristic post-war architecture in America.

Conveniently available from ten domestic mills, Lone Star Cements are going all the way in serving America at war. Two of Lone Star Cement Corporation's products cover the entire building range, producing strong, durable concrete at top speed and minimum cost: LONE STAR CEMENT for normal construction speed; 'INCOR'* 24-HOUR CEMENT where time is the essence—for concrete ready to use the very next day after it is placed. Selective use of these two cements plays a vital part in speeding war construction and points the way to better building values in the years after Victory. *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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LONE STAR CEMENT, WITH ITS SUBSIDIARIES, IS ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST CEMENT PRODUCERS: 15 MODERN MILLS, 25-MILLION BARRELS ANNUAL CAPACITY

would keep private owners from selling stored cars. But failure to take some action might result in reckless and inflationary disposal of the transportation reserve.

Dealers feel that price ceilings are coming, are already trying to draft workable ones. The Automobile Merchants Association of New York feels that a fair retail ceiling price would be based on the present F.O.B. list price in the dealers' official price guide plus 15%, a rise corresponding to permitted cost-of-living wage increases. To see what other dealers think, Harvey Huegy, onetime auto finance man now heading OPA's new and used-car division, is meeting this week with New York and St. Louis dealers. Best guess: instead of specific ceilings, OPA might set one ceiling price high enough to permit everyone to work under it comfortably, still low enough to prevent a complete collapse in the used-car market.

EARNINGS

Balance

The annual spring flood of first-quarter earnings reports hit high-water mark last week. There were few washouts, but—except for the railroads—even fewer tidal waves. The most important fact about March 1943 profits: they proved that U.S. industry, on balance, is not losing money on its struggle to survive the war. The next most important fact: the first quarter of this year may well be the best—and comparisons with last year's first quarter (the worst of the year) may be misleading.

The War Babies. For companies to whom war work was old stuff, this year's first quarter was strictly a matter of holding the line. In steel, profits were up just a little (Crucible showed $1,916,000 *v.* $1,676,000) or down just a little (Jones & Laughlin: $2,399,000 *v.* $2,492,000). Big exception: giant U.S. Steel, whose earnings plummeted 25% to $15,407,000. Bethlehem showed a skimpy $88,000 rise, but would have had no rise at all if its bald, bold President Eugene G. Grace had not taken a voluntary pay cut of $316,079, scaling his salary down to $221,645.

For companies to whom war conversion came hard, 1943 began much better than 1942, provided no account is taken of the fact that gross sales rose much faster than profits. Prime example: General Motors, its gross almost tripled, turned in net earnings of $33,100,000, about 30% over last year's first quarter.

The Rails. Last week's reports should dispel any lingering fears that the railroads will go broke without last year's rate rise which ICC canceled last month (TIME, April 26). Alone in all U.S. industry, the rails made a spectacular showing. Lumbering New York Central almost quadrupled its 1942 earnings, hit $16,100,000—a 14-year high. The wobbly Rock Island did likewise, pushing its net up to $8,800,000 (*v.* $2,300,000 last year); Denver & Rio Grande jumped from $463,000 to $2,474,000; Great Northern turned a $92,000 deficit into a juicy $1,991,000

A KAISER-TYPE JOB Needs Truck-Trailers!

A LOT OF FACTORS enter into the fabulous ability of the Kaiser shipyards to turn out Liberty Ships and Tankers almost as if they came from punch presses.

One of these is the handling of material. And that's where Truck-Trailers come in. At the four Kaiser yards on the Pacific Coast various types of Trailers haul many kinds of material . . all of it heavy and hard to handle. But let's look at just one operation that's typical of Trailer ability to take over the difficult, unusual jobs.

Boilers for Liberty Ships . . giant units weighing 50 tons . . are fabricated in one place, tested a quarter-mile distant, then installed in ships on ways a half-mile to a mile farther on. That's assembly-line production, a la Henry J. Kaiser. And Fruehauf Trailers are the conveyors.

A low-bed Fruehauf Trailer is backed under the boiler, which is erected on a low foundation . . there's only an inch leeway on either side, showing how maneuverable Trailers are . . and the boiler is lowered.

At the testing area, the boiler is immediately removed and a tested boiler loaded on the Trailer, to go to the shipways. Not a minute wasted. And it's a 24-hour, 7-day job.

This entire, vital procedure is built around the use of Trailers. More than that, there's no other method even remotely practical.

This Kaiser operation is highly specialized, of course. But Trailers do specialized and routine work with equal facility. And most of their tasks, in both war-time and peace-time, couldn't be done as well, if at all, by any other method. That's why all of America's Truck-Trailers must be kept running . . and why tires, parts and replacements must be made available.

World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers

FRUEHAUF TRAILER CO., Detroit

Member Automotive Council for War Production

FRUEHAUF SERVICE *KEEPS* TRAILERS RUNNING!

Trailer operators know that Fruehaufs require little service attention, but when it is needed, there's a Factory Branch Service Station conveniently close. Fruehauf maintains the only nation-wide Trailer service organization, with fully equipped shops and complete parts stocks in over fifty strategically-located cities.

TRUCK-TRAILER TRANSPORT IS DOING AN ESSENTIAL JOB FOR ALL AMERICA

profit. Of 22 roads to report last week, not one showed a drop in earnings.

The Others. Peace babies and companies somewhere between peace and war work acted much like the real war babies —they were up a little or down a little. Noteworthy on the up side was General Foods ($3,600,000 *v.* $2,700,000) but even more so was the fact that there were almost no serious nosedives. Most consistent losers, compared to last year: the utilities, which could not counteract higher taxes with even higher gross earnings.

The Great Leveler. One factor that unsettled comparisons between different years and different companies was a wide divergence of practice on conversion-to-peace reserves. And one big *if* in all 1943 earnings statements was what 1943 tax rates would be. Most corporations figured that Congress could not squeeze much more out of them than in 1942. But the most interesting thing to slide-rule experts was the way 1942 tax rates tended to equalize corporate earnings. The huge earners were hard put to it to turn extra gross into extra net (in some cases tax reserves were six to seven times as big as net income). But excess-profits tax rates are already so high that a drop in gross earnings almost cancels out in the consequent drop in tax liability.

The moral is plain: last quarter's profits are just about as good (or as bad) as they will be for the duration.

MACHINERY

Crepehangers

In recent weeks more crepe has been hung on the U.S. machine-tool industry than on all other war industries combined. Gist of the funeral orations: 1) the U.S. war plant is now substantially built, therefore the U.S. hunger for machines to build the machinery is almost satisfied; 2) the wartime production of new machine tools will leave the postwar U.S. with enough tools to starve every builder out of the business. Conclusion: the industry is firmly, patriotically digging its own grave.

Some facts support the grave-digging theory. In the prosperous '20s the "sound value" of all the machine tools in the U.S. was around $750,000,000. At the end of this year the corresponding figure, after depreciation, will be around $4 billion—and the average useful life of such tools (overlooking obsolescence) is from 15 to 20 years. Last year the industry shipped a fabulous $1.3 billion of tools, seven times its 1929 high, ten times its 1919-35 average. This year shipments are off more than 10% from last December's peak; new orders are coming in only half as fast as they did last summer. And the men who really brood point out that much of this new tool production is Government-owned, may be sold for next to nothing after the war.

Optimist Trecker. A few toolmakers still like the looks of their industry. Among the most conspicuously cheerful is Joseph L. Trecker, vice president of Milwaukee's Kearney & Trecker, which makes one-third of all the milling ma-

chines in the U.S. (TIME, Jan. 12, 1942).

Last week small, round-faced Joe Trecker predicted that the industry's wartime business will stay at four to five times its peacetime production. His reasons: 1) inadequate, manpower-wasting equipment will be replaced as the capacity to make it is freed from more pressing work; 2) worn-out tools will boom the replacement business; 3) new weapons, new military strategy will call for new tools (*e.g.*, a tank-making tool is no good if you want to make a "bazooka" gun).

But peacetime is Joe Trecker's favorite subject. He denies that war tools will be any good for the dream cars, washing machines and refrigerators of the future, believes that his industry will be the indispensable base of a postwar consumers'-goods boom. And last week Joe Trecker delivered one solid piece of advice to his crepe-hanging colleagues: "The future of the machine-tool industry is no blacker than the individual abilities of its members will allow it to be."

Associated Press

STOCK CLERK HANZELIN
Her employers guarded against a panic.

FINANCE

Flurry in the Stock Exchange

A granite precedent was shattered, a male stronghold crumbled, and stock trading was enlivened last week when a woman went to work on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange for the first time in 150 years. She was good-looking, young (18), auburn-haired. But Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane—the brokers she represented—guarded against too great a panic by garbing her plainly in a tannish gabardine uniform. Even so there was excitement, and will be more. For Helen Hanzelin, until three months ago a junior in Long Island City's Bryant High School, is only the first of more to come. From the Exchange and its member firms 3,600 male employes have gone into the armed forces.

SCIENCE

Seeing Colors

Man, whose color perception evolved as a refinement of seeing, likewise developed an intelligence which made it less vital for him to distinguish colors. But the ability to see colors is still the product of harsh necessity for some animals.

So concludes Eye-man Gordon Lynn Walls (of Bausch & Lomb) in the current *Journal of Applied Physics*. Dr. Walls's theories will hardly quiet the old argument as to whether the bull sees red, or merely the movement of the matador's cape. Dog lovers will continue to protest the thought that their pets live in a colorless grey world.* But Biologist Walls outlines a hypothesis of color vision new to the layman. The ability to see colors Dr. Walls links directly to visual acuity—the ability to see well. He points out that the vertebrates with the greatest color vision (bony fishes, reptiles and birds, monkeys, apes and man) are those with the greatest visual acuity—and those most active in the daytime. "It is no accident," says he, "that diurnality and hue-discrimination are associated, for they have a common basis in the structure of the retina."

Cones & Rods. The retina (the screen upon which the lens of the eye casts the image) has two kinds of visual cells: cones, each with its direct line to the brain; rods connected in multiple to the optic nerve fibers. The cones give sharp, color vision, work in bright light only. The rods "gang up" faint and dim impressions in weak light, catch no color. Some animals have cones but apparently no color vision; no known color-seeing animals have rod cells alone.

Sharp vision and color vision have two other common denominators. One is a highly sensitive dimplelike spot on the retina (the *fovea centralis*—literally, "central pit"), which acts as a magnifying device to spread the image over a greater number of visual cells. In this dimple, common to the vertebrates with the highest acuity (some birds have two in each eye), there are no rod cells. The cones are slim and tight-packed. The other common denominator is the mechanism for accommodation—ability to focus the eye, maintain a sharp image of a moving object.

Only mammals known to have color vision are the monkeys, apes and man. And they are the only mammals fully equipped with cones, dimples, and accommodation mechanisms. While man uses color vision largely for pleasure, comments Dr. Walls, it was first developed "by animals to whom magazine covers . . . mean absolutely nothing."

* Trainers of the famed Seeing Eye Dogs take canine color blindness for granted. The dogs' apparent ability to distinguish traffic signals is really due to the dogs' alertness to traffic sounds and movement.

(*Science continued on p. 93.*)

Long Before Pearl Harbor

they were aging in oak

YEARS before there were any gasoline ration books, these great whiskies were laid away to age under the most favorable auspices imaginable. Fifty years ago, you see, the Congress of the United States passed a very fortunate law for the man who really likes fine whiskies. This Bottled-in-Bond Act specifies strict regulations governing bottled in bond whiskies.

As a result, none of the emergency changes forced upon most other products by war-time needs have touched these great whiskies. So whenever you buy *these* bottled in bond products you obtain identically the same quality. It is no special privilege or favor but simply a matter of long-standing law.

At a time when National Distillers is not making a drop of whiskey and when every distillery the Company owns has been completely turned over to the production of alcohol for war purposes, it is pleasant to know that without being selfish, wasteful or unpatriotic, you can find in any one of these five great brands of whiskey the same unchanged and unchanging quality that you used to like 5, 10 or even 50 years ago. *Every drop of it was laid away long before Pearl Harbor.*

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD CROW
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY—RYE OR BOURBON

MOUNT VERNON
BRAND
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

THESE WHISKIES ARE 4 YEARS OLD, 100 PROOF, BOTTLED IN BOND, NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., N. Y.

Sold for Taxes

Painting by Harold M. Kramer

IT IS a common thing for the poor people of Japan to sell their daughters . . . usually to satisfy the tax collectors for the Son of Heaven. What happens to these girls? Some of them go directly into the government owned houses of prostitution. But many of them are sold or leased to Japan's wealthy factory owners. They are regimented, trained, housed in huge jail-like dormitories . . . and made to operate modern machines for fourteen hours a day for such a pittance that years are required to earn their freedom.

Is this something *you* should worry about? Well, it's Japan's idea of an improvement on the "American Way" . . . and you can be sure you'll become much more intimately acquainted with it if we let America lose this war. The Japs have always thought America crazy to let workers share in the gains made through machine manufacture. They *know* what can be done to costs when machines are used to *enslave* labor. They laugh at the fact that Japan was able to flood our American stores with products "Made in Japan" despite *any* measures taken to resist the invasion. You can well imagine what American workers will face if a victorious Nippon dictates conditions in the future. The choice will be between starvation or competition with Japanese slave labor at *their* level of living. Nothing else. Cutler-Hammer, Inc., 1308 St. Paul Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

One of a series of advertisements dedicated to a fuller appreciation of the stake each American has in victory

CUTLER-HAMMER
MOTOR CONTROL
C-H

REPRINTS OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT FOR BULLETIN BOARDS ON REQUEST

Food Front

War-made food shortages have brought many an edible ugly duckling to the table. Some recent examples:

▶ Apple syrup (to supplement corn and maple syrups), made by concentrating the juice of fallen and cull apples to honey-thickness, was announced by the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Research Laboratory at Philadelphia. But its first wide use is industrial: to replace war-scarce glycerin for keeping tobacco moist.

▶ The outer green leaves of lettuce, rich in food values but long eschewed by packers and housewives, are being salvaged. Jorgen D. Bering at Salinas, Calif. is preparing to process some of the 132,000 tons of lettuce culls discarded from the 14,000 carloads of lettuce to be shipped from Salinas this season. After being dried and concentrated, each ton of culls will give 80 lb. of a protein-rich meal suitable for cattle feed, also for the extraction of vitamin A. The amount of vitamin available from U.S. waste lettuce is close to the entire output of the U.S. fisheries industry, now handicapped by war.

▶ Swedish Inventor J. G. W. Gentele has been awarded a U.S. patent for the dehydration of complete cooked dishes: soups, puddings, pork & beans, etc.

▶ Seedless tomatoes, no different from ordinary tomatoes in color, flavor, vitamins or minerals, can now be produced by treating the plants with fumes of naphthoxyacetic acid.

▶ Dr. Emil J. Rausch of the Arizona State Department of Health last month started a campaign to revive a pre-World War I product of the German colonies in Africa: dried banana loaves. The fully ripened bananas are dried on the plantation, pressed into 100-lb. blocks to be shipped in bulk with a 90% saving in load space, no loss by spoilage.

Wartime Technology

Scientific war work had advanced in these ways last week:

▶ Garand rifles need no longer be fired to line up the sights for factory tests. A new method of testing the sights, developed in the General Electric laboratories, uses a plug holding a mirror inserted in the barrel to line up images of front and rear sights on a screen. Time, ammunition and manpower are thus saved.

▶ The photoelectric spectrophotometer, so sensitive it can measure the light thrown on a human hand by a candle a mile away, is now used to standardize camouflage colors for the Army. This electronic device can distinguish two million variations of color, including some invisible shades.

▶ Metal sheets to be cut, stamped and drilled for ships, planes and tanks can act as their own blueprints when coated with a photographic emulsion used in peacetime to make pictorial advertising displays.

▶ Glassless windows, made of transparent plastic sheets laminated to standard wire screening, were developed by Monsanto Chemical Co. to reduce wartime danger

from flying glass. Also used at the Ensign-Bickford fuse factory, this reinforced Vuelite promises postwar office and home partitions so light and strong that they may be easily rearranged.

▶ Plastic tubing, announced by Goodyear, is ready to replace rubber tubing now prioritied to such users as breweries and creameries. As flexible as rubber, the new tubing has about the same strength and resistance to high & low temperatures, can be transparent, opaque or colored.

▶ To protect Army & Navy fur-lined flying suits from moths, Westinghouse has installed refrigeration equipment in storerooms at airports. The moths are killed by a shock cycle which plunges temperatures to −17°F., then warms up to 50°F. Surviving eggs are hatched by heat, the larvae destroyed by a second below-zero treatment.

MISCELLANY

Burned Up. In Toledo, Henry W. Piehl sued for divorce, complained that his wife burned up his clothes instead of washing them.

Models. In Roswell, N.M., President Dayton Talmage of the New Mexico Funeral Directors Association, who felt that OPA specifications for caskets made them too small, took a few OPA model caskets to a professional meeting, demonstrated his point by inducing his fellow undertakers and OPA officials to try them on for size.

Laid. In St. Donatus, Iowa, baffled Matt Thom drove to a garage to have his oddly acting lights fixed, lifted the hood, found a hen, lifted the hen, found an egg.

Name News. In Indianapolis, a local rationing board was advised that a ration book had been lost by George Bookless. In Richmond, police helped immigration authorities hunt for You Lam. In Syracuse, a will was contested by Mrs. E. F. Grouse.

Home Remedy. In Seattle, Mrs. Isabelle Hoag stabbed herself, explained that she had grown tired of hearing herself nag her husband.

Passing Fancy. In Los Angeles, a young opportunist riding a truck reached through a streetcar window, snatched Mrs. Lorraine King's pocketbook.

Vexation. In Wilmington, Calif., Shipyard Worker Leonard F. Himebrook explained to a judge why he had smashed so many light bulbs: "When I get mad I bust a light bulb. It's like some people taking aspirin. During the different times I was vexed I guess I busted at least 150."

Some Chicken. In Mishawaka, Ind., a hen named Bitsy laid an egg 9½ in. around the long way, 7½ around the center; died.

THE MISSING MAN

By reducing sickness, sanitary washrooms increase your manpower

Common contagions, like colds and influenza, cause over half of your absences—more than all other causes combined. This fact makes the plant washroom vitally important. For it can be either a transfer point for contagions, or an effective barrier.

In a clean, sanitary washroom—equipped with soap, hot water and individual tissue towels—millions of germs are washed away before they can do harm.

For maximum hygiene and easy maintenance, have an architect design your washrooms. He will also consider comfort and appearance—important to morale.

THE SCOTT WASHROOM ADVISORY SERVICE

On request, a thorough survey of your washrooms will be made by the Scott Washroom Advisory Service. Its report may reveal many ways to improve hygiene, comfort and efficiency.

If you provide ScotTissue Towels, it will help you prevent their waste . . . so that other companies can share the supply. For example, our educational material reminds workers that *one* ScotTissue Towel dries completely.

Actually, a single "Soft-Tuff" ScotTissue Towel will absorb twice the water left on hands. And it has ten times the rub strength of previous ScotTissue Towels, though soft as ever.

Write for our *Health Is Ammunition, Too* booklet and posters—proven aids in setting up a sound health program.

Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

SCOTTISSUE TOWELS
STAY TOUGH WHEN WET

CINEMA

The New Pictures

Inside Fascist Spain (MARCH OF TIME) is a good job with a next-to-impossible assignment. It was photographed within the wrecked, precarious Spanish nation and subject to official Spanish censorship. But by editing, captioning and voicing, a meaningful film has been made that Spain's censors would never pass.

They might welcome the scenes of Dictator Franco's reconstruction work on both the country and the people, such as the rebuilding of the demolished University City in Madrid, and the dispensing of free food by a Falangist relief agency. But the censors would almost certainly regret the eloquent pictures of some of Spain's half-million Loyalist prisoners in a model "show place" jail. In one brief, remarkable sequence their smitten, smoldering faces are seen at close range. And the censors would violently object to the free political comments which accompany the film, from the works of two experienced Spanish correspondents, John T. Whitaker and Thomas J. Hamilton.

MOT's Jean Pages, director, and Marcel Rebière, cameraman, got permission for their Spanish work in Vichy. To get it, Pages showed his previous film on the Vatican to the Spanish Ambassador and the Papal Nuncio. After more than a year of work and struggles with Spanish red tape, the picture team emerged with some 12,000 ft. of censored celluloid.

Telling shot: a line-up of gleeful Spanish *Flechas*, young boy Fascists, taking a totalitarian shower bath; at a command they about-face, drop towels and proudly prance into the row of bath compartments.

O'SHEA & STANWYCK
The producer took a poll.

Lady of Burlesque (United Artists) is what happened in Hollywood to Strip-Teaser Gypsy Rose Lee's backstage thriller *The G-String Murders* (TIME, Oct. 1, 1941). Despite such provocative song titles as *Take It Off the E-String, Play It On the G-String*, the Hays office has clearly won through. Besides, Producer Hunt Stromberg says he was convinced by a test poll that few among the widely diversified American people knew the precise meaning of the term "G-string." The whole subject, if not exactly shrouded in mystery, is handled with considerable reticence.

What remains is a lavish rather than racy study of burlesque-show atmosphere, tensed up by a double murder. A stripper

March of TIME

LOYALISTS IN A SPANISH PRISON
The "show place" reveals more than was intended.

For every hero—one Blondel

BUT for the faithful Blondel, Richard the Lion-Hearted might never have returned from the Crusades . . . he would have died a prisoner in the Tyrol.

Today's heroes have their "Blondels," too . . . in the plants and factories that supply the equipment for war.

At Fleetwings, for example, the "Blondels" are building planes . . . sturdy Fleetwings' basic trainers for the Army's fledgling bird-men. And they are building parts . . . wings, fins, stabilizers, ailerons, tail assemblies, fuselage sections, and hydraulic equipment for many of America's bombers and fighting planes.

Working with practically every aircraft material . . . with stainless and other steel alloys, with aluminum, with plywoods . . . the men and women at Fleetwings are fighting a supporting action that's felt all the way to Berlin, Rome, and Tokio.

But today's production, vast and important as it is, is not all. The Fleetwings' pioneering that developed the first all-welded, stainless steel military plane is continuing . . . unabated. Victory will find Fleetwings qualified and ready to serve as "Blondel" to the air needs of the Peace.

(Plant No. 1)

FLEETWINGS

Division of Kaiser Cargo, Inc.

BRISTOL • PENNSYLVANIA

is found strangled with her own G-string, and the next night a haggard performer named Princess Nirvena rolls lifeless on to the stage in a black satin gown. The detective work is done by another stripper and the company's low comedian. In these roles, Barbara Stanwyck is a glistening, assured success, and Michael O'Shea brings off a fetching Hollywood debut.

Good sequence: Stanwyck and O'Shea performing a slapstick act on the stage while a sadistic heel beats up his mistress behind the curtain.

Crash Dive (20th Century-Fox) is a Technicolored submarine story which should appeal to the boy in every man who wants to be an officer and a gentleman. The best parts of the film are its scenes of serious submarine business. Twice it screens exciting action: once when the sub slugs it out with a disguised German raider; again, when the pigboat

POWER & BAXTER
The sea scenes are serious.

sneaks into an enemy base harbor and blows the place to hell.

When the film gets on shore, its entertainment level is suggested by its preamble: on a night train to Washington, a pretty, nightgowned young schoolmistress (Anne Baxter) finds the curtained privacy of her berth occupied by a gay, handsome lieutenant (Tyrone Power) who wears well-pressed pajamas. It is his mistake, and she forgives. But they meet again & again, until it is too late for her to fulfill her commitments to his superior officer—to whom she has been, lo, engaged.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Ox-Bow Incident (Henry Fonda; TIME, May 3).

Desert Victory (British Army Film & Photographic Unit; TIME, April 12).

The Human Comedy (Jack Jenkins, Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan, Marsha Hunt; TIME, March 22).

"TURN IT SLOW... or you'll wreck the place!"

EVEN the greenest new worker knows a valve when he or she sees it—but they have to be told the right way to open and close valves, particularly those that control high pressure or high temperature or both.

Sudden operation may damage the system, even cause explosions—with resultant injuries or even death. But slow operation or the use of by-passes—to check velocity or admit pressure gradually, or warm up the line ahead—is the way to safety and long life of equipment.

Valve instructions and check-ups, based on National Safety Council recommendations, are needed in many plants today to assure valve safety and prevent production breakdowns.

Reading-Pratt & Cady, a division of American Chain & Cable Company, Inc., stands ready to conform with specific suggestions regarding valve purposes and capacities, and with advice regarding the safety and effectiveness of individual valve installations.

Managers and foremen are doing their part by telling workers how to operate valves and warning them to "handle with care."

Reading-Pratt & Cady Valves are among the many products we build for industry, transportation and agriculture, essential in peace, vital in war.

●

The American Chain & Cable Company is happy to cooperate with the National Safety Council in its nation-wide campaign to "Save Manpower for War-power"—which is now being conducted at the request of President Roosevelt.

National Safety Council Offers these Suggestions on Valve Safety

1. Install valves which are equal to the job in design, materials, and construction.
2. Operate valves slowly or use by-pass. Valves should be locked if there is any possibility of unauthorized manipulation which would lead to accidents. Be sure to lock valves leading to boilers in which men are at work and valves on lines where repairs are being made. Place warning signs near such valves.
3. Don't remove valve wheels from valves—particularly those at danger points calling for emergency operation.
4. Don't turn a valve stem with a wrench. This may make it impossible to operate the valve either by wrench or wheel.
5. Inspect frequently valves subjected to unusual strain from excessive pressures and temperatures and valves weakened by corrosive gases and liquids.

ACCO TRADE MARK

In Business for Your Safety

AMERICAN CHAIN & CABLE COMPANY, Inc.

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT In Canada—Dominion Chain Company, Ltd. • In England—The Parsons Chain Company, Ltd., and British Wire Products, Ltd.

Aircraft Controls, American Chain, American Cable Wire Rope, Campbell Cutting Machines, Ford Chain Blocks, Hazard Wire Rope, Manley Garage Equipment, Owen Springs, Page Fence and Welding Wire, Reading Castings, Reading-Pratt & Cady Valves, Wright Hoists and Cranes

Mother and Son

THOMAS WOLFE'S LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER—*Scribner* ($3).

The father of the late novelist Thomas Clayton Wolfe (*Look Homeward, Angel; Of Time and the River*) was a stonecutter of great rhetorical influence on his son. Echoes of his surging speech resound through Wolfe's novels. But the novelist's mother, a sinewy woman still living at the age of 83 in Asheville, N.C., was probably an even greater influence. She is a positive personality. "You told me," her son once wrote to Julia Elizabeth Wolfe, "that three great Americans had their birthday in February, and when I looked puzzled you said that you were the third." Readers may regret that Mrs. Wolfe's letters to her son are not included in this one-way correspondence, but they will appreciate her remarks as quoted by John Terry in his introduction.

Gabriel Benzur

THOMAS WOLFE & MOTHER
She believes she could have been a writer herself.

Thomas Wolfe stood six feet, seven inches tall and was broad in proportion. As a child, says Mrs. Wolfe, Tom was breast-fed "until he was three and a half years old," slept with his mother "until he was a great big boy." Only when Tom got "what old-fashioned people called lice," did his mother consent to cut his "beautiful curls." She still clung to him, however, and kept him in short pants until two years before he went to the University of North Carolina.

A Mother Will Know. At 20, he caught a heavy cold, and when he took his handkerchief from his mouth after a coughing spell, he saw with horror "a tiny spot of blood on it." Life, that had hitherto been "desirable and glorious," was charged suddenly and forever with the terror of death. This terror spurred Wolfe's rebellion against those who urged him to look for security in life—"the crawling, abject, bird-in-a-hand theory." To his mother's plea that he settle down to teach in Asheville, he replied "I must make or ruin myself from this time on, by my own pattern." But for the time being he depended on his mother's money.

He went to the late Professor George Pierce Baker's drama course at Harvard. He told his mother: "By God I'll write a great play. . . . All the critics in the world may *say* it's good but a man's own mother will *know*." His letters revealed his desperate unease, his steady struggle to convince his mother that her money was being well spent at Harvard, and to show Asheville that his way of life was a superior one. He would not come home and "stagnate," but if his "beautiful dreams" came true he "would return home like a hero." If he failed—"I think I would kill myself." When his mother did not seem to reassure him, he petulantly protested: "You don't want me at home, you said nothing about my returning. . . . You have about deserted me. . . . How in God's name can I believe you would forget me in a year's time?"

Leaving Harvard with his plays unplayed on Broadway, he bowed to the "inexorable circumstances" of poverty and took a teaching job at New York University.

A Bell Strikes 12. The divergence between his aims and his mother's was growing wider. In the boom years Mrs. Wolfe speculated in real estate. Tom wished her success, but warned her against losing "the capacity for enjoyment. . . ." In the strange mixture of bad, sincere, flamboyant prose that ran through all his writing, he spoke his unhappy mind: "The golden years of my life are slipping by on stealthy feet at nightfall; there is a footprint in the dark, a bell strikes 12, and the flying year has gone. . . . The great play is yet unwritten; the great novel beats with futile hands against the portals of my brain. Proud fool! . . . Shall my dust taste better than a peddler's when the worms are at me?"

Wolfe filled his letters with the artist's theme song—the need of money, and the hatred of it. His only extravagance was satisfying his huge appetite, his "ravening gut." "I have a big body, and a devouring mind which will never let me rest. . . . And when that mind has worked a few hours on books, papers, creation—it calls for a different sort of food—meat, potatoes, pie."

Of the huge Rhinebeck estate where he spent an occasional weekend, he wrote: "If I had one tenth what those people have, I'd be a great man ten years quicker." He still felt anguish at being in his mother's debt; he hoped to repay her and assert his superiority by the little boy's revenge of becoming famous. "I shall be great—if I do not die too soon—and you will be known as my mother." During a 1924 trip through Europe he pleaded: "*Please,* if you are able, stand by me a little longer."

Terrible Names, and All. A year later he was in England again, despondent at hearing from his mother "only once in two or three months." He sent her curt postcards ("Brighton, Eng. Dear Mama:—This is England's great shore resort for poor people. That explains my being here."). He worked on his novel, resolved to dedicate it to "the best and truest friend I have ever had—the one person who has given love, comfort and understanding to my lonely and disordered life."*

In 1929 the psychological tide turned. For Mrs. Wolfe that year meant the decline of real-estate values; for her son, publication of *Look Homeward, Angel.* Wolfe's thinly disguised Asheville portraits set the whole town buzzing with curiosity and indignation. Mrs. Wolfe sat up reading the book until 3 a.m. "Sometimes I'd laugh," she said, "but again I'd cry. It was ridiculous in some ways, but I didn't look upon it as being anything serious." Her daughter Mabel thought otherwise. "I understand," she said, "that Tom has written up the family and the people and—has given them terrible names, and all." "Why, that's all right," said ambitious Mrs. Wolfe, "even if he calls me old Caroline Peavine. I says,

* Scenic designer Aline Bernstein.

STAINLESS STEEL

STAINLESS steel is playing an important role in Allied war production. Our aircraft, warships and motorized units utilize this strategic material. Production of chemicals, explosives and synthetic rubber is facilitated by use of stainless steel equipment. In many other fields, where high tensile strength and resistance to heat or corrosion are demanded, stainless steel is specified.

As America's largest and only exclusive producer of stainless steel, Rustless is filling a substantial portion of these wartime needs. Rustless is doing more. Through use of its unique process, Rustless is conserving America's limited resources of chromium and electrolytic nickel. This is important, because the stainless steel industry is the largest consumer of low-carbon ferrochrome and electrolytic nickel, both of which are among the most critical of strategic materials.

The Rustless Process is based on the use of sub-grade chrome ore and stainless steel scrap, of which there are adequate supplies in this country. More than 65% of the nickel used by Rustless is obtained from scrap, while only 3% of its chromium comes from low-carbon ferrochrome. Thus Rustless is not only meeting wartime demands, but through its conservation efforts is also assisting greatly in meeting the critical supply problem of these two metals.

These advantages of the Rustless Process will be of equal benefit in meeting a greatly expanded use of stainless steel after the war. When that time comes, Rustless will be ready with a fund of new technical knowledge and specialized experience to devote to the problems of peace.

RUSTLESS IRON AND STEEL CORPORATION, BALTIMORE, MD.

RUSTLESS

CORROSION AND HEAT-RESISTING STAINLESS STEELS

'Why, if he makes a success of it,' why I says, 'I'll stand by. . . .' "

But it was Wolfe's turn to stand by. In a London paper he read of the failure of Asheville's Central Bank, wrote promptly to his mother that the family need not starve "as long as I have a penny." And, confidently: "If I am broke I can always get more." His letters, apart from indignation over Asheville's reaction to his novel, became more relaxed. His bitterness over his home town's commercialism turned to pity at its depression plight ("I hope a little wisdom has been left as a kind of dividend for all their grief").

Calamity At Home. Wolfe went home to Asheville at last, described his visit as a "calamity." He got no peace, was glad-handed and smothered, says Mrs. Wolfe, by the very people who had been most bitter over his first novel. "He didn't care to come back." But when mother and son met in New York, there was no lack of emotion. Over enormous steaks, they talked volubly, laughed till they cried, shared endless memories.

In the summer of 1938, 18 years after he had seen "the tiny spot of blood," Thomas Wolfe contracted pneumonia, died of a cerebral infection. In Asheville, says his mother: "I think they now see [*Look Homeward, Angel*] in its right light." She has also confided: "I believe I could have been a writer myself if I'd had a little more training."

On the Scarlet Plains

CAPRICORNIA—*Xavier Herbert—Appleton-Century* ($3).

Capricornia is what every frontier story should be—tough, sprawling, rampant with physical action. This roaring story of the opening of Australia's equatorial north, published already in half a dozen European countries, won its author the Commonwealth Government's Sesquicentenary Prize.

Capricornia begins at the end of the 19th Century, when the Northwest's population was mostly crocodiles, devil crabs, creak-winged jabirus and colored aborigines. Pioneers from South Australia pushed up into a half million square miles drenched to swamp by the wet season, parched to desert by the dry. They were there to stay. When the defeated Larrapunas persisted in guerrilla tactics, the settlers gave them gifts of flour spiced with arsenic.

Yeller Feller. By 1904, when Government Clerks Oscar and Mark Shillingsworth arrived in Port Zodiac (Darwin), the town was a thronging spectrum of racial color. "Going combo" (mixing with the native women) was officially taboo but an enthusiastic reality in a country short on white women and addicted to "black velvet." Soon half-castes outnumbered whites three-to-one. Unrecognized by their white fathers (who felt vaguely double-crossed), they were tolerated as mongrels by the blacks.

Such a mongrel was little Nawnim (No Name), half-caste son of Mark Shillingsworth. Father Mark spent his time between pearl diving, trepang fishing, debt-

ors' jail, bouts with delirium tremens in the local hospital.

Mark's kindly, conventional brother Oscar became a cattle grazier who remembered the lecture of an old combo: "Study the Binghi [aborigine], Oscar, and you'll find he's a different man from you in many ways, but in all ways quite as good." When six-year-old Nawnim, "hardened with food snatched from dogs and salted with sand and ants" was deserted by his father and delivered on Oscar's doorstep, howling and stinking, Uncle Oscar took him in.

Plenty Bandicoot. Nawnim became Norman, was sent to be educated in the caste-free South, accepted his "cigaret-stain" skin as a legacy from his mother (a Javanese princess, Oscar assured him). He returned to Oscar's farm a trained mechanic, looked like a "Rajah." The girls shouted when they saw him, "Oozit . . . Mygawdaineeflash!" Abysmally unprepared for the Jim Crow strait jacket of Capricornia, he got an idea of his status from the white insults and the black friendliness.

AUSTRALIA'S XAVIER HERBERT
He has seen the billabongs brimming.

Shocked, maimed and suspicious of the whites at Oscar's farm, Norman planned to get a job on the railroad, started beating his way through the bush to avoid white men's towns. But the wet season with its cockeye bobs (man-eating storms) turned his plans topsy-turvy. Lost for days, his horses gone, Norman was picked up by a band of aborigines and comforted: "Proper good country dis one. Plenty kangaroo, plenty buffalo, plenty bandicoot, plenty yam, plenty goose,

plenty duck, plenty lubra [squaws], plenty corroboree [dancing]. . . ."

Tocky Tuckers by the Jinjin. Four months later Norman got back to the farm. After Uncle Oscar died, Norman set out 1) to visit the island where he was born, 2) to find his outlawed father Mark. On the 16th day, when he was following the Jinjin River, "a small swarthy white face popped out" of the woods. It was a runaway half-caste, Tocky, whose "tucker" had been "yams an' lily roots—an' fresh-water tuttles an' fish an' stick-eggs —an' pool lil frogs an' birdses—an' sometime nussing." Norman feasted her on cold roast bustard, chutney, tinned peaches, jam; she became his lubra. Half-caste bastards, they returned to the farm, lived in primitive vigilance against the police—pregnant Tocky was resolved not to return to the dreaded native compound from which she had escaped.

But it was Norman the police were after. A sack of bones, a riddled skull and Norman's rifle had been discovered at a camp site beside the Jinjin River. Circumstantial evidence pyramided against him. But Lawyer Bightit (who inside an hour managed to resemble bull, lamb, toad, dove, turkey cock, shark, and a huge red spider) miraculously managed to reconstruct the crime exactly as it had happened: during a time when Norman left her alone, Tocky had blasted the brains of a lusting intruder.

Norman returned home, was startled "by the sudden appearance of two crows that swept up from out the broken tank. . . . He climbed the ladder, looked inside. . . . A human skull—no—two—a small one and a tiny one. And human hair and rags of clothes and a pair of bone-filled boots. Two skulls, a small one and tiny one. Tocky and her baby!" Norman's infant had not waited for the midwives of the Binghi—and had at least escaped the fate of a Nawnim.

Snipes and Nuttaguls. Xavier Herbert's uncombed tale of an exotic land is also frequently a hymn to Terra Australia: "When the multicolored schisty rocks split golden waterfalls—when the scarlet plains were under water, green with wild rice, swarming with Siberian snipe—when the billabongs were brimming and the water lilies blooming and the nuttaguls shouting loudest. . . ."

The Author. Xavier Herbert, 42, son of a gold prospector and a gold prospector's daughter, was born on Australia's wild northwest coast. He studied medicine in Melbourne, began to write, switched to Sydney and wrote in earnest. City life stunned him. He set out to battle the 4,000-mile journey home: sawmilled, stock-rode, cattle-drove, dingo-trapped, came upon his literary promised land—the Northern Territory.

He got little recognition as a writer, got more from the Japanese as a pearl diver, soon earned enough money to take him to London. Two years of European bread lines gave him gnawing homesickness. *Capricornia* was written during years of work among the aborigines. Sergeant Herbert is now on active service on his beloved northern coast.

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